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Chief editor: Zhang Guanghui

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**To our honourable
poets, readers and translators**

English-Chinese Version

Caelica 4¹

Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke ²

You little stars that live in skies
And glory in Apollo's glory,
In whose aspects conjoined lies
The heaven's will and nature's story,
Joy to be likened to those eyes,
Which eyes make all eyes glad or sorry;
For when you force thoughts from above,
These overrule your force by love.

And thou, O Love, which in these eyes
Hast married Reason with Affection,
And made them saints of Beauty's skies,
Where joys are shadows of perfection,
Lend me thy wings that I may rise
Up, not by worth, but thy election;
For I have vowed in strangest fashion
To love and never seek compassion.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 206.

² Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (1554-1628), known before 1621 as Sir Fulke Greville, was an Elizabethan poet, dramatist, and statesman who sat in the House of Commons at various times between 1581 and 1621.

Translation:

天空 4

福尔克·格列维尔·布鲁克勋爵

你们这些住在天上的小星星，
为阿波罗的荣耀而狂喜，
为与他的容貌相连而存有
上天的意愿与自然的故事，
为被比作那些眼眸而愉悦，
那些明眸使所有眼睛欣喜或难过；
 因当你强加以上事物以思考，
 他们会用爱征服武力。

你啊，爱人，在这些眼眸里
怀着喜爱嫁予理性，
使他们成为美神天空的圣人，
那里欢愉是完美的阴影，
借与我你的翅膀，让我可以飞升，
不因价值，而是因为你的挑选；
 因我用最奇特的方式发誓
 去爱，不再寻求怜悯。

（沈洁 译）

Though I Am Young and Cannot Tell¹

Ben Jonson²

Though I am young, and cannot tell
Either what Death or Love is well,
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts.
And then again, I have been told
Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call
One thing to be blown up, or fall;
Or to our end like way may have
By a flash of lightning, or a wave;
So Love's inflamed shaft or brand
May kill as soon as Death's cold hand;
Except Love's fires the virtue have
To fright the frost out of the grave.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 341.

² Ben Jonson (1572-1637) was an English playwright, poet, actor and literary critic of the 17th century, whose artistry exerted a lasting impact upon English poetry and stage comedy.

Translation:

尽管我年轻却无法说清

本·琼森

尽管我年轻，却无法说清
死亡的真谛和爱的意义，
然而我听闻，它们皆带利箭，
目标直刺人的心间。
我又听说，它们品性不一，
因炽热而爱，冰冷而死；
因此，我害怕它们
令人感受到极端，结果却无异。

犹如残垣断壁
或灰飞或坍塌；
又如我之死亡
快似闪电或潮退；
因此，爱燃烧的箭杆和印记
能令死神之手消亡；
唯有爱的火焰永存，
方能驱赶坟墓里雾之冰霜。

（罗舒云 译）

London¹

William Blake²

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every man,
In every Infants cry of fear,
In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
Every blackning Church appalls;
And the hapless Soldiers sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlots curse
Blasts the new-born Infants tear,
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 744.

² William Blake (1757-1827) was an English poet, painter, and printmaker in the Romantic Age.

Translation:

伦敦

威廉·布莱克

我徘徊在每一条富人专属的街上，
不远处泰晤士河专为他们流淌。
我看见每一张过往的脸庞，
写着虚弱，刻着悲伤。

在每个人的每声呼喊中，
在每个婴儿恐惧的号哭中，
在每种声音，每条禁令中，
我听到灵魂的桎梏在轰隆。

扫烟囱孩子的哭喊
惊骇了所有熏黑的教堂；
不幸士兵的哀叹
和着鲜血流过宫墙。

最怕是午夜的街头
我听见年轻妓女的诅咒！
那声音窒息了新生儿的眼泪，
又用瘟疫打造起婚姻灵柩。

（刘朝晖 译）

Song: Love Lives beyond the Tomb¹

John Clare²

Love lives beyond
The tomb, the earth, which fades like dew—
I love the fond,
The faithful, and the true.
Love lives in sleep,
'Tis happiness of healthy dreams,
Eve's dew may weep,
But love delightful seems.
'Tis seen in flowers,
And in the even's pearly dew
On earth's green hours,
And in the heaven's eternal blue.
'Tis heard in spring
When light and sunbeams, warm and kind,
On angel's wing
Brings love and music to the wind.
And where's the voice
So young, so beautiful, and sweet
As nature's choice,
Where spring and lovers meet?
Love lives beyond
The tomb, the earth, the flowers, and dew.
I love the fond,
The faithful, young, and true.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 894.

² John Clare (1793-1864) was an English poet, the son of a farm labourer, who came to be known for his celebratory representations of the English countryside and his lamentation of its disruption.

Translation:

歌：爱在坟墓以外长存

约翰·克莱尔

爱长存于
坟墓和土地之外，而它们则像露珠一样消褪——
我热爱深情的，
忠诚的，和真实的一切。
爱长存于睡眠中
是健康的梦的幸福。
夏娃的露珠也许会流泪，
可是爱似乎是令人愉悦的。
爱显现于花朵之中，
在傍晚的珍珠般的露珠里，
在泥土绿色的时间里，
在天堂永恒的蓝色里。
爱在春天被听见，
当光和光线，温暖又慈祥，
驻留在天使的翅膀之上，
给风带来了爱和音乐。
这声音在哪里？
如此年轻，如此美妙，如此甜美，
如同自然的选择，
春天和恋人们在哪里相遇？
爱长存于
坟墓、泥土、花朵和露珠之外
我热爱深情的，
忠诚的，和真实的一切。

（雷艳妮 译）

Brahma¹

Ralph Waldo Emerson²

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
I am the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

¹ Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren, ed. *Understanding Poetry*. Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 2012: 945.

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

Translation:

梵天

拉尔夫·瓦尔多·爱默生

若血腥的杀手以为他杀了人，
或厄难者认为被他人杀死，
那他们还不甚了解这众妙之道——
我所遵循，历经，归来之道。

过往或遗忘与我如影相随；
阴影亦或阳光对我同一无异；
逝去的神祇重现我面前；
耻辱与名望对我都一样。

遗忘我，则是他们失算；
他们若要飞我可化双翼，
我是怀疑者，亦或那疑惑，
我是婆罗门歌唱的美赞歌，

强大的神渴望我的憩所，
七圣子同样徒劳妄想；
但你，谦逊的爱善者！
找到了我，背弃了天堂。

（赵嘏 译）

Snow-Flakes¹

Henry Wardsworth Longfellow²

Out of the bosom of the Air,
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
 Silent, and soft, and slow
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
 Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
 In the white countenance confession,
 The troubled sky reveals
 The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
 Now whispered and revealed
 To wood and field.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 956.

² Henry Wardsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was an American poet and educator whose works include *Paul Revere's Ride*, *The Song of Hiawatha*, and *Evangeline*.

Translation:

雪花

亨利·沃兹沃斯·朗费罗

冲出浩瀚太空的胸膛，
挣脱层层叠叠的云层，
雪花纷纷降落，
落在昏黄萧瑟的林地，
落在丰收后荒废的农田，
寂静、柔和、缓慢。

仿佛我们的思想，奇特又朦胧，
霎时间凝成神圣的句子，
又像忧郁的心灵，呈现出苍白的面孔，
流露着心事重重，
忧郁的苍穹似在倾诉
内心的悲苦。

这是天空挥洒的诗篇，
缓缓谱就无声的音节；
这是一个绝望的奥秘，
长存于云层的心间，
如今它低声细语
向着森林和原野细细倾诉。

（罗舒云 译）

The Lake Isle of Innisfree¹

William Butler Yeats²

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

1 Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1190.

² William Butler Yeats (1865-1939) was an Irish poet and one of the foremost figures of 20th-century literature.

Translation:

茵梦湖岛

威廉·巴特勒·叶芝

起身，此刻我将去往茵梦湖岛，
在那里，搭起一个小茅屋，和黏土枝条：
在那里，支起九排芸豆架，再养一窝蜂巢，
幽林独居，聆听着蜂儿嗡吟。

于是得到些许安宁，一些缓缓滴落的安宁，
从掀起清晨的面纱到午后蟋蟀哼吟的地方；
夜阑深时灵光闪现，正午当空紫光夺目，
暮阳时分，铺一片红雀羽翼。

此刻我起身即将去往，因为日夜里
我总是听到湖水拍打着湖滨，轻轻低吟；
无论我是站在车道，还是灰暗的人行道，
我都听到，内心深处的声声回音。

（邓宇萍 译）

Acquainted with the Night¹

Robert Frost²

I have been one acquainted with the night.
I have walked out in rain—and back in rain.
I have outwalked the furthest city light.

I have looked down the saddest city lane.
I have passed by the watchman on his beat
And dropped my eyes, unwilling to explain.

I have stood still and stopped the sound of feet
When far away an interrupted cry
Came over houses from another street,

But not to call me back or say good-by;
And further still at an unearthly height,
One luminary clock against the sky

Proclaimed the time was neither wrong nor right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1237.

² Robert Frost (1874-1963) was an American poet, who is highly regarded for his realistic depictions of rural life and his command of American colloquial speech.

Translation:

与黑夜为伴

罗伯特·弗罗斯特

我曾与黑夜为伴

我曾在雨中走出，又走回

走尽了街灯的映射

我曾把城市最悲伤的小巷俯瞰

我曾踏着守更人的鼓点，经过他的身边

眼帘低垂，不发一言

我曾歇步驻足

远处街道传来的叫喊

时续时断

不是唤我回头亦非与我道别

在尘世之外的星空

天钟高垂

报出的时间既无对，亦无不对

我曾穿行在黑夜

（周芳 译）

Trees in the Garden¹

D. H. Lawrence²

Ah in the thunder air
How still the trees are!

And the lime-tree, lovely and tall, every leaf silent
Hardly looses even a last breath of perfume.

And the ghostly, creamy coloured little tree of leaves
White, ivory white among the rambling greens
How evanescent, variegated elder, she hesitates on the green grass
As if, in another moment, she would disappear
With all her grace of foam!

And the larch that is only a column, it goes up too tall to see:
And the balsam-pines that are blue with the grey-blue blueness of things
from the sea,
And the young copper beech, its leaves red-rosy at the ends
How still they are together, they stand so still
In the thunder air, all strangers to one another
As the green grass glows upwards, strangers in the garden.

Lichtental.

1932

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1289.

² D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930) was an English novelist, poet, playwright, essayist, literary critic and painter. His collected works represent an extended reflection upon the dehumanising effects of modernity and industrialisation.

Translation:

花园里的树

D. H. 劳伦斯

啊，在雷电的空气里
树木们多么寂静！

又美又高的椴树，每一片叶子都沉默着
几乎没有释放掉香味的最后一丝气息

还有鬼魅般的，奶油色的长满了叶子的小树
于散漫芜杂的绿色中呈现出白色，象牙白
转瞬即逝、颜色斑驳的接骨木，她是怎样在绿色的草地上犹豫！
就好像，下一刻，她将消失
带着她所有泡沫般的优雅！

还有落叶松，它只是一根柱子，耸立太高以致于看不见：
还有蓝色的香脂松树，那种来自于大海物质的灰蓝色
还有年轻的紫叶山毛榉，它的叶子在尖端是红玫瑰色的
它们多么寂静地聚集在一起，它们静静地矗立
在雷电的空气里，它们彼此是陌生人
如同绿色的草用力向上燃烧生长，彼此也是陌生人。

立齐汤达尔

1932

（雷艳妮 译）

Love Without Hope¹

Robert Graves²

Love without hope, as when the young bird-catcher
Swept off his tall hat to the Squire's own daughter,
So let the imprisoned larks escape and fly
Singing about her head, as she rode by.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1400.

² Robert Graves (1895-1985) also known as Robert Ranke Graves, was an English poet, novelist, critic and classicist.

Translation:

无望的爱

罗伯特·格雷斯特

无望的爱

如猎鸟人对乡绅女儿挥帽

却放飞了笼中的云雀

在她骑马路过时，为她的头颅高歌

（周芳 译）

玉树后庭花¹

陈叔宝²

丽宇芳林对高阁，
新妆艳质本倾城。
映户凝娇乍不进，
出帷含态笑相迎。
妖姬脸似花含露，
玉树流光照后庭。
花开花落不长久，
落红满地归寂中。

¹ 鸿雁. 中华经典藏书: 中华文典. 北京: 中国华侨出版社, 2014: 19.

² Chen Shubao (陈叔宝, 553-604) was the last emperor of the Chinese Chen dynasty, also known as Houzhu of Chen (陈后主, literally "Chen's final lord"). He was an incompetent ruler who was more interested in literature and women than in the affairs of the state.

Translation:

Jade Trees and Courtyard Flowers

Chen Shubao

Facing the gorgeous palace and prosperous garden was the desolate garret,
Primping a new makeup the inherent beauty was becoming more incredible.
Having noticed of visiting the emperor their faces were blushing to red,
Coming out of the boudoir to welcome the emperor with fascinating smile.
Their gorgeous faces like charming drops of the leaves and flowers,
Just like the light of jade trees brightly light up the courtyard.
Flowers bloom, flowers fall, it keeps no more time,
Carpeted with the faded and lifeless flowers everything turns back to lonely.

(Trans. Luo Shuyun)

关山月¹

李白²

明月出天山，苍茫云海间。
长风几万里，吹度玉门关。
汉下白登道，胡窥青海湾。
由来征战地，不见有人还。
戍客望边色，思归多苦颜。
高楼当此夜，叹息未应闲。

¹ 李淼. 精译赏析唐诗三百首. 北京: 高等教育出版社, 2011: 73.

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:

Guan Shan Yue

Li Po

The bright moon arises from the back of Qilian Mountain,
Floating gently on a sea of clouds.
The stormy wind lifts the sandy dusts,
Stretching thousands of miles, to enclose the Yumen Pass.
The banners of Han army filled the horizon upon Baideng Dao,
While the Northern barbarians peeped covetously on Qinghai Bay.
From ancient times few would come back alive from the battlefields.
The soldiers guarding the fortress stare upon the scenes,
Missing their homes with nostalgic looks.
Tonight the wives in the garret, may sigh without sleep.

(Trans. Shen Jie)

定风波·暮春漫兴¹

辛弃疾²

少日春怀似酒浓，
插花走马醉千钟。
老去逢春如病酒。
唯有，茶瓯香篆小帘栊。

卷尽残花风未定。
休恨，花开元自要春风。
试问春归谁得见？
飞燕，来时相遇夕阳中。

¹ 李焘. 精译赏析宋词三百首. 北京: 高等教育出版社, 2011: 468.

² Xin Qiji (辛弃疾, 1140-1207) was one of most famous Chinese poets of the South Song Dynasty, born in Licheng of Shandong Province.

Translation:

Tune: Calming the Waves • Jottings in Late Spring¹

Xin Qiji

The spring time in youth feels like drinking wine,
Full of romance and endless cheers.
The spring time in old age feels like sickness from wine,
With tea, incense and tiny window view as the only dears.

The wind can't stop after blowing each flower away.
Don't blame, for it's the same wind that turned it a fay.
Who can see where the spring has gone?
The swallow, who has met it at dusk on the way.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

¹ Tune: "Calming the Waves•Jottings in Late Spring" is one of the ancient Chinese tonal patterns with given cadence to which ci (a type of classical Chinese poetry) poems are composed accordingly.

梦江南¹

纳兰性德²

昏鸦尽，
小立恨因谁？
急雪乍翻香阁絮，
轻风吹到胆瓶梅，
心字已成灰。

¹ 张秉成. 纳兰性德词新释辑评. 北京: 中国书店, 2001: 1.

² Nalan Xingde (纳兰性德, 1655-1685) was a Chinese poet of Qing dynasty, famous for his ci poetry. Coming from a rich family, Nalan did not value the material comforts, but literature was his favorite.

Translation:

Tune: Dreaming of the South¹

Nalan Xingde

As dusky crows fly nowhere,
Ceasing solely there, against whom she resents?
Like sudden snow-flakes, catkins sweep into fragrant chamber,
As the breeze gently sways plum blossoms in the vase.
The heart-shaped incense burns to ashes.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

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

月夜¹

沈尹默²

霜风呼呼的吹着，
月光明明的照着。
我和一株顶高的树并排立着，
却没有靠着。

¹ 吴欢章. 中国现代十大流派诗选. 上海: 上海文艺出版社, 1989: 24.

² Shen Yinmo (沈尹默, 1883-1971) was born in Wuxing, Zhejiang Province. He was a famous calligrapher and writer. He was a professor of several universities, and later became President of Beijing University.

Translation:

Moon Night

Shen Yinmo

The frosted wind blows forcefully,

The moonlight shines brightly.

I, and a tall tree, stand shoulder by shoulder

Yet unattached.

(Trans. Lei Yanni)

偏是¹

王志瑞²

我原不想见他，
偏是梦里见着！
既然梦里见着，
偏是夜鸟叫着！
夜鸟干我甚事，
偏是闹得我睡不着！
睡不着也罢了，
偏是那月亮儿又淡淡的照着！

¹ 胡适. 中国新文学大系第八集：诗集. 上海：上海文艺出版社, 1935: 90.

² Wang Zhirui (王志瑞) was a modern poet in the history of Chinese literature and good at writing love poems.

Translation:

But

Wang Zhirui

I do not want to see him,

but he enters my dream!

Dream is but a dream,

but the night bird is singing!

Why blame the night bird's singing?

It disturbs my sleep!

Why bother with sleep?

The moon with dim light streams!

(Trans. Zhou Fang)

偶然¹

徐志摩²

我是天空里的一片云，
偶尔投影在你的波心——
你不必讶异，
更无须欢喜——
在转瞬间消灭了踪影。

你我相逢在黑夜的海上，
你有你的，我有我的，方向；
你记得也好，
最好你忘掉，
在这交会时互放的光亮！

¹ 吴欢章. 中国现代十大流派诗选. 上海: 上海文艺出版社, 1989: 157.

² Xu Zhimo (徐志摩, 1897-1931) was a noted Chinese poet in the 20th century. His most famous works include “Farewell to Cambridge Again”, “One Night in Florence” and so forth.

Translation:

Chance

Xu Zhimo

In the sky I'm a cloud,
Whose chance shadow is cast on your wave heart—
 You shouldn't be surprised,
 Nor should you be delighted—
I shall be lost before you know it.

We encounter on the sea of dark night.
You have yours, I have my own route.
 You may remember it,
 Or you'd better forget
The spark exchanged when we met.

(Trans. Fu Xia)

晚晴¹

梁宗岱²

晚风起——

树梢儿在纤月昏黄下

微微的摆动了。

我的心呵——

不要尽这样悄悄地颤着。

让伊蹁跹的绿影

在你沉默的歌途里

扫下淡淡的轻痕。

¹ 胡适等. 中国新文学大系第八集: 诗集. 上海: 上海文艺出版社, 1935: 131.

² Liang Zongdai (梁宗岱, 1903-1983) was a modern poet, translator and literary critic in China.

Translation:

Clear at Nightfall

Liang Zongdai

Breeze's blowing at nightfall—

Light's streaming and leaves are dimming at treetop,

Gently waving in slow tune.

O my heart—

Do not quiver quietly at all times, will you?

But let your nimble green shadow

In journey of your soundless song

Shade the light prints.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

春歌¹

朱湘²

不声不响的认输了，冬神
收敛了阴霾，休歇了凶狠.....
 嘈嘈的，鸟儿在喧闹——
一个阳春哪，要一个阳春！

水面上已经笑起了一涡纹；
已经有蜜蜂屡次来追问.....
 昂昂的，花枝在瞻望——
一片瑞春哪，等一片瑞春！

好像是飞蛾在焰上成群，
剽疾的情感回旋的要晕.....
 纠纷的，人心在颤抖——
一次青春哪，过一次青春！

¹ 徐志摩. 新月派诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 148.

² Zhu Xiang (朱湘, 1904-1933), a famous Chinese poet and writer in the early 20th century.

Translation:

The Song of Spring

Zhu Xiang

Silently submits, God of Winter,
Restrains its haze, 'nd rests its crudeness...

Chirping, birds are singing in excitement—
Oh, bright spring, how bright it is!

On the water's surface has been a wave with a smile:
Some bees has chased many times...

Booming, the flower branches are waiting—
Oh, pretty spring, how pretty it is!

As if flying moths are crowding around fire,
The impetus feeling revolves dizzily...
Beating, people's hearts are quivering—
Oh, vigorous youth, how vigorous it is!

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

季候¹

邵洵美²

初见你时你给我你的心，
里面是一个春天的早晨。
再见你时你给我你的话，
说不出的是炽烈的火夏。
三次见你你给我你的手，
里面藏着个叶落的深秋。
最后见你是我做的短梦，
梦里有你还有一群冬风。

¹ 徐志摩. 新月派诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 196.

² Shao Xunmei(邵洵美, 1906-1968) was a wealthy and influential poet, writer, and publisher.

Translation:

Seasons

Shao Xunmei

When we first met you gave me your heart,
Inside was a morning of the spring.
When we met again you gave me your words,
Those unsaid were a blazing summer.
When we met thrice you gave me your hands,
Hidden inside was a mature autumn of leaf-falling.
Where we last met was in my short dream,
There were you, and gusts of winter wind.

(Trans. Shen Jie)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Robert Herrick

Robert Herrick (1591-1634) was a lyric poet and cleric of 17th-century in Britain. He is best known for *Hesperides*, a book of poems. This includes the carpe diem poem "To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time".

Herrick wrote over 2,500 poems, about half of which appear in his major work, *Hesperides* and *The Songs of Songs*. The over-riding message of Herrick's work is that life is short, the world is beautiful, love is splendid, and we must use the short time, we have to make the most of it. This message can be seen clearly in "To the Virgins", "To Make Much of Time"; "To Daffodils"; and "Corinna Going A-Maying", where the warmth and exuberance of what seems to have been a kindly and jovial personality comes over strongly.

Herrick is one of the most influential members of the knight poets in the 17th century, and his poetry presented the late Renaissance classicism, literature and art in Britain. The poetic style of those poems reflects the secular life were pure, fresh and lively, as well as the beautiful artistic conception picturesque and full of life breath. His lyrics have considerably classical influence, but his greatness rests on his simplicity, his sensuousness, his care for design and detail, and his management of words and rhythms. Therefore, Robert Herrick is a great poet of Britain in the late Renaissance period.

The poems are selected from *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*, Fifth Edition. London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005) and translated by Dr. Lei Yanni.

罗伯特·赫里克

罗伯特·赫里克(1591-1674)是 17 世纪英国抒情诗人和神职人员,以诗集《西方乐土》著称,此诗集中收录了他最著名的一首及时行乐诗:《给少女们的忠告》。

赫里克一生发表诗作 2500 多首,大部分被收录在他的诗集《西方乐土》和《雅歌》中。赫里克的许多诗作所关心的都是“珍惜光阴”、“及时行乐”或“把握每一天”的话题。这样温暖、感情洋溢的风格也体现在他的作品《给少女们的忠告》、《致水仙》和《考利纳前去参加五朔节》。

赫里克是英国十七世纪骑士派诗人最主要的成员之一,他的诗歌创作代表着英国文艺复兴晚期文艺的古典主义倾向。他那些以世俗生活为题材的诗歌,风格清新明快,意境优美如画,充满生活气息。他的著作具有相当经典的影响力,但是他的伟大之处更在于他的简洁明了、敏锐的感知力、精心雕琢的构思和细节,以及他遣词造句和灵活用韵的能力。因此,赫里克也可谓是英国文艺复兴晚期的一位诗苑奇葩。

此处诗歌均选自《诺顿诗集》(Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*, Fifth Edition. London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005),由雷艳妮博士翻译。

The Argument of His Book

Robert Herrick

I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers.
I sing of Maypoles, hock carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly wantonness.
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris.
I sing of times trans-shifting, and I write
How roses first came red and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab and of the fairy king.
I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

Translation:

他的著作的题材

罗伯特·赫里克

我歌唱小溪，花朵，小鸟和树荫，
还有四月，五月和六月，以及七月的花朵。
我歌唱五朔节，丰收季节的大车，酒宴和节日前夕的守夜，
还有新郎，新娘和他们的新婚蛋糕。
我书写青春和爱，经由它们
而歌唱纯洁的恣意任性。
我歌唱露珠，雨滴，以及一片片的
香膏，油，香料和龙涎香。
我歌唱流转的时间，我还书写
玫瑰最初是怎样变红，百合花怎样变白。
我书写小树丛，暮光或曙光，我还歌唱
玛布女皇和国王的宫廷。
我书写地狱；我歌唱（并将永远歌唱）
天堂，并希望最终拥有它。

To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Robert Herrick

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

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

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

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

Translation:

致处女们，为了只争朝夕

罗伯特·赫里克

当你还有能力时，赶紧采摘玫瑰花，

旧的时间正在飞逝；

今天还在微笑的同一朵花

明天将会死去。

天堂的光荣之灯，太阳，

他升得越高，

就会跑得越快，

他离沉没之时就会越近。

最初的时间是最好的，

当青春和鲜血更温暖之时；

可是在被消耗掉之后，紧接而来的是

更坏，以及最坏的时光。

所以就不要羞涩了，而是去花掉你的时间，

在你还有能力时，去结婚吧；

因为，在失去你的黄金时期之后，

你可能永远都要迟一步。

Upon Julia's Breasts

Robert Herrick

Display thy breasts, my Julia, there let me
Behold that circummortal purity;
Between whose glories, there my lips I'll lay,
Ravished in that fair *Via Lacteal*.

Translation:

在茱莉亚的双乳上

罗伯特·赫里克

展示你的双乳，我的茱莉亚，让我
看见那超越肉体的纯洁；
在双乳的荣光之间，我的双唇将会停留在那儿，
迷醉在美妙的银河里。

Upon a Child That Died

Robert Herrick

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood,
Who as soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

Translation:

致一个死去的小孩

罗伯特·赫里克

她躺在那儿，一只美丽的花骨朵儿，
才刚刚由肉体 and 血所构成，
很快沉睡过去
在她小小的双眼还在睁开之时。
在她的墓前为她撒下鲜花吧，但是请不要搅动
轻轻覆盖着她的泥土。

His Prayer to Ben Jonson

Robert Herrick

When I a verse shall make,
 Know I have prayed thee,
For old religion's sake,
 Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,
 When I, thy Herrick,
Honoring thee, on my knee
 Offer my lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
 And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
 Writ in my psalter.

Translation:

他致本·琼森的祷辞

罗伯特·赫里克

当我写一首诗时，

我知道我已经向你祷告，

为了旧的虔诚的缘故，

圣人本呀，请帮助我。

请为我理顺道路，

当我，你的赫里克，

膜拜您，跪在膝上

呈上我的抒情诗。

我将给您蜡烛，

以及一个新的圣坛；

而你，圣人本，将会

被神圣地书写在我的诗篇之中。

The Night Piece, to Julia

Robert Herrick

Her eyes the glowworm lend thee;
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake or slowworm bite thee; adder
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

Translation:

小夜曲, 致茱莉亚

罗伯特·赫里克

萤火虫把她的双眼借给了你;
直射下来的星星们陪伴着你;
还有精灵们,
小小的眼睛发亮
就像火花一样, 它们也与你亲近。

没有火把会误导你;
没有蛇或蝮蛇会咬你;
可是, 在你的路上,
一点也不会耽搁,
因为没有鬼来吓唬你。

让黑暗不要来麻烦你;
可是月亮还在小睡, 怎么办呢?
夜晚的星星,
将会把光借给你,
就好像无数只清亮的蜡烛一样。

那么, 茱莉亚, 让我追你吧,
所以, 所以请到我这里来;
当我遇到
你银色的双脚时,
我将会把我的灵魂倾泻给你。

Upon Prue, His Maid

Robert Herrick

In this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid,
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

Translation:

致蒲璐，他的侍女

罗伯特·赫里克

在这个小小的罐子里躺着
蒲璐登丝·鲍德温，我曾经的侍女，
从她快乐的火花里
生出了紫色的紫罗兰。

The White Island, or Place of the Blest

Robert Herrick

In this world, the isle of dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes

Reciting:

But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternity,

Uniting:

In that whiter island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candor here and luster there

Delighting:

Translation:

白色的小岛，或者神圣之地

罗伯特·赫里克

在这个世界上，梦的岛屿里，
当我们静坐在苦痛的溪流边，
眼泪和恐惧是我们的主题

正在吟诵：

但是我们一旦从这里逃离，
越来越接近
年轻的永恒

团结起来：

在那个颜色更白的岛屿上，
一切都永远是真诚的；
到处是洁白和光辉

令人愉悦：

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all,
Affrighting.

There, in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you;
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending.

Translation:

在那儿，将不会有丑陋的幻想，也不会
从地狱里唤起恐惧
来创造，或者导致恐惧，
 令人生惧。

在那儿，在平静凉爽的睡眠中
我们将永远不会浸泡我们的双眼
只会一直守望
 随时等待

快乐，它会一直追随
我不朽之身，以及你；
新鲜的喜悦，它将
 永无止境。

（雷艳妮 译）

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Tao Yuanming

Tao Qian, better known as Tao Yuanming, is the founding father of China's pastoral poetry. A native of Jiangxi Province, he was born in about 352 AD and died in 427 AD, living most of his life from the end of the Dynasty of the East Jin to the early period of the Song Dynasty of the Northern and Southern Dynasties. In China, Tao is regarded as a symbol of those disdaining both power and wealth when they become fetters to their possessors. According to historical accounts, Tao once served as the magistrate of Pengze County. But he stayed in the post for only 80 days, and then resigned from the position and willingly led an eremitic life as a farmer-poet.

The eight poems here are all chosen from *The Annotations to Poems by Tao Yuanming*, compiled and written by Meng Erdong, and published by Jilin Literature and History Publishing House in January, 2002, and they are rendered into English version by Dr. Longinus J. Y. Long.

陶渊明

陶渊明（352-427），或陶潜，南北朝期间宋朝诗人，东晋名将陶侃之后，文史家通常将其认定为中国田园诗之宗，迄今乏人就此商榷。渊明系江西浔阳人氏，后唐朝白居易贬谪江城，作《琵琶引》，诗中所言“浔阳江头夜送客”即此浔阳也。渊明之文化形象乃以功名为粪土、以仕途为羁绊、以田耕为正道之隐士。史载渊明尝任彭泽县令，凡八十日，挂印而去，归隐田园，其心气孤高如此。

此处所选陶渊明诗凡八首，均由龙靖遥博士英译。诗皆甄自《陶渊明诗词选注》，为孟二冬所辑，吉林文史出版社公元二零零二年刊印。

杂诗

陶渊明

人生无根蒂，
飘如陌上尘。
分散逐风转，
此已非常身。
落地为兄弟，
何必骨肉亲！
得欢当作乐，
斗酒聚比邻。
盛年不重来，
一日难再晨。
及时当勉励，
岁月不待人。

Translation:

A Medley Lay

Tao Yuanming

We mortal beings have no solid roots,
Drifting and flying as dust on the way.
Scattered by the moody and grumpy wind,
All men are unique beings at bay.
Dropped to the ground, we should be brothers,
And so bloodlines in this case do not weigh !
To fine nectars we shall treat our neighbors,
While there are chances for us to be gay.
The prime time, once gone, shall never return,
And the morning comes not twice in one day.
Therefore in earnest let us seize the time,
As time and tide for no man does delay.

饮酒·其五

陶渊明

结庐在人境，

而无车马喧。

问君何能尔？

心远地自偏。

采菊东篱下，

悠然见南山。

山气日夕佳，

飞鸟相与还。

此中有真意，

欲辨已忘言。

Translation:

Drinking (V)

Tao Yuanming

Building my house among the human world,
From the noisy carts and horses I'm free.
If you like to know why I can do this,
The answer lies in the mind of a tree.
Happy am I to catch sight of South Peak,
Picking daisies at East Fence as a bee.
The mountain air is refreshing at dusk,
With birds flying home au pair in high glee.
Underneath these there is a truth for life,
But how to word it is quite beyond me.

读山海经

陶渊明

精卫衔微木，

将以填沧海。

刑天舞干戚，

猛志固常在。

同物既无虑，

化去不复悔。

徒设在昔心，

良辰讵可待。

Translation:

After Reading *Book of Ancient Geography*

Tao Yuanming

Jingwei the wronged lass turned to a raven,

Pecking sticks to stuff the capricious sea.

Xingtian the beheaded warrior, waving

His shield and spear, never bowed down a wee.

Being changed into identical stuffs,

From all worries and regrets they were free.

Without such resolute aspirations,

Far off would be the time of joy and glee.

归园田居·其五

陶渊明

怅恨独策还，

崎岖历榛曲。

山涧清且浅，

可以濯吾足。

漉我新熟酒，

只鸡招近局。

日入室中暗，

荆薪代明烛。

欢来苦夕短，

已复至天旭。

Translation:

Farm Life (V)

Tao Yuanming

Depressed, I go home sustained by my cane,

And thorny hazels gulp the bumpy route.

Shallow and limpid is the mountain creek,

That I scoop the water to wash each foot.

With newly brewed wine and a humble hen,

I treat neighbors to a feast plain and pure.

Sun-rays into the house, it is still dark,

So woods are burned as candles lights to shoot.

When happy how we resent the short night!

Soon twilight another day does salute.

归园田居·其三

陶渊明

种豆南山下，

草盛豆苗稀。

晨兴理荒秽，

带月荷锄归。

道狭草木长，

夕露沾我衣。

衣沾不足惜，

但使愿无违。

Translation:

Farm Life (III)

Tao Yuanming

I grow beans at the foot of South Peak,
But bean seedlings are well outgrown by weeds.
Mornings find me hoeing brambles and grass;
The moon sees me on the way that home leads.
With the path narrow, and trees and grass long,
My clothes become wet with the night dew-beads.
I regret not that they are being wet,
So long as my dream lives on and succeeds.

归园田居·其二

陶渊明

野外罕人事，

穷巷寡轮鞅。

白日掩荆扉，

虚室绝尘想。

时复墟曲中，

披草共来往。

相见无杂言，

但道桑麻长。

桑麻日已长，

我土日已广。

常恐霜霰至，

零落同草莽。

Translation:

Farm Life (II)

Tao Yuanming

Life in the wild involves no societies,
And in this poor lane carriages are rare.
In broad daytime I close my humble door,
And worldly thoughts die in this empty lair.
I oft visit the remote villages,
Acquainting with folks, with weeds in my hair.
We discuss nothing trivial and minor,
Stating crops and nettles are sleek and fair
Crops and nettles grow increasingly long,
With all my fields widening in the air.
Oft I fear that with frost and hails coming,
With the fate of withered weeds they do share.

饮酒·其四

陶渊明

秋菊有佳色，

裛露掇其英。

泛此忘忧物，

远我遗世情。

一觴虽独尽，

杯尽壶自倾。

日入群动息，

归鸟趋林鸣。

啸傲东轩下，

聊复得此生。

Translation:

Drinking (IV)

Tao Yuanming

Daisies in autumn excel in beauty,
And I pick the flowers bathing in cold dew.
Drink the wine mixed with such a nepenthe,
And worldly thoughts let me further refuse.
Though one cup may be emptied in no time,
The wine from the pot into it does ooze.
The setting sun stills all lives of the world;
To sing on trees the home-bound birds do choose.
Howling gaily under the East Window,
Luckily I again sense life's true ruse.

酬刘柴桑

陶渊明

穷居寡人用，

时忘四运周。

榈庭多落叶，

慨然知己秋。

新葵郁北牖，

嘉穉养南畴。

今我不为乐，

知有来岁不？

命室携童弱，

良日登远游。

Translation:

In Reply to Mr. Liu of Chaisang

Tao Yuanming

In this humble house societies are rare,
And I oft forget seasons of a year.
The empty yard is full of fallen leaves,
And I am shocked to see autumn recur!
How fair are the sunflowers by North Window,
And roads in South Field rampant crops do blur.
If I fail to revel at the moment,
Who knows for me there is another year?
Therefore ask our wives to take our children,
While 'tis fine travel to the distant chur.

(Trans. Long Jingyao)

**To our
honourable poetry scholars**

献给
所有的诗歌研究者

Poetics

Poepera: From Text to Performance

Zhao Gu¹

Abstract: Poepera, a type of new poetic form, is supported by its unique new poetics, the fusion between traditional poetics and radical poetics. At traditional aspect, it absorbs different traditional writing techniques and poetics while at the radical aspect, it melts the poetics of performing arts. It makes poetic creation and interpretation not just a textual activity, but more multiple-dimensioned activities. Consequently, it is a hybrid of traditional poetics and radical poetics, which in a sense forecast the coming new poems.

Keywords: Poepera; poetics; traditional poems; radical arts

1. Introduction to Poepera

Poepera, the blending term, taken from the first three letters of the word—poem and the last four letters of the word—opera, is created by Professor Zhang Guangkui for a novel poetic form, which, in a sense, makes an attempt to the fusion between the literal version of poem and its performance. As a new-born poetic form, with the unique charms created by composers and performers, this type of poems excites great amusement in both poetic world and academic world. By interviewing its creator and performer—professor Zhang and his team, collecting the relevant materials and making a deep analysis to some poems, this paper intends to make a tentative research to its poetics hidden in these poems and new techniques in writing.

2. Inoculation Between the Avant-garde Poetics and the Traditional Poetics

Generally speaking, modern English poems sprouted from the coming of free verse. Since then, modern poets have focused on breaking the traditional poetic routines and creating new poetics in order to pour into the new thought and new techniques for the poetic world. Then, while the twentieth century witnessed a variety of the birth of new thoughts and new artistic forms,

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different styles of poems sprang up like mushrooms after rain, such as imagistic poems, realistic poems, confessional poems, poems of Black Mountain School, poems of Language Poetry and etc. Each type of poems, in a sense, really drew a strike to the poetic world at their unique temporal interval. But, it is very pitiful that such type of explorations goes too far, too quickly to keep them in a long period. In consideration of such problems, by basing on the systematic study to traditional and modern poems, Professor Zhang put forward this new school of poem—Poepera.

First of all, the innovation of Poepera is not just to break through traditional poetics just in pursuit of newness. Instead, Poepera, on account of the absorption of the traditional and modern poetics, and fusing the radical poetics—performing artistic poetics, forms its unique poetics. So, from this perspective, this new poetic form is a fusion between traditional poetics and radical poetics. Its preservation to the traditional poetics is mostly presented at prosodic and rhythmic aspects. Then, its lyrical feature is also inherited from the lyrical tradition. In addition, besides these, there are still other poetic techniques taken from traditional poetics which will be discussed in the following analysis. So, Poepera is a type of synthetic poems, which combines traditional poetics and modern poetics, especially radical poetics, with addition of poetics of performing arts. As a result, on one side it breaks down the traditional poetic shackles and opens the new field for poetic innovation; on the other side, it takes poetics of other arts, such as poetics of performing arts—some radical poetics into composition.

Besides, Poepera is still a fusion between textural form and the visual-auditory form. It primarily is concerned with textual form, the written pattern like scenario in performance, which is the first half of creation, and which should put emphasis on the auditory effects. Then, when actors put the textual form on stage, the combination between visual effects and auditory effects should be taken into consideration. This is the second half of creation to one Poepera, at which performing poetics should be the focus. Thus, in composition, poets should not only take poetics of text into consideration, but also the poetics of performance. In fact, such combinational poetics appeared in the early time of human society in the poetic trace, when poems were used for singing, cursing and so on. At that time, poems were not just about its meaning or contents, but more about their performing effects in real performance. That means, both visual, and auditory effects should be thought deeply in composition. So, in the second half of creation of Poepera, the style of

performance, background music, even light and other factor in performance should be taken into study. As a consequence, when the textual form is accomplished, it turns to the performing form in writing. And at same time, the aesthetic object is also changed from the pure text to the combination between the text and the visual-auditory effect produced on stage by performers. As a result, the study to Poepera is also turned from the text-based analysis—one dimension study to the textural-visual-auditory analysis—multiple dimension one. In actual analysis to Poepera, multi-modal perspective is necessary in order to make an entire study to such type of work—the combination of text and performance. In the following, we will take “Yell” as example to discuss these features of Poepera one by one.

3. The Poetic Features in Text

At the textual aspect, all poetic effects in written form should be taken into consideration, such as rhyming patterns, images, rhetorical techniques and so forth. Take the Poepera, “Yelling” written by Prof. Zhang, as an example. At textual aspect, this Poepera is consisted in 17 stanzas which contain 14 two-line stanzas and 3 one-line stanzas. At surface, it seems to be written in free verse. But in fact, the writer paid much attention to the rhythmic and metric form. In this poem, the most poetic technique is the repetition. Similar to Ginsberg’s *Howl*, this poem repeats the phatic words for several times. At the first line of the poem: “Yell—, yell—, yell—!”, the phatic word “yell” is repeated. Then in the following lines, the word “yell” and the clause “I yell!” are repeated several times. After this repetition, the word “Nay” is repeated several times, with the final repetition of “yell” in the last several stanzas. By writing in such a way, the poet intensely expressed his strong feeling of crying and howling in the inner and outside world. In poetry history, this type of poetic technique is always used in traditional ballads. Here, the poet absorbed such a writing technique to create this new poem in order to express his strong personal feeling. Then, in order to achieve circuiting effect in the whole poem, the poet consciously and regularly repeated the end words which produce an echoing effect and rhyming effect. In this way, each stanza is connected together at vocal aspect on one side, and on the other side the whole poem is knitted closely at formal aspect. Thus, the poet obviously took the traditional poetic techniques to compose this Poepera.

Not only did the writer adopt the traditional writing techniques, but also the lyric style. For expressing how enthusiastic and energetic his feeling was,

the writer took Ginsberg's style directly to express his feeling. In fact, this type of lyric pattern is both used in traditional poems and modern poems. In early time, some poems were written in this way, such as sonnets; then in romantic period, Robert Burns, one important poet of that period, wrote a lot of poems in this way in which the representatives include "A Red, Red Rose" and "Scots Wha Hae"; later Elizabeth Browning also wrote in this way, such as her famous sonnets written on the way to Portugal. Nowadays, due to new poetic influence, just part of poems is written in this way, but this poetic pattern does not mean dying. It is still alive as a traditional pattern. Compared with abstract poetic style, this type of writing pattern intends to be empathic. By directly expressing strong feelings, poems intend to make empathy to readers directly. In this poem, such poetic effect is realized perfectly by the poet. In writing, the Poet adopted such a traditional pattern which reflects both the traditional influence and the aftereffect of such type of writing pattern.

In addition, the poem also absorbs some modern poetic techniques in writing, such as the tricky usage of punctuation and transformation of words. For example, by using a great amount of punctuation such as ",", "—", "!", "...", the poet simulated the pause and stop of his feeling in the process of yelling. Thus, the rhythm of speech voice was realized. In reality, this type of poetic techniques was always used by e. e. cummings, one representative of Concrete Poetry.

Thus, in creation, the poet did not only absorb the traditional poetics but also modern poetics for his creation. Thus, the poetic text reflects both traditional poetic features and modern poetic features. By combining these features together, Poepera presents a type of hybridization—the unity of tradition and modern.

4. The Performing Characteristics on Stage

The accomplishment of text mentioned above is just half of composition of Poepera. The second half is of performance on stage. By absorbing the performing techniques of opera and other performing arts, performers present Poepera from different angles of view: verbal form, musical form, light form and dancing form. In the following, we make the further analysis to the Poepera "Yell".

In the performance of poem "Yell", Professor Zhang, the sole performer, recited it in company of the professional music as background music. For the theme of this poem is to express the eager for life, freedom and the new birth,

the fierce howling to the outside world is necessary in order to express the author's psychological world. As the writer of this poem, Professor Zhang deeply understood the meaning of this poem. So, in performance, he chose to recite passionately. By manipulating his high and low tone and variation of intonation, this poem was presented as a surging sound wave. Affiliated with body language, the tension of such a performance was extended unlimitedly. Sometimes, the murmuring intonation presented the performer's query to the world, the nature of the big "I" while now and then the enthusiastic intone ceaselessly interpreted a type of inner world hidden in the text—a type of inner struggle of the "I" and pursuit to the truth of life. In the whole process of performance, at the beginning the vocal wave was like the blinding storm to give vent to spiritual strength while in the mid, such a fearful and wild force became soften in presence of series of query. Finally, the sound became murmuring for the unlimited inquiry to the big "I". Following such variation of sound, the emotion fluctuated as well. Thus, on stage, the performer did not only present the meaning of the poem, but also the inner spirit of the poem and even the poet's personal temperament.

At the performance, although the sound is nucleus, the other elements can not be neglected as well. The background light and music can foreground performers' vocal effect. When performing the poem "Yell", the background light was modulated in the purple and the whole light became relatively dark. By using such a light, the performer's sound was enlarged everywhere. As a result, the attention of audience was concentrated. At same time, the background color at the screen was of darken starry night, which was full of mysteriousness to explore. Metaphorically, it reflected the inner mind of human beings and variation of life which responded to the theme of the poem. Thus, the background color and light played an important role in the second half of composing Poepera. Besides color and light, background music serves as a foil to the theme as well. At this performance, the special music was chosen for sharpening the performance and the stressing the inner struggle expressed in this Poepera.

Furthermore, in performance, some dramatis props and masks are used for echoing the theme of this poepera. By using such dramatis props, the performance does not only gain the visual effect, but enhance the interpretation to the text. In performing "Neosonnnet", dramatis props such as walking stick, tobacco pipe and hairpiece were all employed in order to present the shift of theme.

5. Conclusion

From the discussion mentioned, the poetic characteristics of Poepera can be concluded into two aspects—one concerned with text, the other concerned with performance. At the textual aspect, Poepera is the combination of traditional poetics and modern poetics; at the performing aspect, the combination of traditional poetic reciting form and the radical performing arts. Thus, it is a type of hybrid between the traditional poetics and the radical poetics, and between the construction and the interpretation. Nevertheless, Poepera really opens a new field for the further innovation of poem and poetics.

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Enclosed Herewith:

Yell—, yell—, yell—!

Yelling to him, to her, to you and Heaven!

I yell! Yell to the trees, to the rivers, and to the Wild.
I yell! Yell to the wolf, to the lion, to the bear and to the Beast.

Like a beast! Nay! AS a beast! I'm yelling.
Am I—, a beast? Yeah! An arrogant, fierce and savage beast!

I yell in the Wind!
My yelling becomes air straight away!

I yell in the Rain!
My yelling gets water right away!

I yell at Night!
My yelling turns black right off!

Nay—! Nay—! Nay—!
Give me Liberty! Return me Nature! Find me Self!

Where's Liberty?
A voice yelling: It's in your hand, it's in your heart!

Where's Nature?
A voice yelling: Show your heart! Back to Honesty!

Where's Self?
A voice yelling: Stay naked! Free your Id!

I AM who I AM at this narrow and short stage.

I AM, the I, in the past! I stand in the nude in the field wild!
Yelling, to the empty sky, around my Self!

Who! AM I?
Should I be what I should I be now?

Ye...?...s!

I AM, the I, as it is, just!

Yell! As you like! Follow me!

Yell! If you like! After me!

Yell-yell! Like a tameless beast yelling!

Yelling! To your game with pulse fast beating!

Cambridge, 21 September 2011

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Verse Version, a professional platform for worldwide communication of English and Chinese poetry, founded by Zhang Guangkui who is a scholar and poet, is a nonprofit quarterly journal publishing English and Chinese poetry with corresponding translations. As a comprehensive journal composed of both literary and academic elements, it pursues appropriate introduction and translation of English and Chinese poetry and aims to encourage studies relevant to poetry and poetics. The journal is registered with ISSN 2051-526X in the United Kingdom, published by LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

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