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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guanghui

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Zhang Guangkui

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

English-Chinese Version

There Is a Garden in Her Face¹

Thomas Campion²

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow,
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow, which none may buy
Till "Cherry ripe!" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow.
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy, neither
Till "Cherry ripe!" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "Cherry ripe!" themselves do cry.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 282.

² Thomas Campion (1567-1620) was an English composer, poet, and physician. He wrote over one hundred lute songs, masques for dancing.

Translation:

她的脸蛋犹如一座花园

托马斯·坎皮恩

她的脸蛋犹如一座花园，
玫瑰朵朵，百合绽放，
美妙绝伦，胜似天堂，
硕果累累，随风飘荡。
那里盛产的樱桃，无人能买，
除非听到“樱桃熟了”，她们自己高声叫卖。

那里盛产的樱桃，鲜艳夺目，
犹如璀璨的明珠，闪闪发亮，
在她巧笑嫣然，迷人荡漾时，
散发玫瑰花蕾般的娇艳清香。
王公贵族，无人能买，
除非听到“樱桃熟了”，她们自己高声叫卖。

她的双眸犹如天使站岗，
浅黛弯弯，势不可挡，
秀眉微蹙，威严尽放，
让众人纷纷失态惊慌。
樱桃神圣，无人敢买，
除非听到“樱桃熟了”，她们自己高声叫卖。

（罗舒云 译）

Slow, Slow, Fresh Fount¹

Ben Jonson²

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;
Yet slower, yet, O faintly, gentle springs!
List to the heavy part the music bears,
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.

Droop herbs and flowers;
Fall grief in showers;
Our beauties are not ours.

O, I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,

Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 344.

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:

慢，慢，清泉

本·约翰逊

慢，慢，清泉，请与我咸涩的泪水同行；
可是，再慢些，可是，啊，轻轻的，柔弱的泪泉！
听那乐声负载的沉重心情，
悲伤在歌唱，亮出了她的声线。

让香草与鲜花凋零，
任哀伤如阵雨下倾；
我们的美不属于自己。

啊，我还是情愿
像陡峭山崖上正在消融的雪团
滴落，滴落，滴落，滴落，
自然的骄傲如今不过是一朵凋零的水仙。

（刘朝晖 译）

Take, Oh, Take Those Lips Away¹

John Fletcher²

Take, oh, take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn
And those eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 346.

² John Fletcher (1886-1950) was an Imagist poet, author and authority on modern painting.

Translation:

噢，去吧，带走你甜蜜的嘴唇

约翰·弗莱切

噢，去吧，带走你甜蜜的嘴唇。

那些甜蜜有如破碎的誓言，

那些眼神犹如乍亮的天色，

把我带往晨晓的迷途；

当我再次亲吻你，

爱的誓言终不复。

噢，躲起来吧，躲进高山之巅，冰雪之间，

躲进你冰冷的心尖，

石竹花触动着谁的心头

带着四月外衣的温柔；

且先让我困苦的心放飞自由，

因为被你冰冷的枷锁束缚所愁。

（罗舒云 译）

The Pillar of Fame¹

Robert Herrick²

Fame's pillar here at last we set,
Out-during marble, brass or jet;
Charmed and enchanted so
As to withstand the blow
Of overthrow;
Nor shall the seas,
Or outrages
Of storms, o'erbear
What we uprear;
Tho' kingdoms fall,
This pillar never shall
Decline or waste at all;
But stand for ever by his own
Firm and well-fixed foundation.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 361.

² Robert Herrick (1591-1674) was an English lyric poet and cleric in 17th-century. He was best known for *Hesperides*, a book of poems.

Translation:

声名之柱

罗伯特·赫里克

最终我们把声名之柱立在这里，
用坚固的大理石，青铜或黑玉；
施了魔咒，为了
承受推倒的
打击；
海洋
或者风暴
的狂怒
也不会压制
我们所建造的柱子；
尽管众王国沦陷，
这柱子将一点也
不会倒塌也不会荒败；
而他将永远矗立于此，
因为他拥有坚固富足的基石。

（沈洁 译）

A Divine Image¹

William Blake²

Cruelty has a Human heart
And Jealousy a Human Face,
Terror, the Human Form Divine,
And Secrecy, the Human Dress.

The Human Dress is forged Iron,
The Human Form, a fiery Forge,
The Human Face, a Furnace seal'd,
The Human Heart, its hungry Gorge.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 741.

² William Blake (1757-1827) was an English poet, painter, and printmaker. He is now considered a seminal figure in the history of the poetry and visual arts of the Romantic Age.

Translation:

神的影象

威廉·布莱克

残酷霸占人的心田，
猜忌统据人的面容，
恐惧，人形之畏神，
隐密，人神之华装，

人之华装锻造一如铁石，
人之形态浇筑如若狂躁，
人之面容似蒙尘之熔炉，
人之心田若贪婪之火舌。

（赵赅 译）

Farewell¹

John Clare²

Farewell to the bushy clump close to the river
And the flags where the butter-bump hides in forever;
Farewell to the weedy nook, hemmed in by waters;
Farewell to the miller's brook and his three bonny daughters;
Farewell to them all while in prison I lie—
In the prison a thrall sees naught but the sky.

Shut out are the green fields and birds in the bushes;
In the prison yard nothing builds, blackbirds or thrushes.
Farewell to the old mill and dash of the waters,
To the miller and, dearer still, to his three bonny daughters.

In the nook, the larger burdock grows near the green willow;
In the flood, round the moor-cock dashes under the billow;
To the old mill farewell, to the lock, pens, and waters,
To the miller himsel', and his three bonny daughters.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 896.

² John Clare (1793-1864) was an English poet, the son of a farm laborer, and is now considered as the most important poet among 19th-century.

Translation:

道别

约翰·克莱尔

永别了河边浓密的树丛
还有永远躲藏着麻鸦的菖蒲；
永别了那杯河水包围杂草丛生的角落；
永别了磨坊主的小溪还有他三个漂亮的女儿；
我身在监狱告别所有——
监狱里奴隶看不到别的只有天空。

外面是绿野和灌木丛中的鸟儿；
监狱的后院什么都没建，只有乌鸦或画眉。
永别了老磨坊，还有河水的飞溅，
磨坊主，还有他三个依然可爱的漂亮女儿。

角落里绿柳旁长着大片的牛蒡；
洪水中巨浪下雷鸟来回拍击；
别了老磨坊，锁头，笔还有河水，
磨坊主本人，还有他三个漂亮的女儿。

（沈洁 译）

Intellect¹

Ralph Waldo Emerson²

Rule which by obeying grows
Knowledge not its fountain knows
Wave removing whom it bears
From the shores which he compares
Adding wings thro things to range through
Makes him to his own blood strange

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 945.

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

Translation:

智慧

拉尔夫·瓦尔多·爱默生

唯有不断遵循方成规矩

知识亦不是一切的源泉

唯有受压才有波浪

从他比拟的海岸出发

加上理想之翼漫游

使得他陌生而又神秘

（罗舒云 译）

The Cross of Snow¹

Henry Wardsworth Longfellow²

In the long, sleepless watches of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night-lamp casts a halo of pale light.
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.

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. He was also the first American to translate *Dante Alighieri's Divine Comedy*, and was one of the five Fireside Poets.

Translation:

雪的十字架

亨利·沃兹沃斯·朗费罗

在长长的，无眠的夜晚，

一张温柔的脸——死去很久的人的脸——

从墙上望着我，在其头周围

夜晚的灯光投掷下一个苍白的光圈。

在这里，在这间屋子里，她死了；更加苍白的灵魂

从未穿过殉难的大火，被引向

憩息之地；在书本里也找不到

更加神圣的生命传说。

在遥远的西方有一座山

它违抗太阳，在它山坡上深深的沟壑里

展示了一个雪的十字架。

这就是我戴在胸前的十字架

这十八年来，穿过了所有变换的场景

以及季节，自从她死的那一天就没变过。

（雷艳妮 译）

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening¹

Robert Frost²

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

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 and he was named Poet Laureate of Vermont.

Translation:

雪夜林畔小驻

罗伯特·弗罗斯特

或许我知道这林子的主人。
他所居的屋舍就在村里头；
他不会看见我在此驻留，
欣赏他丛林的积雪素裹。

我的小马一定觉得奇怪：
在一年中天色最黑的寒夜，
目之所及不见一家农舍，
停在林地与冻结的湖泊之间。

他抖了抖身上的挂铃，
向我询问是否出现了问题。
此外只有轻风之音，
吹拂着毛茸茸的雪片。

丛林既是可爱，可也深邃，
于我还有未完的既定之事，
睡前，长长的几里路要赶，
睡前，长长的几里路要赶。

（邓宇萍 译）

In Broken Images¹

Robert Graves²

He is quick, thinking in clear images;
I am slow, thinking in broken images

He becomes dull, trusting to his clear images;
I become sharp, mistrusting my broken images.

Trusting his images, he assumes their relevance;
Mistrusting my images, I question their relevance.

Assuming their relevance, he assumes the fact;
Questioning their relevance, I question the fact.

When the fact fails him, he questions his senses;
When the fact fails me, I approve my senses.

He continues quick and dull in his clear images;
I continue slow and sharp in my broken images.

He in a new confusion of his understanding;
I in a new understanding of my confusion.

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) was an English poet, novelist, critic and classicist. He was awarded James Tait Black Memorial Prize in 1934.

Translation:

在破碎的意象中

罗伯特·格拉夫斯

以清晰的意象思考，他才思迅急；
以破碎的意象静想，我思维迟钝。

相信他那清晰意象，他变的呆滞；
怀疑我那破碎意象，我变的敏捷。

相信他的意象，他确信彼此相连，
怀疑我的意象，我质疑内在相关。

相信彼此相连，他相信既定事实，
怀疑内在相关，我质疑既定事实。

在清晰意象里他依然迅急、呆滞，
在破碎意象中我仍就迟钝、敏捷。

他耽溺在他那领悟的新困顿之内；
我沉浸于我所困惑的新认识之中。

（赵嘏 译）

Chinese-English Version

青溪¹

王维²

言入黄花川，
每逐青溪水。
随山将万转，
趣途无百里。
声喧乱石中，
色静深松里。
漾漾泛菱荇，
澄澄映葭苇。
我心素已闲，
清川澹如此。
请留盘石上，
垂钓将已矣。

¹ 李淼. 精译赏析唐诗三百首. 北京: 高等教育出版社, 2011: 24.

² Wang Wei (王维, 699-759) was a Chinese poet of Tang dynasty, musician, painter, and statesman. Many of his poems are preserved, and the twenty-nine were included in anthology of *Three Hundred Tang Poems* in the highly influential 18th-century.

Translation:

The Green Creek

Wang Wei

Every time when I roam over Huanghuachuan,
Along the Green Creek I often walk.
The water turns and twists following the mountain form,
And the route is less than a hundred li
While stays calm and winding.
Among the stone riprap are the noises of creek;
The mountain scenes are serene and clear amid the deep pine trees.
Under the waves floats water caltrop and banana plant,
By the transparent blue water are reflections of reeds and cattail.
My heart are used to the quietness and leisure,
The tranquil green creek dismisses worries from my mind.
Leave me on this huge rock, and I will be fishing till I die!

(Trans. Shen Jie)

无题•其二¹

李商隐²

飒飒东风细雨来，
芙蓉塘外有轻雷。
金蟾啮锁烧香入，
玉虎牵丝汲井回。
贾氏窥帘韩掾少，
宓妃留枕魏王才。
春心莫共花争发，
一寸相思一寸灰。

¹ 鸿雁. 中华经典藏书: 中华文典. 北京: 中国华侨出版社, 2014: 50.

² Li Shangyin (李商隐, 813-858) was a Chinese poet of the late Tang Dynasty, born in Henei (now Qinyang, Henan). Along with Li He (李贺, 790-816), he was much admired and “rediscovered” in the 20th century by the young Chinese writers for the imagist quality of his poems. He is particularly famous for his tantalizing “untitled” poems.

Translation:

Untitled • No. 2

Li Shangyin

A rustling east wind comes with drizzling rain;
Beyond the lotus pond rolls the faintly thunder.
Smell forces through a golden toad in lock and chain;
Water comes up from the winch of jade tiger.
Miss Jia¹ peeped at a handsome youth from her bower;
Princess Mi² left a precious pillow to Prince of fame.
The seed of love mustn't vie with the spring flower,
Or little by little it'll turn into dust with shame.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

¹ Miss Jia, daughter of Jia Chong, a premier of the Jin Dynasty. It is said that she fell in love with Han Shou, her father's young secretary.

² Princess Mi, who was married to Cao Pi, Prince of Wei, had been deeply in love with another Prince of Wei, Cao Zhi. After she died, Cao Pi gave her pillow in jade and gold to Cao Zhi, who dreamed of her speaking to him about the pillow while passing by the Luo River and wrote a famous poem entitled "Ode to the Spirit of Luo River" to show his love and admiration for her.

浣溪沙·漠漠轻寒上小楼¹

秦观²

漠漠轻寒上小楼，
晓阴无赖似穷秋。
淡烟流水画屏幽。
自在飞花轻似梦，
无边丝雨细如愁。
宝帘闲挂小银钩。

¹ 李焘. 精译赏析宋词三百首. 北京: 高等教育出版社, 2011: 171.

² Qin Guan (秦观, 1049-1100) was a Chinese writer and poet of the Song Dynasty. The style of his poetry-writing is subtle, graceful, and restrained; and he was famous for love-poem writing.

Translation:

Tune: Huan Xi Sha¹

Qin Guan

Wordlessly a chill creeps upstairs to my chamber,
When the morn has an annoying gloom of autumn tail.
Streams flow and mist lingers in a screen standing calmly.
Flowers are flying at will with dream's lightness,
And the silky drizzle permeates with sorrow's thinness.
The jeweled curtain is reposed onto the silver hooks.

(Trans. Yang Xiaobo)

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

鹧鸪天•鹅湖归病起作¹

辛弃疾²

枕簟溪堂冷欲秋。
断云依水晚来收。
红莲相倚浑如醉，
白鸟无言定自愁。
书咄咄，且休休。
一丘一壑也风流。
不知筋力衰多少，
但觉新来懒上楼。

¹ 李焘. 精译赏析宋词三百首. 北京: 高等教育出版社, 2011: 477.

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

Translation:

Partridge Sky • Composed After Returning from Goose Lake

Xin Qiji

Lying on bamboo mat, I sensed the coming cool fall,
When with stream, the broken clouds were shielded in dusk.
Red lotus relied on each other like tipsy girls,
White birds surely in self-confusion silently.
Living in leisure was better than pouring forth unlimitedly,
For each hillock, each ditch was full of uniqueness and charm.
I could not account for the loss of energy in self,
Yet just felt tired recently to ascend new buildings.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

野睡¹

应修人²

岸草半黄而芦花肯舞；
西风冷冷了秋阳是暖的。
悠闲的绿水引我来，
忼爽的草路留我睡。
你看俯下了碧天了，
温温地伊将要抱我了！

¹ 吴欢章. 中国现代十大流派诗选. 上海: 上海文艺出版社, 1989: 97.

² Ying Xiuren (应修人, 1900-1933) was a Chinese Modern writer. He collaborated on a collection of poems *Lakeside* with Pan Mohua and others in 1922.

Translation:

Sleeping in the Wild

Ying Xiuren

Bank grass still stays half green while reed flowers dance;
West wind's chilly cold while fall beam's warm.
Clear water is leisurely streaming for leading me come,
Fresh cool path's through grass lying there for waiting my slumber.
Look! The heaven curtain falls,
Gently mildly hug me softly!

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

我有¹

方玮德²

我有一个心念，
当我走过你的身前；
象是一道山泉，
不是爱，也不是留恋。

我有一个思量，
在我走回家的路上；
象是一抹斜阳，
不是愁，也不是怅惘。

¹ 吴欢章. 中国现代十大流派诗选. 上海: 上海文艺出版社, 1989: 116.

² Fang Weide(方玮德, 1908-1935) was a famous Chinese Modern writer in the 20th century. He published a large amount of poems in different journals.

Translation:

I Have

Fang Weide

I have a wish:

When I'm winding though your side,
Streaming spring water in mount alike,
Not for the love, nor the hover.

I have a mind:

When I'm on way home,
A ray of setting sun leaning above alike
Not feeling low, nor baring woe.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

落叶小唱¹

徐志摩²

一阵声响转上了阶沿
（我正挨近着梦乡边；）
这回准是她的脚步了，我想——
在这深夜！

一声剥啄在我的窗上
（我正紧靠着睡乡旁；）
这准是她来闹着玩——你看，
我偏不张望！

一个声息贴近我的床，
我说（一半是睡梦，一半是迷惘：）——
“你总不能明白我，你又何苦
多叫我心伤！”

一个谓息在我的枕边，
（我已在梦乡里留恋；）
“我负了你！”你说——你的热泪
烫着我的脸！

这音响恼着我的梦魂
（落叶在庭前舞，一阵，又一阵；）
梦完了，呵，回复清醒；恼人的——
却只是秋声！

¹ 谢冕. 百年新诗. 天津: 百花文艺出版社, 2012: 12.

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:

Rhyme of Falling Leaves

Xu Zhimo

A whirl of rustling climbed the steps
(I was at the door of dreamland;)
It must be her footsteps, I confessed—
in the deep night!

A noise of bird-pecking hit my window
(I was clutching to my dream;)
It must be her trick, you see—
I pretend not to see!

A sound came close to my bed
I said (half in dream, half in wonder:) —
“You never know my heart, why bother
break it!”

A sigh fell on my pillow,
(I was lingering in the dreamland;)
“I betrayed you!” you said—your tears
scorched my face!

Sounds were disturbing my dream
(the falling leaves swirled in the yard, one, and another;)
dream away, sense back; what is disturbing—
is only the leaves falling!

(Trans. Zhou Fang)

呼唤¹

饶孟侃²

有一次我在白杨林中，
听到亲切的一呼唤；
那时月光正望着翁仲，
翁仲正望着我看。
再听不到呼唤的声音，
我吃了一惊，四面寻找；——
翁仲只是对月光出神，
月光只对我冷笑。

¹ 徐志摩. 新月派诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 184.

² Rao Mengkan (饶孟侃, 1902-1967) was a modern writer in the history of Chinese literature, who was born in Nanchang, Jiangxi. He was a member of The Crescent Moon Society.

Translation:

Hail

Rao Mengkan

Once I was in an aspen grove,
Hearing a cordial hailing;
At th' moment, moonlight was watching Wengzhong ,
Who was watching me as well.
I heard that hailing voice no more,
Surprisingly, looking around; —
Wengzhong was wandering in the moonlight,
Which was just sneering at me.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

雁子¹

陈梦家²

我爱秋天的雁子，
 终夜不知疲倦；
 （像是嘱咐，像是答应，）
 一边叫，一边飞远。

从来不问他的歌，
 留在哪片云上，
 只管唱过，只管飞扬——
 黑的天，轻的翅膀。

我情愿是只雁子，
 一切都使忘记——
当我提起，当我想到，
不是恨，不是欢喜。

¹ 徐志摩. 新月派诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 204.

² Chen Mengjia (陈梦家, 1911-1966) was a Chinese scholar, poet and archaeologist. He was considered the foremost authority on oracle bones and was Professor of Chinese at Tsinghua University in Beijing.

Translation:

Wild Goose

Chen Mengjia

I love the wild goose.

He is never tired all night long;

(Like enjoining, like promising,)

Honking while flying far away.

He never asks his songs

Will stay on which cloud,

But only sing, only fly over—

The dark sky, with light wings.

I would rather to be a wild goose,

Forgetting everything—

When I mention, or when I think of,

It is not hate, nor joy.

(Trans. Shen Jie)

孤零的歌¹

沈祖牟²

一只雁子一边飞一边叫，
天空掉下了忧愁的羽毛，
杨柳儿褪了青条，
白云也停着不流；
啊，我想见你——你雪花的温柔。

那一晚我容忍我的孤零，
让酒杯晃着飞动的眼睛，
灯光不放走一条青，
小雨点乱洒上窗棂；
听，听，这尽是凄凄，尽是轻轻……

¹ 徐志摩. 新月派诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 270.

² Shen Zumou (沈祖牟, 1909-1947) was a famous Chinese scholar, poet and critic.

Translation:

Lonely Song

Shen Zumou

A wild goose flies while crying,
Its gloomy plumes fall from the sky,
 Poplars and willows have took off the green boughs
 And the white clouds stop floating
Ah, I want to see you---your snowflake-like tenderness.

That night, I put up with my loneliness,
and let the wine cup hold the rippling flying eyes,
 The lamplight did not let go of something green,
 the little raindrops beat wildly on the window lattice;
Listen, listen, this is all loneliness, soft and tender...

(Trans. Lei Yanni)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Gary Snyder

Gary Snyder (1930,) is an American man of letters. He is best known as a poet (often associated with the Beat Generation), also an essayist, environmental activist, and has been described as the "poet laureate of Deep Ecology".

Snyder is a winner of Pulitzer Prize for poetry (1975), American Book Award (1984), Bollingen Prize for Poetry (1997), John Hay Award for Nature Writing (1997) and Ruth Lilly Poetry Prize, (2008).

He has published over twenty collections of poems and essays, among which *Riprap and Cold Mountain Poems*, *Mountains and Rivers Without End*, *Turtle Island*, and *Left Out in the Rain: New Poems 1947-1958* are the most representative ones. His work through various angles reflects an immersion both in Buddhist spirituality and nature.

These poems here are selected from *No Nature* (Gary Snyder, *No Nature*, New York: Pantheon Books, 1992) and translated by Prof. Zhang Guangkui from Guangdong University of Finance & Economics.

加里·斯奈德

加里·斯奈德（1930—）是 20 世纪美国著名诗人、散文家、翻译家、环保主义者、“垮掉派”的代表人物之一，被称为“深生态学桂冠诗人”。

斯奈德于 1975 年度普利策诗歌奖，1984 年获美国图书奖，1997 年获得伯利根诗歌奖和约翰·黑自然书写奖，2008 年获鲁斯·莉莉诗歌奖。

他出版过 20 余卷诗文集，主要诗集有《砌石寒山诗》、《山水无尽头》、《龟岛》、《留在雨中：1947 年至 1985 年未发表的诗》。他的诗从不同角度反映了佛教精神及自然对人的洗礼。

此处诗歌均选自《无性》（Gary Snyder, *No Nature*, New York: Pantheon Books, 1992），由广东财经大学张广奎教授翻译。

**AUGUST ON SOURDOUGH,
A VISIT FROM DICK BREWER**

Gary Snyder

You hitched a thousand miles
 north from San Francisco
Hiked up the mountainside a mile in the air
The little cabin—one room—
 walled in glass
Meadows and snowfields, hundreds of peaks.
We lay in our sleeping bags
 talking half the night;
Wind in the guy-cables summer mountain rain.
Next morning I went with you
 as far as the cliffs,
Loaned you my poncho— the rain across the shale—
You down the snowfield
 flapping in the wind
Waving a last goodbye half hidden in the clouds
To go on hitching
 clear to New York;
Me back to my mountain and far, far, west.

Translation:

八月于萨沃都，
狄克·布鲁尔拜访归来

加里·斯奈德

你搭车行进一千英里
 从旧金山向北
步行到山腰 又是空中的一英里
小小的房屋——一间独屋——
 以玻璃为墙
草地和雪原，和几百座山峰。
我们躺在睡袋中
 一直谈论到深夜里；
风在拉缆中间吹着 雨在夏日的山里落着。
第二天早晨我和你一起
 走尽山崖绝壁，
把我的雨布借给你——雨水淋过页岩——
你又下到雪原
 在风中飘动
挥手给我最后的一个道别 于是半隐在云朵里
继续搭乘
 到纽约畅通无阻；
我，回到了我的山里 在遥远遥远的西部。

THE OLD DUTCH WOMAN

Gary Snyder

The old dutch woman would spend half a day
Pacing the backyard where I lived
in a fixed-up shed,

What did she see.

Wet leaves, the rotten tilted-over
over-heavy heads.

Of domesticated flowers.

I knew Indian Paintbrush
Thought nature meant mountains,
Snowfields, glaciers and cliffs,
White granite waves underfoot.

Heian ladies
Trained to the world of the garden,
poetry,
lovers slippt in with at night—

Translation:

年迈的荷兰女

加里·斯奈德

那位年迈的荷兰女会用上半天的时间
踱步在后院，这里有我栖息的

修补好的棚间，

她看到了什么。

湿湿的叶子，腐烂倾斜的

过重的花朵。

它们是自家养的花卉。

我曾了解过印度的画笔

原以为自然就意味着山峦，

雪原，冰川和峭壁，

白色的花岗岩起伏在脚的下边。

平安时代¹的女人

训练有素，高雅在园艺和

诗赋，

情人们夜行潜入而把良宵共度——

¹ 指日本历史上以文艺兴旺发展著称的时期，794-1185。

My Grandmother standing wordless

fifteen minutes

Between rows of loganberries,

clippers poised in her hand.

New leaves on the climbing rose

Planted last fall.

—tiny bugs eating the green—

Like once watching

mountain goats:

Far over a valley

Half into the

shade of the headwall,

Pick their way over the snow.

Translation:

我的祖母站立默默无语
长达十五分钟之久
站在罗甘莓¹的中间，
大大的剪刀悬拿在她的手间。

正在攀爬的蔷薇上面长出了新叶
种植它是在去年的秋天。
——小小的毛虫在翠绿作赋——

像有一次我观察
山羊：
远远地在山谷的上方
已经进入山谷
陡坡阴影的一半，
却选择了雪地之上的路线。

¹ 一种笔直生长的、带刺的植物，因其可食用的带酸味的果实而种植。

LOVE

Gary Snyder

Women who were turned inside-out
Ten times over by childbirth

On the wind-washed lonely islands
Lead the circle of obon dancers
Through a full moon night in August

The youngest girl last;

Women who were up since last night
Scaling and cleaning the flying fish

Sing about love.

Over and over,
sing about love.

Suwa-no-se Island

Translation:

爱

加里·斯奈德

生育十余倍地
燃烧着妇女内外

在强风吹洗过的孤岛上
跳着盂兰盆节¹的舞蹈
在八月的一个满月的夜晚

是最年青的女孩在后面；

女人们昨天夜里已起床
刮着鱼鳞，清洗着飞鱼

歌唱着爱情。

一遍，一遍，
把爱情歌唱。

游访之濑岛

¹ 在日本，每年农历七月十五日为“盂兰盆节”，也称“中元节”有些地方又俗称“鬼节”，“施孤”。本是印度一种佛教仪式。

“DOGS, SHEEP, COWS, GOATS”

Gary Snyder

dogs, sheep, cows, goats
and sometimes deer, hear loud noises
crackling in bushes, and they flick
fly or creep, as rabbits do
does too, into warm nests. no talk
but chatters there, small throat sounds
ear-pricks, up or back. hooves
tinkle on creekbeds. who fears a talk-
less landscape, crowed with creatures
leaves. falls. undergrowth
crawls all night, and summer smells
deep in the bushes. crouch!
at the thorny stalks.

Translation:

“狗，绵羊，奶牛，山羊”

加里·斯奈德

狗，绵羊，奶牛，山羊
有时候还有鹿，听到巨响
劈啪在灌木丛里作响，它们轻快移动
飞行或蹑手蹑脚，正如兔子
潜行至温暖的巢窝。没有谈话
只有私语，小小的嗓音
令耳朵竖起，往上或往后。蹄声
叮铃于河床。谁会害怕一个无
言的风景，里面群集着动物
叶子。瀑布。灌木丛
彻夜爬行，丛中散发着
深厚的夏日的气味。蜷缩！
在满刺的树枝上。

RIPPLES ON THE SURFACE

Gary Snyder

“Ripples on the surface of the water—
were silver salmon passing under—different
from the ripples caused by breezes”

A scudding plume on the wave—
a humpback whale is
breaking out in air up
gulping herring
—Nature not a book, but a performance, a
high old culture

Ever-fresh events
scraped out, rubbed out, and used, used, again—
the braided channels of the rivers
hidden under fields of grass—

The vast wild
the house, alone.
The little house in the wild,
the wild in the house.
Both forgotten.

No nature

Both together, one big empty house.

Translation:

水面波纹

加里·斯奈德

“水面上的波纹—
像银色的蛙鱼，从微风泛起的涟漪下面
游过，一个接着一个”

风儿吹起的浪花—
一只驼背的鲸鱼
跃出水面呼吸
一口吞下青鲱鱼
——自然，不是一本书，而是一场演出，一个
非常古老的文化

永远新鲜的事件
挖出，擦出，用了再用，再用—
如辫的江河分流
隐藏在草地的下方各处—

辽阔的蛮野
 那房屋，孤独。
小小的房屋在蛮野，
 蛮野也在这房屋。
两者都已被忘却。

无性

两者聚拢合起，一个若大的空房。

HOME ON THE RANGE

Gary Snyder

Bison rumble-belly

Bison shag coat

Bison sniffing bison body

Bison skull looking at the sweat lodge.

Bison liver warm. Bison flea

Bison paunch stew.

Bison baby falls down.

Bison skin home. Bison bedding,

“Home on the Range.”

Translation:

家在山脉里

加里·斯奈德

野牛的肚子里叽里咕噜

野牛蓬乱的外套

野牛嗅闻着野牛的身体

野牛的头瞧着那汗淋淋的窝巢

野牛暖暖的肝脏。野牛虱子满身

野牛的大肚子闷闷地热。

野牛的孩子降生。

野牛逃走回家。野牛置床，

“家在山脉里。”

MAKINGS

Gary Snyder

I watched my father's friends
Roll cigarettes, when I was young
Leaning against our black tarpaper shack.
The wheatstraw grimy in their hands
Talking of cars and tools and jobs
Everybody out of work.
 the quick flip back
And thin lick stick of the tongue,
And a twist, and a fingernail flare of match.
I watched and wished my overalls
Had hammer-slings like theirs.

The war and after the war
With jobs and money came,
My father lives in a big suburban home.
It seems like since the thirties
I'm the only one stayed poor.
It's good to sit in the
Window of my shack,
Roll tan wheatstraw and tobacco
Round and smoke.

Marin-an

Translation:

制作

加里·斯奈德

我观看父亲的朋友
卷烟，那时我还年轻
斜靠于我们黑色沥青油布的小屋边。
脏稀稀的麦秸杆握在我的手掌
谈论着汽车，工具和工作
每个人都失了业。

快速的轻击拍打
和舌尖点水似的一舔，
一个搓捻和一个手指甲擦亮的火柴。
我看着，也希望我的外罩
像他们的一样有一个放锤子的网兜。

战争一场又一场
来了工作，来了金钱，
我父亲住在郊区的一个大房内。
似乎我自从三十多岁
我是唯一的穷光蛋。
很好，坐在
我的小屋的窗前，
把茶色的麦秸杆和烟草卷
圆，抽烟。

马林-安

OLD WOMAN NATURE

Gary Snyder

Old Woman Nature
naturally has a bag of bones
 tucked away somewhere.
 a whole room full of bones!

A scattering of hair and cartilage
 bits in the woods.

A fox scat with hair and a tooth in it.
 a shellmound
 a bone flake in a streambank.

A purring cat, crunching
 the mouse head first,
 eating on down toward the tail—

The sweet old woman
 calmly gathering firewood in the
 moon...

Don't be shocked,
She's heating you some soup.

*VII 81, Seeing Ichikawa Ennosuke in
"Kurozuka"—"Demoness"—at the Kabuki-za in Tokyo*

Translation:

老妇天性

加里·斯奈德

老妇之天性
自然有一包的骨头
 藏于某处。
 整个房间到处是骨头！

散乱的头发与软骨
 片片在林中。

一只狐狸衔着毛发，里面包着一个牙齿。
 一大堆壳
 一个骨片在河岸。

咕噜咕噜的猫叫，咯吱咯吱
 首先是嚼碎老鼠的脑袋，
 吃下去，直到它的尾巴——

甜甜的老太太
 静静地在月光下收集着
 木柴……

不必惊讶，
她在给你热汤。

一九八一年七月，于东京的歌舞伎座
在《黑冢》¹—《女恶魔》里看到了市川猿之助。

(张广奎 译)

¹ 是由日本小说家梦枕獯、野口贤联合创作的以中世纪的欧洲为故事背景的小说。

² 日本著名歌舞伎大师。

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Gu Cheng

Gu Cheng (1956-1993) was a famous Chinese modern poet, essayist and novelist, known as a prominent member of the "Misty Poets". He was born in 1956 in Beijing, and died in 1993 in New Zealand, committed suicide after attacked his wife.

Most of Gu Cheng's poems are known as "menglong", meaning "hazy", "obscure". The two-line poem titled "A Generation" was perhaps Gu Cheng's most famous contribution to contemporary Chinese literature. "The dark night gave me black eyes, But I use them to seek the light." It had been considered an accurate representation of the younger generation during the Chinese Cultural Revolution seeking knowledge and future.

These poems are selected from *The Poems of Gu Cheng* (Gu Cheng, Beijing: People's Literature Publishing House, 2010.) and translated by Deng Yuping.

顾城

顾城(1956-1993)，是中国著名的现当代诗人、散文家和作家，朦胧诗派代表人物。他于 1956 年出生于北京，1993 年在其寓所杀死妻子后自杀。

顾城的诗歌以“朦胧”著称，既纯真无暇，又显得扑朔迷离。诗歌《一代人》中的两行诗“黑夜给了我黑色的眼睛，我却用它寻找光明”尤其能够代表顾城对当代中国文学的贡献。它被认为是经历过“文革”洗礼的一代青年觉醒的象征，象征着青年人觉醒后对知识和光明的追求。

此处诗歌选自《顾城的诗》(顾城，北京：人民文学出版社，2010.)，由邓宇萍翻译。

无名的小花

顾城

野花，
星星，点点，
像遗失的纽扣，
撒在路边。

它没有秋菊
卷曲的金发，
也没有牡丹
娇艳的容颜，
它只有微小的花，
和瘦弱的叶片，
把淡淡的芬芳
溶进美好的春天。

我的诗，
像无名的小花，
随着季节的风雨，
悄悄地开放在
寂寞的人间……

Translation:

The Nameless Florets

Gu Cheng

Florets,
Dots by dots,
Lost buttons alike,
Scattered around the roadside.

It, with no curly petals,
Of chrysanthemums of the fall,
Nor with peonies' aspect adore,
But only the teeny tiny petals,
And the soft little leaves,
Along with slight aromas,
Dissolved in glory spring.

My poem,
Like nameless florets,
With wind and rain's
Companying in seasons
Blossoms secretly,
Among the world loneliness...

我是一个任性的孩子

顾城

也许

我是被妈妈宠坏的孩子

我任性

我希望

每一个时刻

都像彩色蜡笔那样美丽

我希望

能在心爱的白纸上画画

画出笨拙的自由

画下一只永远不会

流泪的眼睛

一片天空

一片属于天空的羽毛和树叶

一个淡绿的夜晚和苹果

我想画下早晨

画下露水所能看见的微笑

画下所有最年轻的

没有痛苦的爱情

Translation:

I'm a Headstrong Kid

Gu Cheng

Perhaps

I'm the kid spoiled by my mother.

I'm headstrong.

I yearn for

every moment's

as beautiful as colorful crayon;

I yearn for

in fond blank paper taking:

pictures of simple freedom

and the eyes never

weeping tear;

an expanse of the sky

which belongs to heavenly feather and leaf,

a jade night and apple.

I want to paint the morning:

the dew reflects dazzling smile;

the youngest love

without pain;

画下想象中
我的爱人
她没有见过阴云
她的眼睛是晴空的颜色
她永远看着我
永远，看着
绝不会忽然掉过头去

我想画下遥远的风景
画下清晰的地平线和水波
画下许许多多快乐的小河
画下丘陵——
长满淡淡的茸毛
我让它们挨得很近
让它们相爱
让每一个默许
每一阵静静的春天激动
都成为
一朵小花的生日

我还想画下未来
我没见过她，也不可能
但知道她很美
我画下她秋天的风衣
画下那些燃烧的烛火和枫叶
画下许多因为爱她
而熄灭的心

Translation:

paint my lover
who is out of my imagination:
she's never seen the rain cloud, but
always the clearness' shedding from her eyes.
Always she's giving the loving eyes on me,
Always, on!
Never suddenly turn around!

I want to paint distant view :
the clear skyline and the wave,
many gurgling creeks,
and the hills—
which are growing fully downy grass.
I allow them to stay close
then love each other.
Allow every allowance,
every quiet burst of spring to rouse,
becomes
a floret's birthday.

And I want to paint the future.
I saw her never, ever,
but I know her beauty;
I paint her cloak of the fall;
paint the burning candlelight and maple leaves:
paint, for loving her, because—
the heart has died out;

画下婚礼
画下一个个早早醒来的节日——
上面贴着玻璃糖纸
和北方童话的插图

我是一个任性的孩子
我想涂去一切不幸
我想在大地上
画满窗子
让所有习惯黑暗的眼睛
都习惯光明
我想画下风
画下一架比一架更高大的山岭
画下东方民族的渴望
画下大海——
无边无际愉快的声音

最后，在纸角上
我还想画下自己
画下一只树熊
他坐在维多利亚深色的丛林里
坐在安安静静的树枝上
发愣
他没有家
没有一颗留在远处的心
他只有，许许多多
浆果一样的梦
和很大很大的眼睛

Translation:

paint the marriage;
paint each holidays which early come—
with pasting candy papers on the glass
and fairytale pictures of the north.

I'm a headstrong kid.
I desire to erase all misfortune.
I desire on the ground
to paint windows all around,
allowing all eyes which are wont in dark
are conditioned to the light;
I desire to paint the wind,
paint the ridges which are higher than higher,
paint the longing of the eastern,
paint the sea—
the voice's gay and boundless.

At the end, on the paper at corner,
I would like to paint more—me.
Paint a koala:
he's sitting in dark-brown jungle of Victoria
taking seat on branch in silence—
dazed and mind absence.
He's homeless
with no will to stay afar,
but only lots of dreams
which are the same as berry.
And the eyes are big and big.

我在希望
在想
但不知为什么
我没有领到蜡笔
没有得到一个彩色的时刻
我只有我
我的手指和创痛
只有撕碎那一张张
心爱的白纸
让它们去寻找蝴蝶
让它们从今天消失

我是一个孩子
一个被幻想妈妈宠坏的孩子
我任性

Translation:

I'm expecting
and wondering,
but do not know why.
I didn't receive crayon,
me, thus, with no colorful moment, even for one.
Me! The only!
My fingers sorely
tear up those papers—
My loving papers—
for freeing them after the butterfly
and fading away in today.

I'm a kid—
who is dreaming of being spoiled by mother.
I'm headstrong.

我的独木船·一

顾城

我的独木船，
没有桨，没有风帆
飘在大海中间，
飘在大海中间，
没有桨，没有风帆。
风呵，命运的风呵，
感情的波澜，
请把我吞没，
或送回彼岸，
即使是梦幻，
即使是梦幻……
我在盼望那，
沉静的港湾；
我在盼望那，
黄金的海滩；
我在盼望那，
岸边的姑娘
和她相见，
和她相见，
和她相见！

Translation:

My Canoe 1

Gu Cheng

My canoe,
Without paddle, without sail,
Floats in the sea of the middle,
Floats in the sea of the middle,
Without paddle, without sail,
O the wind, wind of the fate!
The emotion wave,
Come and drawn me, please! If not,
Then push me to the shore back,
Though it's fancy,
Though it is...
I'm yearning for
The silent cove;
I'm yearning for
The gold coast;
I'm yearning for
The girl near by the shore,
Meeting with her!
With her!
Her!

我的独木船·二

顾城

我的独木船，
没有舵，没有绳缆，
飘在人间，
飘在人间，
没有舵，没有绳缆
风呵，命运的风呵，
生活的波澜，
请把我埋藏，
或送回家园，
即使是碎片，
即使是碎片……
我在想念那，
美丽的栈桥；
我在想念那，
含泪的灯盏；
我在想念那，
灯下的母亲
祝她晚安，
祝她晚安，
祝她晚安。

Translation:

My Canoe 2

Gu Cheng

My canoe,
Without rudder, without rope,
Drifts in the world,
Drifts in the world,
Without rudder, without rope,
O the wind, wind of the fate!
The life wave,
Bury me please! If not,
Then send me home back.
Even though it's wreckage,
Even though it is...
I'm missing for
The beautiful trestle;
I'm missing for
The lamp in tears;
I'm missing for
Mother in lights;
Mother, Good night!
Mother, night!
Mother!

门前

顾城

我多么希望，有一个门口

早晨，阳光照在草上

我们站着

扶着自己的门扇

门很低，但太阳是明亮的

草在结它的种子

风在摇它的叶子

我们站着，不说话

就十分美好

有门，不用开开

是我们的，就十分美好

早晨，黑夜还要流浪

我们把六弦琴交给他

我们不走了

Translation:

At the Door

Gu Cheng

That there is a doorway I mightily wish,
Sunbeams shining in morning on grass,

We're standing
And holding our doorframe.
The door's low but the sun's shone.

Grass' breeding its seeds;
Wind's swaying its leaves.
We're standing in silence.
What a wonderful moment!

Door's there, but open? No need to.
Door's ours, and that's beautiful.

Morning! Dark night's wandering still.
Morning! We give you guitar.
We'll depart not.

我们需要土地
需要永不毁灭的土地
我们要乘着它
度过一生

土地是粗糙的，有时狭隘
然而，它有历史
有一分天空，一分月亮
一分露水和早晨

我们爱土地
我们站着，用木鞋挖着
泥土，门也晒热了
我们轻轻靠着
十分美好

墙后的草
不会再长大了，它只用指
尖，触了触阳光

Translation:

We need land—
A land never dies out.
Living on the above,
We'll spend the life whole.

Rough is the land but narrow sometimes.
It has history— while,
An expanse of sky, a piece of the moonlight,
A cluster of dew and the morning.

We love the land.
We stand, in sabot digging out
The soil. When door's basked.
We're lightly leaning,,
What a wonderful world!

Grasses behind the wall,
Grow up never more
But use its tip to touch the light shyly lightly.

我总觉得

顾城

我总觉得

星星曾生长在一起

像一串绿葡萄

因为天体的转动

滚落到四方

我总觉得

人类曾聚集在一起

像一碟小彩豆

因为陆地的破裂

迸溅到各方

我总觉得

心灵曾依恋在一起

像一窝野蜜蜂

因为生活的风暴

飞散在远方

Translation:

I Always Wonder

Gu Cheng

I always wonder,
The stars once grew together,
Like a bunch of green grapes,
While the orb's circling, because,
They scattered around.

I always wonder,
The beings once wholly gathered,
Like a dish of little colorful beans,
While the continent's splitting, because,
They spattered around.

I always wonder,
The hearts once attached with each other,
Like a swarm of wild bees,
While the life storming, because,
They fluttered around.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

**To our
honourable poetry scholars**

献给
所有的诗歌研究者

Poetics

Poepera: A New Performing Art for Poetry

Deng Yuping

Abstract: The traditional way to poetry appreciation usually focuses on text, poet and reader. Reader's aesthetic experience only comes from the imagination, whereas poepera, the combination of "opera" and "poem", accomplishes a Copernicus creation. Opera, as a form of poetic performance, interprets the poetry in a new way. This essay takes opera as poetic form, interpreting the poetic language into performance. The opera endows poetry with a strong performativity for verbalizing text and visualizing image.

Keywords: Poepera; poetry; performance

In October 2015, a new artistic form—Poepera—was created by Professor Zhang Guangkui whose experimental performances of poetry "Yelling" and "When We Are Old" were shown in Guangzhou University. Poepera is an interpretive recitation of poetry with background performance onstage. As a creative literary and artistic form, poepera can be regarded as a new combination with poem and opera by Prof. Zhang, a poetry practitioner and scholar of poetics research. Poepera aims at researching into intuitively interpret poem onstage, and its academic significance lies in defining poepera as the interpretation of poetic text with the background of artistic form and music onstage. Poepera, as a new performing art, fulfils itself as a creative development both in poetry and opera. This paper aims to seek the possibility for combining poem with opera.

The natural relationship: "poem" to "opera"

Opera is an art form which singers and musicians perform a dramatic work combining text and musical score, usually in a theatrical setting. Recitative is a speech-inflected style as the basic preventative way. Opera firstly originated from Italian and the word of Italian also was used in the sense of the composition which combined poetry, dance and music. The origin and

development of the poetry cannot survive without the oral expression, which is closely related to preventative forms such as recitative accompanied with music or dance. According to the meaning for opera in Italy, opera is used to present an opus of drama with music. Opera closely relates to drama, forasmuch it cannot be discussed singly. Opera can be looked as a form of interpreting poetry, and its dramatic text or script depends more on poetic language on account of its literary tradition.

One of the distinctive features to opera is the speaking text with the poetic language into operatic or dramatic text. As for performance custom in various countries, performers chant according to original texts and keep the rhythmic beauty of initial work by abandoning the language clarity of semantics. When audiences enter the theater, their aesthetic appreciation mostly lies in focusing on the emotion in music, the context of the work and so on. Through actors' singing, audiences will understand the meaning, emotion expression and characteristics of the characters. The development of main plot is dominated by the music. Therefore, essentially speaking, the operatic lines are mostly appendix. As in Hugo's view, the poetry is a docile daughter of music in opera. It is the reason why opera is more leaning toward poetic language but not the excessively clear expression. Or rather, there is a natural relationship between the poems and opera by probing language scale. However, this relation also comes from a root—the ancient theatre.

As the analysis above, opera is a kind of music drama. Or in another words, opera can be classified into drama for both of them sharing the same roots. As a result, to explore the origin of the drama is to probe the root of the opera. When drama initially emerged in the sixth century B.C.E., there was a long traditional period of writing poetic composition. And its main genres comprised epic, lyric, and choral poetry which were always performed out loud with instrument play before a listening audience. Poetry as a significant medium is playing a critical role in linking various literary forms such as drama, opera and so on. As the words from Horace and Sidney, poetry is an effective medium of instruction because, in contrast to philosophy, it also delights its reader or listener. The demonstration of poetry's distinctive quality, its capacity for emotional engagement, leads into reflections on the relationship between audience and artworks. From these words, poetry fulfils the function of emotion engagement which affects reader, listener or audience and artworks. Readers or listeners can be influenced through outpouring the emotion of poetic language. If the emotion of poetry is truly touching, readers or listeners will gain the

sense of substitution. On the other hand, emotion engagement also effects on the interpretation from the works to audiences. How to interpret the poetic language becomes the key to generation of emotion engagement. Therefore, poepera also is an interpretation to poetic language with performance onstage.

The relationship between the stage and poetic text is naturally linked together. The poet, John Dryden, promoted the value of rhymed verse. He deemed the tragedy should be written in rhymed verse. As what Dryden reckoned, the norm of writing stage text is that which is fixed. To keep the poetic language in drama is to preserve the dignity of drama. In Malone's "Historical Account" has a second part to its title: and of the Economy and Usages of Our Ancient Theatres." As the account probes back to the origins. This "origins" is the transformation of non-verbal juggling into poetic texts. Malone especially leaned toward the poetic texts of Shakespeare. Therefore, drama or opera with poetry is bonded naturally on account of the former based on the latter. The feasibility to poepera can be probed from the language scale.

"Form is a poem's principle of life. It is protean, multiple, ever-changing. It presents itself under many different guises. It can tend towards the condition of an enabling space." *Form*, thus, can be seen as an elastic term. Thereupon, opera also can be regarded as a kind of interpretation of poetic form.

In the opening of *Poetics*, Aristotle indentified three major genres of poems: epic, drama, and lyric. The difference between opera and drama lies in the former is with musical expression but the later without. But both scripts are based on literary origins. Under this context, opera is tightly connected with dramatic origins and can be deemed as a poetic form. Hence, to probe the poetic form of opera the dramatic root has to be listed. While all types of drama share the common root that they are mimetic action. Three kinds of drama were written in fifth-century Athens—tragedy, satyr play, and comedy tragedy, which related two important poets, Arion and Thespis, for both of them share the creation of tragedy's invention. As a late-seventh-century kithara player, Arion is regarded as the first one who wrote the tragedy by combining verse-speaking satyrs to a dithyramb¹. When appreciating Arion's drama, people would gain more "funny" enjoyment different than that from the serious tragedy because for Arion's poetic hybrid. His creation of drama combined a majority of poetic forms. As for the origin of tragedy, the Athenian's drama rooted in an ode to alcohol may have the relationship between theatre and Dionysus. Most of poetic works or dramas used to be performed out for celebrating the wine-god.

¹ Arion wrote on a subject other than Dionysus.

Arion's satyrs are the mythic goat-men accompanying Dionysus, in which the theme is always associated with the comically perpetual hunger (for sex) and thirst (for wine). From this point of view, Arion's satyrs to a dithyramb or the drama as a form of imitating and analyzing life because of its ancient primal ritual or a cultural activity. While as for poetry, it also bares the function of recording and analyzing the life. Like Matthew Arnold made his comment for poetry: "Poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; the greatness of a poet lines in his powerful and beautiful applications of ideas to life, — to the question; how to life." Hence, both drama and poetry possesses the function of probing the life. Through its origin of drama, it mainly possesses two functions as a poetic form. On the one hand, poetic drama derives from something human do; on the other hand, it derives from what humans supposedly are. Hence this dramatic root reveals the relationship between poetry and drama or music drama (opera). As what Martin Esslin said: "in ritual we have the common root of music, dance, poetry and drama; in the subsequent process of further differentiation, drama developed into spoken drama, ballet, musical comedy."

Most of playwrights are both poet and performer. Another important innovator of tragedy is named Thespis. A poet and performer in whose honor actors have been called thespians ever since. Thespis used a human mask in performance of a poem in order to respect women's roles. In a long period in Greece, Thespis's creation achieved a new tragic development into the most "people-please" genre of poetry.

Arion and Thespis's invention of tragedy indicates that the Greek poetry was usually performed in public for competitions or religious rituals. Tragedy as a poetic form can be seen as a way for imitating or narrating life. Drama from Ancient theatre to present time is carrying on its poetic root as before, so is the opera. Thereupon, as for the drama or opera, they are both sharing the same literary root of poetry.

Poetry is a combination of text and music. As an oral text, poem is always sung for its special charms. Like what Aristotle defined in *Poetics*, lyric is one of forms of poetry that also can be performed on stage. Lyric poetry, always as a form for singing, is an investment in oral forms. "Where 'lyric' is a form, it has often been used to denote primarily song forms of poetry; as a 'mode', it has described a particular type (or types) of writing that could be found within a variety forms and genres;" It is indicated that lyric is originally written for singing. In the sixteenth century, most of people made their poetry or verse accompany with music for singing. Even for the ballad, it was sold by itinerant

sellers such as Shakespeare's Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*, or in the metrical Psalms that were the only music allowed in the average parish church, or in the songs heard in the theatre, or in music sung for domestic entertainment, verses came most frequently attached to tunes. As for David Lindley said in "Early Modern Songs and Lyric", he promoted the lyric is the word for music, perhaps. Thomas Campion's lots of poetry also can be sung with music. Like Campion's a lyric from *A Booke of Ayres*, the words were written for rather than to music. "Faire, if you expect admiring" was regarded as the signal which was claimed for music's influence. Its first stanza runs:

Faire, if you expect admiring,
Sweet, if you provoke desiring,
Grace deere love with kinde requiting/
Fond. but if thy sight be blindness,
False, if thou affect unkindness,
Flie both love and loves delighting.
Then when hope is lost and love is scorned,

He bury my desires, and quench the fires that ever yet in vaine
have burned.

Campion's basic standpoint is complex or keeps the compound metres. It is called lyric because of their suitability for musical setting. And he writes: "To descend orderly from the more simple numbers to them that are more compounded, it is now time to handle such verses as are fit for Ditties or Odes, which we may call Lyricall, because they are apt to be soong to an instrument, if they were adorn'd with convenient notes."

From the above explanations, poetry employs the natural relationship with dramatic or operatic performance in that the poetic language, form and musicality. Poetry achieves the literary tradition in operatic text or language. Drama or music drama (opera), as one of the poetic forms of poetry, bares its foundation and function to extend the tension of poetry and imitate the routine life. In addition, poetry was born for its nature of musicality. The primitive function of poetry is to sing with music like the example of lyric. Therefore, the poetry carries the fundamental and foremost characteristic for opera—singing with music. Thus it can be seen that there is a natural relationship from poetry to opera. Poepera, the combination of "poem" with "opera", proves its possible accomplishment.

The performativity of poepera: "opera" to "poem"

From the above analysis, it cannot be separated to probe opera or drama and poetry singly, because they are naturally bonded together and share the same original root. In addition, the opera endows poetry with more powerful tension on the basis of operatic performance into poetry, so this combination achieves the new artistic creation of literature—poepera. The poetry is embodied and it works on bodies: “The human soul, in intense emotion, strives to express itself in verse. It is not for me, but for the neurologists, to discover why this is so, and why and how feeling and rhythm are related.” While by Eliot’s words: “Behind the drama of words is the drama of action, the timbre of voice and voice, the uplifted hand or tense of muscle, and the particular human soul.” It is meant that the body is the drama, and the body in drama is the performance. Therefore, “opera” to “poem” is expressing powerful performativity. When the poepera is playing on stage, the performativity is mainly indicated in the recitation of poetry. There are two primary aspects of recitation: on the one hand, the verbalized text; on the other hand, the visualized context. If opera combines with poetry, it provides the operatic functions of verbalization and visualization. While as for poetry, the most significance is the text and the context. The combination of “opera” to “poetry” effects on verbalized text and visualized image which reveals the performativity of the poepera.

The verbalized text lies in the recitation of poetry. Recitation of poetry is a re-creation of verbal language. Recitation mostly is performed onstage and plays its important role in intensifying the power of verbal language which is based on lively expression texts. Moreover, recitation also serves the purpose of making the audience enjoy and obtain the pleasure. In a word, a faultless performance of recitation lies in the verbal language. The verbal language is also divided into two aspects. In the first place, the verbal language comes from the externalization through the internal language; in the second place, from the transformation through the word language. The recitation belongs to the later classification: it is a re-creation, on the basis of word language (the text), that transforms the word language into verbal language with the purposefulness, emotionality, ideology and objectification. Poetry can breathe for its rhyme and rhythm, and it is also distinctly critical to verbal language on account of the rhyme and rhythm. Thus, rhyme and rhythm is the fundamental element to recitation because it is regarded as the most evident feature in the process of verbalizing text.

When rhyme and rhythm plays its significant effect on recitation, rhyme and rhythm is experiencing the process of formalization. This type of

formalization is more toward the sense perception such as hearing, perceiving and knowing. While in order to enter the context of sense perception, it has to be achieved by performer or reciter's meaningful and emotional performance or recitation. In other words, the formalized rhyme and rhythm into performance or recitation must be meaningful on the basis of emotion and it must be appreciated with distinguishing. This viewpoint can be proved by Clive Bell's famous words of the significant forms. In order to make formalized rhymed and rhythm (verbalized text) be meaningful and significant, reciter has to keep two basic regulations: to bare the real emotion or affection into reciting; to recite correctly. These two rules exactly prove that the recitation is a kind of re-creation. Because the real emotion and correctly reciting originates from performer's artistically processing with hard works. Before the abundant preparation of recitation including the voicing pattern of intonation, pronunciation, the pace of poetry and content, etc., recitation must rely on the key point—the emotion. Only when performer infuses the real emotion, can the audience and the performer achieve the emotional empathy. As the result, both of the audience and the performer share the aesthetic empathy.

When a performer on stage recites, he or she will use varieties of ways to intensify emotion for giving the audience's empathy, attracting their attention, making them gain the pleasure. The verbalized text on stage emphasizes the overall experience of formalized content. Because the performance of recitation has its own communicatees who are with the beauty-appreciation ear. Reciter should internalize personal understandings, content, form, style and true emotion, then externalize them to convey the audience's ears. The tension now is coming from verbalized text, performance and recitation. The three is gathered into one powerful tension and springs up through on stage. It reaches a harmony scale from the "opera" to "poem"—the strong performativity of poepera. However, the form of poepera provides another element—the music. As is analyzed above, the poetry endows the natural musicality for its rhyme and rhythm beauty. Whereas, the operatic form can perfectly mach with the musicality of poetry. Therefore, not only can the performativity of poepera be naturally realized, but also the original function and the tension would be enlarged.

From "opera" to "poem", this process also develops an operatic function to poetry—the visuality of poetic images. The image, as the basis for the poetry, is the combination of subjective emotion and objective reflection. Image is the carrier of emotion and this image can be real or can be surreal. Poet's subjective

emotion also is born in the image. When poet creates poetic image, the result is always born with poet's life thoughts and the attitude toward life. Only then can the poem be vitalized by the thoughtful and emotional image; only thoughtful and emotional poem can exist and reflect the world. In addition, the image also is born with objective reflection. Poetic reflection in the image comes from the individual external direct-viewing impression expressed in the poetry. While it is different from the concrete reflection in the routine life through our eyes, the poetic reflection is the result by finely artistic polishing with thought and aesthetic significance. Therefore, poetic image plays a significant role in arousing people's optic nerve processing and then forming the visual imagination. However, this visual imagination can be achieved on stage.

Opera also bares the important feature of context onstage. The audience not only obtains the feeling through the music and recitation or singing, but also through its context onstage. Operatic context is of strong visuality for audience. Performer can heartily play on stage by her personal interpretation such as the gesture, expression etc. Besides, "opera" to "poem" can exactly combine the operatic feature into poetry performance through visualizing the poetic image into context. The imagination gains realization via the stage, which make audience acquire the true experience and the pleasant sensation. The image onstage gains transformation into time and space.

To sum up, the performativity of poepera rests with poetry into operatic performance. Time and space of poetry onstage transforms constantly.

The experimental performance of poepera: "Spring, the Sweet Spring"

In Zhang's tour performance in Nanfang College of Sun Yat-sen University, "Spring, the Sweet Spring", the poem by famous poet of Thomas Nashe from "Summer's Last Will", was performed in type of Rap by Zhang's recitation with the music instrument of drum kit and accompaniment with vocal and BBOX (Black Box Corp). Here presents the original text of "Spring, the Sweet Spring" as well as the poem adapted by Zhang also.

The original poem by Thomas Nashe:

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, 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!

The adapted poem by Prof. Zhang Guangkui:

Spring, ¶ the Sweet Spring ¶

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, ¶ jug-jug, ¶ pu-we, ¶ to-witta-woo! ¶
Cuckoo, ¶ jug-jug, ¶ pu-we, ¶ to-witta-woo! ¶

Cuckoo--¶Cockoo--¶ (imitating the shouting of the cuckoo birds)

(Pausing for eight beats)

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: (accompanied by the chorus) ¶
jug-jug, ¶ this merry lay: (accompanied by the chorus) ¶
pu-we, pu-we, ¶ this merry lay: (accompanied by the chorus)¶
to-witta-woo, to-witta-woo ! ¶

this merry lay (**chorus in music**) ¶ this merry lay (**chorus in music**)

¶

Lay, lay! ¶ Lay, lay! ¶

Lay lay lay lay, lay! ¶

Mer-ry- ¶ Lay--! ¶

(Pausing for eight beats)

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! ¶

our ears ¶ Do-- ¶ greet:-- ¶

Cuckoo, jug-jug, ¶ pu-we, to witta-woo! ¶

Our ears greet! ¶ Our ears greet! ¶

Greet, Greet! ¶

Spring--, ¶ the sweet Spring! ¶

So—¶ sweet--! ¶ spring--!¶

So sweet spring! ¶ So sweet spring! ¶ (**chorus**)

(Pausing for four beats!)

M-ma--! ¶

Hahahahaha_(ending in the laughter of the chorus)

In Zhang's performance, we see the classic poem was adapted and even composed with musical instrument. He sang in the form of Rap, which was relatively matched with poetic rhyme and rhythm. There is full of operatic elements though the original poem such as onomatopoeic words for singing or

chanting like birds, in his adaptation this operatic function is enlarged. Zhang, in the first stanza, added two more lines of “Cuckoo, ㄅ ㄅ jug-jug, ㄅ ㄅ pu-we, ㄅ ㄅ to-witta-woo! ㄅ ㄅ /Cuckoo--ㄅ ㄅCockoo--ㄅ ㄅ” for imitating the shouting of the cuckoo birds. In second stanza, when he sang to the line of “Cuckoo, cuckoo, ㄅ ㄅ this merry lay”, three students also chanted “this merry lay”. At the end of this stanza, Zhang also added three lines of “Lay, lay! ㄅ ㄅ Lay, lay! ㄅ ㄅ / Lay lay lay lay, lay! ㄅ ㄅ / Mer-ry- ㄅ ㄅ Lay--! ㄅ ㄅ”, which are matched with the original rhyme and rhythm. His adaptation achieved the atmosphere into a happy forest with hundred birds singing. Zhang wrote more stanza as the ending of poetry performance for creating a climax, like “Spring--, ㄅ ㄅ the sweet Spring! ㄅ ㄅ So—ㄅ ㄅ sweet--! ㄅ ㄅ spring--! ㄅ ㄅ So sweet spring! ㄅ ㄅ So sweet spring! ㄅ ㄅ”. From the above explanation, poetry is born for verbalization. Writing the operatic script is the process of poetizing language. Therefore, the opera is the poetic form onstage for interpreting the poetry.

In the performance of poepera, the musical instrument can improve performer’s emotional expression, conveying the feeling of poetry to fade out. Drum kit was used in Zhang’s performance to match the rhyme and rhythm. And student’s BBOX, also as a kind of vocal accompaniment, coordinated with Zhang’s singing, which created a brisk mood. Its strong performativity also shows the viscosity of poetic images with Zhang’s gestures, costume, stage light, etc. making the visualization of images through operatic context onstage. Audiences will gain the true aesthetic experience and enjoyment, more of the pleasure and pleasant sensation. It is totally different from the traditional way of reading poetry, because the traditional reading only stays in the stage of imagination.

Conclusion

To sum up, Zhang’s experimental poetry performance of poepera is an artistic creation of poetry. Poetry gives the audience a new interpreting perspective from the poetic text to the performance onstage. Poepera can be seen as a Copernicus creation, thus, poepera is a new performing art for poetry. The art and literature is born with the unlimited possibility, so does the poetry and performance. Poetry will gain recreation and rebirth in the performance. Not only is the poetry more readable from the printing page to the stage, but also its life is gained in the performance. The poetry will vitalize on stage from the dead page. Poetry now is writing its unlimited possibility in performance.

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Translator List in English and Chinese

(in alphabetical order by family names)

1. Deng Yuping.....邓宇萍
2. Liu Zhaohui.....刘朝晖
3. Luo Shuyun.....罗舒云
4. Lei Yanni.....雷艳妮
5. Shen Jie.....沈洁
6. Yang Xiaobo.....杨晓波
7. Zhou Fang.....周芳
8. Zhao Gu.....赵赧
9. Zhang Guangkui.....张广奎

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Contact

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

Editorial Email Address: verseversion@163.com

Editorial Office: School of Foreign Languages, Guangdong University of Finance & Economics, Guangzhou, 510320 China

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联系方式

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

编辑部电子邮箱: verseversion@163.com

中国编辑部地址: 广东省广州市仓头路 21 号广东财经大学外国语学院
邮编: 510320