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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guangkui

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Contents

English-Chinese Version

1. Music..... William Congreve (1-2)
2. Against Idleness and Mischief..... Isaac Watts (3-4)
3. Song..... Thomas Parnell (5-6)
4. Written at an Inn at Henley..... William Shenstone (7-8)
5. Piping Down the Valleys Wild..... William Blake (9-10)
6. O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast..... Robert Burns (11-12)
7. Dover Cliffs..... William Lisle Bowles (13-14)
8. Lucy William Wordsworth (15-16)
9. To Night..... Joseph Blanco White (17-18)
10. The Grave of Love..... Thomas Love Peacock (19-20)

Chinese-English Version

1. The Peach Blossom Brook..... Zhang Xu (21-22)
2. The Song in Gaixia..... Xiang Yu (23-24)
3. Tune: Pusa Man..... Wei Zhuang (25-26)
4. Mountain Scenery..... Li Dazhao (27-28)
5. Tengu Guo Moruo (29-32)
6. Cuckoo..... Liu Dabai (33-34)
7. Star..... Wang Jingzhi (35-36)
8. Beside the River..... Guo Shaoyu (37-38)
9. Song..... Zhu Xiang (39-40)
10. A Long Journey..... Bian Zhilin (41-42)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Richard Berengarten

Introduction.....	(44)
1. <i>Economies</i>	(47-48)
2. In A Monastery Garden.....	(49-50)
3. Rodney.....	(51-52)
4. Izzie.....	(53-54)
5. Tidying up, clearing out.....	(55-56)
6. On Mill Road.....	(57-58)
7. Stacey.....	(59-60)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Li Lei

Introduction.....	(62)
1. The Crescent Moon Spring.....	(63-66)
2. The Yumen Pass.....	(67-68)
3. The Kumbum Monastery.....	(69-72)
4. A Populus Euphratica.....	(73-74)
5. A Lone Boat.....	(75-76)
6. The Rainwater.....	(77-78)
7. I Don't Love the Spring, but I Still Want to Sing for It.....	(79-82)
8. Going Home.....	(83-84)

Poetics

On Gathering and Togethering.....	Richard Berengarten (87-92)
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**To our honourable
poets, readers and translators**

English-Chinese Version

Music¹

William Congeve²

MUSIC has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bent a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed,
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
Than trees, or flint? O force of constant woe!
'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs....
Why do I live to say you are no more?
Why are all these things thus —Is it of force?
Is there necessity I must be miserable?
Is it of moment to the peace of Heaven
That I should be afflicted thus? — If not,
Why is it thus contrived? Why are things laid
By some unseen hand, so, as of sure consequence
They must to me bring curses, grief of heart,
The last distress of life, and sure despair?

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Spenser to Crabbe (Volume I)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 452.

² William Congeve (1670-1729) was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and the Middle Temple where he studied law. His literary apprenticeship was served under the tutelage of John Dryden, the leading playwright of the day. His reputation improved still further with the production of his only tragedy, *The Mourning Bride*, in 1697.

Translation:

音乐

威廉·康格里夫

音乐多么的迷人啊！它抚慰了野蛮人的胸怀，
融化了岩石，感动了盘根的老橡树。
我得知那些没有生命的万物也会感动于，
它那美妙的音符和劝导的乐声，
点燃了灵魂。
我又是谁？我比树和火石，
更没有感知吗？悲痛持续的力量！
它还不能把我的悲伤抚平吗？
为何我要活着说你不能呢？
为何所有事情会如此？——它是一种力量吗？
我的悲痛是必须的吗？
此刻天国的安宁
应该让我困扰吗？——如果不是，
为何要这样安排？为什么事情要受控于
无形的手，因此，这是确定的结局
他们必定诅咒我，伤透我的心，
生命最终必定烦恼，必定失望？

（邹少芹 译）

Against Idleness and Mischief¹

Isaac Watts²

HOW doth the little busy Bee
Improve each shining Hour,
And gather Honey all the Day
From ev'ry op'ning Flow'r!

How skillfully she builds her Cell!
How neat she spreads the Wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet Food she makes.

In Works of Labour or of Skill
I would be busy too:
For Satan finds some Mischief still
For idle Hands to do.

In Books, or work, or healthful Play,
Let my first Years be passed,
That I may give for every Day
Some good Account at last.

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Spenser to Crabbe (Volume I)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 456.

² Isaac Watts (1674-1748) was an English Christian minister, hymn writer, theologian and logician. As prolific and popular hymn writer, his work was part of evangelization. He was recognized as the "Father of English Hymnody", credited with some 750 hymns. Many of his hymns remain in use today and have been translated into numerous languages.

Translation:

切莫懒惰与顽皮

以撒·华滋

辛勤小蜜蜂，
 光阴不虚度；
花丛整日采蜜忙。

熟练建蜂房，
 灵巧抹蜜蜡，
辛勤甜蜜筑小巢。

为练好本领，
 我也将忙碌：
撒旦爱把懒汉盯。

阅读或工作，
 健康又活动，
首年收获日日匆。

（胡峦琼 译）

Song¹

Thomas Parnell²

WHEN thy beauty appears
In its graces and airs
All bright as an angel new dropped from the sky,
At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears:
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a passion and pride
In our sex (she replied),
And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you.

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Spenser to Crabbe (Volume I)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 459.

² Thomas Parnell (1679-1718) was an Anglo-Irish poet and clergyman who was a friend of both Alexander Pope and Jonathan Swift. He was the son of Thomas Parnell of Maryborough, Queen's County (now Port Laoise, County Laoise), a prosperous landowner who had been a loyal supporter of Cromwell during the English Civil War and moved to Ireland after the restoration of the monarchy. Thomas was educated at Trinity College, Dublin and collated archdeacon of Clogher in 1705.

Translation:

歌

托马斯·帕奈尔

当你的美丽出现
在这优美的曲调中，
你明亮得如同刚刚坠落人间的天使，
远远的我看着，又敬畏又恐惧，
你竟令我目眩神迷。

但如果没有艺术，
当你因爱意而脸红，
当你所传递的善念，
从你的眼里投射出来，
当它成为你内心的渴望，
我就知道你又成为了一个女人。

在我们的交融中，她说，
有着热情和骄傲，
如果能使彼此愉悦，
我将会那样去做，
天使会出现在每一个爱人身边，
她会变成你爱的女人。

（张欣 译）

Written at an Inn at Henley¹

William Shenstone²

TO thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'Tis here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin
Converts dull port to bright champagne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lackeys else might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in store;
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Spenser to Crabbe (Volume I)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 556.

² William Shenstone (1714-1763) was an English poet and one of the earliest practitioners of landscape gardening through the development of his estate, *The Leasowes*.

Translation:

亨利小栈书

威廉·沈斯东

致你，美好的自由！我远离
谄媚、纸牌、骰子和喧嚷；
大厦纵比低屋陋馆高，
也无法从中觅得你身影。

我以无穷力量主宰此处，
我的每一次举杯
都化暗淡的波特酒为明亮的香槟。
小栈中，自由也为之加冕。

我要逃离所谓的排场，逃离宴会，
逃离谎言似是而非的狞笑；
我爱自由，不喜桎梏，
我要栖身于这小栈。

来，服务员！拿走我这肮脏的矿石，
其他侍从都对此求之不得
它可以买法院没有的东西；
它可以帮我在小栈买到自由。

历遍枯燥的生活，
他无论在何处停留过，
都会叹息沉思自己仍可寻得
小栈里最热情的欢迎。

（林莹莹 译）

Piping Down the Valleys Wild¹

William Blake²

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

‘Pipe a song about a Lamb!’
So I piped with merry cheer.
‘Piper, pipe that song again.’
So I piped: he wept to hear.

‘Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:’
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

‘Piper, sit thee down and write
‘In a book, that all may read.’
So he vanish’d from my sight,
And I pluck’d a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain’d the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 1.

² William Blake (1757-1827) was an English poet, painter, and printmaker. Largely unrecognised during his lifetime, Blake is now considered a seminal figure in the history of the poetry and visual arts of the Romantic Age. His prophetic works have been said to form “what is in proportion to its merits the least read body of poetry in the English language”.

Translation:

笛声悠扬

威廉·布莱克

我吹着笛从荒谷而下
我吹着快乐的歌曲，
我看见一个小孩在云上，
他笑着说：

“请吹一支小羊的歌儿吧！”
于是我吹起了欢快的歌曲。
“吹笛的人，请再吹一遍吧！”
他边听边流泪。

“请放下你的笛子，你那快乐的笛子，
唱一唱这首快乐的歌儿。”
于是我唱了起来，
他边听边展开了笑脸。

“吹笛的人，请坐下来写下这首歌儿吧！
让所有人都能读到。”
说完他就不见了，
我拾起一只空心的芦苇，

我把它当成一支乡间的画笔，
蘸在清澈的水里，
我谱写着欢快的歌儿，
孩子们个个都听的开心。

(邹少芹 译)

O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast¹

Robert Burns²

O WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms,
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or Were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 21.

² Robert Burns (1759-1796), also known as Rabbin Burns, the Bard of Ayrshire, Ploughman Poet and various other names and epithets, was a Scottish poet and lyricist. He is widely regarded as the national poet of Scotland and is celebrated worldwide. He is the best known of the poets who have written in the Scots language, although much of his writing is also in English and a light Scots dialect, accessible to an audience beyond Scotland. He also wrote in standard English, and in these writings his political or civil commentary is often at its bluntest.

Translation:

如果你在冷风中

罗伯特·彭斯

如果你在冷风中，
 在那远远的草地上，
我的斗篷会挡住呼啸着的风，
 我会庇护你，我会保护你；
或当不幸的暴风降临，
 降临你的身边，
我的胸膛将是你的依靠，
 与你共担不幸。

又或是我在最宽广的荒地，
 如此黑暗，荒凉，
那荒漠就如天堂一般，
 如果你在那里，
如果我是那里的君王，
 我们一起治理这个国度，
我皇冠上最耀眼的珠宝将会是你，
 我的女王。

（张欣 译）

Dover Cliffs¹

William Lisle Bowles²

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood
Uplift their shadowing heads, and at their feet
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
And while the distant murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sailed slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he loved most dear;
Of social scenes from which he wept to part.
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall;
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide,
The world his country, and his God his guide.

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 24.

² William Lisle Bowles (1763-1855) was an English priest, poet and critic. Bowles was born at King's Sutton, Northamptonshire, where his father was vicar. At the age of 14 he entered Winchester College, where the headmaster at the time was Dr Joseph Warton. In 1781 Bowles left as captain of the school, and went on to Trinity College, Oxford, where he had won a scholarship. Two years later he won the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse.

Translation:

多佛悬崖

威廉·莱尔·鲍尔斯

在这些白色悬崖之上，沉默地屹立在湍流上
高昂它们背阴的头颅，几乎听不见它们脚下
那已奔腾许久的涌流，
毋庸置疑，曾有许多孤独的流浪者站在那里；
与此同时，遥远的水潺声涌入他的耳中，
远处，是静谧的黄昏缓慢行驶在巨浪上，
想起他明天不得不离开；
想起他最亲爱的朋友们；
想起他流着泪与世隔绝。
但如若，像我，他明白其中之徒然
那些欣然回忆起过往的想法；
很快，他就会平息心中的奔腾，
勇敢面对呼啸的狂风与无畏的激流，
世界成为他的主宰，上帝成为他的指引。

（梁小丹 译）

Lucy¹

William Wordsworth²

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
— Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh
The difference to me!

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 57.

² William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was a major English Romantic poet who, with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, helped to launch the Romantic Age in English literature with their joint publication *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). Wordsworth's magnum opus is generally considered to be *The Prelude*, a semiautobiographical poem of his early years that he revised and expanded a number of times. It was posthumously titled and published, before which it was generally known as "the poem to Coleridge". Wordsworth was Britain's Poet Laureate from 1843 until his death from pleurisy on 23 April 1850.

Translation:

露西

威廉·华兹华斯

她栖身渺无人烟之地
在那鸽子泉边，
没有人赞颂
鲜少人怜爱：

她似一株倚在青苔石畔的紫罗兰
侧隐着不愿被人见到！
当她独自在夜空闪耀
她瑰丽如一颗星子。

她过得湮没无闻，鲜为人知
死亦少有人为其伤怀；
现在她身躺坟茔，哦，
我的世界也变了个样。

（邓宇萍 译）

To Night¹

Joseph Blanco White²

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 141.

² Joseph Blanco White (1775-1841) was a Spanish theologian and poet. Blanco White was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood. In Seville, Spain, he had worked with Melchor de Jovellanos, an adviser to the king who advocated reform.

Translation:

致夜

约瑟夫·布兰科·怀特

神秘之夜！当向神祷告的时候
我们的初父认识了你，并听取了你的名字，
他难道不感到颤栗么？
为这光与蓝交错的天幕夜象？
然而，于晶莹剔透的露珠幕布下
沐浴在烈火的光芒中，
赫斯珀洛斯与天堂之主驾临，
看哪！创造之力在人的视野中得以扩大。

谁能想到，亦或谁能找到，
这样的黑暗掩藏在你的光束之中，
虽然流萤、叶子和飞虫皆站着暴露，
但因那无数的光球，你让我们睁不开眼！
那么我们为何以焦虑的冲突来避开死亡？
如果光能如此欺骗，那生命又怎不会呢？

（邓宇萍 译）

The Grave of Love¹

Thomas Love Peacock²

I DUG, beneath the cypress shade,
 What well might seem an elfin's grave;
And every pledge in earth I laid.
 That erst thy false affection gave.

I pressed them down the sod beneath;
 I placed one mossy stone above;
And twined the rose's fading wreath
 Around the speulchre of love.

Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead,
 Ere yet the evening sun was set:
But years shall see the cypress spread,
 Immutable as my regret.

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 155.

² Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866) was an English novelist, poet, and official of the East India Company. He was a close friend of Percy Bysshe Shelley and they influenced each other's work. Peacock wrote satirical novels, each with the same basic setting—characters at a table discussing and criticising the philosophical opinions of the day.

Translation:

爱情之墓

托马斯·洛夫·皮科克

在丝柏树荫下，我挖着，
就像为一个精灵筑坟。
堆下的每一抔黄土，是
对你虚情假意的埋葬。

我将它压在草皮之下，
于上立一块青苔石碑；
再用枯萎玫瑰做花圈，
去缠绕这方爱情之墓。

这花如你所爱般脆弱，
落日西沉前便已凋谢。
但岁月会证丝柏成长，
如我心永恒难释之憾。

（胡峦琼 译）

Chinese-English Version

桃花溪¹

张旭

隐隐飞桥隔野烟，
石矶西畔问渔船。
桃花尽日随流水，
洞在清溪何处边？

¹ 葛杰，仓阳卿 选注. 中国古典文学作品选读：绝句三百首. 上海：上海古籍出版社，1987: 6.

Translation:

The Peach Blossom Brook

Zhang Xu¹

A high bridge is hazy in the clouds,

I asked a boatman beside the west of the rock.

The peach blossoms are flowing with the brook all day long,

Along it, then how can I get to their land?

(Trans. Liang Xiaodan)

¹ Zhang Xu(685-759), was a poet and calligrapher in Tang Dynasty, most famous for his grass script. His poem “Tao Hua Xi” describes the beautiful scenery of Tao Hua Xi, which reveals his longing for a utopia and ideal life.

垓下歌¹

项羽

力拔山兮气盖世。

时不利兮骓不逝。

骓不逝兮可奈何！

虞兮虞兮奈若何！

¹ 王守华, 赵山, 吴进仁 选注. 中国古典文学作品选读: 汉魏六朝诗一百首. 上海: 上海古籍出版社, 1987: 1.

Translation:

The Song in Gaixia

Xiang Yu¹

With such great power I could shake the mountain,

That nobody in the world could compare!

This time I had no good chance,

Even the best Wuzhui horse couldn't save my life.

What could I do if the horse wouldn't run?

Yu, my dear, I only worry about you!

(Trans. Zhang Xin)

¹ Xiang Yu (232-202 B.C.) was a prominent general during the fall of the Qin Dynasty. His name was Ji (籍), Yu (羽) was his courtesy name. He was a great general, a descendant of Chu (楚) nobility. It took him only several years to put a giant empire effectively at his whim—but he was poor at diplomacy, man management and administrative affairs. He is traditionally viewed as having an impetuous nature by Chinese historians, and that further inability to realize his shortcomings doomed him to failure during his struggle with Liu Bang (刘邦) over supremacy of China. He is commonly known by his self-styled title of Xīchū Bàwáng (lit. Overlord of Western Chu).

菩萨蛮¹

韦庄

人人尽说江南好，

游人只合江南老。

春水碧于天，

画船听雨眠。

垆边人似月，

皓腕凝霜雪。

未老莫还乡，

还乡须断肠

¹ 胡云翼 选注. 中国古典文学作品选读: 唐宋词一百首. 上海: 上海古籍出版社, 1987: 13.

Translation:

Tune: Pusa Man¹

Wei Zhuang²

Everybody says Jiangnan is an attractive place,
Travelers should stay and live until rest in peace.
The river in spring is clearer than the unclouded sky.
In the painted boat listening to the rain I lie.

The maid around the wine stove shined like the moonlight;
Her fair-skinned arms are as beautiful as snow white.
Do not go back to your hometown till you are old;
Or your heart will be broken and feel like a stone cold.

(Trans. Hu Luanqiong)

¹ Pusa Man, a tune name of Chinese ci-poetry of Tang and Song Dynasty, also known as “To the tune of Buddhist dancer”.

² Wei Zhuang (韦庄, 836-910), was a Chinese poet in late Tang Dynasty, and grand chancellor during the early Five Dynasties period. He was best known for his long poem *Qin Fu Yin*, which revealed the turbulence of the war at that time. He wrote simple but expressive, and made great contribution to the narrative poetry of ancient China.

山中即景¹

李大钊

是自然的美，
是美的自然；
绝无人迹处，
空山响流泉。

云在青山外，
人在白云内。
云飞人自还，
尚有青山在。

¹ 北京大学 主编. 中国现代文学史参考资料: 新诗选 第一册. 上海: 上海教育出版社, 1981: 1.

Translation:

Mountain Scenery

Li Dazhao¹

This is the beauty of nature,
The beautiful nature;
Absolutely deserted place,
The empty mountain ringing the running spring.

Outside the green hills are the clouds.
Inside the clouds are the people.
The clouds're gone while the people come,
And there are still green hills.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Li Dazhao(1889-1927) was a pioneer in Chinese Communist Movement and one of the main founders of the Communist Party of China.

天狗¹

郭沫若

一

我是一条天狗呀！

我把月来吞了，

我把日来吞了，

我把一切的星球来吞了，

我把全宇宙来吞了。

我便是我了！

二

我是月的光，

我是日的光，

我是一切星球的光，

我是 X 光线的光，

我是全宇宙的 Energy 的总量！

¹北京大学 主编. 中国现代文学史参考资料: 新诗选 第一册. 上海: 上海教育出版社, 1981: 51.

Translation:

Tengu

Guo Moruo¹

I

I am a Tengu,
I swallowed the moon,
I swallowed the sun,
I swallowed all the planets,
I swallowed the universe.
I am I!

II

I am the light of the moon,
I am the light of the sun,
I am the light of all planets,
I am the light of X-ray's light,
I am the total energy in the universe!

¹ Guo Moruo (1892-1978) was one of the major cultural figures of modern China. He wrote prolifically in every genre, including poetry, fiction, plays, nine autobiographical volumes, translations of Western works, and historical and philosophical treatises, including a monumental study of ancient inscriptions.

三

我飞奔，
我狂叫，
我燃烧。
我如烈火一样地燃烧！
我如大海一样地狂叫！
我如电气一样地飞跑！
我飞跑，
我飞跑，
我飞跑，
我剥我的皮，
我食我的肉，
我吸我的血，
我啮我的心肝，
我在我神经上飞跑，
我在我脊髓上飞跑，
我在我脑筋上飞跑。

我便是我呀！
我的我要爆了！

Translation:

III

I fly,
I scream,
I burn.
I burn like a fire!
I scream like a sea!
I run like electricity!
I run swiftly,
I run swiftly,
I run swiftly,
I peel my skin,
I eat my flesh,
I suck my blood,
I bite my heart,
I am running swiftly on my nerves,
I am running swiftly on my spinal cord,
I am running swiftly on my brain.

I am I!
My I is going to explode.

(Trans. Zou Shaoqin)

布谷¹

刘大白

布谷！布谷！

朝催夜促。

春天不布，秋天不熟。

布谷！布谷！

朝催夜祝。

春谷一升，秋收十斛。

布谷！布谷！

朝催夜碌。

农夫忙碌，田主福禄。

田主吃肉，农夫吃粥。

¹ 北京大学 主编.中国现代文学史参考资料：新诗选 第一册. 上海：上海教育出版社，1981：184.

Translation:

Cuckoo

Liu Dabai¹

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Urge in the morning and call in the evening,
If not urge in spring, autumn would not be ripe.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Urge in the morning and celebrate in the evening,
Sowing a litre of spring grain, to get in 100-litre of autumn rice.

Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Urge in the morning and call in the evening,
Farmers are busy while landowners are easy and wealthy.
Farmers only have porridge while landowners enjoy meat.

(Trans. Zou Shaoqin)

¹ Liu Dabai (1880-1932), born in Shaoxing, Zhejiang Province, was a famous modern poet in China.

星¹

汪静之

耀耀地望着我，
那颗星的眼睛。
伊虽远在天顶，
伊的灵光却已照澈我的心。
怎样悦目呀，伊是！
伊笑着伴我在这静夜，
能慰我的孤寂。
忽然腾起一片黑云，
深深地把伊遮了。
可爱的星光，
再也看不见了——
再也看不见了。
然而伊那爱的光，
终于印在我的心里。

¹ 北京大学 主编. 中国现代文学史参考资料: 新诗选 第一册. 上海: 上海教育出版社, 1981: 244.

Translation:

Star

Wang Jingzhi¹

The eye of that star
Shines at me.
Far in the sky though you are,
Your brightness illuminates my heart.
How delightful you are!
In such quiet night,
You accompany me with smile,
And comfort my loneliness.
Suddenly, a dark cloud rises,
Then covers you deeply.
Dear starlight,
I cannot see you anymore,
No more, no more.
But your light of love
Finally prints in my heart.

(Trans. Lin Yingying)

¹ Wang Jingzhi (1902-1996), was a famous Chinese writer and poet. His collection *Hui de Feng*, published in 1922, had become a sensation around the country.

江边¹

郭绍虞

云在天上，

人在地上，

影在水上，

影在云上。

¹ 北京大学 主编.中国现代文学史参考资料: 新诗选 第一册. 上海: 上海教育出版社, 1981: 317.

Translation:

Beside the River

Guo Shaoyu¹

Above the head, are the clouds

On the ground, are the souls

Over the water, are the shadows

Covering the clouds, is the brilliance.

(Trans. Liang Xiaodan)

¹ Guo Shaoyu (1893-1984), born in Suzhou, Jiangsu Province, was a prestigious educator, scholar in classic literature, linguist, calligrapher, professor in Fudan University, China.

歌¹

朱湘

谁见过黄瘦的花
累累结成硕果？
池沼中只有鱼虾，
不是藏蛟之所。
人不曾有过青春，
象花开，不盛，
象水长，不深。
不要想丰富的秋分！
太阳射下了金光，
照着花开满地；
春雨洒上了新秧，
田中一片绿意。
培养生命要爱情；
它比水还润，
比日光还温，
沾着它的无不茂生。

¹ 北京大学 主编. 中国现代文学史参考资料: 新诗选 第一册. 上海: 上海教育出版社, 1981: 453.

Translation:

Song

Zhu Xiang¹

Who has seen yellow slender flowers
Fruitfully grow?
There are only fish and shrimps in the pond,
It's not a place for flood dragon to hide.
No one has ever owned youth,
Like flowers blooming, but not in full,
Like water long, but not in deep.
Think about the abundant autumnal equinox not!
The sun shed golden light
Reflecting flowers blooming all over the ground;
The spring rain sprinkled with new seedlings.
Field is green,
To cultivate life for love;
It's more moist than water,
Warmer than sunlight,
Everything who sticks to it is prosperous.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Zhu Xiang (1904-1933), was one of the well-known “four student poets” in Tsinghua University. After graduation he received further education in the United States. Later he returned to China and worked as a teacher at Anhui University.

远行¹

卞之琳

如果乘一线骆驼的波纹

涌上了沈睡的大漠，

当一串又轻又小的铃声

穿进了黄昏的寂寞，

我们便随地搭起了蓬帐，

让辛苦酿成了酣眠，

又酸又甜，浓浓的一大缸，

把我们浑身都浸遍：

不用管能不能梦见绿洲，

反正是我们已烂醉；

一阵飓风抱沙石来偷偷

埋了我们倒也干脆。

¹ 北京大学 主编.中国现代文学史参考资料：新诗选 第二册. 上海：上海教育出版社，1981：124.

Translation:

A Long Journey

Bian Zhilin¹

When we ride on the waves of the camels
to rush to the sleeping desert,

When a string of light ringing of the bell
crosses the silence of the dawn,

Then we casually put up a tent
to brew our tiredness into sleep,

Sour and sweet, which is deep enough
to soak us from head to foot.

Whether we will dream of the oasis or not,
We've already got drunken.

Just let a hurricane with sand and stones
to bury us on the sneak.

(Trans. Zhang Xin)

¹ Bian Zhilin (1910-2000), was a Chinese poet, literature critic and translator. He had made great contribution to Chinese culture and education. In translation, he introduced many world masterpieces to China, especially those by William Shakespeare. His own works remained popular and "Duan Zhang" (Fragment) in 1935 was known to be the representative one.

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Richard Berengarten

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Richard Berengarten

Richard Berengarten (李道, 1943-) was born in London in 1943, into a family of musicians. He has lived in Italy, Greece, the USA and former Yugoslavia. His perspectives as a poet combine English, French, Mediterranean, Jewish, Slavic, American and Oriental influences.

Under the name Richard Burns, he has published more than 25 books. In the 1970s, he founded and ran the international Cambridge Poetry Festival. In the UK he has received the Eric Gregory Award, the Wingate-Jewish Quarterly Award for Poetry, the Keats Poetry Prize, and the Yeats Club Prize. In Serbia, he has received the international Morava Charter Poetry Prize and the Great Lesson Award, and in Macedonia, the Manada Prize. He has been Writer-in-Residence at the international Eliot-Dante Colloquium in Florence, Arts Council Writer-in-Residence at the Victoria Centre in Gravesend, Royal Literary Fund Fellow at Newnham College, Cambridge, and a Royal Literary Fund Project Fellow. He has been Visiting Associate Professor at the University of Notre Dame and British Council Lecturer in Belgrade, first at the Centre for Foreign Languages and then at the Philological Faculty. He is a Fellow of the English Association, a Bye-Fellow at Downing College, Cambridge, and an Academic Associate at Pembroke College, Cambridge. His poems have been translated into more than 90 languages.

The following essay (in the column *Poetics*) is a speech on the 30th International Medellin Poetry Festival, Colombia, 2020. The following poems are selected from *Changing, Richard's Selected Writings 8* (Richard Berengarten. *Changing*. Bristol: Shearsman Books Ltd, 2016.), translated by Dr. Chen Shangzhen (陈尚真).

(60)

节

Restricting

Economies

*Work clean, keen,
straight. Earn your
pay. Yet realise*

*love admits no
wage claims, overtime
bonuses, perks, rights,*

*manager's profits,
chairman's investment,
bureaucrat's ploy.*

*The more you earn
the more you have your
self: Caesar's code.*

*But love's morse
patters its SOS in
the living heart's*

*continuous present:
the more you give out
yourself the finer.*

Setting

boundaries

Translation:

经济

工作干净，热忱，
正直。挣你
所得。也认识到

爱不允许
索要工钱，超时
红利，津贴，权力，

经理人的利益，
董事长的投资，
官老爷的花招。

你赚的越多
你就更多地拥有
你自己：凯撒宝典。

但爱的莫尔斯密码
敲打着它的求救信号
在活着的心里

连绵的呈现：
你付出越多
你自己就更精美。

设定

边界

1. In A Monastery Garden

Against these walls
wisteria, honeysuckle, clematis
and varied wandering ivies

curl and twist
spiralling tendrils. Woody gnarls
push up delicate green

feelers. Ages ago, monks
planted these wall-huggers, as
if to remind themselves

how such plants, even
though dependent and spending
much time in shadow

thrive on a cultivation
so quiet and patient their slow
determined thrust may seem

almost a permanence.
Coiling, tenacious, they grip
cement and brickwork

time to stay

inside the courtyard

Translation:

1. 在修道院花园

依着这些墙
紫藤、忍冬、铁线莲
还有各种蜿蜒藤类

蜷曲弯转
盘旋的卷须。木质的结节
向上推举脆弱的绿色

触须。许多年代前，修士
种下这些墙壁拥抱者，仿佛
提醒他们自己

这些植物是如何，尽管
要依附要度过
大部分时光在阴影中

却因培育而繁荣
这么安静这么耐心它们缓慢
而坚定的驱动力像是

几乎一种永恒。
盘卷，坚忍不拔，它们抓紧
水泥和砖头的建筑

时间驻留

庭院之内

2. Rodney

Rod preferred to stay at home, pottering around house and garden. He

could have explored, and had plenty of good opportunities to do so

but got frightened of trying anything without family or friends, who

encouraged him well enough. More and more stubborn, quirky, blunt,

he ignored chances, including crucial advice, to show up. Now thickened,

dulled, clogged, he's like a lukewarm stagnant pool no fresh streams nourish.

over-restricting

himself

Translation:

2. 罗德尼

罗德喜欢待在
家里，悠然四顾于
房舍和花园。他

大概已经探索，
也还有大量好机会
要这么做

但是却已惧怕
尝试任何事而没有
家人或朋友，他们

给他许多鼓
励。越来越
固执、古怪、迟钝，

他无视机会，包
括重要建议，要
现身。现在阴暗，

愚钝、淤塞，他像是
一个冷淡停滞的池塘
没有新鲜水流滋养。

过于节制

他自己

3. Izzie

Izzie risks overflowing all
edges, frontiers, shorelines,
including those of her

own flesh, heart, blood, as
if she lived in Never-Never-
Land, not in this here-now

acute-and-fresh-wounded
by interlayered no-go zones,
hemmed in by endless

coils of numbers, beings,
things, sealed by prepositions,
dialectics, spacetime, death,

and hounded by Ananke's
pack baying and howling be-
hind her. When this flood

of hers subsides, will she
recognise where her bounds,
her bonds, were, should be?

entire absence

of restriction

Translation:

3. 伊齐

伊齐冒险漫过所有
边缘、边疆、岸线，
包括那些她自己的

肉体、心、血液，仿佛
她活在过去永永远远
梦幻乡，而非此时此刻

为相互叠加的不得前往
地带所造成的尖锐新伤害，
围困于无尽的

纷乱的人群、生命，
事物，密封于前提，
辩证、时空、死亡，

还被阿南刻神
身后群狗狂吠和咆哮
所追逐。当她的

这么多都消退，她
会不会辨认她的约束
她的契约，在哪里？

完全缺失

约束

4. Tidying up, clearing out

Now it' s good
to clear the house of
everything not

needed, especially
pots, pans, pictures,
baskets, ornaments,

books that won' t
be looked at again, gone
hopes, obsolete dreams.

Some things will go to
children or grandchildren,
some to charity.

From now on self
will be surrounded
by a very few

loved and familiar
objects and still fewer
impossible desires.

Accepting

restriction

Translation:

4. 整理，清除

现在最好
清理房屋所有
不需要的

东西，特别是
罐子、锅子、图片，
篮子，装饰品，

那些不会
再看的书，失去的
希望，废弃的梦想。

一些东西会留给
孩子或者孙子们，
一些送给慈善。

从现在起自我
将会被环绕在
极少的

喜爱和熟悉的
物品和更少不可能的
愿望之中。

接受

约束

5. On Mill Road

Apples are ripening
on their trees. Sam walks
up Mill Road to do

his shopping at the
Co-op and post three
letters. Then calls in

at greengrocer's
and buys a small bundle
of fresh parsley. Sees

a neighbour and they
chat a bit. Summer air tastes
delicious. Walking is

good for breathing.
He enjoys it. Eyes keep on
being amazed at things

they see and hear. Heart
for now goes on beating
alert and strong.

Sweet

restriction

Translation:

5. 米尔路上

苹果正在树上
熟透。山姆沿着
米尔路走

去到合作社
购物也寄三封
信。又顺便

去果蔬店
买上一小把新鲜
西芹。看见

邻居他们便聊上
几句。夏日的气息
品来怡人。走路

对呼吸有好处。
他享受走路。眼睛一直
惊喜于那些他们

看见和听到的东西。心
在此刻一直警觉
又有力地跳荡着。

甘甜的

约束

6. Stacey

It wasn't a good idea to
go on doing the same thing
year in year out, believing

at first she could/might
'do' better, which later (too
late) mutated into could/

might 'have done'. So
Stacey's grammar of self-
waste got generated from

possibility, through unreal
wish and longing, to impasse,
actual impossibility, plus

alternate self-revelling,
self-revealing, self-reviling,
in hypothetical pasts.

A dried husk of a self
shrivelled in remorse and
regret is all that remains.

bitter

restriction

Translation:

6. 史黛西

实在不是好主意
年头年尾一直都在做
同一件事情，相信

一开始她能够/也许
“做”更好，以后（太
晚）突然变得能够/

也许“做了”。所以
史黛西自我浪费的
语法生成于

契机，通过非真实的
愿望和渴望，到绝境，
实际的不可能，加上

以假设的过去时
自我袒露，自我指责，
交替的自我作乐。

在怨愤懊恼中枯萎
剩下的全是悔恨。

苦涩的

约束

(陈尚真 译)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Li Lei

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Li Lei

Li Lei(李磊), born in Hubei Province, dean and professor of School of Foreign Languages at a local university in the city of Guangzhou. As deputy chairman of College English Teaching and Steering Committee of Guangdong Province, expert for the evaluation of doctoral dissertation of Academic Degree Office, Ministry of Education, and vice president of Guangzhou Foreign Language Society, he published more than 500 poems and translated works in more than 30 periodicals, including *People's Daily*, *Poetry*, and *The Star Poetry Monthly*, and was awarded in 1985 *Poetry Prize for College Student's Poetic Circles by Feitian*, the celebrated journal of poetry.

He published two collections of English-Chinese translated poems and stopped writing for 20 years. In 2019, the publication of *Seven Sword's Poem Collection* in 2019 marked his return to the world of poetry and in 2020 the *Selected Poetry Anthology of New Spiritualism* published by *Jinan University Press* brought more of his poetic masterpieces to the readers. Having published more than 40 related papers in core academic periodicals such as *Foreign Literature Studies* and *Foreign Language Education* and presiding as many as 13 research projects including *Humanities & Social Science Project of the Ministry of Education*, *Philosophy and Social Science Project of Guangdong Province*, and the *Teaching Quality Engineering Project*, he now mainly engages in translation studies and foreign literature studies. In 2020, he published *Projection and Monologue*, a Chinese and foreign literary treatise in *Guangming Daily Press*.

月牙泉

月牙泉是沙漠的眼睛
原来水是有形状的
一颗美人泪，珍珠一样的形状
滴落在大漠孤烟中
故乡是回不去了，也不知
魂归何处，从此茫茫大戈壁
有一片绿洲的胡杨林
蓝天一样水蓝的水
还有尖顶的金色房子
让流浪的心去住
我一直相信，月牙泉
其实是月亮丢失的一颗牙
洁白地镶在风沙的边缘
让所有来这里的人，不敢信口雌黄

Translation:

The Crescent Moon Spring

The Crescent Spring is the eye in the desert
It turns out that the spring water has its shape
Like a teardrop of a beautiful girl, with a shape of a pearl
Dropping down in vast sands and solitary smoke
Now, I can never come back to my hometown
And know never where the soul can be settled down
Yet on the bleak gobi boundless
There's an oasis in the forest of Populus
With the water flowing clear and blue
With a golden house under steeple
To harbor my wandering heart and soul
I have always believed that
The crescent spring is a tooth actually lost by the moon
Pure and white, and inlaid at the edge of the sands and storm
And all the people who come here, never talk at random

我还是最爱月牙泉的水
船一样的形状，荡漾得如此孤单
沙漠无边无际，共享一片虚空
谁能看清自己的足迹
是否在苍茫中迷失
所以，月牙泉独守一束光亮
在浑浊的天地间
你的泉水清澈，永不干涸
洗涤内心的污渍
我要么被你的一滴水穿透
要么被你洁白的牙咬上一口
留下一个光明的疤
或许我就不再与尘世同流合污了

Translation:

But I'm still captivated best the water of the spring
With a shape like a boat
With ripples swinging in such a loneliness
As the desert is so wide and boundless
We share and enjoy the hush of emptiness
Who can identify the footprints of theirs'
Whether to loss in the desert wildness
So the crescent moon spring
Keeping alone a beam of brightness
Between the turbid heaven and earth
And the spring so clear, never dry in the sands
To clean my filth inner
Either I were pierced through by a drop of the spring
Or bitten by the pure white teeth of the water
With a bright scar left over
Then I never go along with the evil in the secular world any
longer

玉门关

总想找到一块地方
也就是好些人渴望的远方
我不知道玉门关算不算
这里天空高远蔚蓝
没有一丝杂色，还有粗砺的沙
碧血黄沙，泪水洗了几千遍
圣洁的地方常常是用血泪洗过的
孤寂空旷，没有那么多
脏乱的皮囊，据说还没有污染
还可以折几枝杨柳
穿过玉门口，心灵会高洁起来
但我没有到过玉门关
只是在唐诗里读过秦时明月
所以不要指望我灵魂纯粹
纯洁无瑕的心灵
哪能抵抗得住尘世的风霜雨雪
所以我也想去玉门关走走
看大漠孤烟，长河落日
说不定还能在残垣断壁里
遇见一个叫做楼兰的美丽女子
也用泪水把我清洗一遍
那样，在我杂乱无章的生命中
总算活成一回高洁的样子

Translation:

The Yumen Pass

I always want to discover a far-away place
That's where many people are eager to go
Whether the Yumen Pass counts ? I don't know
The sky there is high and blue
So pure without any parti-colors, but the coarse grits remains
With blood and sands, with the tears washed many times
The holy place is often washed with blood and tears
Lonely and vast, no so dirty and chaotic
No so much pollution left
I can pick off a few leaves of the willow
If I can pass through the Yumen Pass
I'm sure my soul will turn clean and noble
But I've not been to Yumen Pass
Only read some poems full of the moons and legends
Don't expect my soul is pure and clean
With the unblemished heart in the secular world
Who can bear and insist the weathered snow and rain
So I want to go there, roaming all over the place
To find out vast sands and solitary smokes
To look for the setting sun in the sand seas
In the ruins, I can perhaps meet Loulan, a beautiful girl
Who can also wash me again and again with tears
Thus, in the messy and disorderly life of mine
I can live as a man at last, keeping clean and high

塔尔寺

塔尔寺来自一滴血，母亲的血
圣洁的白旃檀树
是母亲的白发在飘
善念在动，菩提树下
顿悟的洛桑扎巴，十万只狮子吼
母亲一定能听到
所以我说：任何佛性都与母性相连
人类是这样，宗喀巴也是这样
一切皆为虚幻，色即是空
我四方漂泊，归来却满身疲惫
就像这个人间一样疲惫
我是不是应该拈一片菩提叶
掬一捧圣水，清洗不太干净的灵魂

Translation:

The Kumbum Monastery

The Kumbum Monastery was born in a drop of blood
The blood from the Mother
And the holy white sandalwood tree flickers
As if the grey hair of the Mother flutters
With her kindness and good wills
Under the Bodhi tree, sitting Lama Tsong Khapa
With ten thousand of lions roaring
I believe the Mother can catch the sound
So I say: the Buddhahood is originated from the motherhood
Both for the humans, and so for Tsong Khapa
All is illusory, and the form itself is the emptiness
I've wandered from place to place
Yet overwhelmingly weary when I came back
As tired as this mortal world
Should I pick off a piece of leaf of the Bodhi
And hold a handful of holy water to clear up my unclean soul

可脏乱的世界是洗不干净的
就像我们，永远洗不干净
内心的欲念和幽怨
这里金碧辉煌，包罗万象
在苍茫的大草原上显得格外醒目
塔尔寺是草原的根
一切良善和美从这里开始
甘从苦来，乐蕴悲里
皓月朗星皆收藏于心，端坐如莲
一粒沙就是一个世界
酥油花是草原最美的花
与长明灯交相辉耀
喜怒哀乐刻在每一幅壁画上
比美更美，比爱更深
彻悟与因果，大德无声
苍穹与大海皆为心灵净土
五彩绣堆把佛祖的慈悲传遍四面八方
所以塔尔寺，我从远方来
又回到远方去，我什么也无法带走
那就把东方的第一缕曙光
射入我心中吧
晒佛的时刻，佛是大家的
正如尘世的苦难与爱，属于每一个人

Translation:

But the messy world can never be washed clean
As we never washed away the inner desire and hidden bitterness
The Kumbum Monastery is splendid with brilliance
And all-encompassing, and so striking in the vast prairie
Here's the root of the grassland, growing all beauty and goodness
As sweetness comes from bitterness and sorrow contains
 happiness
I enshrine in my heart the bright moon and radiant stars
Sitting sedately like a lotus
We know: a grain of sand mirrors an entire world
With butter sculptured flowers blooming here, so beautiful in the
 grass
Sparkling to the radiance of the ever burning altar lamps
In each and every mural, carved joy and anger, happiness and
 sorrow
More beautiful than sheer beauty, and deeper than love
I have an epiphany in my mind and think of the cause and effect
And greatest virtue always kept silent
As the firmament and the sea is all pure land for the heart
The multicolored barbola spreads the compassion of the Buddha
 far and wide
Oh, the holy lamasery, I come from a far
Returning from a distance, unable to take anything away
Please bestow me in the east the first shred of the sunray
And shining into my heart
Now, it's time for exposing to the sun Buddha,
And the Buddha belongs to all
Just like the suffering and love in the world belongs to all the
 people

胡杨

胡杨站立在沙漠里
心形的叶子几乎被狂风吹落
满树结疤，被刀剑砍过
被雷电劈过，就像一些有梦想的人
这个世界怎会轻易放过他
这是我崇拜胡杨的理由
倾斜在碧血黄沙里
千年不腐，挺立如风的形状
让我们禁不住想到自己
活得忍辱负重，却依旧生机盎然
胡杨树是扭曲的，枝杈
也是扭曲的，如果不活得顽强
如何抵抗那么多风霜雨雪
也有灿烂的日子，在花开季节
阳光穿透浓密的叶子
天地苍茫，大漠胡杨金光闪烁
一个光的问号，醒目得如长河落日
此刻，如果有一个人
摘一朵格桑花放在树杈上
又有多少我们，在蓝天下浮想联翩

Translation:

A Populus Euphratica

Standing firm in the desert, the Populus Euphratica
The fierce wind blew off all the heart-shape leaves
Full of scars, slashed by the swords
Struck by thunderbolt, like a man full of dreams
Never be forgiven so easily by the world
That's why I adore the Populus trees
Leaning and slanting in the blood and sands
Never be rotten for years
Keeping a firm shape like storms
I cannot help thinking of ourselves
Bitten the bullet, but still overflowing with vigor
The tree is twisted, and the branches also distorted
If we cannot live tenaciously
How to resist so much the weathered rain and snow
But in the days glorious, in seasons full of flowers
The sunlight penetrates the dense leaves
Between the boundless heaven and the vast land
The trees are shining full of golden gleaming brightness
Like a interrogation mark so bright
As striking as the setting sun in the long river
If someone picks off a Gosang flower
And puts it in branches of a tree
Under the blue sky, so many of us will fall into reverie

孤舟

我一直在想，我们心里
是否也有这样一条船
摇晃在波浪上
野渡无人，孤舟横在湖面
等待与野鸭和大雁
会飞的鸟，一起进入芦花深处
这个时代，有谁不想
留下一个角落
安歇诸如灵魂一类的东西
除了这一小片自由
我们并不拥有其他财富
湖水如此苍茫，目光如此敏感
片刻的安宁，对于我们
是多么弥足珍贵
芦花絮飞起来，夕阳落下来
天地起伏，船也在起伏
命运捉摸不定，晚霞里的波浪线
如一张选择题，催促
我们给出最终答案
答案飘在风中，难以选择
芦花深处的秘密，我们没有看透
水鸟的颜色模糊不清
站在船头，调整一个最佳角度
把飘拂的芦花握在手中
看秋风还能朝那个方向吹

Translation:

A Lone Boat

I always think, in our hearts
Whether is there a boat also swaying on the waves
So empty is the wild lake, mooring a lone boat
Waiting for the wild ducks and geese
And the flying birds, into the deep reeds
In this era, who don't want to save a corner
To harbor and rest something like the souls
Except for the little piece of the freedom
We haven't owned any other wealth
Now, the lake's so vast, and so sensitive our eyes
But this peaceful moment for us is so valuable and precious
When up flies the reeds and down sets the sun
The world rises and falls, and the boat wobbles up and down
The destiny is so elusive that the waves in the sunset
Are like a multiple choice
Urging us to give the final answers
Yet the answer flutters in the wind, we can hardly choose
The secret in the reeds kept so deep
That we cannot see through
And so dim and blurry seems the color of the waterfowl
But we can stand on the bow, adjusting to an optimal angle
Holding a fluttering reed in our hands
To see in which direction the autumn wind is gonna blow

雨水

雨季来临，大风吹开所有的窗户
倾听鸟的嗓音，冰雪的大地开始消融

这个春天有些不同，疼痛散落
在雨的缝隙里，一缕忧伤藏在心中

多想在夜里听雨，或者抒怀或者播种
此刻呆坐门前，密集的雨把路尘封

往事如烟，苦难让我们活得狭窄
每个细节如此清晰，像雨丝里的针

雨水洗刷不掉所发生的一切
美与丑，罪与罚，生死或者感动

最后坠落的叶子，瞬间的绿色
告诉世界，雨也下出不同的声音

雨既然来了，就让它下得更猛烈些吧
把脏乱的世界冲洗个干干净净

Translation:

The Rainwater

Rainy season comes, and strong winds blow open all windows
Listen to the voice of birds, when the ice-bound land melts

But this spring comes slightly different, with pains scattered
In the rain's cracks, and a wisp of sorrow hidden in my heart

How I wish to hear the rain at night, either to express myself or
sow the seeds
Now I can only sit at the door, staring at the roads covered by the
dense rain

The by-gones past like smokes, and suffering makes the life
narrow
And so distinct in every detail, in the drizzling rain like a needle

But the rainwater cannot wash away all that has experienced
Such as beauty and ugliness, sin and punishment, life and death,
and the moved

The last falling leaf turns green in an instant
To tell the world that the rain also falls with a different sound

Now that the rainwater is near, let the rain come a bit more
fiercely
To wash away and clear up the dusty world without any
hesitation

我不爱春天，但我依旧要写它

四月，那么多美景值得歌唱
而我却倍感忧伤
我的母亲，在新年的白雪里逝去
她混浊的眼睛，终于
不再恐惧这混浊的世界
还有好多诗人在春天里消失
坟头长满青草，有新鲜的味道
生命如流水，清澈而无言
还有我的女人，也是在春天里消逝的
她是我青春期里的唯一亮色
我的春天，是用泪水浇灌的花
那些万紫千红，桃花与柳花
摇曳着生命曲折的影子

Translation:

I Don't Love the Spring, but I Still Want to Sing for It

So much beauty is worth singing in April
Yet I feel so sad full of sorrow
My mother past away in the new year covered with snow
And her turbid eyes finally
Never feared any longer the chaotic world
Many poets also disappeared in the spring
With tombs full of green grass, fresh and fragrant
As life flows like water, limpid yet silent
And my lover also in the spring vanished away
She's the only highlight in my puberty day and day
All my flowers in the spring watered with tears
Such as the peach and willow, blooming in colors
Flickering the shadow of the hard life in twists and turns

我不爱春天，但我依旧要写它
我不知道为什么我要写它
也许是一阵春风，吹绿满山遍野
给更多的人带来希望
在绝望的时刻选择希望
是人类最后的选择
也许是一阵春雨，滋润
冰冷的土地，种子冒出萌芽
孩子长出新牙，生命长大
是春天最动人的情节
也许是我的嘴唇，总在重复
自由的词根，那些激情的声音
让好多人都听到过
母亲听到过，爱人也听到过
她们告诉我，应该这样地活着
才不辜负她们的爱
我不知道为什么我要写春天
但我知道，亲人们选择春天离去
她们就永远活在春天了

Translation:

I don't love the spring, but I still want to sing for it
I don't know why I must
Perhaps the spring breeze will blow green all over the mountains
Giving all the people hopes and dreams
Perhaps a shower of the spring rain will moisten the icy land
With the seeds sprouting and all the kids growing the new teeth
With the life growing up
That is the most moving moment at the season
Perhaps my lips keep repeating the root of the word "freedom"
And the passionate sound can be heard by all of them
My mother can hear it, so my lover can
And they tell me only should we live like this
Thus to live up to their love
I don't know why I must sing for the spring
But I know those dear ones chosen to depart at this time
And they will live in the spring forever

回家

回家是个美好的词，比紫色的豌豆花
还要美，比女人清辉的玉臂还要美

在大地上，我们活得像流水
穿越山峦与河谷，如一只兔子四处乱窜

也许有一天，我们躲在一片草丛中
被某一只黑亮的猎枪精度瞄准

偌大的尘世，哪里都不是我们的家
我停泊的地方是母亲久坐的门口

而母亲走了，去了极乐的世界
据说那里有更多的苦，她一个人品尝

她说多受些难，无论人间还是天上
我的难就减少几分，平安并抱有希望

人生如逆旅，苦难的母亲活在墙上
回家看母亲，多少眼泪漫过我的灵魂

Translation:

Going Home

Going home is an attractive word, more beautiful than the purple pea's blossom
More beautiful than the pure and cool arms of a woman

We live as running waters in the vast land
Through the mountains and valleys, like a rabbit running around

Someday we hide ourselves perhaps in the wild grass
At that moment a shiny black shotgun precisely aims at us

In the secular world so boundless, nowhere could I settle down
The only doorway I can stop where Mom often sat for longing in her small
town

But my mother is gone now, to the world of bliss
It's said more suffering left there that the Mom tastes alone

She said she'd rather suffer a lot, whether in heaven or in the earth
Thus I would be less painful, and to be safe and hopeful

A life is like a journey against the current, but my suffering mother lives in the
walls
Going home to see my Mom, how many tears would blood in my soul

(Trans. Zou Peng & Li Lei).

**To our
honourable poetry scholars**

献给
所有的诗歌研究者

Poetics:

RICHARD BERENGARTEN

On Gathering and Togethering

Twelve statements

prompted by

*the 30th International Medellin Poetry
Festival, Colombia, 2020*

1. At the time of the global COVID pandemic, the Medellin International Poetry Festival has risen to an unprecedented humanitarian and cultural challenge, and in doing so, has set a new bar for attainment for all other poetry festivals in the world.
2. The modern movement of international poetry festivals began in the early 1960s. In 2020, by deploying the latest Internet satellite technology to organise a network of globally accessible poetry events for a period of over 70 days, the Medellin Festival has taken the entire concept and practice of the international poetry festival to new levels of involvement, participation, and attainment. Over 200 poets have taken part from over

100 countries. In this way Medellin has effectively transposed many thousands of dreams and aspirations of individual poets, over many generations, ancient and modern, into a collective, present and living reality. These facts alone suggest why taking part in the 30th Festival in 2020 has been a powerfully moving and inspirational experience. But these facts indicate only the skeleton, not the entire body of Medellin as a living reality.

3. To be human means to learn, use (deploy), pass through and pass on language. It means not only to live in (dwell in, inhabit) language, to be conditioned by language (above, all one's own native language), to experience, explore and understand the world through language and language through the world, and to think and feel, as well as to receive and express the thoughts and feelings of others, by means of language – but also to relish (enjoy, delight in, rejoice in) language – and celebrate it and test its limits. Since poetry is rooted and based in language, the poetic art is the core expression and celebration of our humanness.
4. The core of this core is joy in freedom and freedom in joy in both the expression and the communicability of movement. *Life itself is movement*. By incorporating (embodying) and sharing (transmitting, receiving) this joy and freedom through language, poetry transcends the merely functional (pedestrian) 'uses' of language. It may be said, then, that *poetry is language in a condition of dance*.
5. So, like all other similar festivals all over the world, by focusing on poetry, Medellin celebrates the spirit of humanity. What's more, this spirit, celebrated in poetry, isn't limited to poetry itself. Rooted in poetry, its energy spreads out, radially, inclusively and exponentially, to

welcome and embrace *all the living and all aspects of life*. Poetry, then, is a florescence of this living spirit. “Poetry,” wrote William Wordsworth, “is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all Science” (Preface to Lyrical Ballads). “A poem is the very image of life expressed in its eternal truth,” wrote Percy Bysshe Shelley (A Defence of Poetry). All life, all science, the very image of life, flowering – these, then, are the qualities celebrated by Medellín.

6. To what Wordsworth and Shelley said, I need to add that the spirit of poetry is inherently welcoming, hospitable, magnanimous. This last word, *magnanimous*, itself means possessing and being possessed of (and by) a *large soul*. And this also implies a big heart and a wide, deep, generous and gentle spirit. And because the secrets poetry offers originate in magnanimity, they’re inherently both open and inclusive. Always at once given *intimately* and yet available to be received by *anybody* – and whenever given, always in the *this*, the *here*, the *now* – poems are and embody *presents* in both senses of this English word: *presences* and *gifts*. The spirit of poetry extends an open hand to whoever willingly approaches it; and so too the spirit of poetry responds to desire. The spirit of the Medellín Poetry Festival is welcoming, hospitable and magnanimous in precisely these senses and in these ways: *large in soul, big in heart, wide and deep in spirit, and responsive to desire*.
7. What all this means, further, is not only that the Medellín Festival is inclusive but that the inclusivity it embodies and offers is one that’s continuously widening and deepening. This in turns means that the quality that characterises and particularises Medellín isn’t merely to be approached and understood in terms of its already highly articulated, actualised, explicate, *present*

inclusivity, but in terms of the scale, scope, ambitiousness (breadth and depth) that it invites, implicates and holds, potentially, for the future, for our futures, and for those of generations to come. This *holding*, incidentally, is part of what UNESCO has termed humanity's intangible cultural heritage. It involves the complex notion and practice of tenantry, maintenance, guardianship, holding in trust. The French word *maintenant*, which translates rather more prosaically into English as *now*, illuminates this motif: literally, it means 'holding' (*tenant*) in one's hand (*main*).

8. What's more, by its inclusivity, the signal achievement of the Medellin Festival to date has been to demonstrate and affirm with total explicitness that poetry is a core element of every culture in the world, and that while every separate culture's poetry is irreducibly distinct and unique, ultimately all poetry is *one poetry*, and all poems form part of *one single poem*. This one single poem is the song of *humanity in nature* and of *nature in humanity*, and it is sung through the *imagination*. This potential and implicit reality, which Octavio Paz (1914–1998), like many others, affirmed throughout his oeuvre, the Medellin Festival has now made actual and explicit:

Since the Palaeolithic, poetry has been a part of the life of *all human societies*; no society exists that has not known one form of poetry or another. But although tied to a specific soil and a specific history, poetry has always been open, in each and every one of its manifestations, to a *transhistorical beyond*. I do not mean a religious beyond. I am speaking of the *other side* of reality. That perception is common to all men in all periods: it is an experience that seems to me *prior* to all religions and philosophies. (*The Other Voice*:

Essays on Modern Poetry 153-154; emphases added)

To spell this out some of these implications still further, inherent to the theory and practice of inclusivity is the fact that Medellín has demonstrated how poetry is an art that belongs to *everybody*, to *all people*, regardless of age, background, gender, language, and all the other facts and features that individuate us, as well as those that both bring us together and divide and separate us, such as faith, ethnicity, class, income, status, and so on. To put this another way, the Medellín Poetry Festival has shown conclusively that the spirit of poetry itself presupposes, postulates and advocates not only *community*, but the commonality of all humans, all life, all matter, and all energy. This, then, paradoxically, is an inclusivity, a collectively comprehensive, innerness, that in effect posits no outside-of-itself. It is universal.

9. And to take up an earlier point, mentioned in §4 above in the context of life as movement: Medellín has re-affirmed that by its rootedness in the individual human imagination, poetry is a key element of human freedom – as, among many others, the great English poets Romantic poets of the early nineteenth century advocated (for example, Blake, Byron and Shelley); and that poetry necessarily speaks out against injustice and for and on behalf of the oppressed.
10. In all these ways, then, Medellín has reaffirmed that poetry is an essential vehicle of expression for the finest and most noble movements of our time and of all time (as Paz says above, *transhistorically*), including the advocacy of peace, decency, dignity, self-respect and respect for others, love, balance, harmony, connectedness, and all the physical, psychic, emotional

and spiritual aspects of health (haleness, wholeness), not only of human beings but of all life on earth. The gathering of the Medellin community of poets, then, extends to and embraces all poets, all people, all of nature. *It's a gathering that is a togetherness.*

11. In this respect, one of the most important aspects of the Medellin festival has been the encouragement of children and young people to write, read and listen to poetry, and so to open up the potential of their own receptive and active imaginations. Included in all these factors, as the English and international poet Anthony Rudolf has argued, "*Poetry presupposes futurity, presupposes continuity*" (*Wine from Two Glasses*, 45). To presuppose futurity means not only to advocate hope for the future but also to engage in action to protect the future of all life on this planet Earth.
12. Making and responding to poetry involves the *treasuring* of past, present and future. In terms of heritage, tangible and intangible, the protective and projective celebration of poetry in the present is action for and on behalf of the future. Past, present and future are treasured together in the Medellin Poetry Festival.

Cambridge, October 2020

This text adds to Richard Berengarten's ongoing series of statements on poetics entitled *Imagems*. Like the contributions of all the poets attending the 30th Medellin International Poetry Festival, because of COVID-19 his reading (15 September 2020) was delivered remotely, from his home.

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