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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor: Zhang Guangpu

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**Zhang Guangkui**

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# VERSE    VERSION

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



## English-Chinese Version

### Queen and Huntress<sup>1</sup>

Ben Jonson<sup>2</sup>

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair,  
State in wonted manner keep;  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
Heaven to clear, when day did close.  
Bless us then with wished sight,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal-shinning quiver;  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe, how short soever.  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess excellently bright.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 312.

<sup>2</sup> Ben Jonson (1572-1637) was a playwright, poet, and literary critic of the seventeenth century, whose artistry exerted a lasting impact upon English poetry and stage comedy. He is generally regarded as the second most important English dramatist after William Shakespeare during the reign of James I.

Translation:

## 獵手女王星

本・琼生

聖潔女王神奕奕，  
安詳平靜如往昔；  
嫵雅銀座獨自倚，  
此時日神欲安息；  
黃昏女神求光賜，  
女王光輝無人及。

地母天性多妒嫉，  
莫將心思生故事；  
白晝光芒終有盡，  
明潔月華自來盈。  
賜將幸福所及地，  
女神光輝無人及。

珍珠寶弓莫掛心，  
水晶箭袋邊上擲；  
請為鹿兒把空留，  
時限短長無需計，  
請將長夜化白晝，  
女神光輝無人及。

（趙嘏 譯）



Translation:

## 生命

喬治·赫伯特

晨曦方始，擷束鮮花：

“從此，我會嗅出我的殘餘，並把  
生命捆绑於此。”

而荏苒時光會把鮮花召喚，

時之正午必將悄然凋零，

在我手中頹然枯萎。

我的手與花相伴，心亦相隨；

無需細思，我欣然聽取，

時光的溫柔警示；

生命將逝的苦短蜜般相贈，

讓我感悟到行將就木之味；

及個中的莫名困惑。

永別了，鮮花，你那甜美的時光，

盛開時，絕倫的美麗與芬芳，

而枯敗以愈傷。

我無怨無悔依隨你的生命軌跡，

如若我的生命如你一般芳香，

與你一樣短暫又何妨。

（趙嘏 譯）

## On the Late Massacre in Piedmont<sup>1</sup>

John Milton<sup>2</sup>

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones

Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold,

Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old

When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,

Forget not: in thy book record their groans

Who were thy sheep and in their ancient fold

Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled

Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they

To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow

O'er all the Italian fields where still doth sway

The triple tyrant: that from these may grow

A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way

Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 378.

<sup>2</sup> John Milton (1608-1674) was an English poet, polemicist, man of letters, and a civil servant for the Commonwealth of England under Oliver Cromwell. He wrote at a time of religious flux and political upheaval, and is best known for his epic poem *Paradise Lost* (1667), written in blank verse.

Translation:

## 皮埃蒙特大屠殺

約翰·彌爾頓

復仇吧，上帝啊，你那被屠殺的聖徒  
清冷的屍骨被拋撒在阿爾卑斯山麓，  
他們將你純正古老的真理守護，  
當我們的祖先還在祭拜石木；  
勿忘：在你的書卷將他們的悲喚記錄，  
你的羊羔在古老的羊圈  
被兇殘的皮埃蒙特人殺戮，  
母嬰被他們推下山崖，  
他們的哀呼回蕩在幽谷  
直達天國。殉難者的鮮血和灰骨  
遍野撒播在義大利，那仍被三重暴君統治的國度：  
血骨繁衍千百重，  
他們將你的真義領悟，  
將及早逃離巴比倫式的慘幕。

（唐亞琪 譯）

## A Poison Tree<sup>1</sup>

William Blake<sup>2</sup>

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I waterd it in fears,  
Night & morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright.  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole,  
When the night had veild the pole;  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 680.

<sup>2</sup> William Blake (1757-1827) was an English poet, engraver, and painter. In writing, he combined poetic and pictorial genius to explore important issues in politics and religion.

Translation:

## 一棵有毒的樹

威廉·布萊克

我對我的朋友生氣：  
說出怒氣自然平息。  
我對我的仇敵生氣：  
壓抑怒氣變本加厲。

含著恐懼我澆怒氣，  
朝朝暮暮我灑淚滴；  
我用微笑照耀怒氣，  
佯裝溫柔實為詭計。

日日夜夜滋長怒氣，  
結出蘋果光鮮亮麗。  
仇敵見它閃耀樹枝，  
也知那是我的果實。

趁著夜色籠罩大地，  
溜進果園悄悄偷食；  
翌日清晨遇見驚喜  
我的仇敵樹下倒地。

(傅霞 譯)



## When I Have Fears<sup>1</sup>

John Keats<sup>2</sup>

When I have fears that I may cease to be  
    Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,  
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,  
    Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain;  
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,  
    Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,  
And think that I may never live to trace  
    Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;  
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,  
    That I shall never look upon thee more,  
Never have relish in the faery power  
    Of unreflecting love! – then on the shore  
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think  
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 832.

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

Translation:

## 當我害怕時

約翰·濟慈

當我害怕時，生命也許戛然止  
筆端尚未將豐盈的思緒來搜集，  
文字尚未變成高高堆起的書籍，  
像殷實的穀倉蓄滿成熟的稻米；  
當我仰望時，夜空綴滿星子，  
巨大的雲影譜寫非凡的傳奇，  
我想，也許那一日我等不及  
以偶得的神筆描摹它們的影子；  
當我感觸時，嬌顏已瞬息而逝，  
使我永遠不能再見到你，  
不再沉醉於虛無愛情裏  
仙幻的魔力！——於是在遼遠的  
世界邊緣，我孤單佇立暗自沉思  
直至愛與名皆沒入在子虛烏有裏。

（傅霞 譯）

## On Myself<sup>1</sup>

Anne Finch<sup>2</sup>

Good Heav'n, I thank thee, since it was designed  
I should be framed, but of the weaker kind,  
That yet, my soul is rescued from the love  
Of all those trifles which their passions move.  
Pleasures and praise and plenty have with me  
But their just value. If allowed they be,  
Freely, and thankfully as much I taste,  
As will not reason or religion waste.  
If they're denied, I on my self can live,  
And slight those aids unequal chance does give.  
When in the sun, my wings can be displayed,  
And, in retirement, I can bless the shade.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 523.

<sup>2</sup> Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea (1661-1720), was an English poet, the third child of Sir William Kingsmill of Sydmonton Court and his wife, Anne Haslewood.

Translation:

## 自我

安妮·芬奇

仁慈的上帝，我感激您，因一切命中註定  
我被命運設定，成為弱勢類群，  
然而，在她們追逐虛浮流轉的熱情中  
我的靈魂得到解脫  
愉悅，讚美，富足伴隨著我，  
不少不多。倘若，  
她們得以自由、感恩如我，  
理性和信仰就不會被揮霍。  
若她們無法獲准，我亦能自我過活，  
蔑視那些不公的機會和施捨援助  
陽光下，我能舒展雙翼，  
退隱時，我會感恩蔭庇。

(唐亞琪 譯)

## Sympathy<sup>1</sup>

Paul Laurence Dunbar<sup>2</sup>

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!  
    When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;  
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,  
And the river flows like a stream of glass;  
    When the first bird sings and the first bud opes,  
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals —  
I know what the caged bird feels!

I know why the caged bird beats his wing  
    Till its blood is red on the cruel bars;  
For he must fly back to his perch and cling  
When he fain would be on the bough a-swing;  
    And a pain still throbs in the old, old scars  
And they pulse again with a keener sting —  
I know why he beats his wing!

I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,  
    When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore,—  
When he beats his bars and he would be free;  
It is not a carol of joy or glee,  
    But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,  
But a plea, that upward to Heaven he flings —  
I know why the caged bird sings!

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 1119.

<sup>2</sup> Paul Laurence Dunbar (1872-1906) was an African-American poet, novelist, and playwright of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Much of his popular work in his lifetime used a Negro dialect, which helped him become one of the first nationally-accepted African-American writers.

Translation:

## 同情

保羅·勞倫斯·鄧巴

呵，我瞭解囚鳥的心思！  
當朝陽明媚，斜依山坡之時；  
當微風輕拂，碧草萋萋之時，  
當溪晶瑩流，緩緩淌過之時；  
當第一隻鳥兒放聲高歌之時，  
當第一朵花含苞怒放、清香四溢之時，  
我明白囚鳥的嚮往！

我知道囚鳥為何縱然  
鮮血浸染冰籠也奮力拍搏；  
那是因為它定要重返天空佇立枝頭  
無拘無束，隨枝飄蕩；  
苦苦掙扎縱然觸痛那舊時傷疤，  
它卻依然無畏、忍痛拍打——  
我明白它為何撲打翅膀！

呵，我懂得囚鳥為何高歌，  
當它雙翅損傷，胸脯傷痛之時——  
當它叩擊欄杆，為獲自由之時；  
呵，那不是一首愉悅的頌歌，  
而是它發自內心深處的禱告，  
祈求，能飛往天堂——  
我明白囚鳥為何高歌！

（趙嘏 譯）

## **Dust of Snow<sup>1</sup>**

Robert Frost<sup>2</sup>

The way a crow  
Shook down on me  
The dust of snow  
From a hemlock tree  
  
Has given my heart  
A change of mood  
And saved some part  
Of a day I had rued.

---

<sup>1</sup> Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren. *Understanding Poetry*. Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 2009: 77.

<sup>2</sup> Robert Frost (1874-1963) is a most famous American modern poet. His major works include *A Boy's Will*, *North of Boston* and so on.

Translation:

## 雪屑

羅伯特·弗羅斯特

烏鴉

從一棵鐵杉木

抖落我一身

雪屑沫，這

讓我內心泛起漣漪

曾經無限懊悔

而今思量

倍加珍視

(趙嘏 譯)



## A Thousand Martyrs<sup>1</sup>

Aphra Behn<sup>2</sup>

A thousand martyrs I have made,  
    All sacrificed to my desire;  
A thousand beauties have betrayed,  
    That languish in resistless fire.  
The untamed heart to hand I brought,  
And fixed the wild and wandering thought.

I never vowed nor sighed in vain  
    But both, though false, were well received.  
The fair are pleased to give us pain,  
    And what they wish is soon believed.  
And though I talked of wounds and smart,  
Love's pleasures only touched my heart.

Alone the glory and the spoil  
    I always laughing bore away;  
The triumphs, without pain or toil,  
    Without the hell, the heav'n of joy.  
And while I thus at random rove  
Despise the fools that whine for love.

---

<sup>1</sup> Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fourth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 1996: 504.

<sup>2</sup> Aphra Behn (1640-1689) was a prolific dramatist of the English Restoration, one of the first English professional female literary writers. Along with Delarivier Manley and Eliza Haywood, she is sometimes referred to as part of "The fair triumvirate of wit."

Translation:

## 千名殉道者

阿芙拉·貝恩

我創造了千名殉道者，  
為了我的欲望全殉難；  
我背叛了千位嬌佳娘，  
盛怒之中憔悴又心傷。  
我胸懷一顆狂野的心，  
緊依狂放不羈的神思。

我從不自歎或出豪言，  
只因兩者無用且無益。  
佳人總把痛苦相贈予，  
渴望一見鍾情不相負。  
過往沉浮雖然常提起，  
惟有甜蜜愛情動我心。

唯獨褒獎榮譽成笑料，  
可歎人人最終要爭奪；  
成功本無苦難或傷痛，  
更無大喜大悲人世情。  
當我漫遊天下曆世事，  
總把怨天俗人來鄙夷。

(趙嘏 譯)

## **Raining**

Tang Yaqi<sup>1</sup>

It's raining outside  
I'm holding umbrella inside  
Rain, falls into the pond  
Having the water ruffled  
A raindrop,  
Splashes into my heart  
Stirring waves of ripples

Finally  
Raining, stopped  
Umbrella, closed  
Pond, calmed  
Heart, cleared

---

<sup>1</sup> Tang Yaqi (1990- ), is a translator and a young Chinese poetess.

Translation:

## 雨

唐亞琪

屋外在下雨  
我在屋內打傘  
雨，滴入池裏  
激起一片波瀾  
一滴雨，  
濺入我心裏  
暈開層層漣漪

終於  
雨，停了  
傘，收了  
池，靜了  
心，淨了

(唐亞琪 譯)

## **A Lass in Willows Weeping by Water**

Zhang Guangkui<sup>1</sup>

A lass in willows weeping by water;  
A duck in lotus near a boat of a punter;  
Singing in chorus in early morning;  
Swaying silhouette of flowing boater.

---

<sup>1</sup> Zhang Guangkui (張廣奎, 1967- ), a poet, translator and Professor of Literature at Guangdong University of Finance and Economics.

Translation:

## 水邊垂柳黃花

張廣奎

水邊垂柳黃花；

荷花小船野鴨；

清晨和聲清唱；

倒影船夫嘩嘩。

（張廣奎 譯）

## Chinese-English Version

### 送友人<sup>1</sup>

李白<sup>2</sup>

青山橫北郭，  
白水繞東城。  
此地一為別，  
孤蓬萬里征。  
浮雲遊子意，  
落日故人情。  
揮手自茲去，  
蕭蕭班馬鳴。

---

<sup>1</sup> 顧青. 唐詩三百首. 北京: 中華書局, 2005: 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 writings reflect the grandeur of the Tang Dynasty at the height of its prosperity.

Translation:

## **Farewell to My Friend**

Li Po

Green hills lies outside the northern city gate ,

Crystal river flows around the eastern town.

Hereby we have to watch each other's shadow fade,

Then you have to travel alone like withered grass up and down.

Wayfarer like flowing clouds is off drifting away,

Old friend is loath to part as the sun setting.

Waving your hand to step on your way,

Even the horse neighs for this parting.

(Trans. Wang Wen)



## 蟬

李商隱<sup>2</sup>

本以高難飽，  
徒勞恨費聲。  
五更疏欲斷，  
一樹碧無情。  
薄宦梗猶泛，  
故園蕪已平。  
煩君最相警，  
我亦舉家清。

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<sup>1</sup> 顧青. 唐詩三百首. 北京: 中華書局, 2005: 278.

<sup>2</sup> 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 20<sup>th</sup> century by the young Chinese writers for the imagist quality of his poems. He is particularly famous for his tantalizing “no title” poems.

Translation:

## **Cicada**

Li Shangyin

Hard enough to survive such high above,  
With resentment it chirps in vain.  
The intermittent cry lasts until the dawn,  
The tree stays indifferently green.  
I am drifting as humble peach wood,  
And my garden is drowned in weeds.  
Much obliged to the cicada's warning,  
My family is kept poor but clean.

(Trans. Chen Xiaohong)

## 蔔算子<sup>1</sup>

蘇軾<sup>2</sup>

缺月掛疏桐，  
漏斷人初靜。  
誰見幽人獨往來，  
飄渺孤鴻影。

尺起卻回頭，  
有恨無人省。  
揀盡寒枝不肯棲，  
寂寞沙洲冷。

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<sup>1</sup> 上彊村民. 宋詞三百首. 濟南: 齊魯出版社, 1998: 83.

<sup>2</sup> Su Shi (蘇軾, 1037-1101) was one of most famous Chinese poet of the Song Dynasty, born in Meishan of Sichuan Province.

Translation:

### **Tune: Divination<sup>1</sup>**

Su Shi

The waning moon hangs on sparse tung trees,  
With the stop of hourglass, no more sighs in deep night.  
A solitary recluse comes and goes, who sees?  
As he is just as an ethereal wild goose in misty light.

Suddenly startled, he turns back his head,  
For so many sorrows nobody can taste.  
No cold branches could make his bed,  
Alone, he makes his home on alluvion at last.

(Trans. Wang Wen)

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

## 黃浦江口<sup>1</sup>

郭沫若<sup>2</sup>

平和之鄉喲！  
我的父母之邦！  
岸草那麼青翠！  
流水這般嫩黃！

我倚著船欄遠望，  
平坦的大地如像海洋，  
除了一些青翠的柳波，  
全沒有山崖阻障。

小舟在波上簸揚，  
人們如在夢中一樣。  
平和之鄉喲！  
我的父母之邦！

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<sup>1</sup> 王文英。海上文學百家文庫——郭沫若卷。上海：上海文藝出版社，2010：77。

<sup>2</sup> Guo Moruo (郭沫若, 1892-1978), was one of the major cultural figures of modern China. He wrote prolifically in every genre, including poetry, fiction, plays, nine autobiographical volumes, translations of Western works, and historical and philosophical treatises, including a monumental study of ancient inscriptions.

Translation:

## **Estuary of Huangpu River**

Guo Moruo

The peaceful land, ho!  
    My birth place are thou!  
So verdant the grass is!  
    So light yellow the current is!

Leaning on boat rail, I view,  
    So oceanic the land shows.  
No mountains to obstacle,  
    Just some green willows to wander.

The boat fluctuates in wave,  
    So peacefully as men live in dreams.  
The peaceful land, ho!  
    My birth place are thou!

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

## 春潮<sup>1</sup>

郭沫若

睡在岸舟中望著雲濤，  
原始的漁人們搖著船兒去了。  
陽光中波湧著的松林，  
都在笑說著陽春已到！

我的靈魂喲！陽春已到！  
你請學著那森森的林木高標！  
自由地、剛毅地、穩慎地，  
高標出，向那無窮的蒼昊！

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<sup>1</sup>王文英. 海上文學百家文庫——郭沫若卷. 上海: 上海文藝出版社, 2010: 104.

Translation:

## **Spring Tide**

Guo Moruo

Lying in the boat, I watch waves of clouds,  
While artless fishermen paddle away.  
In sunshine, pinewood rushes forth,  
As if it rejoiced the coming of spring!

My soul, ho! The coming of spring!  
Try to learn that high mark of crowded trees!  
Freely, firmly, steadily,  
Mark out to that boundless sky!

(Trans. Zhao Gu)



## 小溪<sup>1</sup>

聞一多<sup>2</sup>

鉛灰色的樹影，  
是一長篇惡夢，  
橫壓在昏睡著的  
小溪的胸膛上。  
小溪掙扎著，掙扎著……  
似乎毫無一點影響。

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<sup>1</sup> 聞一多. 紅燭. 北京: 華夏出版社, 2010: 114.

<sup>2</sup> 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:

## **The Brook**

Wen Yiduo

The leaden shadow of a tree,  
Is a long horrible dream,  
Directly pushing on the chest  
Of the sleepy brook.  
It springs and screams.....  
Being influenced little.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

## 小河<sup>1</sup>

朱湘<sup>2</sup>

海是我的母親，  
我向伊的懷裏流去。  
一日，  
伊將抱著我倦了的身子，  
搖著，  
哼著催睡的歌兒；  
我的靈魂將化為輕雲，  
飄飄的騰入空際，  
——而以變形的落到地上，  
被伊的愛力吸落到地上了。  
陰陰春雨中  
遠處的泉聲活了。

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<sup>1</sup> 朱湘. 朱湘詩集. 成都: 四川文藝出版社, 1987: 13.

<sup>2</sup> Zhu Xiang (朱湘, 1904-1933), was a modern poet and a very important poet of Crescent School in the history of Chinese literature.

Translation:

## **The Stream**

Zhu Xiang

Sea is my mother,  
Whose bosom I flow into.  
One day,  
She will hold my tired body,  
Swaying,  
Singing a cradle song;  
My soul will turn into ethereal cloud,  
Swiftly wandering in the sky,  
——then in metamorphosis falling down on land,  
Because of the magnetic force of her love.  
In the mist spring rain,  
Retrieves the spring in a far distance.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

## 那一晚<sup>1</sup>

林徽因<sup>2</sup>

那一晚我的船推出了河心，  
澄藍的天上托著秘密的星。  
那一晚你的手牽著我的手，  
迷惘的星夜封鎖起重愁。  
那一晚你和我分定了方向，  
兩人各認取個生活的模樣。

到如今我的船仍然在海面飄，  
細弱的桅杆常在風濤裏搖。  
到如今太陽只在我背後徘徊，  
層層的陰影留守在我周圍。  
到如今我還記著那一晚的天，  
星光、眼淚、白茫茫的江邊！  
到如今我還想念你岸上的耕種：  
紅花兒黃花兒朵朵的生動。

那一天我希望要走到了頂層，  
蜜一般釀出那記憶的滋潤。  
那一天我要跨上帶羽翼的箭，  
望著你花園裏射一個滿弦。  
那一天你要聽到鳥般的歌唱，  
那便是我靜候著你的讚賞。  
那一天你要看到凌亂的花影，  
那便是我私闖入當年的邊境！

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<sup>1</sup> 林徽因. 北京：人民文學出版社，2002：204-205.

<sup>2</sup> Lin Huiyin (林徽因，1904-1955), a noted Chinese architect and writer in the 20th century, was considered 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:

## **That Night**

Lin Huiyin

That night my boat out of the river bend  
Dense stars held by the blue sky  
That night your hands holding my hands  
Heavy gloom blocked by the dazed starry night  
That night you and I separated In different directions,  
Resigned to double living patterns

Till now my boat still floats on the sea  
Thin mast often flickering in the waves and wind  
Till now the sun only lingers behind me  
Layers of shadows staying around me  
Till now I can still remember the sky of that night  
Starlight, tears and the vast white riverside!  
Till now I still miss your ploughing on the bank  
Red flowers, yellow flowers all flourishing and fluttering

One day I wish to go to the top  
Making nurturing memory like honey  
One day I shall take a winged arrow  
Shooting it to your garden on full stretch  
One day if you hear birdlike singing  
That is me waiting for your praise  
One day if you see trembling flower shadows,  
That is me, secretly invading your then boundary

(Trans. Lei Yanni)

## 斷送<sup>1</sup>

李金髮<sup>2</sup>

生角的長蛇，  
折羽的鷹隼，  
呵天國所有之兄弟，  
就你所找到的沙漠  
讓我們坐下。  
聽，廣杏的長天，  
在無主之大地裏，  
接受新月與微風的友誼，  
時日多了，  
自然夜狼與豪狗，  
撕散我們的軀體，  
拋擲殘骨在炎日之下，  
接受新月與微風的友誼。

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<sup>1</sup> 李金髮. 為幸福而歌 . 上海: 商務印刷館, 1925: 600.

<sup>2</sup> Li Jinfā (李金髮, 1900-1976), born in Meixian of Guangdong Province, was a modern poet and one of very important imaginative poets in the history of Chinese literature.

Translation:

## **Forfeiting**

Li Jinfa

Snakes with horns  
Eagles without wings,  
And all brothers in the heaven,  
In the desert you find,  
We sit.  
Listen, expansive sky  
On the unconquered land,  
Embracing the friendship of new moon and breeze.  
As the days ensued,  
Night wolves and feral dogs,  
Scatter our bodies without a strain,  
Exposing the remains under the burning sun,  
Embracing the friendship of new moon and breeze.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)



## 秋夜<sup>1</sup>

辛笛<sup>2</sup>

皓潔的月兒，  
高照著家鄉與此地；  
底事今夜，  
在淺深的灰雲中藏蔽！  
吹那瑟瑟的秋風，卻多意  
震動了我的嬌弱的心弦，  
把你我纏綿的心情暗遞！

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<sup>1</sup> 王聖思. 海上文學百家文庫——辛笛卷. 上海: 上海文藝出版社, 2010: 11.

<sup>2</sup> Xin Di (辛笛, 1912-2004), was a modern poet and a very important poet of Nine Grass School in the history of Chinese literature.

Translation:

## **Autumn Night**

Xin Di

Bright moon,

High above shines hometown and near;

Tonight,

In the cloud of dark or gray it hides!

Rustling autumn breeze blowing, but unwittingly

It stirs my delicate heartstring,

Having our lingering feeling delivered stealthily!

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

## Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

### John Wilkinson

John Wilkinson is an English poet born in London in 1953. As a child he lived in the wildest and remotest landscapes in England, on the coast of Cornwall and on Dartmoor. He was educated at Cambridge University where he studied under the distinguished poet J.H. Prynne, and did graduate work at Cambridge and Harvard. After university he worked for thirty years in mental health services in England, before moving to the United States to teach English Literature and Creative Writing first at the University of Notre Dame, and now at the University of Chicago where he is Chair of Creative Writing.

John Wilkinson has published nine major collections of poetry and a collection of critical essays. His most recent book is *Reckitt's Blue* (Seagull Books 2012) and his selected poems titled *The Universal Thicket* will appear in 2014. John Wilkinson usually writes in long sequences, and the poems translated here are unusual examples of short lyric poems. His poems notoriously resist translation, because they exploit the endless ambiguities of which English is capable, and because their coherence is often achieved by sound – an effect which it is difficult to reproduce in another language. Three years ago a group of distinguished French poets worked for three days to produce a first draft of a translation of a short poem by John Wilkinson into French. Therefore the translations that follow should be read as sketches from one angle of the original figures.

Here the eight poems are selected by John Wilkinson himself and translated by Zhao Gu.

## 約翰·威爾金斯

約翰·威爾金斯，1953年生於倫敦，英國詩人。孩提時，他成長於英格蘭荒遠且風景旖旎的康沃爾郡海岸和達特姆爾高原。少年時，他求學於劍橋大學並在著名詩人 J. H. 蒲齡恩的指導下學習研究詩歌，在劍橋大學和哈佛大學完成他的碩士學業。大學畢業後，他在英格蘭精神健康服務機構工作了三十年，然後移民美國。他先後在美國的聖母大學和芝加哥大學講授英國文學和創意寫作，現在為芝加哥大學創意寫作首席教授。

威爾金斯現業已出版九部主要詩歌集和一部批評論文集。他近年出版作品包括 2012 年海歐書屋出版的《RECKITT 之藍》和將於 2014 年面世的詩歌集《全球叢林》。威爾金斯慣於長句詩行創作，但本期選所均為他的短篇抒情詩的經典傑作。威爾金斯的詩歌一直以“不可譯”而令人望而卻步。其原因主要有兩方面：一方面由於他的詩歌旨在觸及英語語言歧義的無止境性，另一方面在於他詩歌的連貫是通過聲音來實現——而這一效果很難通過另一種語言捕獲。三年前，有一批傑出的法國詩人花費了三天時間才完成威爾金斯一首詩歌的翻譯草稿。其中不難窺得威爾金斯詩歌的翻譯之艱難。因此，本刊之譯本也僅是原在某一視角的翻譯與解讀。

以下八首诗作由威尔金斯本人亲自挑选，由赵嘏翻譯。

## **The Cages**

John Wilkinson

Suspend process, no, this is the suspend process

Transparent truth, this glares too transparently

The blanket burns and exercises habeas corpus

Gelatine wafers melt, the set

eternity of hooves, trotters, pointy feet, trembles,

sticking tongue to the palate.

Hunched on the pile somewhere, hooded breath

Opaque nib, such capillary acted on what spilt

Suspend process, no, this is the suspend process

Translation:

## 困籠

約翰·威爾金斯

懸擱的程式，確是懸擱的程式  
晶瑩真理，這分外晶瑩的光芒  
外罩點燃，考驗著人身保護法  
                  明膠晶體溶解，不變  
的躁動，顫抖，那纖細的爪子，  
                  舌尖僵直，緊貼硬齶。  
嘴裏某處高高隆起，蔽塞呼吸  
遲鈍的筆尖，蛛絲一般傾訴出  
懸擱之程式，確是懸擱之程式

## Unicorn Bait

John Wilkinson

There is no I except the I I will allow.

You will not hide your face except I hide it. I

know you want to spill what you withhold.

I and you will make a team, triumphant team,

I hold your truths –

team unicorn.

Except I hide your face it will not hide.

I hold your truths, a team you want to spill,

except what you withhold, triumphant I

you made. I will allow I know there is no I

but in her lap this cornet,

this burning weapon.

There is no I except the lapping I-face.

Translation:

## 獨角獸之誘餌

約翰·威爾金斯

若非我所容之我，世本無我存。  
若非我所隱君顏，顏本無處藏。  
若非君緘默，我知君願相傾訴。  
願與君結盟，名曰長勝師，  
君之真知我堅守——

獨角獸之隊

若非我所隱君顏，顏本無處藏。  
君願訴之長勝師，真知我堅守，  
若非君緘默，君本讓我獲功名。  
若非我所容之我，世本無我存。  
而今，嬌娃腿上軍號，  
這一熾熱的武器。  
若非我所容之我，世本無我存。



## Pure Cotton Buds

John Wilkinson

Over this channel, sharp pain  
crosses and retreats  
                  opening the channel.

                                  And again.

So painlessly the channel silts and binds.  
Pain rages back,  
unbinds earth by drilling wormways,  
                  opening the channel.

Yes I hear you

spreading out this murk to desiccate  
on hot sheets.

Mud-flats would be thin but apt to clarify,  
mud-flats would bind like silicate,  
                  glistening,

pathways are exposed across the trellis,  
earth's blade-shuttled breast  
                                  yields

what might soothe, if pilotless –  
I know your voice.

                  I see the condensation.

It was thought to have been condensed.  
Stretching, it feels, could be my specific.  
                  Anchor off. Reverse in.

Translation:

## 聖潔的蓓蕾

約翰·威爾金斯

穿越這荊叢，深深的刺痛

交織並消融

開闢其中。

迴圈反復。

荊棘毫無痛苦地叢生、繁盛。

苦痛的怒火再次觸燃，

艱辛開拓的日子解救了厚重的大地，

開闢出。

呵，我聽到了你

在滾燙的板上，將這陰鬱鋪張

直至風乾。

泥灘乾涸卻愈益明晰，

泥灘相接如鹽晶

生輝熠熠，

穿過方格田間，赤裸的大道坦露出，

大地條狀層疊的胸肌紋理

誕下

這舒緩平和的物狀，如若迷失——

我懂得你的聲音。

我識得你的結晶。

想來一切都已凝結成形。

或許延展才是我的個性。

拋錨。逆向。

## Victoria Soto, Teacher

John Wilkinson

Across dreaming continents  
a child's hand grips a child's shoulder,  
a child's stamped eyes  
stumble, and the broken  
children recombine in dreadful houses,  
scrabbling at the stuck  
doors, at the unfindable exits  
in houses grown-ups grow to diminish  
although trapped in them,  
cave or corridor or loft or dormitory,  
the shelved room with its cooling kiln.  
Children still assemble  
from sound and sight particles that drift  
amid grown-ups in open beds,  
as if their dreamt crush could relieve  
file on file of locked steps.

Translation:

## 維多利亞·索托老師

約翰·威爾金斯

穿越夢之域，

孩子的手緊擁他的雙臂，

遲重的眼睛

游離不定，受傷的孩子

簇擁在抑鬱的房間裏，

蜂擁向緊閉的房門，

在無處可尋的通道裏

長者漸次消逝遠離

雖然他們身陷囹圄於——

洞穴、通道、閣樓或舍房，

以及那冰冷空閒的小屋。

孩子們依舊相互推擠

在含混的聲音裏、模糊的視覺中，

在成長的溫床上，

似乎破皺的殘夢會舒緩

固化臺階上的層層文書。

## Formation

John Wilkinson

Who was warm stone,  
smelt of flint,  
felt like moss and lichen, my  
reflected mother.

Then falling at an angle  
chill rain promulgated,  
I claimed basalt for my so  
cheerful pillow,

pillow rock or mortar,  
neck brace  
or executioner's block.

All turns about –

through the night I  
dissolve in hot pumice,  
breathe basalt,  
cooling my made mother.

Translation:

## 構造

約翰·威爾金斯

誰是這溫暖的岩石

嗅之如燧石，

觸之如苔蘚或蕨草，

我思念的母親。

然而，冰冷的雨水宣稱

從某一角度的滑落，

我聲明堅岩是我

歡心的枕頭，

岩石般的臥枕，

頸上項圈

或劊子手的鐵砧。

而今，一切都化作——

長夜漫漫

我消溶在火熱的溶岩裏，

呼吸著堅岩，

冷卻了哺養我的母親。

## The Summons

John Wilkinson

The harbingers are come.

They web earth with their antennae

in gold, they pester

fluttering and fluent children,

mortals sought them out, a cathode

charge on the once dead.

Are we agreed? Does

attraction churn the earth with tongue-

twisting cast, whether

paddle or propellor or two soles:

are we agreed this is a mast

and not a spar bleaching –

how if the spar calls back the buzzing

voluble transmissions,

and positively

grounds our would-be forerunners.

Translation:

## 召喚

約翰·威爾金斯

預示即將顯現。

它們用觸鬚網住土地  
在金石裏，不斷糾纏著  
興奮不已的孩子們，

死神瞄上了它們，  
負極放電於死去的空寂。  
我們接受與否？  
這魅力攪動了好一個世界

僅是這整腳的一拋，  
無論船槳、螺旋或是兩艙底：  
我們還認同這就是船體  
而那不是漂白的桅杆——

如若桅杆召回  
那惱人不休的傳播，  
以及言辭鑿鑿，  
以我們祖輩為根基，又將如何。



## **In Sufferance**

John Wilkinson

Tree-lyres raise their tails  
behind the brilliant pasture.

Condensed matter  
visibly expands. The wood

that was stopped, sings.  
A bunch extends permission.

Open the shores, the banks.  
Open the obdurate. Light

outdoes its lighting,  
laid on the still concealed,

defying we creatures  
lit to shed our armature.

Soughing laps the tight trees.  
Whence does. Whence.

Translation:

## 默然

約翰·威爾金斯

在明媚的牧場背後，  
棕鳥炫耀著她的尾巴。

凝乳般的物象，  
漸次明朗起來。

在這片森林，停下高歌。  
一束光延續著許可。

暢開河岸，海濱。  
去除固執偏見。

陽光無盡地揮灑呵，  
照耀那依舊的隱密，

藐視這些凡人吧，  
照亮我們的無知。

唉歎遍佈這森然的叢林，  
源自何處。何處。

## Behaviour of Starlings

John Wilkinson

Fear tilts, as seven squalling neighbours  
    rush to crease an air corridor;  
joy does likewise, such innocence  
    funnels to the centre also.

Concentrations watch below. Outriders  
    shape their flanks – a place  
conceded screws its lock-step tight:  
    step change or revolution,  
crystal cake that's yanked from solution –  
    old régime or new arrays freeze.  
Look inward where high myriads  
    insinuate from falcon's swoop:

sky bears no scars, its motes disperse.  
    The straggler pinned to earth  
in ash or snow, identified,  
    his path is trenched low in hope.

Translation:

## 掠鳥的行跡

約翰·威爾金斯

恐懼來襲，猶如成群喧鬧的近鄰  
蜂擁塞堵空中廊道；  
淋浴歡欣，恍如流沙滴漏  
緩緩流淌默默無息。

它目不轉睛地俯視。  
牧人駐足側立——  
一席僅可容身休憩的小隅：  
革新或除舊，  
消溶中，凝結的水晶塊——  
舊政體或新行伍的精煉。  
它探尋鷹隼猛然間的飛撲  
所投射下的無限空間

蒼穹萬里無痕，塵埃四處蔓延。  
落伍的佇立在地上  
沙塵上或雪原裏，涇渭分明，  
希望中它的行跡深深印痕。

（趙嘏 譯）

## Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

### Cao Cao

Cao Cao (155 – 15 March 220), style name, Mengde(孟德), was a militarist, politician and a poet and Chancellor of the Eastern Han Dynasty who rose to great power in the final years of the dynasty. He laid the foundations for what was to become the state of Cao Wei and was posthumously honoured as "Emperor Wu of Wei". He was also skilled in poetry and martial arts and wrote many war journals.

Cao Cao was an accomplished poet, as were his sons Cao Pi and Cao Zhi. He was also a patron of poets such as Xu Gan. Of Cao Cao's works, only a remnant remain today. His verses, unpretentious yet profound, helped to reshape the poetic style of his time and beyond, eventually contributing to the poetry styles associated with Tang Dynasty poetry. Cao Cao, Cao Pi and Cao Zhi are known collectively as the "Three Caos". The Three Caos' poetry, together with additional poets, became known as the *Jian'an* style, which contributed eventually to Tang and later poetry. Cao Cao also wrote verse in the older four-character per line style characteristic of the *Classic of Poetry*. Burton Watson describes Cao Cao as: "the only writer of the period who succeeded in infusing the old four-character metre with any vitality, mainly because he discarded the archaic diction associated with it and employed the ordinary poetic language of his time." Cao Cao is also known for his early contributions to the Shanshui poetry genre, with his 4-character-per-line, 14-line poem "View of the Blue Sea" (as translated by Wai-lim Yip).

Here Cao Cao's eight poems are selected and translated by Dr. Long Jingyao.

## 曹操

曹操（155年—220年3月15日），字孟德。中國東漢末年著名的軍事家、政治家和詩人，曾擔任東漢丞相，後為魏王。其子曹丕稱帝后，追尊為武皇帝。

曹操詩歌在表現形式上往往有所創新，如“薤露行”、“蒿裏行”，古辭都是雜言，各曲僅為四句，曹操則改用五言來寫，各十六句。五言詩以外，又長於四言詩。《蒿裏行》原是雜言，曹操卻以五言重寫，非常成功。四言詩方面，本自《詩經》之後已見衰落，少有佳作，但曹操卻繼承了《國風》和《小雅》的傳統，反映現實，抒發情感。例如：《短歌行》、《步出夏門行》等均是四言詩之佳作，使四言詩重生而再放異彩。

此外，曹操還有不少其他文章傳世，例如《請追增郭嘉封邑表》、《讓縣自明本志令》、《與王修書》、《祀故太尉橋玄文》等，文字質樸，感情流露，流暢率真。指漢魏間曹操與其子曹丕、曹植。因他們政治上的地位和文學上的成就，對當時的文壇很有影響，所以後人合稱之為“三曹”。

以下八首是由龍靖遙博士選別翻譯。

## 齊桓

曹操

齊桓之功，為霸之首。

九合諸侯，一匡天下。

一匡天下，不以兵車。

正而不譎，其德傳稱。

Translation:

## **Duke Huan of Chi**

Cao Cao

Duke Huan of Chi dwarfed all his counterparts with what he had done;  
Nine times he pacified lords and rendered the messy land an orderly one.  
To achieve this feat he used neither weapons nor means mean and base,  
He being noble and upright, for his shining deeds people do laud and praise.



## 天地

曹操

天地何長久！

人道居之短。

世言伯陽，殊不知老；

赤松王喬，亦雲得道。

得之未聞，庶（孰）以壽考？

歌以言志，天地何長久！

Translation:

## **Heaven and Earth**

Cao Cao

How long and static, oh, the heaven and earth stay!

How short and mutable, oh, humans live like clay!

X'u Boyang is said to be immune to the cruel time,

Ch'isongzi and Wangqiao are also said to have their way.

To Say is not to prove, so how shall I figure out the truth?

I therefore express my troubled heart in this humble lay.

## 四時

曹操

四時更逝去，晝夜以成歲。

大人先天，而天弗違。

不戚年往，憂世不治。

存亡有命，慮之為蚩。

歌以言志，四時更逝去。

Translation:

## **Seasons**

Cao Cao

Oh how the four seasons on wings do take flight!

Oh how into years accumulates every day and night!

Knowing ways of Heaven, wise men cannot defy it,

I am anxious not to bar the time but to put the world right.

To die or to live is destined, and to worry is foolish,

Therefore in this humble lay I put my shallow insight.

## 戚戚

曹操

戚戚欲何念！

歡笑意所之。

壯盛智愚，殊不再來。

愛時進趣，將以惠誰？

泛泛放逸，亦同何為！

歌以言志，戚戚欲何念！

Translation:

## **Sorrow-Stricken**

Cao Cao

Sorrow-stricken, oh, I know not for what these tears are shed!

To smile, and to laugh, oh, this is what people want instead.

Strong, or prime, or clever, or stupid, no one lives twice,

By time-saving and ambitions what blessed end can be led?

What harms can indulging and loosening yourself bring about?

Therefore in this humble lay is put what desires to be said.

## 弦歌

曹操

弦歌感人腸，

四坐皆歡悅。

寥寥高堂上，

涼風入我室。

Translation:

## **Music and Songs**

Cao Cao

Music and songs are joyous and gay,

And all present enjoy listening to the lay.

But in the wide and high gathering hall,

Gusts of cold wind are going astray.



## 持滿

曹操

持滿如不盈，  
有德者能卒。  
君子多苦心，  
所愁不但一。

Translation:

## **Perfection**

Cao Cao

Perfection is defection, as every wise man knows,

Only the virtuous can come to a peaceful close.

Men of great honors are men of great concerns,

But every gentle presents a distinct caring Mose.

## 慊慊

曹操

慊慊下白屋，

吐握不可失。

眾賓飽滿歸，

主人苦不悉。

Translation:

## **A Heavy Heart**

Cao Cao

The host enter his shanty with a heavy heart,

He must behave and stick to every proper art.

Who knows what chores and pangs he is endure,

When the satiated guests for home are to depart?

## 比翼

曹操

比翼翔雲漢，

羅者安所羈？

沖靜得自然，

榮華何足為！

Translation:

## **Braving Clouds**

Cao Cao

Braving clouds the bird is flying in the sky,

How can a net such a free spirit suffice to tie?

An empty and even mind is the heir to Nature,

How can power and glory blind such a sharp eye?

(Trans. Long Jingyao)

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### **About *Verse Version***

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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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