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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor Zhang Guangju

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Chief Editor

Zhang Guangkui

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Contents

English-Chinese Version

1. Forget Not Yet.....Thomas Wyatt(1-2)
2. Woman's ConstancyJohn Donne(3-4)
3. A Song.....Thomas Carew(5-6)
4. How Soon Hath Time.....John Milton (7-8)
5. It Is a Beauteous Evening.....William Wordsworth (9-10)
6. The World Is Too Much With Us.....William Wordsworth (11-12)
7. This Living Hand.....John Keats (13-14)
8. Days.....Ralph Waldo Emerson(15-16)
9. Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal.....Alfred Tennyson(17-18)
10. Hope.....Emily Brontë(19-20)

Chinese-English Version

1. At the Frontier.....Wang Changling(21-22)
2. Down Zhongnan Mountain to the Kind Pillow and Bowl of Husi.....Li Po(23-24)
3. The North Qingluo Hill.....Li Shangyin(25-26)
4. Tune: Yu Ge Zi.....Zhang Zhihe(27-28)
5. Tune: Qing Men Yin.....Zhang Xian(29-30)
6. The Flies.....Zhou Zuoren(31-32)
7. Missing.....Yu Pingbo(33-34)
8. Falling Night.....Lu Zhiwei(35-36)
9. In the Dark.....Xu Yunuo(37-38)
10. The Monologue.....Zhu Ziqing(39-40)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Ben Jonson

Introduction.....	(41)
1. A Farewell to the World.....	(41-46)
2. Have You Seen But A Bright Lily Grow.....	(47-48)
3. On My First Son.....	(49-50)
4. Come, My Celia.....	(51-52)
5. His Supposed Mistress.....	(53-54)
6. That Women Are But Men's Shadows.....	(55-56)
7. Song from The Silent Woman.....	(57-58)
8. Begging Another.....	(59-60)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

He Jingzhi

Introduction.....	(61)
1. Snowflake.....	(63-66)
2. Woodpecker.....	(67-68)
3. My Brother Died.....	(69-74)
4. In a Church.....	(75-76)
5. Christmas.....	(77-80)
6. Mother's Eyes, So Bright.....	(81-82)
7. Don't Be Afraid, Star.....	(83-84)

Poetics

Poepera as a Poetry's Interpretive Kinetic Art Onstage.....	(87-99)
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**To our honourable
poets, readers and translators**

English-Chinese Version

Forget Not Yet¹

Thomas Wyatt²

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant,
My great travail so gladly spent
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye knew, since when
The suit, the service, none tell can,
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrongs, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in denays,
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet, forget not this,
How long ago hath been and is
The mind that never meant amiss,
Forget not yet.

Forget not yet thine own approved,
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved,
Forget not this.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 131.

² Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542), an English ambassador and lyrical poet, is credited with introducing the sonnet into English literature.

Translation:

别忘记

托马斯·怀亚特

别忘记曾努力的目标，
我意向中的真道，
我快乐的辛劳，
 别忘记。

别忘记刚开始的日子，
你熟知的劳苦，曾几何时，
追求，服侍，无人可以告知，
 别忘记。

别忘记那些艰难的试炼，
惨痛的过失，嘲讽的指点，
反复忍耐的痛苦收敛，
 别忘记。

别忘记，这些都别忘记，
无论是从前还是今日，
痴心未改追求如意，
 别忘记。

别忘记你自己的认可，
你长久深爱的一切，
你坚定的信念从未泯灭，
 别忘记。

(刘朝晖 译)

Woman's Constancy¹

John Donne²

Now thou hast loved me one whole day,
To-morrow when thou leavest, what wilt thou say ?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow ?

Or say that now

We are not just those persons which we were ?
Or that oaths made in reverential fear
Of Love, and his wrath, any may forswear ?
Or, as true deaths true marriages untie,
So lovers' contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unloose ?

Or, your own end to justify,

For having purposed change and falsehood, you
Can have no way but falsehood to be true ?
Vain lunatic, against these 'scapes I could

Dispute, and conquer, if I would;

Which I abstain to do,

For by to-morrow I may think so too.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 294.

² John Donne (1572-1631), an English poet and cleric in the Church of England. He is considered the pre-eminent representative of the metaphysical poets.

Translation:

女人的忠贞

约翰·邓恩

如今你爱了我一整天，
你明天离开时要说什么？
你会说个新造的誓言？
 还是现在就说
我们都不是曾经的我们？
或者说出于敬畏立下的誓言
只是畏惧神的怒气，人人都可放弃？
还是说，婚姻终结于死亡，
恋人的盟约如同婚姻，
睡眠如同死亡，所以恋爱在睡眠中消亡？
 或者，为你自己的辩护，
你原本就想背叛犯错，
所以只能忠于自己的错误？
虚荣的疯子，我可以反击这些借口
 如果我愿意，一定能够得胜；
 但我不想这样，
因为到了明天，也许我也有同样的理由。

（刘朝晖 译）

A Song¹

Thomas Carew²

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 385.

² Thomas Carew (1595-1640), an English poet, among the "Cavalier" group of Caroline poets.

Translation:

歌

托马斯·卡鲁

勿再问我，六月已过，上帝馈赠的
那正枯萎的玫瑰正在何处。
因为，在你美丽的光泽映照下，
这些花，心照不宣，睡了。

勿再问我，岁月中
那金色的颗粒散在何处。
因为，纯洁的爱，上天预备的
脂粉将使你的秀发更美。

勿再问我，五月已过，
夜莺匆匆飞向何处。
因为，你恬美难舍的歌喉
让她度过冬日，温暖着她的旋律。

勿再问我，在黑夜的死亡处，
那些星光落在何处。
因为，他们静坐在你的眼中，
一动不动，仿佛在自己的星球上。

勿再问我，凤凰鸟
将它的香巢筑在东方还是西方。
因为，她最终将飞向您，
并终老在您馨香的怀抱里。

(肖小军 译)

How Soon Hath Time¹

John Milton²

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stol'n on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

¹ Stephen Greenblatt. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*(Eighth Edition). W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2006: 1826.

² John Milton (1608-1674), an English poet, best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost* (1667) written in blank verse.

Translation:

如梭流光

约翰·弥尔顿

如梭流光，狡黠的青春窃贼，
用他的羽翼载走了我的二十三岁！
我的匆匆华年逝去如水，
而我的暮春却未含苞吐蕾。
或许我的容貌把现实蒙骗，
而我确已将近成年，
内心的成熟却相及甚远，
不比乐享是时的灵魂达练。
然任之或多或少，或缓或急，
命运自有其既定的轨迹
或高贵，或贫贱
跟随时间，听凭天愿；
若我接受如此恩典，
一切尽入我圣主之眼。

（唐亚琪 译）

It Is a Beauteous Evening¹

William Wordsworth²

It is a beauteous evening calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquility;
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea:
Listen! The mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder--everlastingly,
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 794.

² William Wordsworth (1770-1850), a major English Romantic poet who, with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, helped to launch the Romantic Age in English literature with their joint publication *Lyrical Ballads* (1798).

Translation:

妙美之夜

威廉·华兹华斯

这是个妙美之夜，和静而自在，
神圣的时光如此寂静
如修姑屏息神颂。
圆硕的太阳静默西沉。
天宇的柔和滋润着海面，
听！巨大的生命体已经醒来，
他那永恒的动作发出
霹雳般的声响——永恒地。
亲爱的儿子，亲爱的女儿！快与我来到此处，
如果你不被神圣的思考所触动，
你们的秉性也不会因此减损任何神性。
你永远依偎在亚伯拉罕的怀里，
在神殿的深处朝拜，
神与你同在，尽管我们并不知晓。

（肖小军 译）

The World Is Too Much With Us¹

William Wordsworth

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.--Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 802.

Translation:

人世太纷繁

威廉·华兹华斯

人世太纷繁；不过迟些和将至而已；
或得或失，我们的人生也消磨殆尽；
你我眼中的些许自然才是属于我们的；
总是徘徊小小微利间，本心渐行渐远！
大海敞开拥明月入怀，
风在长长的时光里聚涌吹拂，
然岁月静好如安睡的花朵，
于斯，于所有此在，我们已魂神难在；
心生麻木一一但，伟大的上神！我心愿
成为一名异教徒去沉浸于旧时的教义；
如此，或许我仍能立于这片青葱乐土，
回望四周景物抚慰我的荒凉；
看一看海神普鲁吐斯从海上升起；
或听一听上神特里同吹响他的花饰号角。

（邓宇萍 译）

This Living Hand¹

John Keats²

This living hand, now warm and capable
Of earnest grasping, would, if it were cold
And in the icy silence of the tomb,
So haunt thy days and chill thy dreaming nights
That thou wouldst wish thine own heart dry of blood
So in my veins red life might stream again,
And thou be conscience-calm'd—see here it is—
I hold it towards you.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 940.

² John Keats (1795-1821), an English Romantic poet, was one of the main figures of the second generation of Romantic poets, along with Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Translation:

生存之手

约翰·济慈

这只生存之手，如今仍温暖，
能热切地紧握，假若它变冷，
在冰冻的坟冢，它悄无声息，
萦绕你的白日，吹寒你的梦夜，
你这般的心思，愿心血枯竭，
让我鲜红血脉，或可重归来，
使你良心安宁，看就在这儿，
我把它握持着，目标朝向你。

（赵嘏 译）

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, kingdom, 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, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 946.

² Ralph Waldo Emerson 1803-1882), an American essayist, lecturer, and poet who led the Transcendentalist movement of the mid-19th century.

Translation:

日子

拉尔夫·沃尔多·爱默生

时间的女儿，伪善的日子，
耳聋声哑如赤足苦行僧众，
各自排列，无尽无穷，
王冕和权杖端持在手。
因人所愿，她们将礼物馈赠，
面包，王国，星辰，及包罗的天空。
我，在我枝蔓缠绕的花园，观望这盛事，
忘却了我的晨愿，匆忙间
采摘了些香草和苹果，然而日子已默然
转身，离去。而我，在她肃穆的发带下
瞥见她的不屑，为时已晚。

（唐亚琪 译）

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal¹

Alfred Tennyson²

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me

Now droops the milwhite peacock like a ghost
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me
Now lies the Earth all Danace to the stars
And all thy heart lies open unto me
Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up
And slips into the bosom of the lake
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me .

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 995.

² Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892) is the Poet Laureate of Great Britain and Ireland during much of Queen Victoria's reign and remains one of the most popular British poets.

Translation:

深红色的花瓣睡着了

阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生

深红色的花瓣睡着了，白色的也睡了；
柏树也不再摇曳在宫廷小路；
金鱼也不在斑岩圣钵中隐现；
萤火虫醒着：叫醒你和我。

此刻白孔雀沉下了魅影般的身子，
魅影般向我展露微光。
此刻大地达娜厄般迎向星辰，
你的心全然朝我绽放。
此刻沉静的流星缓缓划过，留下
一道光亮的沟犁，就像我心中的你。

百合敛上她的全部芬芳，
潜入深深的湖心；
也敛起自己吧，我的爱，投入
我的怀中迷失吧。

(王璇 译)

Hope¹

Emily Brontë²

Hope was but a timid friend;
She sat without the grated den,
Watching how my fate would tend,
Even as selfish-hearted men.

She was cruel in her fear;
Through the bars, one dreary day,
I looked out to see her there,
And she turned her face away!

Like a false guard, false watch keeping,
Still, in strife, she whispered peace;
She would sing while I was weeping;
If I listened, she would cease.

False she was, and unrelenting;
When my last joys strewed the ground,
Even Sorrow saw, repenting,
Those sad relics scattered round;

Hope, whose whisper would have given
Balm to all my frenzied pain,
Stretched her wings, and soared to heaven,
Went, and ne'er returned again!

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1046.

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

Translation:

希望

艾米莉·勃朗蒂

希望只是个胆小的朋友；
她坐守，即便没有囚笼，
观察着我命运怎么走，
以自私者的冷眼旁观。

她因恐惧而无情；
某个沉闷的日子，透过那栅栏，
我定定地望向她，
而她却别过了脸！

像个假警卫她一直假装看守着，
然而，冲突中，她又轻声求和；
我啜泣时她哼起小曲，
若我去听，她便停了。

虚伪是她，无情也是她；
当我仅存的喜悦洒向大地，
“伤心”看了，也会懊恼，
那些遍布的悲伤印记。

希望啊，她的耳语本该给我
疯狂的痛苦涂满香膏，
伸展她的翅膀，冲上天，
她走了，一去不返！

（王璇 译）

Chinese-English Version

塞上曲¹

王昌龄²

蝉鸣空桑林，
八月萧关道。
出塞入塞寒，
处处黄芦草。
从来幽并客，
皆共尘沙老。
莫学游侠儿，
矜夸紫骝好。

¹ 喻守真. 唐诗三百首详析. 北京: 中华书局, 2005: 50.

² Wang Changling (王昌龄, 698–756) was a major Tang Dynasty poet. He is best known for his poems describing battles in the frontier regions of western China.

Translation:

At the Frontier

Wang Changling

Cicadas sing in thin mulberries,
in August there lies the Xiaoguan Road.
Out of the fortress it chills to be back,
all covered in yellow reed leaves.
Warriors from You and Bing always
bury themselves with dust and sand.
Never learn from a chivalrous youngster,
proudly boasting of his handsome horse.

(Trans. Wang Xuan)

下终南山过斛斯山人宿置酒¹

李白²

暮从碧山下，
山月随人归。
却顾所来径，
苍苍横翠微。
相携及田家，
童稚开荆扉。
绿竹入幽径，
青萝拂行衣。
欢言得所憩，
美酒聊共挥。
长歌吟松风，
曲尽河星稀。
我醉君复乐，
陶然共忘机。

¹ 喻守真. 唐诗三百首详析. 北京:中华书局, 2005: 22.

² Li Po (李白, 701-762), one of the most popular Chinese poets, was noted for his romantic songs on wine, women, and nature. His writings reflect the grandeur of the Tang Dynasty at the height of its prosperity.

Translation:

Going Down Zhongnan Mountain, Encountering a Husi Mountain Recluse

Li Po

At dusk I came down the jade mountain,
the moon accompanied me homeward.
Looking back to the path I passed,
I saw it lied in vast emerald shadows.
Encountering a Husi Mountain recluse whose farm house I reached,
a child opened the gate of thorn for me.
Green bamboos stretched to hide the way,
and vines extended to flick my clothes.
Pleasing talk gave me good rest,
fine wine swirled one bowl after another.
We sang the tune of wind in the pines,
until stars sank in the milky way.
I am drunken to your great delight,
so happy were we to forget the world.

(Trans. Wang Xuan)

北青萝¹

李商隐²

残阳西入崦，
茅屋访孤僧。
落叶人何在，
寒云路几层。
独敲初夜磬，
闲倚一枝藤。
世界微尘里，
吾宁爱与憎。

¹ 喻守真. 唐诗三百首详析. 北京: 中华书局, 2005: 334.

² Li Shangyin (李商隐, 813-858) was a Chinese poet of the late Tang Dynasty. He is particularly famous for his tantalizing "No Title" poems.

Translation:

The North Qingluo Hill

Li Shangyin

When the sun falls into the west hill,
I drop by a solitary in his thatched hut.
There are only falling leaves around,
Besides some cloudy cold incessant ghat.
At nightfall I hear his knocking chime stone,
Seeing him hold a cane leant.
For all come from dust,
What can I love or hate?

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

渔歌子¹

张志和²

西塞山前白鹭飞，
桃花流水鳜鱼肥。
青箬笠，
绿蓑衣，
斜风细雨不须归。

¹ 俞平伯. 唐宋词选释. 北京: 人民文学出版社, 1979: 13.

² Zhang Zhihe (张志和, 743-774), a Chinese government official and Taoist scholar.

Translation:

Tune: Yu Ge Zi¹

Zhang Zhihe

Before the Xisai Hill do egrets hover,
Peach blossoms while fish fattens in flowing water.
Bluish broad-rimmed straw hats,
Greenish straw capes,
Gentle breeze and drizzle needn't return.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

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

青门引¹

张先²

乍暖还轻冷，
风雨晚来方定。
庭轩寂寞近清明，
残花中酒，
又是去年病。

楼头画角风吹醒，
入夜重门静。
那堪更被明月，
隔墙送过秋千影。

¹ 俞平伯. 唐宋词选释. 北京: 人民文学出版社, 1979: 71.

² Zhang Xian (张先, 990-1078) was a Song Dynasty artist and ci poet in China.

Translation:

Tune: Qing Men Yin¹

Zhang Xian

Sudden warming-up, but still slightly cold.

Raining till the evening.

Near Qingming, the court is isolated.

Drunk among the withered flowers,

Same diseased as last year.

Waken up with the wind,

From the corner of the army camp.

The evening turns silent when the gate was shut .

Can't bear the shadow of the swing

Cast over the wall by the moon.

(Trans. Xiao Xiaojun)

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

苍蝇¹

周作人²

我们说爱，
爱一切众生；
但是我——却觉得不能全爱。
我能爱狼和大蛇，
能爱在林野背景里的猪。
我不能爱那苍蝇。
我憎恶他们，我诅咒他们。
大小一切的苍蝇们，
美与生命的破坏者，
中国人的好朋友的苍蝇们啊！
我诅咒你的全灭，
用了人力以外的最黑最黑的魔术的力。

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系(1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2009: 47.

² Zhou Zuoren (周作人, 1885-1967) was a Chinese writer, primarily known as an essayist and a translator. He was the younger brother of Lu Xun (Zhou Shuren), the second of three brothers.

Translation:

The Flies

Zhou Zuoren

When we say love,
We love every thing.
But I—am of the opinion I can't love all.
I can love a wolf and a snake,
I can love a porcupine in the woods.
But I can't love flies.
I detest them. I curse them.
The big or the small, the old or the young,
The destroyer of beauty and living things.
O, you flies, those of Chinese good friends',
I curse you all die,
With the non-human, the darkest, and the most magical power!

(Trans. Xiao Xiaojun)

去思¹

俞平伯²

看倦了的影子，
渐渐地慢慢地有些儿可爱，
便是它要走了；
于是——我又轻薄地被玩弄了一次。

今天，我呢，
誓不恋恋了。
但四围的脸怎么又恶很很的？
重得像一件雨打湿的厚呢大衣，
伦敦冬晚底雾里。

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系(1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2009: 97.

² Yu Pingbo (俞平伯, 1900-1990), former name Yu Mingheng and courtesy name Pingbo, was a Chinese essayist, poet, historian, Redologist, and critic.

Translation:

Missing

Yu Pingbo

The tiring shadow

Gradually, slowly seems a little lovely,

So it is about to go;

Then—I'm once again flirted frivolously.

Today, I,

Swear not to miss.

But how come faces around seem so vicious?

Heavy like a drenching thick woolen coat,

In the London winter night mist.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

向晚¹

陆志韦²

轻风从葡萄架底下过，
葡萄架发出微细的声音。
一日的苦工换一刻休息，
来数数一颗颗才出来的星。

上帝，我这几天离你更远了。
并不是我忘了他们的苦乐；
可是我看惯了，冷心了，随便了，
世上的虚华就是牢笼我。

我前年在向晚的时候默想，
确实摸得到他们的痛苦。
上帝就派我做他们的人，
我不应该再想埃及的肉粥。

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系(1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2009: 111.

² Lu Zhiwei (陆志韦, 1894-1970), known as C. W. Luh, was an important figure in Chinese poetry for his critical ideas, and as a poet being one of the early poets to work in the Modern Chinese poetry.

Translation:

Falling Night

Lu Zhiwei

Breeze blows below the grape trellis
With grape trellis sending out slight sound.
One day of drudgery for a moment of rest,
To count down the stars just coming out.

God, these days I'm farther from you away
I have not forgotten their bitterness and joy;
But I get used to it, disappointed, and careless,
The worldly vanity for me is only cage.

The year before last I'm pondering at falling night,
I could perceptually touch their agony.
God is sending me to be their disciple
I should not miss the Egyptian meat porridge any more.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

在黑暗里¹

徐玉诺²

黑暗的处所——
冒险家所未发觉，
宇宙的光，甚至萤虫所忘却。
在那里
同一位丑鬼躲在墓的深处一样，
我并不呻吟和歌唱，
我蝓蝓的安卧在那里
一连好久好久不露我的面孔。
但是我不断想着并且希望，
萤虫变化太阳那一早晨，
我也要试一试
走近光的范围了。

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系(1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2009: 172.

² Xu Yunuo (徐玉诺, 1894-1958), a Chinese poet and writer in the 20th century.

Translation:

In the Dark

Xu Yunuo

The abode of dark--
The explorer has not yet found.
The light of the cosmos, even the firebug forgot.
Over there
Like an ugly ghost hiding in the depth of the grave,
I neither moaned nor sang.
In peace and quiet I lay
Not showing up for long.
Yet I kept thinking and hoping,
The morning when the firebug changes its sun,
I would also try
To move closer to its run.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

独白¹

朱自清²

白云漫了太阳；
青山环拥着正睡的时候，
牛乳般雾露遮遮掩掩，
像轻纱似的，
幂了新嫁娘的面。
默然在窗儿口，
上不见只鸟儿，
下不见个影儿，
只剩飘飘的清风，
只剩悠悠的远钟。
眼底是靡人间了，
耳根是靡人间了；
故乡的她，独灵迹似的，
猛猛然涌上我的心头来了！

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系(1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2009: 191.

² Zhu Ziqing (朱自清, 1898-1948), a renowned Chinese poet and essayist, was a prolific writer of both prose and poetry, but was best known for essays like "Retreating Figure".

Translation:

The Monologue

Zhu Ziqing

White clouds spread over the sun.
Green hills were sleeping around.
Milky dewy fog floating,
Like misty light silk,
Gently covered the bride's face.
Standing speechless at the window,
I didn't see any bird in the sky
Or on the earth any shadow.
Only the light breeze I felt;
Only the remote bell I heard.
It was heaven in my eyes;
It was heaven in my ears.
Like a fairy, the lady in my hometown
Sprung up suddenly on my mind!

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Ben Jonson

Ben Jonson (1572–1637), born in London, was a noted English poet, playwright, actor and literary critic of the English Renaissance. Jonson attended Westminster School under the financial aid of the antiquarian and historian William Camden (1551–1623), who was also one of his masters. He got an easy access to a rich knowledge of Greek and Roman literature there. And by reading widely, he became one of the most erudite playwrights at that time.

Jonson's representative anthologies are *Epigrams*, *Timber*, and *Underwood*. His poetry is characterized by the bright, vivacious and concise texts. Under the influence of Greek and Roman culture, he committed himself to Latin poems, which helped form the classic beauty in his poem and had a great influence on Neoclassicism.

In addition, Johnson wrote 18 plays, most of which are social satirical comedies. And the plays were performed under the principle of classicism with a strong sense of morality. Johnson was imprisoned twice for the sharp criticism he practiced on the social custom. As for his prose works, they are mainly concerned with the views of literary criticism, which are greatly admired and accepted by the literary. Johnson's achievements in poetry, plays and prose have made him "the leader of writers", and the literary circles inheriting his views are called "Johnson School".

These poems are selected from *The Complete Poems of Ben Jonson* (William B. Hunter, Jr, ed. *The Complete Poems of Ben Jonson*, New York: Anchor Books Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1963) and translated by Sheng Yan.

本·琼森

本·琼森(1572—1637)，生于伦敦，文艺复兴时期英国诗人，剧作家，演员及评论家。曾求学于古代史学者威廉·坎姆登(1556—1623)，并在其资助下到威斯敏斯特学校读书，获得关于希腊、罗马文学的丰富知识。后又博览群书，成为当时学识最渊博的剧作家之一。

本·琼森主要诗集有《格言诗》、《森林集》、《灌木集》。他的诗特点在于明快，文字干净。受古希腊、罗马文化的影响，他热爱拉丁诗篇，诗作有收敛整饬的古典美，对新古典主义的形成有很大影响。

此外，琼森写了 18 部戏剧，大都是社会讽刺喜剧，其剧作遵循古典主义原则，并有强烈的道德倾向。剧中因对当时社会恶劣风习的尖锐批评曾使他两次被捕入狱。其散文作品主要是有关文艺批评的，在当时文坛上受到推崇。琼森在诗歌，剧作以及散文方面的成就，使他成为作家中的领袖人物，围绕着他活动的文学圈被称为“琼生派”。

此处诗歌均选自《本·琼生诗歌全集》(William B. Hunter, Jr, ed. *The Complete Poems of Ben Jonson*, New York: Anchor Books Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1963)，由盛艳翻译。

A Farewell to the World

Ben Jonson

FALSE world, good night! since thou hast brought
That hour upon my morn of age;
Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,
My part is ended on thy stage.

Yes, threaten, do. Alas! I fear
As little as I hope from thee:
I know thou canst not show nor bear
More hatred than thou hast to me.

My tender, first, and simple years
Thou didst abuse and then betray;
Since stir'd'st up jealousies and fears,
When all the causes were away.

Then in a soil hast planted me
Where breathe the basest of thy fools;
Where envious arts professed be,
And pride and ignorance the schools;

Translation:

与世界的告别

本·琼森

虚伪的世界，晚安！既然你已将
那时刻带入我的黎明时代。
从今往后，将你从脑海中抹去，
在你之舞台，我的角色已毕。

是，恐惧。啊！我对你所惧的
与所期待的一样寥寥：
我明白了，你对我的怨恨
无法再多一分。

我那最初的，纤柔而简单的岁月
你将它破坏了，其后出卖；
只因它激起你的妒忌与忧惧，
当所有的原因都消失不见。

其后我植根于一片土壤，
在那儿呼吸你这愚人的卑鄙；
在那儿妒忌成为一种艺术，
而骄傲与无知自成学派。

Where nothing is examined, weigh'd,
But as 'tis rumour'd, so believed;
Where every freedom is betray'd,
And every goodness tax'd or grieved.

But what we're born for, we must bear:
Our frail condition it is such
That what to all may happen here,
If 't chance to me, I must not grutch.

Else I my state should much mistake
To harbour a divided thought
From all my kind-that, for my sake,
There should a miracle be wrought.

No, I do know that I was born
To age, misfortune, sickness, grief:
But I will bear these with that scorn
As shall not need thy false relief.

Nor for my peace will I go far,
As wanderers do, that still do roam;
But make my strengths, such as they are,
Here in my bosom, and at home.

Translation:

在那儿，没有什么被思究，衡量，
谣传却被那般坚信。
在那儿，一切自由都被出卖，
所有美好都需赋税，不然即会悼萎。

但所为生之种种，我们必须承受；
我们那虚弱的状态，它是
谁人于这世上都有可能发生的
若它降临于我，我绝不抱怨。

可能我将形势错认为
要将所有分歧
暗暗隐藏，想着为着我的缘故
终究会有奇迹发生。

不，早知生来会
衰老，受苦，病痛，伤心：
但我会 在讥诮中承受这一切，
不需要你假意安慰。

亦不会为了获得宁静而远离，
如漂泊者那样，他们仍四处飘零；
却让我的力量，它虽不过如此，
停驻我心，无拘无束。

Have You Seen But A Bright Lily Grow

Ben Jonson

Have you seen but a bright lily grow
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier,
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

Translation:

你可曾见过一朵洁白无瑕的百合？

本·琼森

你可曾见过一朵洁白无瑕的百合

在它被鲁莽的手触碰之前？

你可曾记得一片雪花

在它飘入泥泞之前？

你可曾感受过海狸毛，

或是天鹅羽绒的柔软？

你可曾嗅过野蔷薇的苞蕾？

或甘松在火中的四溢的芬芳？

或品味过蜜的蜂房？

哦，如此洁白，哦，如此温柔，哦，如此甜美的她！

On My First Son

Ben Jonson

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy.
Seven years thou'wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O, could I lose all father now! For why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scap'd world's and flesh's rage,
And, if no other misery, yet age?
Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.
For whose sake, henceforth, all his vows be such,
As what he loves may never like too much.

Translation:

我的头生子

本·琼森

永别了，孩子，我的右手，我的欢乐；
我的罪是对你抱有太多期望，我挚爱的男孩。
你借我七年时光，我偿与
你生命的精华，就在那天。
哦，我失去为父的一切了！为何
原本人人倾慕，如今陷入悲悼的苦海？
这样快就逃离人世与肉身的苦，
若无其它苦楚，何来生之羁绊？
静静地安息于此，若有人问，会说，这儿有
本·琼森最好的一首诗。
为着它的缘故，从今以后，他所宣告的
和他所爱的都不会如喜爱这诗那般多。

Come, My Celia

Ben Jonson

Come, my Celia, let us prove
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours forever;
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain.
Suns that set may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumor are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies,
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal;
But the sweet theft to reveal.
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

Translation:

来吧，我的西莉娅

本·琼森

来吧,我的西莉娅，让我们
及时证明，爱的欢愉；
时光不会永驻身旁；
他给予我们的好时有限。
若错失，他的苦心全废。
落下的夕阳还会冉冉升起；
但若荒废良辰，
就只余永恒的暗夜。
为何我们要推迟快乐的时分？
名誉与谣言不过是玩物。
我们无法欺瞒，
那么多粗鄙之人刺探的双眼
也无法躲过他那灵敏的耳朵，
那耳朵在我们爱的
呻吟中恍然若失，
偷窃爱的果实并无罪恶。
去拿吧，来看吧
这些全部是犯罪。

His Supposed Mistress

Ben Jonson

If I freely can discover
What would please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humourous in her toying;
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying,
Neither too easy, nor too hard:
All extremes I would have barred.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swowning,
Every fit with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her;
Then only constant when I crave her,
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

Translation:

他假想中的情人

本·琼森

若能自由的探索
我的爱人最令我最愉悦的品质
我要她公平和机智
受到更多平等而非特权的熏陶；
有点骄傲，但悲天悯人；
玩乐时出众又幽默；
常构筑希望，过一会儿又将它破灭；
可以久长而甜蜜的享受欢愉
追求起她，不难也不易：
所有的极端情况，我都禁止。

她应被允许发发小脾气
那会成为竞逐的时尚；
有时执拗，愁眉不展，
有时抱恙，甚至虚弱晕倒
一颦一蹙让人难以忘怀。
我对她的渴求始终如一，
若不因她，这本也算作美德，
若拥有她，人们必对我艳羡不已，
她的娇柔给予我无限欢乐
她的嗔怪从不让我着恼。

That Women Are But Men's Shadows

Ben Jonson

Follow a shadow, it still flies you,
Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
So court a mistress, she denies you;
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

At morn and even shades are longest;
At noon they are short or none;
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect, they're not known.
Say, are not women truly then,
Styled but the shadows of us men?

Translation:

女人不过是男人的影子

本·琼森

追随影子，它仍把你抛开，
好像要驱赶它，它却朝你追来：
情场追逐也是如此，她若拒绝你；
就别去管，她自会回心转意追求你。
这不，难道女人真的，
不过是我们男人的影子吗？

清晨和晚上，影子最长，
在中午，它们最短，甚至完全消失；
所以男人最弱的时候，女人最强大
但若赐予男人完美，女人就不算啥。
这不，难道女人真的，
不过是我们男人的影子吗？

Song from The Silent Woman

Ben Jonson

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That make simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th'adulteries of art.
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Translation:

沉默女人之歌

本·琼森

依然落落大方，依然光鲜亮丽，
如同赶赴盛大的宴会；
依然粉妆玉砌，依然暗香盈袖：
女士，这有待假设，
尽管艺术产生的隐秘缘由未被发现，
没有什么是甜蜜的，没有什么是完美的。

给我一个眼神，给我一个表情，
优雅就是如此简单；
衣衫窈窕，雾鬓风鬟：
这样甜蜜的疏忽胜过
所有的艺术的魅惑。
它们惊艳了我的眼，却未打动我的心。

Begging Another

Ben Jonson

For love's sake, kiss me once again;
I long, and should not beg in vain,
Here's none to spy or see;
Why do you doubt or stay?
I'll taste as lightly as the bee
That doth but touch his flower and flies away.

Once more, and faith I will be gone;
Can he that loves ask less than one?
Nay, you may err in this
And all your bounty wrong;
This could be called but half a kiss,
What we're but once to do, we should do long.

I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how it should have relished well;
Join lip to lip, and try
Each suck other's breath.
And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
Let who will, think us dead or wish our death.

Translation:

恳求香吻又一个

本·琼森

为着爱，再吻我一次；
我渴求啊，别让我的恳求付之东流，
没有什么好偷看的；
为何你迟疑？
只轻轻一吻，如蜜蜂
轻触它蜜的花朵然后飞走。

我又一次地失魂落魄，
深陷爱沼的他所求的能比一个吻更少吗？
不，这次也许你错了，
你所有恩惠均是错误一场。
这吻仅能视作香吻半个，
若深吻一次，让我们吻得缠绵。

我会修补这最后一吻，细诉
应如何享受，在哪儿，
唇与唇相依相偎，并试着
深嗅彼此的气息。
那时，我们舌头纠缠，
让人们以为我们已死，或望我们早升天堂。

(盛艳 译)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

He Jingzhi

He Jingzhi, born in Zaozhuang, Shangdong Province, is a famous Chinese contemporary poet and known by his pen names Aimo and Jingzhi. He graduated from Department of Literature of Luxun Art Academy of Yan'an in 1942. He served as the deputy director of the Literature and Art Department of *People's Daily*, minister of Culture of the People's Republic of China and deputy head of the Propaganda Department of the Communist Party of China. And he began to publish his work from 1940s.

He is most famous for his works *Collection of Fangge*, *Selected Poems of He Jingzhi*, *Return to Yan'an*, *Song of Leifeng*, *China's October* and the opera *The White Haired Girl*.

His poetry is characterized by the integration of personal feelings and the breeze of the era. He absorbed the essence of folk songs and classical Chinese poems, so as to fully express the voice of individuals at that time by his dynamic language. Through the use of imagination, exaggeration and fantasy, he highlights the revolutionarily romantic style based on the revolutionary ideals.

These eight poems are selected from *Selected Poems of He Jingzhi* (He Jingzhi, Beijing: People's Literature Publishing House, 2004.) and translated by Pro. Zhang Guangkui from Guangdong University of Finance & Economics.

贺敬之

贺敬之，山东枣庄人，中国当代著名诗人，笔名为艾漠与荆直。1942年毕业于延安鲁艺文学系。担任《人民日报》文艺部副主任文化部代部长、中宣部副部长。40年代开始发表作品。

代表作有《放歌集》，《贺敬之诗选》，《回延安》，《雷锋之歌》，《中国的十月》；代表歌剧有《白毛女》。

他的诗歌长于将个人感情与时代气氛融合，吸收民歌和古诗的营养，以富于鼓动力的语言形式书写个人的时代之声。贺敬之的诗通过想象、夸张、幻想的手法，将建立于革命理想基础上的革命浪漫主义风格表现得十分突出。

此处8首诗歌选自《贺敬之诗选》(贺敬之，北京：人民文学出版社，2004.)，由广东财经大学张广奎教授翻译。

雪花

贺敬之

我望着你——

……你从烟雾一样的
天空，
轻轻地落下。

我望着你——

……你落在林间，
落在屋顶上，
落在冻结的河面上。

你的小小的翅膀
在飞舞，
带着低声的
温柔的歌声。
我看着；
我听着。

Translation:

Snowflake

He Jingzhi

I look up at you—

···Falling slightly

From the sky,

Down to the ground.

I look up at you—

···You fall into the trees,

Onto the roof of a house,

And the surface of a frozen river.

Your little wings

Are fluttering,

Singing low

And gentle songs.

I look at you,

And listen to you.

我的快活的心
在和着你
一起歌唱。

我没有忧愁，
在这里。

在这里，
在冬天，
我工作着。

亲爱的同志，
我说：
春天已经开始了。

1940年11月，延安

Translation:

My jolly heart
Is singing together
With you.

I have no sadness
In here.

In here,
In winter,
I'm working.

Dear comrade,
I tell you:
Spring has just begun.

November 1940, Yan'an¹

¹ Yan'an used to be a revolutionary base for the Red Army of Communist Party of China.

啄木鸟

贺敬之

你听到吗？这从林中发出来的
啄木鸟啄食的迟重的声音
穿过密密的枝叶来到你的耳际？

你看见吗，啄木鸟正搂在树枝上
以自己顽强坚硬的长嘴
不感厌倦的啄食着每条树干？

周围，树林蔓延到无边，
那顽强坚硬的长嘴去接近着，发现着，
要什么虫食，就得到什么虫食。

而你，在你生活的林中
也以你的嘴唇去接近，而且发现吧，
你将不断地迈步向前，那枝干会不断地满足着你。

而现在，这从林中发出来的
啄木鸟啄食的迟重的声音
穿过密丛的枝叶来震颤你的心了。

1942年4月27日

Translation:

Woodpecker

He Jingzhi

Can you hear? The muffled sound of pecking
From woodpeckers in the forest
Which run into your ears through the dense forest.

Can you see? Woodpeckers
Are pecking each trunk restlessly,
Hugging branches.

The forest extends to all sides boundlessly.
The indomitable and hard beaks, exploring and discovering,
Get whatever they want.

And you, living in the forest,
Please go to explore and discover with your lips!
Move on and on for trunks and branches.

And now, the muffled sound of pecking
From woodpeckers in the forest
Is running into and trembling your heart through the dense leaves.

27 April 1942

弟弟的死

贺敬之

我挥起一把沉重的镢头，
为我死去的弟弟刨一个小小的坟坑，
我的镢头扬上又抛下，
啊，我的眼泪也快到坟坑填平。

晚秋的将落的太阳是暗淡无力，
树林的灰色的阴影已罩上了小溪，
小溪绕过我脚下的山岗，
它像孩子一样的诉说，又好像哭泣。

啊，我已经没有一点气力，
我几次扔下镢头，却只好又拿起。
树上的小鸟呵，不要叫唤了，
折断了翅膀谁还能飞起？

娘已经从村里走了出来，
她的脚踏着凋零的野花，
她低下头，头发披散在肩上，
她手里抱着我弟弟的尸体。

Translation:

My Brother Died

He Jingzhi

I raise a heavy pickax,
Dig a small pit for my dead brother.
Again and again, my pickax goes up and down,
Ah, my tears are filling the pit up.

The falling sun of late autumn is bleak and weak,
The brook has been enveloped in a shroud of gloomy shadow,
Bypassing the hillock under my feet,
Like a child recounting, or sobbing.

Ah, I feel weak all over,
Times, I put down the pickax and pick it up again.
The birds in the trees, please don't chirp,
Could you fly with broken wings?

My mum is coming out of our village,
With feet treading on the fading wild flowers,
Bowing her head, hair in disarray,
In her arms is my brother's dead body.

……那是在五月，火热的太阳在天空奔跑，
麦子熟透了，等候着收割人的镰刀，
麦地里有装麦捆的牛车的轮声，
收麦人背后有拾麦人的身影。

弯下腰去，拾呵，拾呵，没吃的人们，
不管那管家的暴躁的骂声。
----我和弟弟，我们俩个，
跟在收割人背后，一刻也不住脚。

到九月，村庄里遭了灾难，
瘟疫鬼捉住了我的弟弟，
娘守着他，在漆黑的夜里，
请不到先生，没有药，他终于断气。

而小溪呵，你再也不要流淌，
看娘已走上了山岗，
仿佛喝醉了酒，她走过了树林，
而我刨的坟坑已经这么深。

Translation:

...That was May, the burning sun running in the sky,
The wheat was ripe, waiting for reaping.
The bullock cart with wheat bundles on was moving along with wheeling sound.
Behind the reapers were the figures of wheat-ear-collectors.

The hungry people bent down for the left,
Turning a deaf ear to the butler cursing and swearing.
--My brother and I, we two brothers,
Followed immediately after the reapers, without a rest.

Till September, our village suffered from a disaster.
My brother was caught by Plague.
Mum watched over him; in the pitch-black night,
No doctor was sent for, and no medicine, then he breathed his last.

And brook, you needn't flow any longer.
I see my mum has come to the hillock.
Coming through the forest, it seems she's drunk.
And the grave has been such a depth.

我扔下镢头，我要昏过去，
啊，这就是我弟弟的尸体。
娘的声音已经哽住：
“孩子，先不要埋，我要再看他一会儿！”

“我要再看他一眼，我要再看他一眼呵，”
在尸体旁边，娘倒下身来……
“不要埋，先不要埋，
我要再看看我亲生的小孩。”

……现在，太阳落下了，冷风吹起了。
啊，是这样的夜晚，是这样的秋天。
田野里没有绿色，村道上没有行人，
我的弟弟已经埋葬，面前堆起了一个小坟。
我们埋了。我们的泪流了。我们什么也没有了。
我的弟弟已经离开人世，
他再也听不见娘儿俩个的哭泣。
啊，是这样的秋天，是这样的夜晚。

1941年8月

Translation:

I throw the pickax down, and go faint,
Alas, this is my brother's dead body.
My mum is choking with sobs:
"Son, don't burry him now, I want to see him for a while!"

"Let me have another look, another look at him,"
Beside the dead body, mum lies down...
"Don't burry, don't,
Let me look at him again."

...Now, the sun is falling, the wind is blowing coldly.
It's such a night, such an autumn.
No green in the field, no villagers on the village path.
My brother has been buried; in front of us is a small grave.
We buried, we cried, and we have nothing left.
My brother has passed away,
He can't hear our crying.
Yes, it's in such an autumn, such a night.

August 1941

在教堂里

贺敬之

在教堂里，裴路神父给小孩受了洗，
然后给小孩降福，用圣水擦他的前额。
小孩静静地呼吸着，在他母亲的怀里，
但是天气太冷了，小孩冻死了。

在圣像前，母亲没有哭泣。

神父给她一块钱：“好好的，你孩子的母亲，
主会收容这无罪的灵魂，引他上天堂。”

“这不够，神父……”母亲把这一块钱放在手里不动。

但是晚祷的钟声响了，母亲走出教堂，
向田野走去，悲戚地，她面色苍白。

从田野回来，母亲向邻人告诉：

“孩子埋在雪窟里了，孩子埋在雪窟里……”

她呜咽着，用衣襟擦自己的眼泪，

随后，那一块钱从她冻僵的指间落下。

Translation:

In a Church

He Jingzhi

In a church, the priest baptized a child,
Then the child was blessed, with holy water applied on his forehead,
The child breathed silently in his mother's arms,
But it was too cold, and then he was frozen to death.
In the front of Christ, the mother didn't cry.
Priest gave her one Yuan: "I wish you happy! Mother of your child,
God will take in this guiltless soul, and lead him into Heaven."
"It's not enough, Priest..." She didn't move with the money in her hand.
But vespers' bells rang; Mother came out of the church,
She went to the wild field, with sorrow, with face pale.
Coming from the wild field, Mother told neighbors:
"My child was buried in the snow..."
She sobbed, wiping her tears with her garment's front piece,
Then, the one Yuan coin fell from between her frozen fingers.

圣诞节

贺敬之

等到白雪盖上祖父的坟墓，

（在他死去的第八天）

圣诞节便来了。

于是叔伯和婶母们，

便带孝走进教堂。

——这是尊荣的节日，

一大群悲哀的面孔，

静静地跪伏在圣像前。

弥撒就在落雪的早晨进行了，

带孝的人们随着整个人群歌唱：

“耶稣诞生在马槽里，亚利路亚！”

Translation:

Christmas

He Jingzhi

Christmas came

After my grandfather's grave was covered with snow

(On the eighth day of his death).

Then my uncle and aunts

Went into the church in mourning dress.

--It was a holy festival.

A group of sad faces

Quietly threw themselves on their knees in the front of Christ.

Mass was held on the snowing morning.

The people with mourning dresses sang with the other people:

“Jesus is born in a manger, hallelujah!”

……人们低下头来，
像那三个来到马槽下朝拜的王子，
他们默想着圣婴。

现在是该“领圣体”了，
叔伯和婶母们来到祭台下，
他们捧着手，垂下眼皮。

神父端着闪光的圣爵，
把麦饼分散给他们，
像耶稣在死前的晚上
给十二个门徒的一样。

而外边的雪依然在落……
弥撒完了，人们走出教堂，
于是叔伯婶母们就分头借米去了。

Translation:

...They lowered their heads,
Like the three princes, worshipping in the front of the manger
And the holy baby.

It was now “for holy communion”,
Uncles and aunts came to the sacrificial altar,
Holding their hands, casting eyes down.

Priest held the glistening chalice,
Issuing wheat cake to them,
Just like to the 12 disciples
Before Jesus Christ’s Sacrifice.

It was still snowing outside...
Mass was done, people came out of the church,
And uncles and aunts went separately to borrow rice.

妈妈的眼睛真明亮

贺敬之

妈妈的眼睛真明亮，
好像两扇玻璃窗，
温暖的阳光照进去，
照见一个小姑娘。

小姑娘，真漂亮，
穿的一身花衣裳。
睁着两眼直看我——
我笑她也笑，
我唱她也唱……

啊，妈妈呀，
这个小姑娘就是我，
——难怪跟我一个样。

好妈妈，不要动，
我还看看后头什么样。
看见了，看见了：
墙上挂的毛主席像；
像底下，
那是爸爸的立功状；
又看见，又看见：
窗户外头石榴花，
一朵一朵正开放……

Translation:

Mother's Eyes, So Bright

He Jingzhi

My mother's eyes are so bright,
Like two glass windows.
Warm sun shines in,
Over a little girl shining.

The little girl is so pretty,
Beautiful clothes wearing.
Looking at me directly—
I smile, and then she smiles,
I sing, and then she sings...

Ah, Mum,
This little girl is just me,
--No wonder she's the same with me.

Good mother, don't move,
Let me see what's behind you.
I see, I see:
Chairman Mao's portrait on the wall.
Under is
My daddy's certificate of merit;
And more, more:
Pomegranate blossoms outside the window
Are coming into bloom, one, two, three...

星星别害怕

贺敬之

天上的星星呀，
你们的胆子太小了，
云彩一上来，
把你们都吓跑。

一打雷，一打闪，
吓得你们闭了眼。

星星星星别害怕，
好孩子应当胆子大。

星星星星别发愁，
我们是你们的好朋友。

星星星星别着急，
我们大家帮助你。

顶着闪，顶着雷，
拉起手来天上飞！

咱们跟他打一仗，
乌云闪电一扫光！

星星星星快集合，
认认弟弟认认哥
再请出月亮老婆婆，
给她唱个胜利歌 …

Translation:

Don't Be Afraid, Star

He Jingzhi

Dear Star in the sky,
You are such a coward,
Once the cloud comes up,
You all run away.

Once thunder, once lighten,
You all close your eyes.

Star, star, star, don't be afraid,
Good child should be brave.

Star, star, star, don't worry about,
We are your good friends.

Star, star, star, don't be anxious about,
We all will help you.

Brave the lightning, brave the thunders,
Hand in hand up into the sky!

Let's fight with him,
Get away the dark clouds and lightning!

Star, star, star! Fall in!
Look at your brothers, older and younger,
And invite the Moon grannie,
Sing a victory for her...

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

**To our
honourable poetry scholars**

献给

所有的诗歌研究者

Poetics

Poepera as a Poetry's Interpretive Kinetic Art Onstage

Zhang Guangkui¹

Abstract: As a kinetic interpretation onstage, poepera (poetic opera) is an experimental performance of poetry. It promotes poetry reading to a motion performance with interpretive backgrounds including necessary various forms of musical or dancing accompaniment when they are needed. This paper argues that poetry should be written not only for auditory listening, but also for visual watching, or both, which is comprehensive and multidimensional performance for understanding and appreciation. Using kinetic art theory and hermeneutic theory, the author demonstrates that a poem can be revised and adapted into a similar or general reference to opera, song, dance, micro drama, etc. with poetry recitation as mostly necessary, and some images or imagery appearing vividly onto a stage. Finally the article comes to a conclusion that poepera is interpretive kinetic poetry, which belongs to kinetic art.

Keywords: poepera; poetry performance; kinetic art

Poepera, poetic opera?

Poepera is a combination of “poetic” and “opera”. It was coined after years of our touring performances of poetry on some of college campuses in

¹ Zhang Guangkui(张广奎, 1967-), Ph. D., poet, translator, and scholar specializing in poetry and translation studies, is currently teaching as a professor of literature at Guangdong University of Finance and Economics.

China. In recent years, more and more audience appreciated and like the new style of poetry performance since it makes poetry so vivid and alive. It makes seemingly “dead” poetry come back to life, especially for Chinese readers/audience who thought contemporary Chinese poetry is not as good as, or even much worse than ancient Chinese poetry which was composed for singing originally, for example, the poems written in Tang Dynasty of China. They think contemporary ones have and are losing the nature of “歌”(which means “song”) and of “诗 (which means ‘poetry’)歌”. Gradually students from poetry class have come to like to participate this kind of poetry performance inside class and outside touring performances, which sometimes change them (the student actors) into images or part of imagery in performing.

The fact has been accepted that “not only the works of poepera, but also the concept of poepera itself has caused impressive ripples, if not flood or deluge, in the literary circle.”(Long, 2015) So, a poepera is an interpretive recitation and performance of poetry with some necessary background/setting, music or dance, etc. onstage. It is a new genre of poetry with multidimensional artistic approaches onstage.

To answer the question in the subtitle, poepera is of a poem, not an opera, which is used as a similar general reference to opera, song, dance, micro drama, etc. with poetry recitation as mostly necessary. To be more exact, it is kinetic poetry or kinetic art. “It owes a lot to operas, but not a form of opera. It is similar to expressionist plays, but basically different from them.” (Long, 2015) In other words, it is not poetic drama which is a drama like William Shakespeare’s Hamlet, Othello, King Lear or Macbeth. It is the one between “expressionist theatre” and “expressionist poetry”.

Interpretive performance

To understand is to interpret. To read is to understand. So, to read is to interpret. To read aloud poetry is to interpret poetry orally. Whether to read poetry silently, or to articulate, or to perform onstage, the understanding, auditory or visual, involves interpretation anyway.

Performance is an explanation aesthetically for audience's understanding and appreciation. Performance needs Hans-Georg Gadamer's "fusion of horizon"² from audience to make poepera/poetry effective. During the performing procedure, by interpretation, poepera expects and audiences are expected to reach this common area: horizon of fusion. Poepera's success means the two sides' compromise after negotiation between poepera and audience, especially after poepera's concession for audience's satisfaction and aesthetic appreciation. This horizon is not an ordinary common area, according to Gadamer:

Every finite present has its limitations. We define the concept of "situation" by saying that it represents a standpoint that limits the possibility of vision. Hence essential part of the concept of situation is the concept of "*horizon*." The horizon is the range of vision that includes everything that can be seen from a particular vantage point... A person who has no horizon is a man who does not see far enough and hence overvalues what is nearest to him. On the other hand, "to have an horizon" means not being limited to what is nearby, but to being able to see beyond it...[W]orking out of the hermeneutical situation means the achievement of the right horizon of inquiry for the questions evoked by

² "Fusion of horizon", Hans-Georg Gadamer's hermeneutic theory, is a dialectical concept which results from the rejection of two alternatives: objectivism, whereby the objectification of the other is premised on the forgetting of oneself; and absolute knowledge, according to which universal history can be articulated within a single horizon. Therefore, it argues that we exist neither in closed horizons, nor within a horizon that is unique.

the encounter with tradition.(Gadamer, 1997)

Poepera's audience comes from different backgrounds and they cannot completely remove themselves from their backgrounds, for example, history, culture, race, gender, language, experience, education, etc. The audience may expect to look for a way to be engaged in understanding poetry texts about different cultures, but poepera may interpret poetry based on directors' past experience and prejudice. During the discourse articulated or performance performed, a fusion of "horizons" takes place between the poepera and audience, leading to overinterpretation and underinterpretation³, or, understanding or misunderstanding.

Meanwhile, to make more and more seemingly tedious (at least for most poetry readers) poetry come back to life, multidimensional onstage approaches are usually used to help and support the interpretation of poetry. By this, tools or approaches are unavoidably overused for the assistance of performing, which leads to the overinterpretation of Umberto Eco (1932-2016)⁴. He thinks any interpretation is over-interpretation. In spite of this, interpretive performance, i.e. poepera is going on. Audience does not care about over-interpretation or under-interpretation, what they want is to understand poetry this way or that via the performance of poepera which may be a proper method to appreciate the art of poetry. By performing, some of the images come out of "dead" poetry

³ Yanxia, Li. A Study of Umberto Eco's Translation Poetics under Philosophical Hermeneutics [D].2012. <http://www.cnki.net/>. 11 Oct. 2015.

⁴ Umberto Eco, 1932-2016, was a contemporary Italian novelist, literary critic, philosopher, semiotician and university professor. He is best known internationally for his 1980 historical mystery novel *Il nome della rosa* (*The Name of the Rose*), an intellectual mystery combining semiotics in fiction, with biblical analysis, medieval studies and literary theory. In hermeneutics, he thinks any interpretation is overinterpretation.

discourse and become alive, and the audience need not reconstruct abstract imagery in their brains.

In poepera, audience should realize that audience are not standard audience, the reciters/readers/actors are not standard ones either. Therefore, over-interpretation or under-interpretation should occur here and there because of the interpreter's personal background, race, education, culture, experience, etc. What they should agree with after "negotiation" is "forgiveness", "tolerance", "general understanding" and the process of aesthetic appreciation, since poepera's performance is a kinetic art

Kinetic poetry, kinetic art

Dynamic poepera produces rich bone-blood-flesh interpretation and performance. The kinetic performance containing static poetry text and dynamic movement turns into kinetic poetry. Then, according to Frank Popper⁵ (1918-), poepera is kinetic art.

Kinetic art is art from any medium that contains movement perceivable by the viewer or depends on motion for its effect. To understand kinetic poetry, how to explain "movement perceivable by the viewer" is essential. Movement means poetry performance, and audiences are the viewer. And how do the audiences of poetry perceive the "movement" of performance? Here it makes sense in two ways: 1. The motion of performance can be of course perceived if

⁵ Frank Popper (born April 17, 1918) is a historian of art and technology and Professor Emeritus of Aesthetics and the Science of Art at the University of Paris VIII. He has been decorated with the medal of the Légion d'honneur by the French Government, and also the author of the books: *Origins and Development of Kinetic Art, Art, Action, and Participation, Art of the Electronic Age and From Technological to Virtual Art.*

audiences are not blind; 2. Different audiences/viewers understand the poepera—kinetic art in different ways/viewpoints, which means dynamic (different) audience with different background, culture, race and experiences watch the same poepera. Canvas paintings that extend the viewer's perspective of the artwork and incorporate multidimensional movement are the earliest examples of kinetic art. (Popper, 1968) Similarly, poepera's kinetic movement can lead the audience's perspective into an esoteric imagination and deep understanding/appreciation. Kinetic poetry as kinetic art involves a wide variety of multiple techniques, and styles which can be a similar opera, a similar drama, a rap, etc.

In poepera, “kinetic rhythm” (Popper, 1968) also exists. Like Popper's famous moving sculpture *Kinetic Construction* (nickname as *Standing Wave*, 1919–20)(Brett, 1968), a good poepera's “kinetic rhythm” can be more rhythmic than static poetry text, or recitation. Here are some examples.

Case studies:

1. “Spring, the Sweet Spring”

The original poem reads as follows:

*F*_{ROM} *S*_{UMMMER'S} *L*_{AST} *W*_{ILL}
Spring, the Sweet Spring⁶

Thomas Nashe

⁶ This poem is selected from Thomas Nashe's allegorical drama *Summer's Last Will and Testament* performed in 1592 in the palace of the archbishop of Canterbury and first published in 1600. Here it comes from *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*, 4th Edition, edited by Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter and Jon Stallworthy. (W. W. Norton & Company, New York, London. 1996. P253)

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king,
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing:
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:
 Cuckoo, jug-jug pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet:
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!
 Spring, the sweet Spring!

After being specially arranged and revised/adapted for poepera's performance, the poem becomes a piece of rap with more refrains to adapt musical performing on stage with drum kit's accompaniment the whole time and beat box's accompaniment at intervals("¶" is used immediately after every two beats; "—"stands for one beat):

(Beatbox solo as an introduction)

Spring—, ¶the sweet spring, ¶is the year's¶pleasant king, ¶
 Then blooms ¶each thing, ¶then maids ¶dance in a ring, ¶
 Cold doth ¶not—¶sting—, ¶the pretty birds ¶do—¶sing—: ¶
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, ¶jug-jug, ¶pu-we, pu-we ¶to-witta-woo—! ¶
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, ¶jug-jug, ¶pu-we, pu-we ¶to-witta-woo—! ¶
 Cuckoo— ¶Cuckoo—¶ (mimicry of cuckoo by rapper)
 Cuckoo— ¶Cuckoo—¶ (mimicry chorus from a distance)

(8-beat pause for beatbox solo)

The palm and may ¶make country ¶houses gay, ¶
 Lambs frisk ¶and play, ¶the shepherds pipe ¶all— ¶day—, ¶

And we hear ¶|aye birds tune ¶|this merry lay: ¶|
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, ¶|this merry lay (read in chorus): ¶|
 Jug-jug, ¶|this merry lay (read in chorus) ¶|
 Pu-we, pu-we ¶|this merry lay (read in chorus) ¶|
 To-witta-woo, to-witta-woo! ¶|
 This merry lay(Chorus in music) ¶|this merry lay (chorus in music) ¶|
 Lay, lay! ¶|Lay, lay! ¶|
 Lay laylaylay, lay! ¶| (chorus)
 Merry ¶|ay—! ¶|

(8-beat pause for beatbox solo)

The fields breathe ¶|sweet—, ¶|the daisies kiss ¶|our feet, ¶|
 Young lovers meet, ¶|old wives ¶|a-sunning sit, ¶|
 In every street ¶|these tunes ¶|our ears ¶|do— ¶|greet—: ¶|
 Cuckoo, jug, ¶|pu-we, to-witta-woo! ¶|
 Our ears ¶|do— ¶|greet—: ¶|
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, ¶|jug-jug, ¶|pu-we, to-witta-woo! ¶|
 Our ears greet, ¶|our ears greet! ¶| (read in chorus)
 Greet, greet! ¶| (read in chorus)

(8-beat pause for beatbox solo)

Spring—, ¶|the sweet Spring! ¶|
 So— ¶|sweet— ¶|Spring—! ¶|
 So sweet Spring! ¶|So sweet Spring! ¶| (read in chorus)
 Mma—! ¶|
 Hahahahaha...! (all in chorus to finish)

(Drum kit solo as the end)

The above has not been written in a music stave (also staff) way, and so each sound's pitch has not be marked onto the five parallel lines of stave, for the design is open for kinetic performance for different rappers/reciters (even for the same rapper/reciters) may articulate or produce different pitch or sound

value for the same syllable at different time or with different mood). This is the reason why musical score should not be given or has not been given for this poem—rap music. It is designed open for kinetic poetry/art.

2. “Neosonnet 1”

First of all, the text of the poem is displayed here before further analysis for poepera:

Neosonnet 1⁷

When we are old and aged enough,
We move hand in hand, cough and cough.
When you tumble to the ground, if,
I kneel down to help you stand safe.
When I'm most weak and sick to snuff,
Your hands and eyes hold firmly mine,
Tickling our live love story-line.

When we are old, our selves can hold,
We lie to sunbathe on the sand.
You are my coffee newly ground,
I'm your bacon, butter and bread,
Crumble flicked with a finger head.
Mouth to mouth, if deaf, mouth to ear,
Then to dust hand in hand with Dear.

This fourteen-line poem of tetrameter was once designed into two styles of performance reading, one is two young actors/reciters (for example, lovers in

⁷This poem was written by the author of the paper in 2015.
<http://user.qqzone.qq.com/540734258/2>. 16 Oct. 2015.

their twenties) read the poem from young people's understanding even with a joking way and necessary young performing behavior onstage. The other is two old ones (for example, an old couple in their fifties) perform reading with stage props like walking sticks and glasses, wearing grey wigs, walking and speaking slowly, trembling the paper of the poem, etc. The two styles of performances are performed as a whole poepera. The young style is performed as the first scene, the old one the second scene. Then the kinetic effect of a poem's development of into a kinetic poem—poepera comes out with obviously different dynamic interpretations.

3. “Down by the Salley Gardens”

“Down by the Salley Gardens”⁸ (here the text was omitted for saving space) written by William Butler Yeats(1865-1939)can be and was designed into two scenes of poepera by repeating the poem two times. In the first scene of the poepera, the poem is read in a narrative way, telling a vivid love story. In the end, the last couplet “But I being young and foolish/With her would not agree” is repeated two times to show “narrator's” regretting and depressing. Then the reciter gets off the stage, and the poepera develops into the second scene: a singer goes onto the stage and sings the song of “Down by the Salley Gardens” after the style of Emi Fujita (藤田惠美, 1963-), a renowned Japanese singer.

4. “Since Edinburgh”

This poem is a short one with several words in each line, which makes it

⁸ This poem is selected from 《叶芝诗选》, 外语教学与研究出版社, 2012.

difficult to render it into a poepera, and may require the performance to be carried out in a hurry, leaving audience completely muddle-headed or confused:

Since Edinburgh⁹

Since Edinburgh
You plunge into pool of happiness
You say Edinburgh
Is very beautiful
But you, the same as her

Since Edinburgh
That's since loneliness
It's God's intrigue
Give you a bitter
Then favor you sugar

Since Edinburgh
You've got a watershed
This half single, this, couple
This miss, this, plural
And this empty, this, fuller,

You've changed
Since Edinburgh

How to turn it into a poepera “standing” for some time onstage for the audience to “chew” and “digest” is a question. After discussions and experiments, for this kind of “mini-poems” (Ezra Pound’s “In a Station of the Metro” is another extreme example), these short poetic lines can be and were

⁹ Zhang Guangkui. *Naked Nature*, London: Leoman Publishing Company. 2015. P29.

designed into asides to explain/interpret the main poepera which could be a dance, a music or others. “Since Edinburgh” was adapted into a dance poepera with three periods – “loneliness”, “in love” and “marriage”, with the reciter reading—interpreting the poem aside according to the progress of dancing and music, with some change/repetition if necessary.

Future research/experiments

Apparently, poepera has disadvantages. It cannot “carry out” all poems onto a stage, because poems are ever changing with various styles and types. On the other hand, to produce poepera needs financial support because onstage performances need more modern hi-tech as technical support for a better effect, auditory and visual.

The future poepera experiments can focus on epic and lyric poems. The essential point for the former one is to endow it with the nature of poepera with poem as its core, without turning it into a drama or poetic drama. The key and difficult point for the latter one is to keep it “lyrical” onstage. What is “lyrical” about it should be shown not only in the reciter’s reading, but also in the actors’ performance.

Research in the future should concentrate on theoretical studies. Drama/theatre and opera theories can and must be connected with poepera performance for poepera’s performativity and some of opera’s quality.

Conclusion

Poepera as an experimental performance of poetry develops poetry reading

into a motion performance. It is both auditory and visual art, which is comprehensive and multidimensional performance for understanding and appreciation, and can be adapted into a similar opera, song, dance, micro drama, etc. The onstage interpretation, either from the perspective of the “actors/reciters” or the audiences, is kinetic. Poepera is kinetic poetry and kinetic art.

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