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Chief editor: Zhang Guanghui

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Zhang Guangkui

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Contents

English-Chinese Version

1. The Smiling MouthCharles D'orleans (1-2)
2. Sudden Light.....Dante Gabriel Rossetti (3-4)
3. Gypsies.....John Clare (5-6)
4. When We Two Parted.....George Gordon Byron (7-10)
5. Eagle.....Alfred Tennyson (11-12)
6. In Time of "The Breaking of Nations"Thomas Hardy (13-14)
7. ElementalD. H. Lawrence(15-16)
8. One Perfect RoseDorothy Parker (17-18)
9. Memory.....William Butler Yeats (19-20)
10. The Second Bath.....Zhang Guangkui (21-22)

Chinese-English Version

1. To the Cicada.....Yu Shinan (23-24)
2. Tune: Magpie on a TwigFeng Yansi (25-26)
3. Golden-valley GardenDu Mu (27-28)
4. Leyou Tomb.....Li Shangyin (29-30)
5. Tune : Song of Midnight.....Li Yu (31-32)
6. Mid-Autumn.....Liu Bannong (33-34)
7. Moving and Static.....Lu Zhiwei (35-36)
8. In the Shadow of Rose.....Bing Xin (37-38)
9. Lean on Fence at Night.....Zong Baihua (39-40)
10. True or Virtual.....Tang Yaqi (41-42)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

William Shakespeare

| | |
|--------------------|---------|
| Introduction..... | (43) |
| 1. Sonnet 1..... | (45-46) |
| 2. Sonnet 18..... | (47-48) |
| 3. Sonnet 30..... | (49-50) |
| 4. Sonnet 71..... | (51-52) |
| 5. Sonnet 94..... | (53-54) |
| 6. Sonnet 116..... | (55-56) |
| 7. Sonnet 130..... | (57-58) |
| 8. Sonnet 146..... | (59-60) |

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Cao Zhi

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------|
| Introduction..... | (61) |
| 1. A Seven-Step Impromptu Poem..... | (63-64) |
| 2. A Poem with Its Title Lost..... | (65-66) |
| 3. Medley Lay..... | (67-68) |
| 4. Feelings..... | (69-70) |
| 5. To the Ying Brothers..... | (71-72) |
| 6. A Medley Lay..... | (73-74) |
| 7. To Wang Can..... | (75-76) |
| 8. All-Out Melancholy..... | (77-78) |

Poetics

| | |
|--|----------|
| 1. Preface to Mahas on Foreign Poets and Poetry..... | (79-86) |
| 2. Poetry and Nobility..... | (87-102) |

*To our honourable
poets, readers, and translators*

English-Chinese Version

The Smiling Mouth¹

Charles D'orleans ²

The smiling mouth and laughing eyen gray,
The breastes round and long small armes twain,
The handes smooth, the sides straight and plain,
Your feetes lit — what should I further say?
It is my craft when ye are far away
To muse thereon in stinting of my pain—
The smiling mouth and laughing eyen gray,
The breastes round and long small armes twain.
So would I pray you, if I durst or may,
The sight to see as I have seen,
Forwhy that craft me is most fain,
And will be to the hour in which I day—
The smiling mouth and laughing eyen gray,
The breastes round and long small armes twain.

1 Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter & Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). New York & London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 77.

2 Charles D'orleans (1391-1465) was Duke of Orléans from 1407. He is remembered as an accomplished medieval poet owing to the more than five hundred extant poems he produced, written in both French and English, during his 25 years spent as a prisoner of war.

Translation:

盈盈笑唇

查尔斯·奥尔良

盈盈笑唇，忧忧美眸，
丰润秀乳，纤长弱臂。
柔荑玉手，恬然绯颊，
冰洁纤足，文难尽述。
自尔远离，吾唯诗艺，
浸淫其中，漫漫思痛。——
盈盈笑唇，忧忧美眸，
丰润秀乳，纤长弱臂。
若君怜悯，允吾祈诺，
乞君回眸，犹似往昔。
奈何诗艺，徒然无益，
君之一顾，吾之终生。——
盈盈笑唇，忧忧美眸，
丰润秀乳，纤长弱臂。

(赵嘏译)

Sudden Light¹

Dante Gabriel Rossetti²

I have been here before,
But when or how I cannot tell:
I know the grass beyond the door,
The sweet keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before,
How long ago I may not know:
But just when at that swallow's soar
Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall — I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our love restore
In death's despite,
And day and night yield one delight once more?

1 Margaret Ferguson, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 1105.

2 Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882) was an English poet, illustrator, painter and translator. He founded the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in 1848 with William Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais.

Translation:

灵光

但丁·加布利埃尔·罗塞蒂

此地依稀旧踪迹，
 何时何故难再忆：
犹记门前草萋萋，
 幽香阵阵甜如蜜，
灯火迷离浪叹息。

 曾赢芳心两相知，
天长日久无从提：
 蓦地飞燕忽惊起
佳人顾盼回首疾，
轻纱落地成追忆。

莫非前情真如此？
 时光轮回转瞬逝
与卿重温旧相思
 何妨忘却生与死，
昼夜欢愉复如斯？

（傅霞 译）

Gypsies¹

John Clare²

The snow falls deep; the forest lies alone;
The boy goes hasty for his load of brakes,
Then thinks upon the fire and hurries back;
The gypsy knocks his hands and tucks them up,
And seeks his squalid camp, half hid in snow,
Beneath the oak which breaks away the wind,
And bushes close in snow like hovel warm;
There tainted mutton wastes upon the coals,
And the half-wasted dog squats close and rubs,
Then feels the heat too strong, and goes aloof;
He watches well, but none a bit can spare,
And vainly waits the morsel thrown away.
'Tis thus they live—a picture to the place,
A quiet, pilfering, unprotected race.

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

2 John Clare (1793-1864) was an English poet. His poetry underwent a major re-evaluation in the late 20th century and he is often now considered to be among the most important 19th-century poets.

Translation:

吉普赛人

约翰·克莱尔

积雪厚厚，森林孤没；
举步艰难的男孩行色匆匆，
想起了壁火，他急忙返折；
吉普赛人拍拍他的手紧紧攥一起，
寻找他那泥泞的憩地，一半掩在雪里，
在一株可以抵挡狂风的橡树下，
大雪覆盖的灌木像一个暖棚；
已不新鲜的羊肉闲挂在燃煤的上方，
病残的老狗凑近蹲下蹭擦，
它感到炉火太热，便姗姗走开；
他平静地注视着，丁点肉都不曾施舍，
他徒劳地等着任何可能丢来的食物。
这就是他们的生活——方寸景图，
安然，行窃，毫无保障的种族。

（赵嘏译）

When We Two Parted¹

George Gordon Byron²

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broked-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Suck chill on my brow—
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

1 Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter & Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). New York & London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 835.

2 George Gordon Byron (1779–1824) was one of the most famous English romantic poets.


Translation:

我俩离别时

乔治·戈登·拜伦

我俩离别时，
 默默泪朦胧。
凄凄破碎心，
 数载难相逢。
冰颊失润色，
 汝吻冰愈透。
是时方预言，
 此时之悲痛。

清晨凝寒露，
 寒彻吾眉骨——
仿似戒告吾，
 此刻何感触。
盟誓俱破灭，
 声明皆轻浮；
声声闻汝名，
 刻刻担其辱。



They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

Translation:

吾前人唤汝，
 丧钟贯吾耳；
颤栗袭吾身——
 曾汝何挚爱。
人不知吾知，
 吾知汝至此——
久久吾懊悔，
 深切难道出。

暗暗中相会——
 默默中哀痛
汝心尽忘却，
 汝情皆欺蒙。
待时过经年，
 与汝再相逢，
不知怎开口？——
 默默泪朦胧。

(唐亚琪 译)

Eagle¹

Alfred Tennyson²

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

1 Christopher Ricks, ed. *Selected Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson*. New York & London: Penguin Books Ltd, 2007: 205.

2 Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892) was often regarded as the chief representative of Victorian Age in Poetry. His representative works include *Idylls of King*, *Ulysses* and so on.

Translation:

鹰

阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生

弓曲双爪紧扣巉岳；
独处万仞与日比肩，
四围空旷威于蔚蓝。

脚下寂海波泛纹动；
壁立万壑聚神远凝，
万钧雷霆猛然俯冲。

（赵嘏译）

In Time of “The Breaking of Nations”¹

Thomas Hardy²

1

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

2

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

3

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War’s annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

1 Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter & Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). New York & London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 1161.

2 Thomas Hardy (1840-1928) was an English novelist and poet. A Victorian realist in the tradition of George Eliot, he was influenced both in his novels and in his poetry by Romanticism, especially William Wordsworth.

Translation:

山河破碎之际

托马斯·哈代

一

唯余一人还在犁地
迟缓无声蹒跚前行
独有一匹老马蹒跚相随
一人一马半寐半醒。

二

唯有一缕孤烟寂寂
从茅草垛中升起；
延续着亘古不变的真理
纵然朝代几经更替。

三

远方的少女和她的情郎
私语着途径这里：
战争的硝烟终将沉入暮色
未及他们的故事隐匿。

（谢杨洁 译）

Elemental¹

D. H. Lawrence²

Why don't people leave off being lovable
Or thinking they are lovable, or wanting to be lovable,
And be a bit elemental instead?

Since man is made up of the elements
Fire, and rain, and air, and live loam
And none of these is lovable
But elemental,
Man is lop-sided on the side of the angels.

I wish men would get back their balance among the elements
And be a bit more fiery, as incapable of telling lies
As fire is.

I wish they'd be true to their own variation, as water is,
Which goes through all the stages of steam and stream and ice
Without losing its head.

I am sick of lovable people,
Somehow they are a lie.

1 Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter & Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). New York & London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 1288.

2 D. H. Lawrence (1885-1930) was an English novelist, poet, playwright, essayist, literary critic and painter.

Translation:

自然元素

D·H·劳伦斯

为何人们非要显得可爱
或认为自己可爱，或想要变得可爱，
而不能多一些自然？

人是由自然元素组成
火、水、气、土
这些都不可爱
却是自然的，
所以人总倾斜往天使的一方。

我希望人们能在自然元素中寻回平衡，
多些炽热，这样就不会说谎，
像火一样。
我希望他们能诚对自身的变化，像水一样，
幻变于各种形态，汽、水、冰
却不会晕头转向。

我讨厌可爱的人，
总觉得，他们是一个谎。

（唐亚琪译）

One Perfect Rose¹

Dorothy Parker ²

A single flow'r he sent me, since we met.
All tenderly his messenger he chose;
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew still wet—
One perfect rose.

I knew the language of the floweret;
“My fragile leaves,” it said, “his heart enclose.”
Love long has taken for his amulet
One perfect rose.

Why is it no one ever sent me yet
One perfect limousine, do you suppose?
Ah no, it's always just my luck to get
One perfect rose.

1 Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter & Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). New York & London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005: 1391.

2 Dorothy Parker (1893-1967) was an American poet, short story writer, critic and satirist, best known for her wit, wisecracks, and eye for 20th-century urban foibles.

Translation:

一朵完美的玫瑰

桃乐丝·帕克尔

我们相遇时，他送了我单单一支花，
他细心挑选信使将爱意表达；
深情的，纯洁的，含着芬芳湿露的——
一朵完美的玫瑰。

我懂这朵小花儿的话，
“我柔弱的叶子，裹着他的心花。”
爱久久以之为他的护身符，
一朵完美的玫瑰。

为何我至今还不曾收到过
一辆完美的豪轿，你说？
啊，不！我总是倒霉地收到
一朵完美的玫瑰。

（唐亚琪 译）

Memory¹

William Butler Yeats²

One had a lovely face
And two or three had charm
But charm and face were in vain
But the mountain grass
Cannot but keep the form
Where the mountain hare has lain.

1 Richard J. Finneran, ed. Scribner (Second Edition). New York: Scribner, 1997: 150.

2 William Butcher Yeats (1865-1939) was an Irish poet, one of the foremost figures of 20th century literature, and a pillar of both the Irish and British literary establishments. His poetry collections include *Crossways*, *The Rose*, *The Wind Among the Reeds* and *The Seven Woods* and so on.

Translation:

记忆

威廉·巴特勒·叶芝

那一个生的容貌美娇
另两三显得魅力无比
可魅力与娇颜都枉然
只因山上青葱的百草
仅可存留往昔的形姿
在此山兔曾伏卧仰站。

（赵嘏译）

The Second Bath

Zhang Guangkui¹

I am surrounded by the mountains
Which are located just in Spa Town.
Mountains are breathing from hairs,
And each is steaming on its crown.

The second Bath the second time,
I'm Roman to bathe and conquer
With younger beauty on its prime.
Mountains' mammary, me sucker.

Spa Town, Wednesday, May 7, 2014

¹ Zhang Guangkui (张广奎), a poet, translator and Professor of Literature at Guangdong University of Finance & Economics.

Translation:

另巴斯

张广奎

山环绕围腹中心，
偷闲再于温泉镇。
青山呼吸枝为发，
云蒸雾汽降山襟。

似又身临另巴斯，
执起当年罗马矢，
携美邀丽掠春青，
山乳濛濛诱慰恣。

二〇一四年五月七日

(张广奎 译)

Chinese-English Version

蝉¹

虞世南²

垂绥饮清露，
流响出疏桐。
居高声自远，
非是藉秋风。

1 周啸天. 唐宋绝句鉴赏辞典. 合肥: 安徽文艺出版社, 2010: 1.

2 Yu Shinan (虞世南, 558-638) was one of the four greatest calligraphers in early Tang Dynasty along with Ouyang Xun, Chu Suiliang and Xue Ji. He was also a paramount official, litterateur and well known Confucian scholar in Emperor Taizong of Tang's era.

Translation:

To the Cicada

Yu Shinan

The cicada drinks fresh dew drooping his tassel-like antennae.
His sounds flow liquidly and smoothly from the spare phoenix tree.
It is for his own high dwelling that his voice spreads far and wide,
Not for the power outside of the autumn wind.

(Trans. Liu Manling)

鹊踏枝¹

冯延巳²

庭院深深深几许。

杨柳堆烟，

帘幕无重数。

玉勒雕鞍游冶处，

楼高不见章台路。

雨横风狂三月暮。

门掩黄昏，

无计留春住。

泪眼问花花不语，

乱红飞过秋千去。

1 李煜. 李煜词集. 上海: 上海古籍出版社, 2013: 118.

2 Feng Yansi (冯延巳, 903-960) was a Chinese poet in Southern Tang state.

Translation:

Tune: Magpie on a Twig¹

Feng Yansi

The courtyard is so deep and serene.
Willows are in piles of fog,
Like curtains upon curtains, unable to assess.
His luxurious gharry wanders to courtesan quarters,
My eyesight being hindered to see the road to amuse.

The wind and rain in the late April storms.
The door shuts the dusk inside,
But fails to make the spring pause.
My tearful eyes question the flowers with no response,
Just around the swing a riot of the falling redness flies.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

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

金谷园¹

杜牧²

繁华事散逐香尘，
流水无情草自春。
日暮东风怨啼鸟，
落花犹似坠楼人。

1 周啸天. 唐宋绝句鉴赏辞典. 合肥: 安徽文艺出版社, 2010: 429.

2 Du Mu (杜牧, 803-852) was a leading Chinese poet of the late Tang Dynasty. He was skilled in poem, fu and ancient Chinese prose. One of his best-known poems is "Qingming Festival".

Translation:

Golden-valley Garden

Du Mu

The past luxuriousness is faded by with fragrant dust,
The river flows coldly and grass grows lonely in spring.
The dusk comes with the east wind with birds' mournful singing,
Th' withering flower is just like th' one falling from a building. ¹

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

¹ "Th' one falling from a building" refers to "Green Pearl", one of beautiful Shi Chong's concubines in the Western Jin Dynasty.

乐游原¹

李商隐²

向晚意不适，
驱车登古原。
夕阳无限好，
只是近黄昏。

1 周啸天. 唐宋绝句鉴赏辞典. 合肥: 安徽文艺出版社, 2010: 445.

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

Translation:

Leyou Tomb¹

Li Shangyin

At nightfall, falling in low spirits,
I climb'd the ancient tomb by a gharry.
Th' setting sun is full of infinite beauty,
But declines to the ending of the day.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

¹ "Leyou Tomb" is a famous scenic spot in Xi'an city, Shanxi Province.

子夜歌¹

李煜²

人生愁恨何能免，
销魂独我情何限。
故国梦重归，
觉来双泪垂。

高楼谁与上？
长记秋晴望。
往事已成空，
还如一梦中。

1 李煜. 李煜词集. 上海: 上海古籍出版社, 2013: 12.

2 Li Yu (李煜, 937-978) was the third ruler of the Southern Tang state during imperial China's Five Dynasties and Ten Kingdoms period. He was a representative lyric poet during his era, even to the extent of having been called the "first true master" of the ci form.

Translation:

Tune: Song of Midnight

Li Yu

How can one get away with the misery of life?

In incessant sorrow I sleep all by myself.

I returned to my homeland in dream veritably,

But woke up with sad tears silently.

To the lofty tower who'll step up with me?

Long remember the days when we climbed high in autumn sunny.

The past vanishes without being traced,

Like a dream that quickly passed.

(Trans. Wang Wen)

中秋¹

刘半农²

中秋的月光，
被一层薄雾，
白濛濛的遮着。

暗而且冷的皇城根下，
一辆重车，
一头疲乏的骡，
慢慢的拉着。

1 姜涛. 中国新诗总系 (1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2010: 32.

2 Liu Bannong (刘半农, 1891-1934) was a Chinese linguist and poet. His love song, "Tell me how to stop thinking of her", was a "pop hit" in the 1930s in China.

Translation:

Mid-Autumn

Liu Bannong

Moonlight on the Mid-Autumn

Is hazily concealed

By a layer of mist.

At the root of imperial city dark and cold,

A heavy carriage,

A fatigue mule,

Is slowly dragging.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

动与静¹

陆志韦²

夏天没有到，
知了先知了；
抱了杨柳条，
隔月不换调。
这叫做半生半死，
这就是老生不老。
据我冷眼看来，
这也是菩罗门的大道。
下山来，泉水汇合了河水，
浪花回打到杜鹃花上。
一群鲫鱼在那里回绕，
翻起一大堆七彩的光。
知了十几年的梦生活
还比不上鲫鱼这一刻。

1 姜涛. 中国新诗总系 (1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2010: 112.

2 Lu Zhiwei (陆志韦, 1894 -1970) was a famous Chinese psychologist and linguist. He is 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 the Modern Chinese poetry, influenced by a more vernacular style and by international developments in poetry.

Translation:

Moving and Static

Lu Zhiwei

Summer arrives not yet,
Whittle the cicada has known already;
It has the willow hugged,
The tone for double months without changing.
This is half-alive and half-dead,
And this is ever-alive and never-aged.
Indifferently as I see it,
This is also the Solomon's Road.
Down the hill, the spring joins the river,
Spindrift splashing onto azalea.
A shoal of crucians are circling around,
Evoking sparkly colourful light.
The cicada's a dozen years of dream life
Can not be compared with crucians' moment.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

玫瑰的荫下¹

冰心²

衣裳上，
书页上，
都闪烁着
叶底细碎的朝阳。

我折下一朵来，
等着——等着，
浓红的花瓣，
正好衬她雪白的衣裳。

冰凉的石阶，
坐着——坐着，
等她不来，
只闻见手里
玫瑰的幽香！

1 姜涛. 中国新诗总系 (1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2010: 112.

2 Bing Xin (冰心, 1900-1999) was a pen name of Xie Wanying, one of the most prolific Chinese writers of the 20th Century. Many of her works were written for young readers.

Translation:

In the Shadow of Rose

Bing Xin

On the clothes,
On the pages,
All glints
The sprinkling morn' sunshine under leaves.

I pick up a bud,
Waiting—waiting,
Crimson petals,
Perfectly matching her snow-white clothes.

In cold stone footsteps,
Sitting—sitting,
For her late coming,
Only smell the perfume,
Of the roses in my hands!

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

深夜倚栏¹

宗白华²

一时间，
觉得我的微躯，
是一颗小星，
莹然万星里，
随着星流。
一会儿，
又觉着我的心，
是一张明镜，
宇宙的万星，
在里面灿着。

1 姜涛. 中国新诗总系 (1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2010: 112.

2 Zong Baihua (宗白华, 1897 -1986) was a Chinese aesthetician, philosopher, and poet, known as the “forerunner and pioneer of modern aesthetics in China”.

Translation:

Lean on Fence at Night

Zong Baihua

At a glimpse,
Feel my humble body,
Like a little star,
Glaring among thousands of stars,
Following the flow of stars.
For a while,
Feel my heart as well,
Like a bright mirror,
Reflecting thousands of stars,
Sparkling in it.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)



实与幻

唐亚琪¹

夜太黑
那是谁的眼
一只犀利
一只迷离

强光太刺眼
那是谁的影
你说
那不是影是魂灵

帽檐耷拉着
这样就可以遮住天
阴影下的表情
上帝都看不见

亲爱的陌生人
请不要记住我
你就不会讶异
我曾在你梦里出现

¹ Tang Yaqi (唐亚琪), a young poet and translator at Guangdong University of Finance & Economics.

Translation:

True or Virtual

Tang Yaqi

Too dark is the night.
The eyes of whose,
One pierces,
The other in mist.

The glare is in full dazzle.
That is whose shadow?
You know,
Instead of shadow it is soul

Droop the cap low,
Then it can shut the sky out.
Expressions under the shade,
Even the God can not know.

Stranger dear,
Remember me not please.
Then you will find no surprise,
That I did ever in your dreams appear.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

William Shakespeare

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was an English poet, playwright and actor, widely regarded as the greatest writer in the English language and the world's pre-eminent dramatist, and often called England's national poet. He was born in 1564, in Stratford-on-Avon, and died in 1616, buried in Stratford Church.

Shakespeare's extant works, consist of about 38 plays, 154 sonnets, two long narrative poems, and a few other verses. His plays have been translated into every major language in the world, and are performed more often than those of any other playwrights. Shakespeare produced most of his known work between 1589 and 1613. His early plays were mainly comedies and histories. He then wrote mainly tragedies until about 1608, including *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, considered some of the finest works in the English language. In his last phase, he wrote tragicomedies, also known as romances, and collaborated with other playwrights.

Here the eight sonnets from *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter & Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*, Fifth Edition. New York & London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005) are selected and translated by Professor Zhang Guangkui.

威廉·莎士比亚

威廉·莎士比亚（1564-1616）是一位英国诗人、剧作家、演员，普遍被认为是最伟大的英文作家和世界杰出的剧作家，同时常被称为英格兰的民族诗人。他生于1564年的英格兰斯特拉福德的埃文河畔，逝于1616年，安葬在斯特拉福德教堂。

他现存的作品包括38部戏剧、154首十四行诗、2首长叙事诗和其他诗歌。他的戏剧有各种主要语言的译本，且表演次数远远超过其他任何戏剧家的作品。1589年到1613年是莎士比亚的创作的黄金时代。他的早期剧本主要是喜剧和历史剧。此后到1608年他主要创作悲剧，包括《奥赛罗》、《哈姆雷特》、《李尔王》和《麦克白》，被认为是英语文学的最佳范例。在他人生最后阶段，他开始创作悲喜剧，又称为传奇剧，并与其他剧作家合作。

此处的8首十四行诗选自 *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter & Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry*, Fifth Edition. New York&London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc, 2005), 由张广奎教授翻译。

Sonnet 1

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory;
But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding:
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

Translation:

—

绝色生灵，但求繁盛，
娇艳玫瑰，永不凋零，
鼎盛则败，自然随命，
生生不息，代代传承；
钟爱自身，绵绵眸情，
自燃激情，烈焰浓浓，
富庶之地，遍野饥荒，
自残自缠，自绵受践。
大地清馨，你为缀点，
你是春使，芳春前线，
花蕊娇嫩，葬于蓓蕾，
吝色之鬼，反而浪费：

怜惜尘世，勿做馋鬼，
贪得无厌，萧条墓碑。

Sonnet 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st:
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Translation:

十八

容我将你比，您是华似夏；
华夏稍逊色，而你如美画。
狂暑风暴曳，芽嫩遭践踏；
炎夏如短契，匆促如健马。
骄阳炎酷热，天目人惧怕；
时有云盖掩，金脸常暗蜡。
颜美难保驻，终会成砾瓦；
天道来诋毁，机遇时镇轧。
然你同永夏，从不花落谢；
柔雅失不去，尊容从不灭。
亡鬼虽自傲，无胆一蔑瞥；
因只于韵里，您会同日列：
 唯要人类在，眸就能看写；
 诗韵存与共，芳命华烨烨。

Sonnet 30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since canceled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.

Translation:

三十

甜思美想，每每出现，
历历召唤，往昔纪念，
慨叹多多，得失聚散，
旧痛新伤，蹉跎时间：
欲盖弥彰，泪眼汪汪，
挚友长眠，黑夜茫茫，
重温旧爱，悲情照样，
悲惋情伤，淡隐景象：
过往痛伤，心烦哀伤，
顿首痛惜，痛哭场场，
哀哀连连，昔情旧账，
新帐付还，犹未曾偿。

好朋挚友，美美思念，
往昔浮现，心伤复原。

Sonnet 71

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
Oh, if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

Translation:

七一

吾死去，莫伤悲，
惨兮兮，丧钟鸣：
告世人，吾寿终，
绝浊世，伴蛆虫：
读诗行，勿想起
此手笔；吾爱深，
君心田，祈相忘，
若想起，必泪忙。
于未来，阅此行，
吾或亡，入泥壤，
卑贱名，莫嘟囔，
君之爱，与吾葬；
 尘世明，窥君伤，
 吾离世，戏君丧。

Sonnet 94

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die,
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Translation:

九四

谁人有力不伤人，
谁之有爱不做爱，
谁使动情已如冰，
无动于衷拒诱能；
方能承受天恩宠，
善藏造化之富康；
遂成己之主人翁，
他人便为己家奴。
夏芳熏得夏馥芳，
自开自落己自忙，
花若沾染恶之毒，
贱草也要蔑其俗：

香甜也会变臭酸；

百合朽腐甚草烂。

Sonnet 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
Oh, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Loves not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Translation:

一一六

两厢爱，若结合，
绝无碍；风转舵，
志不坚，非真缘，
或转弯，便不念。
如灯塔，固又坚，
临风暴，自岿然；
舟迷航，星不变，
量多高，值多远。
爱即爱，恶时间，
红唇烂，于其镰！
分秒转，爱不变，
爱毅然，末巍然。

吾若非，愿知罪，
未曾书，人无爱。

Sonnet 130

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damasked, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

Translation:

一三〇

情人眼睛非似阳，
珊瑚之色赛唇芳，
如雪白，胸无光，
似铁丝，发婆娑。
锦玫瑰，红白错，
颜面不现玫瑰火；
芳香提神阵阵啜，
情人呼吸无芳漾。
其言悦，我知详，
音乐远胜其音噪；
自知未曾遇女神，
自明情人行于尘。

天作证，吾誓言：
吾爱情人过天仙。

Sonnet 146

Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
Lord of these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

Translation:

一四六

吾魂卑怜，罪躯中坚，
叛逆之力，将你戏扮，
何以忍饥，内心萎蔫，
外表饰粉，如此丽艳？
租期短短，代价翻翻，
大厦将倾，何为消度？
后嗣蛆虫，奢侈继承，
噬光血肉，躯之尽头？
灵魂维系，靠依腐躯，
任其消瘦，藏积已存；
滴磨时间，交换恒远；
外表堂堂，勿忘内养。

死神噬人，你噬死神，

死神一死，不再死人。

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Cao Zhi

Cao Zhi (192-232), style name Zijian (子建) was a prince of the state of Cao Wei in the Three Kingdoms period, and a son of Cao Cao. As Cao Zhi once engaged his elder brother Cao Pi in a power struggle to succeed their father, he was ostracised by his victorious brother after the latter became the emperor and established Wei. In his later life, Cao Zhi was not allowed to meddle in politics, despite his many petitions to seek office.

Cao Zhi was an accomplished poet in his time. His poetry style, greatly revered during the Jin Dynasty and Southern and Northern Dynasties, came to be known as the Jian'an style, which contributed eventually to Tang and later poetry. Cao Zhi, together with his father Cao Cao, and brother Cao Pi, are known collectively as the “Three Caos”.

These poems are selected and translated by Long Jingyao from *The Collected Poems of Three Caos* (曹操, 曹丕, 曹植. 三曹诗选. 太原: 三晋出版社, 2008.) and *The Source of Ancient Poems* (沈德潜. 古诗源. 北京: 华夏出版社, 2001).

曹 植

曹植（192 — 232），字子建，三国时期曹魏的一位王子，其父是魏武帝曹操。由于和兄长曹丕争夺王位继承，在曹丕即位后，曹植被放逐。曹植晚年在朝政上不得志，尽管多次上荐。

曹植是一位才华横溢的诗人，其诗风是人们所熟知的对唐代和后来的诗歌影响深远的建安文学，在晋朝和南北朝时期受到极大的崇拜。他与父亲曹操、兄长曹丕合称为“三曹”。

此处诗歌选自《三曹诗选》和《古诗源》由龙靖遥博士翻译。

七步诗

曹植

煮豆持作羹，
漉菽以为汁。
萁在釜下燃，
豆在釜中泣。
本是同根生，
相煎何太急？

Translation:

A Seven-Step Impromptu Poem

Cao Zhi

Soya beans are cooked to gain soup,
And crushed pulp is squeezed to make goop.
Stalks are burning under the pot,
And beans above are made to whoop.
Do we not come from the same roots?
Why thus corner one of your group?

失题诗

曹植

双鹤俱遨游，
相失东海傍。
雄飞窜北朔，
雌惊赴南湘。
弃我交颈欢，
离别各异方。
不惜万里道，
但恐天网张。

Translation:

A Poem with Its Title Lost

Cao Zhi

Two loving cranes were flying side by side,
Then they lost each other near the East Sea.
The male has gone to the north out of fear,
And the female has fled to the south quay.
Both have abandoned their own beloveds,
And are set apart for ten thousand li.
Neither grudges traveling the long way,
But for the sky snares no one can foresee.

杂诗

曹植

南国有佳人，
容华若桃李。
朝游江北岸，
夕宿潇湘沚。
时俗薄朱颜，
谁为发皓齿？
俯仰岁将暮，
荣耀难久恃。

Translation:

A Medley Lay

Cao Zhi

South of the River there lives a beauty,
Who's as fair as peaches and plums in bloom.
In the morning she roams on the north bank;
At dusk on the south marsh she makes her room.
As fairness is despised at this moment,
For whom her look she is going to groom?
Old age will soon be on its way to us,
And how can she sustain her shining boom?

情诗

曹植

微阴翳阳景，
清风飘我衣。
游鱼潜渌水，
翔鸟薄天飞。
眇眇客行士，
徬役不得归。
始出严霜结，
今来白露晞。
游者叹黍离，
处者歌式微。
慷慨对嘉宾，
凄怆内伤悲。

Translation:

Feelings

Cao Zhi

With filmy clouds blocking the radiant sun,
The cool breeze sends my clothes into the air.
Fish are sidling in the green water,
And high above birds are flying in pair.
For those serving corvees away from home,
People able to return home are rare.
When they first set off thick frost froze the ground,
And now white dews are dry with mountains bare.
Tramps are sighing to the rampant millets,
And hermits are singing of wasted flair.
Facing guests I fail to bar my feelings,
And I give myself to angst and despair.

送应氏

曹植

清时难屡得，
嘉会不可常。
天地无终极，
人命若朝霜。
愿得展嬿婉，
我友之朔方。
亲昵并集送，
置酒此河阳。
中馈岂独薄？
宾饮不尽觞。
爱至望苦深，
岂不愧中肠？
山川阻且远，
别促会日长。
愿为比翼鸟，
施翮起高翔。

Translation:

To the Ying Brothers

Cao Zhi

Peaceful times do not come continuously,
And happy reunions are rarely seen.
There is no limit to the earth and sky,
But human life is like frost in its teen.
When dear friends are leaving for the distance,
I wish I could control my troubled spleen.
A feast is held at the Hereon ferry,
And friends are gathering in fare-well sheen.
Are the foods and drinks too bad for your taste?
On boozing guests do not seem to be keen.
So deep in love, sorrow and nostalgia,
On the side of indulgence who would lean?
With mountains setting us far, far apart,
Parting set, when to meet can't be foreseen.
Oh that we were twin birds in the sky;
For braving high clouds our wings we could preen!

杂诗

曹植

高台多悲风，
朝日照北林。
之子在万里，
江湖迥且深。
方舟安可极，
离思故难任！
孤雁飞南游，
过庭长哀吟。
翘思慕远人，
愿欲托遗音。
形影忽不见，
翩翩伤我心。

Translation:

A Medley Lay

Cao Zhi

The high terrace is full of whining wind,
And the morning sun is on the north wood.
My dear friend is ten thousand miles away,
And the rivers and lakes are deep and crude.
How can the twin ships arrive where you are?
It is hard for this missing to be stood.
A solitary swan is flying south,
Moaning above me in a plaintive mood.
Looking up at it, I begin to miss you,
Wishing it could to you my mind allude.
It's gone, vanishing into the thin air,
Throwing me back into this gloomy mood.

赠王粲

曹植

端坐苦愁思，
揽衣起西游。
树木发春华，
清池激长流。
中有孤鸳鸯，
哀鸣求匹俦。
我愿执此鸟，
惜哉无轻舟。
欲归忘故道，
顾望但怀愁。
悲风鸣我侧，
羲和逝不留。
重阴润万物，
何惧泽不周。
谁令君多念，
自使怀百忧。

Translation:

To Wang Can

Cao Zhi

Sitting still, I am laden with sorrows,
And putting on clothes, I am roaming west.
Spring coming, trees and grass are in full bloom,
And water is brimming the pond with zest.
In the pond there is a bereft lovebird,
Whining for a partner to share its nest.
I long to get close to this lonely bird,
But there is no fast boat to my request.
I wish to go back but forget my way;
Looking about, I feel sad and repressed.
The melancholy wind keeps roaring by,
And the sun-god never stays for a rest.
The benign clouds shed rain for all beings,
And see that nothing is shamefully messed.
Why be harassed with unfounded worries,
And hence push your concerns up to the crest?

七哀诗

曹植


明月照高楼，
流光正徘徊。
上有愁思妇，
悲叹有余哀。
借问叹者谁？
云是宕子妻。
君行逾十年，
孤妾常独栖。
君若清路尘，
妾若浊水泥。
浮沉各异势，
会合何时谐？
愿为西南风，
长逝入君怀。
君怀良不开，
贱妾当何依？

Translation:

All-Out Melancholy

Cao Zhi

The moon is shining on the mansion high,
And its pure lights are roaming to and fro.
There lives a love-sick dame up over there,
In whose gloomy life excess sorrows grow.
Who, pray, is this lady that keeps sighing?
She says, "I am an unworthy tramp's doe.
He has been away for more than ten years,
Leaving me wither alone in ways slow.
My husband is the dust on the highway,
And I am the murky dirt base and low.
Each is on his respective rise and fall,
And when we can meet I shall never know.
I wish to be the gentle southeast wind,
Which into his alien arms is to blow.
But he forever seals his callous chest.
To whom for the final rest shall I go?



*To our
honourable poetry scholars*

献给
所有的诗歌研究者



Poetics

Preface to Mahas on Foreign Poets and Poetry¹

Long Jingyao

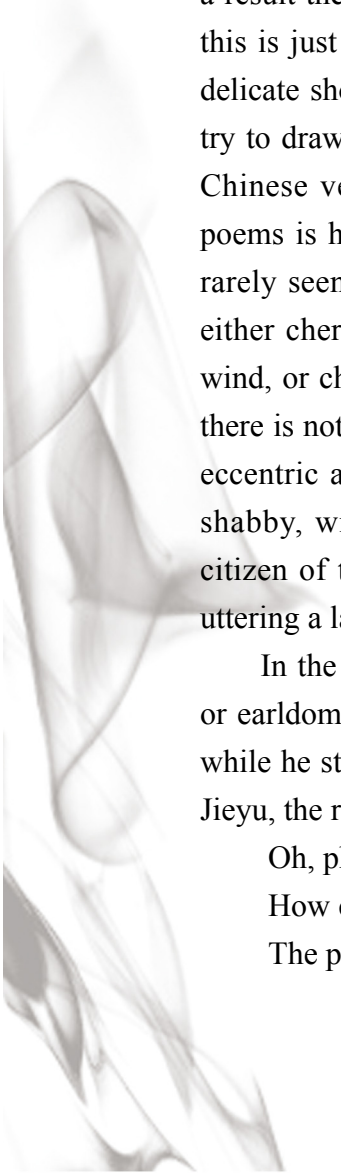
Among men there are those noble and those humble, and among poems there are those good and those bad. Whether one is noble or humble is not only determined by the position one holds or the wealth one possesses, but mainly by the bearings one shows. How can one be noble? Noble people are those who have access to favorable resources but always discipline themselves with morals and rituals. The resources they are endowed with can be high positions, great wealth, unmatched power, unparalleled wisdom, distinguished talent, or rare beauty, yet no matter how outstanding they are from the rest, they are never haughty, and no matter how superior they are to others, they never forget to be respectful and courteous. As a case in point, if a wealthy person humbles himself, and if a talented person humiliates himself, this person is a noble person. Jesus said, "...every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." The abased cannot be the noble, and the exalted cannot be the humble. In one word, nobility is the mien or air displayed by those who are endowed with favorable situations by Providence and yet are self-disciplined with the doctrines of mean and moderation. If we are to tell whether a person is noble or not, we must evaluate him in light of what favorable situations he is in and how strictly he self-disciplines himself. If he is in a very favorable situation and he indulges himself, he is a haughty and prodigal man; if he is gifted with favorable conditions and he remains moderate and temperate, he is a noble man; if he is in a very unfavorable situation and he indulges himself, he is an eccentric wastrel; and if he is in very unfavorable situations and he exalts himself with his moral conducts, he is a superficial man.

¹ *Mahas on Foreign Poets and Poetry* is the series of poetics by Dr. Long Jingyao.

Is it possible that poems can also be classified as those noble and those humble? We can almost give a positive answer to this question. What makes a poem a poem? There are three basic elements: the germinating and energizing wind, the diction, and the spine, or structure. The wind in a poem should be moderately effusive, the diction should be eloquently implicit, and the spine should be elastically fit and firm. Good poems may excel in their own way. Some excel in wind, some in diction, and some in spine. Those excellent in wind are powerful and forceful, those good at diction are delicate and intricate, and those distinguished in spine are impressive and assumptive. However, the very best ones are those with powerful wind, concise diction and strong spine, and if, in a poem, the afore-said three are tracelessly combined and cooperative, the poem may assume a grandiose and sublime mien, and is worthy of being regarded as noble. As for other techniques, such as analogy, simile and metaphor, symbolism, and metonymy, they are just like the garments of a person, which may add to one's charm, but may not suffice to substitute for the spinal cores.

In the past, Sima Guang the historian categorized people according to their moral standards and talents, saying, "Therefore those exceeding both in morals and talents are saints, those short of both morals and talents are dunces, those whose morals are above their talents are gentle people, and those whose talents are above their morals are villains." Is it possible that poems can also be judged in light of morals and talents? The answer to this question is also positive. The sign of talents for a poem, however, is that the poem progresses with a vigorous air. In other words, a talented poem is pervasive with moderately effusive wind, or feelings and emotions. Furthermore, the sign of morals for a poem is that the poem progresses with clear disciplines. That is to say, a moral poem is composed with an elastically fit and firm spine, or structure, and with eloquently implicit diction. If we are to approach poems in this way, poems can also be classified as the saintly ones, the gentle ones, the dunciad ones, and the villainous ones.

An ancient civilization with a long history, China always prized poetry over other things. Confucius said, "(Self education and cultivation) begins



with studying poems, sets itself up with observing rituals, and succeeds with comprehending music.” If a foreign country wants to understand China, it must first approach China’s poems. Starting from the song Emperor Yao improvised while inspecting the thoroughfare, throughout the 5000 years’ history, there were countless great men of verse, who were as brilliant as the sun, the moon, and the brightest stars, and they were as innumerable as the clouds and mist in the sky. There were those magnanimous saintly ones, and there were those moderate gentle ones, and how great they were in numbers. Ever since the New Culture Movement, the Chinese have been following the Westerners’ footsteps, and trying hard to imitate the poetic styles and practices of the Western countries, and as a result the ancient China’s poetic tradition has been in decline. However, this is just like Cinderella’s two step-sisters trying to put on Cinderella’s delicate shoes, or grasshoppers trying to jump in kangaroos’ gaits. People try to draw a tiger, but end up drawing a dog. To be exact, in the modern Chinese vernacular poems, not only the flavor of the ancient Chinese poems is hard to find, but the soul or spirit of the western poems is also rarely seen. Ever since the day vernacular poems came into being, they either cherish wind while short of spine, or cherish spine while short of wind, or cherish neither wind nor spine. Consequently, among 100 poems there is not even one that is worth our while to finish reading. The strange, eccentric and hence villainous poems are countless in numbers, and the shabby, wretched and hence dunciad ones are everywhere. A humble citizen of the kingdom of poetry, can I abstain from shedding a tear, or uttering a lament?

In the old days, Confucius travelled from one kingdom, or dukedom, or earldom, to another with the ambition to save the disrupted world, and while he stayed in the Kingdom of Chu, he failed on the verge of success. Jieyu, the renowned eccentric of Chu passed by him and sang:

Oh, phoenix, oh, phoenix,
How can you be so morally perverse?
The past has passed, and we can’t put it right,

Yet what is coming is what we can nurse.

Alas, why take the trouble?

Those in office now are under a curse!

Confucius wanted to justify himself, but Jieyu did not sojourn for a conversation. At the present time, poems spring up like the overwhelming, swooping wild fire, but noble ones are rarely seen. It is because of this that I plan to evaluate foreign poets and poems, especially the English and American ones, in terms of nobility, humbleness, wind, and spine, and I will analyze and expound the personalities and works of certain poets, exalt the noble ones, denounce the humble ones, and drawing lessons from them, finally set the examples for noble poems for the present disrupted and chaotic circle of poetry. Honest words grate upon the ear, while false words grate upon the heart. In case people plug their ears and close their eyes, a worthless person as I am, I force these mahas upon them. What I mean by “maha” is exclamation, false claim, and green fruit as well. Hardly knowledgeable and poorly informed as I am, what I say may be false, what I know may be wrong, these illogic and discursive statements may not suffice to stand any strict analysis, and therefore they are likely to be merely green-hand, immature false announcements. All these pages may only carry preposterous claims, yet, if by chance there is some truth in them, my life-time happiness may know no bounds. Alas, as the poem reads:

From dawn to night, the casement old and high,

I took shabby leaves for stars in the sky.

One-life’s run results from the three-life stone,

As five-mile’s clouds from the ten-mile booth nigh

Black bamboos loathe showing their thin shadows,

While green rain lemons bow to Sutra’s cry.

With lonely words sent to lonely people,

The gray grass is shading a cold fire-fly.

Chinese version :

《天方诗诃》¹·序

龙靖遥

夫人有贵贱，诗分高下。人之贵贱非独以权势财富论，以气度论也。人何以为贵？贵气者乃有所恃者以德礼自律者也。夫其所恃者，或高位，或巨富，或强力，或绝智，或奇才，或佳容，然皆出类拔萃而不骄矜，鹤立鸡群而守节礼。富贵而恭敬，才高而谦卑，此人中之贵气者也。耶稣云：“自荣者辱，自谦者荣。”辱者不足以贵，荣者不至于贱。一言以蔽，贵气乃势强者以中庸之道自律之气度也。判人之贵贱，必以势力之强弱及律己之严宽察之。势强而淫靡，骄奢也，势强而中庸，尊贵也，势弱而无度，狂狷也，势弱而以法自彰，虚浮也。

若诗亦以贵贱分，可乎？曰，庶几可也。诗之为诗，一曰风气，二曰辞采，三曰骨力。风气必以充盈而沉郁为佳，辞采必以含蓄而明辨为妙，骨力必以刚健柔韧为奇。诗各有所擅，或以风胜，或以辞优，或以骨长。以风胜者汪洋恣肆，以辞胜者绵密富丽，以骨胜者冠冕堂皇。然诗之上佳者，则风必盛，辞必炼，骨必健，三者相协，羚羊挂齿，无迹可寻，则气象蔚然，谓为诗中之贵者。其余之技，如模拟，喻言，象征等，皆如人之衣冠，或可添彩，无足撼体。

昔司马光以德才论人，曰：“是故才德全尽谓之圣人，才德兼亡谓之愚人，德胜才谓之君子，才胜德谓之小人。”若以德才论诗，可否？曰，亦可也。然诗之才乃言之有神，亦即风气充盈沉郁也。诗之德乃言之有律，亦即骨力刚柔并济，辞采含蓄而明辨。以是而论，则诗中亦有圣者、君子者、愚 ke 者及不肖者。

华夏古国，向以诗贵。子曰：“兴于诗，立于礼，成于乐。”他邦欲明中华文化，则必先识其诗。自《康衢》始，漫漫数千载，骚人墨客，璨如日星，浩若烟云。浩然而圣者蔚然，谦谦而君子者亦芸芸。新文化运动以降，国人亦步亦趋，竞相效仿欧美诗风，华夏诗统日衰。然邯郸学步，东施效颦，画虎类犬，华夏诗味不存，欧美诗魂难觅。

¹ 《天方诗诃》为龙靖遥博士的系列诗话。

自白话诗问世伊始，或有风无骨，或有骨无风，或无骨无风，可资卒读者，百无一篇。狂狷而不肖者无计，猥琐而顽愚者满目。诗国布衣，能不一恸？

初，仲尼怀拯世之心，游列国，之楚，功败垂成，楚狂接舆过而歌：“凤兮凤兮，何德之衰！往者不可谏兮，来者犹可追也！已而，已而，今之从政者殆而！”仲尼欲与之语，不得。当今之世，诗作燎原，贵者寥落，余欲以贵贱气骨品评天方诗人，析其人物作品，彰其高而贵者，劾其低而贱者，以之为鉴，为当下诗坛树贵气之楷模。忠言逆耳，诳语逆志，或有闭目塞耳者，余也不器，强为之诤。诤，呵也，妄言也，亦为青涩之果也。余才低识陋 所言或谬，所知或误，散漫诤语，不足推敲，实为青涩之妄言也。满纸荒唐语，个中或有摩诃，则生平快慰，言辞无足以表也。呜呼，诗曰：

夜寐晨兴向古椽，曾疑稀叶是天星。
一生缘起三生石，五里云兴十里亭。
紫竹清风疏弄影，青柠细雨苦听经。
伶仃语寄伶仃客，小院秋蓬遮冷萤。

Poetry and Nobility

Long Jingyao

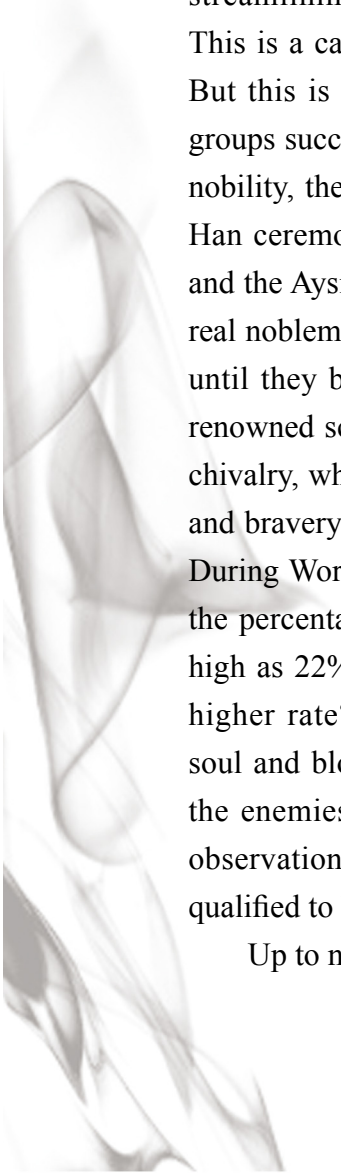
Men can be classified as those wretched and those noble, and this is also true of poetry. The word “noble” derives from the noble or aristocratic systems in the past. Balzac said that upstarts can spring up overnight, but three generations may not be enough to bring up a noble person. What he referred to as a noble person is of course not the person with certain title or certain set of privileges, but the mien, the air, or the bearing of noble people, to be brief, the nobility of a privileged person, or dignitary.

Nobility used to refer to the mien and air shown by the dignitaries who conscientiously discipline their tempers and conducts with certain set of principles. Mencius said that principles are essential to the cultivation of a young dignitary’s masculinity or manhood. If a youth wants to be masculine, he must discipline himself with the principles that “Neither riches nor honors can corrupt him; neither poverty nor humbleness can make him swerve from principle; and neither threats nor forces can subdue him.” This mien of masculinity is nobility. During World War II, a photo featuring King Edward’s inspection of a slum area was popularly circulated. Standing in front of the house of a poor old woman, His Majesty, politely, or even humbly, asked the old lady inside, “May I come in, ma’am?” This is what we call nobility. A wealthy but not haughty, high-ranking but not aggressive man is definitely a person with the air of nobility.

As a culture, nobility is the result of a long-time cultivation. It is the outcome of gradual accumulation over a wide time-span, and it requires tempering by the ups and downs in life. Those who rose up with Liu Bang, who later became the first emperor of Han Dynasty (202 BC-220 AD), were mostly pedlars and menial servants, such as Fan Kuai the butcher,

Ren Ao the gaoler and Shentu Yin the carter. After they were made lords, their conducts and dispositions were not much different from the past. Real noblemen, or dignitaries with authentic mien and air of nobility, were to appear from their offspring, as it took time for the sophisticated formalities involved in the aristocratic system to sink into people's mind.

Nobility is irrevocably connected with formalities. To put in another way, nobility is definitely relevant to the observation of rules and principles. Rules and principles are disciplines, orders, forms or modes. Our human society tends to connect nearly all the good qualities of human beings to the taming of their natural desires. In other words, human beings like to link virtues to the repression and subjugation of human natures. Most commendatory terms concerning human qualities, such as fearless, generous, and perseverant, confront human natures with challenges. People normally love money, and those indifferent to wealth are highly praised. People tend to be lecherous, and those nonchalant to sex are eagerly extolled. People are easily frightened, and those disdainful to threatening are heartily lauded. People are inclined to be self-important, and those uninterested in fames are cordially commended. To be brief, the air of nobility depends on self-discipline, and the rules and principles people use to regulate themselves usually defy human natures. The dignitaries never regard formalities as cumbersome. On the contrary, they voluntarily get close to them, for inconveniencing themselves in this way is a symbol of status, and a demonstration of nobility. According to The Chou Ceremony , “The youths of the officials should be brought up with disciplines, and thus the six arts should be taught to them.”Likewise, the aristocratic youths in the western countries used to be required to study “the seven arts”, which are roughly similar to “the six arts” in China. Both “the six arts” and “the seven arts” are sophisticated formalities, and they were reserved only for the privileged ones. For instance, in China those entitled to “the six arts” must be “the youths of the officials”, while in the West “the seven arts” were reserved exclusively for the privileged few, that is, “the liberals”. The term “liberal arts” in contemporary education system derived from “the seven arts” in the



past. Nowadays, the aristocratic men in Britain make a point of dressing themselves in tailcoats for meals, and if they are to appear in the public, no matter how sweltering it is, they never spare the troubles to get formally attired. Likewise, in their daily life, the noble women of the Qing Dynasty(1644-1911) always had their hair coiled up high, had themselves outfitted with complicated dresses and high-heel clogs or boots, and had their feet tightly bound. Although this could be extremely inconvenient, what they purported was the pomp, the splendor, in other word, the air of nobility they could display when they inconvenienced themselves with all these troubles. During the period of the Warring States, King Wuling of the Zhao Kingdom encouraged his noblemen to shoot on horse in Hun dress, in the hope of streamlining the redundant formalities in order to defend his kingdom. This is a case of the noblemen's adoption of the rustic Huns' ways of life. But this is not the common practice. Usually, after the grassroots ethnic groups succeeded in seizing the government, in order to cultivate their air of nobility, they purposely and painstakingly practiced the trivial and intricate Han ceremony. The Tuoba family of the Northern Wei Dynasty (368-534) and the Aysinjoro family of the Qing Dynasty are two typical examples. The real noblemen must be repeatedly trained in the self-disciplining formalities, until they become the blood running in their veins. Take Eton College, a renowned school for noble youths in England, for example. The teaching of chivalry, which features loyalty both to the monarchs and to the motherland, and bravery, is the dominant part of the education of the aristocratic youths. During World War I, about 11% British males died in the battlefields, while the percentage of the male graduates from Eton killed in the fields was as high as 22%. Why these Eton graduates, normally officers, died at a much higher rate? Being educated at Eton, chivalry had permeated into their soul and blood, and when fighting, they were always the first to charge at the enemies, which made them easy targets. When a privileged person's observation of the rules and principles becomes reflexive, basically he is qualified to be a noble one.

Up to now, with a few exceptions, the aristocratic system is forever gone

in most countries, but we still use the term “nobility” to evaluate a person. Nobility is the proper combination of strengths and orders. In other words, nobility is the mien and air shown by those in possession of favorable conditions or situations who consciously regulate their tempers and conducts with rules and principles. Mere observation of rules and principles is not enough for one to have the mien of nobility. For a self-disciplined person to be noble, he must also be blessed with favorable conditions, which could be unmatched intelligence, all-conquering physical strength, unsurpassed power, and invincible spirit. Without favorable conditions, a man who lays too much emphasis on rules and regulations can only be a pretentious or righteous man. A case in point is the Duke Xiang of Song, one of the five hegemonies of the Spring and Autumn Period (770BC-476BC). A man with only favorable conditions but without any self-disciplining rules and regulations is a haughty, or aggressive man. Examples for this type can be found among the notorious tyrants, such as Nero, the ancient Roman emperor, and Hitler the Nazi chief. Only the proper and proportionate combination of favorable conditions and rules and principles in a person can produce the air of nobility. Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher-emperor, Queen Elizabeth I, and Queen Victoria set the best examples for people to pave their way to nobility. If a person does not have any favorable conditions to rely on, and meantime he does not regulate his conducts and dispositions with any set of principles, this person appears to be a freakish, uncanny man. Dionysus, the morose god of wine, and Hera’s constant target of persecution, is the archetype of a freakish man, although he is not a mortal. Diogenes, the ancient Greek philosopher of the so-called Doggism, set another example.

The criteria for nobility can also be applied to poetry. For a poem, nobility also comes from the combination of strengths and orders. Strengths for poetry are what Liu Xie termed as “wind”, or “powerful feelings” from “the spontaneous overflow”, in Wordsworth’s words. On the other hand, orders for poetry are what Liu Xie termed as “skeleton”, or “spine”, that is to say, the general structure of a poem and the structure of a sentence. If we want a poem to give off the air of nobility, the poem must be favored with

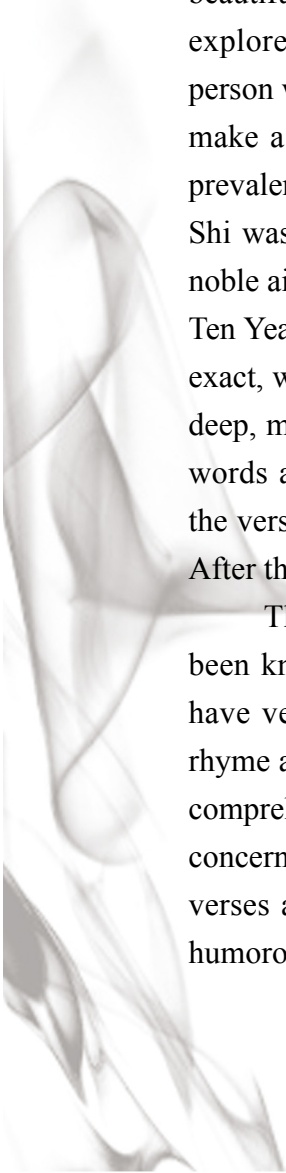
both wind and spine, or powerful feelings and proper structure, which are indispensable to nobility. To borrow from Nietzsche, the air of nobility for poetry rises from the proper combination of Dionysian spirit, which stands for natural desires and primitive impulses, and Apollonian spirit, which stands for reason and order. In light of this, poems can be classified as those with both wind and spine, those with wind but without spine, those with spine but without wind, and those with neither wind, nor spine.

A poem with both wind and spine emits the air of nobility. As we know, noble poems must be those underneath whose regular structures run and flow the natural feelings of human beings. Shakespeare's sonnets, with their strictly regular forms and cordial feelings behind these structures, serve as very good examples for the nobility of poems. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, with all its religious fervor framed in gracefully regular pattern of blank verse, is also a poem of nobility. The poems rich in wind but void of spine are those brimming with forceful, fervent feelings, which run wild as there is no steady form or pattern to regulate them. They are just like an energetic boor, who is coarse, rustic, wayward, but full of vitality. Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, with its tirelessly muttering, twittering, pattering, shattering rhythms forced onward by the boiling, fiery strong emotions, is such a boor. Ginsberg's "Howl" in nature belongs to the same group as *Leaves of Grass*, but "Howl" is not much of a rustic boor—it is a half-conscious drunkard. The poems with wind but without spine stand for the poems with strictly regular structures but without many natural human feelings. These poems appear smart and delicate on surface, but they sound rather pretentious and ostentatious. Quite many "time-praising" poems by Lord Tennyson, and quite some sentimental poems by Longfellow belong to this group. Finally, poems with neither wind nor spine are normally poems short of both strong feelings and regular structures. They are not even boorish or rustic—they are freakish, eerie and listless. The much quoted and much touted "The Red Wheelbarrow" by William Carlos Williams is a case in point. The much more quoted and much more touted "Metro Station" by Ezra Pound is another case.

If we judge poems in terms of dynasties, poems of the Tang Dynasty

(618-907) are the most outstanding for their all-pervading air of nobility. The veins of those broad-minded, indomitable Tang poets were always brimming with boiling blood, but they had never neglected such techniques as metric feet, antithesis, rhyme, and so on. Their poems, however optimistic, or pessimistic, or indignant, or sad, or melancholy they are, are all saturated with effusive emotions, and these emotions are conveyed in stylistically strict forms. However, people tend to ignore the fact that these gracefully moderate poems are written in so regular, so demanding and so challenging forms, simply because the diction in their poems is so clear, so natural, so smooth, so lively and so thrilling. This is a typical case of “the antelope hanging its horns on the bush without leaving any trace on the ground”, and this is nobility. The great Tang poets could be mourning the heaven and the earth, as Li Bai did, could be worrying about the miserable folks, as Du Fu did, could be submerging themselves in the beauty of landscapes, as Wang Wei did, could be expounding doctrines, as Han Yu did, could be lamenting their ill-starred love, as Li Shangyin did, or could be painstakingly deliberating on proper words and expressions, as Jia Dao did, they were all singing in a resonant, sincere and lofty tone, and they were never being sentimental and sensationalizing, the words and lines in their poems are fervent with powerful feelings, their forms are so elegantly delicate, regular, strict, and hence their poems are so prevalent with the air of nobility!

During the time of Song Dynasty (960—1279), the spirit of the so-called neo-Confucianism was prevalent, the somewhat melancholy, subdued optimism of the Tang Dynasty was gone, and people tended to be scrupulous, prudent, sensitive, and suspicious. Although there were much stricter requirements for versification—for example, every sentence used in a poem needs to be allusive, with the energizing and germinating wind gone, the delicate, intricate forms are but listless, languid corpses. The jambic verses of the Song Dynasty are mostly the complaints and lamentations of the love-sick folks. The emotions in most of these verses cannot be regarded as untrue, and forms and dictions are much more sophisticated and challenging than those of Tang poetry, but profound and powerful feelings are hard to



find. They are just like some pretty country girl, who can well entertain and amuse sightseers temporarily, but they are not good enough to be married into the noble families. Of course this is merely the general situation. In the great poems by the famous Song poets, such as Su Shi, Lu You, Wen Tianxiang and so on, there also exists the pervasive air and mien of nobility. Likewise, Song verses with the touch of nobility cannot be called small in numbers. Li Yu, the last emperor of the South Tang Dynasty (937-975), wrote about the sorrows, the pains, the pangs of an ex-sovereign, who had lost his country and his family, by means of these melodious, rhythmic verses. Brimming with effusive wind, narrated in moderately melancholy diction, conveyed in intricately grand forms, his verses are nobly, gracefully beautiful. Xin Qiji versified what as a tradition was normally employed and explored in prose, and wrote about the helplessness and frustrations of a person who had no means to fulfill his ambition to serve his country and then make a name for himself with strictly regular verse forms. His verses are prevalent with the air of nobility. Outstanding from the rest of his peers, Su Shi was humorous and optimistic, and to some degree this has distilled the noble air. There is, nevertheless, an exception. His “Small Town on the River: Ten Years’ Separation Makes us strangers” is an elegy, or a dirge, to be more exact, written to mourn the death of his late wife. The verse is prevalent with deep, morose, powerful feelings, which are expressed in natural and musical words and phrases and carried in elegantly sophisticated form. Among all the verses of Su Shi, this one is the most distinguished for its air of nobility. After this verse took its appearance, all other mourning mouths are muted.

The detached songs of the Yuan Dynasty (1271-1368) have always been known for humor, plainness, acidity, and directness. They normally have very delicate and intricate forms, and require very strict patterns of rhyme and metric feet. Perhaps because they are extremely catchy and easily comprehensible, they are spread far and wide. So far as the air of nobility is concerned, nevertheless, they are far inferior to Tang poems, and even Song verses are quite superior to them. Because of their candid, colloquial, and humorous expressions, the detached songs can always amuse one, but feeling

in these songs tend to be superficial, and void of the serenely melancholy air; in addition, the length of a sentence in a detached song can be shortened or lengthened at will. As a result, it is hard to find the grand and solemn noble air in a Yuan detached song. As the wind in them fails to suffice, and the spine for them bends easily, it is hard for them to have a position among the refined ones. If we use food as comparisons, they are the spicy desserts or starters, which might sharpen one's appetite, but not suffice to feed one. Of course among the detached songs there are outstanding ones. Zhang Yanghao's "Sheep on the Mountain: Meditation on the Olden Time at the Tong Pass" and Ma Zhiyuan's "The Sand-Free Sky: Withered Vines, Old Trees and Sleepy Crows" are laudable for their far-reaching allusion, melancholy but firm tone, and delicate and intricate structures, and they both boast effusive wind and elastically strong spine.

At the early stage of the New Culture Movement, the poetic dictions and forms were politically oriented. Whether the languages were daily-used ones and whether the forms were open-structured was used as yardsticks to decide whether a person was enlightened or conservative, progressive or regressive, or even reactionary. Leaders of the movement claimed that the rise and fall of the country was up to whether vernacular diction or classic written diction was to be used to write poems. Hence we can see such vernacular poems as "The Two Yellow Butterflies" by Hu Shih, who tried to set examples for modern Chinese poetry, although the said poem is weak in diction, imagery, emotion, and structure. Significantly, when the advocates of the movement were drawing nutrition and inspiration from the West, it was the hey-day for the imagists, whose mentors and leaders, such as Pound, were going to ancient Chinese poems for enlightenment. As a repulsion of Victorian poetry, the imagists preached for *vers libre*, or free verse, a formless poetic form which requires no rhyme, no meter (such as iamb), and no steady structure. The western culture the Chinese got in touch with during the New Culture Movement was normally stuffs like that. Vernacular poems at that time were quite poorly-written, void of both wind and spine. Shortly after that, the ambitious members of the New Moon School, such as Hsu Chih-mo and

Wen Yiduo, learned from the Romantic poets and Victorian poets, they strived for the “architectural beauty” of poetry, took efforts to set up new orders for poetry to replace the traditional Chinese poetic forms and patterns. They tried sonnets, heroic couplets, dramatic monologues, blank verse, and so on. They usually borrowed from the established forms of poetry in the European countries, however, although they had ready-made models, their poems normally lack the necessary powerful feelings, or the effusive germinating wind, and as a consequence their poems sound rather incondite and far-fetched.

During the first 30 years after the establishment of the People’s Republic, poetry had almost completely degenerated into a political tool, although quite some could still be regarded as “the overflow of powerful feelings”, most were merely the direct demonstrations or embodiment of the government will. The air of nobility was forever gone as poets succumbed to political pressures and wrote as a machine, and even though they still followed the techniques such as rhyme, enjambment, refrain, parallelism and so on, what they presented to the readers were simply empty husks void of wind. The arguments and disputes over the so-called “obscure poems” in nature were about what to express and how to express in a poem, that is to say, about whether direct methods of expression or indirect methods of expression should be adopted in a poem, and whether the government will or personal feelings should be expressed in a poem. The “obscurists” tended to prefer such implicit ways of expression as simile, metaphor, analogy, symbolism, and so forth, and so far as the content of a poem is concerned, they were inclined to substitute personal feelings for the pervasive political sensationalizing. Besides this, these poets also tried to establish new orders, and new forms for poetry. What they were doing was trying to recover the dignity, or nobility, of poetry, which was on the verge of extinction, for self-restraint was a sign of nobility, and implicit is a way of self-restraint. Besides, without effusive personal feelings, poems are simply empty clamors.

At the present time, post-modernist theories and multi-media provide

“the zero qualification” for poem composition and transmission with theoretical foundation and material support. Under the endless bombardments by the deconstructionists, the noumenon of poetry has collapsed, and there is no requirement for contents and forms of poetry. Roland Barthes’ advocating of the so-called readable texts lead to the fact that countless nonsense texts have openly become poems, just as the “aleatory music” or “chance music” of John Cage, the avant-garde musician has been elevated to the position of “orthodox music.” In John Cage’s concert, Cage often asks his bandmen to stop playing any musical instruments, and the combination of the sounds the audiences hear after the instrumental music stops, such as thunder, rain, whistles and even sighs is termed as “chance music”. Thus “the emperor’s new clothes” have formally become clothes. The popularization of computers and Internet has turned poem-writing into something requiring the lowest level of technology and lowest cost. People simply strike the key-board, and a poem is written, and then people merrily click the mouse, and the poem is published, or publicized.

As we know, rules and principles are the prerequisite to make the noble ones noble. In this increasingly populist time, however, the golden code of conduct, which people regarded as ultimate criteria, has been discarded, and thus the one-time nobility is forever gone. In Lord Tennyson’s *Idylls of the King*, King Arthur realizes that the collapse of his Camelot system is due to the lost sense of nobility, which in its turn derives from the knights’ disrespect and disregard of rules and principles. If we look around, everything we see and come across tends to be dull, trivial, vulgar, and sensational, with no exception of poetry. Han Han the writer says, “To tell the truth, I have very strong dislike for modern poets, whose only necessary technique is pressing the key of ‘enter’. The difference between the present modern poets and the earlier ones is that the present ones have even lost the sense of social responsibility, and the term ‘poet’ is simply an excuse for their own disruptive and listless life.” What the cynical Han Han says here is by no means cynical.

Chinese version :

诗与贵气

龙靖遥

人分猥琐与贵气，诗歌也大抵如此。贵气一词和贵族制有关。巴尔扎克说，暴发户一夜之间可以冒出来，贵族历时三代也不一定培养得出。他所说的贵族指的当然不是爵位或相应特权，而是贵族的气质，或曰贵气。

贵气原指的是权贵者自觉以规范约束自己的性情和行为时展现出来的气质。孟子说，培养人的大丈夫气概，礼仪最重要，人想成为大丈夫，他得“富贵不能淫，贫贱不能移，威武不能屈”，以原则来规范自己，这种大这种大丈夫气概就是贵气。二战时英国有一张广为流传的照片，国王爱德华到伦敦的贫民窟视察。国王陛下站在一座简陋的房子前，谦恭地问屋里的老妇人道：“太太，请问我可以进来吗？”富贵而不骄矜，位尊而以谦卑自律，这就是贵气。

贵气是积年累月耳濡目染的结果，它是一种文化，其形成需要时间的积淀和人生的历练。当年和刘邦一块儿起事的有不少人属于引车卖浆者流，比如屠夫樊哙，比如狱卒任傲，比如车夫申屠婴，封了侯之后，他们的行为习气和当年鸡鸣狗盗时差不多。真正的贵族，或者说真正具有贵气的贵族得在他们的子孙后代中产生，因为贵族制所涉及到的繁文缛节得用时间来熏陶。

贵气和繁文缛节有分不清的干系，或者说，贵气总是和人对规矩的遵守联系在一起。规矩是纪律，是秩序，是形式。人类社会有个倾向，人类几乎所有的好品质都和人对欲望的驯服有关。换句话说，人类喜欢将德行与天性的压抑和控制挂钩。诸多描述品质的褒义词，比如无畏、执着、顽强、坚贞、不屈、淡薄等，挑战的全是人的天性。人好财，谁能对着唾手可得的金银财宝不生觊觎之心，我们就说这个人视金钱如粪土；人好色，佳人当前而心如静水者就得了个坐怀不乱的美名；人易恐惧，什么都不怕的人便得了个浑身是胆的称号；

人喜自矜，虚心的人就被称为谦谦君子。总之贵气有赖于自律，而用以律己的规矩往往有悖于人的自然习性。

贵族是不以繁文缛节为累赘的，相反，他们主动靠近它们，因为作茧自缚是身份的象征，是贵气的体现。《周礼》说，“养国子以道，乃教之六艺。”故时西方的贵族要习“七艺”。不管是“六艺”还是“七艺”，它们都是繁文缛节，都是有特权的人才能学。比如习“六艺”的人必得是“国子”，即王公贵族们的子弟，在西方，能习“七艺”的是少数“自由人”，今天我们说的“文科”就是来自当时的“七艺”，即“liberal arts”，也就是专属自由人的技艺。英国的贵族吃饭时必须穿燕尾服，如果他们出现在公共场合，哪怕是酷热的天气，他们也会西装革履，一丝不苟。清宫的贵妇人平时盘高髻，批华服，着高履，缠小脚，行动虽不变，讲究的就是个气度，或者说贵气。赵武灵王提倡胡服骑射是为了方便，有贵气的赵人向草莽的胡人学，而草根的胡人取得了政权，为了让自己有贵族气，他们便有意识地操习琐碎的汉制，比如北魏的拓跋氏，比如满清的爱新觉罗氏。真的贵族，得对规范自己行为的种种繁文缛节进行反复操练，直到它们成为流淌在自己血管里的血液。以英国著名的贵族学校伊顿公学为例。骑士精神是贵族教育主要的构成部分，骑士精神包括忠君、忠于祖国以及勇敢。一战时约有百分之十一的英国男子战死于沙场，而从伊顿公学毕业的男子的战死率则达到了百分之二十一。从伊顿公学毕业的学生多为军官，为什么死亡率反而更高呢？因为骑士精神已经浸入他们的骨子里，这使得他们在打仗时身先士卒，成为了敌方最显眼的靶子。当权贵者对规矩的遵守到了条件反射的程度时，他就基本上具备了贵气的条件。

时至今日，世界上除了少数国家还保留旧制外，贵族制已经荡然无存，但是我们在品评人物时仍然使用“贵气”这个词。贵气是力量与秩序的恰当搭配，换言之，贵气是超强力量的执有者自觉以规矩约束自己的行为和性情时呈现出来的一种气质。只遵守规范尚不足以形成贵气，要有贵气，人还得具备超强的力量。这力量可以是强健的体魄、所向披靡的武力、至高无上的权力，也可以是不屈的精神力，以及超群的智力。只有规矩而没有力量，这叫装腔作势，或迂腐，比如春秋五霸之一的宋襄公。只有力量而没有规矩，这是骄横，或粗野，比如历史上著名的暴君商纣王。力量和规矩结合得当才会产生贵气，

比如周文王，比如周公旦。孔子曰：“质胜文则野，文胜质则史，文质彬彬，然后君子”。也就是说，性情过于直率，为所欲为，破坏了规矩，人就显得粗鲁，过分拘泥于礼节，前瞻后顾，乃至于泯灭了人的天性，人就显得虚浮，性情与礼仪搭配恰当，这样的人就是君子。有贵气的人必是君子。既缺乏力量，又不顾及礼节的人怪异而狂狷。明朝狂悖的哲学家李贽——《焚书》和《续焚书》的作者——便属这一类人，他的先辈，古希腊犬儒主义哲学家第欧根尼也是个狂狷生。揆诸诗歌亦然。就诗歌而言，贵气也产生于力量与秩序的结合。力量就是刘勰所说的“化感之本源，志气之符契”的“风”，是华兹华斯所说的“自发流露的”“强烈的情感”，而秩序则是“如体之树骸”的“骨”，亦即结构，一首诗的总体结构，以及句子的结构。诗歌欲有贵气，则风骨必须兼备，缺一不可。套用尼采的概念，诗歌的贵气产生于代表人的自然冲动以及迷醉状态下的野性的酒神精神和代表着理性、秩序和静穆的日神精神的结合。以此评判，则诗歌大致可分为风骨兼备、有骨无风的诗作、有风无骨的诗作以及风骨俱无等四类。风骨兼备的诗歌贵气，贵气的诗歌必是在静穆整肃的秩序和结构下涌动着人的自然天性。教人如何“思无邪”的《诗经》乐而不淫，哀而不伤，朴讷而充沛的情感赋形于规整的体裁以及雅致的音乐，这就是诗歌贵气的体现。有骨无风的诗歌有齐整的体裁，却缺乏充沛的情感，常给人虚张声势、哗众取宠之感。汉赋“铺采摘文，体物写志”，从不同角度描述同一景物，极尽铺陈文采之能事，尽管结构严整，然而缺乏自然质朴的情感，因而给人以装腔作势的感觉。有风无骨的诗歌像是一个精力充沛的莽汉，通篇充盈着火热的情绪，但由于结构不严谨，韵律不严格，往往流于放诞不羁、歇斯底里。惠特曼的《草叶集》、郭沫若的《女神》以及金斯堡的《嚎叫》从始至终都回荡着激烈的情绪，其势如春水决堤、野火燎原，然而这种情绪没有通过缜密的形式释放出来，始终散发出一股草莽气。风骨俱无的诗歌粗鄙陋俗，它们既无充沛的情感，也没有经得起推敲的结构，解构主义之后的自由诗，比如“梨花体”的主将赵丽华写的诗，大抵属于这一类。且拿赵丽华的《一个人来到田纳西》作为例子：

毫无疑问

我做的馅饼

是全天下
最好吃的

这样的诗既没有真切深沉的情感，也没有精致巧妙的结构，除了陋俗，除了粗鄙，我们还能用什么词评论它们呢。

若以朝代论，唐诗最富贵气。心怀家国、顶天立地的唐朝人，血管里总是流淌着沸腾的热血，但他们从来没有忽视平仄、对仗和押韵。他们的诗歌，或达观，或慷慨，或悲愤，或凄凉，总是洋溢着充沛的情感，而这充沛的情感总是通过缜密严格的诗歌体裁表达出来，只是他们的诗歌语言是如此的浅近、如此的自然、如此的平和、如此的生动，以至于让人忘记了他们曼妙的舞姿居然是负枷起舞的结果，真所谓“羚羊挂角，了无痕迹”也，这就是贵气。唐朝的大诗人，无论他们是在悲天地，如李白，还是忧社稷，如杜甫，或者是迷山水，如王维，抑或是论道，如韩愈，或者是伤情，如李商隐，或者是苦吟，如贾岛，他们都性情勃发，不虚饰不做作，他们的字里行间总是洋溢着充沛的情感，而他们的体裁却又总是如此精致，如此规范，如此匀称，如此严整，如此贵气葱茏！

逮至宋朝，理学盛行，唐朝的明朗沉郁已经不再，人们的心思偏于细密、琐碎、敏感、多疑，尽管在诗艺要求更严，比如要求诗歌每一句必有出处，强调用典，然而终因气象不再，诗格即使缜密也只是有骨无气。宋词写的大抵是儿女的低酌浅唱，情调或属真切，结构和措辞相对唐诗而言要求更严，然则深情难见，小家碧玉，可添野趣，不入庙堂。当然这只是泛泛而论。宋朝的大诗人，如苏轼、陆游、文天祥等，同样写出贵气斐然的作品。有贵气的宋词也不在少数。南唐后主李煜以词写其国破家亡的沉痛，其情真，其辞悲，其构巧，他的词有贵气。辛弃疾以文入词，用严整的词章写尽大丈夫报国无门荣名不立的无奈与苍凉，他的词有贵气。苏轼超凡脱俗，诙谐达观，这在一定程度上影响到他的作品的贵气，因为深情和诙谐相抵牾，然而《江城子·十年生死两茫茫》情感真切深沉，措辞自然和律，结构工巧缜密，乃苏轼词中最具贵气者。此词一出，遂关天下悼亡之口。

元散曲素有诙谐、俚俗、泼辣、直抒胸臆等特征，其结构精巧，对平仄押韵有严格的规定。或许因为朗朗上口的缘故，元散曲流传殊为广远，然而若论贵气，则远输唐诗，也逊宋词一大筹。元散曲以其

直率、口语化和诙谐等特点，常常能博人一笑，然而性情直露，情感偏于粗浅，缺乏沉郁的气度，句长可根据口语化的要求进行伸缩，是以庄重肃穆的贵气难觅，不易让人为之感动。风既不足，骨亦不刚，难以登大雅之堂，若以饮食类比，它们就像餐桌上的辣口小菜，或可开胃，不足养人。元散曲中当然也有出类拔萃的。张养浩的《山坡羊·潼关怀古》和马致远的《天净沙·枯藤老树昏鸦》意境旷远，格调苍凉，结构精巧，风骨俱足。

新文化运动伊始，诗歌的语言和体裁被赋予了浓厚的政治色彩，语言是否浅俗、体裁是否开放被提到开明和保守、进步和落后乃至进步与反动的高度，以白话文写自由诗则邦兴，用文言文作格律诗则国亡。于是就出现了胡适的《两只黄蝴蝶》等语言不精炼、意象不紧凑、情感浅陋以及结构松散的白话诗。颇值玩味的是，新文化运动从欧美吸取灵感和养料之时正是欧美“意象派”诗歌运动如火如荼的时候，而“意象派”的倡导者们，如庞德，却是从中国的古典诗歌中获取的灵感和教诲。作为对维多利亚诗歌的反拨，“意象派”提倡自由诗，反对押韵，在格律上没有什么严格要求，新文化运动期间中国人接触到的欧美文化大致是这一套东西。此时的白话诗风骨俱无，既简陋又浅俗。稍后的“新月派”成员们，如徐志摩和闻一多等，师法英国浪漫主义诗歌和维多利亚诗歌，他们雄心勃勃，提倡诗歌的建筑美，力图为白话诗创建新的诗歌格式，籍以替代传统诗歌中的格律，他们写十四行诗，写英雄双行体，写戏剧性独白，诸般努力，不一而足。他们大抵上照搬了英国诗歌中已有的体裁，然而他们虽有现成的骨架，风气毕竟不足，他们创作的诗歌颇有生硬虚饰之象。

建国三十年，诗歌几乎完全服务于政治，其中虽然也有发自肺腑的作品，然而多数沦为政治的直接图解。诗人屈从于政治压力而写作，贵气已然不再，纵然遵循押韵、分行、叠句、排比等传统手法，呈现在读者面前的也只是一个风气衰竭的空壳。此后的朦胧诗之争，争的其实就是表达的手法是直接还是间，以及表达的内容是国家意志还是个人情感。朦胧诗人们更偏向于明喻、暗喻、类比和象征等暗示的表现手法，在内容上他们也渐渐以内心情感代替了政治抒情，此外，他们还力图建立起新的诗歌格式。诗人们是在努力挽回诗歌几乎消失殆尽的尊严或贵气，因为内敛是贵气的表征，而含蓄则是内敛的方式之一，而且，诗歌若无

充盈的个人情感，它们只能沦为空洞无聊的聒噪。

当今之世，后现代主义理论以及多媒体的出现为诗歌创作以及传播的“零门槛”提供了理论依据和物质保证。在解构主义者们的轮番轰炸之下诗歌本体轰然倒塌，于是诗歌没了内容的限制，也没了格式的限制。罗兰·巴尔特对“可写性”文本的推崇使得不知所云也无可云云的文本堂而皇之地成了诗歌，正如先锋派音乐家约翰·凯奇的“偶发音乐”——乐手们终止演奏时人们所听到的声音，如雷声、雨声、汽笛声、哈欠声等——终于登堂入室，成为音乐，于是“皇帝的新装”正式成为衣服。电脑和网络的普及使得当下的诗歌创作成了技术含量和物质成本最低的事情。人们只需敲打键盘，一首诗就完成了，再轻轻一点鼠标，诗歌发表了。

规范和原则本来是贵者之所以贵的必要条件，在这个日益民粹化的时代里，人们曾经奉为圭臬的行为准则被抛弃了，曾经的高贵因而也不见了。丁尼生《国王传》中的亚瑟意识到，他的卡米洛体系分崩离析的根本原因在于人们丧失了对高贵的信守，而人们之所以不再信守高贵是因为他们不再坚守日常的行为准则。极目张望，我们随处所见的都是无聊、琐碎、庸俗、哗众取宠，诗歌也不例外。作家韩寒说了，“说实话，我是很不喜欢现代诗人的，现代诗人所唯一要掌握的技能就是回车。现在这批和最早那批的区别是现在这批连社会责任感都不大有了，‘诗人’这个称号是对自己混乱萎靡生活的一个开脱。”惊世骇俗的韩寒说的这番话算不上惊世骇俗。

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