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Chief editor: Zhang Guangju



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Chief Editor

Zhang Guangkui

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Contents

English-Chinese Version

1. Blame Not My Cheeks.....Thomas Campion(1-2)
2. Love and LifeJohn Wilmot(3-4)
3. The Lamb.....William Blake(5-6)
4. Written in March.....William Wordsworth (7-8)
5. First Love.....John Clare(9-10)
6. Mutability.....Percy Bysshe Shelley(11-12)
7. She Walks in Beauty.....George Gordon Byron(13-14)
8. Blow, Bugle, Blow.....Alfred Tennyson(15-16)
9. The Sun Has Set.....Emily Jane Brontë (17-18)
10. And Without.....Louis Zukofsky (19-20)
11. I'm a Puppet.....Zhang Guangkui (21-22)

Chinese-English Version

1. Falling Flowers.....Li Shangyin(23-24)
2. Yellow Crane Tower.....Cui Hao(25-26)
3. Lovesick.....Wang Wei(27-28)
4. Tune: Butterfly in Love with the Flower.....Liu Yong(29-30)
5. Memory.....Lin Huiyin(31-32)
6. Dimness.....Fang Weide(33-34)
7. Listening to Zither at Egret Islet.....Lu Qian(35-36)
8. You.....Yu Dagang(37-38)
9. Fragment.....Bian Zhilin(39-40)
10. The Night Rose.....Tang Yaqi(41-42)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Sir Philip Sidney

Introduction.....	(43)
1. I	(45-46)
2. II	(47-48)
3. IV.....	(49-50)
4. V	(51-52)
5. VI.....	(53-54)
6. VIII.....	(55-56)
7. X X	(57-58)
8. X X X I	(59-60)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Yao Zhibin

Introduction.....	(61)
1. Heavy Snow.....	(63-64)
2. The Story of Orchid.....	(65-66)
3. Back Home.....	(67-68)
4. Plume Blossom, Snowflake and Sword.....	(69-70)
5. The Starry Sky.....	(71-72)
6. A Spring Dream in a Wonderful Night.	(73-74)
7. Longing.	(75-76)
8. Insomnia.	(77-78)

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

English-Chinese Version

Blame Not My Cheeks¹

Thomas Campion²

Blame not my cheeks, though pale with love they be;
The kindly heat unto my heart is flown,
To cherish it that is dismayed by thee,
Who art so cruel and unsteadfast grown:
For nature, called for by distressed hearts,
Neglects and quite forsakes the outward parts.

But they whose cheeks with careless blood are stained,
Nurse not one spark of love within their hearts,
And, when they woo, they speak with passion feigned,
For their fat love lies in their outward parts:
But in their breasts, where love his court should hold,
Poor Cupid sits and blows his nails for cold.

¹ Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren, ed. *Understanding Poetry*. Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 2010: 217.

² Thomas Campion (1567-1620), English composer and poet. By 1591 he was established in London as a writer and poet and from 1607 he supplied texts and music for James I's lavish court masques. The best of his melodies is elegant and distinctive and the matching of words and music is often exemplary.

Translation:

莫恼吾颜

托马斯·坎皮恩

莫恼吾衰颜，虽苍爱依依；
浓浓温情存，涓涓流心底，
君若乱我心，本应倍珍惜，
岂料今日事，无情且不羁：
虚表落尽去，本性终毕露，
郁郁芳心结，难抑万千呼。

其颜虽香洁，身污难自陈，
爱之荣光现，其心不足惜，
来即乃媒时，佯作爱意盛，
谁知浮华情，徒显虚荣意：
真心之深处，本应挚爱在，
顽劣之爱神，总惹事非来。

（赵嘏 译）

Love and Life¹

John Wilmot²

All my past life is mine no more;
The flying hours are gone,
Like transitory dreams given o'er
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

Whatever is to come is not:
How can it then be mine?
The present moment's all my lot,
And that, as fast as it is got,
Phyllis, is wholly thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,
False hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This livelong minute true to thee,
'Tis all that heaven allows.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 509.

² John Wilmot (1647-1680), 2nd Earl of Rochester, was an English poet and courtier of King Charles II's Restoration court.

Translation:

爱情与生命

约翰·威尔莫特

过去的生命已不复与我；

荏苒时光已逝去，

如同瞬息万变的梦境，

那些画面

仅留存记忆。

将来的还未到来；

我如何能据为己有？

当下即我全部命运；

时光如梭，

菲丽丝神，只钟情于你。

莫提变幻无常，

虚伪的真心，和破碎的誓言；

倘若奇迹

能予我漫长的一分钟与你赤诚面对，

那便是上天的赐礼。

（唐亚琪 译）

The Lamb¹

William Blake²

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life & bid thee feed,
By the stream & o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, wooly bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice!

Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb I'll tell thee!
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb:
He is meek & he is mild,
He became a little child:
I a child & thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little Lamb God bless thee.
Little Lamb God bless thee.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 672.

² William Blake (1757-1827) was an English poet, engraver, and painter. A boldly imaginative rebel in both his thought and his art, he combined poetic and pictorial genius to explore important issues in politics, religion, and psychology.

Translation:

羔羊

威廉·布莱克

小小的羔羊，谁创造了你？
你可知否是谁创造了你？
给你生命，给你美味
在溪流边，在青草地
给你穿上美丽的衣裳
最柔的衣裳，毛茸茸，闪亮亮；
给你如此温柔的声音，
使所有山谷都开开心心；
小小的羔羊，谁创造了你？
你可知否是谁创造了你？

小小的羔羊，我来告诉你，
小小的羔羊，我来告诉你：
他的名字和你的一样，
他也称呼自己是羔羊；
他温顺，他和蔼，
他变成了一个小小孩。
我是小孩，你是羔羊，
我们的名字跟他一样。
小小的羔羊，上帝保佑你！
小小的羔羊，上帝保佑你！

(张广奎 译)

Written in March¹

William Wordsworth²

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green fields sleep in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

¹ Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren, ed. *Understanding Poetry*. Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 2010: 74.

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:

写于三月

威廉·华兹华斯

公鸡啼不休，
溪水汨汨流，
小鸟鸣啾啾，
湖水闪如眸，
红日碧野卧；
壮汉携老幼
辛勤同劳作；
牛群齐聚首，
无暇来抬头；
四十如同谋！

败军落荒走
残雪已难留，
此时更糟透
裸露山顶扣；
耕童呼快走：
欢笑绕山头；
生命随泉流；
浮云悠闲游，
蔚蓝天尽头；
雨歇且远走！

（傅霞 译）

First Love¹

John Clare²

I ne'er was struck before that hour
 With love so sudden and so sweet,
Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower
 And stole my heart away complete.
My face turned pale as deadly pale.
 My legs refused to walk away,
And when she looked, what could I ail?
 My life and all seemed turned to clay.

And then my blood rushed to my face
 And took my eyesight quite away,
The trees and bushes round the place
 Seemed midnight at noonday.
I could not see a single thing,
 Words from my eyes did start—
They spoke as chords do from the string,
 And blood burnt round my heart.

Are flowers the winter's choice?
 Is love's bed always snow?
She seemed to hear my silent voice,
 Not love's appeals to know.
I never saw to sweet a face
 As that I stood before.
My heart has left its dwelling-place
 And can return no more.

¹ Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren, ed. *Understanding Poetry*. Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 2010: 94.

² John Clare(1790–1864) was an English poet, the son of a farm laborer. He came to be known for his celebratory representations of the English countryside and his lamentation of its disruption.

Translation:

初恋

约翰·克莱尔

我从未曾有如此心动
爱情甜蜜而我手足无措，
她的脸庞好似娇花一朵
毫无保留将我的心俘获。
我面色惨白如灵魂出窍。
双腿僵硬如木不听使唤，
当她目光投来我心慌乱
我的灵魂化为泥土一团。

热血上涌红透我的脸庞
天地万物瞬间消失不见，
四周树丛灌木将我围绕
正午时分却似黑夜笼罩。
眼前的一切已化为虚无，
绵绵情意开始夺眶而出——
眼神交汇如同动人和弦，
热血沸腾填满我的心田。

鲜花是否总会遇到寒冬？
爱情是否要受冰雪摧残？
她似乎听到我内心呼喊，
却对我的爱恋视而不见。
从未见过如此美丽容颜
站在原地只有一片茫然。
我的心从此空出了一片
再也难以平静一如从前。

（王雯 译）

Mutability¹

Percy Bysshe Shelley²

The flower that smiles today
 Tomorrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
 Tempts and the flies.
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
 Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
 Friendship how rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
 For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
 Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
 Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
 Make glad the day,
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
 Then wake to weep.

1 Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter & Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). New York & London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005, 864.

² Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) was an English romantic poet. He is perhaps best known for such classic poems as *Ozymandias*, *Ode to the West Wind*, *To a Skylark*, *Music*, *When Soft Voices Die*, *The Cloud* and *The Masque of Anarchy*, which are among the most popular and critically acclaimed poems in the English language. His major works, however, are long visionary poems that include *Queen Mab* (later reworked as *The Daemon of the World*), *Alastor*, *The Revolt of Islam*, *Adonais*, the unfinished work *The Triumph of Life*; and the visionary verse dramas *The Cenci* (1819) and *Prometheus Unbound* (1820). The latter is widely considered one of Shelley's most fully realised works.

Translation:

善变

珀西·雪莱

花儿今露笑靥，
 明朝便谢；
一切愿留驻的，
 一诱即飞却。
问世间欢喜为何物？
如闪电戏谑黑夜
 虽耀眼，瞬息灭。

美德，如此脆弱不堪！
 友情，是如此稀罕！
爱情，贩售可怜的幸福
 索取高傲的绝望！
而我们，尽管顷刻俱灭，
失去欢乐和所属一切
 残喘苟延。

趁天空还蔚蓝明亮，
 趁花儿依旧娇艳，
趁黑夜来临之前
 尽情愉悦白昼的双眼，
趁平静的时光仍在缓缓流淌，
去梦一场——待你从安眠中
 苏醒，再哀伤。

（唐亚琪 译）

She Walks in Beauty¹

George Gordon Byron²

She walks in Beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

1 Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter & Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). New York & London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005.

² George Gordon Byron (1788-1824), an English Romantic poet, was one of the main figures of the second generation of Romantic poets along with Percy Bysshe Shelley and John Keats.

Translation:

她在美中徜徉

乔治·戈登·拜伦

她在美中徜徉，宛若
无云晚夜，漫天星繁；
绝美的暗黑与璀璨
辉映她的眼波和面庞；
融成一片醉人柔光
浓艳的白昼被拒天堂。

多一丝影，少一息光，
都把那无法言说的美损伤，
优雅随她的如瀑青丝起伏，
在她的柔晰粉颜放光。
思绪如蜜丝丝倾吐，
这居所纯净，高贵似这般。

两颊之上，眉宇之间，
如此温婉，娴静，却意长，
笑靥如花，容光泛发，
诉之德馨而品良，
明明之思安宁于世，
楚楚之心真爱至上。

（唐亚琪 译）

Blow, Bugle, Blow¹

Alfred Tennyson²

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying.
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

¹ Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren, ed. *Understanding Poetry*. Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 2010: 94.

² Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892) was an English poet. He was regarded by his contemporaries as the greatest poet of Victorian England. A superb craftsman in verse, he wrote poetry that ranged from confident assertion to black despair. In 1842, Tennyson published three Arthurian poems, *Morte d'Arthur*, *Sir Galahad*, and *Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere*, which would later be incorporated into *Idylls of the King* (1859). While Tennyson's poems can be read as socio-political or religious allegories, they are also reflections on art and the artist: in *Merlin and the Gleam* (1889), Merlin the magician is the figure of the poet (*I am Merlin*).

Translation:

号角，号角，吹吧

阿尔弗莱德·丁尼森

辉煌降落在城堡的墙上

以及古老传说中覆盖着白雪的顶峰上：

长长的光线摇曳着穿过湖面

狂野的瀑布在光晕中跳跃前行。

吹吧，号角，吹吧，让野地里的回声飞翔起来，

吹吧，号角，应答，回声，消散，消散，消散。

啊，听！啊，听见了！多么细小而又清晰，

越来越细，越来越清晰，离得越来越远！

啊，甜美呀，远离悬崖和创伤

仙境的号角在遥遥地吹响！

吹吧，让我们听见紫色的峡谷在回答：

吹吧，号角，应答，回声，消散，消散，消散。

啊，爱人呀，它们在远处的鲜亮的天空上消失，

它们逐渐消失在山上、田野里或者河面上：

我们的回声在灵魂间滚动，

并且一直一直在成长。

吹吧，号角，吹吧，让野地里的回声飞翔起来，

应答，回声，应答，消散，消散，消散。

（雷艳妮 译）

The Sun Has Set¹

Emily Jane Brontë²

The sun has set, and the long grass now
Waves dreamily in the evening wind;
And the wild bird has flown from that old gray stone
In some warm nook a couch to find.

In all the lonely landscape round
I see no light and hear no sound,
Except the wild that far away
Come sighing o'er the heathy sea.

¹ Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren, ed. *Understanding Poetry*. Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 2010: 101.

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:

太阳已经西沉

艾米莉·简·勃朗特

太阳已经西沉
长草晚风细生；
野鸟飞离灰石
暖处觅得归程。
四周寂寥深沉
只道无影无声，
忽闻远处风声
叹息大海永恒。

（傅霞 译）

And Without¹

Louis Zukofsky²

And without
Spring it is spring why
Is it death here grass somewhere
As dead as lonely walks
As living has less thought that is
The spring.

Spring it is spring why
Is it death grass somewhere
As dead as walks
As living has less thought that is
A spring. And without.

¹ Charles Bernstein, ed. Louis Zukofsky—Selected Poems. New York: The Library of America, 2006: 30.

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

Translation:

若无

路易斯·祖科夫斯基

若无

春便是春因何
草木遍野枯槁生气无
衰若形影相吊
兴若行将就寝思绪断
这便是春

春便是春因何
草木遍野枯槁生气无
衰若彳亍
兴若行将就寝思绪断
这便是春。若无。

(赵嘏 译)

I'm a Puppet

Zhang Guangkui¹

I'm a puppet, a puppet, a puppet,
With so many lines controlling
My head, my arms, my legs and my hips.
My face has only one expression,
Because I'm born wooden, wooden.
I'm held in play by all lines from around,
And directed and confined within limited limitation.
Who can give me life? A puppet, a puppet, a puppet.

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

Translation:

我是木偶

张广奎

我是木偶，木偶，木偶，
这么多的线操控着
我的头，我的臂，我的腿，我的臀。
我的脸只有一个表情，
因为我生来就木讷，木讷。
我由这所有的线牵控，
我被限制在有限的极限里。
谁能给我生命？一个木偶，木偶。

（张广奎 译）

Chinese-English Version

落花¹

李商隐²

高阁客竟去，
小园花乱飞。
参差连曲陌，
迢递送斜晖。
肠断未忍扫，
眼穿仍欲归。
芳心向春尽，
所得是沾衣。

¹ 顾青. 唐诗三百首. 北京: 中华书局, 2009: 217.

² Li Shangyin (李商隐, 813-858) was a Chinese poet of the late Tang Dynasty, born in Henan (now Qinyang, Henan). Along with Li He (李贺, 790-816), he was much admired and “rediscovered” in the 20th century by the young Chinese writers for the imagist quality of his poems. He is particularly famous for his tantalizing “no title” poems.

Translation:

Falling Flowers

Li Shangyin

From the high pavilion all guests have departed,
In the little garden, the falling flowers fly at will
They fall down, overspreading the winding path,
Or fly far, as if seeing off the setting sun.
I am too sad to sweep the petals away,
And still the long-awaited spring is leaving.
My heart, following the spring, dies,
Nothing left but my soaking tears on the clothes.

(Trans. Liu Xuli)

黄鹤楼¹

崔颢²

昔人已乘黄鹤去，
此地空余黄鹤楼。
黄鹤一去不复返，
白云千载空悠悠。
晴川历历汉阳树，
芳草萋萋鹦鹉洲。
日暮乡关何处是，
烟波江上使人愁。

¹ 顾青. 唐诗三百首. 北京: 中华书局, 2005: 230.

² Cui Hao (崔颢, 704-754) was a Chinese poet best known for his ballads and satirical poems in Tang Dynasty.

Translation:

Yellow Crane Tower

Cui Hao

A sage flew away riding a yellow crane ,
Nothing left but the empty tower named Yellow Crane.
The yellow crane went and never return,
White clouds keep floating for thousands of years alone.
By the sun-lit river in Hanyang, trees are clear and bright.
On the Parrot Islet, green grasses are lush and luxuriant.
The sun is setting, but where is my hometown?
On the mist-covered river, I myself mourn.

(Trans. Liu Manling)

相思¹

王维²

红豆生南国，
春来发几枝。
愿君多采撷，
此物最相思。

¹ 顾青. 唐诗三百首. 北京: 中华书局, 2005: 287.

² Wang Wei (王维, 699-759) was a Chinese poet, painter and musician. His reputation as a painter was limited in his own time, but his unparalleled stature as a man of letters attracted the attention of scholar-official painters of subsequent periods, who celebrated Wang Wei as the founder of the literati tradition of painting.

Translation:

Lovesick

Wang Wei

Red beans grow in the south,

Twigs burgeon when spring comes.

Please pick home some more,

They make a lover enamor.

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

蝶恋花¹

柳永²

伫倚危楼风细细。
望极春愁，
黯黯生天际。
草色烟光残照里。
无言谁会凭阑意。

拟把疏狂图一醉。
对酒当歌，
强乐还无味。
衣带渐宽终不悔。
为伊消得人憔悴。

¹ 吕明涛. 宋词三百首. 北京: 中华书局, 2009: 239.

² Liu Yong(柳永, 987-1053) was one of most famous Chinese poets of the South Song Dynasty.

Translation:

Tune: Butterfly in Love with the Flower¹

Liu Yong

Leaning on the high tower in silent breeze.
Nothing but dark vision of spring,
Spreading closer from far away as the eye sees.
Decaying setting sunshine covers grass in mist.
My mind in leaning on the rail, who reads.

I should get drunk for release,
Singing and cheering,
But faked laughter brings no ease.
The gown turns loose as my heart turns missed,
For the lovely person, my yearning will not cease.

(Trans. Wang Wen)

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

记忆¹

林徽因²

断续的曲子，最美或最温柔的
夜，带着一天的星。
记忆的梗上，谁不有
两朵娉婷，披着情绪的花
无名的展开
野荷的香馥，
每一瓣静处的明月。

湖上风吹过了，头发乱了，或是
水面皱起像鱼鳞的锦
四面里的辽阔，如同梦
荡漾着中心彷徨的过往
不着痕迹，谁都
认识那图画，
沉在水底记忆的倒影！

¹ 林徽因. 你是人间四月天. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2011: 52.

² Lin Huiyin (林徽因, 1904-1955), a noted Chinese architect and writer in the 20th century, was considered 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:

Memory

Lin Huiyin

Songs off and on, the fairest and tenderest
Night, brings along with a sky of stars.
On the peduncles of memory, who has no
Two or three graceful flowers, wrapped with sentiments,
Blooming secretly
Diffusing the fragrance of wild lotus,
With every petal resembling the moon in quite.

The wind blows over the lake, hairs messy, or
The scale-alike ripples ruffled on the surface
Spreading away, like dreams
Undulating the hovering past in the center
Traceless; Anyone
Recognises that picture,
The reflection of memory submerging in the underwater!

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

微弱¹

方玮德²

我在数天上的星，
我为：“是那一颗星
正照着她的家乡？”
星子不做声，
这一夜
露水落在我的脸上。

我走过一条江水，
我问：“是那个时候
你流过她的家乡？”
水不答我话，
这一夜
沉默落在我脸上。

¹ 陈梦家. 新朋诗选. 北京: 解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 88.

² Fang Weide (方玮德, 1908-1935) was a Chinese poet and scholar. He was born in Tongcheng, Anhui Province.

Translation:

Dimness

Fang Weide

I count stars in the heavens,
I question, “which of stars
Shines her home?”

 The stars keep dumb,

 That night

Dew falls on my face.

I walk across a river
I question, “ when’ll you meander
Through her home?”

 Silent it doth become,

 That night

Silence falls on my face.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

白鹭洲闻琴¹

卢前²

洲之岸
 寻白鹭
 不知处，
谁家子
 弄琴弦
 来时路？

是旷思
 是怨音
 是幽情；
那忍听
 拨碎了
 秋之心。

多情友
 愿更莫
 试歌喉，
树已瘦
 恋斜阳
 不胜愁！

¹ 卢前. 卢前诗词曲选. 北京: 中华书局, 2006: 14.

² Lu Qian (卢前, 1905-1951), was a modern poet and playwright in the history of Chinese literature.

Translation:

Listening to Zither at Egret Islet

Lu Qian

Islet's shore
 Search egret
 Nowhere to get,
Whose kid is
 Tuning saite
 In-coming pathlet?

Like pondering
 Like grumblng
 Like affecting,
Scarcely hear
 The disturbing
 Autumn's heart.

More friendships
 Less complaint
 Try raising voice,
Tree's been slim
 To falling sun
 With more glum!

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

你¹

俞大纲²

我时常看见你，
在我梦境里淹留，
啊，只是一片影子，
像白云般漂流。

在那溪涧里，时常
闪动着你的星眸，
一颗露珠上又有
你眼角地下的愁。

清风，或长虹里，
我看见，我听见你：
轻轻的你招呼我，
在说，“我在这里！”

¹ 陈家梦. 新月诗选. 北京: 解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 106.

² Yu Dagang (俞大纲, 1908-1978), was one of very important poets in China.

Translation:

You

Yu Dagang

Sometimes I see you,
In my dreams lingering.
Ah, it's just a piece of shadow,
Cloud-alike floating.

In that mountain stream, sometimes
Flickers your starry pupils,
A drop of dew withholds
Dropping from your eyes the sorrow.

In the breeze, or rainbow,
I see, I hear you:
Gently you beckon me,
Saying, "I am here!"

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

断章¹

卞之琳²

你站在桥上看风景，
看风景人在楼上看你。

明月装饰了你的窗子，
你装饰了别人的梦。

¹ 卞之琳. 鱼目集. 上海: 上海书店, 1990: 12.

² Bian Zhilin (卞之琳, 1910-2000), was a modern poet and a very important poet in the history of Chinese literature.

Translation:

Fragment

Bian Zhilin

When you enjoy a landscape on a bridge,
A landscape viewer enjoys you in the loft.

The bright moon adorns your window,
When you adorn others' dreamland.

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

夜玫瑰

唐亚琪¹

月色如纱朦胧了夜
悄声儿，
骨朵羞开颜
微微地，
颌首自顾影
幽幽地，
香散逸

看，
她娇羞的面庞
为何挂着露珠？
虫儿说，
那是情人的眼泪，
刺儿上的血滴，
化成
心上的
一颗朱砂，
凝成
一滴
浓而
不散
的泪

夜玫瑰，夜玫瑰
你迷了谁，伤了谁，
因谁而憔悴

¹Tang Yaqi (1990-), is a translator and a young Chinese poetess.

Translation:

The Night Rose

The moonlight voile-alike dims the night;
Secretly, the bud beams so shy;
Slightly, it nods to appreciate
Its own shadow;
Faintly, the
Aroma
Sheds.

Look,
Why her coy face
Decorated with dew?
The insect out spill,
That's lover's tear.
The
Blood
Drop
On the thorn,
Turns on heart
A cinnabar mole,
Congealing into a
Drop of dense tear
Undispersed.

Night rose, night rose
You obsess whom, and hurt whom
For whom you consume

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Sir Philip Sidney

Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586) was an English poet and courtier, who is remembered as one of the most prominent figures of the Elizabethan age. His works include *Astrophel and Stella*, *The Defence of Poesy* (also known as *The Defence of Poetry* or *An Apology for Poetry*), and *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*.

Astrophel and Stella is the first of the famous English sonnet sequences, which was a watershed in English Renaissance poetry. In it, Sidney partially nativised the key features of his Italian model, Petrarch: variation of emotion from poem to poem, with the attendant sense of an ongoing, but partly obscure, narrative; the philosophical trappings; the musings on the act of poetic creation itself. His experiments with rhyme scheme were no less notable; they served to free the English sonnet from the strict rhyming requirements of the Italian form.

The following poems are sonnets of the sequence of *Astrophel and Stella*, translated by Dr. Long Jingyao and selected from *Sir Philip Sidney: Selected Prose and Poetry* (The University of Wisconsin Press, 1983) and *Elizabethan Sonnets* (Rowman and Littlefield, 1977).

菲利浦·锡德尼

菲利浦·锡德尼，英国诗人，朝臣，被认为是伊丽莎白时代最杰出的人物之一。他的作品包括《爱星者于星》，《为诗辩护》和长篇传奇故事《阿卡狄亚》。

《爱星者与星》是第一部著名的英文十四行组诗，是英国文艺复兴诗歌的分水岭。在这部诗集中，锡德尼部分吸收了意大利诗人彼特拉克的诗歌特征：情绪随着诗篇不同而变化，富有绵延之感，时而朦胧，时而叙事；诗歌中蕴含丰富的哲思，并对诗歌创作本身有所深思。他对于诗歌格律实验的意义不可小觑，将英国十四行诗从意大利体严格的韵律要求中解放出来。

此处的诗歌为《爱星者与星》组诗中的十四行诗，由龙靖遥博士选译自《菲利浦·锡德尼：散文和诗选》（The University of Wisconsin Press, 1983）以及《伊丽莎白时代十四行诗》（Rowman and Littlefield, 1977）。

I

Sir Philip Sidney

Loving in truth, and fain in verse my love to show
That she (dear She) might take some pleasure of my pain:
Pleasure might cause her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain;
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain:
Oft turning others' leaves, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitful showers upon my sun-burn'd brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting Invention's stay,
Invention, Nature's child, fled step-dame Study's blows,
And others' feet still seem'd but strangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to speak, and helpless in my throes,
Biting my truant pen, beating myself for spite--
"Fool," said my Muse to me, "look in thy heart and write."

Translation:

I

菲利浦·锡德尼

我坠入爱河，妄图用诗赋呈现我的爱，
祈望她能从我苦楚中获得一丝欢愉，
祈望欢愉会使她开卷，开卷使她明白，
明我能引她爱怜，而爱怜会赢得善举；
我搜索字眼，要把悲伤的黑脸描出来，
研究种种机智的表述去娱乐她的心绪；
我不断地翻阅他人的书，看看那词海
能否为我的脑海带来新奇凑效的阵雨。
但越是想创作，词句越不肯痛快登场，
自然之子创作躲避着继母构思的鞭笞：
而他人的足印在我的路上只是些乱象，
我孕育着诉说的胎儿，却不会生孩子。
我咬着不听话的笔，羞恨地打骂自己，
缪斯对我说：“傻瓜，观心，然后动笔。”

II

Sir Philip Sidney

Not at first sight, nor with a dribbed shot
Love gave the wound, which while I breathe will bleed;
But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conquest got:
I saw and liked, I liked but loved not;
I lov'd, but straight did not what Love decreed.
At length to love's decrees I, forc'd, agreed,
Yet with repining at so partial lot.
Now even that footstep of lost liberty
Is gone, and now like slave-born Muscovite
I call it praise to suffer tyranny;
And now employ the remnant of my wit
To make myself believe that all is well,
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

Translation:

II

菲利浦·锡德尼

不是一见钟情，也不是莫名的冲动，
我被爱情刺伤，一呼吸伤口就流血；
她已知的品行的确蒙过时间的尘屑，
我全身心却在不觉中彻底向她屈从。
我见到她就喜欢她，但没为爱所控；
我爱上了，却将爱神之令不断推却。
最后在威逼之下才服从于爱的通牒，
内心却在悔恨，埋怨命运残忍不公。
即便自由停下的脚步现在声已远逝，
我却如伊凡大帝奴役下的莫斯科人，
甘愿把暴君的役使称作莫大的恩赐；
我的理智所剩无几，我却利用充分，
强迫自己相信一切都令人心旷神怡，
却用形象的技巧刻画地狱中的自己。

IV

Sir Philip Sidney

Virtue, alas, now let me take some rest.
Thou set'st a bate between my will and wit.
If vain love have my simple soul oppress'd,
Leave what thou likest not, deal not thou with it.
Thy scepter use in some old Cato's breast;
Churches or schools are for thy seat more fit.
I do confess, pardon a fault confess'd,
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.
But if that needs thou wilt usurping be,
The little reason that is left in me,
And still th'effect of thy persuasions prove:
I swear, my heart such one shall show to thee
That shrines in flesh so true a deity,
That Virtue, thou thyself shalt be in love.

Translation:

IV

菲利浦·锡德尼

唉，美德，现在暂且让我稍做休憩。
你让我的愿望和理智相互扭打撕咬。
如果无望的爱情压迫着单纯的灵犀，
既然你不爱我，放开我，我们绝交。
把你的王杖用在某谨慎老者的心里，
你的王座立在教堂或学校里会更好。
我的嘴太柔嫩，受不了你丝毫严厉，
既然我已认罪，你可不必加以计较。
但假如你真的想控制我残存的理性，
你认为有必要让它翻江倒海闹不停，
你认为有必要证明你的魅力永不褪：
我发誓，我的心会向你把自己剖明，
它用肉体筑起的神庙在供奉着神灵，
即便是美德自身也会为它倾倒沉醉。

V

Sir Philip Sidney

It is most true, that eyes are form'd to serve
The inward light; and that the heavenly part
Ought to be king, from whose rules who do swerve,
Rebels to Nature, strive for their own smart.
It is most true, what we call Cupid's dart,
An image is, which for ourselves we carve:
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
Till that good God make Church and churchman starve.
True, that true beauty virtue is indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortal mixture breed:
True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soul up to our country move:
True, and yet true that I must Stella love.

Translation:

V

菲利浦·锡德尼

千真万确，上帝把眼睛赋予了我们，
是让它们成为灵魂之窗，我们身上
高贵的一面应该称王，违抗它的人
都是自然的叛徒，最后是自取灭亡。
千真万确，丘比特之箭不过是假象，
不过是我们为自己杜撰出来的托辞：
愚人们膜拜着它，犹如处身于庙堂，
直到这尊神把教堂和教众活活饿死。
千真万确，美德才是不折不扣的美，
世俗之美诞生于种种虚空幻的拼凑，
它在美德耀眼的身影后面颤颤巍巍：
千真万确，人生下就在朝圣路上走，
我们穿越心灵，走向那真实的国家，
这都是真的，但是我真的爱斯泰拉。

VI

Sir Philip Sidney

Some lovers speak when they their Muses entertain,
Of hopes begot by fear, of wot not what desires:
Of force of heav'nly beams, infusing hellish pain:
Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair storms, and freezing fires.
Some one his song in Jove, and Jove's strange tales attires,
Broidered with bulls and swans, powdered with golden rain;
Another humbler wit to shepherd's pipe retires,
Yet hiding royal blood full oft in rural vein.
To some a sweetest plaint a sweetest style affords,
While tears pour out his ink, and sighs breathe out his words:
His paper pale despair, and pain his pen doth move.
I can speak what I feel, and feel as much as they,
But think that all the map of my state I display,
When trembling voice brings forth that I do Stella love.

Translation:

VI

菲利浦·锡德尼

有些恋人说起绝望中的希望，还有
莫名的愿望，还有天堂之光的威力
如何穿透地狱般的痛苦，还有死游，
蜜伤，美雨和冰火，盼缪斯能解颐。
有人把宙斯的奇遇变成诗篇的外衣，
用金雨喷洒，把金牛和天鹅往上绣，
有更谦卑的诗人描绘田园里的牧笛，
但在乡野的喻体之下真情没探出头。
有人认为忧伤既甜美风格也当甜美，
他们把眼泪当墨水，把哀叹当词汇，
把苍白的绝望当纸张，笔随愁苦动。
我只把我感觉到的说出，绝不夸张，
只想呈现出我心灵里最真实的图像，
用颤抖的声音把心上的斯泰拉赞颂。

VIII

Sir Philip Sidney

Love, born in Greece, of late fled from his native place,
Forc'd by a tedious proof, that Turkish harden'd heart
Is no fit mark to pierce with his fine pointed dart,
And pleas'd with our soft peace, stayed here his flying race.
But finding these north climes do coldly him embrace,
Not used to frozen clips, he strave to find some part
Where with most ease and warmth he might employ his art:
At length he perch'd himself in Stella's joyful face,
Whose fair skin, beamy eyes, like morning sun on snow,
Deceiv'd the quaking boy, who thought from so pure light
Effects of lively heat must needs in nature grow.
But she most fair, most cold, made him thence take his flight
To my close heart, where while some firebrands he did lay,
He burnt un'wares his wings, and cannot fly away.

Translation:

VIII

菲利浦·锡德尼

希腊的爱神不久前离开了他的故土，
他的利箭穿不透土耳其人坚硬的心，
他百无聊赖，只好离开故乡的山林，
这里宜人的静谧让他停下匆匆脚步。
爱神感觉北方的气候对他颇为冷酷，
冰冷的拥抱让他不适，他继续追寻，
希望他方能让他热情自如地把职尽。
最后他在斯泰拉欢快的脸上驻了足，
她肌似脂，眼如珠，恰似雪上晨阳，
这美让少年为之震颤，也为之所欺，
以为这纯光自然会散出温煦的光芒。
斯泰拉虽美却冷漠，爱神再欲飞起
飞入我心，而时当他放下手中明火，
无意燃了翅膀，想飞，却不知所措。

X X

Sir Philip Sidney

Fly, fly, my friends, I have my death wound; fly!
See there that boy, that murd'ring boy I say,
Who like a thief, hid in dark bush doth lie,
Till bloody bullet get him wrongful prey.
So tyrant he no fitter place could spy,
Nor so fair level in so secret stay,
As that sweet black which veils the heav'nly eye:
There himself with his shot he close doth lay.
Poor passenger, pass now thereby I did,
And stayed pleas'd with the prospect of the place,
While that black hue from me the bad guest hid:
But straight I saw motions of lightning grace,
And then descried the glist'ring of his dart:
But ere I could fly hence, it pierc'd my heart.

Translation:

X X

菲利浦·锡德尼

飞走吧，朋友们，我已受了致命伤，
看那个顽童呀，那个要人命的顽童，
他像贼一样在黑暗的灌木丛里躲藏，
直到他血腥的子弹让人无端把命送。
他多暴虐啊，也不找个更好的地方，
他悄悄藏着，选择的方位实在成功，
就像是在宜人的黑云后隐身的太阳：
他就挨着我躲着，手里拿着那把弓。
我这可怜的路人啊，就在那儿走过，
那景色让我沉醉，我就停留在那里，
而那坏小子就在那黑乎乎的地方躲：
但是我马上看到一道白光在眼前劈，
然后就看到了他那支明晃晃的利箭，
我来不及躲闪，任由利箭把心刺穿。

X X X I

Sir Philip Sidney

With how sad steps, oh Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face.
What, may it be, that even in heav'nly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with Love acquainted eyes
Can judge of Love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace
To me that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then ev'n of fellowship, oh Moon, tell me
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that Love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Translation:

X X X I

菲利浦·锡德尼

月亮呀，你爬向夜空脚步多沉重，
你默然无声，脸儿是多么苍白憔悴。
难道在天上那位弓箭手也不觉得累，
他还要忙里抽闲，将他的弓箭耍弄？
如果那双熟知爱神的眼睛真的管用，
真的能看穿爱神，那你是为爱心碎，
你的神情告诉了我；你憔悴而妩媚，
我明了你的心，因为我们处境相同。
既然都为情伤，那就告诉我吧月亮，
在天上忠贞是否也被当作不智之举？
美人们是否也傲慢，像人间的一样？
在天上他们爱是为了被爱吗？或许
恋爱中人会蔑视被爱主宰的痴情者？
在那儿他们是不是把美德当作缺德？

(龙靖遥 译)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Yao Zhibin

Yao Zhibin, born in August 1953, Anqing of Anhui Province, is Doctor of Medicine, professor, doctoral supervisor, poet, and photographer. From the year of 1999 to 2003, he was serving the position of Deputy Mayor of Zhongshan Municipal People's Government, and he had been appointed as the Director of Guangdong Provincial Health Bureau from 2003 to 2013. Now he has been a member of Twelfth Standing Committee of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference (CPPCC), Vice-chairman of the Eleventh Guangdong Provincial Committee of the CPPCC, a member of the Thirteenth Central Standing Committee and Chairman of the Seventh Guangdong Provincial Committee of Jiusan Society. He has also been selected on the list of "the National Cross-century Talents".

As a poet, Yao Zhibin has published many best-selling poetry collections, such as *Yellow Plum Drizzle* and *Snowy Spring*, etc. The contents of his poems cover new-styled poem, old-styled poem, couplet, and so on, which reflect both the grandeur of mountains and rivers, and collective images of grass roots; bosom humanistic care on one hand, criticise contemporary problems on the other. "To pinpoint the facts here and now, and work poetry towards life" is a prominent feature of Yao's poetry. His poetry takes the content instead of form as the first consideration.

These poems are selected and translated by Zhang Guangkui from *Snowy Spring* (Huacheng Publishing House, 2012).

姚志彬

姚志彬，男，1953年8月出生，安徽安庆人。医学博士，教授，博士生导师，诗人，摄影家。1999年至2003年任中山市人民政府副市长，2003年至2013年任广东省卫生厅厅长。现任全国政协第十二届常委、广东省政协第十一届副主席，九三学社中央第十三届常委、社广东省第七届主委。入选全国跨世纪人才。

作为诗人，姚志彬先生先后出版了《黄梅雨》和《多雪的春天》等畅销诗集。姚志彬的诗歌内容囊括新体诗、旧体诗及对联等。其诗行里既有山河浩气，也有草根群像；既有人文关怀，也有抨击时弊，而“关注当下，诗歌切入生活”是姚志彬诗歌的一大特色。他的诗歌首先考虑的不是形式，而是内涵。

此处的诗歌由张广奎选译自《多雪的春天》（花城出版社，2012）。

大雪

姚志彬

二〇一〇年元月初三，一场大雪铺天盖地横扫数省，所有的航班中断。滞留在北京机场的候机室里，望着窗外漫天的飞雪……

一场大雪压下来
埋葬了所有的污染、纷争和喝彩
讲述着一个纯洁的故事
带我们回到儿时记忆的雪白世界。

我暗自庆幸，大雪遮挡了所有的方向
把飞机、汽车等现代交通统统葬埋
银装素裹 白雪皑皑……
马蹄下的蝴蝶兰悄悄地绽开。

据说这是五十年来最大的一场雪
好像是给世界气候大会一个“交代”
或许这只是《后天》的回光返照
待南极的冰川消融后人类已没有未来。

这也是一场高价而珍藏版的雪
让我们搬出所有的容器收藏吧
将雪深埋在地下
一百年后与女儿红一起挖出
到苏富比、嘉士德拍卖。

Translation:

Heavy Snow

Yao Zhibin

3 January 2010, a heavy snow swept over many provinces, causing all flights suspended. Detained at departure hall of Beijing Airport, I was beholding the flying snow outside all over the sky.

A heavy snow is overwhelming
With all the pollutions, conflicts and acclams buried being,
Telling a pure story
Bringing us back to snow-white world in childhood memory.

I feel myself lucky, the heavy snow blocks all directions
And buries plane, car and all modern transportations
Clad in silver white, snow gleaming white...
Under the hoof, a butterfly orchid blooms in quiet.

Said it is the heaviest snow of latest fifty years
Seems a “response” to the World Climate Conference
Maybe it’s only the last radiance of *The Day After Tomorrow*
Mankind will have no future after glacier melts in the South Pole.

This is, too, a snow of collective edition with high value
Let’s enshrine it, carrying out every vessel
And bury it deep underground with snow
Scoop it out a century later with Nü Er Hong wine
By auction at Sotheby’s or Christie’s to sell.

兰的故事

姚志彬

从前，你生在山间空谷
与溪水为伴 与清风为伴
与芥芥同惠 与瘦竹同霜

后来你进入了客室书房
与君子为伴 与木琴为伴
与诗画同雅 与书墨同香

如今你来到五星级大堂
一身贵气 浓彩华妆
你学会了跳舞、舞剑， 甚至化蝶

我伤感关于兰的故事
怀念韩夫子的空幽咏叹
君子之守，君子之伤.....

Translation:

The Story of Orchid

Yao Zhibin

Once you were born in mountains and valleys
Befriend streams, accompany breeze
Stand by straw, the shepherd's purse and thin bamboo

Later, you entered guest room and study
Befriend gentleman, accompany xylophone
Behave gracefully with poem and painting, book and black

But now you come to five-star lobby
With nobility all over the body, and makeup gaudy
You've learned to dance, brandish a sword, and turn into a butterfly

I'm sad for orchard's story
Longing for Han Fuzi's chanting, quiet and empty
Adherence to virtue, lament of gentlemen.....

回家

姚志彬

回家的路,我走了 50 年
1 个多小时的航程
我数次飞越关山
却总是航班误点
赶不上母亲的雨季

五月的梅雨，把小城打湿
一川烟草，满城风絮
白云之上，我与母亲相聚
她站在门口朝南方张望
白发、炊烟缭绕，触手可及

接过她手里的玉米和衬衫
衬衫已被泪水浸湿
放下行李，扶母亲坐下
提出秋天翻修老屋的设想
她指着梁上的燕巢
看着我，含笑不语。

Translation:

Back Home

Yao Zhibin

The way home kept me walking for 50 years
A flight of one hour or so
I flew over Guanshan Mountain times
But, never was it on time so far as I know
For mother's monsoon

Plum rain in May wet the small town
A plain of tobacco, a city of catkin of willow
Mother and I reunite up in the air
She stands at the door staring southward
I can reach the swirling cooking smoke and her grey hair

From her hands, I took over the shirt and corn
Which has been soaked with tears
Putting down the luggage, I help her sit well
Propose to restore the old house in fall
She beams at the beam where a swallow's nest is
Then, eyes on me, smiles in silence.

梅花，雪花，剑

姚志彬

夜已朦胧 水亦朦胧
朦胧中飘荡着朦胧的幽灵
朦胧的雾气在水面升起
把世界披上白色的纱裙。

如果你是白衣，在风中舞剑
我且扶琴把梅花三弄
剑舞梅花
散落的花瓣在月色里飘零。

如果我是白衣 在风中舞剑
你且抚琴弹白雪阳春
剑舞雪花
飘散的白在月色里缤纷。

Translation:

Plum Blossom, Snowflake and Sword

Yao Zhibin

The night's hazy, and the water's hazy
In haziness floats the hazy ghost
Over the water rises the hazy mist
It seems the world clad in white veil.

Were you in white, dancing with a sword in the wind
I play the melody "Plum-blossom in Three Movements"
Perform swordplay in the midst of plum blossoms
The scattering petals lonely fly in the moonlight.

Were I in white, dancing with a sword in the wind
You play the melody "The Spring Snow"
Perform swordplay in the midst of snowflakes
The drifting white riotously bloom in the moonlight.

星空

姚志彬

昨夜 我做了一个梦
梦里 我仰望星空
星星逐渐稀少 星光渐渐弱赢
突然， 我看到一个黑洞
像一只巨大而凶猛的鹰
它不断远去
又不断靠近
黑洞在快速地旋转
旋风夹着巨大的引力
吞噬着周围的星星
从梦中醒来
我坐在烈日下的沙滩上
浑身无力 汗水淋淋

Translation:

The Starry Sky

Yao Zhibin

Last night I had a dream
In the dream I looked up at the starry sky
Stars fewer and fewer, starlight feebler and feebler
Suddenly, I saw a black hole
Like an eagle, huge and feral
Flying far away and away
Then coming nearer and nearer
The black hole was spinning fast
Whose whirlwind was full of great gravitation
Swallowing down the surrounding stars
I woke up from the dream
Sitting on the beach under the burning sun
All over weak all over sweating

春梦良宵

姚志彬

我一转身
三月过去了
多情的雨水把四月浸泡

繁花被洗得苍白
清明的路上长满青草
草地上摆着祭品
苹果、鲜花和蛋糕……

是谁放起了音乐
流淌着三十年代的老歌
“何日君再来……”
歌声与雨丝缠绵着，纸蝶纷飞

东风挥舞着柳条
是召唤逝去的三月
是追思那春梦良宵。

Translation:

A Spring Dream in a Wonderful Night

Yao Zhibin

When I turn back
March is past
April is soaked in the amorous rain.

Mass flowers are washed white
And soft green grass covers the road of early April
On which oblations are placed
Apples, cakes and fresh flowers...

Someone begins to play music
Melodies of 1930s are flowing around
“When could you come again...”
The singing and drizzle are lingering with paper butterflies flying

The east wind waves the willow twigs
Summoning the parting March
And thinking back the spring dream in a wonderful night.

渴望

姚志彬

渴望阳光
恨不得调整地球的轨道
朝着太阳飞翔。

渴望雨水
恨不得把云雾雨雪召集在一起
举办一场太平洋大合唱。

渴望理解
恨不得扒开自己的胸膛
轻轻贴上你的手掌。

渴望自由
哪怕做一朵大海的浪花
撞碎在坚硬的崖石上。

Translation:

Longing

Yao Zhibin

I long for sunshine
And how I wish to alter the Earth's orbit
And fly towards the Sun.

I long for rain
And how I wish to gather together cloud, fog, rain and snow
And hold a Pacific chorus.

I long for understanding
How I wish to open wide my chest
And slightly put your palm on.

I long for freedom
Even if I am a sea spray
Which crashes on tough cliffstone.

失眠

姚志彬

八十五、五十七、六十八——
数字已经朦胧
又是一个艰难的夜晚
子夜呼唤着黎明。

迷茫中月色开出了桃花
知更鸟的舞姿格外从容
抽水马桶在嘟喃着
开始怀疑药的忠诚。

翻过身，再睡吧
失眠有自己的浪漫
风从窗的缝隙溜进来
眠之舟在风浪里迷失了归程。

Translation:

Insomnia

Yao Zhibin

85, 57, 68...

Numbers are dimming
Another difficult night
Midnight is calling dawn.

In hazy moonlight are peach blossoms
Robins are dancing leisurely
Flush toilets are mumbling
In doubt of the medicine's loyalty.

Turn over and sleep on
Insomnia has romance of its own
Wind slips in through the gap of window
Boat of sleep is getting lost in the storm.

(张广奎 译)

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