

VERSE VERSION

vol. 2 no. 2 december 2023

ISSN 2051-526X (print)

ISSN 2399-9705 (online)

V E R

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Print ISSN 2051-526X
Online ISSN 2399-9705

Verse Version

Vol.12 No.2 December 2023

Chief Editor
Zhang Guangkui

Sponsored by
Shenzhen University

LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD

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Publisher: LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD. Address: 291 Brighton Road, South Croydon, CR2 6EQ, United Kingdom

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

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

Institutional Subscribers: GBP £ 6.00 per single number, postage not included.

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English-Chinese Version

Nothing Gold Can Stay¹

Robert Frost²

Nature's first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf's a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides leaf,
So Eden sank to grief.
So down goes down to day,
Nothing gold can stay.

¹ "Nothing Gold Can Stay" *Poetry.com*. 6 Apr. 2023. <<https://www.poetry.com/poem/30884/nothing-gold-can-stay>>.

² Robert Frost (1874–1963) was an American poet. His work was initially published in England before it was published in the United States. Known for his realistic depictions of rural life and his command of American colloquial speech,[2] Frost frequently wrote about settings from rural life in New England in the early 20th century, using them to examine complex social and philosophical themes.

Translation:

鹧鸪天·美景易逝

罗伯特·弗罗斯特 (Trans. Chen Long¹)

乍嫩还羞最驰求

东风无力转眸休

昙花一现穷僧目

玉露初垂老翠头

花添恨，月添愁

琼楼难度水难收

流光过隙朱颜改

万贯韶华可醉留？

¹ Chen Long, in Chinese 陈龙, a freelancer living in Beijing. Research interests: Li Bai, Chen Zi'ang, Chinese ancient poetry (focusing on the Tang Dynasty), modern and contemporary poetry of Chinese and world, art history (focusing on Dunhuang and Western Regions), literature and art criticism, etc. E-mail address: alaer@126.com.

I Like You To Be Still¹ (Excerpt)

Pablo Neruda²

I like for you to be still
It is as though you are absent
And you hear me from far away
And my voice does not touch you
It seems as though your eyes had flown away
And it seems that a kiss had sealed your mouth
As all things are filled with my soul
Your emerge from the things
Fill with my soul
You are like my soul
A butterfly of dream
And you are like the word: Melancholy

I like for you to be still
And you seem far away
It sounds as though you are lamenting
A butterfly cooing like a dove
And you hear me from far away
and my voice does not reach you
Let me come to be still in your silence
And let me talk to you with your silence
That is bright like a lamp
simple as a ring
...

¹ "I Like You to be Still" <https://hellopoetry.com/poem/9922/i-like-for-you-to-be-still/> 6 Apr. 2023.

² Pablo Neruda (1904—1973) was a Chilean poet, diplomat, and politician who was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1971. He is perhaps the most important Latin American poet of the 20th century.

Translation:

临江仙·我喜欢你的沉静

帕布罗·聂鲁达 (Trans. Chen Long)

寂寞无声芳去远，
明眸浅笑埋尘。
伤魂又梦蝶迷春。
望秋水泪绝，
觅冷味残身。

长恨华年成追忆，
金针无度书鸢。
烛光呖语黯星辰。
叹萧郎命好，
幸事事无真。

.....

Spring Vista

Xu Jiajia¹

When spring whistles seeds into blossoms,
The sword fish blows bubbles in a vast ocean,
When robins sing all day and night,
The black bird smooths its wings between branches,
When worms squirm beside aspen trees,
A row of thirty-nine willows counts their sprouts,
When grass of jade glows in valleys,
The goddess appears quietly in the town.

¹ Xu Jiajia, in Chinese 徐嘉佳, is an active preteen poet in Shenzhen, China. Some of her poems even contain philosophical reflections, which is commendable for her age. Her email address is 121355329@qq.com.

Translation:

春景

徐嘉佳 (Trans. Xu Jiajia)

春风吹过花开早，
河宽海阔鱼吐泡。
翠鸟枝头鸣月日，
噪梅树间展黑翅。
杨树生根蚯蚓扭，
一行柳树三十九。
山中碧草发嫩芽，
城内繁荣纳仙人。

When Our Two Souls Stand Up Erect and Strong¹

Elizabeth Barrett Browning ²

When our two souls stand up erect and strong
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,
Until the lengthening wings break into fire
At either curved point, —what bitter wrong
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long
Be here contented? Think! In mounting higher,
The angels would press on us and aspire
To drop some golden orb of perfect song
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay
Rather on earth, beloved, where the unfit
Contrarious moods of men recoil away
And isolate pure spirits, and permit
A place to stand and love in for a day,
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

¹ Elizabeth Barrett Browning. *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. Spoken Arts, 1990: 23.

² Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861) was the wife of Robert Browning and an exceptionally talented female poet. Her most significant poems include *The Cry of the Children* (1843) and *Sonnets from the Portuguese* (1850).

Translation:

当你我的灵魂有力而坚定地共鸣时

伊丽莎白·芭蕾特·勃朗宁 (Trans. Wang Ruixu¹)

你我面对面，沉默着，靠近，再靠近
我们的灵魂，终于有力而坚定地又站在了一起

向往自由的羽翼蜷曲相拥
你我在火花中将破镜重圆

看这尘世上千里的距离
让你我难以提起笑意

然而千里高山之上
有天使对爱的侧目
有百转千回兜转复见的颂歌

就留在这里吧，感受被爱
留在这个我们心情复杂对抗彼此,又收起锋芒的地方

留在这里，你我炽情纯燃
留在这个黑暗和死亡环往恒存
但你我可以并肩相爱的的地方

¹ Wang Ruixu, in Chinese 王瑞旭, a postgraduate and translator at Shenzhen University. His email address is duojiaorui@163.com

Nobody Knows This Little Rose¹

Emily Dickinson²

Nobody knows this little Rose --

It might a pilgrim be

Did I not take it from the ways

And lift it up to thee

Only a Bee will miss it --

Only a Butterfly,

Hastening from far journey --

On its breast to lie --

Only a Bird will wonder --

Only a Breeze will sigh --

Ah Little Rose -- how easy

For such as thee to die!

¹ Thomas H. Johnson. *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1960: 22.

² Emily Dickinson (1830—1886) was an American poet. Born in Amherst, MA, to a successful family with strong community ties, she lived a mostly reclusive life, but today is considered to be one of the most influential poets in American history.

Translation:

无人知道这朵小蔷薇

艾米莉·狄金森 (Trans. Wei Qiuting¹)

无人知道这朵小蔷薇——
它差点儿香消玉殒
若不是我从路边拾取
将它赠送予你
只有一蜂会记挂它——
只有一蝶，
迢迢路遥亦匆匆飞往——
要在它胸口上休憩——
唯有一鸟儿会疑惑——
仅有一缕风会叹息——
唉小蔷薇——何其容易啊
像你这样的小生命死去！

¹ Wei Qiuting, in Chinese 韦秋婷, a postgraduate and translator at Shenzhen University. Her email address is 3246770650@qq.com.

The World's Wanderers¹

Percy Bysshe Shelley²

Tell me, thou Star, whose wings of light
Speed thee in thy fiery flight,
In what cavern of the night
Will thy pinions close now?

Tell me, Moon, thou pale and gray
Pilgrim of Heaven's homeless way,
In what depth of night or day
Seekest thou repose now?

Weary Wind, who wanderest
Like the world's rejected guest,
Hast thou still some secret nest
On the tree or billow?

¹ Shelley, P. B., *The Complete Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. New York: Modern Library, 2013: 609.

² Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792—1822) was an English romantic poet. He ranks as one of the greatest philosophical and lyrical poets in the history of English literature. He is noted for his imagination, his use of colors, sounds, images, and the touching beauty of his rhymes. His major works include *Ode to the West Wind* and *To a Skylark*.

Translation:

世间的流浪者

珀西·比希·雪莱 (Trans. Youyuan¹)

星星呵 你携光明之翼
在炽热的旅途中振翅翱翔
告诉我 在夜晚的哪个洞穴里
你才将双臂收放？

月亮呵 你苍白而阴郁
在不知归途的天路中流浪
告诉我 在昼或夜的哪个深处
你才能找寻安详？

疲惫的风呵 你在世间徘徊
像不受待见的客人
是否在树上或骇浪里
藏匿隐秘的住地？

¹You Yuan, in Chinese 游媛, a postgraduate and translator at Shenzhen University. Her email address is 1335873160@qq.com.

Homework, and two more poems

Li Peicheng¹

HOMEWORK

Homework food
I stew the homework
With a fork
I abandon the school
It looks cool
I chop the bottle
Using the shell from the turtle
I break the pen
Fried with a hen
I make the rubber hot
Kick it to the pot
I hit the book
And hang it on the hook
I cut the board
With a sword
I am bad
But you are sad

POMEGRANATE

I see a large brown pomegranate tree, it has many pomegranates.
I hear a soft wind blowing, blowing away some pomegranates.

¹ Li Peicheng, in Chinese 李佩澄, a talented 10-year-old boy from Shanghai, China. In fifth grade, he has already demonstrated remarkable skills and diverse interests. Li Peicheng is passionate about drawing, percussion, soccer, and outdoor activities. He finds joy in reading and expressing himself creatively through writing. His artistic talent has been recognized with several prestigious awards, including the Monet International Art Award (Bronze), the Hans Christian Andersen International Art Award (Silver), and the Tribute to Masters International Youth Art Grand Prize (Gold).

I smell things sweet like candy.
I feel something sticky like some juice pouring out.
I taste a pomegranate seed, it is so sweet like a mango.
Would you like to go there?
It is fun!

SNOW

The snow is light.
On a dark night, it seems bright.
The snow is high.
We can see the snow, it is white as a winter coat.
The snow falls down slowly, and we can take it back home.
When we wake up, we can see the snow.
It is very beautiful.
The snow is a leopard, it falls fast in a blizzard.
The snow is a turtle, it falls slowly in the Arctic.
Snow is cold -330C.
Snow is clear.
Snow is tiny.
Snow is cool.
When the snow falls, let's GO!

Translation:

作业 外二首

李佩澄 (Trans. Zhang Guangkui¹)

作业

作业，也是食物
我用叉子
炖煮作业
我离弃学校
这看起来很酷
我砍瓶子
用乌龟的壳
我折断笔
和一只母鸡一起煎炸
我让橡皮发热
把它踢进锅里
我敲打着书
又把书挂在钩上
我切木板
用一把剑
我很坏
但你，很难过

石榴

我看到一棵大棕色的石榴树，树上有许多石榴。
我听到微风轻轻吹过，吹走了一些。
我闻到像糖果一样甜蜜的味道。
我感觉到像果汁般黏糊的东西流出来。
我品尝一颗石榴籽，它像芒果一样甜。
你想去那里吗？
那里很有趣！

¹ Zhang Guangkui (张广奎, 1967—) is a scholar in poetry studies and a keen practitioner of poetry performance at Shenzhen University, also a poet with several collections of Chinese and English poetry, among which *The Time* is a representative work in English, and 《年华》 is one in Chinese, as well as a good translator of poetry.

雪

雪很轻。

在黑夜里，它似乎很明亮。

雪很高。

我们可以看到雪，它像一件冬衣那样白。

雪慢慢落下，我们可以把它带回家。

当我们醒来时，我们可以看到它。

非常美丽。

雪是一只豹子，在暴风雪中飞速下落。

雪是一只海龟，在北极缓慢落下。

雪很冷，冷到零下 330 度。

雪很清澈。

雪很小。

雪很酷。

当落雪时，就让我们出发吧！

Grandmother Kiss Singer

Dan Fei¹

You are in the minority
Who watch the southbound geese for 100 times.

You are in the minority
Who watch the swallows return for 100 times.

Around where you stand,
There are tons of frozen enchanters.

You just want to be
An icebreaker.

You are not a singer,
But a kisser of singers.

You are not a kisser,
But kiss singer.

¹ Dan Fei, scriptwriter, lyric writer and a very famous contemporary poet in China, now living in Shanghai. He has many publications and poems published.

Translation:

亲吻歌者

丹飞 (Trans. Dan Fei)

看过一百次北雁南飞的人不多
你是一个

看过一百次燕归来的人不多
你是一个

擅用冰雪魔法的人很多
不差你一个

你就想做个
破冰者

你不是歌者
你是歌者的亲吻者

你不是亲吻者
你亲吻歌者

My dreamland is a glass hall

Zhang Guangkui

My dreamland is neither big nor small

It's on a wild plain a glass hall

Palm-sized snowflakes upon it fall

I'm not sure if they're really flakes of snow

Or spider webs embroidered by spiders with dew

Translation:

我的梦乡是个玻璃房

张广奎 (Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

我的梦乡不大，像这样：
是在原野上的一座玻璃房
巴掌大的雪花飘落其上
我不知道那到底是雪花
还是蜘蛛用露水绣的手帕

Chinese-English Version

追求

吴江凌

杂音从各个角落窜出来，敲击着敏感的神经
历史的遗迹叠加了一座座虚空
工仔日日夜夜机械地缝补着膨胀的口袋
星夜在偷送着一张张饥渴的温床
新生代盲从地追逐，哄抢着寄托的浊气
几只流浪狗闻闻嗅嗅抬腿圈着自己的领地
人类架起了韦伯探索上帝的足迹
脑海在忙乱地翻找着生命的意义

Translation:

Pursuit

Wu Jiangling¹ (Trans. Wu Jiangling)

The noises come from every corner, knocking on the sensitive nerves
The ruins of history are superimposed with vanity
The workmen mechanically mend the inflated pockets day and night
Starry night is secretly delivering the hotbeds of hanger and thirst
The new generation blindly pursues to grab the muddy air for bailment
Several stray dogs sniff around and lift their legs, circling their turfs
Man builds up Weber to explore the footsteps of God
Rummaging around in the mind to discover the meaning of life

¹ Wu Jiangling, in Chinese, 吴江凌, a native of Luzhou city, Sichuan Province in China, is an English teacher in the School of Foreign languages, Guangzhou University, interested in literature and poetry. He occasionally publishes some poems in some poetry magazines, and more than 20 poems are spread in the form of poetic movie on the major media networks.

画皮

吴江凌

动物感觉不到羞耻，
自然裸露着身体。
人类摆脱原始，
织出各种外衣。
高贵的灵魂吐出蛛丝，
传播着渴望的种子。
平庸者陷入痴迷，
无形的引力凝聚在一起。

村夫言语攻击，
掩饰着自卑与无知。
谎言充斥着净化的空气，
捍卫着社会公德与正义。
欲望悄悄爬出魔窟，
引诱，刺激着贵贱高低。
拨开画皮，
邪恶藐视着友善心地。
划起物质的小船去启迪名利心智，
尚能弥补精神的缺失？

Translation:

Painted Skin

Wu Jiangling (Trans. Wu Jiangling)

Animals feel no shame, so they naturally expose themselves.
All kinds of coats are woven for human to break away from the primitives.
The noble souls spit out spider silk, spreading the seeds of aspirations.
Mediocre people are trapped in infatuations, together, invisible gravity condenses.

A country hick attempts to make hate speech to cover up his inferiority and ignorance.
In the purified air are filled with lies, safeguarding the social morality and justice.
The lusts quietly crawl out of the demon cave to seduce and stimulate the low, noble
ranks.

when the painted skin is peeled off,
the heart of gold is despised by fiends.
Can you row a small boat of material possessions
to edify the mind full of fame and fortune to make up for the lack of spirits?

逼嫁¹（节选）

匿名

苗语

Mongl leit ghox ghab vongL
Ghab mais diux hvangb bil,
Yangs ait nenx hfab mangl,
Hfab mais diangd ghangb lol,
Nenx dius ghax hfenb hseid,
Bait lot ngongx hveb ghangd:
“Wil ngit ghox tinb nal,
Ob gheis lox ob dangl;
Ob zangt lix ghangb vangl,
Xangt ngangx genx hsab diongl,
Xangt gas genx hsab vangl;
Tinb vut naix jub hxud,
Nongf vut naix jub mongl,
Nongf hat laix xenb ad! “

汉语

走到山冲冲，
对门山坡上，
一步一回头，
回头看村庄，
她又来开口，
忧伤这样讲：
“我看娘的家，
两头大厢房；
寨脚两坝田，
鹅叫震山冲，
鸭鸣满寨响；
好屋他人住，
福是他人享，
苦妹离家乡！”

¹ 选自苗族古歌《刻道》。文本由遵义医科大学珠海校区许明博士提供。

Translation:

The Coerced Marriage

Anonymous (Trans. Xu Ming¹)

She ventures forth on her quest,
Upon the opposite mountain crest,
With every step, she looks behind,
Glimpsing the village she's leaving behind,
Once more, her lips part to speak,
In sorrow, these words she leaks:
“Do I behold my mother's home as I stride by,
Two large rooms on either side lie;
At the village's edge, two fields in view,
Goose honks echoing, a sound so true,
Duck calls resonate the village through;
Others inhabit that house so grand,
Others enjoy its blessings, hand in hand,
Alas! I leave my birthplace, my own land.”

Note:

About *The Carved Trace* and “The Coerced Marriage”

The Carved Trace, a local traditional folk literature of Shibing County, Guizhou Province, is one of the national intangible cultural heritages. In the Miao ethnic group, *Carved Trace* is also known as *Carved Wood*, meaning “Miao Clan's Wedding Song”. It is mainly passed down in a depression on a hillside in Feiyun Grand Canyon, Yangliutang Town, Shibing County, Guizhou Province. “Carved Trace” is the only preserved carved wooden symbolic writing system among the Miao ethnic groups residing in China. It is the earliest existing tangible evidence of the Miao ethnic group and the oldest writing tool of this branch. On May 20, 2006, Miao ancient songs were approved by the State Council of China and listed in the first batch of national intangible cultural heritage list.

The Carved Trace is the longest, largest, and most widely circulated wine song in Miao ancient

¹ Xu Ming, a faculty member at the Zhuhai Campus of Zunyi Medical University, holds a Ph.D. in English Literature and specializes in Translation Studies.

songs, with over ten thousand lines of lyrics. It was created, accumulated, and evolved by the Miao ancestors through long-term production and life practices, absorbing the essence of excellent folk songs of other ethnic groups, and forming the unique characteristics and style of Miao poetry. The ancient song vividly depicts the environment, portrays the characters' language, actions, psychology, and personalities, vivid and lifelike.

The Carved Trace is sung by Miao people before the marriage of daughters as part of the marriage customs. If one cannot sing it properly, they are penalized with alcohol. The peculiar symbols on the carved wood serve as prompts, each corresponding to different singing content. *The Carved Trace* originated during a historical period when the Miao clan transitioned from matrilineal to patrilineal societies, reflecting mainly the marriage status under the maternal uncle system. Its language is colloquial, vernacular, and rich in the atmosphere of life. With rich and magnificent imagination, it portrays a Miao girl who dares to pursue happiness and freedom, expressing the Miao people's persistent pursuit and yearning for a happy marriage.

“The Coerced Marriage” reflects the practice of late matriarchy where marriage between a niece and her maternal uncle was common. At that time, matriarchy had been replaced by patriarchy. With the decline of matriarchy, women were dissatisfied and entrusted their authority to their closest relatives, namely their brothers' maternal uncles. Major decisions regarding daughters' marriages were made by maternal uncles, and daughters were expected to marry into their maternal uncle's family. If a daughter from the maternal family refused to marry into her maternal uncle's family, a certain amount of dowry had to be paid to the maternal uncle's family. In the section “Carved Wood,” divided into three parts: “Collecting Wood,” “Carving Wood,” and “Presenting Carved Wood,” it describes how the maternal uncle meticulously carves the dowry demanded from the niece's family onto a maple stick. Then, someone is tasked with delivering it to the niece's family. The niece's family must weigh out and pay each item according to the data carved on the stick. Only after fulfilling these obligations can the niece from the maternal family marry outside.

(Annotated by Zhang Guangkui)

登幽州台歌¹

陈子昂²

前不见古人，
后不见来者。
念天地之悠悠，
独怆然而涕下。

¹ This poem version is provided by Chen Long.

² Chen Zi'ang, in Chinese 陈子昂, was a Chinese poet of the Tang dynasty. He was important in helping to bring into being the type of poetry which is considered to be characteristically "Tang". Dissatisfied with the current state of the affairs of poetry at the time, almost paradoxically, by keeping his eye on the remote antiquity he helped usher in a new age of Chinese poetry. He would soon be followed by such poets of the golden age of Tang poetry as Wang Wei, Li Bai, and Du Fu.

Translation:

Song of Ascending Youzhou Terrace

Chen Zi'ang¹ (Trans. Chen Long)

Looking forward, no ancient sages and heroes

Looking backward, no successors of peers

Thinking of the vast heaven and earth

I, alone, burst into sorrowful tears

¹ Xu Jiajia is an active preteen poet in Shenzhen, China. Some of her poems even contain philosophical reflections, which is commendable for her age. Her email address is 121355329@qq.com.

草书歌行¹

李白

少年上人号怀素，草书天下称独步。
墨池飞出北溟鱼，笔锋杀尽中山兔。
八月九月天气凉，酒徒词客满高堂。
笺麻素绢排数箱，宣州石砚墨色光。
吾师醉后倚绳床，须臾扫尽数千张。
飘风骤雨惊飒飒，落花飞雪何茫茫！
起来向壁不停手，一行数字大如斗。
怳怳如闻神鬼惊，时时只见龙蛇走。
左盘右蹙如惊电，状同楚汉相攻战。
湖南七郡凡几家，家家屏障书题遍。
王逸少，张伯英，古来几许浪得名。
张颠老死不足数，我师此义不师古。
古来万事贵天生，何必要公孙大娘浑脱舞。

¹ This poem version is provided by Chen Long.

Translation:

Ballad of Cursive Calligraphy

Li Po¹ (Trans. Chen Long)

The young monk's name is called Huai Su,
He enjoys his unparalleled reputation in cursive script.
His ink pond is vast enough to fly out Arctic fish,
His brush used out of all hairs of Zhongshan rabbit.
The weather is cooling down since fall,
Filled with drinkers and poets, the hall room is tall.
Paper, hemp, and plain silk are awaiting in rows of boxes,
And Xuanzhou ink-stones shine bright colors.
After getting drunk, my master leans by the folded seat,
And quickly runs out of thousands of sheets.
He performs as wind and rain rustling,
As flowers and snow falling and flying!
Then, he gets up and writes on the wall without stopping,
A row of words as big as buckets.
Like faintly hearing the scared gods and haunting ghosts,
Yet always seeing unconventional and startling writing.
His hands swing left and right thus fork lightning,
Like enemy countries Chu and Han attacking and fighting.
Whichever the wealthy family across Hunan,
Extensively inscribed on each wall or screen.
No matter who is Wang Xizhi or Zhang Zhi,
Somehow, the fame of ancient sages seems exaggerated.
Even Zhang Xu who died of old age can't be compared.
"I learn, learn from the right rather than the ancient."
Since time immemorial, everything natural has been valued.
Why should follow the dance skills of Madam Gongsun?

¹ Li Bai (李白, 701–762), also spelt as Li Po in English world, courtesy name Taibai, 太白), was a Chinese poet, acclaimed from his own time to the present as one of the greatest and most important poets of the Tang dynasty and in Chinese history as a whole. He and his friend Du Fu (杜甫, 712–770) were two of the most prominent figures in the flourishing of Chinese poetry under the Tang dynasty, which is often called the "Golden Age of Chinese Poetry".

掀石头

王红岩

海边的孩子

掀石头

在找螃蟹

山里的孩子

掀石头

在找蚯蚓

草原的孩子

掀石头

在找小草的嫩芽

那儿

一个长裙的女孩

在找石头……

Translation:

Children Lifting the Stones

Wang Hongyan¹ (Trans. Wang Hongyan)

Children by the seaside,
Lifting the stones
Are looking for
Their crabs;

Children in the mountains,
Lifting the stones
Are looking for
Their earthworms;

Children of the grassland,
Lifting the stones
Are looking for
Their tender sprouts;

And there,
the girl in long dress
is looking for her
Stones.....

¹ Wang Hongyan, in Chinese, 王红岩, Ph.D., is a professor of linguistics at Shenzhen University and a linguist. Occasionally, she writes poetry and doodles.

English Poets Recommendation

E. E. Cummings and His Eight Poems

(Trans. and Rev. Chen Shangzhen¹)

E. E. Cummings is one of the most fascinating poets with experimental poems. He sees love among the common people. He meditates love in a transcending way. He expresses love with radical modernist tricks.

Cummings sees love among the common people. In “anyone lived in a pretty how town”, the love story is between anyone and “noone” (no one), as well as the responses from the towns people whose are “men” and “women”, “someones” and “everyones”. The story happens between a common couple, even their names seem not worthy mentioning; and the story occurs among a common people without mentioning their names either. Their love is all the world to the couple; their love is not important to the people. Times goes on, their love accompanies “anyone” and “noone” from this world into the after world, leaving towns people only the tomb they lie “side by side”. While, “someones” and “everyones”, after a short time remembering “anyone” and “noone”, continue their lives as usual. Love to the people of “pretty how town” only means getting married and giving birth to children. Year after year, Love repeats in this life circle. But among this cycle, there is a true love story, that no one loves deeply anyone, and whole heartedly. And such a love story like that of anyone and “noone” is presented by the loved couple directly in “i carry your heart with me (i carry it in”. In this poem, two voices are both presented in the first person’s point of view. In this way, the poem directly expresses the couple’s passionate and profound love. The small letter “i” and the chatty language suggest strongly that this is a love song of a common couple, just like “anyone” and “noone”, sung by the couple themselves. The amazing greatness of love comes from common people. Once coming to a specific illustration of a group, in “the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls” for example, cummings shows his reader the usual but a bit boring life of women, generation after generation, in a seemingly enclosed town. Although this Cambridge is where Harvard University locates, academical sphere does not exist among these “Cambridge

¹ Chen Shangzhen, Ph.D., is an Associate Professor of English at Lingnan Normal University. He has been engaged in teaching English literature as well as poetry research. Occasionally, he publishes excellent poems.

ladies”. They enjoy passing gossips about affairs. The love to common people seems very common. However, once the reader is led to the love of a common couple, he sees the true expression of love. Cummings meditates love in a transcending way. He thinks that love is a union of two hearts, just like the melting of two snowflakes—“one alighting snowflake is upon a gravest one”; that love is the care of each other—“i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)”; and that the secret of love can be understood only by love—that “love alone understands: only for whom / i’ll keep my tryst until that tide shall turn”; that love is a spiritual journey—“somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond/ any experience, your eyes have their silence”; that love is a life tree—“the root of the root and the bud of the bud/ and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows/ higher than soul can hope or mind can hide”; that love is the whole world, from the very beginning to the very end—“love! if a world ends// more than all worlds begin to (see?) begin”.

Cummings expresses love with radical modernist tricks. He tears words into letters so as to illustrate the vivid vision of the process of being in love (“one”). He inserts parentheses into the lines so as to create polyphonic voices. He presses words and punctuation marks together in a line so as to achieve the effect of close connection and even integration. “Cummings’s linguistic experiments ranged from newly invented compound words to inverted syntax. He varied text alignments, spaced lines irregularly, and used nontraditional capitalization to emphasize particular words and phrases. In many instances his distinct typography mimicked the energy or tone of his subject matter (<https://www.britannica.com/biography/E-E-Cummings>, 1 Nov. 2023).”

The following are Cummings’s eight poems, translated by Dr. Chen Shangzhen from Lingnan Normal University:

1

anyone lived in a pretty how town
(with up so floating many bells down)
spring summer autumn winter
he sang his didn't he danced his did.

Women and men (both little and small)
cared for anyone not at all
they sowed their isn't they reaped their same
sun moon stars rain

children guessed (but only a few
and down they forgot as up they grew
autumn winter spring summer)
that noone loved him more by more

when by now and tree by leaf
she laughed his joy she cried his grief
bird by snow and stir by still
anyone's any was all to her

someones married their everyones
laughed their cryings and did their dance
(sleep wake hope and then) they
said their nevers they slept their dream

stars rain sun moon
(and only the snow can begin to explain
how children are apt to forget to remember
with up so floating many bells down)

one day anyone died i guess
(and noone stooped to kiss his face)
busy folk buried them side by side
little by little and was by was

all by all and deep by deep

noone and anyone earth by april
wish by spirit and if by yes.

Women and men (both dong and ding)
summer autumn winter spring
reaped their sowing and went their came
sun moon stars rain

Translation:

1

任何人住在一个漂亮的怎么小城

（有上这么多飘荡的下铃声）

春夏秋冬

他唱他的不他跳他的舞。

女女男男（都微渺不显眼）

对任何人关心没一点

他们播种自己的不是却收获他们的相同

太阳月亮星辰雨霖

孩子们猜想（但只有少量

向下他们忘记他们也向上成长

秋冬春夏）

没一人越发地爱他

时间到如今树木与枝叶相连

她欢笑他的欢乐哭泣他的悲伤事件

鸟儿到雪躁动到静

任何人的任何对她都是完全

某些个个人嫁娶他们的每个个人

欢笑他们的呼喊扰动他们的舞林

（睡去醒来希望接着又）他们

说着他们的从不他们睡着他们的梦

星辰雨露太阳月亮

（也只有雪能开始讲

孩子们是如何易于忘记

有上这么多铃声下飘荡）

猜想有天死了任何人

（没一人俯身把他脸亲吻）

匆匆亲眷把他们并排埋葬

一点一点过往又过往

所有又所有深点再深点
越来越多他们梦见他们的睡眠
没一人和任何人的大地到夏初
灵魂许下愿望肯定做出假如。

女女男男（咚叮）
夏秋冬春
收获他们的播种去往他们的来临
太阳月亮星辰雨霖

2

all nearness pauses, while a star can grow

all distance breathes a final dream of bells;
perfectly outlined against afterglow
are all amazing and the peaceful hills

(not where not here but neither's blue most both)

and history immeasurably is
wealthier by a single sweet day's death:
as not imagined secrecies comprise

goldenly huge whole the upfloating moon.

Time's a strange fellow;
more he gives than takes
(and he takes all) nor any marvel finds
quite disappearance but some keener makes
losing, gaining
—love! if a world ends

more than all worlds begin to(see?) begin

Translation:

2

所有靠近暂停，当一颗星能成长

所有远离呼出铃儿的最后梦想：
晚霞中完美勾勒的
是所有惊喜与平和山岗

（不是哪里这里两地大都不是蓝色忧郁）

无法丈量的历史
凭借单一甜美日子消亡更加富裕：
如同并非想象的秘密编织

月亮向上漂浮的金色巨大整体。

时间是个陌生伙伴：

他给的比拿的多

（但他拿走所有）也不是发现任何惊奇
彻底消失但只有某个哀嚎的人弄得
失去，获取

——爱！是否一个世界终结
多过所有世界开启于（看？）开启

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in
my heart) i am never without it(anywhere
i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done
by only me is your doing, my darling)

i fear

no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) i want
no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true)
and it's you are whatever a moon has always meant
and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows
(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud
and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows
higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)
and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart (i carry it in my heart)

Translation:

3

我带上你的心（我把它放进
我心里）我永远不会失去它（无论哪里
我去你也去，我亲爱的；无论做什么
只要是我做就是你在做，我的爱人）

我无惧

命运（你就是我的命运，我的甜心）我不缺少
世界（美丽你是我的世界，我的真爱）
是你月亮才总会意味着一切
一切太阳总会歌唱的都是你

这儿是最深的秘密没有人知晓

（这儿是根之根花蕾之花蕾

天空之天空的一棵树被称为生命；它长高
高过灵魂所能希望或者思想所能隐蔽）
这是奇观维系星辰分离

我带上你的心（我把它放进我心里）

4

somewhere i have never travelled, gladly beyond
any experience, your eyes have their silence:
in your most frail gesture are things which enclose me,
or which i cannot touch because they are too near

your slightest look easily will uncloset me
though i have closed myself as fingers,
you open always petal by petal myself as Spring opens
(touching skilfully, mysteriously) her first rose

or if your wish be to close me, i and
my life will shut very beautifully, suddenly,
as when the heart of this flower imagines
the snow carefully everywhere descending;

nothing which we are to perceive in this world equals
the power of your intense fragility: whose texture
compels me with the colour of its countries,
rendering death and forever with each breathing

(i do not know what it is about you that closes
and opens; only something in me understands
the voice of your eyes is deeper than all roses)
nobody, not even the rain, has such small hands

Translation:

4

某个地方我还从没游历过，比任何经历
都让人欣喜，你的眼睛有它们的沉静：
在你最脆弱姿态中有那些包围我的东西，
或者因为太近我不能触摸的东西

你最轻微的一瞥就会轻易地揭开我
尽管我已经像合拢手指般合拢自己，
你总是一瓣一瓣打开我就像春天打开
（娴熟、神秘地触碰）她的玫瑰首朵

或者假如你的意愿是合拢我，我与
我的生命就会非常美艳、突然地关闭，
就好比一时间这花儿的心房幻映
那雪花小心翼翼地到处飘零；

没什么我们在这世界要感知的比得上
你那热烈的脆弱所拥有的力量：它的神韵
以它那多个国度的色彩强迫我，
用每一次呼吸演示着死亡和永恒

（我不知道关闭与开启对于你
是怎么回事；我内心明白的只有
你眼睛的表露深沉过所有玫瑰）
没有人、甚至雨都没有，这样的小手

5

If (touched by love's own secret) we, like homing
through welcoming sweet miracles of air
(and joyfully all truths of wing resuming)
selves, into infinite tomorrow steer

—souls under whom flow (mountain valley forest)
a million wheres which never may become
one (wholly strange; familiar wholly) dearest
more than reality of more than dream—

how should contented fools of fact envision
the mystery of freedom yet, among
their loud exactitudes of imprecision,
you'll (silently alighting) and i'll sing

while at us very deafly a most stares
colossal hoax of clocks and calendars

Translation:

5

假如（被爱自身的秘密触碰）我们，像归乡
穿过迎接甜美奇迹的气氛徜徉

（欢快地继续飞翔所有真实的翅膀）

自己们，进入无限明天航向

——灵魂在灵魂之下流淌（山脉河谷林莽）

百万哪里从不会变成

一（完全陌生；熟悉完全）最贵昂

胜过现实之胜过恍梦——

事实上自得的傻瓜应该怎么展望

自由的神秘？然而，在他们

大声的不精确的精准之上，

你将（静静地飞落）而我会歌唱

正对着我们充耳不闻盯着看

时钟和日历的最庞大哄骗

6

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Translation:

6

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7

the Cambridge ladies who live in furnished souls
are unbeautiful and have comfortable minds
(also, with the church's protestant blessings
daughters, unscented shapeless spirited)
they believe in Christ and Longfellow, both dead,
are invariably interested in so many things—
at the present writing one still finds
delighted fingers knitting for the is it Poles?
perhaps. While permanent faces coyly bandy
scandal of Mrs. N and Professor D
.... the Cambridge ladies do not care, above
Cambridge if sometimes in its box of
sky lavender and cornerless, the
moon rattles like a fragment of angry candy

Translation:

7

剑桥女士们活在装修了的灵魂里
不美丽但却有着舒适的头脑
（也一样，带着教会的新教祝福
女儿们，没有香魂也没有得到塑造）
她们相信基督和朗费罗，两个都死了，
一成不变地痴迷于太多事物——
在这写作当下一个人依然找得到
愉悦的手指编织为着是它多极？
也许。当一贯的面孔害羞地传递
N 太太和 D 博士的丑闻
.....剑桥女士们并不关心，如果
有时候在在剑桥之上它那淡紫色
没有棱角的天空盒子里，那
月亮像愤怒糖果碎块一样咔咔响起

8

how many moments must (amazing each
how many centuries) these more than eyes
restroll and stroll some never deepening beach

locked in foreverish time's tide at poise,

love alone understands: only for whom
i'll keep my tryst until that tide shall turn;
and from all selfsubtracting hugely doom
treasures of reeking innocence are bore.

Then, with not credible the anywhere
eclipsing of a spirit's ignorance
by every wisdom knowledge fears to dare,

how the (myself's own self who's)child will dance!

and when he's plucked such mysteries as men
do not conceive—let ocean grow again

Translation:

8

有多少时刻必定（惊艳每个
有多少世纪）这些比逡巡某一
从未加深海滩的眼睛还要多

优雅地锁进带着永恒气的潮汐

单独爱就明白：只为那人
我会持续幽会至那潮汐翻转；
从所有自我减损的巨大劫数间
散发恶臭的清白财宝叫人厌烦。

于是，带着不可靠任何地方
亏蚀精神的无知无晓
因着每一智慧知识害怕有胆量

如何这（我自己的自我他的）孩子会舞蹈！

而当他被掳去大人无法构想
这样神秘——让海洋再次成长

Chinese Poets Recommendation

Li Shijiang and His Poems

(Trans. and Rev. Lei Yanni)

Li Shijiang is an emerging and prominent young writer in contemporary China. He was born in Ningde, Fujian province in 1974. He is one among the post-1970s writers group and is one of the most powerful and potential writers among them. In 1997 he graduated from Beijing Normal University. Since then he has written and published a lot. He published five story collections in Taiwan: *More False than Love*, *They Are All Terrific*, *Flesh*, *Man Like Beast* and *Living Like Cao Cao*. He also published the novel *Happiness, Longevity and Spring* in Taiwan. He published history collection *Looking for a Partner* in Hongkong in 2010. In mainland China, he has published more than ten novels, such as *Free and Easy Wandering* (2005), which won him the prize of “Outstanding Young Talent” of Chinese Literature and Media Award of 2005; *Happiness, Longevity and Spring* (2007); *Chinese Department* (2010); *Three Brothers* (2013); *The Magical Aunt Phoenix* (2013); *The Old Man and Wine* (2014); *Quite Unusual: Chinese Department Series No. 2* (2017); *The Golden Coast* (2022) and *Ancient Ship on the Silk Road*(2023). In recent years, Li Shijiang has also published several novellas such as *Six Murderers*, *Two Murderers*, *Crime Culprit*, *Chinese Knots*, *General Bai*, *Dumplings*, *Doing the Homework*, *Old Bone* and *The Ghost House on the Shoal*. *Six Murderers* has been adapted to a film with the same title and it is to be on show.

Li Shijiang also wrote and published several historical novels, such as *He Kun: Bosom Friend of the King* (2006), *Living like Cao Cao* (2007), *Three Lanes and Seven Alleys* (2010), *Cao Cao: My Life* (2012).

Li Shijiang also writes poetry. Some of his poems are published in newspapers and poetry magazines. He published his poem collection *Salute to a Pile of Dog Droppings* in 2009.

He is often classified as one important member in the “Lower-Half Body Poetry School”, which stresses oral language writing and rebellious spirit. Li Shijiang’s writing style changes a lot in his whole writing career. In his early period, he has a passionate and satirical style in his direct flesh-writing and body-writing. In his later period, he consciously changes his writing style, writing in a

meticulous and patient way, such as in *Happiness, Longevity and Spring*. In 2018, he published a novelette *Dumplings*, which echoes the style of his early period. This year in 2022, he published the novel *The Golden Coast*, which contains 680,000 words in two volumes. He presents a chronological and spectacular picture of the east coast of Fujian province from 1980s till today in a realistic and suspenseful way in the newly-published *The Golden Coast*.

The following 9 poems are translated by Dr. Lei Yanni from Sun Yat-Sen University:

和陌生人作爱

用羽毛写作，用心脏跳舞，用泥土
充饥。把一滴水放在北方，让它冻
把冰雹扔到嘴里，象蚕豆一样
咬碎。把语言缩短，把易拉罐踢飞
在街头不说话，和陌生人做爱

把礼节删除，给讨厌鬼一巴掌，给问路者
指个方向。把痰吐出来，请咳嗽
不要抿着嘴。不要照相，把风景画出来
那密密麻麻的枝干，用最粗糙的
笔，和陌生人做爱

把女孩叫出来，把目的说出来，把价钱
谈好，时间在一节钟到一辈子
之间。把附加的赌注摆出来，去掉爱
情的商标。方式只有两种，与熟人
作爱，或者，与陌生人作爱

把腿张开。把现实打开。把垃圾
排出来。在春天发情，在人群里发
脾气。吃饱了上洗手间。在卫生纸上
写诗。向上帝诉苦，和陌生人作爱

Translation

Making Love to a Stranger

Writing with a plume, dancing with a heart, feeding
with soil. Putting a drop of water on the north, freezing it
Hurling a hail into the mouth, crushing it like beans. Shortening
the language, kicking the pop-top cans
No talking on the street, and, making love to strangers.

Delete the courtesies, slap the wretched, pointing a direction
for the inquirer. Spit out phlegm. Please cough.
Do not close the lips. Do not take pictures. Paint the landscape and
the thick trunks and branches. Make love to strangers with
the roughest pen.

Ask the girl out of a room. Speak out the aim. Confirming
the price. The length will be between a quarter and a whole
life. Display the added bet, deleting the brand of
love. There are only two ways, making love to
acquaintances, or, to strangers.

Open the two legs. Push the reality open. Discharge
the rubbish. To rut in spring, to have a temper
in the crowd. Go to the toilet after being fed up. Writing poems
on the sanitary tissue. Complain to God, and, make love to strangers.

悲观

我和我的母亲，一个年近 50 的妇人，赶往
山中。我们要在正午之前，花朵尚未开放的时分
赶到山中。我和我的母亲，默默无语。母亲的
脸上，流下缓慢的泪水

我和我的母亲，在秋天来临之前，赶往
山中。在花期未过时节，我们必须赶往山中
我和我的母亲，在南方的山村，一年一度
被太阳照耀，被蒸发

我和我的母亲，一个养家糊口的妇人，在生活中
缄默。我们必须采集一种花朵（它丧失了美学），花茶的
原料。我看不到花的美了，母亲，它多么残酷
它让我又黑又瘦

我和我的母亲，是山中的幽灵，被幸福者鄙弃
我的母亲，一生的辛劳达到极限---收购站里传来
消息，花价象雨水跌落。我的母亲，一生的疲惫达到
极限。她站在那儿了

我的母亲，她站在那儿了。我气急败坏地喊，母亲
让我们去树下，吹清凉的风。母亲说，孩子，我们
还要生活

Translation

Pessimism

I and my mother, a woman of fifty years old, are hurrying toward the mountain. We want to arrive at the mountain just before noon, when the flowers are not blooming yet. I and my mother, silent without words. The slow sweat is running down my mother's face.

I and my mother, when autumn arrives, are hurrying toward the mountain. While the florescence is still in bloom, we must hurry toward the mountain. I and my mother, in the mountain village in the south, are shone by the sun, year by year, and are evaporated

I and my mother, a woman earning the family's living, keep silent in life. We must collect a kind of flower (It has lost the aesthetic beauty), the raw material of flower tea. I cannot see the beauty of the flower. Mother, it is so cruel and it makes me dark and thin.

I and my mother, are the ghosts in the mountain. And we are despised by the happy.

My mother has reached the limit in the labour in her whole life---News comes from the Purchase Station, the price of the flowers is falling like rains. My mother, the whole-life fatigue is reaching the summit. She stands there.

My mother, she is standing there. I cried exasperatedly, Mum, Let's go under the tree and enjoy the cool wind. Mother says, my child, we need to make a living.

问题

今天
我终于想通了
一个很重要的
问题
它困扰我
多年
使我着急
使我失望
使我焦躁
使我心有不甘
患得患失
这个问题如果
不搞清楚
人生会有更大的问题

这个问题
的答案
就是：
其实一切都
不是问题

Translation

Question

Today
I finally get through
a very important
question
It has perplexed me
for many years
It makes me worried
disappointed
restless
unreconciled
and anxious about gains and losses
If this question
cannot be made clear
there will be greater
questions in life

The answer for
this question
is:
in fact, nothing
is a question.

梅花

只有一株是在水潭边的，姿态最是挺拔俊俏，一树粉花天光水色相映成趣。潭边石径往南，十来米处的山坡上，有三株，可称为路边的梅花。

长得较低的花枝，往往被人折去，譬如命数。更高的山坡上，应该有十余株，与其他的树交杂相长，只有在花季，会脱颖而出。其他的时节，谁也不知道那是梅树，还是李树，总之不会有人侧目了。

Translation

Plum Blossoms

Only one plum tree is by the water pool. Its posture is straight and steep. The tree of pink blossoms set against the deep blue sky is clearly reflected in the water. To the south along the stony passage beside the pool, on a ten-metre-high slope, there are three plum trees, which can be taken as the plum blossoms by the road.

For the lower blossoming branches, people always break them, and it is their doom. On the higher slope, there should be over ten plum trees, which grow mixed with the other kinds of trees. And only in the flowering season, they can stick out and become prominent. In the other seasons, nobody will know whether they are plum trees or apricot trees. In brief nobody will glance at them.

水潭

有几天没下雨了，水潭里
浅了许多，石崖上注入的水
变成细流，那种细是极可爱的，像一个在风中
瑟瑟发抖的瘦弱少年。水
瘦而透明，夕阳的光打在水面，
一层层晃荡，介于有与无之间。水潭
清淤过几次，几乎没有鱼，或者说，
我没有见过一条溪鱼。对于
偌大的水潭，没有一条鱼，这有点不讲道理，但
事实如此。

Translation

The Pool

It hadn't rained for a few days and the water in the pool had become much shallower. The water rushing in from the stone cliff had become a trickle. The trickle was quite lovely, just like a thin and weak teenager trembling in the wind. The water was thin and transparent. The sunset light beat on the surface of the water, helping to form layers of dangling ripples. The light was between being and nothingness. The pool had been desilted for a few times and there were nearly no fish. Or rather, I hadn't seen a river fish. For the enormous pool, there wasn't a single fish, this was somewhat unreasonable, but this was just the fact.

喝茶

喝茶的地方就在我家楼下，往右拐两百米。
原来我喜欢喝红茶，养胃，后来喝白茶，清热洗肺。
事实上我并不知道
有没这个效果，但信其有比不信要好些。
要是什么都不信，这日子便过于漂浮。
年轻的时候，什么都不信，杀开一条血路，
去寻找值得相信的庞然大物，
后来发现，前方不过是茫茫一片。

Translation

Having Tea

The teahouse was just downstairs
in the place where I lived. It was 200 metres
right to the building where my apartment was located.
Originally I liked to have black tea
for it was good for the stomach.
Later I had white tea for it could help
to clear the heat and wash the lungs.
In fact I didn't know whether the tea had such effects or not,
yet belief was better than disbelief.
If you believed in nothing, the days would be
too superficial and floating. While young,
I believed in nothing and trudged through a bloody road
in order to look for a trustworthy bulk,
only to find the vast blankness ahead.

爬山

这些年，我有一半时间漂泊在外，
一半时间居住小城，我无法
长时间住在一个地方。呆住小城的时候，
我没事就会爬山。很少有城市，
就在居民区，就会一座后花园一样的山，
这是得天独厚的。另一方面，
是人到中年的缘故，
登山譬如吃药。

Translation

Mountain-Climbing

These years I spent half of the time
wandering outside and the other half
residing in the small city. I couldn't
live in a certain place for a long time.

While staying in the small city

I climbed the hills when I was free. Very few cities
had a hill as a rear garden just in the residential district,
which was very unique. The other factor
was due to middle age, in which
climbing hills was just like taking medicine.

逃离

中学的时候，我想尽快毕业。
到了大学，我想更快地离开。
我已经不适合在任何一个集体里呆下去，
真的觉得很烦。毕业后
我到了福州，接着逃到北京，接着逃到广州，
接着又是北京，又是故乡小城。
如此往复，逃离已经成为习惯。

我母亲后来告诉我：孩子，神说你是个薄情的人。
我赞许：抛弃比拥有更令我着迷。
一个时刻想逃离的人，
心里怎住得下深情。

Translation

Escape

While I was in middle school
I wanted to graduate as soon as possible.
When I was in university
I wanted to leave it sooner. It had not been suitable
for me to stay in any community. I really felt bored.
After graduation I went to Fuzhou,
then continued to escape to Beijing,
then to Guangzhou,
then back to Beijing,
at last again to the small city in the home town.
In such a repetitious way
escape had become the habit.

My mother later told me: my child,
the god says you are a fickle and ungrateful person.
I agreed: Abandoning is more obsessing
than possessing for me. For a person who
wanted to escape at any moment, how could
deep feelings reside in his heart?

Translation

幻像

这几年，我喜欢都在某一个陌生的小城市写作，
没有什么朋友，或者有一两个，
偶尔才见一面。一个人
被抛在一个陌生的地方，
人群和环境都是陌生的，
就如刚刚从子宫里一样，
没有过往，没有伤害，无所谓悲喜，制造
一种彻底逃离的幻象。我以为
是一种逃脱术。

Translation

Illusion

In the recent few years I liked to write in a strange small city. I had no friends. Or I had one or two friends and met them occasionally. A person was hurled in a strange place. The crowd and environment were both strange. It was like just coming out from a womb without any past or harm. The indifference to sorrow or joy had made an illusion of a thorough escape. I felt it a kind of escaping method.

Ning Bin and His “Flowers, Blossoming Like This”

(Trans. and Rev. Zhang Guangkui)

Ning Bin, a native of Li Quan, Xianyang, Shaanxi province of China, is a civil servant. His works have been scattered across various publications such as *Liao River*, *Xianyang News*, *Qin Capital*, *Zongshan Literature and Art*, and *Tianjin Poets*, among many others. He has published a poetry collection titled *Holding the Light* . His works have been included in the *Chinese Poetry Ranking*. He has achieved the second prize in the "Blue City · Shepherd's Song" National Modern Poetry Grand Prix, the Qingming Festival Essay Award from the "Nanchang Evening News," the National Essay Award of the Dragon Boat Festival Poets Festival by the Xi'an Poetry Society, and the Modern Poetry Award of the 5th Danfei Literary Award. He is a leading poet of the East-West Poetry School founded by Danfei.

Here is a selected poem of Chinese version:

花，就如此开放

有阳光

带着我的痴迷开放

有雨

带着我的忧郁开放

夜来

带着我的心慌开放

早了还是迟了？依然

红的浓怯、白的素静

粉的淡然。从眼睛里

收纳色调，去爱，去忆

去忘记

花就如此开放

不打折扣地开放天下

或者放开天下

Translation:

Flowers, Blossoming Like This

In the sunlight,
They bloom with my obsession,
In the rain,
They open with my melancholy,
As night falls,
They unfurl with my restlessness.

Early or late, it matters not?
shy red, pure white,
Or indifferent pink. From their eyes,
They gather hues, to love, to remember,
And to forget.

Flowers, blossoming like this,
Open unreservedly to the world,
Or perhaps, they free the world.

The poem "Flowers, Blossoming Like This" beautifully captures the connection between nature and human emotions. It personifies the flowers, attributing to them the feelings of obsession, melancholy, and restlessness. The imagery of the flowers opening and unfurling in different weather conditions symbolizes how our own emotions can be intertwined with the world around us. The mention of colors like shy red, pure white, and indifferent pink adds depth to the emotional palette, suggesting a range of experiences and feelings.

The idea that flowers open unreservedly to the world or free the world is a thought-provoking one. It reflects the notion that nature, in its simple beauty, can serve as a reminder of the world's inherent freedom and openness. This poem encourages readers to contemplate the interconnectedness of human emotions and the natural world, highlighting the idea that nature often mirrors our own inner experiences. It's a thoughtful and evocative piece that invites introspection and appreciation for the world's beauty.

Poetics Studies:

“Community of Life”: An Analysis of Robert Bly’s Poem “Watering the Horse”

Zhang Guangkui¹, Liu Lanhui²

Abstract: This article explores the poet Robert Bly’s sense of “Community of Life” in his poem “Watering the Horse.” Robert Bly delves into themes of nature, mythology, and spirituality, reflecting a deep understanding of the interconnectedness of life within his work. The concept of “Community of Life” emphasizes the interconnected web of living beings and ecosystems, highlighting the interdependence and shared destiny among all organisms. Through vivid imagery and rich symbolism, Bly’s poetry embodies this interconnectedness, inviting readers to contemplate their place within the broader ecosystem of existence. The poem “Watering the Horse” serves as a poignant expression of interconnectedness, celebrating the beauty and significance of even the simplest moments in nature. Through its exploration of nature, symbolism, and theme of transcendence, the poem encourages a deeper appreciation for the unity and harmony inherent in the “Community of Life” and underscores the importance of stewardship, cooperation, and sustainability in nurturing the diversity and integrity of life on our planet.

Key words: Robert Bly, community of life, Watering the Horse

Robert Bly, born in 1926, is an American poet, writer, and activist celebrated for his profound impact on contemporary poetry. His exploration of themes such as nature, mythology, and spirituality reflects a deep understanding of the interconnectedness of life within his work. Through vivid imagery and rich symbolism, Bly’s poetry embodies his sense of “community of life,” where humanity is intricately woven into the fabric of the natural world. Alongside his literary pursuits, Bly has been instrumental in the mythopoetic men’s movement, advocating for a redefinition of masculinity and emotional authenticity. His influential contributions have earned him praises such as the National Book Award for Poetry (1968) for his book *The Light Around the Body* (1967) and the title of Poet Laureate of Minnesota, solidifying his enduring legacy in American literature and culture.

About the “community of life”, Zhou (2024) recently writes “the concept of ‘humans and nature in a shared life community’ is an important proposition of Marxist ecological ethics. Jiang (2022), in her paper ‘On the Awareness of A Community of life’ in Philip Larkin’s Poetry: A New Materialist Approach”, states “from the perspective of new materialism, an analysis of the concept of ‘community of life’ in Phillip Larkin’s poetry reveals the consciousness of plant life in his botanical

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and landscape poems, the ethical consciousness of animals in his animal poems, and the interaction consciousness between humans and objects expressed through the imagery of ‘things’ in his philosophical poems about life.” Therefore, “community of life” usually refers to the interconnected web of living beings and ecosystems on Earth, where all organisms are mutually dependent and contribute to the functioning of the whole. This concept emphasizes the idea that life forms are not isolated entities but rather integral parts of a larger system, with each species playing a unique role in maintaining the balance and vitality of the ecosystem. In a community of life, there is a recognition of the interdependence and shared destiny among all living organisms, highlighting the importance of stewardship, cooperation, and sustainability in nurturing and preserving the diversity and integrity of life on our planet. The poem of Bly’s “Watering the Horse” is such a poem expressing the interconnectedness of life in the big and great “community of life” of the world:

How strange to think of giving all ambition!

Suddenly I see with such clear eyes

The white flake of snow

That has just fallen in the horse’s mane!

(Bly, 1962: 280)

The poem “Watering the Horse” likely first appeared in one of Bly’s poetry collections or in a literary magazine like *Poetry* (August 1962) where his work was regularly featured. Bly has published several collections of poetry throughout his career, and this poem as with many poems, may have gained recognition and popularity through its inclusion in various anthologies, in which it contributed to Bly’s reputation as a significant contemporary poet. Additionally, Bly’s prominence in the literary world and his involvement in cultural movements such as the mythopoetic men’s movement may have also contributed to the circulation and appreciation of this poem among readers and scholars, while more and more tend to think “Watering the Horse” among other ones conveys much sense of community of “life”—the interconnectedness of living beings on the Earth.

“Watering the Horse” resonates deeply with the theme of “Community of Life,” reflecting an interconnectedness between the human observer and the natural world. It reflects a moment of profound realization and connection with the natural world, emphasizing the interconnectedness between human experience and the broader ecosystem. The speaker’s contemplation of relinquishing ambition suggests a desire to transcend individual concerns and attune to the rhythms of nature. The sight of the snowflake in the horse’s mane serves as a catalyst for this shift in perspective, symbolizing the delicate beauty and transience of life within the natural “Community of Life.”

In writing *kills*, first, there is a contrast in the poem. It juxtaposes the concept of ambition with the simple, natural imagery of a snowflake, highlighting the contrast between human aspirations and the inherent beauty of the natural world. This dichotomy underscores the speaker’s recognition of the interconnectedness between human existence and the larger web of life. About imagery, the image of the “white flake of snow” falling in the horse’s mane evokes a sense of wonder and awe, inviting readers to contemplate the beauty of nature’s manifestations. The use of vivid imagery enhances the reader’s sensory experience and deepens their connection to the poem’s themes. Then, in symbolism, the horse and the snowflake serve as symbolic representations of the natural world. The horse, a symbol of strength and vitality, embodies the interconnectedness between humans and the animal kingdom. The snowflake symbolizes the cyclical nature of life and the interconnectedness of all living beings within the “Community of Life.”

To sum up, “Watering the Horse” celebrates the interconnectedness and interdependence of all life forms, inviting readers to recognize the beauty and significance of even the simplest moments in nature. Through its evocative imagery and profound themes, the poem encourages a deeper appreciation for the unity and harmony inherent in the “Community of Life”.

In conclusion, Robert Bly's poem “Watering the Horse” stands as a poignant expression of the interconnectedness within the natural “Community of Life.” Through its exploration of nature, symbolism, and themes of transcendence, the poem invites readers to contemplate their places within the larger ecosystem of existence on the Earth, and even in the Space. Bly’s vivid imagery and skillful use of contrast underscore the profound realization experienced by the speaker, highlighting the delicate beauty and interconnectedness of all living beings around us human beings. Ultimately, “Watering the Horse” serves as a testament to the importance of stewardship, cooperation, and sustainability in nurturing the diversity and integrity of life on our planet. As readers engage with Bly’s work, they are encouraged to cultivate a deeper appreciation for the interconnectedness of all living beings that sustains us all.

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Special Notice:

We regret to inform our readers that due to a variety of factors including delays in manuscript submissions and other unforeseen circumstances, the publication of *Verse Version* has been postponed from its originally scheduled release in December 2023 to April 1, 2024.

We sincerely apologize for any inconvenience this delay may have caused and assure you that our team is working diligently to ensure that the forthcoming issue meets the high standards expected by our readers.

Thank you for your patience and continued support.

Sincerely,
Verse Version Editorial Team

1 April 2024

About Verse Version

About Verse Version

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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ISSN 2051-526X

