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Zhang Guangkui

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English-Chinese Version

To Virgins, to Make Much of Time¹

Robert Herrick²

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

¹ Margaret Ferguson. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). W · W · Norton & Company, 1997: 320.

² Robert Herrick (1591–1674), a 17th century English lyric poet.

Translation:

少女啊，珍惜年華

羅伯特·赫裏克

玫瑰的花蕊，您別錯過，
時光老人依舊飛逝；
今天微笑的花朵
明天必將垂死。

太陽，那輝煌的天燈，
向天宮攀爬得越高，
就越快踏完征程，
落輝也就越來越早。

春華美妙，似如晨輝，
血氣方剛，熱情奔放；
青春一旦走過，日晷
便跌跌撞撞，頭垂氣喪。

別羞啊！珍惜年華，
趁著花期，及早娶嫁；
青春一旦如花謝落，
便鑄成難悔之過。

（張茜 譯）

Death Stands Above Me, Whispering Low¹

Walter Savage Landor²

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.

¹ Margaret Ferguson. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). W · W · Norton & Company, 1997: 764.

² Walter Savage Landor (1775–1864) was an English writer and poet. His best known works were the prose "Imaginary Conversations", and the poem "Rose Aylmer", but the critical acclaim he received from contemporary poets and reviewers was not matched by public popularity.

Translation:

死神臨降

沃爾特·薩唯奇·蘭多

死神臨降，耳語低咕；
其言何語，我所不知；
其語生疏，我所不悟；
無言可懼，無語可怖。

（於央 譯）

A Slumber Did My Spirit Seal¹

William Wordsworth²

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears—
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.
No motion has she now, no force;
She neither hears nor sees;
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

¹ Abrams Stillinger. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fifth Edition, Vol. 2). W · W · Norton & Company, 1986:172.

² William Wordsworth (1770–1850) was a major English Romantic poet who, with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, helped to launch the Romantic Age in English literature with the 1798 joint publication *Lyrical Ballads*. Wordsworth was Britain's Poet Laureate from 1843 to 1850. Wordsworth's magnum opus is generally considered to be *The Prelude*.

Translation:

睡眠蒙蔽了我的神魂

威廉·華茲華斯

睡眠蒙蔽了我的神魂；
我絲毫沒有懼畏人間；
她已於萬物輪回，
無法感受塵世俗岸。

她銷聲匿跡，也沒了衝動；
她已閉目養神，
隨著大地運行，日月無窮
伴著岩礁，礫石和樹林。

（張廣奎 譯）

Tears, Idle Tears¹

Alfred Tennyson²

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one,
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.
Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.
Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

¹ Abrams Stillinger. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fifth Edition, Vol. 2). W · W · Norton & Company, 1986:1123.

² Alfred Tennyson(1809–1892) was Poet Laureate of the United Kingdom during much of Queen Victoria's reign and remains one of the most popular British poets. His representative works include "In the Valley of Cauteretz", "Break, Break, Break", "The Charge of the Light Brigade", "Tears, Idle Tears", "Crossing the Bar" and *Idylls of the King*.

Translation:

淚水啊，無盡的淚水

阿爾弗雷德·丁尼生

淚水啊，無盡的淚水，我不知你傾訴什麼，
你源自於深遠而神聖的絕望
升騰至內心，彙集於眼簾，
遙望著幸福的秋原，
追憶那逝去的時日。
清新猶似閃耀於船帆的每一縷曙光，
把朋友們從冥國帶回，
傷感像染紅桅杆的最後一抹斜陽，
帶著我們的一切珍愛消逝在天宇；
遠去的日子是那麼憂傷，那麼清新。
呵，憂傷、陌生如同夏日那漆黑的黎明，
睡眼惺忪的鳥兒唱起了清早的歌曲
在遲暮的雙耳間聲聲迴響，
慵懶的眼簾漸漸蘇醒；
那逝去的時光如此的憂傷、如此陌生。
親切如生前愛吻的回憶，
甜蜜似雙唇間無助的幻象；
深沉如迷醉般的愛戀，初戀般的愛戀，
悔恨萬千，無比顛狂；
那逝去的時光啊，生命的終結。

（趙嘏 譯）

Shut Out That Moon¹

Thomas Hardy²

Close up the casement, draw the blind,
Shut out that stealing moon,
She wears too much the guise she wore
Before our lutes were strewn
With years-deep dust, and names we read
On a white stone were hewn.

Step not out on the dew-dashed lawn
To view the Lady's Chair,
Immense Orion's glittering form,
The Less and Greater Bear:
Stay in; to such sights we were drawn
When faded ones were fair.

Brush not the bough for midnight scent
That come forth lingeringly,
And wake the same sweet sentiments
They breathed to you and me
When living seemed a laugh, a love
All it was said to be.

Within the common lamp-lit room
Prison my eyes and thought;
Let dingy details crudely loom,
Mechanic speech he wrought:
Too fragrant was Life's early bloom,
Too tart the fruit it brought!

¹ 辜正坤. 英文名篇鑒賞金庫·詩歌卷. 天津人民出版社, 2000:187.

² Thomas Hardy(1840–1928) was an English novelist and poet, a Victorian realist. Initially he gained fame as the author of such novels as *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* (1891), and *Jude the Obscure* (1895). Then, since the 1950s Hardy has been recognized as a major poet, and had a significant influence on The Movement poets of the 1950s and 1960s.

Translation:

閉月窗外

托馬斯·哈代

閉上幽窗，掠下珠簾，
擋住那偷窺的弓月。
她雖著裝依舊如故，
可那曾撫掌間的豎琴，
已掩隱於積年的塵土；
那曾鐫刻玉石上的名字，
也已隨時光消磨遺盡。

請勿走進灑滿露珠的草地，
獨自遙望憂鬱的仙後星座，
浩淼而耀眼的獵戶座，
相依為命的大、小熊座；
不若獨處幽室，面對舊景，
追憶我們曾經美好的時光。

請勿撩動花園的梢枝，
那午夜芬芳繚漫的源泉；
它喚起了我們曾經的甜蜜，
它曾向我們吐翠沁香；
生活曾充滿歡聲笑語，
只因愛情相隨左右。

獨對陋室點點昏暗燈光，
我雙目迷離，思緒難展；
家什的飾物昏暗裏隱現，
刻板薄情的言語影形相隨；
早年的蓓蕾盛放地那麼甜蜜，
而沉暮收穫的果實如此酸楚。

（趙嘏 譯）

Days¹

Ralph Waldo Emerson²

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

¹ Margaret Ferguson. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*. W.W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1970:855.

² Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–1882) was an American essayist, philosopher, poet, and leader of the Transcendentalist Movement in the early 19th century. His teachings directly influenced the growing New Thought Movement of the mid 1800s. His major works include *Nature*, *The American Scholar*.

Translation:

時間

拉爾夫·沃爾多·愛默生

時間，你這偽善的時間，
像赤腳的托鉢僧，頭戴圍巾，啞然無語，
沒有始終，縱隊獨自前行，
手持柴捆和王冠。
根據每個人的意願，施以他們禮物，
麵包，國王和星星和包羅萬象的天庭。
我在交錯的花園，欣賞著這裏的壯觀，
忘記了清晨的願望，匆匆地
只取下香草和蘋果，而時間
卻默默地轉身離去，已太晚，
我看到了輕蔑，從她那束發帶下的神聖。

(張廣奎 譯)

The Voice of the Rain¹

Walt Whitman²

AND who art thou? said I to the soft-falling shower,
Which, strange to tell, gave me an answer, as here translated:
I am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the rain,
Eternal I rise impalpable out of the land and the bottomless sea,
Upward to heaven, whence, vaguely form'd, altogether changed, and
yet the same,
I descend to lave the drouths, atomies, dust-layers of the globe,
And all that in them without me were seeds only, latent, unborn;
And forever, by day and night, I give back life to my own origin and
make pure and beautify it;
(For song, issuing from its birth-place, after fulfillment, wandering,
Reck'd or unreck'd, duly with love returns.)

¹ Walt Whitman. *Leaves of Grass*. London: The Nonesuch Press, 1938:471.

² Walt Whitman (1819–1892) was an American poet, essayist and journalist. As a humanist, he was a part of the transition between transcendentalism and realism, incorporating both views in his works. Whitman was among the most influential poets in the American canon, often called the father of free verse. His work was very controversial in its time, particularly his poetry collection *Leaves of Grass*, which was described as obscene for its overt sexuality.

Translation:

雨之聲

沃爾特·惠特曼

請問， 您是誰？ 我對悄悄的細雨訴說，
她， 奇怪地如此通知我：
我是地球的“詩歌”， 雨聲繼續訴說， 永恆的我來自奧秘的大地，
無底的海洋，
我升向天空， 模糊蒼穹， 一切在我之統； 也是與此時同，
我下駕塵間， 驅走乾旱， 塵埃， 和地球上所有的塵層，
還有那未發芽的種子， 以及一切的蒼茫。
如此， 永遠， 日日夜夜， 我使生命複生。
淨化她， 使她純潔嫵婷。
（為了歌頌， 她從出生地發祥， 完善， 飄揚，
隨意地， 卻又準時地把愛帶回犒賞。）

（於央 譯）

If you were coming in the Fall¹

Emily Dickinson²

If you were coming in the Fall,
I'd brush the Summer by
With half a smile, and half a spurn,
As Housewives do, a Fly.

If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls—
And put them each in separate Drawers,
For fear the numbers fuse—

If only Centuries, delayed,
I'd count them on my Hand,
Subtracting, till my fingers dropped
Into Van Dieman's Land.

If certain, when this life was out—
That yours and mine, should be
I'd toss it yonder, like a Rind,
And take Eternity—

But, now, uncertain of the length
Of this, that is between,
It goads me, like the Goblin Bee—
That will not state—its sting.

¹ George Perkins, Narbara Perkins. *The American Tradition In Literature* (Vol. II). The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc., 1999:133.

² Emily Elizabeth Dickinson (1830–1886) was an American poet. Born in Amherst, Massachusetts, to a successful family with strong community ties, she lived a mostly introverted and reclusive life. Many of her poems deal with themes of death and immortality, two recurring topics in letters to her friends. A complete and mostly unaltered collection of her poetry became available for the first time in 1955 when *The Poems of Emily Dickinson* was published by scholar Thomas H. Johnson.

Translation:

如果你在秋天到來

艾米麗·狄金森

如果你在秋天到來，
我將輕拂夏日而過
半帶微笑，半帶棄絕，
如家庭主婦把蒼蠅撲捉。

如果能在一年之中將你盼來，
我將把月份纏繞成一個個紗球—
把它們分開，各自放進抽屜，
以免這些數字熔合，不在分開—

如果只是延至數個世紀，
我願搬弄手指度日數數，
逐日遞減，直到手指全部掉入
塔斯馬尼亞島嶼的土地。

如果確定無疑，當今生度完—
它應屬於你和我，
我願把它，像果殼，扔向遙遠，
去到來生把你贏得—

而目前，日期遙遙，
等待無期，天各一方，
像妖蜂，使我傷痛不已—
無法訴說—如刺如療。

(張廣奎 譯)

I started Early—Took my Dog—¹

Emily Dickinson

I started Early—Took my Dog—
And visited the Sea—
The Mermaids in the Basement
Came out to look at me

And Frigates—in the Upper Floor
Extended Hempen Hands—
Presuming Me to be a Mouse—
Aground—upon the Sands—

But no Man moved Me—till the Tide
Went past my simple Shoe—
And past my Apron—and my Belt—
And past my Bodice—too—

And made as He would eat me up—
As wholly as a Dew
Upon a Dandelion's Sleeve—
And then—I started—too—

And He—He followed—close behind—
I felt His Silver Heel
Upon my Ankle—Then my Shoes
Would overflow with Pearl—

Until We met the Solid Town—
No One He seemed to know—
And bowing—with a Mighty look—
At me—The Sea withdrew—

¹ Nina Baym. *American Tradition In Literature* (Sixth Edition, Vol. B). Norton & Company, 2003:2520.

Translation:

我早早起來—帶著我的狗—

艾米麗·狄金森

我早早起來—帶著我的狗—
來到了海邊—
海底裏的美人魚
探出頭來瞧我—

那戰艦—高高在上
伸出它們的粗麻大手—
把我看成一只耗子—
攔淺—在沙灘上

但卻沒人動我—一直到海浪
沖過我的簡單的鞋—
沖過我的圍裙—我的腰帶—
也沖過我的緊身上衣—

就像他要把我吞掉—
整個如同露珠
滴在了蒲公英的袖子上—
接著—我也起身了—

他—他跟著—緊隨其後
我感到他的銀色腳跟
在我的腳踝上—於是我的鞋子
便漫出珍珠—

直到我們看到固城—
沒有一個人是他認識的—
他低下頭—高傲地—
對著我—大海退下了

(林燕華 譯)

A Slash of Blue—¹

Emily Dickinson

A slash of Blue—
A sweep of Gray—
Some scarlet patches on the way,
Compose an Evening Sky—
A little purple—slipped between—
Some Ruby Trousers hurried on—
A Wave of Gold—
A Bank of Day—
This just makes out the Morning Sky.

¹ Thomas H. Johnson. *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*. London: Little, Brown and Company, 1961.

Translation:

一撮藍

艾米麗·狄金森

一撮藍—
一潑灰—
塊塊深紅緊跟隨，
湊成一片夜空—
一點紫—溜進中間來—
深紅褲子往上套—
一抹金—
一庫光—
便是整個白晝。

（林燕華 譯）

I Dwell in Possibility¹

Emily Dickinson

I dwell in Possibility—
A fairer House than Prose—
More numerous of Windows—
Superior—for Doors—

Of Chambers as the Cedars—
Impregnable of Eye—
And for an Everlasting Roof
The Gambrels of the Sky—

Of Visitors—the fairest—
For Occupation, —This—
The spreading wide my narrow Hands
To gather Paradise

¹ George Perkins, Narbara Perkins. *The American Tradition In Literature* (Vol. II). The McGraw-Hill Companies, Inc., 1999:136

Translation:

我生活在希望中—

艾米麗·狄金森

我生活在希望中—
希望是一座更漂亮的房子—並非如此單調
它有著眾多的窗口—
以及—更華麗的門—

那如雪松般堅挺的密室—
任何雙眼都無法洞察—
而永恆向上的屋頂
勾勒出一望無際的整個天空—

你是我最美的賓客—
而我要做的—是這般
無限闊伸我狹小的雙手
將天堂—同采拮

(楊衛英 譯)

Adam and Eve¹

Marjorie Pickthall²

When the first dark had fallen around them
And the leaves were weary of praise,
In the clear silence Beauty found them
And shewed them all her ways.

In the high noon of the heavenly garden
Where the angels sunned with the birds,
Beauty, before their hearts could harden,
Had taught them heavenly words.

When they fled in the burning weather
And nothing dawned but a dream,
Beauty fasted their hands together
And cooled them at her stream.

And when day wearied and night grew stronger,
And they slept as the beautiful must,
Then she bided a little longer,
And blossomed from their dust.

¹ Marjorie Pickthall. *Marjorie Lowry Christie Pickthall 83 Poems*. PoemHunter.Com., 2012:13

² Marjorie Pickthall(1883–1922), born in London, later migrated to Toronto. She was one of the famous Canadian poets.

Translation:

亞當與夏娃

馬卓裏·匹克特霍爾

當第一縷暮靄繞著他們下沉，
當樹葉對讚美已經感到厭倦，
“美”在清寂裏找到了他們，
把她所有的道行給他們展現。

伊甸園裏晌午正高掛在頭頂，
天使與眾鳥在園中曬著太陽，
“美”沒等他們的心靈變硬，
便教會他們天堂的言語辭章。

當他們在如火的季節裏逃離，
除了夢，一切都空洞而迷茫，
“美”將他們的手綁在一起，
用她的溪流給他們送來清涼。

當白晝倦怠，黑夜越來越深，
他們必如美一般也陷入長眠，
這時“美”再多逗留些時分，
並在他們的灰燼上綻出花瓣。

（龍靖遙 譯）

Chinese-English Version

短歌行¹

曹操²

對酒當歌，人生幾何？
譬如朝露，去日苦多。
慨當以慷，憂思難忘。
何以解憂？唯有杜康。
青青子衿，悠悠我心。
但為君故，沉吟至今。
呦呦鹿鳴，食野之蘋。
我有嘉賓，鼓瑟吹笙。
明明如月，何時可掇？
憂從中來，不可斷絕。
越陌度阡，枉用相存。
契闊談論，心念舊恩。
月明星稀，烏鵲南飛。
繞樹三匝，何枝可依？
山不厭高，水不厭深。
周公吐哺，天下歸心。

¹ 錄欽立. 先秦魏晉南北朝詩. 中華書局, 1983:384.

² Cao Cao (曹操, 155–220) was a warlord and penultimate chancellor of the Eastern Han Dynasty who rose to great power during the dynasty's final years. He was also skilled in poetry and martial arts.

Translation:

Songs

Cao Cao

Indulge yourselves in wine and song,
Because one's life cannot be long.
'Tis but the transient morning dew,
With the spent days lumping wrong.

In booze my songs are full of blood,
But sorrows remain a looming brood.
Will there be ways to end these pangs?
Only wines can save one for good.

In greenish green you talents appear,
In my heart you are forever dear.
It is only on account of you that I,
I ponder and mutter to my own ear.

“Yow! Yow!” The deer cry meek and mild,
Grazing on the wormwoods in the wild.
Honored guests gather around me,
Playing zithers and flutes, all styled.

The moon rises to the sky, how bright,
It travels on, forever shedding light.
Looking at it I am unable to suppress
The sorrows that from within do flight.

Travelling on paths and roads, first to last,
You've deigned to come, devoted and fast.
Feasting and airing in the gathering,
Everyone treasures the friendship in the past.

Amid the scarce stars the moon is bright
To the south the blackbird is on its flight,
Turning around the tree for three times,
Looking for a bough on which to alight.

Rejecting no dusts, the mountain reaches sky;
Rejecting no waters, the ocean goes not dry.
The Duke of Chow spat his food thrice a day,
And the world was united with a single tie.

(Trans. Long Jingyao)

望月懷遠¹

張九齡²

海上生明月，天涯共此時。
情人怨遙夜，竟夕起相思。
滅燭憐光滿，披衣覺露滋。
不堪盈手贈，還寢夢佳期。

¹ 唐詩三百首. 黃山書社, 2005:77.

² Zhang Jiuling (張九齡, 673–740), a prominent minister, noted poet and scholar of the Tang Dynasty, served as chancellor during the reign of Emperor Xuanzong.

Translation:

Missing the Far-away Lover in the Moonlight

Zhang Jiuling

The bright moon rises high above the sea,
And this moment thrills people of every part.
Tortured by this sleepless lengthy night, lovers
Sit up, missing the one treasured in each heart.
Candle-flames put out, the moon sheds rays,
Gowns put on, dew-drops enclose like many a dart.
One cannot bring the rays to others with his palms,
Then for the fair re-unity dreams you must depart.

(Trans. Wang Yanhua)

死水¹

聞一多²

這是一溝絕望的死水，
清風吹不起半點漪淪。
不如多扔些破銅爛鐵，
爽性潑你的剩菜殘羹。
也許銅的要綠成翡翠，
鐵罐上鏽出幾瓣桃花；
再讓油膩織一層羅綺，
黴菌給他蒸出些雲霞。
讓死水酵成一溝綠酒，
飄滿了珍珠似的白沫；
小珠們笑聲變成大珠，
又被偷酒的花蚊咬破。
那麼一溝絕望的死水，
也就誇得上幾分鮮明。
如果青蛙耐不住寂寞，
又算死水叫出了歌聲。
這是一溝絕望的死水，
這裏斷不是美的所在，
不如讓給醜惡來開墾，
看它造出個什麼世界。

¹ 聞一多. 紅燭 死水. 復旦大學出版社, 2006:145.

² Wen Yiduo (聞一多, 1899–1946) was a Chinese poet and scholar. He was born in Xishui County, Hubei. In 1922, he traveled to the United States to study fine arts and literature at the Art Institute of Chicago. It was during this time that his first collection of poetry, *Red Candle*, was published. In 1928, his second collection, *Dead Water*, was published. His poetry was influenced by Western models.

Translation:

Stagnant Water

Wen Yiduo

This is a ditch of desperate, stagnant water,
Even the breeze can scarcely riffle it slightly;
Better than throw more scrap and castoff mental,
One might as well pour remnants and garbage.

The copper might wrap with emerald patina,
Tin cans might rust in a form of peach petals;
Let oily scum weave a gauzy shroud above,
And bacteria propagate enthralling stratus.

Let the stagnant water ferment to be green wine,
With white foam like pearls floating above;
The tittering of small pearls makes large ones,
Then break up by the bites of bibulous mosquitos.

Thus such a ditch of desperate, stagnant water,
May boast a bit on the certain flowery;
And if lonely frogs break the stillness,
It is the singing of the stagnant water.

This is a ditch of desperate, stagnant water;
Here, beyond doubt, is not the cradle of Beauty;
Best let the Demon of Ugliness plough up,
And view what He can make of it.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

口供¹

聞一多

我不騙你，我不是什麼詩人，
縱然我愛的是白石的堅貞，
青松和大海，鴉背馱著夕陽，
黃昏裏織滿了蝙蝠的翅膀。
你知道我愛英雄，還愛高山，
我愛一幅國旗在風中招展，
自從鵝黃到古銅色的菊花。
記著我的糧食是一壺苦茶！

¹ 聞一多. 紅燭 死水. 復旦大學出版社, 2006:129.

Translation:

Confession

Wen Yiduo

I am not joking, I am not so-called poet,
Even though what I love is the pure of marble,
Green pine and the sea, the setting sun on the crow's back,
Weaved itself all around the bats' wrings in dusk.
You know I love heroes, and the high mountains
I love the national flag fluttering in the breeze,
And chrysanthemums from the light yellow to antique brass.
Don't forget that my food is a pot of bitter tea!

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

秋晚的江上¹

劉大白²

歸巢的鳥兒
儘管是倦了
還馱著斜陽回去
雙翅一翻
把斜陽掉在江上
頭白的蘆葦
也妝成一瞬的紅顏了

¹ 廢名, 朱英誕. 新詩講稿. 北京大學出版社, 2004:149.

² Liu Dabai (劉大白, 1880–1932), a Chinese poet and scholar, was born in Shaoxing City, Zhejiang. In May 4th Movement, as a leader of The Vernacular Movement he promulgated the writing of vernacular language. His representative works include "Old Dreams", "Seal with a Kiss" and so on.

Translation:

Nightfall on the Autumn River

Liu Dabai

The returning bird
Though tired
Still loads the setting sun back.
She slants her wings swiftly
Upsetting the sun into the river
While the white-haired reeds
Are dressed up in gules

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

再別康橋¹

徐志摩²

輕輕的我走了，
正如我輕輕的來；
我輕輕的招手，
作別西天的雲彩。

那河畔的金柳，
是夕陽中的新娘；
波光裏的豔影，
在我的心頭蕩漾。

軟泥上的青荇，
油油的在水底招搖；
在康河的柔波裏，
我甘心做一條水草！

那榆蔭下的一潭，
不是清泉，
是天上虹；
揉碎在浮藻間，
沉澱著彩虹似的夢。

尋夢？撐一支長篙，
向青草更青處漫溯；
滿載一船星輝，
在星輝斑斕裏放歌。

但我不能放歌，
悄悄是別離的笙簫；

¹ 徐志摩. 再別康橋. 雲遊. 復旦大學出版社, 2005:201.

² Xu Zhimo(徐志摩, 1897–1931), a noted Chinese poet in the 20th century. He wrote poems, essays and short stories. His most famous works include "Farewell to Cambridge Again", "One Night in Florence" and so forth.

夏蟲也為我沉默，
沉默是今晚的康橋！

悄悄的我走了，
正如我悄悄的來；
我揮一揮衣袖，
不帶走一片雲彩。

Translation:

Farewell to Cambridge Again

Xu Zhimo

Quietly I went,
Just as very quietly I came,
Quietly I waved,
Bid farewell to the west clouds.

The golden willows on the bank
Are the brides of the dusk;
Their reflections on the shimmering waves
Always ripple in my heart.

Water plants in the sludge,
Swings leisurely under water;
In the gentle waves of Cambridge,
I would rather be a waterweed.

The deep pool under elms
Holes not water but a heavenly rainbow
Which is mashed in duckweeds,
Leaving the sediment of a rainbow-like dream.

Seeking a dream? Just to pole a boat
Toward the depths of greener grass;
Having a boat loaded with starlight,
And singing aloud in the splendor of the starlight.

But I cannot sing aloud,
Quietness is my parting music;
Summer bugs also keep silent for me.
Silence is the night of Cambridge!

Quietly I went,
Just as very quietly I came,
I waved my sleeves,
Not to take a cloud away.

(Trans. Hong Danhong)

雨巷¹

戴望舒²

撐著油紙傘，獨自
彷徨在悠長、悠長
又寂寥的雨巷，
我希望逢著
一個丁香一樣地
結著愁怨的姑娘。

她是有
丁香一樣的顏色，
丁香一樣的芬芳，
丁香一樣的憂愁，
在雨中哀怨，
哀怨又彷徨；

她彷徨在這寂寥的雨巷，
撐著油紙傘
像我一樣
像我一樣地
默默彳亍著
冷漠、淒清，又惆悵。

她默默地走近
走近，又投出
太息一般的眼光
她飄過
像夢一般地，
像夢一般地淒婉迷茫。

像夢中飄過

¹ 戴望舒. 戴望舒精選集. 燕山出版社, 2006:15.

² Dai Wangshu (戴望舒, 1905–1950) was an outstanding Chinese poet in the 20th century. His most famous work is “Rainy Alley”.

一枝丁香的，
我身旁飄過這女郎；
她靜默地遠了，遠了，
到了頽圯的籬牆，
走盡這雨巷。

在雨的哀曲裏
消了她的顏色，
散了她的芬芳
消散了，甚至她的
太息般的眼光，
丁香般的惆悵。

撐著油紙傘，獨自
彷徨在悠長，悠長
又寂寥的雨巷，
我希望飄過
一個丁香一樣地
結著愁怨的姑娘。

Translation:

Rainy Alley

Dai Wangshu

Holding an oil-paper umbrella
I am wandering along a long, long
And lonely rainy alley,
I hope to encounter a lilac-like girl
Full of melancholy.

She has lilac-like color.
She possesses lilac-like fragrance.
She grows lilac-like worries.
In the rain she is sad.
Sadly she is wandering alone.

She is wandering in this lonely rainy alley,
Holding an oil-paper umbrella
Just like me
Walking silently
Impassive, chilly, and disconsolation.

She is silently coming closer to me
With a sigh, casting a glance at me.
She is passing by me
Like a dream,
A blurry dream-like confusion.

Like a lilac passing by my dream
The girl is passing by me.
She is silently going away, away,
Towards the ruined bamboo fence,
To the end of this rainy lane.

In the sad song of rain
Her color and fragrance is fading away.
All have been vanishing,
Even her sign-like glance
And her lilac-like disconsolation.

Holding a oil-paper umbrella,
I am wandering alone a long, long
And lonely rainy alley
I wish a lilac-like girl could pass by me
Full of melancholy.

(Trans. Hong Danhong)

笑¹

林徽因²

笑的是她的眼睛，口唇，
和唇邊渾圓的旋渦。
豔麗如同露珠，
朵朵的笑向
貝齒的閃光裏躲。
那是笑—神的笑，美的笑；
水的映影，風的輕歌。

笑的是她惺松的鬢發，
散亂的挨著她的耳朵。
輕軟如同花影，
癢癢的甜蜜
湧進了你的心窩。
那是笑—詩的笑，畫的笑：
雲的留痕，浪的柔波。

¹ 楊芳芳. 新月派詩選. 長江文藝出版社, 2006:127.

² Lin Huiyin (林徽因, 1904–1955), a noted Chinese architect and writer in the 20th century, was said to be the first female architect in China. Lin Huiyin wrote poems, essays, short stories and plays. Many of her works were praised for subtlety, beauty and creativity. Her most famous work is "You Are the April of This world—Ode to Love".

Translation:

Smile

Lin Huiyin

It's her eyes, her lips,
And her perfect dimples that smile.
Shining like dew,
Hide into the sparkling teeth
Smile after smile.
That's smile — Godly smile, fairy smile;
The shadow of water, the whisper of wind.

What smiles is the sleepy curly hair
That scatters around her ears.
Tender as flower shadow,
Itchy sweetness
Rushes into your heart.
That's smile — poetry-like, painting-like:
The trace of cloud, the ripple of wave.

(Trans. Lin Yanhua)

雨後天¹

林徽因

我愛這雨後天，
這平原的青草一片！
我的心沒底止的跟著風吹，
風吹：
吹遠了香草，落葉，
吹遠了一縷雲，像煙 —
像煙。

¹ 林徽因. 林徽因詩文集. 北京理工大學出版社, 2009.

Translation:

The Day after Rain

Lin Huiyin

I love the day after rain,
A patch of grass of the plain.
My heart goes endlessly with the wind
With the wind:
Blow away the fragrance of grass, the fallen leaves,
And a wisp of cloud, just like smoke—
Just like smoke.

(Trans. Lin Yanhua)

拆那！南鑼鼓巷¹

丹飛²

他們前天叫你南鑼鼓巷
很少照面的街坊和二十四小時小店
昨天只剩孤單的路牌和半條街的瓦礫
我在今天仰頭看高樓連天拔地

有一瞬間的欣喜過後漫長的窒息
明天鳥在哪根枝頭做巢給一家老小睡
拆那就沒有了拆那全沒有了
什麼都沒有你活在誰的記憶

你的名字叫做南鑼鼓巷
曾經你是北京夜色的標記
拆那你還有你旁邊的大小經廠胡同
卷舌頭的姑娘你的夢安放在哪里

奶奶的奶奶說小巷和胡同就是北京城
我以為它們就是北京的毛細血管
拆那就沒有了拆那全沒有了
城市成了只有動脈和靜脈的軀體

彩色的粉飾掩飾不住蒼白的膚色
冰冷的巨人溫暖不了懸在半空的心
走到哪兒都是一張相同的表情
尋找方向的我們啊迷失了自己

那一夜經過我的青春和愛情
那一夜奪走天空和堅實的大地
拆那就沒有了拆那全沒有了
叫你一聲成為我和你唯一的交集

¹ <http://danyu.ycool.com/>

² Daniel Fei Dan(丹飛, 1975-), a Chinese contemporary poet, writer and critic.

拆那南鑼鼓巷拆那南鑼鼓巷
拆那南鑼鼓巷拆那南鑼鼓巷
拆那就沒有了拆那全沒有了
瓷器碎了碎片也不見了就算了吧

Translation:

CHINA! Nan Luoguxiang

Daniel Fei Dan

You were called Nan Luoguxiang the day before,
Neighbors rarely visible and 24-hour stores dotted.
Last day only a lonely stop board and a half block of debris lasted,
Leaving me looking upon towers? rising out of the ground to reach
the clouds today.

A moment of joy followed by an intolerable suffocating doubting,
On which branch will a bird nest to rest the whole family?
Clear-up means nothing left, yes really not at all.
In whose memories are you living as if not having at all?

Your name was Nan Luoguxiang,
Once labelling the heat of the nights of Beijing.
You were cleared up along with Da and Xiao Jingchanghutong
nearby.
Where are you placing your dreams my r's girls?

Grandma's Grandma concluded that Beijing City means alleys and
lanes,
Which I consider as blood capillary of Beijing.
Clear-up means nothing left, yes really not at all.
The city appears to be a body with only arteries and veins.

A dazzling gloss to cover up the pale skins but in vain.
A cold-blooded giant is not expected to warm a heart in mid air,
Wandering the world, wearing a constant face.
We get lost in a fog of struggling to find our way out.

The definite night saw my youth and loveship passing by,

The definite night skies above and solid grounds were abruptly?taken
away.

Clear-up means nothing left, yes really not at all.

To the utmost of intersection
of us is to call your name loud.

CHINA! Nan Luoguxiang! Clear-up! Nan Luoguxiang!

CHINA! Nan Luoguxiang! Clear-up! Nan Luoguxiang!

Clear-up means nothing left, yes really not at all.

Scraps of a breaking china can't be found, let it go.

(Trans. Daniel Fei Dan)

舞者¹

林馥娜²

沒有風神的寶袋，沒有維塔斯海豚腔
眼與風眼，呢喃震撼人心)

男人被吸引，女人被鼓動
沒有掌聲，也不需要掌聲

誰給過弱小的生靈一次真心的讚美
誰對自身以外的世界葆有敬畏

嗚咽、怒吼、嬰啼、祈禱.....
一切都是她

生靈、智者、空心人、上帝.....
一切都不是她

從地道到電梯,由高樓至廢墟
百花即將爭妍的剎那,她的舞蹈霍然而止

於是所有人以行為進入藝術,詩歌執行洗禮
在場的人都是舞者,花朵均是聖杯

嗚咽、怒吼、嬰啼、祈禱.....
一切都是她

¹ 林馥娜. 旷野淘馥. 花城出版社, 2011:34.

² Lin Funa (林馥娜, 1970-), born in Jieyang City, Guangdong Province, is one of the famous Chinese contemporary poets.

Translation:

Dancer

Lin Funa

No Aeolus' bag of treasure, no Vitas' sound of dolphin
Her looking's hurricane-eye, her twittering's shocking the souls

Alluring men, stirring women
No Hands' clapping, refusing applauding

Who, gave lauding, even as a tip, to the puny
Who, gave revering, to the exterior

Sobbing, roaring, weeping, praying...
All of these, are part of her

The living things, sages, hollow men and God.
None of these, are her.

From subway to lift, from tower to ruins
Flowers are blooming, in a blink, freezes dancing

Then all come into art with action, and baptize by poetry
Attendants are all dancers, flowers are all grails.

Sobbing, roaring, weeping, praying...
All of these, are part of her

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

朝陽的一面向著你

楊克¹

他站在烈日下
在一輛紅色計程車旁
等你

他就像他的國家
假裝
什麼事情也不曾發生

此刻是正午
連建築物都沒有陰影

你看見的只是他的外表
就像大約二十分鐘後
被端上餐桌的那只螃蟹
有著堅硬的外殼

餐後贈送的果盤裏
有一只番茄
飽滿 鮮亮

當你輕輕咬了一口
你才發現它內心是爛的
你驚訝得差點叫出聲來

他依然不動聲色
就像刀叉下的那片蘋果
把朝陽的一面向著你

他和你重新走到陽光下分手
似乎 什麼也沒有改變
你知道 一切都早已改變

¹ Yang Ke (楊克, 1957-), one of the famous Chinese contemporary poets.

Translation:

Turning That Sun-lit Side of His in Your Direction

Yang Ke

he waits in brilliant sun
beside the crimson taxi cab-car
for you

he resembles his country
dissembling
as if nothing had ever happened

it's now right on noon
even the architecture casts no shadows

all you see of him is his outside
resembling the crab carried to your table
approximately twenty minutes later
in its hard outer casing

on the complimentary food platter
a solo persimmon sits
luscious shiny

when you gently bite into it
it's then you find that inside it's rotten
so great is your shock that you almost shout out loud

he doesn't bat an eyelid
and like the slice of apple beneath the knife
turns the sun-lit side of his in your direction

the two of you part ways once more beneath bright sunshine

as if nothing at all had altered
but you know everything's utterly altered.

(Trans. Simon Patton)

貝爾法斯特細語

—記憶貝爾法斯特之旅

張廣奎¹

貝爾法斯特，細雨濛濛，飄逸踟躕
肆意溫柔地滋潤著我的滄桑，我的臉
抬起頭，任由她醉人而又沁人心田

那雨，不是雨，是少女的絲絲香甜
溫文爾雅，如蘇州園林的春之柳風
細膩茸茸，似西湖之畔的柳之拂意

貝爾法斯特的細雨，體貼，嬌滴
那是威士卡的微醉和朦朧的清妍
疲憊的壯漢在淋浴器下閉養著雙眼

噓.....輕輕移開那遮蔽了上蒼的雨傘
閉眼.....再次緩緩仰起那張滄桑的臉
用心一，傾聽著貝爾法斯特的細語纏綿

¹ Zhang Guangkui (张广奎, 1967-), a poet, translator and professor of English.

Translation:

Belfast Drizzling

For the memory of travelling in Belfast

Zhang Guangkui

On little cat feet, we move into Belfast drizzling,
Cold but clear, warm but calm, low-pitching but exciting.
When night falls, drizzle's like fog still dropping
On the same little cat feet we came along Giant's Causeway.

Belfast comes, to him and her; to you and me,
With shaking Carrick-a-Rede Rope Bridge shaking spree.
When night rises, it drizzles on and on, soothing like herbal tea,
Moistening skins and faces with Adam's wine from faraway cay.

Belfast, maybe little, but for me, nicely gorgeous,
Drives me spoony into her bosom greatly glamorous,
Pushes me crazy into the then largest dry dock amorous,
To survey the profundity of Jack and Rose with Titanic's bray!

Good-bye! Miss Belfast. We are leaving as was leaving Titanic,
But never be ruthless, may be back again, at least Belfastsick.
Cherish your little drizzle, with and wish Belfast peaceful and meek
Value your alight nights, drunk with your whisky for prey and to
pray.

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

每一次

張廣奎

每一次，當我…你可知道？
你不可能…其實，也不知道。

真的希望你能…可你沒能。
吝嗇如黑夜。你不可能…！

Translation:

Every Time

Zhang Guangkui

Every time when I...you know,
You couldn't... and don't know.

I wish you could...but you couldn't.
Tight like night. You couldn't...!

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Peter Daniels

Peter Daniels was born in Cambridge, grew up in Birmingham and has now lived in London more than half his life. He published his long-awaited first full collection *Counting Eggs* with Mulfran Press in April 2012, following several pamphlets including *Mr Luczinski Makes a Move* with Happen Stance (2011) and three with Smith Doorstop, twice as a winner of the Poetry Business competition. He has won a number of other poetry competitions including the Ledbury (2002), Arvon (2008), TLS (2010) and Ver (2010).

In 2009 he held a Hawthornden Fellowship during which he began translating the Russian poet Vladislav Khodasevich (1886-1939); the book of his translations is due from Angel Books in 2013. Peter's website is www.peterdaniels.org.uk. The following poems are all selected from *Counting Eggs* (Mufran Press, 2012).

皮特·丹尼爾斯

皮特·丹尼爾斯 (Peter Daniels)，英國當代詩人。出生於劍橋，成長於伯明翰，現居倫敦。相繼出版多部個人詩歌專集，2012年4月再由 Mulfran 出版社出版了期待已久的詩集《數蛋》。曾多次獲得 Ledbury (2002)，Arvon (2008)，TLS (2010)，Ver (2010) 等詩歌獎項。

2009年丹尼爾斯榮獲 Hawthornden 研究基金，開始翻譯俄國詩人弗拉基米爾·霍達謝維奇 (Vladislav Khodasevich) 的作品，譯作將於2013年由 Angel Books 出版。其個人網站為：www.peterdaniels.org.uk。此處所選詩歌均出自《數蛋》(Counting Eggs, Mufran Press, 2012)。

In the Deep

Peter Daniels

Were you down in the deep
and they had to drag you up
gasping for air in the night,
holding yourself in the grim bucket,
taking the sides with clawing hands
to the top, against the pull on every molecule?

Peace down there
is a slow drip in the dark,
and the creatures have no colour,
no eyes as you think of eyes,
but they have lips and they feel,
they have insides, they have nerves of milk.

Necessary as water, this dark,
and the disappearing into it.
Springs underground trickling
feed the tunnels, they fill where
you swim under the overworld,
underneath Cape Town, Jakarta, Milwaukee.

There are others, unknown,
unidentifiable,
inside the deep, seeking
with fingertips to recognise
from long ago facing you on trains,
on buses, sharing the bumpy old mailcoach.

Once in the open, at Stratford,
I saw a dragonfly enter the train
and my mind had to direct it
out, before the sliding doors

closed on a journey down the tube,
the rest of its life an unprecedented mileage:

a mercy forced upon me
for this airborne life
hatched out of the mud.
My element chooses me.
I let the bucket lift me up
and out, from the deep watery murk, my hemlock.

Translation:

在深處

皮特·丹尼爾斯

你是否躲在深處，
他們不得不把你拖上來，
喘息著呼吸夜裏的空氣，
在陰冷的桶裏抱住你自己，
爪子抓住身體兩側，
直到頂部，每個分子都反抗著拉力？

深處的寧靜
是黑暗裏緩慢的一滴，
而動物們沒有顏色，
沒有你所想像的眼睛，
但它們有嘴唇，它們能感覺，
它們有內心，它們有牛奶的神經。

像水一樣必需，這黑暗，
以及這黑暗深處的消失。
地下的泉水慢慢滴落，
流入地道。它們匯滿
天國之下你游泳的地方，
在開普敦，雅加達，密爾沃基之下。

還有其他一些，未知名的，
無法識別，
藏在深處，用指尖
尋找，為了辨認
很久以前在火車上，在汽車上，
共用那顛簸的老郵車時面對的你。

曾經在野外，在斯特拉特福，
我看見一只蜻蜓飛進火車，

而我的理智不得不指引它
飛出去，在滑動門關閉之前，
在一次地鐵旅途中，
它的餘生是一段空前的里程：

一種慈悲逼迫著我，
為了這泥地裏孵出的
飛行中的生命。
我的天性選擇了我。
我讓桶把我拉上去，走出來，
自那陰濕的黑暗的深處，我的毒藥。

（舒丹丹 譯）

At the Forest Pool

Peter Daniels

There's a fiddler – he's in a village band, but he's more than that.
He can strike up truth, he's honest with his honey tone:
That's his love, but it doesn't get enough of what he wants,
and he can't find the way beyond it with his bow.
So he goes to the woods. The woods are dark and cold,
and it's been snowing but it didn't stay, only the feeling of snow.
He follows the path to the pool near the top of the wood,
where the pine needles are thick and his feet ruffle them.
The pool is unfrozen, a rill trickles into it but doesn't
stir it up, the surface is glassy. He walks up to the pool
and the pool says to him:

“This is your last chance.

You don't remember the other chances.
We're losing patience, and you've been losing time.
Don't expect to find your tune like anyone
tapping a foot and following a line. Pick it up and play it
when the glasses are empty and the night opens the door.
Use your elbow to guide what's there, your love
makes you ready for a harder beginning.
Here's your life in a longer scrape of the bow.
This pool will stay beside you all the time,
but we're leaving you now
until a deeper visit.”

Translation:

林間池塘邊

皮特·丹尼爾斯

有一位小提琴手——身在鄉村樂隊，但又超出了它。
他能演奏真理，誠實於他甜蜜的音調：
那是他的愛，但它沒能充分表達他的渴望，
他無法用他的弓弦找到除此以外的路。
於是他去到林間。林子陰暗又寒冷，
一直飄著雪，但雪沒有停留，只是些微雪意。
他沿著小路去到林邊的池塘，
那裏松針綿厚，他的腳擾亂了它們。
池塘沒有結冰，一條小溪涓涓匯入，但沒有
驚起波瀾，水面平靜如鏡。他走向池塘，
池塘對他說：

“這是你最後的機緣。

你記不得別的機緣了。
我們正失去耐心，而你一直在失去時間。
別指望像任何人一樣隨著樂譜輕拍一只腳
就能找到你的曲調。當玻璃杯喝空，
夜晚打開了門，拿起它，演奏。
用你的手肘指引那兒的一切，你的愛
會讓你做好準備，迎接一場更艱難的開始。
你將生活在一聲更悠長的琴聲裏。
這個池塘會永遠呆在你身邊，
但現在我們要離開你了，
直到下一次更深沉的來訪。”

（舒丹丹 譯）

Discover London

Peter Daniels

Say it in the dullness of the afternoon cloud,
say it fresh-hearted as the new laid egg:
there are no discoveries in London.
London is a ship aground in its river,
voyaging through the changes of driftwood,
so each tide it arrives, and it arrives
under all the routine varieties of sunset.

Here are the nine urban moods; the eight entertainments;
the seven choices of all-day breakfast
in every neighbourhood café,
passed by each red bus;
the ten million occasions daily
for someone to notice their own brick wall,
or grab at St Paul's from a train: it's their very own,
but still it's further off than they can hold,
even for a second.

Or there's that little place I've discovered
out of the way,
where East uncompromises West.
At least, it was mine just now.

Translation:

發現倫敦

皮特·丹尼爾斯

在午後雲彩的晦暗裏說它，
說它新鮮得像剛下的雞蛋：
在倫敦沒有別的發現。
倫敦是一艘擱淺在河道裏的船，
在漂流木的變幻中航行，
所以每一陣潮汐它都會到來，在夕陽
慣常的豐富多變下到來。

這裏有九種城市基調；八種娛樂；
有紅色公共汽車穿梭而過的
每一個街坊咖啡館裏
全天候早餐的七種選擇；
每天有一千萬個理由
提醒人們注意自己的磚牆，
或者從一列火車裏抓住聖保羅教堂：那是他們自己的，
卻遠非能把握的東西，
即使只是一秒鐘。

或者這就是我偏離正道發現的
那個小地方，
在那裏東方和西方互不妥協。
至少，剛才它是我的。

（舒丹丹 譯）

Endeavours

Peter Daniels

The developing symphony dreams itself into shape
till a rhythmic squealing blunders in, and the orchestra
and audience all stare at the real bedroom in the morning.

Face the dawn's opening phrases, the starling in the trellis
and low sun across the houses. Vapour trails in empty sky
in strokes like a double W, the morning arrivals.

The stripy shirt today. It chooses my mood. I suit it.
The streets are all laid open for the walk to the station.
The trains are full of people who also chose wakefulness.

Off to the endeavours of our lives, submitting to
the truth, or creating it; leading a life of honour
with pen, drill, scalpel, sword, and book of experience.

The others this morning on our derailable transport
share with me this place of dirt and disagreement,
hold it together in between stations, between dreams.

Translation:

努力

皮特·丹尼爾斯

進行中的交響樂夢見自己成形，
直到一陣有節奏的振鳴聲闖入，樂隊
和聽眾全都盯著早晨這間真實的臥室。

面對黎明的起首樂句，棚架裏的紫翅椋鳥
和低低的太陽越過房屋。煙霧在空曠的天空漂浮，
像兩個 W 字母的筆觸，早晨來臨。

今天穿條紋襯衫。它選定了我的心情。我適合它。
街道上通往車站的路全都敞開。
火車裏滿是同樣選擇了不眠的人。

走向生活的努力，歸順
真理，或創造它；過一種體面的生活，
與筆，常規，解剖刀，劍，和經驗之書同道。

這個早晨在我們脫軌的火車上的其他人
與我一起分享這片塵垢與喧囂之地，
在車站之間，在夢之間，將它連接在一起。

（舒丹丹 譯）

Persephone

Peter Daniels

Our bus drove us past orchards of citrus and loquat
and Enna on a height above us.

It was April, Persephone's month of flowers.

In Catania was a park with a calendar of stones,
daily rearranged with the date. Wedding couples
posing in front of their very own day.

The foreground was a pond, with one white swan
and one black swan. One wrong look,
and that pond could take you right down to Hades.

Translation:

珀爾塞福涅

皮特·丹尼爾斯

公共汽車載著我們穿過柑橘和枇杷園，
而恩納在我們高處。
這是四月，花兒們的珀爾塞福涅之月。

卡塔尼亞某座公園裏有個石頭日曆，
每天更新日期。新婚夫婦
在屬於他們的特別的日子前擺著姿勢。

前景是一座水池，水上一只白天鵝
和一只黑天鵝。一個錯誤的眼神，
那個水池就能把你徑直帶往冥府。

（舒丹丹 譯）

The Pump

Peter Daniels

After piped water, the pump becomes redundant,
the handle chained down at the side: at rest, if you like.
The pump turns into “what we used to have” ,
but no one's minded to get rid of it.
With war declared they strip it down and oil it
in case Hitler bombs the reservoirs, but
water stays on tap. It's part of the yard,
with the paving in dark blue brick sluiced out
with a broom down to the drain.
A piece of ironwork painted green,
rusting into the wall, all of a piece.

It's what they call “the vernacular” .
Flowers in tubs do brighten it up, the pump
redone in white, the name of the foundry and the date
picked out in black. It punctuates the composition,
sets off the door to the kitchen, the stone basin
where they used to put the bucket
planted up with nasturtiums that trail.
The place all spruce for the visitors,
now the redundant pump can stand for
all the strength it took the kitchen girl to crank it
and crank it till the steely water came up at last, and at last
she could find time to become somebody's grandmother.
Somebody look at the pump and think of her.

Translation:

水泵

皮特·丹尼爾斯

管道輸水後，水泵變得多餘，
手柄垂在一邊：休息，如果你願意。
水泵變成“我們過去擁有的東西”，
但沒有人想要毀棄它。
宣戰後，他們把它拆下來，塗上潤滑油，
以防希特勒炸毀水庫，水
仍可隨時取用。它是院子的一部分，
連同暗藍色地磚裏被沖出的鋪路材料，
連同一把流向排水溝的掃帚。
一塊漆成綠色的鐵製品，
在牆裏生鏽了，整整一塊。

這就是他們稱之為“民間風格”的東西。
木盆裏的花為之生輝，水泵
被重新漆成白色，鑄造者的名字和日期
用黑色描出。它打破了格局，
襯托出廚房的門，過去
他們放置水桶的石頭水池
種上了蔓生的旱金蓮。
為了訪客這個地方變得整潔一新，
現在這多餘的水泵可以代表
所有的力量，它曾讓那廚房裏的女孩轉動曲柄，
轉啊轉啊直到冷冰冰的水終於流出，她終於
可以有足夠的時間變成某人的祖母。
某人會望著水泵並想起她。

（舒丹丹 譯）

St Katharine's Dock

Peter Daniels

In clear brown water you can make out fish
clustering in groups, four or five abreast.

A sky full of helicopters, and behind them
airliners, they bring importance, trade, prosperity.

Sacks and planks on the wharveside, loaded
and unloaded. Smoke and tar flattening the breeze.

The docks refurbished with cafés and shops:
cocktail dresses, flowers, marzipan, porcelain.

Three hundred yards from here my great grandmother
lived in a tenement a step from the poorhouse.

Rusty freighters from the Baltic or the Black Sea;
businessmen for lunch, from Paris and Brussels.

Refugees from pogroms, eight to a room.
Little black fishes gathering round the piers.

Translation:

聖凱瑟琳碼頭

皮特·丹尼爾斯

在清澈的褐水中你能辨認出魚兒
成群地聚在一起，四五條排成一行。

天空中滿是直升飛機，後面
是客機，它們帶來重要性，貿易，繁榮。

碼頭邊的麻袋和木板，裝載
又卸載。煙霧和焦油壓倒了微風。

碼頭上咖啡館和商店整修一新：
女式禮服，鮮花，杏仁蛋白軟糖，瓷器。

離這兒三百碼我的曾祖母
曾住在離貧民所一步之遙的出租屋裏。

生鏽的貨船來自波羅的海或黑海；
享用午餐的商人，來自巴黎和布魯塞爾。

逃避迫害的難民，八個人一間房。
小小的黑魚聚集在橋墩周圍。

（舒丹丹 譯）

Liverpool St

Peter Daniels

Meeting at unappointed times, crossing the marble floors
of the refurbished terminus, we celebrate with food, choosing
station pastries or cartons of burger-fries; and we talk
on the train, or sometimes we don't; sometimes that matters,
for reasons of living together, making our way home.

Tonight on the five-forty-five, the couple sitting opposite
get working on separate crosswords like in-trays of invoices,
till one anagram calls out for the full attention of two;
and silently they distribute all of the concatenations,
finding between them the unspoken words to balance the clues.

Catching up with each other halfway to where we're going
any day is a possibility; and an unexpected extra.
We meet in a station, or we coincide in the bathroom,
we cross and merge in parallels less than a pillow apart:
joined-up people, finding the world as wide as our bed.

Translation:

利物浦街

皮特·丹尼爾斯

不期而遇，穿過終點站翻新的
大理石地板，我們挑選車站糕點
或盒裝漢堡薯條，以食物相慶；在火車上
我們交談，或者沉默；有時這很重要，
為了共同生活的理由，走向回家的路。

今晚在 545 列車上，坐在對面的夫婦
玩著各自檔盤一樣的填字遊戲，
直到某個遊戲吸引兩人全部的注意；
他們靜默地發散所有的聯想，在他們之間
找到與暗示相協調的未說出的詞語。

在通往目的地的半途中追趕上彼此，
任何日子都是一種可能，和意想不到的例外。
我們相遇在車站，或者同在浴室，
我們擦肩而過又漸漸消失，比一只分離的枕頭更小：
連結在一起的人們，發現這個世界和我們的床一樣寬。

（舒丹丹 譯）

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Lu Xun

Lu Xun (魯迅, 1881–1936) is the pen name of Zhou Shuren (周樹人), one of the major Chinese writers of the 20th century, the leading figure of modern Chinese literature and the head of the League of the Left-Wing Writers in Shanghai. He is a short story writer, editor, translator, critic, essayist and poet, whose writings influenced generations after May 4th Movement¹ in China.

Lu Xun's works mainly include *Call to Arms* (《吶喊》, 1923), *Wandering* (《彷徨》, 1925), (the two are often taken to mark the beginning of modern Chinese literature, and are established classics.) *Brief History of Chinese Fiction* (《中國小說史略》, 1925) — a substantial study of pre-modern Chinese literature, *Old Tales Retold*, (《故事新編》, 1935), *Wild Grass* (《野草》, 1927), and *Dawn Blossoms Plucked at Dusk* (《朝花夕拾》, 1932) — a collection of essays about his youth.

As a poet, Lu Xun had not produced too much, but most of his lines are classical and like his fiction or essay writings, often satirical and ironic. Most of his poems are in the Chinese classical style, the others, not many, in the modern style and in ballad style. The sections here are frequently cited, containing some very famous expressions. The selections here mostly reflect his dissatisfaction with the then social phenomenon: the lasting civil war between the Chinese Communist Party and Kuomintang, social turbulence, assassination, massacre.... Since Lu Xun was some leftist, some of his poetry depicts Kuomintang's cruelty in the Kuomintang-controlled Area. All the poems here selected are from *The Complete Prose and Poetry of Lu Xun* (People's Literature Publishing House, 2006).

¹ The May 4th Movement was an anti-imperialist, cultural, and political movement growing out of student demonstrations in Beijing on May 4, 1919, protesting the Chinese government's weak response to the Treaty of Versailles, especially the Shandong Problem. These demonstrations sparked national protests and marked the upsurge of Chinese nationalism, a shift towards political mobilization and away from cultural activities, and a move towards populist base rather than intellectual elite. The broader use of the term "May 4th Movement" often refers to the period during 1915–1921 more often called the New Culture Movement.

魯迅

魯迅，生於 1881，卒於 1936；原名，周樹人。被公認為中國二十世紀最偉大的作家之一，中國現代文學的領軍人物和中國左翼作家聯盟的領袖。他以短篇小說、雜文、詩歌和批評家而聞名於世，同時他還做過編輯和譯者等。

中國“五四運動”之後，魯迅的作品具有深遠的影響，特別是在 1949 年中華人民共和國成立之後受到中國共產黨的高度認可。儘管他有著左翼的傾向，但是，他並沒有加入過中國共產黨。

魯迅的作品主要包括《吶喊》（1923），《彷徨》（1925），（這兩部經典作品標誌著中國現代文學的開端），《中國小說史略》（1925），《故事新編》（1935），《野草》，（1927），《朝花夕拾》（1932）。他的作品通過始於 1960 年的翻譯為西方所瞭解，其中包括《魯迅短篇小說選》（*Selected Stories of Lu Hsun*），由著名翻譯家楊憲益和夫人戴乃迭翻譯。2009 年，“企鵝經典”（Penguin Classics）出版了《阿 Q 正傳和其他中國故事》（*The Real Story of Ah-Q and Other Tales of China: The Complete Fiction of Lu Xun*）。關於他的寫作風格，“冷嘲熱諷”是最好的寫照。以他名字命名的“魯迅文學獎”是中國文學界的一個大獎。

作為詩人，魯迅產量不豐，但是，其詩作多為經典之作。其詩作也像小說和雜文一樣充滿了時世的諷刺與挖苦。他的詩歌多為中國舊體詩，其他還有少量新體詩和民謠體詩歌。詩作雖少，但不乏人們常常引用的經典之句。此處所選詩歌多反映了詩人對當時中國社會的不滿：中國共產黨和國民黨之間的長期內戰，社會動盪不安，國民黨的暗殺和屠殺不斷等等。由於魯迅為左翼成員，他的詩歌自然多描寫了在國民黨統治區國民黨的殘酷統治。以下詩歌均選自《魯迅散文詩歌全編》（人民文學出版社，2006）：

自題小像

魯迅

靈臺無計逃神矢，
風雨如磐暗故園。
寄意寒星荃不察，
我以我血薦軒轅。

一九〇三年

Translation:

A Self-Inscription on My Own Photograph

Lu Xun

A Self-Inscription on My Own Photograph,
The Holy Altar cannot avert the god's arrow,
Storm like millstone is crushing and darkening this homeland.
Unrecognized by monarch, I pin my hope onto the cold stars,
And to Cathay, I have my blood to sacrifice.

1903

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

送 O · E · 君攜蘭歸國

魯迅

椒焚桂折佳人老，
獨托幽岩展素心。
豈惜芳馨遺遠者，
故鄉如醉有荆榛。

一九三一年

Translation:

See O · E · Off On His Taking Orchids Back to His Country

Lu Xun

The pepper-tree burnt, the cassia split, and the beauty stricken,
The heart's pureness is blooming on a secluded rock of glen.
We are not sparing the sweet-smelling for the guest from afar,
But thorns are all over the drunken-like motherland near and far.

1931

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

無題

魯迅

慣於長夜過春時，
挈婦將雛鬢有絲。
夢裏依稀慈母淚，
城頭變幻大王旗。
忍看朋輩成新鬼，
怒向刀叢覓小詩。
吟罷低眉無寫處，
月光如水照緇衣。

一九三一年

Translation:

Untitled

Lu Xun

(I have grown used to endless spring nights)
I have grown used to endless spring nights,
Taking refuge with wife and son, and hair's been grey.
Dimly in a dream I see my kind mother's tears,
While the flags are changing on the top of city walls.
Seeing with pain my friends become new apparitions,
I'm searching an angry poem from the swords bush.
After frowning and chanting, yet I've no place to note down,
With moonlight like water glimmering on my black gown.

1931

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

無題二首

魯迅

其一

大江日夜向東流，
聚義群雄又遠遊。
六代綺羅成舊夢，
石頭城上月如鉤。

其二

雨花台邊埋斷戟，
莫愁湖裏餘微波。
所思美人不可見，
歸憶江天發浩歌。

一九三一年

Translation:

Two Untitled Poems

(Day and night the mighty River flows eastward)

Lu Xun

1

Day and night the mighty River flows eastward;
The group of heroes are again on their new road.
Now into dreams is the Six Dynasties' splendor;
Above the Stone City hangs a crescent like a hanger.

2

At the Rainflower Terrace the broken halberds are half buried;
The Lake of Grieve-not is still somewhat rippled.
The yearning Beauty cannot be found any longer;
The loud singing resounds in the sky above the river.

1931

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

湘靈歌

魯迅

昔聞湘水碧如染，今聞湘水胭脂痕。
湘靈妝成照湘水，皎如皓月窺彤雲。
高丘寂寞竦中夜，芳荃零落無餘春。
鼓完瑤瑟人不聞，太平成象盈秋門。

一九三一年

Translation:

The Song of the Goddess of the Xiang River

Lu Xun

The Xiang River is as green as dyed, it was said,
But now they tell me She seems rouge-stained.
The Goddess uses the River as her mirror after dressing,
Clean and clear as bright moon through crimson cloud peeping.
The high hill feels lonely and scared at midnight;
The fragrant plants are withered and fallen with spring gone.
The jade lute dies out; the player fades away:
The scene of peace is ornamented all over the city.

1931

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

自嘲

魯迅

運交華蓋欲何求，
未敢翻身已碰頭。
破帽遮顏過鬧市，
漏船載酒泛中流。
橫眉冷對千夫指，
俯首甘為孺子牛。
躲進小樓成一統，
管他冬夏與春秋。

一九三二年

Translation:

A Self-Mockery

Lu Xun

Fate was doomed, what could I do?
Head has banged on the point of my turn.
Shabby hat slouches along the noisy street,
Wine-boat is leaking adrift on the torrent.
Coldly facing lots of fingers of wrath,
I'm willing to bow as a tame ox for children.
Hiding in a little house, snug as a bug in a rug,
Who cares the changing seasons, winter or spring!

1932

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

悼丁君

魯迅

如磬夜氣壓重樓，
剪柳春風導九秋。
瑤瑟凝塵清怨絕，
可憐無女耀高丘。

一九三三年

Translation:

Mourning Ding Ling

Lu Xun

The night is heavy and low on different buildings;
Spring winds clipping the willows make late autumn.
Thick dust is on the jade lute, and music becomes silent.
Alas ! Now nobody else can bring more glory than you.

1933

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

秋夜有感

魯迅

綺羅幕後送飛光，
柏栗叢邊作道場。
望帝終教芳草變，
迷陽聊飾大田荒。
何來酪果供千佛，
難得蓮花似六郎。
中夜雞鳴風雨集，
起然煙捲覺新涼。

一九三四年

Translation:

Reflections on an Autumn Night

Lu Xun

Time is flying behind the luxurious silk curtains;
Taoist rites are performed at the wooden Land God.
The cuckoo's singing in autumn is fading flowers ,
Thorns lonely adorn the wide withered land.
Whence can be paid tributes to the Buddha?
No more lotus resembles the 6th Son of the Yangs.
Cocks crow at midnight in the wind and rain;
Rising to smoke, I feel the fresh coolness.

1934

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

About *Verse Version*

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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 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 ISSN 2051-526X in the United Kingdom, published by LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

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關於《詩譯》

關於《詩譯》

作為英漢詩歌譯介和交流的專業平臺，張廣奎先生創辦、主編的英國註冊期刊《詩·譯》(Verse Version)是以詩歌譯介和詩學研究為宗旨、兼文學與學術為一體的非營利季刊。《詩·譯》欄目包括《英詩東渡》、《漢韻西遊》、《英語詩人及詩歌推薦》和《漢語詩人及詩歌推薦》。本期刊由英國獅人出版有限公司 (LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD) 出版發行，國際標準刊號為 ISSN 2051-526X。

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