



Vol. 2 No. 4 December 2013

VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guangpu

VERSE  **VERSION**
Vol. 2 No. 4 December 2013



LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD

ISSN 2051-526X

Verse Version

Vol.2 No.4 December 2013

Chief Editor

Zhang Guangkui

Sponsored by

Guangdong University of Finance & Economics

LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD

SUITE 108 CHASE BUSINESS CENTRE-CHD 39-41 CHASE SIDE LONDON

N14 5BP UNITED KINGDOM

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Publisher: LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD: SUITE 108 CHASE BUSINESS CENTRE-CHD 39-41 CHASE SIDE LONDON N14 5BP UNITED KINGDOM

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Editorial Email Address: VerseVersion@163.com

Website: [http:// www.verseversion.com](http://www.verseversion.com)

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

Private Subscribers: All entitled to a reduced rate, with students to an extra reduction.

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**To our honourable readers,
translators and poetry enthusiasts**

English-Chinese Version

Bitter-Sweet¹

George Herbert²

Ah, my dear angry Lord,
Since thou dost love, yet strike;
Cast down, yet help afford;
Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise;
I will bewail, approve;
And all my sour-sweet days
I will lament and love.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 343.

² George Herbert (1593-1633) was a Welsh-born English poet, orator and Anglican priest. Throughout his life, he wrote religious poems characterized by a precision of language, a metrical versatility, and an ingenious use of imagery or conceits that was favoured by the metaphysical school of poets.

Translation:

苦甜

喬治·赫伯特

啊，至愛啊，盛怒的上帝，
無盡的憐愛，無情的打擊；
使沮喪心傷，卻相助承擔；
人同上帝心，我將亦如此。

抱怨會有時，美贊亦相隨；
哭泣將相伴，自強永不變；
人生難永久，苦甜各參半，
傷感自難忍，真愛永至上。

（趙嘏 譯）

Long Neglect Has Worn Away¹

Emily Jane Brontë²

Long neglect has worn away
Half the sweet enchanting smile;
Time has turned the bloom to gray;
Mold and damp the face defile.

But that lock of silky hair,
Still beneath the picture twined,
Tells what once those features were,
Paints their image on the mind.

Fair the hand that traced that line,
“Dearest, ever deem me true”;
Swiftly flew the fingers fine
When the pen that motto drew.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 945.

² Emily Jane Brontë (1818-1848) was an English novelist and poet, best remembered for her only novel, *Wuthering Heights*, now considered a classic of English literature.

Translation:

久被遺忘的時光已消逝

艾米莉·簡·勃朗特

久被遺忘的時光已消逝，
甜美迷人的笑靨不復昨日；
時光從青蔥嬪變灰白；
昔日容顏已發黴潮濕。

但那一縷青絲，
仍于畫頁之中夾藏，
描繪著昔日的模樣，
腦海裏刻畫著他們的肖像。

蒼白的手曾把那線條勾勒，
“最最親愛的，請懂我真心如舊”；
指尖靈動
筆下將那座右銘繪就。

（唐亞琪 譯）

My Heart Leaps Up¹

William Wordsworth²

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 728.

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:

我心雀躍

威廉·華茲華斯

我心雀躍，當我望見

一彎彩虹懸天邊：

曾如此，自我生命伊始；

今如此，當我長大成年；

將如此，隨我年至耄耋；

若非如此，請賜我一死。

孩童本是成人父，

願自然的虔誠，

串起我日日天天。

（唐亞琪 譯）

She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways¹

William Wordsworth

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove.
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love;

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

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

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 721.

Translation:

她棲居在杳無人跡的地方

威廉·華茲華斯

她棲居在杳無人跡的地方

依傍白鴿清泉旁

無人問津的少女

亦無人惜玉憐香

一株紫羅蘭

蘚石旁若隱半藏

——熠熠如星辰，

蒼孤懸穹放光

露西生無人知

死亦無人哀傷

而 she 已深居穴墓，唉，

與我天各一方！

（唐亞琪 譯）

When You Are Old¹

William Butler Yeats²

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face;

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 1085.

² The Irish poet and dramatist William Butler Yeats (1865-1939) was perhaps the greatest poet of the 20th century. He won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1923 and was the leader of the Irish Literary Renaissance.

Translation:

當你年老時

威廉·巴特勒·葉芝

當你年老時，發黯人欲眠
倦坐爐邊憩，請取此詩卷，
細品慢讀間，夢見昔時眼
明眸意柔柔，倒影深綿綿；
多少人愛你，玉貌逢綺年，
真情或假意，皆為你容顏，
唯獨此一人，愛你至誠魂，
縱然紅顏老，愛你歲月痕；
熊熊爐火邊，佝僂步蹣跚，
喃喃低聲語，淺淺淒淒然
愛神不復現，踱步在山巔
密密群星間，藏起他的臉。

（傅霞 譯）

From Far, from Eve and Morning¹

A. E. Housman²

From far, from eve and morning

And yon twelve-winded sky,

The stuff of life to knit me

Blew hither: here am I.

Now—for a breath I tarry

Nor yet disperse apart—

Take my hand quick and tell me,

What have you in your heart.

Speak now, and I will answer;

How shall I help you, say;

Ere to the wind's twelve quarters

I take my endless way.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 1072.

² A. E. Housman (1859-1936) was an English classical scholar and poet, best known to the general public for his cycle of poems "A Shropshire Lad".

Translation:

來自遠方，來自黃昏和晨曉

A. E. 豪斯曼

來自遠方，來自黃昏和晨曉

和十二面習風的青空

生命之息拂向我：

我在這。

就在此刻——趁我仍有一息逗留

尚未彌散於無際——

快執我之手告知我，

你心之所念。

現在說，我便能答復：

我該如何於你相助；

趁我未朝風兒拂自的十二方

踏上我的無盡之路。

(唐亞琪 譯)

To the Shade of Burns¹

Charlotte Turner Smith²

Mute is thy wild harp, now, O Bard sublime!

Who, amid Scotia's mountain solitude,

Great Nature taught to "build the lofty rhyme,"

And even beneath the daily pressure, rude,

Of laboring Poverty, thy generous blood,

Fired with the love of freedom—Not subdued

Wert thou by thy low fortune: But a time

Like this we live in, when the abject chime

Of echoing Parasite is best approved,

Was not for thee—Indignantly is fled

Thy noble Spirit; and no longer moved

By all the ills o'er which thine heart has bled,

Associate worthy of the illustrious dead,

Enjoys with them "the Liberty it loved."

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 653.

² Charlotte Turner Smith (1749-1806) was an English Romantic poet and novelist. She initiated a revival of the English sonnet, helped establish the conventions of Gothic fiction, and wrote political novels of sensibility.

Translation:

灼傷的陰影

夏洛特·特納·史密斯

沙啞是你狂野的豎琴，如今，超然的吟游詩人啊！

在蘇格蘭高地孤獨佇立

偉大的自然教會你“組構崇高的韻音”，

即使背負生活壓力，

忍受勞作貧瘠，你還是滿腔熱血

燃燒著對自由的熱情——千萬不要

屈服於卑賤的命運：但

我們生存的時代，充斥著

擁護寄生蟲的可憐之音，

——並不屬於你；你高尚的靈魂

已逃離；也不再因

病痛而滲血的心而絲毫步移，

偕同無比榮耀的死亡，

分享“摯愛的自由”。

（唐亞琪 譯）

Monody¹

Herman Melville²

To have known him, to have loved him

After loneliness long;

And then to be estranged in life,

And neither in the wrong;

And now for death to set his seal—

Ease me, a little ease, my song!

By wintry hills his hermit-mound

The sheeted snow-drifts drape,

And houseless there the snow-bird flits

Beneath the fir-trees' crape:

Glazed now with ice the cloistral vine

That hid the shyest grape.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 956.

² Herman Melville (1819-1891) was an American writer of novels, short stories and poetry. His contributions to the Western canon are the whaling novel *Moby-Dick* (1851); the short work *Bartleby, the Scrivener* (1853); the slave ship narrative *Benito Cereno* (1855); and so on.

Translation:

挽歌

赫爾曼·麥爾維爾

曾懂他，曾愛他

相伴漫漫寂寞；

隨後卻陌路相望，

彼此無非無過；

如今死神將之封喉——

放過我，哪怕一會兒，我的歌！

淒冷的山丘隱遁著他的墳塚

層層堆雪褶皺，

無家可依的雪鳥一掠而過，

冷杉的蔭影裏：

孤傲的藤蔓蒙上冰晶閃爍

掩藏著最嬌羞的葡萄。

（唐亞琪 譯）

I, Too¹

Langston Hughes²

I, too, sing America.
I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—
I too, am America.

¹ Kirsznner&Mandell.Literature: Reading, Reacting, Writing (Fifth Edition). Beijing: Peking University, 2006: 1104.

² Langston Hughes (1902-1967) was one of the best-known American writers of the twentieth century. As a member of Harlem Renaissance in the 1920s, he helped found a mature but vital African American literature.

Translation:

我，一樣

蘭斯頓·休斯

我，一樣，歌唱美利堅。
我是他們的黑色兄弟。
當客人來時，
他們命我去廚房吃飯，
但我報以一笑，
大口吞食，
漸漸長大變壯。

明天，
當客人來時，
我將在桌前吃飯。
而那時，
沒有人再敢
對我說，
“到廚房去吃，”

另外，
他們將發現我是多麼美麗
並自慚形穢——
我一樣，是美利堅人。

(趙嘏 譯)

I Walk in the Old Street¹

Louis Zukofsky²

I walk in the old street
To hear the beloved songs
A fresh
This spring night.

Like the leaves —my loves wake—
Not to be the same
Or look tireless to the stars
And a ripped doorbell.

¹ Kirszner & Mandell. *Literature: Reading, Reacting, Writing* (Fifth Edition). Beijing: Peking University, 2006: 772.

² Louis Zukofsky (1904-1978) was one of the best-known American poets of the twentieth century.

Translation:

我行走在這條舊街上

路易士·祖科夫斯基

在這個春天的夜晚，
我行走在那條舊街上
傾聽那曾經動人的歌聲
是那麼新鮮。

像春葉——我的愛神蘇醒——
但不同往昔
要麼不知疲倦地凝視著群星
要麼渴望著那破敗的門鈴。

（趙嘏 譯）

Help, Help!

Zhang Guangkui¹

Help! Help! My Jesus!
Since I'm so disharmonious!
I wanna suicide, but a coward;
And so many to be worried.
I stink, and cannot myself nose out.

My stiff is decaying and collapsing,
My scalp is bleeding and shedding,
My soul is degenerating and falling,
My doctrine is badly molding.

Who am I? Nobody knows!
My Jesus! I didn't trust you,
But I'm crawling to you, wrapping pious soul!
Dragging my broken leg and bleeding flesh!
Help! Help! Jesus! Almighty!

¹ Zhang Guangkui (張廣奎, 1967-), a poet, translator and Professor of Literature at Guangdong University of Finance and Economics.

Translation:

救救我

張廣奎

救救我！上帝！

我已變得讓人無比嫌棄！

我想自殺，可沒有勇氣；

我想消失，可有太多顧忌。

我已發臭，無法嗅出自己。

哪一具是我腐爛的軀體？

哪一塊是我脫落的頭皮？

哪一個是我墮落的遊魂？

哪一條是我黴變的信念？

我是誰？我真的沒有自信！

上帝啊！我從前並不信您，

可我在拖著血肉和白骨，

裹著虔誠的靈魂向您匍匐！

救救我！萬能的上帝！

（張廣奎 譯）

Chinese-English Version

旅夜書懷¹

杜甫²

細草微風岸，
危檣獨夜舟。
星垂平野闊，
月湧大江流。
名豈文章著，
官應老病休。
飄飄何所以，
天地一沙鷗。

¹ 顧青. 唐詩三百首. 北京: 中華書局, 2005: 222.

² Du Fu (杜甫, 712-770), one of the most popular Chinese poets in Tang Dynasty.

Translation:

Thoughts on a Travelling Night

Du Fu

Soft grass bends in breeze,
High mast boat lies as freeze.
Starlight spatters on plain endless,
The Moon floats with river sleepless.
Had my writing brought me fame,
The illness and age left me no name.
Flowing alone with full-heart faith,
Just as a seagull between sky and earth.

(Trans. Wang Wen)

采桑子¹

歐陽修²

群芳過後西湖好，
狼藉殘紅。
飛絮濛濛。
垂柳闌幹盡日風。

笙歌散盡遊人去，
始覺春空。
垂下簾櫳。
雙燕歸來細雨中。

¹ 上彊村民. 宋詞三百首. 濟南: 齊魯出版社, 1998: 29.

² Ouyang Xiu (歐陽修, 1007-1072) was one of most famous Chinese poet of the Song Dynasty, born in Lulin (now Ji'an, Jiangxi).

Translation:

Tune: Picking Mulberry¹

Ouyang Xiu

The withering of flowers adds the beauty to the West Lake,

Petals are scattered.

Flying catkins are everywhere pervading,

Willows are in the breeze swinging.

Music fades with travellers' leaving,

And I started to sense the hollowness of spring.

When putting down the curtain,

I see two swallows going back in the drizzle.

(Trans. Chen Xiaohong)

¹ “Tune: Picking Mulberry” is one of the ancient Chinese tonal patterns with given cadence to which ci (a type of classical Chinese poetry) poems are composed accordingly.

蔔算子¹

陸遊²

驛外斷橋邊，
寂寞開無主。
已是黃昏獨自愁，
更著風和雨。

無意苦爭春，
一任群芳妒。
零落成泥碾作塵，
只有香如故。

¹ 上彊村民. 宋詞三百首. 濟南: 齊魯出版社, 1998: 225.

² Lu You (陸遊, 1125-1210) was one of most famous Chinese poets of the South Song Dynasty, born in Shanyin of Shaoxin in Zhejiang Province.

Translation:

Tune: Divination¹

Lu You

Outside a courier stage, beside a ruined bridge,
Thou bloom lonely, without care;
At dusk, lonely distressed,
Soaked with more rain and wind.

Not inclining to contest for spring's favor however,
Thou are envied by many a flower;
Falls on soil to be trampled as soil,
Yet as sweet as the original.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

¹ “Tune: Divination” is one of the ancient Chinese tonal patterns with given cadence to which ci(a type of classical Chinese poetry) poems are composed accordingly.

我是個偶像崇拜者¹

郭沫若²

我是個偶像崇拜者喲！

我崇拜太陽，崇拜山嶽，崇拜海洋；

我崇拜水，崇拜火，崇拜火山，崇拜偉大的江河；

我崇拜生，崇拜死，崇拜光明，崇拜黑夜；

我崇拜蘇彝士、巴拿馬、萬里長城、金字塔，

我崇拜創造的精神，崇拜力，崇拜血，崇拜心臟；

我崇拜炸彈，崇拜悲哀，崇拜破壞；

我崇拜偶像破壞者，崇拜我！

我又是個偶像破壞者喲！

¹ 周揚（主編）．郭沫若全集（第一卷）．北京：人民文學出版社，1982：99．

² Guo Moruo (郭沫若, 1892-1978) was one of the major cultural figures of modern China. He wrote prolifically in every genre, including poetry, fiction, plays, nine autobiographical volumes, translations of Western works, and historical and philosophical treatises, including a monumental study of ancient inscriptions.

Translation:

I am an Idolater

Guo Moruo

An Idolater I am!

I worship the sun, mountains and oceans;

I worship water, fire, volcano and the great rivers;

I worship birth, death, light, darkness;

I worship the Suez, the Panama, the Great Wall and Pyramid,

I worship creative spirits, power, blood, heart;

I worship bomb, sorrow, ruin;

I worship the iconoclast, myself!

An iconoclast I am too!

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

一個觀念¹

聞一多²

你雋永的神秘，你美麗的謊，
你倔強的質問，你一道金光，
一點兒親密的意義，一股火，
一縷縹渺的呼聲，你是什麼？
我不疑，這因緣一點也不假，
我知道海洋不騙他的浪花。
既然是節奏，就不該抱怨歌。
啊，橫暴的威靈，你降伏了我，
你降伏了我！你絢縵的長虹——
五千多年的記憶，你不要動，
如今我只問怎麼抱得緊你……
你是那樣的橫蠻，那樣美麗！

¹ 聞一多. 紅燭. 北京: 華夏出版社, 2010: 114.

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:

One Concept

Wen Yiduo

Your abiding myth, and brilliant lie,
Your unyielding interrogation, and a bunch of golden light,
A bit intimate meaning, a puff of fire,
A hint of gloomy outcry, who are you?
Without suspicion, this cause is not faked,
I know the sea wouldn't cheat his seaspray.
If it is a doomed rhythm, it shouldn't be complained.
Ah, rampant powerful soul, you subdued me,
You tamed me! Your colorful rainbow——
Five-thousand-year old memory, you don't move,
And nowadays, I just question how to embrace you in my arms...
So imperious and so beautiful you are!

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

夜歌

聞一多

癩蝦蟆抽了一個寒噤，
黃土堆裏鑽出個婦人，
婦人身旁找不出陰影。
月色卻是如此的分明。

黃土堆裏鑽出個婦人，
黃土堆上並沒有裂痕，
也不曾驚動一條蚯蚓，
或繃斷蠨蛸個根網繩。

月光底下坐著個婦人，
婦人的容貌好似青春，
猩紅衫子血樣的猙獰，
鬍松的散發披了一身。

婦人在號咷，捶著胸心，
癩蝦蟆只是打著寒噤，
遠村的荒雞哇的一聲，
黃土堆上不見了婦人。

Translation:

The Night Song

Wen Yiduo

A toad gave a cold shiver, a woman was out
From the inside of the yellow soil hunch,
Where the little shadow she left.
The moonlight was so clear and bright.

From that yellow soil hunch a woman emerged,
While that soil hunch was not split and,
Even an earthworm didn't get startled,
Nor a string of spider's silk was broken.

In the moonlight a woman was sitting still.
Her appearance looked very young while,
Her scarlet tunic was so bloody and ferocious,
And her puffy hair scattered on her figure.

The woman was crying, beating her chest more,
But ugly toad was shaking more.
In a distant village, the voice of crowing came,
She disappeared from the top of yellow soil tomb.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

等了許久的春天¹

朱湘²

我仿佛坐在一隻船上，
搖過了灰白單調的荒岸，
現在淌入一片鳥語花香的境地；
我的船仿佛並未前進，
只看見兩行綠柳伸過來，
一霎時將我抱進了伊的懷裏。

¹ 朱湘. 朱湘詩集. 成都: 四川文藝出版社, 1987: 20.

² Zhu Xiang (朱湘, 1904-1933) was a modern poet and a very important poet of Crescent School in the history of Chinese literature.

Translation:

Long-awaited Spring

Zhu Xiang

It seems I'm on a boat,
Rowing across the grey and dull deserted bank,
Flowing into a fairyland with birdsongs and fleur;
My boat seems unmoving,
Yet just two lines of green willows crane over,
And embrace me into her arms in a moment.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

香水¹

李金髮²

她會匯合你皮膚的油脂，
另發生一種香味，
散佈在人所擁擠的街上，
群眾都忽略
唯有我能嗅到，
然而我較愛你肌膚上天然之氣味。

遊蜂誤追了你，
但你又害怕了狂奔，
若她邀你到花間去，
你不能不先有一個問想了。

¹ 李金髮. 為幸福而歌. 上海: 商務印刷館, 1925: 691.

² Li Jinfā (李金髮, 1900-1976), born in Meixian of Guangdong Province, was a modern poet and one of very important imaginative poets in the history of Chinese literature.

Translation:

Perfume

Li Jinfa

She will mix with the oil of your skin,
Diffusing another type of fragrance,
Pervading in the crowded street,
Neglected by the mass,
Only I can nose out;
Yet I love the natural scent on your skin more.

Bees chase you by mistake,
But you are afraid and run away;
If she invites you into the flowers,
You have to bear something in mind ahead of time.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

夜別¹

辛笛²

再不須什麼支離的耳語罷，
門外已是遙遙的夜了。
憔悴的懷卮裏，
葡萄嘗著橄欖的味了呢。

鞭起了馬蹄的不可少留，
想收拾下鈴響的玎璫麼？
帷燈正搖落著無聲的露而去呢，
心沉向蒼範的海了。

¹ 王聖思. 海上文學百家文庫——辛笛卷. 上海: 上海文藝出版社, 2010: 16.

² Xin Di (辛笛, 1912-2004), was a modern poet and a very important poet of Nine Grass School in the history of Chinese literature.

Translation:

Farewell at Night

Xin Di

Fragmented whisper no more,
It's been long long night outdoor.
In haggard cup,
The grape tastes like olive.

Whip the horse hoof that can't stay longer,
And do you want to trim the bell of bridle?
Curtain lamp was leaving with soundless dew dripping,
The heart was sinking towards the sea vast and deep.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

秋思

辛笛

一生能有多少
落日的光景？
遠天鴿的哨音
帶來思念的話語；
瑟瑟的蘆花白了頭，
又一年的將去。
城下路是寂寞的，
猩紅滿樹，
零落只合自知呢；
行人在秋風中遠了。

Translation:

Tender Moments in the Fall

Xin Di

How many chances in life
Can see the view of sunset?
The whistle of pigeon afar
Brings about the words of missing.
Rustling reed flower turned grey,
With another year passing by.
The road of Under City is lonely
Scarlet dyes the whole tree,
Withered and falling, only known by itself.
The passer-by is disappearing in the wind of fall.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Edmund Spenser

Edmund Spenser (c.1552 - 1599) was an English poet, who wrote such pastorals as *The Shepheardes Calendar*, *Astrophell* and *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, but is most famous for the multi-layered allegorical romance *The Faerie Queene*, an epic poem and fantastical allegory celebrating the Tudor dynasty and Elizabeth I. He is recognised as one of the premier craftsmen of Modern English verse in its infancy, and is considered one of the greatest poets in the English language.

Spenser used a distinctive verse form, called the Spenserian stanza, in several works, including *The Faerie Queene*. The stanza's main meter is iambic pentameter with a final line in iambic hexameter (having six feet or stresses, known as an Alexandrine), and the rhyme scheme is ababbcbcc. He also used his own rhyme scheme for the sonnet.

Spenser was called a Poets' Poet and was admired by William Wordsworth, John Keats, Lord Byron, and Alfred Lord Tennyson, among others.

The following poems are selected from *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition, Margaret Ferguson, ed. London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996) and translated by Dr. Lei Yanni.

埃德蒙·斯賓塞

埃德蒙·斯賓塞（Edmund Spenser, 1552—1599），英國 文藝復興時期偉大詩人，代表作有長篇史詩《仙后》、田園詩集《牧人月歷》、組詩《情詩小唱十四行詩集》、《婚前曲》、《祝婚曲》等。

斯賓塞早在 1569 年就翻譯過法國詩人杜倍雷的詩歌，并通過法文轉譯了意大利詩人彼特拉克的詩歌。他最早的詩作《牧人月歷》是仿照羅馬詩人維吉爾等古代牧歌寫成的。斯賓塞的主要作品是《仙后》。他的詩用詞典麗、情感細膩、格律嚴謹、優美動聽。從思想內容說，它既有人文主義者對生活的熱愛，也有新柏拉圖主義的神秘思想，還帶有清教徒的倫理宗教觀念和強烈的資產階級愛國情緒。

他在詩歌形式方面一向樂于探索，在《仙后》詩里他找到一種適用於長詩的格律形式，被稱為“斯賓塞詩節”，拜倫、雪萊都沿用過。由於他豐富高超的詩歌技巧，被后人稱為“詩人的詩人”。

無論在思想上、語言上、詩歌藝術上，斯賓塞對后世英國詩人（包括彌爾頓）有著很深遠的影響。他主要啟發了馬洛，使十音節詩行在無韻詩體里臻于完美。他也影響了 18 世紀前期浪漫主義詩人湯姆遜、格雷以及 19 世紀浪漫主義詩人雪萊和濟慈。

以下詩篇由雷艷妮博士選別翻譯自 *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition, Margaret Ferguson, ed. London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996)。

Ye Tradefull Merchants that with Weary Toyle

(Amoretti 15)

Edmund Spencer

Ye tradefull merchants that with weary toyle
Do seeke most pretious things to make your gain,
And both the Indias of their treasures spoile,
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe my love doth in her selfe containe
All this world's riches that may farre be found.
If saphyres, loe her eyes be saphyres plaine;
If rubies, loe her lips be rubies sound;
If pearls, her teeth be pearls both pure and round;
If yvorie, her forehead yvory weene;
If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If silver, her faire hands are silver sheene.
But that which fairest is, but few behold:
Her mind, adornd with vertues manifold.

Translation:

做買賣的商人，你們辛苦奔波

(小愛神 15)

艾德蒙·斯賓塞

做買賣的商人，你們辛苦奔波，
為了盈利尋找最貴重的東西，
劫掠了東西印度的寶物，
其實何苦徒勞行走那麼遙遠？
瞧，我的愛人自身確實擁有
所有世界上能被發掘的珍寶。
若要藍寶石，她的眼睛藍得純真；
若要紅寶石，她的嘴唇紅豔無比；
若要珍珠，她的牙齒潔白圓潤；
若要象牙，她的額頭就是絕好的象牙；
若要金子，她的頭髮是人世間最好的黃金；
若要銀子，她的雙手閃耀著銀光。
但是她最美的地方卻少有人知道：
她的心，充滿了種種美德。

Sweet Is the Rose

(Amoretti 26)

Edmund Spencer

Sweet is the Rose, but growes vpon a brere;
 sweet is the Iunipere, but sharpe his bough;
 sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
 sweet is the firbloome, but his branches rough.
Sweet is the Cypresse, but his rynd is tough,
 sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
 sweet is the broome-flower, but yet sowre enough;
 and sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So euery sweet with soure is tempred still,
 that maketh it be coueted the more:
 for easie things that may be got at will,
 most sorts of men doe set but little store.
Why then should I accoumt of little paine,
 that endless pleasure shall vnto me gaine.

Translation:

玫瑰甜美

(小愛神 26)

艾德蒙·斯賓塞

玫瑰甜美，但在荊棘中開放；
杜松甜美，但有鋒利的枝條；
野薔薇甜美，但會把人刺傷；
杉樹花甜美，但杉枝粗糲；
柏樹甜美，但樹皮堅韌；
堅果甜美，但果仁苦澀；
金雀花甜美，但酸得厲害；
莫利草甜美，但根腐爛；
種種甜美總是與酸澀相調和，
才令人更加迷戀；
而對唾手可得之物，
人們雖然享受，但很少珍藏。
那我幹嘛要在乎這細微的痛苦，
痛苦將帶給我無窮無盡的幸福。

Lyke as a Ship That through the Ocean Wyde

(Amoretti 34)

Edmund Spencer

Lyke as a ship that through the Ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star doth make her way,
Whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth wander far astray:
So I whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is overcast,
Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past
My Helice the lodestar of my lyfe
Will shine againe, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
In secret sorrow and sad pensivenesse.

Translation:

猶如一葉孤舟穿越遼闊的海洋

(小愛神 34)

艾德蒙·斯賓塞

猶如一葉孤舟穿越遼闊的海洋，
星星為它指引方向，
當風暴迷蒙了它忠實的航標，
它偏離了航程，越遠越飄。
為我導航的那燦爛星光，
現在也被烏雲遮蔽，
讓我在黑暗和驚慌中蕩飄，
面對潛伏的困難與危機。
但我熱切地希望，當風暴過去，
我的赫利克，我生命的北極星，
將會重新閃耀，再度凝視著我，
用柔和的星光拂去我心頭的愁雲。
但此前我得小心翼翼歷盡漂泊，
懷著無人知曉的苦痛和憂慮。

Of This Worlds Theatre in which We Stay

(Amoretti 54)

Edmund Spencer

Of this worlds Theatre in which we stay,
My love lyke the Spectator ydly sits
Beholding me that all the pageants play,
Disguysing diversly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
And mask in myrth lyke to a Comedy:
Soone after when my joy to sorrow flits,
I waile and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet she beholding me with constant eye,
Delights not in my merth nor rues my smart:
But when I laugh she mocks, and when I cry
She laughes, and hardens evermore her hart.
What then can move her? if nor merth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a sencelesse stone.

Translation:

在我們逗留的這座世界劇院裏

(小愛神 54)

艾德蒙·斯賓塞

在我們逗留的這座世界劇院裏，
我的愛人就像旁觀者無聊地坐著，
看我上演著所有的露天劇，
看著我千方百計掩蓋受窘的才智。
有時候適逢良機我十分盡興，
帶上快樂的面具演一出喜劇，
但很快我的歡笑又變成哀歎，
我痛苦傷心，開始演出悲劇。
但她只是目不轉睛地凝視我，
不因我喜而喜，不因我悲而悲：
我笑，她卻嘲諷；我哭，她卻笑，
她的心永遠是那麼冰冷堅硬。
什麼能打動她？如果悲喜都不能，
那她不是女人，而是沒有情感的石頭。

Lyke as a Huntsman after Weary Chace

(Amoretti 67)

Edmund Spencer

Lyke as a huntsman after weary chace
Seeing the game from him escapt away,
Sits downe to rest him in some shady place,
With panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So after long pursuit and vaine assay,
When I all weary had the chace forsook,
The gentle deare returnd the selfe-same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke.
There she beholding me with mylder looke,
Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide:
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill hir fymely tyde.
Strange thing me seemd to see a beast so wyld,
So goodly wonne with her owne will beguyld.

Translation:

正像一名追得精疲力盡的獵手

(小愛神 67)

艾德蒙·斯賓塞

正像一名追得精疲力盡的獵手，
眼睜睜看著獵物從他身邊逃走，
他在蔭涼地方坐下來歇息，
被獵物愚弄的獵犬也氣喘吁吁：
在長時間的追趕和徒勞的嘗試後，
我疲憊不堪放棄了追逐，
可是那頭溫柔的小鹿卻從原路回頭，
想在旁邊的小溪飲水解渴。
她在那兒溫柔地望著我，
無意逃走，卻無懼地靜候：
直到我抓住她，她微微顫抖，
我利用她的好心將她牢牢束縛。
真奇怪，一頭狂野自由的野獸，
竟然如此糊塗就擒。

Fresh Spring, the Herald of Loves Mighty King

(Amoretti 70)

Edmund Spencer

Fresh spring, the herald of loves mighty king,

In whose cote armour richly are displayd

All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,

In goodly colours gloriously arrayd:

Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,

Yet in her winters bowre not well awake:

Tell her the joyous time wil not be staid

Unless she doe him by the forelock take;

Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,

To wayt on love amongst his lovely crew:

Where every one, that misseth then her make,

Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.

Make hast therefore sweet love, whilst it is prime,

For none can call againe the passed time.

Translation:

陽春啲，偉大的愛神之信使

(小愛神 70)

艾德蒙·斯賓塞

陽春啲，偉大的愛神之信使，
你衣袍上世間的繁華萬朵
正綻放，生長於大地之百花
爭奇鬥豔，絢爛多彩。
去見我的愛人吧，她正無憂無慮地倚躺
在冬天的深閨裏，還未完全醒來：
告訴她快樂的時光不會永駐，
除非她能夠抓住飛逝的時光；
所以呀，叫她快快準備好，
到愛神的信徒中去侍奉愛神。
誰若是錯過了她命定的情郎，
愛神必定給予應有的懲罰。
快抓住這甜蜜的愛，趁著青春時候，
因為誰也不能喚回逝去的光陰。

One Day I Wrote Her Name upon the Strand

(Amoretti 75)

Edmund Spencer

One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washes it away:
Agayne I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tyde, and made my paynes his pray.
Wayne man, sayd she, that doest in vaine assay,
A mortall thing so to immortalize,
For I my selve shall lyke to this decay,
And eek my name bee wiped out lykewize.
Not so, (quod I) let baser things devize
To dy in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the hevens wryte your glorious name.
Where whenas death shall all the world subdew,
Our love shall live, and later life renew.

Translation:

一日我將伊名書於沙灘

(小愛神 75)

艾德蒙·斯賓塞

一日我將伊名書於沙灘，
可海浪打來將伊名沖掉：
我又第二遍把名字寫好，
但潮水沖來吞噬我辛勞。
自負的人，伊說，你是徒勞，
妄使世俗之物不朽永茂；
因我本人也會香消玉殞，
我的名字同樣雲散煙消，”
不，讓賤物於塵土，
而你將以美名永存世上：
我的詩將使你美德不朽，
並將你的英名書於宇宙：
死亡縱將征服整個世界，
我們重生，愛情永恆。

Prothalamion

Edmund Spencer

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet breathing Zephyrus did softly play,
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair;
When I (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away.
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
Walked forth, to ease my pain.
Along the shore of silver streaming Thames;
Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorned with dainty gems,
Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
And crown their paramours,
Against the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.

Translation:

新婚賀曲

艾德蒙·斯賓塞

寧靜的日子裏，空氣在震顫
甜美的西風輕柔地拂過，
大氣柔和，溫柔地抵擋了
當空灼燒的太陽光線。
我正是心情抑鬱，
長日停留王庭而無果，
滿懷失意與憂慮，
冀求的東西都徒然飛逝，
如同空白的影子，這讓我無比沮喪。
我散步，來排遣苦痛。
沿著銀光淩淩的泰晤士河岸行走；
兩岸草木葳蕤，是河流的鑲邊，
岸上各種花朵怒放，
青草地上綴滿精緻的寶石，
恰好用來裝飾少女的閨房，
或插在情人的頭上，
為結婚日做準備，那天很快就要來到：
可愛的泰晤士河，輕輕流到我罷歌。

（雷豔妮 譯）

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Freud Dan

Freud Dan, is known as a copious poet and publisher in mainland China, with Hydraulic Engineering, Laws, Editing & Publishing and Modern & Contemporary Chinese Literature learning background in Tsinghua University for 10 years. Amongst his Chinese and English classical poems, prose and free verse are of his vintage. He has 2 of his poetry anthologies and other books published, and his third poetry anthology *I Have One More Buddha Than You* is to be printed while the poem “All Resonant Days Are Expected” is the most popular of his hundreds of poems. As a publisher, he got thousands of books such as *Legend of Zhen Huan* printed. He is also a songwriter, novelist and a well-known author/copyrights broker. He runs or acts as shareholder of two companies named Qindon Media and Dawon Creative in Beijing. His story was shot as documentaries *Freud Dan: Across China* and *Chinese Father* by Guangdong TV in 2009 and 2014.

The selections here are taken and translated by Zhang Guangkui.

丹飛

丹飛，中國內地著名的多產詩人、出版人，有清華大學水利工程、法學、編輯出版及中國現當代文學十年專業學習背景。其中英文雙語古典詩詞、文言、新詩創作均不乏力作。出版了兩本詩集及其他個人著作，第三本詩集《我的佛比妳多壹尊》即將出版。《我們期待所有響亮的日子》是他傳播最廣的詩篇，曾入選《21世紀中國文學大系》並選為某省中考作文題、多地高考模擬考試作文題，青春勵誌關鍵詞“響亮的日子”影響了十幾屆中學生。作為出版人，他操作過《後宮：甄嬪傳》等數千種圖書。他還是詞作家、小說家和知名的作家經紀人、版權經紀人。他以總裁或合夥人身份在京經營千動和大望兩家公司。廣東電視臺於2009年、2014年兩度拍攝他的紀錄片《丹飛的穿行》及《中國父親》。

本欄目詩歌由張廣奎教授選譯。

神在天花板上散步

丹飛

夜褪去衣衫
白得晃眼
神在天花板上散步
你在我看不見的角落看我

我和我的距離甚至遠過
詩經裏浣紗的那雙巧手
和眼前這匹輕紗漫山遍野地飄
我和我的距離甚至遠過
風雪夜砸在柴門的那聲咳嗽
落在今天的耳廓裏仍然像詩歌那麼受聽
帶著唐風漢韻的節奏和格律
遠不像匍匐在你腳邊的那一隻寵物
驚魂不定蹦出的兩枚惡聲

一隻壁虎坐在蚊蚋的必經之路
在牆壁和天花板留下的歲月刻痕
或者打盹時失神溷開的口水漬
它和蜘蛛的對視
消解了莫須有的敵意
某種意義上壁虎和蜘蛛比高僧會參禪
比你我了悟邊界的溶解俗物的不俗寂滅的生趣

神在天花板上散步
以我感知和不能感知的姿勢和步調
神在牆壁和所有拐角散步
神在通天路上散步
神在一切不可能的體內散步
把黯淡的內部帶向光的向度
神是壁虎和蜘蛛還是你我之間擴大或不曾消解的隔膜
懂神的人不問神是那雙巧手還是蒙住你眼睛的輕紗
懂神的人看神在天花板上散步

Translation:

God Is Rambling on the Ceiling

Freud Dan

Night strips off
Too blinding and dazzling
God is rambling on the ceiling
You are peeping at me in a corner

Between you and me is a long distance
Farther than the nimble washing hands in *The Book of Songs*
And the gauze now fluttering all over the mountains
The distance between you and me is even farther than the cough
From a wooden door on a snowy night
Even reaching today's auricles, it is still pleasing like a poem
With the rhythm and metrics of Tang and Han Dynasty
Not like the unexpected noises at all
From a pet lying prone by your feet

A gecko sitting in the way by which a sciniph must pass
The time's nicks on the wall and ceiling
Or the left saliva when napping
He and the spider gaze at each other
Dispelling the groundless hostility
In a sense gecko and spider are better than eminent monks at
meditation
Better than us at understanding the uncommon quietus of boundary
dissolved worldings

God is rambling on the ceiling
In a posture and pace perceptible or imperceptible
God rambles on the wall and in all the corners
God rambles on the road to the heaven
God rambles on all the impossible somewhere internal
Bringing the gloomy inside to the bright dimension
God is the expanding or never dispelling misunderstanding between
geckos and spiders or between us
People who know god well will not ask whether God is the nimble
hands or the light gauze blinding your eyes
People who know god well watch god rambling on the ceiling

手形

丹飛

風的胎兒期最初是一個手形
遭遇一場從機翼上急轉直下的雪意
當我抬頭望天
掠過村莊的飛機剛好在我的瞳心投下一次震翅一次咳嗽

也許是一盞容器
我為什麼說盞
這值得來場心理分析
我是不是在口唇快感期拒絕了手形的引誘
真是一盞容器啊
手形可以在容器裏迴旋多少年
走多長的路

可是少年趴在時光的縫隙上晾曬一匹風
他要擻勻風吸水沉重的身體
多少少年惦記著一個手形
直到在皺紋裏發現晾曬一日其時已過十年
晾在逼人青春上的那匹風早已疲累得在夢裏做夢

雪下來了
冬天的口袋裏忘記支付的一枚雪
雪的下落形成一個手形
停在我眼皮上空
只是一霎
它轉了個彎
取了一條二次數學函數的軌跡
落進安的眼睛裏
安在遙遠的地那頭
我以為
這一定是一次神啟
上神命中註定揮出的手形

Translation:

Hand shape

Freud Dan

Wind's fetal period is a hand shape
It takes a sudden turn from the airfoil when it is going to snow
When I raise my head to look into sky
The aircraft flitting over a village drops a wing shocking and a cough
rightly before my pupils

Maybe it is a cup of container
Why do I call it a cup
It is worth a psychological analysis
Did I refuse the alluring of hand shape in the oral pleasure period
Yes, it's a cup of container really
How many years can the hand shape spin in the container
How long will it be going

But a juvenile groveling on the gap of time is airing a wind
He wants to roll to even the heavy body of the wind absorbing too
much water
So many juveniles keep thinking about the hand shape
Until they find in their wrinkles that one-day-airing has taken ten
years
The wind airing in the aggressive youth has already been tired into
dreaming

Here comes the snow
A snowflake forgotten to pay in the pocket of the winter
The snow falls down into a hand shape
Stopping over my eyelids
Just an instant
It makes a curve
As a track of quadratic function
Falling into Ann's eyes
She is far away on the other end of the land
I guess
It must be God's enlightenment
The hand shape that is fated by God

太陽下的雪

丹飛

夏是蟬呼喊出來的

雨下的卵
盛得下天和地

雨下的卵
走進我麥香的口袋

雨下的卵
只有兩條路可走：
卵刺穿雨的敘事
或者雨的子宮再度納進娩出體外的卵

你多麼好
離我一場雨的距離
我伸直身體就能
碰到你的天空
就像你抬頭
就能看見我眼裏降臨的一場雪
雨下的卵
太陽下的雪
大河下的子民
我筆下的村莊
都因為你的一次欣喜

思念多麼大
盛得下一座村莊
村莊多麼大
盛得下一顆心
我的心多麼小
剛夠盛下一個你

Translation:

The Snow under the Sun

Freud Dan

It is cicada who yells summer out

Spawn under the rain
Is able to contain heaven and earth

Spawn under the rain
Walks into my wheat-fragrant pocket

Spawn under the rain
Has only two ways to go:
One is to impale the narration of the rain
The other is to be brought into the rain's uterus again

How nice are you
A rain's distance away from me
Once I straighten my body
I can touch your sky
Just like if you raise your head
You can see a falling snow in my eyes
Spawns under the rain
Snows under the sun
People under the river
Villages under my pen
Are all for that moment of your rejoicing

So deep is the yearning
Able to contain the village
So big is the village
Able to contain a heart
So small is my heart
Just able to contain only you

石頭

丹飛

需要許多水

淹沒水

需要許多江河

流經江河

需要許多紅

注入紅

紅妝的女子洗了半輩子石頭

那些花白的石頭

總是排成她想要的樣子

Translation:

Stone

Freud Dan

There needs abundance of water

To submerge water

There need myriad of rivers

To flow through rivers

There also needs profusion of redness

To infuse redness

A lady with red makeup spent half of her life washing stones

Those grizzled stone

Are always arrayed in the way she likes

羊腸

丹飛

我必須注意

當我說羊腸

我並沒指涉小道

羊腸和我的肉一樣親愛

此刻

某只馴順的美麗的羊

腸的幾個位元組就停留在我的肉裏面

與我的盲腸終端以及右腹

醜陋的切口結合在一起

比交合還要熱烈

比海誓山盟還要牢固

如果不是這只羔羊的沉默成全

我肯定張大腹部

在野風裏看星星在腹部裏孕育又滅失

只有當我唇齒快感帶出幾個飽嗝之時

我才記起

剛才縫合我的食欲的

是某只獻身的羊

它美麗迂回的腸子經歷爆炒，粉蒸，涮，咀嚼的手勢

讓我忘記我幾乎幻想變成素食主義者

吃草

從羊的嘴邊搶食

下腹和食欲都是我體內巨大的老虎

縫合我的傷口的羊或者你的遠房表親

請在一次夢裏

小口小口耐心地吞進

多年後

我的骨血養肥的羊齒草

你們會夢見

我在你們的齒間咀嚼出暖香

我發誓，至少在夢裏

你們替我挽回了做人的尊嚴

Translation:

Goat Gut

Freud Dan

I have to make it clear
When I am mentioning goat gut
I make no reference to the narrow path
The gut is as dear as my flesh
At this moment
Some docile and beautiful goat
Its gut stays inside my flesh
Connecting the end of my caecum with
The ugly incision of the right belly
It's hotter than copulation
And firmer than vows
But for the help of lamb's silence
I must get my belly bigger
Seeing stars in the wild, breeding then disappearing in my stomach
Only when my mouth's pleasant sensation brings out several burps
Can I only remember
It's the lamb that made such a sacrifice
Meets my appetite just now
After the gesture of being stir-fried, steamed, instant-boiled and
chewed, its beautiful and sinuous gut
Makes me almost forget that I have fancied to be a vegetarian
To eat grass
And to snatch food from goats

Lower abdomen and appetite -- the big tiger in my body
The lamb that stitches my wound or your distant cousin
Please in one of your dreams
Swallow bit by bit patiently
Years later
The fern nurtured by my flesh
You will dream of
My fragrance diffuses in your chewing
I swear, at least in dreams
You have my human dignity respected.

傷口

丹飛

女人內部預留著巨大的傷口
等著我去填滿
你們是我的愛人
你們的血液流淌在我體內
或者正要與我的血匯合
相約投奔進新的名字新的眼睛和鼻子
我是作坊
你們就是作坊的作坊
我是讀者
你們就是讀者的讀者
我活一輩子
只為一次閱讀
讀懂你們眼裏的悲戚和善良，陽光和雨水
閱讀。閱讀
一個人的一生因我的閱讀
抻長或縮短

一切向上的事物都爬上你們和我的脊背
像一張漲滿風的帆
對背叛和堅持都懷有同樣的寬容
被背脊抵抗過的漁火，傳說和大風雪
在一次閱讀中哭出聲音

大風雪下來了
大風雪從手指尖出發
刮過每一個隱秘的傷口
我想起一個絕妙的譬喻
一次閱讀就是一次縫合
縫合大地深處獨自舔舐的傷口

Translation:

Wound

Freud Dan

There reserved huge wounds inside women's bodies
Waiting for me to fulfill
You are my lovers
Your blood is flowing in my system
Or to join with my blood
Running into new name, new eyes and new nose
I am a workshop
You are workshops of the workshop
I am a reader
You are readers of the reader
I live all my life
Only for reading once
The grief and goodness, the sunshine and rain in your eyes
Read. Read
Because of my reading
A person's life is
Lengthened or shortened

Any aspiring thing crawled up the backs of yours and mine
Like a sail filled up with wind
Having the same tolerance of betrayal and insistence
It is said that the fishing fire once resisted by spine
Cried out with blizzard in a reading

The blizzard came
Starting from fingertips
Scratching every secret wound
A splendid metaphor came to me
One-time reading is one-time suture
Healing the self-licked wound in the deep of earth

落雪

丹飛

雪是順著我的詩句來到的
就在我的窗下
四樓，窗簾
高度和厚度都阻擋不住
雪意滲進來
晃眼白

我在十米的低空寫下你和我的這次相遇
太陽到達黃經 240 度
汽凝聚成雨
雨凝結成一萬米雪空

我的感官睡去
我的詩句醒來
它們擦亮了眼睛
等待雪從一萬米降落到十米
動作分解
像一組慢鏡頭
啪嗒
當第一粒雪墜地
一定有某只夜遊神聽見筋骨碎裂的聲音
而我的詩句此時
目擊了一場集體墜落事件

Translation:

Falling Snow

Freud Dan

Snow comes along with my verse
Right under my window
The fourth floor
The height and thickness of the curtain cannot stop
The tone of snow penetrates in
Dazzling white

I write down our meeting at a low altitude of ten meters
The sun reaches celestial longitude of 240 degrees
Vapor condenses into rain
Rain turns into a sky of snow ten thousand kilometers above

My senses fall asleep
But my verse awakes
Polishing the eyes
Waiting for the snow falling from ten thousand meters aloft to ten
Actions are dismantled
Like a set of slow motion
Flaps
When the first flake of snow falls to the ground
There must be a nighthawk hearing the crack of broken bone
At this moment my verse however
Is witnessing mass falling

雨雪

丹飛

雨是動詞也是名詞
就像雪是名詞也是動詞
先下來的是雨
連天蔽地，從龍臥地一路睡到外館斜街
雪是很夜的時候下來的
裹著雨的內衣
顛巍巍叩門
叩牙床
雪從那條歪歪斜斜的街下起
折轉一個彎
下到清河
下到龍臥地
車往北開
雪從北望著車奔來
車往東開
雪從東望著車奔來
一個投河女子傾軋過來的重量也不過如此
壓著河流退向河床
壓著我坐的車退守臂彎
退往歪歪斜斜的街
雪是一個名詞
當我看住你冰冷的臉
她們傾軋過來
我的注視敵不住
雪從一枚名詞
墜落成一枚動詞

Translation:

Sleet

Freud Dan

Rain is a verb as well as a noun
As snow is a noun as well as a verb
Firstly falls the rain
Connecting sky and earth, extending from the Longwo Area to the
 Bent Street of the restaurant
The snow falls rather late
Wrapped with the underwear of rain
Tremblingly knocking the door
And gum
Snow starts from the Bent Street
Then turns a corner
Down to the River Qing
To the Longwo Area
When the car heads north
Snow rushes to the car from the north
When the car heads east
Snow rushes to the car from the east
It overweighed the falling force of a woman plunging into a river
Pressing the river back to riverbed
Forcing my car back
To the winding street
Snow is a noun
When I am staring at your frozen face
They come forth
My gaze cannot stand the force
Snow falls
From a noun into a verb

(Translated by Zhang Guangkui)

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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 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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