



Vol.5 No.3 September 2016

VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guangkui

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Vol.5 No.3 September 2016



LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD

ISSN 2051-526X (Print)  
ISSN 2399-9705 (Online)

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**Zhang Guangkui**

Sponsored by  
**Shenzhen University**

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

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**Website:** <http://www.verseversion.uk>

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

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# VERSE    VERSION

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

## English-Chinese Version

### Are They Shadows<sup>1</sup>

Samuel Daniel<sup>2</sup>

Are they shadows that we see?  
And can shadows pleasure give?  
Pleasures only shadows be  
Cast by bodies we conceive  
And are made the things we deem  
In those figures which they seem.

But these pleasures vanish fast  
Which by shadows are expressed;  
Pleasures are not, if they last;  
In their passing is their best.  
Glory is most bright and gay  
In a flash, and so away.

Feed apace then, greedy eyes,  
On the wonder you behold;  
Take it sudden as it flies,  
Though you take it not to hold.  
When your eyes have done their part,  
Thought must length it in the heart.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 236.

<sup>2</sup> Samuel Daniel (1562-1619), was an English poet and best known for his dramatic writing *Hymen's Triumph*.

Translation:

## 他们可是影子？

塞缪尔·丹尼尔

他们可是我们所见的影子？  
那样的影子可以带来欢乐？  
欢乐不过就是我们  
假想肉体幻化的影子  
也是看似类同形体中，  
我们命名事物的造化。

而这样的欢乐过眼匆匆  
影子不过呈现出来罢；  
久长的欢乐并非是这样；  
美妙之处无不在过程。  
荣耀虽说十分地夺目  
不过刹那之间全无迹。

贪婪的眼睛，快些着迷  
你所注视的惊奇；  
瞬间即逝中抓住它  
虽然抓住却非你所有。  
当你眼神流露出放弃，  
心底已然细思量。

(赵嘏 译)

## Oh Mistress Mine<sup>1</sup>

William Shakespeare<sup>2</sup>

Oh mistress mine! where are you roaming?

Oh! stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 275.

<sup>2</sup> William Shakespeare (1564-1616), was an English poet, playwright, who was widely regarded as the greatest writer in English language and pre-eminent dramatist in the world.

Translation:

## 哦 我的爱人

威廉·莎士比亚

哦我的爱人！你去何方？

驻足聆听，真爱锵锵，

高歌低吟，都能唱响。

甜美爱人，别再流浪；

你我相聚，即是终点，

聪慧如你，心中明亮。

何处有爱？不在远方；

抓住此刻，欢笑流淌；

未来之事，谁能知晓，

稍纵即逝，喜乐无常；

快来吻我，双十佳人，

韶华易去，青春不长。

（王璇 译）

## The Good-Morrow<sup>1</sup>

John Donne<sup>2</sup>

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I  
Did, till we loved? were we not weaned till then?  
But sucked on country pleasures, childishly?  
Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?  
'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be.  
If ever any beauty I did see,  
Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,  
Which watch not one another out of fear;  
For love, all love of other sights controls,  
And makes one little room an everywhere.  
Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone,  
Let maps to others, worlds on worlds have shown,  
Let us possess one world, each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,  
And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;  
Where can we find two better hemispheres,  
Without sharp North, without declining West?  
Whatever dies was not mixed equally;  
If our two loves be one, or, thou and I  
Love so alike that none do slacken, none can die.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 293.

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

Translation:

## 早安

约翰·多恩

我不知道，相爱前的你我  
在做什么？是否还是未断奶的小婴孩？  
童稚地吮吸乡村之乐？  
或是在七眠子的长眠之所里打着呼噜？  
即便如此，所有的乐趣也不过幻象一场。  
我曾渴望且期盼的美，  
是与你在梦里邂逅，相爱一场。

向苏醒的灵魂道声早安，  
我们相视而望，无所畏惧；  
除了爱，其它一切，我们视而不见，  
小小的互存空间便成了全世界。  
让航海家们去探索吧，  
让世人捧着地图去了解世界吧，  
我们拥有的世界，是你我相伴。

我们用双眸铭记你我的容颜，  
坦诚之心如面容永驻；  
我们去哪寻求更好的半球，  
既无严寒的北极，也无西沉的残阳？  
万物皆因无序混乱而消亡；  
若我们的爱至死不渝，始终如一，  
我们将因爱而永存。

(张佳 译)

## **The Boy's Answer to the Blackmoor<sup>1</sup>**

Henry King<sup>2</sup>

Black maid, complain not that I fly,  
When Fate commands antipathy:  
Prodigious might that union prove,  
Where Night and Day together move,  
And the conjunction of our lips  
Not kisses make, but an eclipse,  
In which the mixed black and white  
Portends more terror than delight.  
Yet if my shadow thou wilt be,  
Enjoy thy dearest wish. But see  
Thou take my shadow's property,  
That hastes away when I come nigh.  
Else stay till death hath blinded me,  
And then I will bequeath myself to thee.

---

<sup>1</sup>Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 366.

<sup>2</sup>Henry King (1592-1669), was an English poet and bishop who was known for his *Poems and Psalms*.

Translation:

## 男孩给布莱克莫尔的答复

亨利·金

黑人女仆在抱怨，  
命运支配使人厌：  
结合已证令人惊，  
白天黑夜相交替，  
我们嘴唇一触碰  
不是甜蜜是灾难，  
黑人白人相结合  
带来恐惧而非乐。  
然我身心渐憔悴，  
而你为我诚祈祷。  
当我影子靠近时，  
你已带走吾灵魂。  
否则直到死神来  
我会把己赠予你。

(罗舒云 译)

## **I Did but Prompt the Age<sup>1</sup>**

John Milton<sup>2</sup>

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs;  
As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs  
Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.  
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,  
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
And still revolt when truth would set them free.  
License they mean when they cry liberty;  
For who loves that must first be wise and good:  
But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 417.

<sup>2</sup> John Milton (1608-1674), was an English poet, polemicist, and man of letters, and a civil servant for the Commonwealth of England under Oliver Cromwell. He is best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost*.

Translation:

## 我鼓励摆脱法定婚姻的束缚

约翰·弥尔顿

我鼓励要根据以往离婚的既定准则  
来摆脱婚姻的束缚，  
不管是鹰叫、鸟叫、驴叫、人叫还是狗吠  
面对嘈杂的反对声而我依然如故；  
那些责难拉多娜孪生儿女的乡下人  
被变成了青蛙，  
而双胞胎却是继承掌管太阳和月亮的神。  
但这是因为把珍珠扔给贪婪之人才得到，  
他们愚蠢地叫嚷着自由，  
当真理给他们自由时却仍在反抗。  
他们哭喊着要自由是想得到许可；  
热爱自由的人必先睿智善良：  
但他们能自斑斑污迹始走到多远我们拭目以待，  
这总是要付出财富和鲜血的代价。

(罗舒云 译)

## Song<sup>1</sup>

Sir John Suckling<sup>2</sup>

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do 't?

Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame; this will not move,

This cannot take her.

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:

The devil take her!

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 452.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Suckling (1609-1641), was an prominent English poet known for his first publication *Fragmenta aurea*.

Translation:

## 歌

约翰·萨克林

为何这般憔悴苍白，多情郎？

我问你，为何这般苍白？

若是熠熠容光无法打动她，

倦倦病容又能得青睐？

我问你，为何这般苍白？

为何这般沉默，青年人？

我问你，为何这般沉默？

若是绵绵情话无法使她动容，

痴痴不语又做何用？

我问你，为何这般沉默？

罢了，罢了，就此罢了；她不会感动，

她亦不会心动。

若非心甘情愿，她不会动心分毫，

如果真有她动心之人：

那人只怕是个魔鬼！

（邓宇萍 译）

## To My Dear and Loving Husband<sup>1</sup>

Anne Bradstreet<sup>2</sup>

If ever two were one, then surely we.  
If ever man were loved by wife, then thee;  
If ever wife was happy in a man,  
Compare with me ye women if you can.  
I prize thy love more than whole mines of gold,  
Or all the riches that the East doth hold.  
My love is such that rivers cannot quench,  
Nor ought but love from thee give recompense.  
Thy love is such I can no way repay;  
The heavens reward thee manifold, I pray.  
Then while we live, in love let's so persevere,  
That when we live no more we may live ever.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 465.

<sup>2</sup> Anne Bradstreet (1612-1672), was the most prominent of early English poets of North America and first female writer in England's North American colonies to be published. She is known for her first volume of poetry *The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up in America*.

Translation:

## 致我深爱的丈夫

安妮·布莱德斯特里特

如合二为一，那么我俩生而合一。  
如有谁被妻子深爱，如斯是你；  
如妻子爱自己的丈夫而感到幸福，  
较之于吾，望汝亦能为吾之幸福而幸福。  
汝爱远重于金山，  
比东方珠华更加耀眼。  
吾爱亦光华熠熠，江河不能熄，  
万般皆不可抵，唯汝爱方可比。  
汝爱至深吾无可还；  
吾呼上邪赐汝福  
愿我俩之爱永存，  
即到彼岸也毅然。

（邓宇萍 译）

## The Little Boy Lost<sup>1</sup>

William Blake<sup>2</sup>

“Father, father, where are you going?

O do not walk so fast.

Speak, father, speak to your little boy

Or else I shall be lost.”

The night was dark, no father was there,

The child was wet with dew.

The mire was deep, & the child did weep,

And away the vapor flew.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 735.

<sup>2</sup> William Blake (1757-1872), was an English poet, painter, and printmaker. His most ambitious work was *Jerusalem*.

Translation:

## 迷途的男孩

威廉·布莱克

“父亲，父亲，你在哪儿？”

噢，不要走的那么快。

说呀，父亲，对孩子说说话

要不我将走失了方位。

夜色黑蒙蒙，父亲不在旁，

露水浸湿了孩子。

污泥深沉沉，小儿声泣泣，

漫天沼气正散溢。

(赵嘏 译)

## Rose Aylmer<sup>1</sup>

Walter Savage Landor<sup>2</sup>

Ah what avails the sceptered race,  
    Ah what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
    Rose Aylmer, all were thine.  
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
    May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and of sighs  
    I consecrate to thee.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 832.

<sup>2</sup> Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864), as an English writer and poet. His best known works were the prose *Imaginary Conversations*, and the poem *Rose Aylmer*.

Translation:

## 罗丝·艾尔默

沃尔特·萨维奇·兰德

啊 那皇室的华贵雍容，

    啊 那天神的圣洁颜容！

至真至善至美，这些你都拥有！

    罗丝·艾尔默，这就是你！

罗丝·艾尔默，我在深夜里双眼顾盼

    眼睑含泪，却从未盼来与你相见，

为你一夜未眠，回忆里作罢轻轻叹

    虔诚地匍匐在你膝畔。

（邓宇萍 译）

## **Break, Break, Break<sup>1</sup>**

Alfred Tennyson<sup>2</sup>

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

---

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

<sup>2</sup> Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892), was Poet Laureate of Great Britain and Ireland known for his masterpiece *In Memoriam A.H.H.*

Translation:

## 冲击，冲击，冲击

阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生

冲击，冲击，冲击

拍打在冰冷的礁石上，啊海浪！

愿我的语言能够表达

我内心涌起的哀思。

啊，那渔民的孩童多么欢快，

与妹妹一起呼喊嬉戏！

啊，那年轻的水手多么欢快，

哼着歌谣在海湾里摇弋！

庄严的船队缓缓前进

驶入山下寂静的海港；

可有一双手我再也无法触碰，

且那沉寂的嗓音悄然回荡！

冲击，冲击，冲击

拍打在耸立如壁的巉岩脚下，啊海浪！

可那温柔如水的时光已然逝去

从此再也不能回到我的身旁。

（邓婕 译）

## Chinese-English Version

### 玉阶怨<sup>1</sup>

李白<sup>2</sup>

玉阶生白露，  
夜久侵罗袜。  
却下水晶帘，  
玲珑望秋月。

---

<sup>1</sup> 蘅塘退士选注. 唐诗三百首. 四川: 四川出版集团巴蜀书社, 2006:206.

<sup>2</sup> 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 writing reflect the grandeur of the Tang Dynasty at the height of its prosperity.

Translation:

## **The Tune of Plaint at Marble-like Terrace**

Li Po

When at the marble terrace appears silver dew,  
Standing at night longer her silk socks turn wet.  
Then putting down the crystal-woven curtain,  
She still at that exquisite autumn moon watched.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

## 卜算子<sup>1</sup>

李之仪<sup>2</sup>

我住长江头。  
君住长江尾；  
日日思君不见君，  
共饮长江水。

此水几时休？  
此恨何时已？  
只愿君心似我心，  
定不负相思意。

---

<sup>1</sup> 上疆村民. 宋词三百首. 四川: 四川出版集团巴蜀书社, 2006:293.

<sup>2</sup> Li Zhiyi (李之仪, 1048-1117), born in Wudi County, Shandong province, was an Chinese poet in Song Dynasty.

Translation:

## **The Tune<sup>1</sup> of Busuanzi: The Song of Division**

Li Zhiyi

I live by upper Yangtze River,  
While you live by its lower;  
day and day I'm longing to see you,  
still we drink the same water.

When will the flow cease?  
When will this yearning ease?  
I can only depend on your heart,  
as steadfast as what we start.

(Trans. Wang Xuan)

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<sup>1</sup> Tune: "Die Lian Hua" 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<sup>1</sup>

鲁迅<sup>2</sup>

很多的梦，趁黄昏起哄。

前梦才挤却大前梦时，后梦又赶走了前梦。

去的前梦黑如墨，在后的梦墨一般黑；

去的在的仿佛都说，“看我真好颜色。”

颜色许好，暗里不知；

而且不知道，说话的是谁？

暗里不知，身热头痛。

你来你来！明白的梦！

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<sup>1</sup> 朱自清选编. 中国新文学大系: 诗集. 上海: 上海文艺出版社, 1935: 22.

<sup>2</sup> Lu Xun (鲁迅, 1881-1936), a leading figure of modern Chinese literature. Lu Xun was a short story writer, editor, translator, literary critic, essayist, and poet.

Translation:

## **Dreams**

Lu Xun

Dreams sprang up, kicking up a fuss before the dark.

The moment a dream banished the previous one, away it's driven by its follower.

The vanished old dream's as black as ink, and the arising new one was of the same color.

The vanished and the arising both seemed to say, "I've got a good color."

The color maybe was good, but it's hard to tell in the dark;

And no one knew, who the speaker was?

It's hard to tell in the dark. I had a fever and a headache.

Come on, come on, my bright dream!

(Trans. Deng Jie)

## 暮<sup>1</sup>

俞平伯<sup>2</sup>

敲罢了三声晚钟，  
把银的波底容，  
黛的山底色，  
都销融得黯淡了，  
在这冷冷的清梵音中。

暗云层叠，  
明霞剩有一缕；  
但湖光已染上金色了。  
一缕的霞，可爱哪！  
更可爱的，只这一缕哪！

太阳倦了，  
自有暮云遮着；  
山倦了，  
自有暮烟凝着；  
人倦了呢？  
我倦了呢？

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<sup>1</sup> 朱自清选编. 中国新文学大系: 诗集. 上海: 上海文艺出版社, 1935: 30.

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

Translation:

## **Dusk**

Yu Pingbo

The evening bell has rang three times,  
The silver appearance  
and the black grounding of the hill  
all diminishes  
in this desolate Buddhist sound.

Dark clouds stack,  
leaving a trace of sunglow;  
but the lake is plated gold.  
a ray of glow, so darling  
so dear, just one glow!

The sun is tired,  
so it is covered by the clouds;  
The hill is tired,  
so there clusters the mist;  
How about people?  
What if I am tired?

(Trans. Wang Xuan)

## 我愿<sup>1</sup>

刘大白<sup>2</sup>

我愿把我金刚石也似的心儿，  
琢成一百单八粒念珠，  
用柔韧得精金也似的情丝串著，  
挂在你雪白的颈上，  
垂到你火热的胸前，  
我知道你将用你底右手搯著。

当你一心念我的时候，  
念一声：“我爱”，  
搯一粒念珠；  
缠绵不绝地念著，  
循环不断地搯著，  
我知道你将往生於我心里的净土。

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<sup>1</sup> 朱自清选编. 中国新文学大系: 诗集. 上海: 上海文艺出版社, 1935: 83.

<sup>2</sup> Liu Dabai (刘大白, 1880-1932), was born in Shaoxing, Zhejiang Province, was a famous modern poet in China.

Translation:

## **I Pray**

Liu Dabai

I pray, that have my steel heart  
Carved into 108 prayer beads.  
Have those beads strung into a rosary by my pliable-tough love.  
Have the rosary wore on your neck,  
Have the rosary dangled up to your seething chest.  
I know you will warily hold the rosary by right hand.

When you are chanting to me,  
Chanting: “my love”,  
Then counting a bead;  
Chanting by chanting,  
Counting by counting,  
I know you will be immortal in my pure heart.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

## 小溪<sup>1</sup>

陆志韦<sup>2</sup>

不见星光的晚上  
你从石竹的根里呼啸而来。  
黎明，  
有零落的野蔷薇  
旋转又旋转，一拥一泻而去。  
每年寒食  
回来招你的魂。  
我的朋友呵，  
落花再流过几回，  
我的眼珠儿暗了。  
还是要回来  
听你亲切的声音  
知道我聋聩无知之日，  
石竹的呼啸，蔷薇的流泻，  
又是我享用不尽的心像了。

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<sup>1</sup> 朱自清选编. 中国新文学大系: 诗集. 上海: 上海文艺出版社, 1935: 119.

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

Translation:

## **A Brook**

Lu Zhiwei

In the night without starlight  
You roar up from the pink's root.  
Night falls.  
There are some withered wild roses  
Spinning and spinning again, then falling down.  
Every year at the Hanshi Day  
I come and call back your soul.  
Oh, my friend,  
Fallen flowers flow few times,  
My eyes blur.  
Still want to come back  
To enjoy the sound of your genial voice  
Till the day it deafen me.  
Pink roars, rose falls,  
Again, it's the image that I can enjoy all my life.

(Trans. Luo Shuyun)

## 招魂——吊亡友杨子惠<sup>1</sup>

饶孟侃<sup>2</sup>

来，你不要迟疑，  
趁此刻鸡还没有啼；  
你瞧远远一点灯光，  
渔火似的一暗一亮——  
那灯下是我在等你。

来，你不要迟疑！

来，为什么徘徊？  
我泡一壶茶等你来。  
你看这一只只白鹤，  
一只只在壶上飞着，  
是不是往日的安排？

来，为什么徘徊？

来，用不着犹夷；  
趁我在发愣没想起，  
你只管轻轻的进来，  
像落叶飘下了庭阶，  
冷不防给我个惊喜。

来，用不着犹夷！

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<sup>1</sup> 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 84.

<sup>2</sup> 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:

## Searching for the Lost Soul—In Memory of Yang Zihui

Rao Mengkan

Come, do not hesitate,  
While the cock crows not yet;  
See, the light in distance,  
Is flickering like lamps on fishing boat—  
I am waiting for you there under the light.  
Come, do not linger more!

Come, what are you lingering for?  
I make a pot of tea and was waiting for you.  
See, the streamed fog is like the white cranes aloft,  
They are freely flying,  
Aren't the daily settings?  
Come here, why you're still lingering?

Come, do not linger more;  
While I am still in a daze,  
You just come in quietly,  
Like a leaf falling into courtyard step,  
Leaving me a pleasant surprise.  
Just come, linger no more!

(Trans. Zhang Jia)

## 我是一条小河<sup>1</sup>

冯至<sup>2</sup>

我是一条小河，  
我无心由你的身边绕过  
你无心把你彩霞般的影儿  
投入了我软软的柔波。

我流过一座森林，  
柔波便荡荡地  
把那些碧翠的叶影儿  
裁剪成你的裙裳。

我流过一座花丛，  
柔波便粼粼地  
把那些凄艳的花影儿  
编织成你的花冠。

最后我终于  
流入无情的大海，  
海上的风又厉，浪又狂，  
吹折了花冠，击碎了衣裳！

我也随着海潮漂漾，  
漂漾到无边的地方；  
你那彩霞般的影儿  
也和幻散了的彩霞一样！

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<sup>1</sup>文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 120.

<sup>2</sup>Feng Zhi (冯至, 1905-1993), was born in Zhuozhou, Hebei Province, was a modern poet and writer in China.

Translation:

## **I am a Little River**

Feng Zhi

I am a little river,  
Unintentionally flowing through you  
Involuntarily you put your rosy shadow  
Into my supple waves.

I stream across a forest,  
Soft waves then swinging  
Mend those emerald green leaf shadow  
To become your petticoats.

I traverse through flowering shrubs,  
Soft waves then glistening  
prune those bleak and brilliant flower shadow  
to weave your corollas.

In the end I  
Flow into the relentless sea,  
With wild winds and huge vague,  
Which troubles the corollas and petticoats!

I wander like sea tides  
Drifting boundlessly  
O, Your rosy shadow  
Is the same as dispersed clouds.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

## 三代<sup>1</sup>

臧克家<sup>2</sup>

孩子

在土里洗澡；

爸爸

在土里流汗；

爷爷

在土里埋葬。

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<sup>1</sup> 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 141.

<sup>2</sup> Zang Kejia (臧克家, 1905-2004), was a Chinese poet. He was born in Zhucheng, Shandong Province.

Translation:

### **Three Generations**

Zang Kejia

The kid

Is bathing in the soil;

His father

Is sweating in the soil;

Their grandfather

Will be buried in the soil also.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

## 她这点头<sup>1</sup>

曹葆华<sup>2</sup>

她这点头，  
是一杯蔷薇酒；  
倾进了我的咽喉，  
散一阵凉风的清幽；  
我细玩滋味，意态悠悠，  
像湖上青鱼在雨后浮游。

她这点头，  
是一只象牙舟；  
载去了我的烦愁，  
转运来茉莉的芳秀；  
我伫立台阶，情波荡流，  
刹那间瞧见美丽的宇宙。

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<sup>1</sup> 文鹏编. 中国现代名诗三百首. 北京: 北京出版社, 2000: 147.

<sup>2</sup> Cao Baohua (曹葆华, 1906-1978), born in Leshan City, Sichuan Province, was a modern poet and writer in China.

Translation:

## **A Nod of Hers**

Cao Baohua

When she's nodding,  
Like a cup of rosy wine;  
I toss up and drink it off all,  
A gust of clear wind breezes over;  
I savor the flavor, along with leisure mood,  
Like herrings are roaming in the lake after raining.

When she's nodding,  
Like an ivory-made boat;  
My idle sorrow boards on, it takes away,  
But brings the aroma back from the jasmine;  
I stand in a long while on stair along with loving wave,  
Just in a twinkling, I catch the sight of glory in the cosmos.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

## Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

### Rita Dove

Rita Dove, born in Akron, Ohio, 1952, is an American poet and essayist. From 1993 to 1995, she served as Poet Laureate Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress. She is the first African-American to have been appointed since the position was created by an act of Congress in 1986 from the previous “consultant in poetry” position. Dove also received an appointment as “special consultant in poetry” for the Library of Congress’s bicentennial year from 1999 to 2000. Dove is the second African American to receive the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, and she served as the Poet Laureate of Virginia from 2004 to 2006.

Dove’s work is known for its lyricism and beauty as well as its sense of history and political scope. Her books of poetry include *Collected Poems 1974–2004* (2016), *Sonata Mulattica* (2009); *American Smooth* (2004); *On the Bus with Rosa Parks* (1999); *Mother Love* (1995); *Selected Poems* (1993); *Grace Notes* (1989); *Thomas and Beulah* (1986), which won the 1987 Pulitzer Prize for poetry; *Museum* (1983); and *The Yellow House on the Corner* (1980).

In addition to poetry, Dove has published a book of short stories, *Fifth Sunday* (1985), the novel *Through the Ivory Gate* (1992), essays in *The Poet’s World* and the verse drama *The Darker Face of the Earth* (1994). She also edited *The Best American Poetry 2000* and *The Penguin Anthology of Twentieth-Century American Poetry* (2011).

## 丽塔·达芙

丽塔·达芙，1952年出生于俄亥俄州阿克伦市，是一名美国黑人女性诗人和作家。1993年到1995年曾担任美国国会图书馆桂冠诗人顾问。自从1986年国会通过法案创立这一顾问职位以来，丽塔·达芙是首位出任这项荣誉职务的美国黑人。丽塔·达芙还在美国国会图书馆建馆200周年上受邀接受“特别诗人顾问”这一职务。她更是美国历史上第二位黑人普利策奖（诗歌）获得者。2004年，丽塔又被授予“弗吉尼亚桂冠诗人”称号。

丽塔的诗歌措辞优美，极富音乐性，并以动情的诗歌形式将历史事件与个人经历完美编织。迄今为止，丽塔·达芙出版的10部诗集包括：《诗集1974-2004》（2016）、《穆拉提克奏鸣曲》（2009）、《美式狐步》（2004）、《与罗莎帕克斯同在公车上》（1999）、《母爱》（1995）、《诗选集》（1993）、《装饰音》（1989）、《托马斯与比尤拉》（1986）、《博物馆》（1983）和《街角的黄房子》（1980）。

除了诗歌外，她还写散文、小说和戏剧，其中包括短篇小说集《第五个星期日》（1985）、长篇小说《通过象牙门》（1992）、散文集《诗人的世界》和戏剧《大地更黑的一面》（1994）。此外，丽塔·达芙还担任了《最佳美国诗歌2000》和《企鹅版20世纪美国诗选集》（2011）的主编。

## Company

No one can help him anymore.

Not the young thing next door  
in the red pedal pushers,  
not the canary he drove distracted with his mandolin.

There'll be no more trees to wake him in moonlight,  
nor a single dry spring morning  
when the fish are lonely for company.

She's standing there telling him: give it up.

She is weary of sirens and his face  
worn with salt. *If this is code,*  
she tells him, listen: *we were good,*  
*though we never believed it.*

And now he can't even touch her feet.

Translation:

## 陪伴

谁都不能再帮他。

隔壁的年轻家伙

穿红色中裤的那位不能，

金丝雀也不能，他弹起曼陀林使它心不在焉。

不会再有树把他从月光中唤醒，

也不会再有一个干燥的春晨

鱼儿孤独得需要陪伴。

她站在那对他说：放弃吧。

她厌倦了汽笛和他那张

被盐侵蚀的脸。倘若这是密码，

她告诉他，听着：我们曾经很好，

但我们从不这么认为。

如今他连她的脚都无法触碰。

## Five Elephants

are walking towards me.

When morning is still a frozen  
tear in the brain, they come  
from the east, trunk to tail,  
clumsy ballerinas.

How to tell them all evening  
I refused consolation? Five umbrellas, five  
willows, five bridges and their shadows!  
They lift their trunks, hooking the sky  
I would rush into, split

pod of quartz and lemon. I could say  
they are five memories, but  
that would be unfair.

Rather pebbles seeking refuge in the heart.  
They move past me. I turn and follow,

and for hours we meet no one else.

Translation:

## 五只大象

朝我走来。

当清晨还是脑海中  
一滴冰冻的眼泪， 它们从  
东方来， 彻头彻尾，  
笨拙的芭蕾舞者。

如何告诉它们整晚  
我都拒绝安慰？ 五把伞， 五棵  
杨柳， 五座桥以及它们的影子！  
它们抬起象鼻， 钩住我要  
贸然进入的天空， 裂开的

石英柠檬莢。我可以说  
它们是五件往事， 但  
那不公平。  
它们更像卵石， 在心里寻求庇护。  
它们路过。我转身跟随，

久久地我们没再遇见谁。

## **Happenstance**

When you appeared it was as if  
magnets cleared the air.

I had never seen that smile before  
or your hair, flying silver. Someone  
waving goodbye, she was silver, too.

Of course you didn't see me.

I called softly so you could choose  
not to answer—then called again.

You turned in the light, your eyes  
seeking your name.

Translation:

## 偶然

当你出现时，磁石  
似乎洁净了空气。  
我未曾见过那样的笑容  
也未曾见过你的发色，飞扬的银色。有人  
在挥手再见，她也是银色的。  
当然你没有看见我。  
我轻声地呼唤，你可以选择  
不回应——又一次呼唤。  
你在亮光中转身，你的眼睛  
找寻着唤你名字的声音。

## Heart to Heart

It's neither red  
nor sweet.  
It doesn't melt  
or turn over,  
break or harden,  
so it can't feel  
pain,  
yearning,  
regret.

It doesn't have  
a tip to spin on,  
it isn't even  
shapely—  
just a thick clutch  
of muscle,  
lopsided,  
mute. Still,  
I feel it inside  
its cage sounding  
a dull tattoo:

Translation:

## 心对心

它既不鲜红  
也不清甜，  
既不融化  
也不倾倒，  
不破碎也不硬化，  
所以感受不到  
痛苦，  
渴望，  
或悔意。

它没有顶端  
不能旋转，  
它甚至没有  
定形—  
只是厚厚的一撮  
肌肉，  
没有平衡，  
没有声音。然而，  
我感觉到它  
在它的笼子里，  
发出沉闷的敲击：

*I want, I want—*  
but I can't open it:  
there's no key.  
I can't wear it  
on my sleeve,  
or tell you from  
the bottom of it  
how I feel. Here,  
it's all yours, now—  
but you'll have  
to take me,  
too.

我要，我要--  
可我无法打开：  
没有钥匙。  
我无法将它  
袒露在外，  
也无法从它的深底  
告诉你  
我的感觉。全在这，  
都是你的，此刻--  
不过你必须  
同时  
拿走我。

## **His shirt**

does not show  
his true colors. Ice-

blue and of stuff  
so common

anyone  
could have bought it,

his shirt  
is known only

to me, and only  
at certain times

of the day.  
At dawn

it is a flag  
in the middle

of a square  
waiting to catch

chill light.  
Unbuttoned, it's

Translation:

## 他的衬衣

不显示他  
真正的颜色。冰

蓝的材质  
如此平凡，

任何人  
都可能买下。

他的衬衣  
只有我

熟悉，只在  
一天中的

某些时间熟悉。  
黎明时

它是一面旗帜  
在广场的

中央  
等着捕捉

凉爽的阳光。  
扣子解开，它

a sail surprised  
by boundless joy.

In candlelight at turns  
a penitent's

scarf or beggar's  
fleece, his shirt is

inapproachable.  
It is the very shape

and tint  
of desire

and could be mistaken  
for something quite

fragile and ordinary.

是一叶风帆  
任由无边的快乐奇袭。

在烛光中它时而是  
忏悔者的  
围巾时而是  
乞丐的绒衣，

无法触及。  
它就是欲望

的样子  
和色泽，

别人也许会  
误读它，认为

它脆弱而平常

## **Pithos**

Climb  
into a jar  
and live  
for a while.

Chill earth,  
No stars  
in this stone  
sky.

You have ceased  
to ache.

Your spine is  
a flower.

Translation:

## 陶缸

爬着  
进入缸里  
小住  
一会儿。

凉爽的陶土。  
无星辰闪烁  
在这片石的  
天空。

你停滞了  
疼痛。

你的脊柱是  
一朵花。

## Someone's Blood

I stood at 6 a.m. on the wharf,  
Thinking: *This is Independence, Missouri.*  
*I am to stay here. The boat goes on to New Orleans.*  
My life seemed minutes old, here it was ending.

I was silent, although she clasped me  
and asked forgiveness for giving me life.  
As the sun broke the water into a thousand needles  
tipped with the blood from someone's finger,  
  
the boat came gently apart from the wharf.  
I watched till her face could not distinguish itself  
From that shadow floated on broken sunlight.  
I stood there. I could not help her. I forgive.

Translation:

## 某人的血

我站在早晨六点的码头，

思量：*这就是独立，密苏里。*

*我要留在这。船继续开往新奥尔良。*

我似乎只活过几分钟，就要在这灭亡。

我沉默着，可她抓住了我

求我原谅她给了我生命。

太阳将水碎成上千的细针，

针尖沾着来自某人手指的血，

船温柔地离开码头。

我看着她，直到分不清那是她的脸

还是漂浮在破碎阳光里的影子。

我站在那，帮不了她，不再怨恨。

## Spy

She walked alone, as she did every morning.

Hers the narrow sidewalk, the corroded lamppost.

Larks thrilled the apricot air. Barbed crucifixes

Against the sky, the haloes of mist around streetlamps—

They reminded her of Jesus on gilded altar

And Mama in a blue apron, praying.

Where were the oily midnight of depravity?

A woman of hard edges, blonde with dark armpits—

Where was she but always coming in from the cold?

Translation:

## 窥探

她独自行走，每天早上行走。

走过狭窄的人行道，锈坏的灯柱。

云雀震颤了杏味的空气。耶稣受难像

映衬着天空，薄雾的光环围绕着街灯—

它们使她想起镀金祭坛上的耶稣

和系着蓝色围裙祷告的妈妈。

腻腻的午夜堕落在哪里？

轮廓分明，金发，黑色腋窝的女人—

总从寒冷中进来，可她还会在哪里？

## **This Life**

The green lamp flares on the table.  
You tell me the same thing  
as that one,  
asleep, upstairs.  
Now I see: the possibilities  
are golden dresses in a nutshell.

As a child, I fell in love  
with a Japanese woodcut  
of a girl gazing at the moon.  
I waited with her for her lover.  
He came in white breeches and sandals.  
He had a goatee—he had

your face, though I didn't know it.  
Our lives will be the same—  
your lips, swollen from whistling  
at danger,  
and I a stranger  
in this desert,  
nursing the tough skins of figs.

Translation:

## 今生

绿色的台灯在桌上闪烁。  
你告诉我的事  
别无二致，  
你睡着了，在楼上。  
如今我明白：希望  
是坚果壳里的金色裙子。

小时候，我爱上了一幅  
日本木刻：看月亮的女孩。  
我和她一同等候她的恋人。  
他来了，身着白色的马裤和凉鞋。  
他留着山羊胡——他长着

你的面庞，我并不知道会是这样。  
我们的生活将会雷同——  
你的双唇，因冲着危险吹哨  
而肿胀，  
我，这片沙漠的  
外来者，  
护理着无果树坚硬的外壳。

## Variation on Pain

Two strings, one pierced cry.  
So many ways to imitate  
The ringing in his hears.

He lay on the bunk, mandolin  
In his arms. Two strings  
For each note and seventeen  
Frets; ridged sound  
Humming beneath calloused  
Fingertips.

There was a needle  
In his head but nothing  
Fit through it. Sound quivered  
Like a rope stretched clear  
To land, tensed and brimming,  
A man gurgling air.

Two greased strings  
For each pierced lobe:  
So is the past forgiven.

Translation:

## 痛苦变奏曲

两根弦，一声尖叫。  
有如此多的方式去模仿  
他双耳中的回响。

他躺在铺上，怀抱着  
曼陀林。两根弦  
弹出所有音符和十七种  
音品。起伏的声音  
嗡鸣在长茧的  
指尖下。

有根针  
在他的脑海里可没有  
什么能穿过它。声音颤抖着  
如同紧绷的要落地的  
绳子，紧张而又奔放，  
他在拨弄空气。

两根油腻的弦  
为每个穿孔的耳垂而奏响：  
就这样放下过往。

## Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

### Freud Dan

Freud Dan (丹飞), literary name Du (度), and courtesy name Youshe (有舍), a contemporary poet, songwriter, novelist, screenwriter and film / TV series maker in China. He graduated from Tsinghua University in major of hydraulic engineering, law, psychology, edit & publishing and Chinese modern & contemporary literature. He was awarded Outstanding Graduate of Beijing Universities, Excellent Student of Xianning City, Composition Award of *Kids Literature* and Sharp Publisher of *View on Publishing*, etc. His poem *We're Expecting All Resonant Days* was included in *A Treasury of Chinese Literature in 21<sup>st</sup> Century*, an excerpt of which was adopted as senior high school entrance examination (Chinese composition) in Jilin Province, and later on as practice university entrance exams in various provinces and cities. He is the lyrics writer of several songs sung by famous singers like Yu Kewei and Peng Sitao. Before being a film and TV series screen writer, and CEO in Fu Lei Pictures and Full-moon Songs Pictures, and owner of It's Power Freud Dan & Co., he acted as a golden brief editor in several giant publishing companies. He has brokered *A Legend of Palace* and other some 60 dramas, and was key participant in copyrights bargain of *Wolf Totem*. His story was shot as 4 documentaries by Guangdong TV and were honored international and national awards: *A Story of Freud*, *Chinese Father*, *Chinese Boy*, and *A Type of Youth is Called Freud Dan*.

The selections here are translated by the author himself.

## 丹飞

丹飞，字度，号有舍。诗人、词曲作家、小说家、编剧，IP 推手、制片人。清华十年，水工建筑本科、法学辅修、心理学精修、编辑出版学二学位、中国现当代硕士研究生毕业。曾获北京市高校优秀毕业生、咸宁市三好学生、《少年文艺》少年创作奖、《出版广角》新锐出版人等荣誉。诗歌《我们期待所有响亮的日子》被收入《21 世纪中国文学大系》，并入选吉林省中考作文题及多省市高考作文模拟考题。“中国游戏音乐第一人”罗晓音作曲的《寻龙记》（郁可唯演唱）、《男人歌》（“快男”彭思桃演唱），中国顶尖吉他手、（影视）音乐人捞仔作曲的《人在他乡》作词人。个人编剧有院线电影及大型电视连续剧。先后任磨铁总编辑、漫友副总编辑、大望董事副总、春天来了副总、中文在线 17K 小说网副总经理、凤凰壹力总编辑。两家影视公司 CEO 兼总制片人。自有品牌丹飞文化传播（北京）有限公司。经他之手操作有《甄嬛传》、《匈奴王密咒》、《牺牲者》、《兰陵缭乱》、《我想结婚了》、《第 101 次逃婚》、《婚姻门》、《婚姻扣》、《房比天大》等六十余部影视剧游戏动漫 IP。作为大望合伙人之一，参与促成《狼图腾》动画电影等全版权资产包的孵化和转让。广东电视台四度拍摄其纪录片《丹飞的穿行》（2008-2009 年度中国纪录片十优作品）、《中国父亲》Le Père Chinois（第四届欧洲电影节中国银幕 Les Ecrans de Chine 特别奖 导演奖，与其他纪录片一起入选“十二五”国家重点音像电子出版物出版规划增补项目、获广东省第九届“五个一”工程优秀作品奖）、《中国娃娃》、《有一种青春叫丹飞》（与其他纪录片一起入选国家新闻出版广播电影电视总局国产纪录片重点扶持项目，获中国电视艺术家协会电视纪录片学术委员会“理想照耀中国”红旗飘飘全纪录主题纪录片系列片经典作品、系列片最佳编导作品双奖）。

以下所选作品由作者本人自译。

## 西湖泛舟记

壬辰仲春，霏雨初霁，草木森森，鱼虫腾挪，承永玲、勇峰、斌辉、建辉诸子盛意，余偕一二微客挈妇将雏览惠州。翻检遗事，饕餮美景，佐以珍馐，快哉快哉。作文以记之。

余尝闻天下西湖争胜，杭州独步。亦闻东坡到处有西湖，是以杭、惠、颍并妍耳。观夫惠州之盛，在罗浮、南昆，而以西湖为最。水起五代，湖龄千岁余，老而弥新，远香近闻。其阔千亩，绿廊百里，十里荷花，五湖六桥十八景，照面扑怀，虽万人，余一人独拥矣。

Translation:

## **Rowing on the West Lake**

A big sunshine after a heavy rain in the mid-spring of 2012, trees and flowers thrived, while fishes jumped out of the water, insects and worms wandering. For the kind invitation of Ms. Yongling and Mr. Yongfeng, Binhui and Jianhui, I visited Huizhou, together with my little boy Lord Ke Dan and other two micro-bloggers' family. It's totally a pleasure talking about the incidents of the past ages before and after the feast of scenes and delicacies. Hereby composing as follows to remember this day.

I've heard that in race to the top amongst 36 lakes named West Lake in China, Hangzhou ranks No. 1. There is also a saying that the local West Lake owned its fame as Su Shi (Dongpo) had served in a place, thus West Lakes in Hangzhou, Huizhou and Yingzhou are the 3 most famous. Luofu Mountain and Nankun Mountain represent the prosperous view of Huizhou, though West Lake takes the crown. The lake is over 1000 years old, existing from the Five Dynasties. It's respectable antiquity but extraordinarily dynamic, whose historic atmosphere smells fresh. The water covers more than 1000 mu, combined with a 100 li long plant corridor and a lotus pond with a circumference of 800 li, known as "5 lakes, 6 bridges and 18 scenes", whose beauty assaults me, making me feel like she only favors me out of ten thousand tourists.

胡不忆西湖陈妙圆感藕生莲为孝女，闻于上国，封孝诚第一，奉若孝神乎？或曰西湖之盛，载不动许多情，苏王尤甚。悉钱塘王朝云向侍东坡于鹅城，以歌舞生情，以解语见幸，以谪居不弃，葬六如亭。呜呼，卅四之躯，事学士二十有三年，唱金刚经“梦幻泡影”偈四句以绝。不亦奇乎。

俄尔寤，见杂花生树，远山照影，一塔二分，上下约七，隐有大士相僧伽凭塔问禅。蝉鸣有声，一声关心，一声关情。一堤挑两山，一肩胸臆，一肩怀抱。可舟楫御水，可鞋履载足，泛舟西湖，其景异也，其情一也。近观情致永辉，人面含春，远眺天籁幽微，湖天一色，水若惠眼，美目盼兮，翩翩神飞。

## Translation:

Don't you have the name Chen Miaoyuan on your tongue who touched the lotus to feed her father with its roots? Her story was heard by the emperors through several dynasties, who conferred upon her as the Embodiment of Filial Piety. Therefore people treat her as goddess. It is said that although wide and deep, the West Lake can't bear the weight of love, therein the love between Su Shi and Wang Zhaoyun was taken as the most unforgettable. Wang accompanied Su during his exile in the Goose Town (Huizhou). She was once loved at the first sight by Su as dancing and deep loved for her understanding his character, staying beside him until death, where she was buried the Liuru Pavilion was set up. Alas, Wang died at the age of 34 and had served Su for 23 years. She recited four sentences of maxim such as "like a dram, an image, a bubble or a shadow" with her last breath. Isn't it amazing!

I roused myself to notice kinds of flowers blooming on the trees, and on reflection of the water, the mountains in the distance and the tower can be seen above and below the waterline. The 7-storey tower was surrounded by the trees and the other 7-storey in the heart of the lake, where the voice of Guanyin's prototype Sengjia Buddha on Zen even can be heard. The cicadas named "Chan" in Chinese, the same pronunciation with Zen, shouted out "I got it" that sounds like "Zhi Liao" in Chinese from the moment they were created to this world, which took me back to the ancient emotional stories happened around the lake that moved me so much. Su Bank connected two banks with a hot but cold look on the slow but flying times and changeable but eternal spaces over his shoulders. You could bow on the water in a boat, as well as tour on shore on foot, a poetic way of bowing on the lake. Various aspects brought various scenery to your eyes, arousing similar thinking and praises. A spring shined on the faces of the companions as I thought this feeling has lasted for centuries as we had. An overlooking took along a nature voice of silence, and a sight of the gleamingly disappearing boundary between the water and sky. I took the West Lake for the eyes of Huizhou, who looked back and blinked like a charming girl to let the tourists lost.

至若幡动，则有风诵东坡文词，间有丝竹，歌者三四人，不知其所自，不知其所之。激发轻扬，隐隐破空，四水鼓荡，一湖山色、千年风物犹随镜起縠纹，谛视若失，愣怔即逝，余顿生天地之广大而人力不逮之慨耳。然则不力不为耶？曰：顺天而尽人力，毋撼乎。

兴起吟诗，曰：

天下西湖三十六，惠颖不必让杭州。  
清芬袭人顽闹树，落红亦是有情痴。  
鹅城文章行到处，翁媪走卒会吟诗。  
仙鸟也学蓬莱客，飞栖江渚化作洲。  
木鹅足音今安在，留连到此不想回。  
蕊收雨露又一更，各自甘甜人不知。

## Translation:

The Buddha flags happened to wave, and the wind read the prose and poems of Su, Chinese stringed and woodwind and three or four singers in the background. I had no idea where they came from or where they were leaving for. The sounds sent a breeze over and caused a weak shaking in the atmosphere and thereafter the waters. The scenery of lakes and mountains and famed people and incidents seemed to wrinkle in the mirror of water, but weakened and fled at a gaze or a daze. How broad and powerful the heaven and earth is, alas, how small and powerless the human are. Moping around, my heart scraped. Otherwise, one won't fight to win or even never try? Here is my reply: Follow the rules of heaven but try our best, and never shake your resolve.

I was fevered to write a poem as below:

Here in China thirty six lakes are named West Lake,  
Hangzhou, Huizhou and Yingzhou count among the best.  
Fragrance intoxicating, the flowers quarrel on the branch,  
Falling with a withering gaze at the passing life.  
A spread of poetry throughout the Goose Town,  
The elderly and passersby are heard to recite poems.  
A fairy bird imitated the example of the Penglai immortal,  
Dwelling on the sandbar and turning to be this town.  
Can the footsteps of the wooden goose be heard now?  
She lingers, unwilling to leave for where she came from.  
Thanks to rain and dew upon pistils for one more night,  
Rain and dew and buds each have a joy and sweet secretly.

## 一飞冲天

再来一次我就遇不见这样的你，  
再来一次我就不会放任爱飞。  
你我之间这场约会灌醉了夜，  
直到第一缕光跨越黑与白的边界，  
淹没你迷人的欢颜当你笑了。

哪怕只有一个拂晓没有你陪伴，  
这么活着就是一只直立行走的兽。  
抱紧我在你怀里请不要放手，  
直到第一缕光跨越黑与白的边界，  
淹没你迷人的欢颜当你笑了。

心不自由冲破徒有其表的囚禁，  
做个真爱的信徒一飞冲天。  
触摸白云端天鹅绒的翅膀，  
美好如梦脸庞泛红火焰汹涌，  
那是命定的足音踩在心坎上。

Translation:

## **Rush to the Sky**

I can make no way finding someone like you,  
I can't stand watching chances passing through.  
So let me date with you deep to drink tonight,  
To see the first sunrise upon the sky in black and white,  
Drowning the charming face when you smile.

I can live no life like a walking animal,  
I can't stay a dawn without you at my side.  
Why not give me a big hug and never let go,  
To see the first sunrise upon the sky in black and white,  
Drowning the charming face when you smile.

Bring along with true believer to rush to the sky,  
Breaking all specious roofs over the heart prisoner.  
To reach the velvet feathered wings of white cloud high,  
Feeling the burning skin on face of a magic dream,  
Enduring the footfalls of fate onto the heart.

曾记得当年我们背上长着翅膀，  
御风而行飞过那大海和大山。  
不知道什么时候变成折翼天使，  
蜕去伪装数着受伤的颗颗泪珠，  
蓝天飘洒悬而未决玄秘记号。

心不自由冲破徒有其表的囚禁，  
做个真爱的信徒一飞冲天。  
触摸白雲端天鵝絨的翅膀，  
美好如夢臉龐泛紅火焰汹涌，  
那是命定的足音踩在心坎上。

I remember we once had wings on the back,  
Over mountains and oceans on the wind we fly.  
I wonder when we were naked like broken-winged angles,  
Sweeping tiny drops of injured tears out of masks,  
Fallen from the mystery of suspense of blue skies.

Bring along with true believer to rush to the sky,  
Breaking all specious roofs over the heart prisoner.  
To reach the velvet feathered wings of white cloud high,  
Feeling the burning skin on face of a magic dream,  
Enduring the beating of fate onto the heart.

## 天知道

你的早餐桌上滴下几滴雨，  
前路尽湿，连同我的铁石心肠。  
如同哭脸带泪，悄染天际线，  
你是石中颤栗打开的奇迹，天知道。

你没有什么钱，你没有大房子，  
喂饱她庞大的一家子，庞大的胃口。  
半截史诗脱轨，发现已太迟，  
你想把握权柄，却无从选择。

有些人属于历史，  
有些人属于未来。  
或来不及生，  
或来不及死。

孤寒的心热于靠拢同样孤寒的另一颗，  
你急吼吼伸手，却什么都抓不住。  
第一声鸟叫第一缕阳光都没能叫醒我，  
你纯如白雪，涤尽尘烟。

Translation:

## **Jesus Knows Why Ya**

There is a bit of rain dropping from your breakfast table,  
The road ahead gets wet together with my iron heart.  
Like a crying face with teardrops dotting the skylines,  
Ya are a blooming magic trembling in a stone, Jesus knows.

Ya don't earn much money, ya don't have big house,  
To settle down her big family together with her giant hunger.  
The epic leaving the trails was told too late, written by halves.  
Why ya meant a choice but fed back with no selectable options.

Some people belonged to the past,  
Some people belong to the future.  
Too soon to live,  
Too late to die.

Why ya get a lonely heart eager to devote to another lonely one.  
Why ya stay stupid and stay reliable with an empty hand.  
Why ya failed to wake me up with the first bird in the first sunrise,  
Why ya pure as snow white that whitens dusts and trash.

灰姑娘幻想一场陌生的艳遇，  
男孩抗争，险些成为她的王子。  
释放秋天，给宫殿点一把火，  
老而激情渐失，少而爱莫能爱。

有些人属于历史，  
有些人属于未来。  
或来不及生，  
或来不及死。

与敌为友是意外还是惊喜。  
无望而希望的手在门上印上几枚叩击。  
与其抹杀现世的残缺不如勤加修补。  
迷雾中闭眼，喝干每一杯好酒。

你说是荷尔蒙乱了春心因为你感觉到疼。  
织一场大梦在哭泣的枕边，抵达绵长的夜。  
天知道你人在天边，远在我射程之外。  
岂知爱浅情深，往事一风吹，一风吹。

有些人属于历史，  
有些人属于未来。  
或来不及生，  
或来不及死。  
随手一抛，心爱的玩具。

The heroine asked for a romantic encounter with a stranger,  
The boy within a whisker struggled to be her hero.  
Set the autumn free, set the palace a fire,  
Too old to get emotional, too young to love right.

Some people belonged to the past,  
Some people belong to the future.  
Too soon to live,  
Too late to die.

A small accident or a big surprise to love in the embrace of enemies.  
Knocks on doors connected to the hopeless with helping hands.  
Why ya don't blow down the incomplete world instead of mending it.  
Close ya foggy eyes, top up the empty cups.

Why ya concluded it's hormone flooding in breath 'coz you ached.  
Why ya arm me with suit of dreams at crying pillows over warm nights.  
Jesus knows why ya are defined to the edge of earth beyond my reach.  
Why ya why ya why ya love is fake to let bygones be bygones.

Some people belonged to the past,  
Some people belong to the future.  
Too soon to live,  
Too late to die.  
Drop it like a toy.

## 伊人

我们的身体巢居在彩虹之上，  
化作鸟形，羽翼烂漫。  
一曲温软，捂热满月的封印，  
妃夜，新岁，生长如树。

抬望眼，谎言天上飞，  
戴上伤怀这张幸存的面具。  
你闭眼不看，你塞耳不听，  
目击这场禁忌之爱的秘辛。

禁忌之爱足以冒犯卫道士，  
只在宽衣解带间达成和解。  
不着片缕，伊人贪念更甚，  
不着片缕，伊人上可通天。  
不着片缕，伊人是上帝的甜心。  
不着片缕，伊人乃无价之尊。  
不着片缕，伊人撩人复勾人，  
不着片缕，伊人惑人复摄人。

Translation:

## **Naked Souls Ask for More**

Over the rainbow nest our bodies,  
Shape of kinda birds with colorful wings.  
Sing a soft song to warm frozen honeymoon,  
Pink nights green days grow like trees.

Look upon the sky you find lies fly,  
Sorrow turns to be the only wearing mask.  
You close your eyes you close your ears,  
Witness to the secret of a forbidden love.

Forbidden love offends moral guardians,  
Forbidden love is permitted while naked.  
Naked souls ask for more,  
Naked souls touch heaven above.  
Naked souls are sweeties of father,  
Naked souls are priceless treasures.  
Naked souls attracts, naked souls absorbs,  
Naked souls serves, naked souls sucks.

## 我有人民币

那个穷小子迷上我青春扑面，  
他誓为我的无名指套上鸽子蛋。  
在这之前他要离乡背井活出尊严，  
浮华深处安放他的美梦海市蜃楼。

我有人民币，我有性功能，  
我缅怀流逝的从前。  
我有人民币，我有性功能，  
我热衷干一些脸热心跳的事情。

熟识的人交口相传他有了大钱，  
名头光鲜拜物女孩用身体交换。  
忧伤的雨浇落我哭泣的枕边，  
我食指上的戒召唤新的爱恋。

我有人民币，我有性功能，  
我喜欢独自咀嚼忧伤。  
我有人民币，我有性功能，  
我苏醒了快活着一寸寸重生。

他的睾丸素凶猛我的雌激素狂乱，  
我们拒绝长大口唇期饥渴未满足。  
体内隐藏的孩子需要肩膀和拥抱，  
一眼给神经过电复活埋葬的过往。

我有人民币，我有性功能，  
我难忘那些忘情桥段。  
我有人民币，我有性功能，  
我想念那些被风吞没的痴语疯言。

Translation:

## **I Love Money**

I was young and loved by a boy without much money,  
He swore to put on a huge diamond on my ring finger.  
First of all he was to leave home to fight for a better life,  
His sweet dreams were settled in the vanity of upper class.

I love money, I love sex,  
I love the dying past.  
I love money, I love sex,  
I love heart-beating affairs to hide my face.

His stories were heard from folk mouths that he was money,  
He was famed and crowded by greedy material girls.  
Tear drops like pouring rains wetted out my crying pillows,  
I rang the index finger showing my passion for a new love.

I love money, I love sex,  
I love chewing grief by my own.  
I love money, I love sex,  
I love taking refuge in reliving in happy times.

His testosterone racks while my estrogen is on the rampage,  
We are retention of the oral stage refusing to grow up.  
Like kid adults finding a broad shoulder or a warm hug,  
A look can beat the nerve to refresh the buried memories.

I love money, I love sex,  
I love when we lost self.  
I love money, I love sex,  
I love silly words we swallowed in the wind.

## 只要你要只要我有

我们生来属于仁慈的父，  
他乐得成全你的欲求。  
不管你是真浪子还是伪君子，  
不管你是真放诞还是假贞德。  
只要你要，只要我有。  
只要你要，只要我有。

滑向夜深处罌粟娇嫩如血，  
春天种下的大丽花也到了收获季。  
你爱上草根一般野蛮生长的姑娘，  
你打算让她给你生一窝小崽。  
只要你要，只要我有。  
只要你要，只要我有。

你侍奉主你便被赐福，  
你背叛了他他一笑而过。  
占据你灵魂的是天使还是魔鬼，  
听从内心召唤为自由而战。  
只要你要，只要我有。  
只要你要，只要我有。

Translation:

## **As You Like**

We were born to a selfless father,  
Any request can he meet as you like.  
You are a wanton or a cheating poseur,  
A libertine or a promised prig as you like.  
As you like, as you will,  
As you like, as you will.

A bleeding poppy boiling the heat of night,  
Or reaping a dahlia sown in spring field.  
You fell in love with a girl fed like grassroots,  
You decided to make her mother of your sons.  
As you like, as you will,  
As you like, as you will.

You serve as his servant and you are bestowed,  
Once you betray him and he never forsakes you.  
Inhabiting your occupied soul is an angel or Satan,  
Tie your heart out to be a fighter for freedom.  
As you like, as you will,  
As you like, as you will.

## 相爱那一天

那天我到了我们相约的地点，  
可我忘了带上杜蕾斯在身边。  
我们约定下一次再见面，  
不远的将来意义特殊的一天。

这一天比预期中来得太慢，  
熬煎的我手捧玫瑰和大钻。  
你开的门却让我止步不前，  
你说谢谢他为你戴上鸽子蛋。

你在电话那边梨花带雨中约见，  
这一天比预期中来得太快。  
我莫名哭出泪滴做不成男人，  
在那张标记你翻云覆雨的床上。

那天我到了我爱你的地盘，  
你在荧屏和书页间对我放电。  
温柔而暴虐这场爱在手指间，  
仿如你在面前爱的画面狂乱。

我们会死很久时间无法计算，  
长命百岁也嫌活得太短。  
何不约会新的眷爱缠绵，  
抛弃世界滚蛋滚出你我指尖。

Translation:

## **One Day I Make Love to You**

One day I made love to you,  
When I forgot bringing a Durex along.  
We made a date for a second chance,  
A special day promised to come soon.

The day came later than scheduled,  
When I brought rose and a diamond.  
You opened the door and not let me in,  
You said thanks and he wore you the ring.

You cried on the line and made a new date,  
The day came sooner than scheduled.  
I was driven to tears and couldn't make it,  
On the bed marking your loving history.

One day I make love to you,  
You spark on screens and pages.  
Love is tender but violent amongst fingers,  
Emotions echo to the insane moments.

We will die for a long time we can't count,  
Yet live for a shorter time than expected.  
How about dating for a whole new love,  
Abandoning the world beyond our reach.

**To our  
honourable poetry scholars**

献给

所有的诗歌研究者

## Poetics

### A Cognitive Poetic Analysis of *A Lane in the Rain*

Li Wei

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**Abstract:** Cognitive poetics is concerned with the interpretation of literary texts through the principles borrowed from cognitive psychology and cognitive linguistics. The initiation and development of this discipline offers access to exploration of literary texts from a new perspective. This paper aims to interpret the poem, *A Lane in the Rain*, from the cognitive poetic perspective and attempts to offer new insights into the analysis.

**Keywords:** *A Lane in the Rain*, cognitive poetics, figure-ground, conceptual metaphor

#### 1. Introduction

In the late 1970's, cognitive linguistics emerged as a reaction to the dominance of formalist approaches to language and cognition. With the development of cognitive linguistics, the analysis of literary works gains insight into the understanding of human creativity and artistic pleasure. Reuven Tsur is credited for originating the term cognitive poetics, since he has run a cognitive poetics project since the early 1970s, long before the first publications in cognitive linguistics. Tsur (2002) holds that cognitive poetics is a theory that offers a systematic explanation of the relations between the structure of literary texts and their perceived and conceptualized effects. Stockwell published the textbook *Cognitive Poetics: An Introduction* in 2002, and Gavins & Steen published *Cognitive Poetics in Practice* in 2003, both of which contributed a lot to the development of cognitive poetics. Stockwell (2002:1) argues that cognitive poetics is all about reading literature, and the foundation of cognitive poetics obviously lies most directly in cognitive linguistics and cognitive psychology, together forming a large part of the field of cognitive science (2002:3). In *Cognitive Poetics: An Introduction*, cognitive theories, such as figure-ground, prototype, script and schemas, and conceptual theory, are

elaborated for cognitive poetic analysis of literary works. This paper aims to adopt figure-ground and conceptual metaphor theory to interpret the poem *A Lane in the Rain* written by the famous poet in China, Dai Wangshu.

## 2. Figure-ground

The figure-ground relationship has caught the attention of cognitive linguists. Thus the notion, image schemas, was proposed to represent our orientation in the world, which are mental pictures that we refer to as basic templates for understanding situations that occur commonly. Based on our bodily interaction with the world, we build up image schemas in our minds, and we share particular image schemas with the community where we live. To differentiate figure and ground is a very important cognitive capacity. Suppose we did not have this capacity to tell figure from ground, we could only live in a flat world. Instead, we live in a three-dimensional world, which enables us to distinguish figure from ground. This further proves that our cognition is embodied. Compared with ground, figure is prominent since figure bears one or more of the following features (Stockwell, 2002:15):

- it will be regarded as a self-contained object or feature in its own right, with well-defined edges separating it from the ground;
- it will be moving in relation to the static ground;
- it will precede the ground in time or space;
- it will be a part of the ground that has broken away, or emerges to become the figure;
- it will be more detailed, better focused, brighter, or more attractive than the rest of the field;
- it will be on top of, or in front of, or above, or larger than the rest of the field that is then the ground.

In literary works, characters are usually seen as figures because they move across the ground, either spatially or temporally as the story progresses. The movement of characters tends to be represented stylistically by verbs of motion and locative expressions using prepositions, such as over, under, in, out etc. In literary analysis, the most obvious counterpart of the notion of figure and ground is foregrounding. Within a literary text, foregrounding can be created by various ways, like repetition, special syntactic order, rhyme, puns, alliteration, creative metaphor etc. These devices can be taken as deviations from the conventional use of language.

### 3. Conceptual Metaphor

Metaphorology became a flourishing academic discipline again due to George Lakoff and Mark Johnson's contribution. George Lakoff and Mark Johnson initiated the cognitive semantic approach to metaphor in their classic work *Metaphors We Live By* (1980) by putting forward conceptual metaphor theory (CMT). The main creed of this approach is that metaphor is a way of thinking and metaphorical expressions are systematically motivated by underlying conceptual metaphors. In other words, CMT is fundamentally concerned with the conceptual metaphors from which linguistic representations are produced naturally as Santa Ana (2002:29) points out:

[T]he cognitivist focus of attention is not on individual sentences. The object is not any particular linguistic expression of metaphor, but the metaphoric mapping between two semantic domains.

In the traditional approach of metaphor, the explained element is the tenor while the explaining element is the vehicle. But in the cognitive approach, the explained element is labelled as the target domain while the explaining element is labelled as the source domain. Metaphor is one of the main muscles of thought. Cognitive linguistics models the process of metaphor as a mapping of properties between the source domain and the target domain. Source domains are typically more experientially basic than target domains.

### 4. Cognitive poetic analysis of *A Lane in the Rain*

Dai Wangshu (March 5, 1905–February 28, 1950) was a Chinese poet, essayist and translator. In 1927, especially after the massacre which occurred in April 12, China was shrouded in white terror. Dai Wangshu, also a revolutionist, eluded capture by hiding in his friend's home south of the Yangtze River, where he created the poem *A Lane in the Rain* to express his loneliness both physical and mental, and the disillusion of his dream.

Conceptual metaphor dominates the whole poem. Firstly, the title itself *A Lane in the Rain* is a metaphor. The lane is deep, quiet and solitary, especially in the rain. The drizzling rain facilitates the gloomy and lonely atmosphere. Therefore, the gloomy atmosphere of the lane in the drizzling rain (the source domain) is mapped onto the poet's melancholy feelings (the target domain). The dark and cruel reality and the long life journey (the source domain) are mapped to the rainy lane (the target domain). The grim and depressing rainy

lane symbolizes the dark and cruel reality, and also the long life journey. The title, *A Lane in the Rain* sets the keynote of gloominess for the whole poem. In the framework of figure-ground, the lane in the rain can be labelled as the ground. The whole poem will be unfolding in the ground, the rainy lane.

*Alone holding an oil-paper umbrella,  
I wander along a long  
Solitary lane in the rain.<sup>1</sup>*

In the first stanza, the poet, holding an oil-paper umbrella, wanders along a long solitary lane in the rain. The poet, holding an oil-paper umbrella, here as the prominent figure, is foregrounded against the ground, the lane in the rain. The oil-paper umbrella, typical rain gear south of the Yangtze River, leaves great space for the readers to imagine since oil-paper umbrella is vintage, reminiscent, mysterious and hazy. The loneliness of the figure is prominent in the first stanza. When we are lonely and at a loss about what to do and where to go, we have expectations to encounter someone or something to comfort us. So “hoping to encounter a girl like a bouquet of lilacs gnawed by anxiety and resentment” is what the poet expects when he wanders in the lane. Here the lilac (the source domain) is mapped onto the girl (the target domain) because in Chinese ancient poetry, lilac symbolizes grief over the passing of spring, sadness and sorrow.

*A girl  
The color of lilacs,  
The fragrance of lilacs,  
The worries of lilacs,  
Feeling melancholy in the rain,  
Plaintive and hesitating.*

---

<sup>1</sup> The English translation of the poem is taken from the book: *A Retrospective of Chinese Literature*, Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 1998.

The imaginary girl is compared to lilac: she possesses the color, fragrance and worries of lilac since lilac is beautiful, fresh, elegant and sad. Lilac is sad, and looks even sadder in the rain. The girl, like a lilac, emits a sad fragrance. Besides, the imaginary girl, as a figure, moves onto the ground, the rainy lane. The ground here, the dark, gloomy and rainy lane, facilitates and accentuates the sadness of the girl, and the sadness of the poet. The lilac girl wanders with sadness and hesitation in the solitary and rainy lane.

Then in the third stanza, the imaginary lilac girl becomes more alive and more dynamic. She wanders in the rainy lane, just like what the poet does, silently and slowly wandering along the lane, detached, melancholy and forlorn. The imagery of the lilac girl stands vividly on the paper. So there are two figures against the ground, the imaginary girl and the poet, and both of them are walking in the rainy lane, holding oil-paper umbrellas. Inside the rainy lane, both of them are melancholy and sad. The poet wants to encounter the lilac girl because he is sad and lonely and eager to meet someone who is equally sad and lonely.

*Silently she comes closer,  
Closer, giving me  
A glance like a sigh.*

The fourth stanza starts with the further elaboration of the action and expression of the imaginary girl: in silence she comes by, glancing at the poet with her eye, where there is a deep sigh. Synesthesia, as a special kind of metaphor, intensifies the sorrowful feelings of the lilac girl. The sigh (the source domain) is mapped onto her glance (the target domain). She doesn't sigh, but she is overwhelmed and haunted by sadness, which penetrates into her eyes. The poet can empathize with her and feel her deep sigh in her eyes. The lilac girl is imaginary, not real; she drifts by, like a dream. The dream (the source domain) is mapped onto the lilac girl (the target domain) since dream is vague, unreal, intangible, illusory, dreary and blank, and the lilac girl is untrue and imaginary. Dreams reveal insight into hidden desires and emotions. The lilac girl symbolizes love and dreams, which the poet pursues.

*Like a lilac*

*Floating past in a dream,  
the girl floats past me;  
Silently she goes further and further,  
To the crumbling wall,  
Out of the lane in the rain.*

Yet in the fifth stanza she continues to float away from the poet's eye like a dream since dream is intangible, cannot be touched nor grasped. She, as the foregrounded figure, moves across the ground and finally moves to the place where the crumbling wall lies. As another ground here, the crumbling wall is broken, decadent, dreary and forlorn, which enhances the depressing atmosphere of the whole poem. The rainy lane also serves as a CONTAINER, based on the framework of image schemas. Lakoff and Johnson (1980:30) hold that "we are physical beings, bounded and set off from the rest of the world by the surface of our skins, and we experience the rest of the world as outside us. We project our own in-out orientation onto other physical objects that are bounded by surfaces." The imaginary lilac girl appears and wanders in the CONTAINER, the rainy lane, which illuminates the poet's hope and desire for beautiful things, such as love and dreams. Yet the lilac girl is not real, and like an untouchable dream, floats and floats away from the poet, and to the end of the rainy lane, where the crumbling wall lies, and finally out of the rainy lane.

*In the mournful melody of the rain,  
Her color has faded,  
Her fragrance has disappeared,  
Vanished into the void;  
Even her glance like a sigh,  
Melancholy like lilacs.*

In the sixth stanza, in the mournful melody of the rain, the lilac girl disappears, so does her lilac color, her lilac fragrance, and even her sighing glance, and so does the poet's desire for love and dreams. The mournful melody (the source domain) is mapped onto the pattering of the rain (the target

domain). The pattering of the rain is endowed with the mournful melody, and thus makes the picture more melancholy. She is no longer in the rainy lane, nor in the poet's reach. She is gone, so is the poet's hope for love and for dreams.

The seventh stanza is the reiteration of the first stanza, except that in the first stanza the poet hopes to encounter a girl like a lilac while in the last stanza he hopes to pass a girl like a lilac. The poem starts with the poet's expectation to encounter a beautiful girl like a lilac and ends with his expectation to pass a girl like a lilac because after the unfolding of his imagination, he is aware that there could only occur silent and temporary communication between the lilac girl and him. The context is back to the original point, which indicates that the whole story, the lilac girl, her lilac complexion, her fragrance, the sigh in her glance, is just void and everything is over. The poet is immersed again in the melancholy thoughts.

Metaphor is pervasive in the whole poem to express the poet's melancholy feelings and his struggle for love and dreams. The metaphors, a lane in the rain, oil-paper umbrella, a lilac girl, dream, crumbling wall, form a metaphor cluster to highlight the cheerless, lonely, gloomy atmosphere. The poet's selective use of these source concepts, rather than others, sets off the strong sad atmosphere from the very beginning to the end. The picture painted by the metaphorical expressions is impressive and thus lingers in the reader's mind.

## **5. Conclusion**

Cognitive poetics, based on embodied philosophy, is a school of literary criticism that applies the principles of cognitive science, particularly cognitive psychology and cognitive linguistics, to the interpretation of literary texts. Gavins & Steen(2003:1) argue that cognitive poetics sees literature not just as a matter for the happy few, but as a specific form of everyday human experience and especially cognition that is grounded in our general cognitive capacities for making sense of the world. Poetry is one of the most important ways for human beings to express their feelings. Cognitive poetics offers access to exploring poetry from a different perspective.

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## **Appendix**

### ***A Lane in the Rain***

Dai Wangshu

Alone holding an oil-paper umbrella,

I wander along a long

Solitary lane in the rain,

Hoping to encounter

A girl like a bouquet of lilacs

Gnawed by anxiety and resentment.

A girl

The color of lilacs,

The fragrance of lilacs,

The worries of lilacs,

Feeling melancholy in the rain,

Plaintive and hesitating.

She wanders along the solitary lane in the rain,

Holding an oil-paper umbrella

Just as I do,  
Just like me,  
Walking slowly in silence,  
Aloof, sad and melancholy.

Silently she comes closer,  
Closer, giving me  
A glance like a sigh;  
Then she floats past  
Like a dream,  
Dreary and blank like a dream.

Like a lilac  
Floating past in a dream,  
the girl floats past me;  
Silently she goes further and further,  
To the crumbling wall,  
Out of the lane in the rain.

In the mournful melody of the rain,  
Her color has faded,  
Her fragrance has disappeared,  
Vanished into the void;  
Even her glance like a sigh,  
Melancholy like lilacs.

Alone holding an oil-paper umbrella,  
I wander along a long  
Solitary lane in the rain,  
Hoping to pass

A girl like a bouquet of lilacs  
Gnawed by anxiety and resentment.

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8. Zhao Gu.....赵嘏
9. Zhang Jia.....张佳

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