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VERSE VERSION

Chief editor Zhang Guangju

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Zhang Guangkui

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

English-Chinese Version

The Long Love, That in My Thought Doth Harbour¹

Thomas Wyatt²

The long love, that in my thought doth harbour,
And in mine heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face presseth with bold pretence,
And therein campeth, spreading his banner.

She that me learneth to love and suffer,
And wills that my trust and lust's negligence
Be reined by reason, shame and reverence,
With his hardiness taketh displeasure.

Wherewithal, unto the heart's forest he fleeth,
Leaving his enterprise with pain and cry;
And there him hideth, and not appeareth.

What may I do when my master feareth
But in the field with him to live or die?
For good is the life, ending faithfully.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 126.

² Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542) was a 16th-century English ambassador and lyrical poet. He was credited with introducing the sonnet into English literature.

Translation:

永恒之爱，驻于我心

托马斯·怀特

永恒之爱，驻于我心，
我思漾漾，君容依然，
我颜振振，假于灿烂，
我心悠悠，为君启航。
君之于我，教爱习痛，
吾志虽坚，意欲却迷，
情羞智惭，交错相依，
君心决然，消吾哀伤。
缘何遁迹，心之深林，
仅留于我，伤悲恸泣，
君之隐匿，全无蛛丝，
吾所何为，令君忧心。
与君同寓，生死若何？
生则向真，死亦为诚。

（赵嘏 译）

The Apparition¹

John Donne²

When by thy scorn, O murd'ress, I am dead,
 And that thou thinkst thee free
From all solicitation from me,
Then shall my ghost come to thy bed,
And thee, fained vestal, in worse arms shall see;
Then thy sick taper will begin to wink,
And he, whose thou art then, being tired before,
Will, if thou stir, or pinch to wake him, think
 Thou call'st for more,
And, in false sleep, will from thee shrink,
And then, poor aspen wretch, neglected thou
Bathed in a cold quicksilver sweat wilt lie,
 A verier ghost than I.
What I will say, I will not tell thee now,
Lest that preserve thee ; and since my love is spent,
I'd rather thou shouldst painfully repent,
Than by my threatenings rest still innocent.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 295.

² John Donne (1572-1631), the greatest of the English Metaphysical poets, is noted for his love lyrics, religious verse and treatises, and sermons.

Translation:

鬼影

约翰·邓恩

当我死于你的轻蔑，噢，女杀手，

你以为你自由

摆脱了我的追求，

我的鬼魂会来到你床头，

而你，伪贞女，在更糟的怀抱会看到；

那昏黄的烛光开始飘摇，

你委身的他，早已疲惫，

即使你或推或捏唤他醒来，他都以为

你贪索无厌，

假装睡着，他避开你，

这样，颤抖的倒霉蛋，无视你

躺着，冷汗流淌像沐浴水银，

比我更像鬼魂；

我将要说的，现在不告诉你，

以免你能得救；因我爱已付出，

宁愿你在痛苦中悔改，

也不要因我的恐吓而保持清白。

（刘朝晖 译）

Song¹

Edmund Waller²

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! — that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 393.

² Edmund Wallar (1606-1687) was an English poet and politician who sat in the House of Commons at various times between 1624 and 1679.

Translation:

歌

埃德蒙 沃勒

去吧，可爱的玫瑰！
告诉她别虚度我们的光阴，
如今她应知晓，
我将她与你相比，
她是多么甜美如你。

告诉她青春莫蹉跎，
别藏匿魅力防人窥探，
倘若你开在沙漠
漫漫黄沙荒无人烟，
定是至死也无人赏鉴。

美貌一旦脱离光线
价值甚微挂齿无足；
要她一定走出黑暗，
承受被人渴求之苦，
过于害臊没有必要。

死亡！——她无法逃避
所有尤物共同的终点
都如你的末日；
甜美奇妙的美物啊
时光飞逝不再复返！

（刘朝晖 译）

Song¹

Aphra Behn²

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he showed;
From thy bright eyes he took his fire,
Which round about in sport he hurled;
But 'twas from mine he took desire,
Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishments and fears,
And every killing dart from thee;
Thus thou and I the God have armed,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 540.

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

Translation:

殇

阿芙拉·贝恩

爱，带着奇妙的欢欣，就位，
滴血的心，围绕着他，涌流，
为此，鲜活痛楚由他去造就，
还有，奇异的暴虐由他展出；
从你的亮眼，他拿走了火柱，
但又向相反的方向，玩掷投，
在我眼里他拿走了的是渴望，
足以撤销的是这个情欲世俗。

从我处拿走的是其叹息和花泪，
从你处拿走的是其自尊和酷残，
从我处拿走的是其萧条与惧畏，
还有，他拿走的死折都属于你。
如此，你我将这神已武装全副，
并赋予其无上的神性；但我的
可怜的心啊，独自受尽了伤害！
而你的，胜者自居，无束无拘。

（曹志希 译）

The Scoffers¹

William Blake²

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau,
Mock on, mock on; 'tis all in vain;
You throw the sand against the wind
And the wind blows it back again.

And every sand becomes a gem
Reflected in the beams divine;
Blown back, they blind the mocking eye,
But still in Israel's paths they shine.

The atoms of Democritus
And Newton's particles of light
Are sands upon the Red Sea shore,
Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.

¹ Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren, ed. *Understanding Poetry*. Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 2012: 329.

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

Translation:

傲慢者

威廉·布莱克

嘲笑吧，嘲笑吧，伏尔泰，卢梭，
嘲笑吧，嘲笑吧，一切都是徒劳；
你向风中投掷了沙砾，
风会把它重新吹返。

每粒沙子变成宝石，
折射出夺目的神圣；
吹回吧，掩饰那讥讽的短视，
让它们依然闪烁在朝圣的征程。

噢，德谟克利特斯的原子，
哟，牛顿的光粒子，
那是红海沿岸的沙子，
那里，以色列人的帐篷光芒四溢。

（赵嘏 译）

When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly¹

Oliver Goldsmith²

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom—is to die.

¹ Cleanth Brooks, Robert Penn Warren, ed. *Understanding Poetry*. Beijing: Foreign Language Teaching and Research Press, 2012: 324.

² Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774) was an Anglo-Irish novelist, playwright and poet, who is best known for his novel *The Vicar of Wakefield* (1766), his pastoral poem *The Deserted Village* (1770), and his plays *The Good-Natur'd Man* (1768) and *She Stoops to Conquer* (1771, first performed in 1773).

Translation:

当美丽女子屈从愚昧

奥立佛·戈德史密斯

当美丽女子屈从愚昧，
 太迟才明白男人薄幸，
何种法术能抚慰她的郁恨，
 又如何洗净她的愧疚？

然唯一能把罪垢掩藏，
 让羞愧躲过异样眼光，
让负心的情人痛心忏悔，
 别无他法——一死而已。

（邓宇萍 译）

London, 1802¹

William Wordsworth²

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 795.

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

Translation:

伦敦, 1802

威廉·华兹华斯

弥尔顿！你应生活在此时：
英格兰需要你！如今的她是一池
静止的淤沼：祭坛、冷剑、和笔
炉边，数不尽的豪房和殿厅，
早已丧失古时英国人渴望
内心幸福的天性。我们都各徇私利；
噢！是你鼓舞我们，请再次归临！
将礼仪、美德、自由和力量赐予。
你的灵魂宛似一颗星辰，兀自闪烁；
你的声音犹如大海一般，激昂浑厚；
你纯净如赤裸的天穹，威严而无拘，
你在平凡的人生旅途中穿行，
怀抱愉悦的虔诚；而你的心
在最卑微的小事上，安之如怡。

（唐亚琪 译）

When I Have Fear¹

John Keats²

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 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 fairy 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.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 906.

² John Keats (1795-821), an English Romantic poet, was one of the main figures of the second generation of Romantic poets along with Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley, despite his work only having been in publication for four years before his death.

Translation:

每当我害怕

约翰·济慈

每当我害怕，生命有可能终结，

我的笔还来不及倾述我充盈的思绪，
清润的文字还来不及变成一本本的书，

如熟香的谷物来不及堆满粮仓。

当我仰望布满星辰的夜空，

硕巨的云霞浪漫而高灿，

想来自己恐将不再

用灵感的双手描绘他们神奇的踪影。

当我想到，你这刹那间的美人，

我今后将无法欣赏，

将无法品味因美油然而生的爱——

那么在这广袤世界的岸边，

我独自伫立，思虑着，

直到声名与爱都沉归于无。

(肖小军 译)

The Kraken¹

Alfred Tennyson²

Below the thunders of the upper deep;
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee
About his shadowy sides; above him swell
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;
And far away into the sickly light,
From many a wondrous and secret cell
Unnumbered and enormous polypi
Winnow with giant arms the lumbering green.
There hath he lain for ages, and will lie
Battening upon huge sea-worms in his sleep,
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;
Then once by man and angels to be seen,
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 984.

² Alfred Tennyson (1809-1892), an English poet, was regarded by his contemporaries as the greatest poet of Victorian England. A superb craftsman in verse, he wrote poetry that ranged from confident assertion to black despair. In 1842, Tennyson published three Arthurian poems, *Morte d'Arthur*, *Sir Galahad*, and *Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere*, which would later be incorporated into *Idylls of the King* (1859). While Tennyson's poems can be read as socio-political or religious allegories, they are also reflections on art and the artist: in *Merlin and the Gleam* (1889), Merlin the magician is the figure of the poet (I am Merlin).

Translation:

海妖

阿尔弗雷德·丁尼生

海的深渊，巨隆隆的轰雷声中；
海妖之睡万年不变，
清幽无梦，无牵无绊。
最细微的阳光都逃离他的身旁。
海妖身上，笼盖着数千年的海绵，
塔耸如山；远处暗淡的光线中，
星星点点的孔、洞穴
与无数的巨盘息肉
依稀可见那盘然绿物，
伸出一条条的巨臂。
他躺在那儿，经年不变，
酣睡中吸食着海虫，日渐肥硕，
直到后来的火点燃海域，
然后正如人与天使所见，
他在咆哮中站起，在海面上死亡！

（肖小军 译）

Long Neglect Has Worn Away¹

Emily Brontë²

Long neglect has worn away
Half the sweet enchanting smile;
Time has turned the bloom to gray;
Mold and damp the face defile.

But that lock of silky hair,
Still beneath the picture twined,
Tells what once those features were,
Paints their image on the mind.

Fair the hand that traced that line,
"Dearest, ever deem me true";
Swiftly flew the fingers fine
When the pen that motto drew.

¹ Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1046.

² Emily Brontë (1818-1848) was an English novelist and poet, best remembered for her only novel, *Wuthering Heights*, now considered a classic of English literature.

Translation:

长日轻慢已消损

艾米莉 勃朗特

长日轻慢已消损
曼妙甜笑半留存；
光阴如梭催花老，
娇容湿漉浊难寻。

一缕秀发如丝线，
还将痴眷画下缠，
诉说昨日旧容颜，
描摹依昔在心田。

生花妙笔逐此线，
“吾爱永执吾真怜”；
手指灵巧艺非凡，
笔尖流转箴言现。

（王璇 译）

Chinese-English Version

塞下曲¹

王昌龄²

饮马渡秋水，
水寒风似刀。
平沙日未没，
黯黯见临洮。
昔日长城战，
咸言意气高。
黄尘足今古，
白骨乱蓬蒿。

¹ 喻守真. 唐诗三百首详析. 北京: 中华书局, 2005: 51.

² Wang Changling (王昌龄, 698-757) was a major Tang Dynasty poet. He is best known for his poems describing battles in the frontier regions of western China.

Translation:

Fortress Tune

Wang Changling

Drink my horse and cross the autumn river.

The water is chilly, the wind like a sword.

The setting sun lingers in the battlefield.

From far-away appears Lintao in the gloom.

Long ago here broke out a war.

Where soldiers were said to fight in full spirit.

Hence it has become a sandy place,

Suffused with grasses and white bones.

(Trans. Xiao Xiaojun)

金陵酒肆留别

李白²

风吹柳花满店香，
吴姬压酒唤客尝。
金陵子弟来相送，
欲行不行各尽觞。
请君试问东流水，
别意与之谁短长。

¹ 喻守真. 唐诗三百首详析. 北京: 中华书局, 2005: 82.

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

Translation:

Parting at Kinling Inn

Li Po

With the blown-in willow flowers the inn becomes sweet.

The maids bait the wine and tempt us to drink.

Friends from Kinling come to bid me goodbye.

Each drinks his fill, the leaving and the staying.

O, my friend, please ask the river going east—

Which runs longer, the farewell love or the ceaseless water?

(Trans. Xiao Xiaojun)

落花¹

李商隐²

高阁客竟去，
小园花乱飞。
参差连曲陌，
迢递送斜晖。
肠断未忍扫，
眼穿仍欲归。
芳心向春尽，
所得是沾衣。

¹ 喻守真. 唐诗三百首详析. 北京: 中华书局, 2005: 242.

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 “No Title” poems.

Translation:

Falling Petals

Li Shangyin

All guests have left my dwelling;
Flying in the yard are petals falling.
Their shades and shadows link the winding walk;
In the setting sun I watch them dance and talk.
Heart-broken, I cannot bear to sweep them away;
Despite my wish, finally gone are they.
Flowers vanish too soon with the spring,
Leaving me only a tear-wet robe to cling.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

调笑令¹

韦应物²

胡马，
胡马，
远放燕支山下。
跑沙跑雪独嘶，
东望西望路迷。
迷路，
迷路，
边草无穷日暮。

¹ 俞平伯. 唐宋词选释. 北京: 人民文学出版社, 1979: 14.

² Wei Yingwu (韦应物, 737-792) was a Chinese poet of the Tang dynasty. Twelve of Wei's poems have been included in the anthology of *Three Hundred Tang Poems*.

Translation:

Tune: Slow Song of Making Fun¹

Wei Yingwu

A horse,
A horse is left
At the foot of the remote Mount²,
Pawing in the snow'nd sand, whining,
Looking to the east 'nd west, straying.
Lost,
He is lost,
On the vast grassland at dusk.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

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

² The Mount refers to Mount Yanzhi in Gansu Province.

小孩¹

周作人²

一个小孩在我的窗外跑过，
我也望不见他的头顶。
他的脚步声虽然响，
但于我还很寂寞。

东边一株大树上住著许多乌鸦，
又有许多看不见的麻雀，
他们每天成群的叫，
仿佛是朝阳中的一部音乐。

我在这些时候，
心里便安静了，
反觉得以前的憎恶，
都是我的罪过了。

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系(1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2009: 48.

² Zhou Zuoren (周作人, 1885-1967) was a Chinese writer, primarily known as an essayist and a translator. He was the younger brother of Lu Xun (Zhou Shuren), the second of the three brothers.

Translation:

Child

Zhou Zuoren

A child running by my window outside,
I cannot see the top of his head.
Though his footsteps are sound,
I still feel lonely as I am.

Many crows on the east big tree reside,
And many sparrows unseen inside.
They are twittering in chorus everyday,
As if a music in the morning sunlight.

At these moments of time,
I get calmed inside,
Feeling the resents in the past
Like the sins of mine.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

诗一首¹

方令孺²

爱，只把我当一块石头，

不要再献给我：

百合花的温柔，

香火的热，

长河一道的泪流。

看，那山冈上一匹小犍

临着白的世界：

不要说它愚碌，

它只默然

严守着它的静穆。

¹ 陈梦家. 新月诗选. 北京: 解放军文艺出版社, 2000: 63.

² Fang Lingru (方令孺, 1897-1976) was a Chinese essayist and poetess.

Translation:

A Poem

Fang Lingru

Love, only treats me as a stone,
Presenting to me no more:
The softness of lilies,
The heat of the incense,
A long river's running tears.

Look, a calf on the hill
Facing up to the white world:
Do not say it dull,
It in silence still
Strictly has its solemn warded.

(Trans. Tang Yaqi)

芦¹

俞平伯²

呀！霜挂着高枝，雪上了蓑衣，

远远行来仿佛是。

一簇儿，一堆儿，

齐整整都拜倒风姨裙下——

拜了风姨。

好没骨气！

呸！芦儿白了头。

是游丝？素些；

雪珠儿？细些。

迷离——不定东西，

让人家送你。

怎没主意？

看哪！芦公脱了衣。

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系(1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2009: 87.

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

Translation:

Reed

Yu Pingbo

Lo! Fog up high branches, snow on straw capes,
All looks like while looking from a bit far place.
In a bunch, in a pile,
Bow before aunt Wind in order—
Fall on her knees.
So little masculine!
Pooh! Reeds' hair grows white.

Are they gossamers? Plain a bit;
Are they snow-pearls? Tiny a little.
Bewildering—flying anywhere,
Ask others to send thee.
No idea?
Ooh! Uncle Reed undresses.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

静极¹

陆志韦²

我翻开书来，才看了第一行，
一阵杨花，把书上的字迹遮蔽了。
我抬起头来，正看见两行杨树
织成一条参差不齐的穹道。
脚下的粘土把我一步步的弹着。
日光和青草捧了一盘不死药，
说：“我们的爱你，胜过妇人的爱你，
我们白白的送给你安静的快乐。”

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系(1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2009: 113.

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 influenced by a more vernacular style and by international developments in poetry.

Translation:

Quiet Deadly

Lu Zhiwei

While I, opening a book, just read a line,

A shower of poplar filaments shadow all scripts.

Raising my head, I am seeing two lines of trees,

Weaving an uneven dome.

Clay, under my feet, hurry me up step by step.

Sunshine and green grass lifts a plate of immortal herbs,

Murmuring: “Our love to thee, better than any woman’s,

We present our silent happiness in no pay.”

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

枯叶¹

徐玉诺²

偶然拾起一片枯叶，
便无心的衔在嘴里；
他那朽酸而燥浊的味道，
渗透我的心——激起一阵阵的悲意；
立刻，送我到故乡的秋里。

我的步子蹒跚而且踉跄，
无心，随便的走下；
我的歌声呜咽而且悲凄。
不晓得我是怎么着；要到那里去！
枯叶呵，
在你我尝着了人生的滋味。

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系(1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2009: 170.

² Xu Yunuo (徐玉诺, 1894-1958), a Chinese poet and writer in the 20th century.

Translation:

My Withered Foliage

Xu Yunuo

I happened to pick a withered foliage
And unintentionally held it in the mouth.
Its rotten sour and arid corruption smell
Permeated my heart: fits of sorrow I feel.
Soon, I was sent to a hometown fall.

Steps stumbling and staggering,
Heartless, I walked randomly down,
Songs whimpering and saddening,
Not knowing how I was and where to go!
Withered Foliage, ah!
In you I've had enough of Life's odor.

(Trans. Cao Zhixi)

歌声¹

朱自清²

好嘹亮的歌声！
黑暗的空地里，
鬃鬃充满了光明。
我波澜汹涌的心，
像古井般平静；
可是一些没冷，
还深深地停驶着缕缕微温。
甚么世界？
甚么我和人？
我全忘记了，——一些不省！
只觉轻飘飘的，好像浮着，
随着那歌声的转折，
一层层往里追寻。

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系(1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2009: 186.

² Zhu Ziqing (朱自清, 1898-1948) was a renowned Chinese poet and essayist. He was a prolific writer of both prose and poetry, but was best known for essays like "Retreating Figure".

Translation:

Voice of Song

Zhu Ziqing

How loud the voice of song is!

In the dark space,

It seems to fill with light.

My rolling heart,

Is as quiet as ancient well;

Yet, without any coldness,

It still retains a little warm.

What is the world?

What am I? And the others?

I forgot all,—wander a bit!

Just feel lightly, in drift,

With the tune of that voice,

Pursue in depth.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

葬我¹

朱湘²

葬我在荷花池内，
耳边有水蚓拖声，
在绿荷叶的灯上
萤火虫时暗时明——

葬我在马缨花下，
永作着芬芳的梦——
葬我在泰山之巅，
风声呜咽过孤松——

不然，就烧我成灰，
投入泛滥的春江，
与落花一同漂去
无人知道的地方。

¹ 姜涛. 中国新诗总系(1917-1927). 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2009: 531.

² Zhu Xiang (朱湘, 1904-1933), a famous Chinese poet and writer in the early 20th century.

Translation:

Bury Me

Zhu Xiang

Bury me in the lotus pond,
In the ear, is some sound of water-worms,
On the light of green lotus leaf,
On and off glows fire-worms—

Bury me under the rhododendron,
Forever, a fragrant dream follows,—
Bury me on top of Mountain Tai,
Sound of the wind murmurs across lonely pines—

Or, turn me to ash,
Throw into a flushing spring river,
Adrift away with falling flowers
To an unknown place.

(Trans. Zhao Gu)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Charles Bernstein

Born in New York City to a Jewish family in April 4, 1950, Charles Bernstein is an American poet, essayist, editor, and literary scholar. He received education in Bronx High School of Science in 1968, and obtained his bachelor's degree at Harvard College in 1972.

He is one of the most prominent members of the Language poets or L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poets (L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E was an avant-garde poetry magazine edited by Charles Bernstein and Bruce Andrews that ran thirteen issues from 1978 to 1981.) His notable work is *Republics of Reality: 1975-1995, All the Whiskey in Heaven: Selected Poems, Attack of the Difficult Poems: Essays and Interventions*.

In 2006 he was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In 2005, Bernstein was awarded the Dean's Award for Innovation in Teaching at the University of Pennsylvania. Educated at Harvard College, he has been visiting professor of Poetry, Poetics, and Creative Writing at Columbia University, the University at Buffalo, Brown University, and Princeton University.

A volume of Bernstein's selected poetry from the past thirty years, *All the Whiskey in Heaven: Selected Poems*, was published in 2010 by Farrar, Straus, and Giroux. In the same year that FSG released his major collection, Chax Press released *Umbra*, a collection of Bernstein's latest translations of poems from multiple languages. In May, 2011, the University of Chicago Press released Bernstein's collection of essays, *Attack of the Difficult Poems: Essays and Interventions*.

The following poems are selected from *All the Whiskey in Heaven: Selected Poems* (Charles Bernstein, *All the Whiskey in Heaven: Selected Poems*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 2010) and translated by Professor Luo Lianggong.

查尔斯·伯恩斯坦

查尔斯·伯恩斯坦，1950年4月4日生于美国纽约的一个犹太家庭。既为一名美国诗人，亦是散文家、编辑及文学学者。1968年在布朗克斯科技高中学习，于1972年在哈佛大学获得学士学位。

伯恩斯坦是最杰出的语言派诗人之一或L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E诗人(L=A=N=G=U=G=E是一前卫的诗歌杂志，由查尔斯·伯恩斯坦和布鲁斯·安德鲁斯共同主办，自1978年起至1981年共发行该杂志十三期)。其主要代表作有：《现实共和国：1975-1995》、《所有的威士忌在天堂：诗选》、《难诗之攻击：散文与干预》。

2006年，当选为美国艺术与科学院院士。2005年获得宾夕法尼亚大学“教学创新院长奖”。在哈佛大学学习期间，曾赴哥伦比亚大学、纽约州立大学布法罗分校、布朗大学及普林斯顿大学担任客座教授，讲授诗歌、诗学、及创作性写作。

《所有的威士忌在天堂：诗选》收录选编了伯恩斯坦近三十年内的诗歌，2010年由Farrar, Straus, and Giroux出版发行。同年，他的另一诗集《阴影》亦由Chax出版社发行，现该部诗集已被译成多种语言。2011年5月，芝加哥大学出版社发表了伯恩斯坦文集，《难诗之攻击：散文与干预》。

此处诗均选自《所有的威士忌在天堂：诗选》(Charles Bernstein, *All the Whiskey in Heaven: Selected Poems*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2010) 由罗良功教授翻译。

Palukaville

Charles Bernstein

Listen. I can feel it. Specifically and intentionally. It does hurt. Gravity weighing it down. It's not too soft. I like it. Ringing like this. The hum. Words peeling. The one thing. Not so much limited as conditioned. Here. In this. Spurting. It tastes good. Clogs. Thick with shape. I carry it with me wherever I go. I like it like this. Smears. You can touch it. I know how to get there. Hold it. Tickles. I'm the one beside you. Needs no other. Textures of the signs of life. There is a way in. Only insofar as you let it divert you. "Short cuts, the means before the ends, the 'special ways,'" all manners of veering we schooled in. The straightest path. I don't mind waiting. In the way the world is true. I'm ready to come. Taking away what we've got doesn't compensate for what we've lost. Then, spit it out. It is heavy. Because love of language—the ham—the huhuman—excludes its reduction to a scientifically managed system of reference in which all is expediency and truth is nowhere. Schooled and reschooled. The core is neither soft or hard. It's not the supposed referent that has that truth. Words themselves. The particulars of the language and not, note, the "depth structures" that "underlie" "all languages" require the attention of that which is neither incidentally or accidentally related to the world. It's sweet enough. Not mere grids of possible worlds, as if truth were some kind of kicking boy, a form of rhetoric. Truthfulness, love of language: attending its telling. It's not unfair to read intentionally into other people's actions.

Translation:

帕卢卡维尔¹

查尔斯·伯恩斯坦

听。我能感觉到。明确地，有意地。它不会伤害。地心引力牵引它下沉。它并不太柔和。我喜欢它。像这样鸣响着。那嗡嗡声。言语在蜕皮。这件事。并没有像约定的那样受限制。这里。在这里面。溅散着。品尝起来还不错。障碍物。外形多样。我走到哪里把它带到哪里。我这样喜欢它。污迹。你能摸到它。我知道怎样到达那儿。抓紧它。逗笑。我就是站在你身旁的那位。不需要别的。生命信号的质感。有一个进入的方法。只是你让他分散了你的注意力。“捷径，那目标前面的方法，‘那些特殊的手段，’”所有学校传授给我们的改变航向的方法。那条最短的直路。我不介意等。按照世界本真的状态。我准备来了。拿走我们已经拥有的并不能补偿我们已经失去的。然后，一吐为快。它好重。因为对语言——火腿——我类——的爱拒绝了一点，即语言已经简化为一个科学操控的参照系统，在其中一切都是权宜，真理归于乌有。传授再传授。核既不柔软也不坚硬。它不是那个被认为是包含真理的所指。是词语本身。语言的特征而不是一——请注意——那些构筑一切语言基础的“深层结构”要求关注那既非偶然也非意外地关涉世界的东西。这真够美妙的。不仅仅只是地图放歌中呈现出的可能的世界，似乎真理是某种胡乱踢腾的小子，一种修辞之术。

¹ 该诗《帕卢卡维尔》(“Palukaville”)根据美国卡通片中的拳击手乔·帕卢卡(Joe Paluka)命名，有“老拳醉鬼”之意。按照作者的说法，这首散文体诗以让·希里曼所称的“新句子”(即一连串的完整句子并置，全然没有逻辑上的并列或连接词)写成，是对希里曼的一首散文体诗《残阳碎片》作出的回应。前者完全由问句构成，后者则完全是回答。

The mocking of languages (making as if it were a mock-up) evades rather than liberates. The world is in them. I can feel the weight of the fog. Hung. The hum is it. Touch it as it hangs on you. It feels good. I say so. I am not embarrassed to be embarrassed. My elementary school teachers thought I was vague, unsocial, & lacked the ability to coordinate the small muscles in my hands. The way it feels. The mistake is to think you can put on the mask at work and then take it off when you get home. I enjoy it. If I acted like a manager to please my managers it would be irrelevant what I thought “privately.” The one- two punch: behaviorism and meritocracy. I couldn’t spell at school and still can’t. “Legibility,” “diction,” “orthography,” “expository clarity.” We have all been emptied of emotions. Shell, i.e., going through the motions of touching, holding, coming without care, love, etc. I’m trapped by the job only insofar as I transpose my language to fit it. An erotic pleasure pressing against the pen with my thumb, sore under the nail from a splinter. Then, come closer. Class struggle is certainly not furthered by poetry itself. Shards. Not how we’re special that’s important but how we’re not. I would rather explore the quarry that is my life. Punched out of us. What I didn’t learn in school was how to gaze on the mistakes I made out of sheer mediocrity. Intently. They are necessary. I don’t mind feeling cramped. It is necessary constantly to remind ourselves of our weaknesses, deficiencies, and failings. Comes back.

Translation:

真实、对语言的爱：关注它的讲述。仔细研读他人的行为并
无不公。对语言的嘲笑（使它似乎是一种仿制品）不是解救
而是逃避。世界就在其中。我感觉得到雾的重量。悬挂着。
那嗡嗡声就是它。当它等待这你的时候去摸它。摸起来很爽。
我这么说了。我尴尬时也不会尴尬。我的小学老师认为我懵
懂、不善交际，&并且缺乏协调我的手部小肌肉的能力。它摸
起来就是这种感觉。认为你在工作中可以带上面具回家后就
可以取下来，这一点错了。我喜欢它。如果我行动起来像经
理并且能够让经理们满意，那么我“私下里”怎么想就没什
么关系了。那种 1-2 冲孔机：行为主义和学界名流。在学校是
我不会拼写，现在仍然不会。“易识别”、“措辞”、“正
字学”、“解释清楚”。我们都已经把情感倾空。外壳，也
就是，做出抚摸、握住、无忧无虑地来、爱等动作而已。我
被困在这份工作中，只得变换我的语言以适应它。色欲的愉
悦透过我的大拇指挤压着笔端，碎片引发指甲下阵阵酸痛。
过一会儿，更近了。阶级斗争的推进肯定不是因为诗歌本身。
尖利的碎片。重要的不是我们怎样特殊而是我们怎样不特殊。
我倒是想要探究一下我的目标，那就是我的生活。已经被冲
孔机从我们身上冲出。我在学校没有学到的就是怎样端详我
完全出于平庸而犯的错误。专心致志地。它们是必要的。我
不介意受到限制。永远都有必要提醒我们自身的弱点、不足、
缺陷。它回来了。

Not meet you or make you—certainly not figure you out—but to stand next to, be there with. Peaches and apples and pears; biscuits and French sauces. Acknowledgement. We can get up. A blur is no reason of distress. Already made it. The mists before each of us at any time can put to rest any lingering fantasies of clear view. I can still hear it. I'm sure. My present happiness is not what's important. My body. Well, I'm no different. The mistake is to look for the hidden. All here. A world of answers, sentence by sentence. By an act of will. I am as responsible for that "mask" as anything. If I look hard I can see it. The fact of an affluent white man seeking power is enough to make me distrust him. Give it up. It does matter. It is important. You refused because you realized order without justice is tyranny. There are alternatives. We live here. It's time. This is my secret. I knew from the first school wasn't for me. I would accept if you said it. I no longer need to worry about sincerity. I am the masked man. Its purple. Orange. Queen Victoria Vermilion. A world of uncertainty and wonder. Sky grey. Of satisfaction. Let me stay in. This clearing. Security one more unnecessary underlining. I may stumble but I won't collapse. It's a nice day, the sun shines, the air has cleared. It's so blue. I like the fog. My reasons satisfy me. I have a place to sit. I've located it. It's enough. Worth. Holds. I want particulars. I have put out confusion. Tell me and I can tell you. I woke up. I met this girl. The morning came. I got it. It makes the tune my ear fashions. Slowly. Let me pronounce it for you.

Translation:

不是要见你或者塑造你——当然不是把你弄清楚——而是来站在旁边，与你在一起。桃啊苹果啊梨；饼干啊法式调味酱。鸣谢。我们会奋起的。模糊不是忧伤的理由。已经做到了。时时刻刻弥漫在我们眼前的雾霭能够使清晰视界盘桓的幻想得以安宁。我还能听见它。真的。我现世的欢乐并不是什么重要的东西。我的身体。哦，我根本没有不同。错误就在于寻找那些隐藏的东西。全在这儿。一个答案世界，一个接一个的句子。通过意志行动。我对那“面具”负有无限责任。如果我死劲儿看我能看得见。富裕白人寻求权力的事实足以引发我对他的不信任。放弃吧。它的确要紧。他很重要。你拒绝了是因为你认识到没有公义的秩序就是暴政。还有选项。我们在这里生活。那就是时间。这是我的秘密。一开始我就知道学校不是为我而设的。你说什么我都得接受。我不再需要担心是否真诚。我是面具人。它的紫色。橘色。维多利亚女王的朱红。一个充满不确定和奇迹的世界。灰暗的天空。令人满意的。让我呆在里面吧。这片林间空地。安全又一次没有必要强调。我可能会摔跟斗但不会崩溃。今天天气真好，艳阳高照，空气清新。天好蓝。我喜欢雾。我的理由足以说服我。我有个地方可以坐下。我已经确定了它的方位。这就足够了。值。握着。我要细节。我已经平息了混乱。告诉我，我也能告诉你。我醒来了。我遇到了那个女孩。早晨来临。我得到了它。它将那曲调变成了我时尚的耳坠。轻一点。让我发出它的声音，给你听。

Islets/Irritations

Charles Bernstein

to proper to behindless weigh in a rotating,
rectilinear our plated, embosserie des petits cochons
pliant feint insensate, round bands of immense
release fell, a crudity form of the assignment—
increase by venture populace animated by appeal
to which ends, almonds, lacquered unguents embrasure
matter articulate as trails percolated, pertinent
graceless simulation beak in otherwise pleasant up
and may this, after appropriate as to kind of
scopes deadline & partly muttered motioned
reversal, assume who certain elsewhere pertain
calling the guarded eyelids lacrimonious discoloration
all the more polished predisposed making matters
blemish shops sitting out with brittle tooling
tonight, in the state of the long-lent, long-tokened
shrugment languishing piano advisory lodging,
larger plate glass divertimento mildly fretted
ocular disproof the bleak the black the all too scanned
propose, then purpose porpoise resilient inventory,

Translation:

岛屿/捣鼓

查尔斯·伯恩斯坦

专属于 没有落后的 称重后再进入一个 旋转着，
成直线 我们镀金的轧花小猪
柔韧的佯攻 无生气的球形的 巨大的频带
释放 砍倒，一片原生林 表上列出 任务——
增加 通过商业冒险 百姓欣喜于 呼吁
为了什么目的，杏仁、漆亮的油膏 枪眼
关键表达如幽径 透彻、贴切
毫无优雅的模样 尖喙在其他时候友善 向上
并可能 这，之后 适合于某种
领域 最后期限&部分地 低语 提议
逆转，猜想 谁一定属于他处
呼唤那护卫着的眼睑 尖酸刻薄的褪色
一切更精致 易受感染 产生材料
瑕疵 店铺 坐在户外陪同 易脆的手工饰品
今晚，所处的状态是在那种长期出租、长期作为象征的
耸肩 缠绵的钢琴设备 寓所，
更大的 玻璃板嬉游曲 有些焦躁的
视觉反证 那荒芜的那黑暗的那一切检查太细
提议，然后有意 游弋 充满活力的清单，

lackadaisical compliance pumped of substantiation
 sense your—raise the exchange moonstruck destitution
 the count, which is imposed or, anyway, of at
 least briefly strikes in reply at least necessarily
 here the infinitely complex in, the patience
 short, that it, & then cushions of soda pop frizzing
 out of all proportion grandied apples, candied glasses
 insomniac trees quake and lips buttoned, voices
 sealed topiary delights, topological regressions
 current as of noisome targets toe tapping tabulation
 exquisitely contoured schmuck mistrusts what alone
 abjures indecent confidence flaunting their contusions
 I describe a square, a parking lot, a battering ram—you
 begin to coast archeologic tires rhythms, braces
 awash to climate torque riding with botanic
 insufficiency
 indentured savant flukes & floats for at least,
 with no more urgency than took to, leading in absolution,
 lost to nomenclature, hardly applicable incidental curtains
 barometer rises, volition stutters the gleam, assigned

Translation:

无精打采的服从 从实质中吸出
 感觉到你的——增加交流 风花雪月的贫乏
 那被强加的罪状 或者，无论如何，归于 至
少简短地 插入回答 至少必要地
 在这里这无限复杂的 在里面，这 耐心
 短缺，那 它，&然后 汽水托垫起绒了
完全失去了比例 变得壮观的苹果、成为蜜钱的眼镜
患失眠症的树 震动并且 嘴唇被扣紧，嗓子
被密封 园艺修剪的开怀，地志学上的衰败
现行的截至 恶臭的目标 脚尖敲出对照表
 轮廓优雅的笨蛋 不信任那独自
发誓放弃 不体面的自信 炫耀着他们的挫伤
我描述一个广场、一个停车场、一个榔槌——你
开始沿海岸航行 考古学的轮胎 节奏，吊带
 与气候力矩同一水平 与植物不足并驾齐驱
 签订契约的大学者 侥幸&漂浮 因为至少，
一如惯常毫无紧迫感，赦免被引入
输给了专门用语，几乎不适用 临时幕布
 气压计上升了，意志力结巴了 那闪亮，被分配

to the anterior triangle of the heart's lost longing
 infinite impression, unarguable casement ventriloquizes
human semblance the dust of the docks ardour, departing
window empathy that dose not outlast car starts
 vacant explosion the swoosh of the ill-conceived
major repairs, minor concessions suitably deplaned
 outage upsurge out-of-line puckishness impeccable
redress, relished resentment who forever floats, bent
by the tide, recrystallized, plumb line by billow board,
marbleized, infraplanetary, belly bound, dioramas of
memory's
echo chamber, flatly mesmerizing the woof and warp of the
screened barnacled remonstrations, paralyzing half-wants
 inconsequence beleaguered by surreptitious separations
 estimating marsupial planarity graded remnant in hot
pursuit self-congratulating fluorescence arguably
inoperative—beats way down, sort of slingshot zoom, replicating
morons passionate precepts undermined by falling chairs
wafers on their ways to class drains of the inaudible
assembly, jars of consent and stacks of by interest is
numbed, the bodiless stare of the oracular preference

Translation:

给前面的 心早已迷失了的期盼的三角形
 无边无际的印象，无可争辩的窗扉 以口技表现
人的模样 船坞的尘埃 激情，分别
窗户 不比汽车启动更长久的移情
 空洞的爆裂 哗啦作响的构想拙劣的
大修理、小退让 小心地卸下飞机
 储运损耗飙升 不合时宜的恶作剧 没有瑕疵的
补偿，被品尝的忿恨 谁永远在漂浮，折腰
在海潮中，重新结晶，铅垂线沿狂澜中的冲浪板垂下
大理石状的、小行星似的、便秘的 透视画中记忆的
回音室，坦然地媚惑着经线纬线交织的
屏风遮蔽的 船底长满藤壶的规劝，破坏了少量的需要
 饱受各种暗潮涌动的分离所围困的矛盾
 预测着有袋类动物的平面世界 分级的剩布头受到热
切
追逐 自我庆幸的荧光 可以证明
没有用处——径直射下来，犹如弹弓的嗖嗖声，复制着
白痴 激昂的规诫被坠落的椅子破坏
圣饼正走向教室 耗光了那些听不见的
集会，一声声刺耳的认同和一擦擦 就兴趣而言已经
变得麻木，无影无形的带着神谕特权的凝视

slurping the sums “my mission was to, I no longer saw
the...” hypnonarcolepsy avuncular tenancy
rift accommodated to avoirdupois dictation brusque tubing
laddered by recalcitrance double upon grafted, accomplished
to pole population deckers, speckles and vehement
contours accused of altitude, brace of a court of some kindness
piles of clocks miserably shut away patrons of impressive
perforation stacks the hampers: insatiable drip of the
nosocomial dactyl premised on glare, harmless harmonics
bathe the waning harlequin gradual asymmetries
cascading
down the residual artifice invested on accumulation, the
tourniquet ensnares lewd animosities, setting the hand aspin,
phases of delinquent mean inaudible paroxysms cheap
reminders

Translation:

啧啧吃掉这些金额 “我的使命本来是，我没有再看到
那……” 催眠嗜眠发作 有长者风范的租赁
适应于常衡制独裁的裂隙 粗鲁的地铁旅行
因为反抗而阶梯化 在嫁接、完成时刻翻番
达到极点 全体居民航船甲板、斑点和热烈的
轮廓因为高度而受指责，友善的庭院的支架
一堆堆时钟被悲惨地关闭 资助人支持感人至深的
排孔 堆积着障碍物：无法满足地滴落出那些
医院的长短格 出于夸耀的假设，无害的和声学
沐浴月亮渐亏的小丑 渐近的不对称瀑布般落
下剩余的计谋 投资于积累，那
止血带诱捕好色的仇恨，用手画着圈，
违法手段的几个阶段 听不见的发作 廉价的
提示

Lift Plow Plates

Charles Bernstein

For brief scratches, omits,
lays away the oars (hours).
Flagrant immersion besets all
the best boats. Hands, hearts
don't slip, solidly
(sadly)departs.
Empire of sudden letting, soaks
up flaps of fumes, these (his)
fumes. When in the midst
of—days, chartered
whether or not. And suits.
Simple things (thugs)
poisoned with inception.
Such tools as
amount to ill-bred
orientation. Mrs. X
urging Mr. Z to amortize Miss
O. The snowperson snowed
under. On beam, off target.

Translation:

举起犁刀

查尔斯·伯恩斯坦

因为简洁刮掉、省略、
埋葬那些船桨（时光）。
罪恶的浸没侵蚀着所有
最优质的船只。人手、人心
不会溜走，稳稳地
（幽幽地）分手。
突然出租的帝国，吸
走片片烟尘，这些（他的）
烟尘。正当
那——日子，被包租
是或者不是。还有诉讼。
简单的事情（杀手）
用初始来毒杀。
工具如
发展成没有教养的
取向。X 太太
敦促 Z 先生分期偿还 O
小姐。那雪人下雪了
在下面。上了船舷，偏了目标。

（罗良功 译）

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Eight Poems by the Seven Talents of the Jian'an Period

The Seven Talents of the Jian'an Period in Chinese history is a term originating in a well-known anthology of criticism by Cao Pi, namely, *Historical Allusions and Essays*, which refers to the seven talented poets of the Jian'an Period during the reign of Emperor Xian of Han Dynasty (196-220), including Kong Rong, Chen Lin, Wang Can, Xu Gan, Ruan Yu, Ying Yang, and Liu Zhen. Their poems and essays, together with those of “the Three Caos”(Cao Cao, Cao Zhi and Cao Pi), form the well-known “Jian'an style”, which are enthusiastically lauded by the later generations.

The eight poems here are chosen out of *The Seven Talents of the Jian'an Period* compiled and written by Ye Dangqian, and published by Zhonghua Book Company in February, 2010, and are rendered into English version by Dr. Longinus J. Y. Long.

建安七子诗八首

建安七子，语自曹丕所著《典论·论文》，特指汉献帝建安年间(196~220)七诗人，即孔融、陈琳、王粲、徐干、阮瑀、应玚及刘桢也。七子所作诗文与“三曹”诗文以深郁悲怆、沉雄激昂名世，是乃“建安风骨”，深为后世称道。

此处所录建安七子诗凡八首，均选自叶当前所辑之《建安七子》，中华书局公元二零一零年刊印，由龙靖遥博士英译。

杂诗

孔融

岩岩钟山首，
赫赫炎天路。
高明曜云门，
远景灼寒素。
昂昂累世士，
结根在所固。
吕望老匹夫，
苟为因世故。
管仲小囚臣，
独能建功祚。
人生有何常，
但患年岁暮。
幸托不肖躯，
且当猛虎步。
安能苦一身，
与世同举厝。
由不慎小节，
庸夫笑我度。
吕望尚不希，
夷齐何足慕。

Translation:

A Medley Lay

Kong Rong

Oh how high does the Zhongshan Mountain rise,
And how very hot is the south-bound way.
The mansions of the lords outshine the clouds,
And the wretched state of the poor betray.
Upright talents from deposited times,
Their roots into sound cornerstones do lay.
Lü Wang was but an old common person,
But due to fortune he did have his day.
Guan Zhong used to be taken prisoner,
But he alone with feats did have his way.
What is permanent in this mortal life?
I lament that this old age becomes grey.
How lucky is this unworthy being
That strides in a tiger's ferocious way.
How can I humble myself and then stoop
To get involved in the world's dirty play?
Because I do not hold on to trifles,
My petty mind the vulgar men relay.
I even despise the feats of Lü Wang.
To the Qi philistines shall I hooray?

游览诗

陈琳

高会时不娱，
羈客难为心。
殷怀从中发，
悲感激清音。
投觞罢欢坐，
逍遥步长林。
萧萧山谷风。
黯黯天路阴。
惆怅忘旋反。
歔歔涕沾襟。

Translation:

Ode to an Excursion

Chen Lin

Banqueting with friends, I felt so gloomy.
Could a homesick man be carefree and gay?
Out of my heart melancholy did flow,
And sorrows inspired a clear sad lay.
Tossing my goblet, I left the gay guests,
And walking in the woods did not delay.
How cold and desolate the wind did blow,
And how dark and blurry was Heaven's Way
In despondence, I forgot to return,
And, sighing, onto my clothes did tears spray.

诗

王璨

鸷鸟化为鸠，
远窜江汉边。
遭遇风云会，
托身鸾凤间。
天姿既否戾，
受性又不闲。
邂逅见逼迫，
俛仰不得言。

Translation:

Poem

Wang Can

The bird of prey becomes a docile dove,
A fugitive on the Long River's moor.
Thrown into the vortex of winds and clouds,
It mixes itself with birds kind and pure.
By nature it is fierce and rebellious,
And the state of leisure ne'er can it lure.
Unexpectedly it is faced with threats,
And as for words it can ne'er be sure.

诗

王璨

列车息众驾，
相伴绿水湄。
幽兰吐芳烈，
芙蓉发红晖。
百鸟何缤翻，
振翼羣相追。
投网引潜鲤，
强弩下高飞。
白日已西迈，
欢乐忽忘归。

Translation:

Poem

Wang Can

All of us men stopped our carriages sharp,
Engaging in games by the river green.
Orchids were blooming with petals fragrant,
While lotuses were tinged with scarlet sheen.
All the birds were frolicking in colors,
Fanning their wings in pursuits gay and keen.
We were casting nets to catch hidden carps,
And bringing birds with bows down to the reed.
The sun setting, we forgot to return,
Being lost in the happiness serene.

答刘桢诗

徐干

与子别无几，
所经未一旬。
我思一何笃，
其愁如三春。
虽路在咫尺，
难涉如九关。
陶陶朱夏德，
草木昌且繁。

Translation:

In Reply to Liu Zhen

Xu Gan

It was not long ago that we parted,
And no more than ten days has ever passed.
How eagerly do I yearn to see you!
As if in spring, this despondence does last.
Although the space between us is trivial,
It is like nine passes together cast.
Thanks to the warm blessings from red summers,
Various grass and trees run rampant and vast.

诗

阮瑀

白发随栢堕，
未寒思厚衣。
四支易懈倦，
行步益踈迟。
常恐时岁尽，
魂魄忽高飞。
自知百年后，
堂上生旅葵。

Translation:

Poem

Ruan Yu

White hairs keep falling while I am combing,
And I miss warm gowns while 'tis not yet cold.
The limb easily feels tired and feeble,
And my paces fail to be fast and bold.
Oft I fear that the final moment comes,
And then my soul leaves for Death's fold.
I am well aware that after my death,
In this very hall wild plants will take hold.

别诗

应玚

浩浩长河水，
九折东北流。
晨夜赴沧海，
海流亦何抽。
远适万里道，
归来未有由。
临河累太息，
五内怀伤忧。

Translation:

Farewell

Ying Yang

Vast and mighty the long river does run,
And, zigzagging, northeastwards it does flow.
Day and night 'tis on its way to the sea,
And on and on the ocean currents go.
Touring to a place ten thousand miles off,
I have no go-home reasons, high or low.
Approaching the river I keep sighing,
And give my whole self to sorrow and woe.

赠从弟

刘桢

亭亭山上松，
瑟瑟谷中风。
风声一何盛，
松枝一何劲。
冰霜正惨凄，
终岁常端正。
岂不罹凝寒，
松柏有本性。

Translation:

To My Cousin

Liu Zhen

Upright the pine trees on the mountains grow,
And howling and soughing the wind does blow.
How bleak and horrible the wind does sound,
And how powerfully the pine branches throw.
Snow and frost are right in their starkest state,
While pine trees always their best selves do show.
Are they not in fear of the icy cold?
In their veins the lofty nature does flow.

(龙靖遥 译)

**To our
honourable poetry scholars**

献给
所有的诗歌研究者

Poetics

Poeticized Opera, or Operaticized Poem?

A Theoretical Speculation on Poepera

Longinus J. Y. Long¹

Abstract: Poepera is a literary term newly coined by Zhang Guangkui, and what it refers to, and how it shall be defined both requires and challenges much theoretical speculation. In light of Zhang's idea that poepera is poem plus opera, and in light of Zhang's works of poepera, this paper argues that a poepera is not a closet poetic text waiting to be appreciated in private, or a story to be acted out on a stage, but a text of poem to be narrated with the coordinated support from chorus, music, stage settings, and the audience. It finally reaches the conclusion that a poepera is an on-the-spot art, an art progressing in time. It is, in other words, an operaticized poem, a static verbal entity being turned into a dynamic potential.

Key words: poepera; poem; opera; on-the-spot art

Poepera is a concept coined by Professor Zhang Guangkui for a new form of literature he produces and has been showing to the audience with his touring performances since 2015. Not only the works of poepera, but also the concept of poepera itself has caused impressive ripples, if not flood or deluge, in the literary circle. When asked what is poepera, he said, poepera is poem plus opera, or a combination, a mixture of poems with operas. It is a new form of

¹ Longinus J. Y. Long (龙靖遥), Ph. D., poet, translator, and scholar specializing in poetry studies and cross-culture studies, is currently working with Faculty of Foreign Studies, Dalian Ocean University as an associate professor.

poems different the traditional ones. Poeperas are, to be sure, poems, but not that purely poetical in the traditional sense. It owes a lot to operas, but not a form of operas. It is similar to expressionist plays, but basically different from them.

This again causes “ripples”, if not “flood” in theoretical speculations. What, in exact words, is a poepera, then? Can there be an exact definition for poepera? Or, is it a poeticized opera, or an operaticized poem, since it is a mixture of poem and opera?

A poem is a static verbal entity

We shall, on the one hand, shed some light on the definitions of poem and opera, and those of some terms relevant to them, in order to give a definition for poepera. Since poepera is poem plus opera, we shall get to the bottom of what is a poem. According to the 2014’s edition of *Collins English Dictionary*, a poem “is a composition in verse, usually a characterized by concentrated and heightened language in which words are chosen for their sound and suggestive power as well as for their sense, and using such techniques as metre, rhyme, and alliteration.” So a poem is a verse. A verse, as defined by the afore-said *Collins English Dictionary*, is “a specified type of metre or metrical structure.”

If this definition is acceptable, then we shall see that verse, the form of a poem, is constructed with certain basic building materials, that is to say, words. It is a static verbal “being”, or entity, in the form of text. If we borrow from a

term in drama, namely, a closet play, a play which is not fit for production, but for private reading or appreciation, then a poem can be regarded as a “closet poetic text”.

An opera is a dynamic potential to be realized

As opera makes up another leg of poepera, we should also need to know what on earth is an opera. According to the fifth edition of *Dictionary of English Language* by Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company, opera “is an extended dramatic work in which music constitutes a dominating feature, either consisting of separate recitatives, arias, and choruses, or having a continuous musical structure.” The key words to get to know an opera are “dramatic” and “music”. An opera is a drama mainly produced by means of music.

What, then, is a drama? Random House Kernerman Webster's *College Dictionary* defines drama as “a prose or verse composition presenting in dialogue and action a story involving conflict or contrast of characters, intended to be performed on the stage”. And music, according to the afore-said *Dictionary of English Language*, is the “art of arranging sounds in time so as to produce a continuous, unified and evocative composition, as through melody, harmony, rhythm, and timbre.”

A drama is a story to be “acted out”, and music is the continuous sounds arranged in time. Hence one can safely say that an opera is a story to be presented chiefly by means of music. We can therefore come to the conclusion that an opera is a dynamic potential to be realized by performance.

A poepera is a static verbal entity being turned into a dynamic potential

A poepera is closely related to poetry, but it is not identical with, or equated with a poem. For a poepera, the core, or the dominant part, is doubtlessly the poem, and the opera is the adjunct, or “the displaying stage” owing to which the function of the poem is highlighted.² It is, in other words, an operaticized poem, rather than a poeticized opera. It is by no means a “closet” poem, a poem for appreciation in private when one is alone, but a poem in the process of “being”, or taking shape. And the artistic techniques, such as music (to be more specific, recitatives, arias, etc.), of opera assist it into coming into being, or taking shape. It is a closet poem in the process of performing on the part of the performers (the chief narrator and the supporting speakers and singers and bandsmen), and in the process of watching on the part of the audience.³

A poepera is also closely connected with opera, or even drama, as it is frequently presented by means of music, stage setting, setting, and acting, but it is not to be confused with an opera. For an opera, which is a dramatic form of literature, story plays the most important role, but for a poepera, story is not indispensable, for there are lyrical poeperas, for which the dominating factor is, in Wordsworth’s words, “spontaneous overflowing of powerful feelings”. Even for poeperas focusing on stories, which can be referred to as narrative poeperas,

² “A display stage for a poem refers to the physical backgrounds in which it appears, and these backgrounds include not only the layout of the printed poem, but also the context, such as a novel, a play, or a TV serial, where it shows its face. The display stage is of vital importance to the popularity and dissemination of a poem.” Longinus J. Y. Long, “The Displaying Stage for Poetry”, *Verse Version*, Vol. 3, No. 4, December. PP. 81-90.

³ In light of intertextuality, poepera is similar to the so-called “chance music” of John Cage (1912-1992), an avant-garde musician. For Cage, chance music is the sum total of the sounds and voices of certain setting for musical performance.

for example, epic poeperas, a poepera is different from a drama. For the story in a drama is “acted out”, which depends on the “physical acting” of the actors, but the story in a poepera is “narrated”, which depends on the “linguistic acting” of the narrator.

To brief, a poepera is composed of the text of a poem, the performance of the narrator and his supporting staff, the stage setting, the lighting, and the reaction from the audience. It is not a static verbal entity in the form of text, but a dynamic potential to be realized both by the narrator and his or her supporting staff and the audience. It can be generally understood as poem plus opera, but it can be better understood as a text of poem plus music-based performance on certain stage.

In a sense, a poepera is similar to a tragedy of the ancient Greece. In an olden-timed Greek tragedy, actors or actresses are assisted by a chorus in “acting out” a story. As we know, during its inceptive stage in Greece, a tragedy is produced on the stage with one actor in the front, and a chorus behind aiding him in presenting a story to the audience. Aeschylus, the father of drama, later introduced another actor to the cast, but the chorus still remained. Even in the hey-day (such as the day of Sophocles, the very author of Oedipus Rex) of tragedy, the chorus still played a crucial part in tragedy. In fact, in Aristotle’s famous *Poetics*, drama (including comedy and tragedy) is classified as a form of poetry.

“Summer’s Last Will”

According to Hans Robert Jauss’ theories of Receptional Aesthetics, a

literary work, without the participation of the readers, is but a half-finished work. In order for this literary work to be complete, it should be read, appreciated and responded to by the readers. But for a poepera, participation from the readers, or rather, audience, is not enough for a “closet poem” to be a “finished product”. In order for it to be finished, it should also be “performed”, or “narrated”. In other words, a poepera is composed of the text of a poem, the performance of the narrator and his supporting staff, the stage setting, the lighting, and the reaction from the audience, as we have elaborated above.

In Zhang Guangkui’s touring performances of poeperas, his repertoire includes classic poems as well as poems of his own, such as W. B. Yeats’ “Down by the Salley Garden”, Thomas Nashe’s “Summer’s Last Will”, and “Yelling” and “Since Edinburgh” by himself. In his performances, he himself plays the major part in narrating the prepared texts of poems, but chorus, stage setting, lighting, and the laughter partly staged and shouting from the audience are the indispensable factors of his poeperas. “Summer’s Last Will” is a case in point. Let’s take a look at the original text of the poem:

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,

In every street these tunes our ears do greet:
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to witta-woo!

Zhang rearranges, or rather, reproduces, the text into a performable operaticized poem. After being specially arranged and adapted for performance in the form of poepera, the poem becomes a piece of rap with more refrains to adapt musical performing on stage with drum kit's accompaniment the whole time and beat box's accompaniment at intervals("♩" is used immediately after every two beats; "—"stands for one beat):

(Beatbox solo as an introduction)

Spring—, ♩the sweet spring, ♩is the year's ♩pleasant king, ♩
Then blooms ♩each thing, ♩then maids ♩dance in a ring, ♩
Cold doth ♩not— ♩sting—, ♩the pretty birds ♩do— ♩sing—: ♩
Cuckoo, cuckoo, ♩jug-jug, ♩pu-we, pu-we ♩to-witta-woo—! ♩
Cuckoo, cuckoo, ♩jug-jug, ♩pu-we, pu-we ♩to-witta-woo—! ♩
Cuckoo— ♩Cuckoo— ♩((mimicry of cuckoo by rapper)
Cuckoo— ♩Cuckoo— ♩((mimicry chorus from a distance)

(8-beat pause for beatbox solo)

The palm and may ♩make country ♩houses gay, ♩
Lambs frisk ♩and play, ♩the shepherds pipe ♩all— ♩day—, ♩
And we hear ♩aye birds tune ♩this merry lay: ♩
Cuckoo, cuckoo, ♩this merry lay(read in chorus): ♩
Jug-jug, ♩this merry lay(read in chorus) ♩
Pu-we, pu-we ♩this merry lay(read in chorus) ♩
To-witta-woo, to-witta-woo! ♩
This merry lay(Chorus in music) ♩this merry lay(Chorus in music) ♩
Lay, lay! ♩Lay, lay! ♩
Lay laylaylay, lay! ♩((chorus)
Merry ♩lay—! ♩

(8-beat pause for beatbox solo)

The fields breathe ♪sweet—, ♪the daisies kiss ♪our feet, ♪
 Young lovers meet, ♪old wives ♪a-sunning sit, ♪
 In every street ♪these tunes ♪our ears ♪do— ♪greet—: ♪
 Cuckoo, jug, ♪pu-we, to-witta-woo! ♪
 Our ears ♪do— ♪greet—: ♪
 Cuckoo, cuckoo, ♪jug-jug, ♪pu-we, to-witta-woo! ♪
 Our ears greet, ♪our ears greet! ♪(read in chorus)
 Greet, greet! ♪(read in chorus)

(8-beat pause for beatbox solo)

Spring—, ♪the sweet Spring! ♪
 So— ♪sweet— ♪Spring—! ♪
 So sweet Spring! ♪So sweet Spring! ♪(read in chorus)
 Mma—! ♪
 Hahahahaha...! (all in chorus to finish)

(Drum kit solo as the end)

This is indeed a symphony of human voices and instrumental voices: the narration of the poem from the narrator, the relay from the chorus, the concord of the narrator and the chorus, the music, the laughter and cheer from the audience, and the muted human sounds. Thus Nashe’s text of poem is “acted out” into an operaticized poem, a poepera.

Conclusion

A poepera is a performance art, an “on-the-spot” art, and an art progressing in time. The text of a poem forms the basis for a poepera, and this written text is rendered into a poepera by means of narration, or monologue

supported by chorus, instrumental accompaniment, stage settings, lighting, and reaction from the audience. In short, it is not a dead text put away somewhere waiting to be read and appreciated in private, but the coordinated progressive efforts of the author of certain poem, the narrator, the chorus, the band, the stage decorator, and the audience. It is, in other words, an operaticized poem, rather than a poeticized opera.

Translator List in English and Chinese

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

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