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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guangkui

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**To our honourable
poets, readers and translators**

English-Chinese Version

The Aisle of a Temple¹

William Congreve²

'Tis dreadful!

HOW reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arched and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquility! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight: the tombs
And monumental caves of Death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear
Thy voice — my own affrights me with its echoes.

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 Congreve (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:

神殿侧廊

威廉·康格里夫

真是可怕！

这高耸建筑的面庞如此令人崇敬，
古老的柱子昂起它们大理石的头颅，
屹立在高处，却也得忍受那笨重的拱形屋顶，
凭着自身重量，岿然不动，
寻求着静谧！它敬畏与恐怖的气质
使我目光所见，皆是疼痛：
象征死亡的坟墓与墓碑，看着是那么冷酷，
向我颤抖的心，射了一支淡漠之箭。
给我你的手，让我聆听你的声音——
我的声音里，透着它的回音使我惊恐万分。

（梁小丹 译）

Wit and Wisdom¹

Ambrose Philips²

IN search of wisdom, far from wit I fly;
Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
In whose bewitching arms our early time
We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime.
But when reflection comes with riper years,
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears;
We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
And, wed to wisdom, lead a happy life.

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Spenser to Crabbe (Volume I)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 453.

² Ambrose Philips (1671-1749,) was an English poet and politician. He was born in Shropshire of a Leicestershire family and was educated at Shrewsbury School and St John's College, Cambridge, of which he became a fellow in 1699. The term "namby-pamby", meaning something that is excessively sentimental, comes from his name.

Translation:

机智与智慧

安布罗斯·飞利浦

寻找智慧时，要远离机智；
机智是妖娆妩媚的娼妓，
魅惑生人迷失在其臂弯，
蹉跎消耗青春时光精力。
但当人们年岁心智渐熟，
深思熟虑便现眉宇之间。
便会斩断同机智的情事，
结婚智慧，幸福快乐生活。

(胡峦琼 译)

Desiderium¹

John Byrom²

MY spirit longeth for Thee
 Within my troubled breast;
Although I be unworthy
 Of so divine a Guest.

Of so divine a Guest,
 Unworthy though I be;
Yet has my heart no rest,
 Unless it comes from Thee.

Unless it comes from Thee,
 In vain I look around;
In all that I can see,
 No rest is to be found.

No rest is to be found,
 But in thy blessèd love;
Oh let my wish be crowned,
 And send it from above!

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Spenser to Crabbe (Volume I)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 520.

² John Byrom (1692-1763,) was an English poet, the inventor of a revolutionary system of shorthand and later a significant landowner. He is most remembered as the writer of the lyrics of Anglican hymn *Christians Awake! Salute the Happy Morn*, which was supposedly a Christmas gift for his daughter.

Translation:

愿望

约翰·拜隆

灵魂对你的渴求，
藏于我不安的心；
也许我根本不配，
将圣洁的你记挂。

如你般神圣之人
我怎可与之相配；
可我这无休之心，
却恰恰因你安定。

若非你予我安定，
我仍将徒然四望；
于竭力所望之中，
仍找寻无处可歇。

我找寻无处可歇，
仅归于你赐之爱；
哦，容我所愿得偿，
让上天赐其成真。

（胡峦琼 译）

On a Fly Drinking Out of His Cup¹

William Oldys²

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me and drink as I:
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one!

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Spenser to Crabbe (Volume I)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 525.

² William Oldys (1696–1761,) was an English antiquarian and bibliographer. Oldys was the initial editor of the *Biographia Britannica*, overseeing its first appearance in 1747.

Translation:

啜酒之蝇

威廉·奥蒂斯

忙碌、好奇且干渴的苍蝇！

像我这般与我共饮：

无人欢迎你到我的酒杯来，

你能否一口一口啜饮：

及时行乐，

蝇生苦短。

你我生命相似，

转瞬即逝：

你的生命如夏日，我也风华不再，

虽已重复了六十载。

六十个夏季流逝，

亦如一夏短促。

（林莹莹 译）

Tom Bowling¹

Charles Dibdin²

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft.
Faithful, below, he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the Time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, Who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who Kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Spenser to Crabbe (Volume I)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 622.

² Charles Dibdin (1745–1814) was a British composer, musician, dramatist, novelist and actor. With over 600 songs to his name, for many of which he wrote both the lyrics and the music and performed them himself, he was in his time the most prolific English singer-songwriter. He is best known as the composer of “Tom Bowling”, one of his many sea songs, which often features at the Last Night of the Proms.

Translation:

汤姆·布宁

查尔斯·迪布丁

这儿有一艘破船，躺着可怜的汤姆·布宁，
我们亲爱的船员；
他再也听不到震天的呼啸，
死神已将他带走。
他的身材最俊美，
他心地善良、温柔忠诚。
最终，他完成了使命，
可现在他已经远走。

汤姆从来一诺千金，
他有难得的美德；
他广交真诚的朋友，
他处事善良又公正。
他开心地唱着愉快的歌，
啊！唱了很多次；
可是，如今快乐变成了忧郁，
因为汤姆已经远走。

可怜的汤姆还是找到了愉快的天地，
大家请求他，
召集所有的船员，
一起手拉着手。
国王和水手派来了死神。
带走了汤姆的生命，
虽然他被丢弃在舱口，
可他的灵魂已经远走。

（邹少芹 译）

The Tyger¹

Zhang Guangkui²

Tyger! Tyger! burning blight
In the forests of the plight,
Which one blind or a psycho
Could claim thy direful leader pro?

From what a far star or curb
Stole thyself the wrong herb?
To what a height dare thou climb?
For a bite, no reason or rhyme?

And what plume, & what a quill,
Could uncover thy vicious will?
And when thou set out at a crawl,
What patience? & what a gall?

What the needle? what the gene?
By what a strong technician?
What a version? what a smith
Made the ugly girth and pith?

When the Heaven opened His eyes,
And cleared His choked throat with loud cries:
Should I be most satisfied?
Should I have the beast's gene modified?

Tyger! Tyger! burning blight
In the forests of the plight,
Which one blind or a psycho
Could claim thy direful leader pro?

¹ This composition is a parody of William Blake's "The Tyger".

² Zhang Guangkui (1967-), is a Chinese bilingual poet with some publications of both Chinese and English poetry anthologies and translated poems from English to Chinese or vice versa. Now he is teaching poetry at Shenzhen University, China. In recent years, poetry performance has been his interest inspired by his Poepera (poem+opera) theory.

Translation:

老虎

张广奎

老虎！老虎！森林里
燃烧的罪戾。
哪一个瞎了眼，还是神经病
敢说你是可怕的自然界 Pro. 头领？

你从遥远遥远的星球或桎梏之地
吃了偷错的药变成这般虎背熊腰？
再高你也敢爬，摔死不怕？
一小口肉肉，你也要失去理智狂抓？

什么样的羽毛，什么样的翎笔，
才能揭穿你一贯险恶的用心？
每次当你匍匐潜行，
需要多么大的耐力？多厚的脸皮？

什么样的针头？什么样的基因？
经由什么样的超强工艺？
什么样的变种？什么样的铁将
造就了你丑陋的腰段和良心？

当苍天睁开双眼，
清了清哽咽的嗓子嚎啕大哭：
我应当满意吗？
我让谁修改了这禽兽的基因？

老虎！老虎！森林里
燃烧的罪戾。
哪一个瞎了眼，还是神经病
敢说你是可怕的自然界 Pro. 头领？

(张广奎 译)

Coming Through the Rye¹

Robert Burns²

COMING through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen;
Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the world ken?

O, Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
 Jenny's seldom dry;
She draiglet a' her petticoatie
 Coming through the rye.

¹John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 18.

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:

穿过麦丛

罗伯特·彭斯

穿过麦丛，可怜儿，
穿过麦丛，
她穿着小礼服裙，
穿过了麦丛。

如果两人相遇
穿过麦丛，
如果一个人吻了另一个人，
怎会让那人哭泣呢？

如果两人相遇
穿过幽谷；
如果一个人吻了另一个人，
那要让这世间都知道？

哦，可怜的珍妮啊，一直痴痴地等，
常常以泪洗面；
她穿得那样令人动容
穿过了麦丛。

（邓宇萍 译）

A Wish¹

Samuel Rogers²

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew,
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 28.

² Samuel Rogers (1763–1855) was an English poet, during his lifetime one of the most celebrated, although his fame has long since been eclipsed by his Romantic colleagues and friends Wordsworth, Coleridge and Byron. His recollections of these and other friends such as Charles James Fox are key sources for information about London artistic and literary life, with which he was intimate, and which he used his wealth to support. He made his money as a banker and was also a discriminating art collector.

Translation:

愿望

塞缪尔·罗杰斯

我所盼望的不过是住在山边，
蜜蜂的嗡鸣使我的耳朵愉悦；
纤纤的溪流推动着磨坊，
在那里多少个秋天徘徊流连。

燕子时常飞来我的茅草屋下，
噉噉喳喳，新巢已筑成；
不时有远客敲门来访，
而我内心欢喜与他们共进午餐。

走廊上的常春藤繁荣生长，
芬芳的花朵啜饮着露珠，
身穿褐色外袍和蓝色围裙
忙于纺纱的露西正在歌唱。

树林间的乡村教堂，
那是我们许下新婚誓言的地方，
欢快的钟声在风中飘荡，
闪烁着烛光的尖顶通往天堂。

(张欣 译)

Spring¹

Ebenezer Elliot²

AGAIN the violet of our early days
Drinks beauteous azure from the golden sun,
And kindles into fragrance at his blaze;
The streams, rejoiced that winter's work is done,
Talk of to-morrow's cowslips, as they run.
Wild apple, thou art bursting into bloom!
Thy leaves are coming, snowy-blossomed thorn!
Wake, buried lily! spirit, quit thy tomb;
And thou, shade-loving hyacinth, be born!
Then, haste, sweet rose! sweet woodbine, hymn the morn,
Whose dew-drops shall illumine with pearly light
Each grassy blade that thick embattled stands
From sea to sea, while daisies infinite
Uplift in praise their little glowing hands,
O'er every hill that under heaven expands.

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 151.

² Ebenezer Elliot (1781–1849) was an English poet, known as the *Corn Law rhymers* for his leading the fight to repeal the Corn Laws, which were causing hardship and starvation among the poor.

Translation:

春

埃比尼泽·艾略特

又见早春里的紫罗兰，
在金黄的阳光下汲取美丽的蓝天色彩，
在太阳的照耀下燃起香味；
小溪为寒冬的离去而高兴，
在奔流中谈论着明日的报春花。
野苹果，你的花儿正在绽放！
你的叶子慢慢长出，还有那雪花般的刺！
醒来吧，沉睡在地下的百合！圣灵啊，逃离坟墓吧；
还有喜阴的风信子，你也快快出现吧！
赶快吧，美丽的玫瑰！甜美的忍冬花，一起来歌颂清晨，
露珠发出珍珠般的光芒来照耀
那郁郁葱葱的草叶，
从这海到那海，无数的雏菊
挥舞着它们发光的小手来礼赞，
在苍穹之下每一座绵延伸展的山上。

（林莹莹 译）

The Grasshopper and the Cricket¹

James Henry Leigh Hunt²

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass; —
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass; —

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, —summer and winter, —Mirth.

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

² James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784 – 1859), best known as Leigh Hunt, was an English critic, essayist and poet. Hunt co-founded *The Examiner*, a leading intellectual journal expounding radical principles

Translation:

蚂蚱和蚰蚣

詹姆斯·亨特

阳光下绿草地上那位撑杆跳运动员一席绿衣，
六月的躁热使你的心也跳动了起来，
慵懒的午后，那是唯一听得见的声响，
蜜蜂听到后，动作也放缓了；—
而你，同情那小管家，
像是蜡炬成灰，却仍热爱火花，
也像你那恶作剧般的调子
打趣那些快乐而又静谧的时刻；—

哦！亲密的两小兄弟，
一只属于田野，另一只属于壁炉，
你们有属于各自的阳光：你们清澈的心灵，
尽管体小，却也强壮；
你们似乎都将自己奉献给了生活
唱着这首自然之歌，歌声能到达深思的耳朵—
屋内和屋外，—夏天和冬天，—尽是欢乐。

（梁小丹 译）

The Hill We Climb

Amanda Gorman¹

When day comes we ask ourselves:

Where can we find light in this never-ending shade?

The loss we carry, a sea we must wade.

We've braved the belly of the beast.

We've learned that quiet isn't always peace.

And the norms and notions of what just is isn't always justice.

And yet, the dawn is ours before we knew it.

Somehow we do it.

Somehow we've weathered and witnessed

A nation that isn't broken, but simply unfinished.

¹ Amanda Gorman (1998-) is an American poet and activist from Los Angeles, California. Her work focuses on issues of oppression, feminism, race, and marginalization, as well as the African diaspora. Gorman is the first person to be named National Youth Poet Laureate of the US. She published the poetry book *The One for Whom Food Is Not Enough* in 2015. She recited the poem "The Hill We Climb" at American President Joe Biden's Inauguration. The poem was translated by Professor Ding Jianxin, a well-known linguist, from Sun Yat-sen University, China.

Translation:

我们走过的山峦

阿曼达·戈曼

当出发的日子来临，我们将自己追问
在这绵延不断的林荫里，何处是阳光
我们身负重伤，只因跋山涉水
我们直面野兽的咆哮
我们深知，寂静并不意味着和平
理所当然的陈规陋习，并不代表正义之光
然而，黎明早就属于我们，尽管我们全然不晓
也许我们敢拼才会赢
也许我们忍辱负重，目睹了所有的苦难
我们哪里会山河破碎，只不过是壮志未酬

We, the successors of a country and a time
Where a skinny black girl
Descended from slaves and raised by a single mother
Can dream of becoming president
Only to find herself reciting for one.
And yes, we are far from polished, far from pristine,
But that doesn't mean we are striving to form a union that is perfect.
We are striving to forge our union with purpose,
To compose a country committed to all cultures, colors, characters,
and conditions of man.
And so we lift our gazes not to what stands between us,
But what stands before us.
We close the divide because we know to put our future first.
We must first put our differences aside.
We lay down our arms so we can reach out our arms to one another.
We seek harm to none and harmony for all.
Let the globe, if nothing else,
Say this is true

Translation:

我们是这个国家和时代的传承者
一个骨瘦如柴的黑人女孩
祖辈曾经卖身为奴，单亲养大
可以梦想荣登大位
尊至一人之遥
是的，我们远非光鲜铮亮，也早已远离原始蛮荒
但我们的联盟还很难说是完美无缺
我们努力铸造，不忘方向
一个不同文化、肤色、性格、阶层都能相容相守的家乡
我们的眼中，不是阻隔我们的山峦
而是我们应该一起面对的挑战
我们摒弃分歧，因为我们懂得要着眼未来
我们放下干戈，深情相拥
我们不想寻仇结恨，只想和谐双赢
让世界感同身受

That even as we grieved, we grew;
That even as we hurt, we hoped;
That even as we tired, we tried;
That we will forever be tied together victorious.
Not because we will never again know defeat,
But because we will never again sow division.
ure tells us to envision
That everyone shall sit under their own vine in a fig tree
And no one shall make them afraid.
If we're to live up to our own time,
Then victory won't lie in the blade,
But in all the bridges we've made.
That is the promise to glade,
The hill we climb if only we dare it

Translation:

历经苦难，我们仍然成长
历经伤痛，却信心满满
身心疲惫，却屡试不爽
心手相连，永不言败
不是因为我们没有尝过挫折的滋味
而是因为我们永远不愿播种分歧
《圣经》让我们一起向往
每个人心中都有一棵百年古树，藤蔓缠身
没有人能让我们心存恐慌
如果我们都能不负时代
那么成功就不要依靠刀锋相向
而是依靠我们曾经相助搭桥
因为林中空地的小憩
我们才有爬往山顶的勇气

Because being American is more than a pride we inherit;
It's the past we step into and how we repair it.
We've seen a force that would shatter our nation rather than share it,
Would destroy our country if it meant delaying democracy,
And this effort very nearly succeeded.
But while democracy can be periodically delayed,
It can never be permanently defeated.
In this truth, in this faith, we trust
For while we have our eyes on the future,
History has its eyes on us.
This is the era of just redemption
We feared at its inception.
We did not feel prepared to be the heirs
Of such a terrifying hour.
But within it, we found the power
To author a new chapter
To offer hope and laughter to ourselves.

Translation:

身作为一名美国人，那不止意味着我们身上继承祖先的荣光
而是我们辉煌的过往，以及我们从善如流的慷慨
有一种力量，会撕裂我们的家园，而不是将光芒分享
它将民主延误，将家国撕得啾啾响
而且还几近得逞
然而民主只会暂时地搁浅
哪会永久地击败
我们对这种信念，坚信不渝
因为我们展望未来的同时，
历史也会将我们照亮
我们身处一个需要救赎的时代
我们害怕它的肇始
我们不愿做一个恐慌时代的后人
我们置身其中
找寻开启新篇的力量
给我们自己带来希冀与欢笑

So while once we asked
How could we possibly prevail over catastrophe?
Now we assert
How could catastrophe possibly prevail over us?
We will not march back to what was
But move to what shall be
A country that is bruised,
But whole, benevolent, but bold, fierce, and free.
We will not be turned around or interrupted by intimidation
Because we know our inaction and inertia will be the inheritance of
the next generation.
Our blunders become their burdens,
But one thing is certain,
If we merge mercy with might and might with right,
Then love becomes our legacy and change our children's birthright.

Translation:

有人会问

我们怎么可能躲过灭顶之灾？

我却信誓旦旦：灾难永远无法将我们战败

我们不会退缩到过往

而会走向我们的未来

满身淤血的国度啊

从来都是这样完整、慈祥、勇毅，坚韧而又随意

我们不会被恐惧打败

因为我们知道，无所作为与因循保守

只会愧对我们的子孙后代

我们今天酿成的大错，明天他们将负债累累

有一件事情我们确信无疑

如果我们能将同情与力量相融，力量与正义整合

那么爱将成为我们永远的遗产，改变我们子子孙孙

与生俱来的权利

So let us leave behind a country
Better than the one we were left
With every breath from my bronze-pounded chest
We will raise this wounded world into a wondrous one.
We will rise from the gold-limbed hills of the West.
We will rise from the wind-swept Northeast where our forefathers
first realized revolution.
We will rise from the lake-rimmed cities of the Midwestern states.
We will rise from the sun-baked South.
We will rebuild, reconcile, and recover

Translation:

让我们留下一个比我们所继承的
更加美好的世界
愿我们呼吸的胸膛，像青铜一样刚强
将这伤痕累累的世界，变得星光闪耀
我们从西部峻峭的山峦出发
从狂风呼啸的东北出发，那里曾是我们的祖辈首义的地方
从星罗棋布的中西部湖区出发
从南方如火的艳阳中出发
重建、妥协、康复

In every known nook of our nation,
In every corner called our country,
Our people, diverse and beautiful,
Will emerge battered and beautiful.
When day comes,
We step out of the shade aflame and unafraid.
The new dawn blooms as we free it,
For there is always light,
If only we're brave enough to see it,
If only we're brave enough to be it.

Translation:

从我们伟大家园的每一寸土地出发
从它的每一个角落出发
我们伟大的人民，那么地多元、靓丽
我们将会从伤痕中重新站起，留下令人动容的篇章
当出发的日子来临
我们会从林荫中走出，火光熊熊，面无惧色
当黎明来临，我们会逐渐释怀所有
因为光明就在前方
只要我们眼中有它
心中有它

（丁建新 译）

Chinese-English Version

鸟鸣涧¹

王维

人闲桂花落，

夜静春山空。

月出惊山鸟，

时鸣春涧中。

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: 12.

Translation:

Ravine of Warbling Blackbirds

Wang Wei¹

At idle time, sweet-scented osmanthus fall;
Night is tranquil and no sound in the hill at all.
Moonrise makes blackbirds startled;
Out of the ravine of spring is frequent warbling.

(Trans. Lin Yingying)

¹ Wang Wei (701-761) was a Chinese poet, and painter in Tang dynasty. He was also good at calligraphy, and music, and served in court as a high-ranking official. Later he retired and wrote many of his best poems with the zest for studying Buddhism.

行行重行行¹

佚名

行行重行行，与君生别离。

相去万余里，各在天一涯。

道路阻且长，会面安可知。

胡马依北风，越鸟巢南枝。

相去日已远，衣带日已缓。

浮云蔽白日，游子不顾反。

思君令人老，岁月忽已晚。

弃捐勿复道，努力加餐饭。

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，1987：20.

Translation:

Walk Non-Stop

Anonymous¹

Walk non-stop, we were parted but not for death.

Thousands of miles between us, we were at the opposite end.

So long and difficult the way, when we will meet is unknown.

Hu horse loves the north wind, Yue bird nests the south branch.

All became the 'long long ago', my strap got looser and looser.

The sun shaded by the floating clouds; you will not come back.

Missing you made me pale, and the years fell far behind.

May you protect your health, then I repeat these words no more.

(Trans. Zhang Xin)

¹ This is a five-character poem from the Han Dynasty. It is the first in *Nineteen Ancient Poems* (《古诗十九首》) and a song of lovesickness and chaos in the turbulent years of the late Han dynasty.

苏幕遮¹

周邦彦

燎沉香，消溽暑。
鸟雀呼晴，侵晓窥檐语。
叶上初阳干宿雨，
水面清圆，一一风荷举。

故乡遥，何日去？
家住吴门，久作长安旅。
五月渔郎相忆否？
小楫轻舟，梦入芙蓉浦。

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: 65.

Translation:

Tune: Su Mu Zhe¹

Zhou Bangyan²

The agilawood is burning, and the hot is cooling.
Birds and sparrows sing to the sunny weather,
At dawn, I heard them whispering under the roof.
The rising sun dried the raindrop
That slept on the lotus leaves for a night,
Those lotus leaves, pure and righteous,
Dance with the breeze.

My distant home, when can I come back to you?
Wumen, where I should have been put down roots;
But Changan, now my long sojourn.
It is May, my friends in the hometown,
Are you miss me?
I fall into a dream, paddling in the West Lake,
The small boat drifts me to the lotus pond again.

(Trans. Liang Xiaodan)

¹ Su Mu Zhe, a tune name of Chinese ci-poetry of Tang and Song dynasty.

² Zhou Bangyan (1057-1121) was a Chinese ci poet of the Northern Song dynasty. He has been regarded as a lyric master. One of his greatest works is a two-volume poetry anthology called *Qingzhen-ji* or the *Pianyu-ci*.

煤¹

朱自清

你在地下睡着，
好腌臢，黑暗！
看着的人
怎样地憎你，怕你！
他们说：
“谁也不要靠近他呵！……”
 一会你在火园中跳舞起来，
黑裸裸的身体里，
一阵阵透出赤和热；
啊！全是赤和热了，
美丽而光明！

 他们忘记刚才的事，
都大张着笑口，
唱赞美你的歌；
又颠簸身子，
凑合你跳舞底节。

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，1981：154.

Translation:

Coal

Zhu Ziqing¹

You are sleeping under the earth,
How dirty, how dark you are!
Those looking at you
Scold and hate you!
They say:
“Don’t be close to him!”
Later you dance in the fire garden,
Your dark naked body,
Burning with heat and warmth,
Ah! full of heat and warmth,
How beautiful, how blight you are!

They forget what they said,
Laughing with their open mouth,
Singing to flatter you;
Swinging and dancing,
Be with you.

(Trans. Zou Shaoqin)

¹ Zhu Ziqing (1898-1948) was a renowned Chinese essayist, poet, and scholar. He studied at Peking University, and later became one of the pioneers of modernism in China. Zhu was a prolific writer, best known for essays like “Retreating Figure” (背影), “You and Me”, and the long poem “Destruction”.

温静的绿情¹

应修人

也是染着温静的绿情的，
那绿树浓荫里流出来的鸟歌声。

鸟儿树里曼吟；
鸭儿水塘边徘徊；
狗儿在门口摸眼睛；
小猫儿窗门口打瞌睡。

人呢？——
还是去锄早田了，
还是在炊早饭呢？

蒲花架上绿叶里一闪一闪的，
原来是来偷露水吃的
红红的小蜻蜓！

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，1981：223.

Translation:

Gentle Green Love

Ying Xiuren¹

It is also dyed with gentle and green love,
The singing of birds from the dense shade of the green trees.

Crooning in the trees are the birds;
Wandering around the pond are the ducks;
Rubbing eyes at the door the dog;
Dozing off at the door of the window the cat.

And the people?—
For the morning ploughing,
Or the breakfast cooking?

The green leaves on the cattail pergola are shining.
Stealing the dew to drink,
That's little red dragonfly.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Ying Xiuren (1900-1933) was a Chinese modernist writer. He started to create new poems during the May Fourth Movement. Ying and Pan Mohua and some other poets established "Lakeside Poetry Society". In 1922 they published a collection *Lakeside*.

蕙的风¹

汪静之

是那里吹来
这蕙花的风——
温馨的蕙花的风？

蕙花深锁在园里，
伊满怀着幽怨。
伊底幽香潜出园外，
去招伊所爱的蝶儿。

雅洁的蝶儿，
薰在蕙风里：
他陶醉了；
想去寻着伊呢。

他怎寻得到被禁锢的伊呢？
他只迷在伊底风里，
隐忍着这悲惨而甜蜜的伤心，
醺醺地翩翩地飞着。

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:

The Wind of Cymbidium

Wang Jingzhi¹

Where is the wind
With the scent of cymbidium from?
So warm and sweet.

Locked in the garden,
She is full of hidden bitterness.
Delicate fragrance out of the garden
Attracts the butterfly she loves.

Elegant butterfly
Immerses in the fragrance:
Intoxicated,
Thinking about finding her.

How to find the imprisoned cymbidium?
Lost in such wind,
He endures this sad and sweet sorrow,
And dances to fly drunkenly.

(Trans. Lin Yingying)

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

晨兴¹

宗白华

太阳的光
洗着我早起的灵魂。
天边的月
犹似我昨夜的残梦。

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: 363.

Translation:

A Morning Rise

Zong Baihua¹

Sunlight

Purifies my morning spirit bright.

Moonlight

Faded like my shattered dream last night.

(Trans. Hu Luanqiong)

¹ Zong Baihua (1897-1986), was a Chinese philosopher, esthetician and poet. His main works include “Gratitude” (1919), “On Views of Life” (1919), *Little Poems of Floating Clouds* (1923), “Studies on J. W. von Goethe” (1932), and “Some Important Problems Concerning the History of Chinese Aesthetics” (1980).

反抗的手¹

臧克家

上帝
给了享受的人
一张口；
给了奴婢
一个软的膝头；
给了拿破仑
一柄剑；
同时，
也给了奴隶们
一双反抗的手。

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: 297.

Translation:

Rebellious Hands

Zang Kejia¹

God

Gave a mouth

To the one who enjoys;

Gave Napoleon

A sword;

At the same time,

The slaves were given

A pair of rebellious hands.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

¹ Zang Kejia (1905-2004), born in Zhucheng, Shandong Province, was a Chinese poet, writer and editor. In 1933 his first collection *Lao Yin*(or *Brand*) appeared and was well received. He also published his short stories, prose and worked as chief editor of Poetry magazine.

水磨老人自述¹

贾芝

我始终看守着我的水磨，
日子过去了，
我看着急流从我的磨下荡过。
齿轮迅速地旋转，旋转，
我看着麦子在我的磨下
碾成粉末。

一个鬼脸在我的眼前一闪，
我的心起了恐怖的震颤，
齿轮在我的心头一磨一磨，
我睁着两只冒火的圆眼。

我始终看守着我的水磨，
看着急流在磨下
跟着日子在磨下
跟着日子荡过。
齿轮迅速地旋转，旋转，
我知道了：
那鬼脸的指着我这水磨生活。

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: 348.

Translation:

A Confession of a Watermill-Old-Man

Jia Zhi¹

I've been watching my watermill,
As time passed,
I saw the water rush down my mill,
with the gear fast spinning and spinning.
I saw the wheat under my mill
crushed into powder.

A grimace flashed in front of my eyes,
My heart began to tremble horribly,
The gear kept grinding in the depth of my heart,
My eyes were wide open on fire.

I've been watching my watermill,
Watching the water down the mill,
With time down the mill,
With time passing by.
The gear fast spinning and spinning,
I've already known:
The grimace was for my life with watermill.

(Trans. Zhang Xin)

¹ Jia Zhi (1913-2016) was a one of the pioneers in folk culture of China. He specialized in folk art and literature.

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

William Blake

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

William Blake

William Blake (1757-1827), English poet, engraver, artist, and visionary, author of exquisite lyrics in *Songs of Innocence* (1789) and *Songs of Experience* (1794) and profound and difficult “prophecies,” such as *Visions of the Daughters of Albion* (1793), *The First Book of Urizen* (1794), etc. These works he etched, printed, coloured, stitched, and sold, with the assistance of his devoted wife, Catherine. Among his best-known lyrics today are “The Lamb,” “The Tyger,” “London,” and the “Jerusalem” lyric from *Milton*, which has become a kind of second national anthem in Britain. In the early 21st century, Blake was regarded as the earliest and most original of the Romantic poets, but in his lifetime, he was generally neglected or (unjustly) dismissed as mad.

The following poems are selected from *The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fifth Edition)* (Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fifth Edition)*). London: W. W. Norton & Company, 2005) and translated by Tang Yaqi (唐亚琪).

To the Evening Star

Thou fair-hair'd angel of the evening,
Now, while the sun rests on the mountains, light
Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!
Smile on our loves; and, while thou drawest the
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on
The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes,
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
And the lion glares thro' the dun forest:
The fleeces of our flocks are cover'd with
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine influence.

Translation:

致晚星

你，这昏晚的金发天使，
趁，太阳正卧山峦休憩，
点亮你爱的明炬，戴上你熠熠华冠，
微笑，向我们的夜塌，
微笑，向我们的炽爱，
你拉开谧蓝的夜幕，将银露
洒向花儿酣甜的睡眼。
让你的西风在湖面安歇，
用你忽闪的双眼述说寂静，
再用你的银晖洗涤晦暗。很快，很快，
你便退去。随即狼群肆虐，
狮子在幽暗的森林里瞪眼，
我们羊群已披上你的圣露：
请用你的神威予它们庇护。

The Little Black Boy

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
 And I am black, but O! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child:
But I am black as if bereave'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
 And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
 And pointing to the east, began to say:

“Look on the rising sun: there God does live,
 And gives his light, and gives his heat away;
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
 Comfort in morning, joy in the noon day.

“And we are put on earth a little space,
 That we may learn to bear the beams of love,
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
 Is but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

Translation:

黑小孩

我母亲生我在南方的野外，
我肤色黝黑，但是啊！我灵魂纯白；
纯白似天使的是英国的小孩：
而我却黑黑的有如被夺了光彩。

坐在炎炎白昼的一棵大树下，
我的母亲教导我，
抱我在她的腿上亲吻着我，
指向东方，她开始说：

“瞧那冉冉而升的太阳：那是上帝居住的地方，
在那儿他释放着热量，散发着光芒；
花儿、树木、野兽和人类都受之庇佑，
清晨适意舒爽，正午喜乐洋洋。

“被带到这片小小土地上，
我们得以学会承接爱之光，
而我们黝黑的身躯和灼伤的面庞，
是云朵一片，像成荫的树林那样。

“For when our souls have learn’d the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish; we shall hear his voice,
Saying, ‘Come out from the grove, my love & care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’”

Thus did my mother say, and kiss ðd me,
And thus I say to little English boy:
When I from black and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I’ll shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father’s knee;
And then I’ll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

Translation:

“当我们的灵魂学会承载热量，
云朵便会消散；我们将听到他的呼唤，
‘从林子里出来吧，我的担忧我的爱，
围绕着我的金帐篷如羊羔般欢快。’”

我的母亲如是说着，亲吻着我，
我也如是告诉英国小孩：
我来自黑色云朵，他的云朵白，
快乐地围绕着上帝的帐篷如羔羊，

我替他把热遮挡，直到他能承受
快乐地倚在我们天父膝前
然后我会起身轻抚他的银发，
会像他一样，而他也将把我爱上。

The Little Boy Lost

“Father, father, where are you going?

Oh do not walk so fast.

Speak father, speak to your little boy,

Or else I shall be lost.”

The night was dark, no father was there,

The child was wet with dew.

The mire was deep, & the child did weep,

And away the vapor flew.

Translation:

迷路的小孩

“爸爸，爸爸，你要去哪？”

别走那么快呀！

说话呀爸爸，和你的小孩说说话，

不然我要迷路啦。”

黑夜漫漫，却不见爸爸，

小孩被露水沾得湿哒哒。

深深的泥泞，小孩在哭泣，

濛濛雾气徐徐蒸发。

The Little Boy Found

The little boy lost in the lonely fen,
Led by the wand'ring light,
Began to cry, but God ever nigh
Appeard like his father in white.

He kissed the child & by the hand led
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, thro' the lonely dale,
Her little boy weeping sought.

Translation:

寻归的小孩

小孩迷失在荒凉的沼地，
被一道飘忽不定的光牵引，
他开始哭泣，却不知上帝从未远离，
像他爸爸一样出现，一袭白衣。

上帝亲吻着小孩，把他的手牵起，
指引他回到妈妈怀里，
忧伤憔悴的妈妈穿越孤寂的谷地，
把她哭泣的小孩找寻。

The Sick Rose

O Rose, thou art sick.
The invisible worm
That flies in the night
In the howling storm
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy,
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

Translation:

病玫瑰

玫瑰啊，你病了。
那只隐形虫，
飞过暴雨狂风
在黑夜之中
发现了你卧榻
腥红的欢愉，
用他暗黑秘恋
毁了你的性命。

A Poison Tree

I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I waterd it in fears,
Night & morning with my tears:
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night.
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,
When the night had veild the pole;
In the morning glad I see;
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

Translation:

一棵毒树

我与友人嗔怒，
诉之愤恨消除。
我与敌人嗔怒，
沉默愤恨不住。

我浇之以泪水，
畏惧度以朝暮：
我照之以微笑，
又耀之以蜜盂。

日夜蔓长成树，
直至枝头果熟。
敌人视之夺目，
亦知其之我属。

当夜落下帷幕，
偷偷我园潜入；
清晨欣然目睹，
敌人横躺果树。

Ah, Sun-Flower

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time ,
Who countest the steps of the sun ;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime ,
Where the traveller's journey is done ;

Where the Youth pined away with desire ,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow ,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

Translation:

啊，向日葵

向日葵啊！倦了这时光，
日日细数着太阳的踱步；
寻觅那甜美的黄金乐土，
游者的旅程在那儿结束。

少年因欲望而憔悴心伤，
苍白的少女白雪里裹藏，
皆源自于穴墓，而渴望
我的向日葵企盼的地方。

The Garden of Love

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And “Thou shalt not” writ over the door;
So I turn’d to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore.

And I saw it was filled with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

Translation:

爱之园

我去了爱之园，
此景我从所未见：
曾游嬉的如茵草地，
一座小教堂矗立其间。

小教堂大门紧闭，
贴着“你不可”的警语；
于是我转身爱之园
那儿曾是繁花似锦。

我只见满地的坟墓
和石碑，而本应花儿如簇；
黑衣牧师四周漫步，
把我乐与欲用荆棘捆绑。

(唐亚琪 译)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Lin Funa

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Lin Funa

Lin Funa (林馥娜, 1976-), Chinese poet, critic and writer, who first proposed the “aesthetic rationality”, a poetic critical method. Her representative works include *Pan Aroma in Nature • Poetry* and *Pan Aroma in Nature • Poetics* and so forth. Some of her poems have been selected into *The Annals of Chinese New Poems*, *The Best of Chinese Poems*, *The Best Annual Collection of Chinese Poems* and *Writers and Their Best Works*. She has won the Theoretical Prize in Da Sha Tian Poetry Prize, Honorable Nomination of New Pioneer Poets in first Shang Guan Jun Yue Poetry Prize, and the Third Prize of *People’s Literature*, etc. Since our first introduction in Verse Version, she has become more popular and well-known for her poetry in the last years all over China.

The following Lin’s poems are translated by Wu Xiali (吴夏莉) from Nanfang College of Sun Yat-sen University.

镜像

指着花影下的围墙

我口齿不清地说：有人，那里有个人

母亲抱着烧得浑身滚烫的我

在阒寂无人的夜里踱步

每当这个片段在她口中复述

我总看见她恐惧又顽强的样子

这一场景的母亲，有时换成了我

而我怀里的婴儿

将在怎样的场景里看见

他眼里的我

Translation:

Mirror

Pointing at the wall shadowed by the flowers,
I uttered, in a muffled voice: somebody, somebody over there.
In her arms my mom holding me, hot with fever,
Paced back and forth in that deep dead night.
Every time she retold the story,
I always saw the fear and the strength of will in her.
The mother in that picture, sometimes becomes me.
And the baby in my arms,
What picture would he see me in.

坐在虚空的怀里

六月，被暴雨与骄阳夹攻的草木

依旧一派天真

蓬勃伸向高远的虚空

这些我所种植并浇灌的植物

像我。赤裸着

坐在空气的怀里，成为时间的果实

Translation:

Sitting in the Arms of Vainness

In June, attacked by both storm and scorching sun, the vegetation

Still in its complete innocence

Thrived into that high and far void.

Sowed and watered by me, these plants

Resemble me. Naked,

Sitting in the arms of the air, they become the fruit of time.

路上

这条斑驳的路

从嚣闹的街边转入幽暗

两旁的厂房、车间

沉睡着过去年代的火热

一个人在黑暗中走着

就像独自走在破败的时代

一个人的沉默

由词语的在场延伸

一个时代的沉默

往往被喧闹的声音掩盖

Translation:

The Road

This mottled road,
From the noisy street turned into gloom,
Lined with manufacturing plants and shops,
Which are slumbering in the flare of the past decades.
Walking alone in the dark,
Is like walking alone in the broken years.
The silence of a person,
is extended by present words;
The silence of an era,
Time after time is buried by the deafening noise.

跨年

换一本新台历，年便交接于时间之隙

填满备注与印记的日子

有多少铭刻五内，又有多少落入尘埃

时间女神空视如盲

对于日益坚硬的世界与永恒的流逝

我没有应对的武器与穿越之技

惟有一颗越来越柔软的心

尝试着再次学习爱

人世辽阔，天地有大寂寞

如果你没爱过，请奉出你的爱

如果你爱过，请再次尝试

深深地——去爱

Translation:

Countdown to New Year

Get a new calendar, and the year will be taken over by the cracks
of time.

How many days with full notes and marks have been engraved
into memory,

And how many have fallen into dust.

The goddess of Time casts her eye over nothing.

The world is getting rough and eternity is fleeting,

And I own neither weapons against it nor the power to travel in
time,

Only a heart that grows softer and softer.

Try to relearn love,

For human world sees no bound, and heaven and earth know the
profoundness of solitude.

If you haven't loved yet, please offer your love;

If you have, please try again,

To deeply— love.

夜的洪荒

天与地在水面汇合

世界薄成一张玻璃纸

万千灯火标注此刻的万有共寂

多少生命在水上书写命运浮出的倒影

就像诗人写尽天下风云

只为活成一枚钢针样的诗

刺破弥天谎言

Translation:

Mighty Night

Heaven and earth merge on the surface of water,
And the world thins itself into a piece of glass paper.
The sea of lights marks the solitude that strikes chords with
everything at the moment.
How many lives have written, on the water, the reflections of fates
that rose to the surface,
In the way poets write about all the ups and downs in history,
With the only purpose of living as a poem like an iron needle,
Which pierces through cock-and-bull stories.

谁在我的梦里敲玻璃

呼呼响的玻璃
惊醒睡梦中的我
父亲站在阳台落地玻璃边
不得其门而入
瘦弱的父亲已推不开
一扇进屋的门
就如曾经行走天下的他已认不得
独自归家的路
前后出来查看的先生与我
只见玻璃门洞开着
而房间里父亲正在熟睡
是谁在我的梦里敲玻璃
岁月越来越频繁地揭露
我内心的软弱

Translation:

Who Knocked on the Glass in My Dream

The thump on the glass
Made me wake up with a start.
My father standing near the French windows,
Had no clue for where to find the entrance door.
His frail figure could barely push
A door open into his home,
The same way he, who had once left his footprints
Around the world but failed by himself on his way home.
My husband, and then I, went out to check on him,
Only to find the glass door open,
While my father was in his deep sleep in the bedroom.
Who knocked on the glass in my dream?
And the years, more and more frequently, spare no efforts to
Disclose the vulnerability in my heart.

(Trans. Wu Xiali)

Translator List

(in alphabetical order by family names)

1. Deng Yuping.....邓宇萍
2. Ding Jianxin.....丁建新
3. Hu Luanqiong.....胡峦琼
4. Lin Yingying.....林莹莹
5. Liang Xiaodan.....梁小丹
6. Lin Funa.....林馥娜
7. Tang Yaqi.....唐亚琪
8. Wu Xiali.....吴夏莉
9. Zhang Guangkui.....张广奎
10. Zou Shaoqin.....邹少芹
11. Zhang Xin.....张欣

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Verse Version, a professional platform for worldwide communication of English and Chinese poetry, founded by Zhang Guangkui who is a scholar and poet, is a nonprofit quarterly journal publishing English and Chinese poetry with corresponding translations, as well as poetics and papers. As a comprehensive journal composed of both literary and academic elements, it pursues appropriate introduction and translation of English and Chinese poetry and aims to encourage studies relevant to poetry and poetics. The journal is registered with Print ISSN 2051-526X/Online ISSN 2399-9705 in the United Kingdom, published by LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

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Contacts

Website: <http://www.verseversion.uk>

Editorial Email Address: verseversion@gmail.com, verseversion@163.com

Editorial Office: School of Foreign Languages, Shenzhen University, 3688 Nanhai Avenue, Shenzhen, 518060 China

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作为英汉诗歌译介和交流的专业平台，张广奎创办、主编的英国注册期刊《诗·译》(Verse Version)是以诗歌译介和诗学研究为宗旨、兼文学与学术为一体的非营利季刊。《诗·译》栏目包括《英诗东渡》、《汉韵西游》、《英语诗人及诗歌推介》、《汉语诗人及诗歌推介》和诗学论坛。本期刊由英国狮人出版有限公司(LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD)出版发行，国际标准刊号为 Print ISSN 2051-526X/Online ISSN 2399-9705。

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联系方式

网址: [http:// www.verseversion.uk](http://www.verseversion.uk)

编辑部电子邮箱: verseversion@gmail.com, verseversion@163.com

中国编辑部地址: 深圳市南山区南海大道 3688 号深圳大学外国语学院

邮编: 518060