



國名茶社夏小
在竹樓天綠于
秋風吹空翠雲

Vol.2 No.1 March 2013

VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guangpin

VERSE  **VERSION**
Vol.2 No.1 March 2013



LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD

ISSN 2051-526X

Verse Version

Vol.2 No.1 March 2013

CHIEF EDITOR

Zhang Guangkui

Sponsored by

Guangdong University of Business Studies

LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD

SUITE 108 CHASE BUSINESS CENTRE-CHD 39-41 CHASE SIDE LONDON

N14 5BP UNITED KINGDOM

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

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Editorial Email Address: VerseVersion@163.com

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

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

Private Subscribers: All entitled to a reduced rate, with students to an extra reduction.

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

English-Chinese Version

With How Sad Steps, O Moon, Thou Climb'st the Skies¹

Philip Sydney²

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be that e'en in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace,
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

Then, e'en of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue, there, ungratefulness?

¹ M. H. Abrams, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Sixth Edition, Volume 1). London: W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, 1993: 464.

² Philip Sydney (1554-1586), English courtier, statesman, soldier, and poet. Born into an aristocratic family and educated to be a statesman and soldier, Sidney served in minor official posts and turned to literature as an outlet for his energies. *The Defence of Poesie* (1595), an urbane and eloquent plea for imaginative literature, introduced the critical ideas of Renaissance theorists to England. His heroic romance *Arcadia*, though unfinished, is the most important work of English prose fiction of the 16th century.

Translation:

多麼悲傷的步履，哦！月亮，你爬到了天上

菲力浦·西德尼

多麼悲傷的步履，哦！月亮，你爬到了天上，
多麼安靜、多麼蒼白的臉！
什麼，天國裏
忙碌的丘比特竟還需用他的利箭？

當然，如果因久愛而熟悉的雙眼
能甄別愛情，那麼你就能感受愛；
從你的神情便知；你壓抑中的優雅，
對我而言，感覺類似，你的狀態告知了我一切。

即便出於友誼，哦！月亮，請你告訴我，
天國裏永恆的愛只因缺少智慧？
那兒的美人如同人間一般孤傲？

他們喜歡被人愛戀，而愛戀者
卻嘲笑他人墜入愛河？
他們是否也把美德叫忘恩負義？

（肖小軍 譯）

Lyke as a ship that through the Ocean wyde

(Amoretti 34)¹

Edmund Spenser²

Lyke as a ship that through the Ocean wyde,
By conduct of some star doth make her way,
Whenas a storme hath dimd her trusty guyde,
Out of her course doth Wander far astray;

So I whose star, that wont with her bright ray
Me to direct, with cloudes is overcast,
Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast.

Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past
My Helice the lodestar of my lyfe
Will shine again, and looke on me at last,
With lovely light to cleare my cloudy grief.

Till then I wander carefull comfortlesse,
In secret sorow and sad pensivenesse.

¹ M. H. Abrams, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Sixth Edition, Volume 1). London: W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, 1993: 734.

² Edmund Spenser(1552-1599), English poet. His first important publication *The Shepheardes Calender* (1579) can be called the first work of the English literary Renaissance. In 1590 he published the first part of the long allegorical poem *The Faerie Queene*, an imaginative vindication of Protestantism and Puritanism and a glorification of England and Elizabeth I.

Translation:

猶如一隻小船航行在茫茫海洋

(愛情小唱 34)

埃蒙德·斯賓塞

猶如一隻小船航行在茫茫海洋，
依靠某些星辰來為它指引導航，
當風暴把那可靠的航標燈掩藏，
小船會誤入歧途失去它的方向；

我有我的星辰，她是如此明亮，
引我前行，卻被烏雲遮住光芒，
在灰暗和灰心之中我踟躕彷徨，
危機包圍，我穿行於驚濤駭浪。

暴風雨過去，我依然充滿希望，
我的赫利特呀你是我北斗之光，
重新照耀我，閃爍在我的心上，
用你燦爛的光芒洗去我的哀傷。

而我不再憂心忡忡象原先那樣，
不再愁思滿懷也不再黯然神傷。

(李磊 譯)

Oh Mistress Mine¹

William Shakespeare²

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 sweetening;
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.

¹ Kenneth Koch. *Making Your Own Days*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1999: 172.

² William Shakespeare, the England's most famous and most revered poet and playwright. He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, Apr. 23, 1564 (OS), was baptized there three days later and died there on his birthday, Apr. 23, 1616 (OS). Author of at least 36 plays and 154 sonnets, Shakespeare created the most influential and lasting body of work in the English language, an extraordinary exploration of human nature.

Translation:

噢，我的愛人

威廉·莎士比亞

我的愛人啊！你在哪兒遊蕩？
噢！駐足聽吧，真愛在唱，
 這歌聲悠揚婉轉。
別再遠遊，可愛的甜心，
智者之子無不相信，
 漂泊終結于愛人團圓。

愛是什麼？愛不在將來；
今天歡笑只因今天開懷；
 未來的一切無法定奪；
延宕中勢必失去很多；
來吧，親吻我，年輕的愛人，
 青春易逝，逝者無痕。

（劉朝暉 譯）

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,
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 M. H. Abrams, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Sixth Edition, Volume 1). London: W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, 1993: 1044.

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

Translation:

她的臉龐是花園

托瑪斯·坎品

她的臉龐是花園，
盛開著百合和玫瑰；
那裏是美妙的天堂，
散發著鮮果宜人的芳香；
櫻桃也在那兒生長，然卻不售不賣，
除非它們自己宣告，“櫻桃熟了！”

她的雙唇之間，
含著兩排璀璨的珍珠，
當她嫣然一笑，
紅唇皓齒恰似含雪的玫瑰花蕾；
達官貴人也不能收買，
除非它們自己宣告，“櫻桃熟了！”

她的眼睛像天使靜靜守候，
她的雙眉似彎弓矗立防守，
她犀利的蹙眉警告著：
偷窺和竊取都將自取其辱。
無人能接近那聖潔的櫻桃，
除非它們自己宣告，“櫻桃熟了！”

(宋梅梅 譯)

Break of Day¹

John Donne²

'Tis true, 'tis day; what though it be?
O wilt thou therefore rise from me?
Why should we rise because 'tis light?
Did we lie down because 'twas night?
Love, which in spite of darkness brought us hither,
Should in despite of light keep us together.

Light hath no tongue, but is all eye;
If it could speak as well as spy,
This were the worst that it could say,
That being well, I fain would stay,
And that I loved my heart and honor so
That I would not from him, that had them, go.

Must business thee from hence remove?
O, that's the worst disease of love.
The poor, the foul, the false, love can
Admit, but not the busied man.
He which hath business, and makes love, doth do
Such wrong, as when a married man doth woo.

1 M. H. Abrams, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Sixth Edition, Volume 1). London: W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, 1993: 1089.

² John Donne (1572-1631), English poet. Donne was born into a Roman Catholic family. As the greatest of the English Metaphysical poets, he is noted for his love lyrics, religious verse and treatises, and sermons. His secular poetry, most written early in his career, is direct, intense, brilliantly witty, and daringly imaginative. Later his tone darkened with works. His 19 famous Holy Sonnets (written 1607/13) were published posthumously.

Translation:

破 曉

約翰·多恩

哦，天亮了，又將如何？
莫非，你要離我而去？
為何天亮必須起床，
為何黑夜才能共眠？
不論晝夜，
愛，理應讓你我相擁廝守。

光亮是失語的窺探者；
它若開口，
便是災難，
如若安好，我將停留。
至高無上的愛情與榮譽
是我永遠的珍愛和堅守。

煩瑣細事應該去除，
那是愛情最大的毒瘤。
愛情理應寬容，
卻不容瑣碎的忙碌。
愛情就是心無旁騖，
否則便是已婚男子偷情求偶。

（宋梅梅 譯）

The Vision¹

Robert Herrick²

Sitting alone (as one forsook)
Close by a Silver-shedding Brook;
With hands held up to love, I wept;
And after sorrowes spent, I slept;
Then in a Vision I did see
A glorious forme appeare to me;
A virgins face she had; her dresse
Was like a sprightly Spartanesse.
A silver bow with green silk strung,
Down from her comely shoulders hung:
And as she stood, the wanton Aire
Dandled the ringlets fo her haire.
Her legs were such Diana shows,
When tuckt up she a hunting goes;
With Buskins shortned to descrie
The happy dawning of her thigh;
Which when I saw, I made accesse
To kisse that tempting nakednesse:
But she forbad me, with a wand
Of Mirtle she had in her hand:
And chiding me, said, Hence, Remove,
Herrick, thou art too coarse to love.

¹ Kenneth Koch. *Making Your Own Days*. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1999: 177.

² Robert Herrick (1591-1674), a 17th century English lyric poet.

Translation:

幻景

羅伯特·赫裏克

孤單的我孑然而坐，
身邊銀色的小溪波光閃爍；
伸手示愛，我淚流滿面；
幾度悲傷後，獨自入眠；
夢幻中我真切地看見
一個美妙的身姿嫋嫋出現；
面容貞潔的她衣裙飄飄，
輕快活潑地不期而到。
銀白的弓系著碧綠的絲，
從她美麗的肩膀垂飾。
她站在那兒，頑劣的清風
將她的發卷輕輕撥弄。
狩獵時她卷起了褲管，
那雙腿啊堪比月亮女仙；
縮短的長靴展露出肌膚，
她清秀的大腿悅人如玉；
此情此景我無法抵觸，
欲上前親吻誘人的裸露。
她揮起手中的魔杖，
制止了我的放蕩。
責罵我：赫裏克，滾開，
粗俗的你哪裏懂得愛。

(劉朝暉 譯)

The Garden of Love¹

William Blake²

I went to the Garden of Love,
And saw what I never had seen:
A Chapel was built in the midst,
Where I used to play on the green.

And the gates of this Chapel were shut,
And “Thou shalt not” writ over the door;
So I turn’d to the Garden of Love
That so many sweet flowers bore,

And I saw it was fillèd with graves,
And tomb-stones where flowers should be;
And priests in black gowns were walking their rounds,
And binding with briars my joys and desires.

¹ M. H. Abrams, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fifth Edition, Volume 2). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 1986: 42.

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

Translation:

愛的花園

威廉·布萊克

我走向愛的花園，
卻見到前所未見：
我曾嬉戲的綠茵地，
一座教堂屹立其間。

只見教堂大門緊關，
“你不可”寫於門前；
因而我轉向愛的花園，
繽紛繁花已不再嬌豔。

我見它盡被墳塋埋填，
墓石又把花叢來侵佔；
黑衣教士正在來回穿，
荊棘縛著我的喜與盼。

（傅霞 譯）

It Is a Beauteous Evening¹

William Wordsworth²

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

¹ M. H. Abrams, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fifth Edition, Volume 2). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1986: 219.

² William Wordsworth (1770-1850) was a major English Romantic poet who, with Samuel Taylor Coleridge, helped to launch the Romantic Age in English literature with the 1798 joint publication *Lyrical Ballads*. Wordsworth was Britain's Poet Laureate from 1843 to 1850. Wordsworth's magnum opus is generally considered to be *The Prelude*.

Translation:

這是一個美麗的黃昏

威廉·華茲華斯

美麗的黃昏，寧靜閒適，
神聖的時光，萬籟俱寂
如修女般膜拜屏息，
恢宏的落日，正墜入靜謐；
天穹俯瞰著大海，柔情蜜意：
聽！這強勁的生命正在蘇醒，
他永恆的搏動正爆發出
雷霆萬鈞的聲音—永不停息；
親愛的孩子！親愛的姑娘！與我同行此地，
倘若莊嚴沉思未能打動你，
並非你的天性不夠聖潔：
你終年躺在亞伯拉罕的懷裏，
在神廟的內殿虔誠拜謁，
知或不知，你都與上帝在一起。

（傅霞 譯）

Surprised by Joy¹

William Wordsworth

Surprised by joy — impatient as the Wind
I turned to share the transport—Oh! with whom
But Thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find?
Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind—
But how could I forget thee? Through what power,
Even for the least division of an hour,
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss? —That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

¹ M. H. Abrams, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fifth Edition, Volume 2). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1986: 221.

Translation:

驚喜

威廉·華茲華斯

因喜而驚—我迫不及待如風
欲與分享—啊！沒有你，誰與我共？
而你，已深埋冰冷墳塋，
任盛衰變遷，杳無音蹤
愛，不渝的愛，仍舊歷歷在目
什麼力量，能讓我將你忘懷，
哪怕僅僅分秒，
啊！莫非將這悲痛，拋諸腦後
竟可讓我適從？
念及於此，唯生無盡哀慟
摯愛已逝，
餘我一人伶仃寂寞；
只願從今爾後，
心中永存你天使面容。

（唐亞琪 譯）

Ode Written in the Beginning of the Year 1746¹

William Collins²

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

¹ M. H. Abrams, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Sixth Edition, Volume 1). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1993: 221.

² William Collins (1721-1759) excelled in the descriptive or allegorical ode. He also wrote classical odes and elegies and lyrics marked by delicate and pensive melody.

Translation:

頌：寫於 1746 年伊始

威廉·柯林斯

伴隨著國家的祝福，
勇敢的人熟睡了！
春天，帶著濕冷的手指，
回訪他們神聖的墓地，
范西曾踐踏的草地，
被披上一件美麗的綠衣。

仙女的手敲響了他們的喪鐘，
無影的哀歌為他們奏響；
榮譽走來，一個發白的朝聖者，
祝福包裹他們粘土上的草皮，
自由會片刻前來填補，
一個哭泣隱士的棲居。

(呂愛晶 譯)

In Progress¹

Christina Georgina Rossetti²

Ten years ago it seemed impossible
That she should ever grow so calm as this,
With self-remembrance in her warmest kiss
And dim dried eyes like an exhausted well.
Slow-speaking when she had some fact to tell,
Silent with long-unbroken silences,
Centered in self yet not unpleased to please,
Gravely monotonous like a passing bell.
Mindful of drudging daily common things,
Patient at pastime, patient at her work,
Wearied perhaps but strenuous certainly.
Sometimes I fancy we may one day see
Her head shoot forth seven stars from where they lurk
And her eyes lightnings and her shoulders wings.

¹ M. H. Abrams, ed. *The Norton Anthology of English Literature* (Fifth Edition, Volume 2). W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1986: 1521.

² Christina Georgina Rossetti(1830-1894), English poet. The youngest child of Gabriele Rossetti and the sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, she found her highest inspiration in her deep religious faith. The collections *Goblin Market* (1862) and *The Prince's Progress* (1866) contain most of her finest works. Her best poetry is strong, personal, and unforced; her success arises from her ability to unite the devotional and the passionate sides of her nature.

Translation:

未完

克莉絲蒂娜·喬治娜·羅賽蒂

要她如此沉靜
十年前還似不可能，
滾燙的唇藏著私存的回憶，
混濁乾澀的雙目似枯竭的井眼淒迷。
她的訴說總是緩慢，
她的沉默一如既往，
自顧自地訴說卻不失取悅，
沉重單調如聲聲喪鐘那般。
埋頭於枯燥的體力活兒，
總隱忍著不論是歇息還是勞作，
她或許乏倦，卻必定是勞苦不堪。
有時我會幻想，有一天我們看到
她頭頂隱沒的七星終會閃耀，
雙眼奪目明亮，肩膀插上飛翔的翅膀。

（唐亞琪 譯）

The Arrow and the Song¹

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow²

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterwards, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroken;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

¹ Nina Bayn, Wayne Franklin, ed. *The Norton Anthology of American Literature* (Fourth Edition). New York: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1995: 1774.

² Henry Wadsworth Longfellow(1807-1882), U.S. poet. His *Voices of the Night* (1839), containing *The Psalm of Life* and *The Light of the Stars*, first won him popularity. *Ballads and Other Poems* (1841), including *The Wreck of the Hesperus* and *The Village Blacksmith*, swept the nation. The hallmarks of his verse are gentleness, simplicity, and an idealized vision of the world.

Translation:

箭與歌

亨利·華茲伍斯·朗費羅

我一長空一箭，
它一飛落無邊；
它一疾飛如電，
我一視覺難辨。

我一高歌一曲，
它一飄落無邊；
誰一眼光敏銳，
可循聲遁跡？

經流年，
愚偶得，
箭袒橡樹毫無損，
曲落朋心印跡深。

(趙嘏 譯)

I Shall Not Care¹

Sara Teasdale²

When I am dead and over me bright April
Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,
I shall not care.

I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful
When rain bends down the bough;
And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted
Than you are now.

¹ Cleanth Brooks, Robert Warren. *Understanding Poetry*. Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 2009: 385.

² Sara Teasdale (1884-1933) was an American poet. She wrote several volumes of delicate and highly personal lyrics, including *Helen of Troy and Other Poems* (1911), *Rivers to the Sea* (1915), *Flame and Shadow* (1920), and *Strange Victory* (1933). An extraordinarily sensitive, almost reclusive, woman, Teasdale ended her life by suicide at the age of 48.

Translation:

漠然

莎拉·蒂斯代爾

當我死去，明媚的四月在我墳上
搖曳出雨浸的絲髮；
君雖肝腸寸斷俯身面前，
我竟漠然無心。

我已安眠如蔥郁密林
當雨把枝條壓彎；
我會更加漠然如石，
遠勝君此情此時。

（趙嘏 譯）

Chinese-English Version

黃鶴樓送孟浩然之廣陵¹

李白²

故人西辭黃鶴樓，
煙花三月下揚州。
孤帆遠影碧空盡，
唯見長江天際流。

¹ 李白. 唐詩三百首. 上海: 東華師範大學出版社, 2003: 82.

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

Translation:

Upon Meng Haoran's Leaving for Guangling at Yellow Crane Tower

Li Po

At Yellow Crane Tower my friend waves me good-bye;
In misty and flowery March he leaves for Yangzhou.
The lonely boat sails away as if into the blue sky;
Far into the horizon the endless River doth flow.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

暮江吟¹

白居易²

一道殘陽鋪水中，
半江瑟瑟半江紅。
可憐九月初三夜，
露似珍珠月似弓。

¹ 白居易. 唐詩三百首. 上海:東華師範大學出版社, 2003: 215.

² Bai Juyi (772-846) was a Chinese poet best known for his ballads and satirical poems. He held the view that good poetry should be readily understood by the common people and exemplified it in poems noted for simple diction, natural style, and social content.

Translation:

The River at Sunset

Bai Juyi

O'er the water the sunset spreads a gleam;
Half of the river is red while half is green.
Most appealing is the September night;
The pearl-like dew shines in the new moon's light.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

錦瑟¹

李商隱²

錦瑟無端五十弦，
一弦一柱思華年。
莊生曉夢迷蝴蝶，
望帝春心托杜鵑。
滄海月明珠有淚，
藍田日暖玉生煙。
此情可待成追憶，
只是當時已惘然。

¹ 李商隱. 唐詩三百首. 上海:東華師範大學出版社, 2003: 274.

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

Translation:

The Golden Zither

Li Shangyin

The golden zither for no reason has fifty strings,
Along with a peg each reminds me of the early time.
Chuang-tzu gets enchanted in a dawn butterfly dream,
Emperor Wang utters cuckoo's cry for sorrowful regret.
In the sea mermaids shed pearly tears,
In Mount Lantian the sunlit jade fields outpour mists.
All these got me lost at that time,
Alas! They can never be called back anew.

(Trans. Xiao Xiaojun)

浣溪沙¹

晏殊²

一曲新詞酒一杯，
去年天氣舊亭台。
夕陽西下幾時回？

無可耐何花落去，
似曾相識燕歸來。
小園香徑獨徘徊。

¹ 晏殊. 宋詞三百首箋注. 上海:上海古籍出版社, 1979: 11.

² Yan Shu (晏殊, 991-1055), a renowned poet, ci writer, and essayist, lived in the period of Northern Song Dynasty.

Translation:

Silk-washing Stream¹

Yan Shu

I croon a new lyric verse with a cup of wine,
At the old pavilion last year when the clime's fine.
The sunset then, when will it come back I pine?

Deeply I sigh for faded flower's falling in vain,
Vaguely I seem to know the swallow comes again.
Lonely I linger by fragrant path and small garden.

(Trans. Li Lei)

¹ "Silk-washing Stream" is one of the ancient Chinese tonal patterns with given cadence to which ci (a type of classical Chinese poetry) poems are composed accordingly.

醉花陰¹

李清照²

薄霧濃雲愁永晝，
瑞腦銷金獸。
佳節又重陽，
玉枕紗櫥，
半夜涼初透。
東籬把酒黃昏後，
有暗香盈袖。
莫道不消魂，
簾卷西風，
人比黃花瘦！

¹ 李清照. 宋詞三百首箋注. 上海:上海古籍出版社, 1979: 255.

² Li Qingzhao (李清照, 1084-1150) was a highly educated Chinese poet for her time who wrote lyrical poetry with such emotional intensity and creativity of voice and meter that she is regarded as China's greatest poetess.

Translation:

Tipsy in the Shade of Flowers¹

Li Qingzhao

Among light mists and thick clouds I see sadness linger,
Watch the dying ember of incense in the golden censer.
At Mid-autumn and Double Ninth Festival,
Behind the bed curtain, on a jade pillow,
I feel the midnight coolness.
At dusk, I drink by the eastern fences,
While chrysanthemum's aroma fills my sleeves.
Sorrow is my soul capturing,
The curtain is the west wind rolling,
And the face's frailer than the flowers yellow.

(Trans. Ge Li)

¹ "Tipsy in the Shade of Flowers" is one of the ancient Chinese tonal patterns with given cadence to which ci (a type of classical Chinese poetry) poems are composed accordingly.

雪花的快樂¹

徐志摩²

假如我是一朵雪花，
翩翩的在半空裏瀟灑，
我一定認清我的方向——
飛揚，飛揚，飛揚，——
這地面上有我的方向。

不去那冷寞的幽谷，
不去那淒涼的山麓，
也不上荒街去惆悵——
飛揚，飛揚，飛揚，——
你看，我有我的方向！

在半空裏娟娟的飛舞，
認明了那清幽的住處，
等著她來花園裏探望——
飛揚，飛揚，飛揚，——
啊，她身上有朱砂梅的清香！

¹ 徐志摩. 志摩的詩. 上海:作家出版社, 2000: 96.

² Xu Zhimo (徐志摩, 1897-1931), 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:

The Joy of Snowflake

Xu Zhimo

Were I a snowflake,
Gracefully dancing in mid-air,
I would make out my way to go.
Flying, flying, and flying—
Onto the ground as my direction I'll go.

Heading not to chilly valley,
Nor to the bleak foothill,
Nor to the deserted street for melancholy—
Flying, flying, and flying—
Look, I hold the direction of my own!

Elegantly dancing in the mid-air,
I recognize the dwelling peaceful,
Waiting in the garden for her visiting—
Flying, flying, and flying—
Oh, the plum aroma on her is prevailing!

那時我憑藉我的身輕，
盈盈的，沾住了她的衣襟，
貼近她柔波似的心胸——
消溶，消溶，消溶——
溶入了她柔波似的心胸！

So slight as my body is,
I land on her lappet gently,
Close to her chest soft and wavy—
Melting, melting, and melting—
I melt into the soft wave she's cuddling!

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

忘掉她¹

聞一多²

忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花，——

那朝霞在花瓣上，

那花心的一縷香——

忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！

忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！

像春風裏一出夢，

像夢裏的一聲鐘，

忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！

忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！

聽蟋蟀唱得多好，

看墓草長得多高，

忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！

¹ 聞一多. 死水. 北京: 解放軍文藝出版社, 2000: 16.

² Wen Yiduo (聞一多, 1899–1946) was a Chinese poet and scholar. He was born in Xishui County, Hubei. In 1922, he traveled to the United States to study fine arts and literature at the Art Institute of Chicago. It was during this time that his first collection of poetry, *Red Candle*, was published. In 1928, his second collection, *Dead Water*, was published. His poetry was influenced by Western models.

Translation:

Forget Her

Wen Yiduo

Forget her, like a forgettable flower,—
Like a mass of rosy cloud on petal,
Like a steam of perfume in pistil,—
Forget her, like a forgettable flower!

Forget her, like a forgettable flower,
Like a dream in spring breeze,
Like a toll in dream
Forget her, like a forgettable flower!

Forget her, like a forgettable flower,
How sweetly a cricket sings,
How high tomb-grass grows,
Forget her, like a forgettable flower!

忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！
她已經忘記了你，
她什麼都記不起；
忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！

忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！
年華那朋友真好，
他明天就教你老；
忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！

忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！
如果是有人要問，
就說沒有那個人；
忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！

忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！
像春風裏一出夢，
像夢裏的一聲鐘，
忘掉她，像一朵忘掉的花！

Forget her, like a forgettable flower,
She's forgotten you,
She's recollected nothing,
Forget her, like a forgettable flower!

Forget her, like a forgettable flower,
Time, how good the friend is,
Tomorrow, make you old,
Forget her, like a forgettable flower!

Forget her, like a forgettable flower,
If someone asks her,
The answer should be none,
Forget her, like a forgettable flower!

Forget her, like a forgettable flower,
Like a dream in spring breeze,
Like a toll in dream
Forget her, like a forgettable flower!

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

深夜裏聽到樂聲¹

林徽因²

這一定又是你的手指，
輕彈著，
在這深夜，稠密的悲思。

我不禁頰邊泛上了紅，
靜聽著，
這深夜裏弦子的生動。

一聲聽從我心底穿過，
忒淒涼，
我懂得，但我怎能應和？

生命早描定她的式樣，
太薄弱，
是人們的美麗的想像。

除非在夢裏有這麼一天，
你和我，
同來攀動那根希望的弦。

¹ 林徽因. 新月詩選. 北京:解放軍文藝出版社, 2000:68.

² Lin Huiyin (林徽, 1904-1955), a noted Chinese architect and writer in the 20th century, was said to be the first female architect in China. Lin Huiyin wrote poems, essays, short stories and plays. Many of her works were praised for subtlety, beauty and creativity. Her most famous work is “You Are the April of This world—Ode to Love”.

Translation:

Hearing Music in the Deep Night

Lin Huiyin

Again, this must be your fingers,
In the deep night,
Gently playing of profound melancholy.

I can't stop my flush growing,
In the deep night,
Silently listening to the liveliness of strings.

A melody pierces right through my heart,
So desperate,
I know, but how can I back echo?

Life has predestined what she's alike,
Too fragile,
Fair is the imagination of human.

Unless, one day in dream,
You and I,
Together have the string of hope stirring.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

山行¹

戴望舒²

見了你朝霞的顏色，
便感到我落月的沉哀，
卻似曉天的雲片，
煩惱漂上我心頭。

可是不聽你啼鳥的聲音，
我就要象流水的鳴咽，
卻似凝露的山花，
我不禁淚珠盈睫。

我們行在微花的山徑，
讓夢香吹上了征衣，
私那朝霞和那啼鳴，
和你不盡的纏綿意。

¹ 戴望舒. 雨巷中的伊人. 北京:西苑出版社, 2005: 6

² Dai Wangshu (戴望舒, 1905–1950) was an outstanding Chinese poet in the 20th century. His most famous work is Rainy Alley.

Translation:

Mountain Trip

Dai Wangshu

Seeing the color of yours of the rising morning sun,
I feel deeply saddened as the falling moon.
My sorrows are like the clouds in the early morning sky,
Floating and drifting on my mind.

Without hearing your voice of nightingale,
I feel like weeping as the flowing stream.
Like mountain flowers with dripping dew,
My tears could not help but fill my eyes still.

We walk on a flowery mountain path,
The sweet dream is sending us on road.
Along with the morning glow and the twitter,
As well as your endless sweetness.

(Trans. Song Meimei)

霧¹

張廣奎

霧，攜著豐乳，耶穌草坪福降
她悄然駕臨，一如既往
逗著草坪，如雲雀
輕盈徜徉；惜別
哺乳，霧娘
兩眼汪
汪

¹ Zhang Guangkui (張廣奎, 1967-), a poet, translator and Professor of Literature at Guangdong University of Business Studies.

Translation:

Fog

Zhang Guangkui

With abundant breasts, the Fog falls onto Jesus Green
As usual she'd be finally and lightly coming
Amusing the Green, larking and walking
After suckling, though unwilling
Here leaves tears the Fog
Quee
u

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

J. H. Prynne

J. H. Prynne (1936-) is one of the leading poets in the English world today. His insightful exploration of the poeticality of the English language is acclaimed by the general readers; his innovative writing is imitated by some contemporary poets; and his advanced poetic thought is praised by the present academia. Being an encyclopedic scholar, Mr. Prynne understands profoundly the history of the English literature, especially the history of English versification, and the development of sciences and philosophy. He keeps his close attention to the trends of writing poetry around the world. He assimilates the achievements from different branches of our human knowledge and applies them into his own writing in an ontological way. His poems need to be interpreted with hard work of the intelligent readers. Yet, even the common readers are able to appreciate the beauty of his poetry with intuition. Prynne's poetry represents the latest triumph of the English versification for its bold and successful experiments, such as the poetical deploy of the prosodic structure of the English language, the organic combination of science into poetry, and the multi-points of view in the presentation of streams of consciousness.

The poems and translations are selected from *Selected Poems by J. H. Prynne* (Sun Yat-sen University Press, 2010), edited by Professor Ou Hong, a famous scholar in English Poetry in China, also the adviser of *Verse Version*.

蒲齡恩

J. H. 普林，中文名，蒲齡恩（1936- ）是當今英語世界領袖式詩人之一。他對英語詩性的深入探索為一般讀者所稱道，他那富於創新的寫作為當代詩人所推崇和模仿，他超前的詩學思想為當今學術界所稱道。作為一個知識淵博的學者，蒲齡恩先生熟知英國文學史（特別是英語詩歌史）和科學及哲學的發展。他密切關注世界詩歌發展的動向，吸收人類知識各個領域的成果並以本體論的方式運用到自己的詩歌創作中。他的詩歌需要睿智的讀者艱苦研讀才能詮釋，但普通讀者也可以憑藉直覺感受其詩歌之美。蒲齡恩的創作代表著英語詩歌的新近成就；其大膽而成功的詩學試驗主要包括諸如其詩歌中英語韻律結構的詩性佈局，科學的有機入詩，以及意識流創作所展示的多种视角等。

此處所選詩歌和譯文出自《蒲齡恩詩選》（區鉷主編，中山大學出版社，2010）。

The Ideal Star-Fighter (I)

J. H. Prynne

Now a slight meniscus floats on the moral
pigment of these times, producing
displacement of the body image, the politic
albino. The faded bird droops in his
cage called fear and yet flight into
his pectoral shed makes for comic
hysteria, visible hope converted to the
switchboard of organic providence
at the tiny rate of say 0.25 per cent
“for the earth as a whole”. And why
go on reducing and failing like metal: the
condition is man and the total crop yield
of fear, from the fixation of danger; in
how we are gripped in the dark, the
flashes of where we are. It pays to be
simple, for screaming out, the eye
converts the news image to fear enzyme,
we are immune to disbelief. “If there
is danger there ought to be fear”, trans-
location of the self to focal alert, “but
if fear is an evil why should there be
danger?” The meniscus tilts the
water table, the stable end-product is dark
motion, glints of terror the final inert
residue. Oriental human beings throw off
their leafy canopies, expire; it is
the unpastured sea hungering for calm.

Translation:

完美的天兵（一）

蒲齡恩

微小的新月漂浮在這些時代
道德的顏色上，產生著
身體意象的置換，政治的
白化病患者。隱退的小鳥萎靡在
他的籠子裏驚慌呼喊，又飛進
他胸腔似的小屋，使得他變得滑稽
而又歇斯底里，看得見的希望皈依到
神示的機體控制板
以大約百分之 0.25 的微小比率
“因為地球作為一個整體”。為什麼
像金屬一樣消滅下滑：條
件是人和全部的莊稼都生產
恐懼，由於根深蒂固的危險；我
們是如何被緊握在黑暗裏，我們
所在的瞬間。它付出代價
為了變得簡單，為了尖叫呼出，那眼睛
把新聞形象變成懼怕酶，
我們對沒有信仰免疫。“如果
那裏有危險，就應當害怕”，改變
位置使自己成為矚目焦點，“但是
如果懼怕是一種邪惡，為什麼不應當有
危險？”新月翹起
地下水位元，穩定的終端產品是黑暗的
運動，恐怖的閃爍最終惰性的
殘渣。東方人扔下
他們用葉做的鵬庵，斷了氣；它是
沒有草地的海洋在渴望著平靜。

（張廣奎 譯）

Rich in Vitamin C

J. H. Prynne

Under her brow the snowy wing-case
delivers truly the surprise
of days which slide under sunlight
past loose glass in the door
into the reflection of honour spread
through the incomplete, the trusted. So
darkly the stain skips as a livery
of your pause like an apple pip,
the baltic loved one who sleeps.

Or as syrup in a cloud, down below in
the cup, you excuse each folded
cry of the finch's wit, this flush
scattered over our slant of the
day rocked in water, you say
this much. A waver of attention at
the surface, shews the arch there and
the purpose we really cut;
an ounce down by the water, which
in cross-fire from injustice too large
to hold he lets slither
from starry fingers
noting the herbal jolt of cordite
and its echo: is this our screen, on some
street we hardly guessed could mark
an idea bred to idiocy by the clear
sight-lines ahead. You come in
by the same door, you carry

Translation:

富含維生素 C

蒲齡恩

在她的眉毛底下雪白的鞘翅
真切傳達了那些日子
的驚訝，日子在陽光下滑翔
穿過門裏鬆動的玻璃
進入到遍佈榮譽的反光裏
通過那些不完整和被信任。如此
暗淡污點跳躍如你易怒的
停頓好像一粒蘋果種子，
波羅的愛著沉睡的人。

或者作為雲裏糖漿，沉澱在
杯中，你原諒每一聲交疊的
充滿鳥類智慧的叫喊，這激流
散落在我們傾斜的
日子在水中搖晃，這個
你說了很多。注意力在表面
搖曳，顯示那邊的拱形以及
我們真正切中的目的；
加入一盎司到水中，在

交織的烈焰中不公正太大
他無法把握任憑滑落
從星光點點的手指
注意到無煙火藥所致的草木震顫
以及它的回音：這是我們的螢幕嗎，在一些
街上我們幾乎無法猜想能夠
在前面清晰的天際線邊標示出一個
孕育在蠢言裏的想法。你從同一扇門
進來，你帶著

what cannot be left for its own
sweet shimmer of reason, its false blood;
the same tint I hear with the pulse it touches
and will not melt. Such shading
of the rose to its stock tips the bolt
from the sky, rising in its effect of what
motto we call peace talks. And yes the
quiet turn of your page is the day
tilting so, faded in the light.

不能留下的因為它自己
甜美的理性光環，它錯誤的血脈；
隨著它所觸及但不能融化的脈搏我聽到
同樣的色度。玫瑰花這樣
綽約在枝頭點燃
天空的閃電，在這印象中正升起
那我們稱之為和平談判的箴言。是啊
靜靜翻動你的書頁就是白晝
傾斜如此，暗淡于光亮中。

（雷豔妮 譯）

Treatment in the Field

J. H. Prynne

Through the window the sky clears
and in sedate attachment stands the order of battle,
quiet as a colour chart and bathed
by threads of hyaline and gold leaf.
The brietal perfusion makes a controlled
amazement and trustingly we walk there, speak
fluently on that same level of sound;
white murmur ferries the clauses to the true
centre of the sleep forum. The river
glints in harmony, by tribute from the darker
folds of that gutteral landscape which
lie drawn up under our touch. Blue-green to yellow
in memory beyond the gold number: the
tones and sweetness confuse in saline.
We burn by that echo. It is called love like a wren hunt,
crimson ice, basal narcosis. By deep perjury
it is the descent of man. Above him
the dicots flourish their pattern of indefinite growth,
as under cloud now the silent ones “are loath to change
their way of life.” The stress lines con-
verge in finite resonance: is this the orchestral
momentum of seed coat? Our trust selects
the ice cap of the General Staff, rod to
baton to radon seed (snowy hypomania)—thus he
jabs a hysteric wound, H₂O₂ at top strength.

Translation:

戰地救護

蒲齡恩

透過窗子天空明淨

窗簾扣子安詳地接受著戰鬥命令，
安靜得如同彩繪的圖畫沐浴在
透明的絲線和金子的葉片中。

麻醉灌注取得可控制的

驚喜，於是滿懷信任我們走過去，流利地
用同樣音高的聲調說話；

白色低語擺渡子句到真正的

睡眠論壇的中心。河流

在和諧中閃爍，讚美來自那小河幽暗
交疊處的風景

在我們的輕輕幾筆中展現。從藍綠到黃色

記憶中超越了金曲：語調

和甜美混雜進鹹澀。

我們被那回聲灼傷。它被稱為愛情像鷓鴣搜尋，

緋紅的冰，基本的麻醉。憑藉老謀深算的謊言
正是人的墮落。在他之上

雙子葉植物炫耀它們無限生長的方法，

而今在雲下的沉默者們“正不情願地改變

它們的生活方式。”強調的詩行匯

聚成有限的共鳴：難道這是種子表皮的

弦樂動力？我們的信任選擇

總參謀部的軍帽，指揮棒

引導向氫源（白色的輕度躁狂）——這樣他

猛烈地給歇斯底里的傷口注射，以最高濃度的過氧化氫。

Yet in the tent of holy consternation there are shadows
for each column of fire; in the hedgerow the wren
flits cross-wise from branch to branch. Afferent
signal makes the cantilena of speech
as from the far round of the child-way.
We are bleached in sound as it burns by what
we desire; light darting
over and over, through a clear sky.

在令人極度驚恐的探傷塞子裏依然有每一個
火柱的陰影；灌木樹籬中鷓鴣
交替從枝條間飛來飛去。輸入的信號
組成言語的輕快短歌
如同從遠處傳來的童聲輪唱。
我們在聲音中被漂白，一如它憑藉我們所
願望的燒灼；光芒放射
一遍又一遍，穿越明淨的天空。

（陳尚真 譯）

From Not You (1993)

J. H. Prynne

With an eye turning for entry, most will
gather as others have, from the spicy bed
of a rising vertical trust: enough to clear
line to line clasp essentials, all
the same to claim plus set-off,
to shun this terrible cure. Across clouded
skies the current lies at
crossed living abruptly, outshining
the smart pulse in its sheltered prospect,
not like shoes and food in a clamour of
spent cases by rounding up
to the last place defence.

Each says the same, applying to take
out of this bruised event the frame of provoked
aversion. Ablative child care bleeds tonight!
No grip frightens the one falling
by mild derision, the acts have
been performed in mimic
troop tint delay affront, there
is no default position at true discount
up to innumerably more. Stop the boat
with a plug for floatation; the mothers assemble
at the sorting office, provably liquid he says
in pro tanto extinction. Blind
transfer goes ahead willingly, no fear
tripping the snug instep to a price floor,
gentle planets counting, rates mounting, winding
up to replace a slipped bracelet. Thus in mutual
fond delay the day advances,
yawning astragal with due
race to provision beyond the fixed mark of
break-out liable detachment, laid apart.

Translation:

《不是你》（1993）選譯

蒲齡恩

眼盯著細目，多數會
像他人那樣聚集，來自垂直信貸
上升的象床：足以逐條結清
 基本要目，都是想
 得到額外抵消，
以避開這種可怕的整治。越過陰雲
 密佈的天空氣流驀地停駐在
 各類東西活躍交匯之地，
光芒蓋過前景未明的靈脈，
不象在叮噹作響的彈殼中
 被堆到最後的防禦之地的
 鞋子和食物。
 人人都說同樣的事，要求除掉
這件傷人的事中惹人憎厭的
框架。今夜隔離看護中的孩子流血！
 沒什麼控制能嚇得住因小嘲弄而
 墜落的，這種行為已在
 模擬軍隊色彩因延遲而
 遭羞辱的事裏幹過，
 真的打到無限多的折扣
沒拖欠的情況。拔下塞子
停下船讓它不再漂浮；母親們聚集
在物品分類處，可以看出是液體他說
 會至此消失。盲目的
 交易資源進行著，不用擔心
 讓底價拌住溫適的腳背，
輕數著行星，費率在上升，盤旋
而上以取代滑落的手銬。這樣在相互
 渴望的延遲中日子在向前，
 距骨半張擱置一旁，
恰如其分地奔向傾向於突擊的分譴隊
固定標誌邊上的給養。

（龍靖遙 譯）

Pearls That Were (1999)

J. H. Prynne

Over the ferny leaf-blades lying close to the bank and now deeper
green from the dry weather a network of bright gossamer threads,
woven close together and catching the slant evening sun so as to
shimmer with a soft, trembling brilliancy; we both remarked on it ...

On the blush cheek making, to one
making to the one, a stealing
tear, of blushing as every age
betrays the sight, alone.

By light, ask and mellow reflected
then show to hope again
doubt yet believing, request the lost,
the blush to shine.

Concerns starting bright and oft
soft yielding, blush shining,
charm to hand, around the wound
her finest charm glowing.

So Orpheus tamed the wild beasts
for long night comes down
moving naked, over the wound,
the gem from the crown.

.....

Translation:

是——珍珠，是

蒲齡恩

緊靠河岸的是蕨類一樣的葉子，因為乾燥的天氣而綠得深沉。葉子
上方，是緊緊地織在一起的蛛網薄紗。薄紗在斜陽下溫柔地顫
抖著閃光。我們倆都注意到了……

潮紅的面頰上，一個人
為那個人製造，一粒偷來的
淚珠，不比任何時代遜色
獨自，和這景致不和。

憑著陽光，追尋、醞釀、思索
接著又燃燒希望
在懷疑之中信任，要求失去的，
潮紅般閃光。

關懷來了，常常
滑向溫柔，紅紅地閃耀，
手染上魅力，傷口周圍
她最美妙的魅力在燃燒。

如此，奧菲士馴服了野獸
漫漫的長夜來臨
赤身行進，傷口上方，
從皇冠摘下的寶石。

……

(黎志敏 譯)

Refuse Collection (2004)

J. H. Prynne

To a light led sole in pit of, this by slap-up
barter of an arm rest cap, on stirrup trade in
crawled to many bodies, uncounted. Talon up
crude oil-for-food, incarnadine incarcerate, get
foremost a track rocket, rapacious in heavy
investment insert tool this way up. This way
can it will you they took to fast immediate satis-
faction or slather, new slave run the chain store
enlisted, posture writhing what they just want
we'll box tick that, nim nim. Camshot spoilers
strap to high stakes head to the ground elated
detonator like a bear dancing stripped canny
sex romp, webbing taint. Confess sell out the
self input, yes rape yes village gunship by
apache rotor capital genital grant a seed trial
take a nap a twin.

Fruiting bodies vintage
shagged out on batch stand-by, grander conceptual
gravid with foetor, sweet rot adoring placid
or regular. It is we they do it, even yet now
sodomised in a honey cell, pitted up against
the good cheat dimpled in a power cuff jersey,
shrug to fit waist for traffic, kick the door in.
Go on, do it, we'll photograph everything, home
movies hold steady on while they is we do it,
by eye it takes oozing huge debt. Reschedule
value credits, war for oil, oil for food, food for
sex molest modest reject stamp on limp abjected
lustral panoply. Little crosses everywhere, yours
and mine makeshift parlour chicken rape private
sold down DIY there is a country.

.....

Translation:

垃圾收集（2004）

蒲齡恩

光亮照耀著坑裏的鞋底，這是通過扶手罩上
高雅的易貨貿易，呈馬鐙形貿易
無數的身體擠在一起，數也數不清。伸出魔爪
當然是為了石油換食品。肉體受監禁，先
設置好軌道火箭，貪婪把巨額
利潤的投資工具安放在那裏。安放
在那裏就會使你立即心滿
意足或大發橫財，新奴隸開辦連鎖店
搞招募，擺出他們想要的翻騰姿勢，
我們扇幾個耳光，偷竊偷竊。網路影視掠奪者
捆綁在高聳的柱子上，頭朝地面，興高采烈的
炸藥像一頭舞動的狗熊剝去
精明的性愛虐待狂，網頁污染。承認賣完了
自我輸入，是的強姦是的村莊武裝直升機
還有暴徒螺旋槳般粗壯的生殖器，進行種子實驗
造出學生兄弟。

同性戀癖的男性肢體
一批又一批筋疲力盡地堆放在那裏，壯觀的場面
孕育著惡臭，甜蜜的腐朽崇拜著平靜
或秩序。是我們他們在做，然而現在
各個乾淨的角落都充滿了罪惡，抗拒
善良的騙子隱藏在權力的運動衫背後，
聳聳肩看腰身合不合適運動，踹門而入。
繼續，做吧，我們要拍下所有的靚影，家庭
電影持續不斷地上演，而他們是我們幹的，
通過眼睛滔天罪行滲透出來。重新制定
價值誠信，戰爭換石油，石油換食品，食品換
性騷擾謙讓的拒絕毀滅卑鄙的跛行
這聖潔的華麗偽裝。到處丟滿了小十字架，
你的和我的就湊合著在客廳秘密雞奸
賣到“自己動手”有一個國家。

.....

（曹山柯 譯）

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Lin Funa

Lin Funa, poetess, critic and writer, who first proposed the “aesthetic rationality”, a poetic critical method. Her representative works include *Pan Aroma in Nature • Poetry* and *Pan Aroma in Nature • Poetics* and so forth. Some of her poems have been selected into *The Annals of Chinese New Poems*, *The Best of Chinese Poems*, *The Best Annual Collection of Chinese Poems* and the television programme of CCTV-10, *Writers and Their Best Works*. She has won the Theoretical Prize in Da Sha Tian Poetry Prize, Honorable Nomination of New Pioneer Poets in first Shang Guan Jun Yue Poetry Prize, and the Third Prize of *People’s Literature*, etc.

林馥娜簡介

林馥娜，詩人、評論家，二級作家。她首創了追尋“審美理性”的詩歌批評方法。代表作有《曠野淘馥·詩歌卷》和《曠野淘馥·詩論卷》等。作品入選《中國新詩年鑒》、《中國最佳詩歌》、《中國年度詩歌精選》等選本及“CCTV-10 詩歌散文作者及優秀作品”欄目。曾獲首屆“大沙田詩歌獎”理論獎；首屆“上官軍樂詩歌獎”新銳詩人提名獎；《人民文學》詩歌三等獎等。

應春花已不顧一切地敞開胸苞

林馥娜

春鼓尚未敲響

應春花已不顧一切地敞開胸苞

以乍現的綾綃映紅雪山與天邊

而雲杉仍在水邊照影

仿佛等待湖心突來的“咚”響

高原的日子

幽微似水，猶如湖面波瀾不興

春天，就是悄無聲息的山環水抱

風撫衰草，榮枯無礙季節的恩澤

Translation:

Winter Jasmine Strips Her Buds Boldly

Lin Funa

Spring drum doesn't echo yet
Winter Jasmine strips her buds boldly
Like damask silk spreading first red onto snow mountain and horizon

Spruce's still looking into water mirror
As if she's waiting for the sudden "crack" from the heart of the lake

Days on Plateau
Like waveless lake, quiet and wispy

Spring's just silent water cuddled with mountains
Wind's comforting withered grass, vicissitude doesn't influence season's bestowing

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

莫蘭迪的瓶子

林馥娜

有的瓶子已倒下
灌滿生活的泥水

有
的
筆
直
地站著，充塞虛無的傲氣

還有一些不斷掏空
不斷補白的瓶子
以 45 度的傾斜
拒絕圓滿的
空洞

而在時間的眼裏，這些
不過是一群
既不醜陋，也不美麗的靜物

Translation:

Morandi's Bottle

Lin Funa

Some of the bottles fell down
Filled up with life's muddy water

Some
of
them
straight
Stand, cRammed with pretentious arrogance

Some others allow ceaseless flowing-in
And flowing-out
But always tilt at a 45 degrees' angle
Refusing satisfied
Inanition

While in the eyes of time, they are
No more than the still lives in Nature
Not ugly, nor lovely

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

在賈梅士的雕像前

林馥娜

猶如鮭魚溯水，逆流益勇
被放逐的生命，無懼風浪的浩劫

在你蟄伏的洞穴
鴿靈紛紛振翅，越過遮天的假菩提

勇於孤獨的先行者
猶如刺穿黑暗的光芒，使途經之地生輝

“大海舉起白色的燈盞”
照見四百年後的來者

他們來自大國，也來自邊地
深知命運的轉盤並不受控於自我

傳染病般的恐懼，奪去的不止是眼睛
許多人大師般地睜一隻眼閉一隻眼，押上生存的價值

而靈魂的自我放逐者，如何以孤身突進的勇氣
把一張沒有箭的弓，拉得越來越滿

Translation:

Before the Statue of Cames

Lin Funa

Like a trout swimming against the stream, harder but braver
As a life exiled, you dread no storm or billow

In the cavern where you hibernate
Spirits of pigeons flutter, and soar high across the closed canopy of Mock Bodh tree

You are a pioneer who enjoys loneliness
And like a light piercing into darkness, light each inch of land you ever stepped on

“The sea holds up white light”
Illuminating people coming from four hundred years later

They are from great powers, or fronteira
They know well the cycle of fate is not under their own control

Fear, like infectious disease, deprives not only eyes
Many people, like masters closing one eye, mortgage the value of living

But the self-exile of spirit, with all guts of struggling alone
Pulls an arrowless bow, fuller and fuller

(Trans. Zhang Guangkui)

我帶著遼闊的悲喜

林馥娜

我把所有的人都看成另一個我。所有的我
行走著迥異的人生與相同的世道

有一個我遭遇暴雨
就有一個我邂逅晴天

這龐大又純粹的我，就像一首詩
快樂是一個詞，悲傷也是一個詞

每天，我用我的矛試驗我的盾
以精神的遠遊行刺麻木的肉身

我帶著遼闊的悲喜和一無所礙的心靈
帶著無處不在的束縛與自由

在一隅之地聞驚雷
于萬頃紛亂入清幽

而我，只是萬物中最卑微的一員
不過是茶蘼的一縷經絡，大千世界中的一粒幼沙

Translation:

I Bring Along With Worldly Grief and Joy

Lin Funa

I see every one as another me, every me
Experiencing disparate lives in the same universe

One me runs up against rainstorm
And another me runs into sunshine

The giant and pure me, is just like a poem
Joy is a word, and grief is also

Everyday, I poke my shield with my spear
I prick my numb body with traveling spirit

I bring along with worldly grief and joy as well as unimpeded soul
With omnipresent fetter and freedom

I feel the thunder in the tiny pocket of land
And seclude to tranquility in the chaotic world

Me, however, is just the humblest one of all creatures
A puny pistil in a blossoming flower, a grain of sand in the vast universe

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

他人的痛苦

林馥娜

今夜的天空沒有星星
只有雲絮滾滾壓來
在黎明到來之前
她突然很想聽炮仗的聲音
一種淋漓的爆裂

她聽到了。她聽到
周圍有驚叫聲、嘈雜的人聲、熟悉的氣味
他喚她回來，他前所未有的哭

一些黑色的綢帶纏住她
一些綠色的枝蔓牽引她
愛麗爾縹緲的精靈之歌在迴響

她遁著聲音往回望
儘管伸手不見五指，坐起來是多麼困難
儘管走一步多麼維艱，裙裾磕絆

人們四散而去，包括他
她沒有停下來，她一直走回她站立的陽臺
臉上有大理石的微笑

另一個女人，目睹了整個過程
她把手揮了揮，神和鬼都不知道
她不拂落塵
她伸手擦去北斗星的七顆眼淚
她臉上帶著大理石的微笑，縱身一跳

Translation:

Others' Agony

Lin Funa

Tonight, the sky appears no stars
With clouds only rolling and crashing
Before the break of dawn
She wants to hear the sound of firecracker suddenly
The crack of unbridled

She heard. She heard
The scream, the noisy voice, the familiar smells around
He beckons her back; he cries more fiercely than ever

Some black ribbons entangle her
Some green tendrils drag her
Ariel's ethereal song of fairy keeps echoing

She looks back where sounds come
However dark, however hard to sit up
However tough of every step stumbled by dress

People disperse, he included
She does not stop, stepping forward to the balcony she's standing on
Hanging marbled smile on face

Another woman, having the whole process witnessed
She waves, unaware even to God nor ghosts
She whisks not falling dust
She stretches out, shedding seven tears of the Big Dipper
She wears marbled smile, leaping up to jump down

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

夢裏踏歌

林馥娜

她不知道自己能夠成為這樣的自己

只有勞作，沒有理想

踏水而舞、凌波而歌的自由，只是偶爾的夢想

每天，拖著麻木的身體

穿過大半個城市

心裏滾動著世俗的欲望和自強的躁動

每晚，在身邊沉沉的鼾聲與嬰兒香氣的擁抱中

安然入睡，就像飄在水床上

忘了骨頭的酸痛

夢裏，在深情的顧盼中

她踏歌起舞，白羽舒張

於無瀾的水面，擊起漣漪陣陣

Translation:

Dance to Songs in Dream

Lin Funa

Insensibly, she turned into such a person
Only work and empty ideals
Freedom of treading water to dance, riding waves to sing
Is just in dream occasional scene

Everyday, dragging the numb body
Across more than half a city
Worldly lust and restless self-reliance are in heart rolling

Every night, drowning in heavy snoring and sweet hug of baby
Composedly she falls asleep,
As if floating on water bed, oblivious of sore bones

In dream, in the affectionate anticipation
She dances to songs, arms stretching
On the tranquil water, gentle ripples wrinkling

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

世界的倒影

林馥娜

一隻雛魚鷹嘴裏叨著一條小魚
它們圓睜的眼，就像彼此的鏡像
濕漉漉的清澈
兩隻緊抓著葦杆的長腳
撐起水裏的天空
它們打量著彼此及對方的世界
仿佛僵持著
想不通是要將對方舉起還是放下
天上的水渦和水裏的雲朵也屏住了呼吸

Translation:

Mirrored Image of the World

Lin Funa

A younger osprey pecks a little fish in her beak
Their rounded eyes seem mutual mirror
Wet and limpid
Clutching the weed
Two gracile claws prop up space from the water
In a stalemate
They measure each other
As if hesitating to lift up or lay down
As if mirrored puddles and clouds hold their breath
Tranquil and quiet

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

沒有寸田的留守

林馥娜

吾鄉吾土
我們飄泊的靈魂
將於何處落腳

舊草塚邊，熟睡的孩子滿身泥土
仿佛一堆拱起的麥子
讓人忍不住要匍匐掬起

老婦在夕陽下
重建可供反芻的過往
鄉村已失去它的雞犬相聞與作物拔節的萌動

青壯年如決閘之水，擁擠、推搡著
跌入時代的漩渦
工業戰線上的流水兵，在鐵打的營盤上疲憊轉戰

沒有寸田的留守
只剩下鏽蝕的鐮刀和空蕩的屋頂
任穀雨的天水，如豆子沙沙濺落、流逝

Translation:

No Soil for Survival

Lin Funa

My country, my land
Where will be the soil
For my wandering soul!

By ancient haystack, the dirt on sleeping child
Like a humping pile of wheat
Draws ones to bend down for a scoop

At the sunset, the elder gran
Rebuilds the ruminant
The country has lost dogs' barking and crop's earing

The youth like, roaming flood
Crowding, pushing, falls into vortex of city
Workers exhaust to toil on indifferent assembly line

No soil for survival
Only rotten sickles and empty roofs left
Away dashes the rainfall in Grain Rain like beans and peas.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

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

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關於《詩譯》

關於《詩譯》

作為英漢詩歌譯介和交流的專業平臺，張廣奎先生創辦、主編的英國註冊期刊《詩·譯》(Verse Version)是以詩歌譯介和詩學研究為宗旨、兼文學與學術為一體的非營利季刊。《詩·譯》欄目包括《英詩東渡》、《漢韻西遊》、《英語詩人及詩歌推薦》和《漢語詩人及詩歌推薦》。本期刊由英國獅人出版有限公司 (LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD) 出版發行，國際標準刊號為 ISSN 2051-526X。

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