VERSE VERSION

山水

圓臺葉粘花水
在悟情光琴子
換計爱系寳

Verse Version

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Chief Editor

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poets, readers and translators

English-Chinese Version

When to Her Lute Corinna Sings[1]

Thomas Campion[2]

When to her lute Corinna sings,

Her voice revives the leaden strings,

And doth in highest notes appear

As any challenged echo clear;

But when she doth of mourning speak,

Ev'n with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,

Let by her passion, so must I:

For when of pleasure she doth sing,

My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring,

But if she doth of sorrow speak,

 Ev'n from my heart the strings do break.

---

[1] Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2005: 280.
[2] Thomas Campion (1567-1620), was an English composer, poet, and physician. He wrote over one hundred lute songs, masques for dancing.

Translation:

当科琳娜弹起诗琴唱起歌

托马斯·坎皮恩

当科琳娜弹起诗琴唱起歌，
她的声线让沉重的琴弦复苏，
并出现于最高的音调之中
像任何被激起的回声一样清越；
可是当她言说哀悼时，
即使她只是叹气，琴弦也会断裂。

当她的诗琴被她的激情支配，
活着或死去，我也必须这样：
因为当她歌唱喜悦时，
我的思绪也经历了突如其来的跳跃，
可是当她言说悲痛时，
我心底里的琴弦也会断裂。

<div align="right">（雷艳妮 译）</div>

Holy Sonnets[1]

John Donne[2]

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?

Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste;

I run to death, and death meets me as fast,

And all my pleasures are like yesterday.

I dare not move my dim eyes any way,

Despair behind, and death before doth cast

Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste

By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh.

Only thou art above, and when towards thee

By thy leave I can look, I rise again;

But our old subtle foe so tempteth me

That not one hour myself I can sustain.

Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,

And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

Translation:

神圣十四行诗

约翰·多恩

你已创造了我，你的作品会腐烂吗？

现在请修理我吧，因为现在我的结局正急速追来；

我奔向死亡，死神也正快速会见我

我所有的快乐都如昨日一样

我不敢丝毫移动我模糊的眼睛

后面的绝望，前面的死亡的确投下

如此的恐惧，我虚弱的肉体正在被它里面的原罪

消耗，正向地狱倾斜

只有你高高在上，当我离开时

我望向你，我重新站起来了；

可是我们隐约的老敌人如此诱惑我

我连一小时都不能支撑自己。

你的德行可以助我阻挡他的诡计，

你像坚固的岩石一样，描画我的铁石心肠。

<div align="right">(雷艳妮 译)</div>

To John Donne[1]

Ben Jonson[2]

Who shall doubt, Donne, where I a poet be,

When I dare send my epigrams to thee?

That so alone canst judge, so'alone dost make;

And, in thy censures, evenly dost take

As free simplicity to disavow

As thou hast best authority t' allow.

Read all I send, and if I find but one

Marked by thy hand, and with the better stone,

My title's sealed. Those that for claps do write,

Let pui'nies', porters', players' praise delight,

And, till they burst, their backs like asses load:

A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

Translation:

致多恩

本·约翰逊

多恩，他人质疑我是否是位诗人，

因我迟迟不敢向您献上我的隽诗。

如此判定太过独断，也过于片面；

再者，一贯他们的批判，

要么随意简单地否认

要么一派凛然地肯定。

读我所有献您的诗作，

哪怕我仅找到一篇有写着您对我的肯定，

那么我诗人的身份就已召现。

旁人，门人，演员掌声响起和诵扬雀跃，

更甚，直至他们能由内而外地放下傲慢，说：

诗人是应追寻无上荣誉，但不应广而告知。

（邓宇萍 译）

To His Conscience[1]

Robert Herrick[2]

Can I not sin, but thou wilt be

My private protonotary?

One foot in sea and one on shore,

Can I not woo thee to pass by

A short and sweet iniquity?

I'll cast a mist and a cloud upon

My delicate transgression,

So utter dark, as that no eye

Shall see the hugged impiety,

Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please,

And wind all other witnesses;

And wilt not thou, with gold, be tied

To lay thy pen and ink aside?

That in the murk and tongueless night,

Wanton I may, and thou not write?

It will not be; and therefore now,

For times to come, I'll make this vow:

From aberrations to live free;

So I'll not fear the judge or thee.

---

[1] Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2005:361- 362.

[2] Robert Herrick (1591-1674), was an English lyric poet and cleric in 17th-century. He was best known for *Hesperides*, a book of poems.

Translation:

致良心

罗伯特·赫尔利克

我可否犯错
而你不偷偷记下?
一条腿探进海水,另一条腿还在岸边
对我的甜蜜小过
你可否视而不见?
我要招来浓雾迷云
将这娇柔的过错掩盖,
天昏地暗
遮蔽法眼。
送礼蛊惑智者,贿赂收买人心
将一切证据折弯;
黄金能否让你噤言?
从此你止书收砚
任我在寂静无声的黑夜
安心逞愿?
你做不到;那么现在
我要立下誓言:
从此远离不端,
也将不再惧怕你或任何法官。

（周芳 译）

An Ode[1]

Mathew Prior[2]

The merchant, to secure his treasure,

    Conveys it in a borrowed name;

Euphelia serves to grace my measure,

    But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,

    Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;

When Cloe noted her desire

    That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,

    But with my numbers mix my sighs;

And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,

    I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blushed; Euphelia frowned;

    I sung and gazed; I played and trembled;

And Venus to the Loves around

    Remarked how ill we all dissembled.

---

[1] Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2005: 568.
[2] Matthew Prior (1664-1721), was an English poet and diplomat. He is also known as a contributor to *The Examiner*.

Translation:

颂歌一首

马修·普莱尔

商贾为保护他的财珍，
　　运送时总以别名掩盖；
我虽表面爱着尤菲莉娅，
　　但克萝点燃我的真爱。

我柔情的诗，心爱的琴，
　　放在尤菲莉娅的梳妆台；
克萝说想听我念诗弹琴
　　那我且吟来，把琴弦轻弹。

我手拨琴弦，把歌喉放开，
　　然而我的歌声里是声声哽咽；
纵使歌唱尤菲莉娅的颂歌，
　　我的爱意却在克萝的眸光里释放。

克萝容颜绯红；尤菲莉娅却紧锁眉头；
　　我一边歌唱和凝望；一边弹奏和颤抖；
维纳斯走至爱神身旁
　　道出我们所谓的掩饰不过是场混沌。

（邓宇萍　译）

To Robert Browning[1]

Walter Savage Landor[2]

There is delight in singing, though none hear

Besides the singer; and there is delight

In praising, though the praiser sits alone

And see the praised far off him, far above.

Shakespeare is not *our* poet, but the world's,

Therefore for him no speech; and short for thee,

Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,

No one hath walked our roads with step

So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue

So varied in discourse. But warmer climes

Give brighter plumage, stronger wing; the breeze

Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on

Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where

The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

Translation:

致罗伯特•勃朗宁

瓦尔特·萨维奇·兰多

歌唱中有着喜悦，虽然没有人听见

除了歌者；喜悦存在于

赞扬之中，虽然赞扬者孤单单坐着

远远地仰望着高高在上的被赞扬者

莎士比亚不是*我们的*诗人，而是世界的，

所以对于他无话可说；对于你，评价也很短，

勃朗宁！自从乔叟在世以来，

还没有人行走在我们的路上，如你一样

步伐矫健，眼神探寻，言语

多姿多态。可是更暖和气候

催生了更加鲜亮的羽毛，更强壮的翅膀；你抚弄着

阿尔卑斯山的微风，此风来自

萨伦托和阿马尔菲以外，在那儿

迷人的海妖等着你，一首接一首地唱歌。

(雷艳妮 译)

Sonnet—To Science[1]

Edgar Allan Poe[2]

Science! True daughter of Old Time thou art!

    Who alterest all things with thou peering eyes.

Why preyest thou thus upon the poet's heart,

    Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?

How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise?

    Who wouldest not leave him in his wandering

To seek for treasure in the jeweled skies,

    Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?

Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?

    And driven the Hamadryad from the wood

To seek a shelter in some happier star?

    Has thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,

The Elfin from the green grass, and from me

The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?

---

[1] Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2005: 975.
[2] Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849), was an American author, poet, editor, and literary critic, considered part of the American Romantic Movemesnt. Best known for his tales of mystery and the macabre, Poe was one of the earliest American practitioners of the short story, and is generally considered the inventor of the detective fiction genre.

Translation:

十四行诗——致科学

埃德加·爱伦·坡

嘿！科学！你这时间老翁的女儿！

　世间万物在你注视的双眼里变幻。

好个秃鹫，灰暗的现实坚挺你双翼，

　可为何去啄食诗人的心魂？

他何以爱你？或何能殷羡你的睿智？

　纵使他能双翼展翅，乘风飞扬

可那也不能让他远去流逝

　在宝石熠熠的天际里寻觅。

你没把月神赶出她的月宫？

　你没将林间仙子驱逐出林木

迫她觅得更快乐的行星以作福栖？

　还是你没把仙女赶出温柔的水乡，

没把精灵赶出绿茵，没把我叫醒

在罗望子树下做的夏日酸甜的梦？

（邓宇萍　译）

Song[1]

Christina Rossetti[2]

When I am dead, my dearest,

    Sing no sad songs for me;

Plant thou no roses at my head,

    Nor shady cypress tree:

Be the green grass above me

    With showers and dewdrops wet;

And if thou wilt, remember,

    And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,

    I shall not feel the rain;

I shall not hear the nightingale,

    Sing on, as if in pain:

And dreaming through the twilight

    That doth not rise nor set,

Haply I may remember,

    And haply may forget.

---

[1] Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2005: 1128.

[2] Christina Rossetti (1830-1894), was an English poet who wrote a variety of romantic, devotional, and children's poems. She is famous for writing "Goblin Market" and "Remember", and the words of the Christmas carol "In the Bleak Midwinter".

Translation:

歌

克里斯蒂娜·罗赛蒂

当我死了，我最亲爱的，
　　不要为我哀歌；
不要在我坟头种上玫瑰，
　　也不要种上繁荫的柏树；
就做我坟上的绿草吧
　　任小雨和露珠润湿；
如果你愿意，就想起，
　　如果你愿意，就忘记。

我将看不到阴影，
　　触不到雨点，
听不到夜莺啼啭，
　　继续唱吧，仿佛陷入沉痛：
梦越黎明，
　　那不会升起也不会降落的光。
或许我会想起，
　　或许我会忘记。

（刘朝晖 译）

Flowers[1]

Robert Creeley[2]

No knowledge rightly understood
can deprive us of the mirth of flowers.
EDWARD DAHLBERG

No thing less than one thing
or more—

no sun
but sun—

or water
but wetness found—

What truth is it
that makes men so miserable?

Days we die
are particular—

This life cannot be lived
apart from what it must forgive.

---

[1] Robert Creeley. The Collected Poems of Robert Creeley, 1945-1975. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1982: 380.
[2] Robert Creeley (1926-2005), was an American poet and author of more than sixty books. He is usually associated with the Black Mountain poets, though his verse aesthetic diverged from that school's.

Translation:

花儿

罗伯特·克里利

任何正确理解的知识
都不会剥夺我们花儿的欢乐。
爱德华.达尔伯格

无一物比一物少
或多—

无太阳
不是太阳—

无水
不是找到的湿润—

是什么真相
让人们如此痛苦？

我们死亡的时日
是具体的—

此生不能度过
除非必须宽恕。

（刘朝晖 译）

All the Whiskey in Heaven[1]

Charles Bernstein[2]

Not for all the whiskey in heaven
Not for all the flies in Vermont
Not for all the tears in the basement
Not for a million trips to Mars

Not if you paid me in diamonds
Not if you paid me in pearls
Not if you gave me your pinky ring
Not if you gave me your curls

Not for all the fire in hell
Not for all the blue in the sky
Not for an empire of my own
Not even for peace of mind

No, never, I'll never stop loving you
Not till my heart beats its last
And even then in my words and my songs
I will love you all over again

---

[1] Charles Bernstein. All the Whiskey in Heaven. New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 2010: 297.
[2] Charles Bernstein (1950-), is an American poet, essayist, editor, and literary scholar.

Translation:

天堂所有的威士忌

查尔斯·伯恩斯坦

就算给我天堂所有的威士忌
就算弗蒙特所有的蝇虫都来叮咬
就算在地下室流干了所有的眼泪
就算给我百万次机会去往火星

就算你用钻石报偿我
就算你拿珠宝犒劳我
就算你给我你淡红的戒指
就算你送我你满头的卷发

就算要历经地狱所有的火焰
就算能拥有天空所有的碧蓝
就算能给我一个私人的帝国
就算能得到永恒的心灵平静

我也不，永远不，停止爱你
直到我的心跳完最后一次
就算到那时在我的语言我的歌声中
我会从头再次爱你

（刘朝晖 译）

Chinese-English Version

夜雨寄北[1]

李商隐[2]

君问归期未有期，

巴山夜雨涨秋池，

何当共剪西窗烛，

却话巴山夜雨时。

---

[1] 蘅塘退士编选. 唐诗三百首. 北京: 中华书局, 2014:421.

[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：

Writing to Someone in the North When It Rains at Night

Li Shangyin

You asked about my returning date which I haven't decided on.

Here at Bashan mountain the night rain's overflowing the autumn pond.

When can we get together to cut the candlewick by the west window?

I'd tell you of the night rain and how much of you I'm tenderly fond.

(Trans. Lei Yanni)

点绛唇[1]

汪藻[2]

新月娟娟，

夜寒江静山衔斗。

起来搔首。

梅影横窗瘦。

好个霜天，

闲却传杯手。

君知否。

乱鸦啼后。

归兴浓于酒。

---

[1] 吕明涛，谷学彝编注. 宋词三百首. 北京: 中华书局, 2009:160.

[2] Wang Zao (汪藻, 1079-1154), was a famous litterateur in the end of Northern Song Dynasty and at the beginning of Southern Song Dynasty.

Translation:

Dianjiangchun[1] • The Fair New Moon

Wang Zao

The fair new moon

cold evening and still river

the Big Dipper in the mouth of the mountain.

Getting up and scratching my head

I see the shadow of the plum tree slim, across the window

What a day of frost

and a pity that I did not take up my wine cup.

May you know

my longing for home is stronger then the wine

after the crows crow

(Trans. Zhou Fang)

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[1] Dianjiangchun is one kind of metric form for Ci, the kind of traditional Chinese poetry with irregular length of lines. This form has two stanzas, with four lines in the first stanza and five in the second, rhyming abbb, cbbbb, with the first line in each stanzas ending in level tone and the other lines ending in falling or rising-falling tone.

纸船[1]

余光中[2]

我在长江头

你在长江尾

折一只白色的小纸船

投给长江水

我投船时发正黑

你拾船时头已白

人恨船来晚

发恨水流快

你拾船时头已白

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[1] 余光中. 余光中诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 146.
[2] Yu Guangzhong (余光中, 1928-), was born in Nanjing and specialized in poetry, essay, criticism and translation.

Translation:

Paper Boat

Yu Guangzhong

Along the Yangtze River,

I reside at the head; you, at the end.

I make a white little boat in paper,

Then let it drift away along the river.

When I let it go, hair of mine is black;

When you pick it up, hair of yours turns white.

People abhors the boat arrives too late;

While hair hates the water streams too fast;

When you pick the boat up, hair of yours turns white.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

一切[1]

北岛[2]

一切都是命运

一切都是烟云

一切都是没有结局的开始

一切都是稍纵即逝的追寻

一切欢乐都没有微笑

一切苦难都没有泪痕

一切语言都是重复

一切交往都是初逢

一切爱情都在心里

一切往事都在梦中

一切希望都带着注释

一切信仰都带着呻吟

一切爆发都有片刻的宁静

一切死亡都有冗长的回声。

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[1] 北岛，舒婷等著. 朦胧诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 11.
[2] Bei Dao (北岛, 1949-), is a contemporary misty poet in China.

Translation:

All

Bei Dao

All is mists and clouds

All is beginning without end

All is transient pursuit

All the joy has no smile

All the sufferings have no trace of tears

All the languages are repetition

All the contact is first encounter

All the love is at heart

All the past is in the dream

All the hope is with annotation

All the beliefs are with groan

All the explosion has momentary stillness

All the deaths have prolonged echo

（Trans. Lei Yanni）

枫叶[1]

舒婷[2]

从某一处山坡某一处林边
由某一只柔软的手
拾起的
这一颗叶形的心
也许并无多深的寄意
只有霜打过的痕迹

这使我想起
某一个黄昏某一条林荫
由某一朵欲言又止的小嘴
从我肩上
轻轻吹去的那一抹夕照
而今又回到心里
格外地沉重

我可以否认这片枫叶
否认它，如拒绝一种亲密
但从此以后，每逢风起
我总是不由自主地回过头
聆听你枝头独立无依的颤栗。

---

[1] 舒婷. 舒婷诗精编. 武汉: 长江文艺出版社, 2014: 150.
[2] Shu Ting (舒婷, 1952-), is a contemporary poetess in China, and is one of representatives of Misty Poetry.

Translation:

The Maple Leave

Shu Ting

This leave-shaped heart
picked up from some slope in certain woods
by some soft hand
does not really have much meaning though
only frost-beaten

which reminds me
of a certain moment at dusk along some lane
a half-opened mouth
blows away a ray of the setting sun
from my shoulder
that comes again
and sets down into my heart

I can deny this maple leave
as I deny some intimacy
but each time the wind blows
I will turn around
and listen to the hopeless shivering
of the lonely branch

(Trans. Zhou Fang)

等待[1]

席慕容[2]

如果昨天的河流是一首

长长的咏叹调

我就是

那一直在河心埋伏的低音

而此刻的你　正在那一处密林间

慢慢苏醒　空气中

有一种潮湿而又湿热的记忆

如藤曼般攀援牵扯

即使你一时无法将我想起　这也无妨

时光悠长　等待已将我化为巨石

就守候在

你将经过的流域　不曾稍离

---

[1] 席慕容. 以诗之名. 北京: 作家出版社, 2011: 62.

[2] Xi Murong (席慕容, 1943-), is a contemporary poetess, essayist and specializes in writing poetry with the themes of love and life.

Translation:

Waiting

Xi Murong

If yesterday were a

Long long aria,

Then I would be the bass call

That was hidden in river's heart yearning for.

But now, you are in the bushy wood,

Reviving very little by little. In the air,

The damping and muggy memory

Like vines creep over slowly and tangle with one in one.

Albeit if you cannot remember me at once, you might as well.

Long days go by long. I have turned into a boulder waiting for,

Waiting for you just there

You might flow through. I'll never depart.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

江河源[1]

杨克[2]

风在沙上签名

雨在草上签名

月在水上签名

江河在大地上签名

风的字迹潦草

雨的语言浮浅

月的灵魂澄澈

河流浑然不觉

弯弯曲曲写下永恒

[1] 杨克. 杨克的诗. 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2015: 196.

[2] Yang Ke (杨克, 1957-), is one of representatives of the Third Generation Poets in China.

Translation:

River Source

Yang Ke

The wind dances on the sand.

Raindrops drum against on the glass.

The moon drifts over the water.

Rivers flow up and down through the land.

Wind scribbles with leisure mood.

Rain speaks shallow words.

Soul of the moon is pellucid clean.

But rivers engrave the eternal curve

Not aware of it in the least.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

远方[1]

海子[2]

远方除了遥远一无所有

遥远的青稞地

除了青稞一无所有

更远的地方 更加孤独

远方啊除了遥远一无所有

这时

石头飞到我身边

石头长出血

石头长出七姐妹

站在一片荒芜的草原上

那时我在远方

那时我自由而贫穷

这些不能触摸的姐妹

这些不能触摸的血

这些不能触摸的远方的幸福

远方的幸福是多少痛苦

---

[1] 海子. 海子的诗. 长春: 时代文艺出版社, 2002: 209.

[2] Hai Zi (海子, 1964-1989), was a contemporary young poet and committed suicide at the age of 25 years old.

Translation:

Far Away

Hai Zi

There is nothing far away but farawayness

Far away in the highland barley field

There is nothing but highland barley

Further away   far more lonely

In faraway places nothing exists but farawayness

In time

A rock flew to me

The rock produced blood

The rock grew seven sisters

Standing on a barren prairie

At that moment I was faraway

At that moment I was poor and free

The sisters beyond touch

The blood beyond feel

The faraway joy beyond reach

What pain is the faraway joy

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

热爱生命[1]

汪国真[2]

我不去想是否能够成功

既然选择了远方

便只顾风雨兼程

我不去想能否赢得爱情

既然钟情于玫瑰

就勇敢地吐露真诚

我不去想身后会不会袭来寒风冷雨

既然目标是地平线

留给世界的只能是背影

我不去想未来是平坦还是泥泞

只要热爱生命

一切，都在意料之中

---

[1] 汪国真. 汪国真诗集. 自选典藏版. 广州: 广东旅游出版社, 2014: 143.
[2] Wang Guozhen (汪国真, 1956-2015), was born in Beijing and was a contemporary poet, calligraphist and painter.

Translation:

Love of Life

Wang Guozhen

I would not ponder on achieving success

Having chosen to wander

I move on regardless of the weather

I would not think of winning love

Charmed by the rose

I express my heart fearing nothing

I would not worry about cold wind and rain attacking from behind

Horizon being the goal

I could only show the world a sight of my back

I would not consider coming ups and downs

Where there is the love of life

There is a way, for all that in my dream

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

夜鸟[1]

西川[2]

残夜将尽的时候

是些社么颜色的鸟

掠过城市的上空

它们的叫声响成一片

它们离梦想近一些

它们属于幸福的族类

是些什么颜色的鸟

带着它们的秘密

和遗忘飞离

夏天树叶的声响

秋天溪水的声响

比不上夜鸟的叫声

我却看不到它们的

身体，也许它们

只是一些幸福的声音

---

[1] 西川. 小主意. 南京: 江苏文艺出版社, 2014: 55.
[2] Xi Chuan (西川, 1963-), is a contemporary poet. Along with Hai Zi (海子, 1964-1989) and Luo Yihe (骆一禾, 1961-), they are called as the Three Poets of Peking University.

Translation:

Night Birds

Xi Chuan

As the waning night was about to end

Birds of what color

Fleeted across the urban sky

Their singing rang unbroken

They were closer to dreams

They were the happy species

Birds of what color

With their secrets

With their dropped memories flew away

Sounds of summer leaves

Of autumn creeks

Are no match for night birds' tweets

Yet I couldn't catch sight

Of them. Maybe they

Are just some joyful sounds

<div align="right">(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)</div>

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Rae Armantrout

Introduction

Rae Armantrout, born in Vallejo, California in April 13, 1947, was one of the founding members of the West Coast group of Language poets. Her lyrical voice and her commitment to the interior and the domestic distinguish her from other Language poets. Short-lined, her poems are often concerned with dismantling conventions of memory, pop culture, science, and mothering, and such dismantling is always witty and refreshing.

Critic Stephen Burt at the *Boston Review* commented: "William Carlos Williams and Emily Dickinson together taught Armantrout how to dismantle and reassemble the forms of stanzaic lyric— how to turn it inside out and backwards, how to embody large questions and apprehensions in the conjunctions of individual words, how to generate productive clashes from arrangements of small groups of phrases. From these techniques, Armantrout has become one of the most recognizable, and one of the best, poets of her generation".

Armantrout has published more than ten books of poetry, including *Extremities* (1978), *Precedence* (1985), *Veil* (2001), *Pretext* (2001), *Up to Speed* (2004), *Next Life* (2007), *Versed* (2009), *Money Shot* (2011), *Just Saying* (2013), *Itself* (2015), etc. Her poems have appeared in many anthologies, including *Language Poetries* (New Directions), *Postmodern American Poetry: A Norton Anthology*, *American Women Poets in the 21st Century: Where Language Meets the Lyric Tradition*, (Wesleyan, 2002), *The Oxford Book of American Poetry* (Oxford, UP, 2006) .

She is the recipient of numerous honors and awards for her poetry, including an award in poetry from the Foundation for Contemporary Arts in 2007 and a Guggenheim Fellowship in 2008. She was awarded the 2010 Pulitzer Prize for Poetry with *Versed*.

The poems are selected and translated by Prof. Liu Zhaohui.

Itself[1]

I work it
until sweetness

rises
of itself,

then arcs across,
unfurling petals,

is gone.

～

On television hundreds
of albino crabs
scuffle over one steam
vent

～

I know you are dreaming
things I haven't dreamed,
wouldn't. But that's part
of your costume

like your extra
appendages.

---

[1] Rae Armantrout, *Itself*. Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2015:17.

Translation:

本身

我加工
直至甘甜

增加
自它本身，

然后以弧形穿过，
展开的花瓣，

一去不返。

～

电视里成百的
患白化病的螃蟹
在一个蒸汽孔上
扭打

～

我知道你在梦想
我从未想过，
也不会梦想的东西。但那是
你行头的一部分

如同你多余的
附属物。

You[1]

I discovered you at eleven, listening

to the Everly Brothers

singing "dream, dream, dream."

Whenever I want you,

longing put distance

between us.

and a supposed object—

a space awash

in possibility.

～

[1] Rae Armantrout, *Itself*. Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2015, p. 68.

Translation:

你

我十一点找到你, 在听
艾弗里兄弟
唱着 "梦，梦，梦。"

每当我想要你，

欲望都在我们之间
布下距离

和假想的物体—

一个被可能性
淹没的空间

～

On an obscure track,

Mick's minor key falsetto

intoning "you, you, you, you"

until the word means nothing,

anything.

~

Your sparrow fluttering

between here and here.

Your reverb bouncing

between mirrored walls

hopeless,

immortal,

not unhappy

Translation:

模糊的音轨上，
米克的小调假音
吟唱着"你，你，你，你"
直到该词什么也不是，

什么都是。

～

你的云雀在这和这
之间振翅

你的混响回荡在
装有镜子的墙壁间

无望，

不朽，

并非不悦

Cold[1]

What does it take
to stay warm?

Fire in a cage,
gnawing on wood,

throwing sprite
after sprite

off
to extinction.

Each baby's soul
is cute
in the same way.

Rapt attention
on a stalk,

Surprised by thirst.

---

[1] Rae Armantrout, *Just Saying*, Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2013: 10

Translation:

冷

保暖
需要付出什么？

笼中之火，
啃噬着木头，

把一闪
又一闪的亮光

抛开
至熄灭。

每个婴儿的灵魂
都同样地
可爱。

全神贯注
于一块根茎，

干渴突然袭来。

Eyes[1]

After John Milton

Our light is never spent,
Is spent.

Thus have we scooped out
maceration reservoirs.

We will blaze forth
what remains
as pixels.

Great angels fly
at our behest
between towers,

along axons and dendrites,

so that things stand
as they stand

in the recruited present.

---

[1] Rae Armantrout, *Money Shot*, Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2011:. 28.

Translation:

眼睛

仿约翰.弥尔顿

我们的光从未流尽，
只是流逝。

因此我们掘出
浸解它的水槽。

我们将余物
作为像素
曝光。

伟大的天使
按照我们的吩咐
飞在塔间，

沿着轴突和树突，

于是事物立身
如同它们立身

于征募的当下。

Second Person[1]

Lemons lanterns
hang late
into the evening.

But you are known
for you voluptuous retreat,

for leaving
your absence
on the air,

illicit, thin.

I know
you think
I wonder
if you think
of me.

This reflection
spins,

a bead on a string.

I can't take it with me.

[1] Rae Armantrout, *Money shot*, Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2011:. 32.

Translation:

另一人

柠檬和灯笼
悬挂着
直到晚上。

但是了解你
却是因为你撩人的撤退，

因为你把
你的离去
留在空中，

违规，薄情。

我知道
你觉得
我在想
你是否
想我。

这一思绪
旋转着，

绳上的珠子。

我带不走它。

Blur[1]

I'm called home

but don't go.

I have enough past

and future

to accompany me now.

The solitary one

interferes with itself.

They should give up

    counting

---

[1] Rae Armantrout, *Next life*, Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2007: 10.

Translation:

模糊

有人叫我回家

我却不回。

我有足够的过去

和未来

陪伴现在的我。

孤独者

自我干预。

他们应该放弃

    等待

Double[1]

So these are the hills of home. Hazy tiers

nearly subliminal. To see them is to see

double, hear bad puns delivered with a wink

and untoward familiarity.

Rising from sleep, the road is more

or less the road. Around that bent are

pale houses, pairs of junipers. Then to look

reveals no more.

---

[1] Rae Armantrout, *Precedence*, Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 1985: 11.

Translation:

重影

这些是家乡的小山。朦胧的层次
几乎属于潜意识。看到它们就像看到
重影，听到有人眨眼说出糟糕的双关语，
不合时宜却司空见惯。

从睡梦中起来，路或多
或少还是那条路。在拐弯处
有苍白的房屋，成对的刺柏。然后看
不再显示任何内容。

Now This[1]

Thus the palm is rakish

and the philodendron

lugubrious

Only using such rare words

will justify

my writing *this*,

my writing "my"

or *now*

here

---

[1] Rae Armantrout, *Up to Speed*, Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2004: 67.

Translation:

现在这个

棕榈树是流线型的

喜林芋

是忧郁的

只有使用这样罕见的词

才能在此为

我写*这个*

写"我"

或者*现在*

找到实据

Generation[1]

We know the story.

She turns
back to find her trail
devoured by birds.

The years; the
undergrowth

[1] Rae Armantrout, *Veil*, Middletown, CT: Wesleyan University Press, 2001: 5.

Translation:

代

我们知晓这个故事。

她转身
回去寻找自己
被鸟吞噬的足迹。

那些年；那些
灌木

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Xie Lingyun

Introduction

Xie Lingyun (谢灵运: 385-433), also known as the Duke of Kang Le, was one of the foremost Chinese poets of the Southern Dynasty and Northern Dynasty, and a famous practitioner of the Six Dynasties poetry.

Xie Lingyun was a descendant of two of the most important families in the late Eastern Jin (265-420) times, the Xie and the Wang families. His grandfather was General Xie Xuan, (谢玄: 343-388), who was best known for repelling the Former Qin (351-394) army at the Battle of Fei River, thus preventing the Former Qin emperor Fu Jiān (苻坚: 337-385) from destroying Jin, and thus allowing the continuation of the Southern Dynasties.

Xie Lingyun has been considered a landscape poet whose writing focused on the "mountains and brooks", in contrast to an idyllic poet who dealt with the "fields and gardens". His poetry is allusive and complex, with possible Buddhist influence.

Xie was influenced by the tradition of Fu-style poetry (赋) or literature. The Fu tradition often involved exuberant descriptions of the beauties of nature; indeed, Xie wrote his renowned "Fu on returning to the Mountains" in this style; however, Xie's breakthrough was to distill the essence of this type of Fu, adapting it into Shi, (诗) a more purely poetic form.

Hailed as the progenitor of the Chinese landscape poetry, Xie has secured his reputation as an outstanding landscape poet for over a thousand years. The Wangchuan Collection (《辋川集》) by Wang Wei (王维: 699-759) and Pei Di (裴迪) which describes the landscape features of Wang's estate near Chang'an City particularly shows the influence of Xie's poetry describing the landscape features of his estate near West Lake.

The poems are selected from *Selected Poems of Xie Lingyun and Bao Zhao* (Bei Jing: Zhonghua Book, 2005) and translated by Prof. Liu Zhaohui.

彭城宫中直感岁暮

草草眷徂物，

契契矜岁殚。

楚艳起行戚，

吴趋绝归欢。

修带缓旧裳，

素鬓改朱颜。

晚暮悲独坐，

鸣鹍歇春兰。

Translation:

End-of-the-Year Sentiments[1]

Depressed I can't bear to see the plants withering;

Upset I hate to say goodbye to the year vanishing.

Songs of Chu[2] evoke sadness in a wanderer like me;

Songs of Wu sever joy of returning home for me.

My old robe has turned loose with the loss of weight;

My young face has faded with the hair turning gray.

Sitting alone in the sunset I can't but feel dismal,

As the singing cuckoo declares that spring is no more.

---

[1] Composed when the poet was on duty in Peng Cheng at the end of the year.
[2] Xie Lingyun was born in Yue, so Chu, where Peng Cheng was, was not his hometown. Nor was Wu in the following line.

东山望海

开春献初岁，

白日出悠悠。

荡志将愉乐，

瞰海庶忘忧。

策马步兰皋，

绁控息椒丘。

采蕙遵大薄，

搴若履长洲。

白华皓阳林，

紫蘪晔春流。

非徒不弭忘，

览物情弥遒。

萱苏始无慰，

寂寞终可求。

Translation:

A View of the Sea from Mount Dongshan

The year begins with the start of spring

When the sun spreads its leisurely light.

With a cleansed heart in search of fun,

I overlooked the sea to relieve my plight.

Through the orchid field I spurred the horse,

Stopped it in the mount smelling of pepper,

Picked vanilla along the vast marsh,

And pulled herbs next to the water.

White flowers whitened against sunned trees;

Purple grass purpled in the spring flow.

Not only did I fail to forget my worries,

But with the pleasant views they did grow.

Forget-worry herbs unable to comfort,

In solitude I'd better live for worries to stow.

游南亭

时竟夕澄霁，

云归日西驰。

密林含馀清，

远峰隐半规。

久痗昏垫苦，

旅馆眺郊歧。

泽兰渐被径，

芙蓉始发池。

未厌青春好，

已睹朱明移。

戚戚感物叹，

星星白发垂。

乐饵情所止，

衰疾忽在斯。

逝将侯秋水，

息景偃旧崖。

我志谁与亮？

赏心惟良知。

Translation:

A Trip to South Pavilion

After rain came the early summer sky clean and clear;

All clouds had gone as the sun ran to the west sphere.

Dense forest sent forth spells of sweet fragrance;

Hiding the setting sun were the remote mountains.

After I was fed up with the drizzle for days consistent,

I happened to see from the inn a winding path distant.

Waterside herbs were slowly filling the zigzag trail;

Opening in the pond were lotus buds pink and pale.

While hating to part with the good booming spring,

I was thrown into summer as if by a sudden fling.

Depressed I sighed for the fleeting things fair;

My hair hung down dotting gray here and there.

Though music and food are so much to our delight,

Old age and illness occur as suddenly as the night.

When the autumn water goes up fit for sail,

I'd leave to be a hermit cut off from any tale.

To whom could I this wish of mine confide?

To the soul friends, my sole source of pride.

登江中孤屿

江南倦历览，

江北旷周旋。

怀新道转迥，

寻异景不延。

乱流趋孤屿，

孤屿媚中川。

云日相晖映，

空水共澄鲜。

表灵物莫赏，

蕴真谁为传。

想象昆山姿，

缅邈区中缘。

始信安期术，

得尽养生年。

Translation:

Mounting the Isolated Isle in the River

Bored by the familiar landscape in the south[1],

A visit to the north I'd been longing to pay.

To seek for novel views I found it's a long way,

Afraid they'd not last for so short is each day.

My boat sailed slowly across the swift current,

Where the isle in isolation put its charm on display.

The sun and the clouds shined a mutual light;

The sky and the water looked like a bluish fay.

Few having come to enjoy such delicate beauty,

Who would its look and truth to the world convey?

Like Mount Kun[2] where immortals are said to reside,

This isle is from earthly cares and worries far away.

I'd better start to practice the Anqi[3] art of health,

In the hope of keeping myself always fit and gay.

---

[1] The south here refers to the south of the Yangtze River; the north in the following line refers to north of the Yangtze River.
[2] Mount Kun, also known as Mount Kunlun, is a place where the immortals live according to legend.
[3] Anqi is a legendary figure who excels in the art of sustaining health and prolonging life.

东阳溪中赠答二首

可怜谁家妇？

缘流洗素足。

明月在云间，

迢迢不可得。

可怜谁家郎？

缘流乘素舸。

但问情若为，

月就云中堕。

Translation:

Two Exchange Songs by the Dongyang River[1]

Who are thou, lovely lady,

Washing thy fair feet in the river?

Like the bright moon in the clouds,

Thou're too far away to reach.

Who are thou, lovely lad,

Rowing a bare boat in the river?

If thou ask what is on my mind,

Look at the moon about to hug the clouds.

---

[1] The poem is made up of two four-line songs, the first of which is sung by a lady while the second by a lad.

石门岩上宿

朝搴苑中兰，

畏彼霜下歇。

暝还云际宿，

弄此石上月。

鸟鸣识夜栖，

木落知风发。

异音同至听，

殊响俱清越。

妙物莫为赏，

芳醑谁与伐。

美人竟不来，

阳阿徒晞发。

Translation:

An Overnight Stay in Mount Shimen[1]

In the morning I picked orchids in the yard,

Afraid that in the frost they might soon wither.

For the night I stayed in the skyscraping mount,

Watching the moon high up above my chamber.

Birds' chirps showed where they were perching;

Falling leaves signed that a wind was blowing.

Varied sounds were evenly pleasant to the ear;

Special echoes were equally fair and clear.

No one shared with me these things fine;

No one kept me company to enjoy the wine.

It's a pity that none of my friends came here.

I could only wait in vain till the sun did appear.

---

[1] Now located in the south-east of Sheng County, Zhejiang Province.

日出东南隅行

柏梁冠南山，

桂宫耀北泉。

晨风拂幨幌，

朝日照闺轩。

美人卧屏席，

怀兰秀瑶璠。

皎洁秋松气，

淑德春景暄。

Translation:

The Sun Rises from the Remote South-East—A Song[1]

Boliang Terrace[2] dwarfs the South Mountain[3];

Gui Palace[4] glows near the North Spring.

The morning breeze caresses the soft curtain;

The rising sun shines on the maiden chamber.

Smelling of orchid and prettier than jade,

Behind the screen the beautiful lady is lying.

She is as noble as the autumn pine;

Her virtues are like the spring sunshine.

---

[1] In *The Collection of Han Dynasty Songs* there is a famous ballad entitled "Mo Shang Sang", whose first line is "The sun rises from the remote south-east, shedding light on Qin's house." Lu Ji, a poet in West Jin Dynasty, imitated this ballad and composed a renowned poem "The Sun Rises from the Remote South-East—a Song," delineating female beauty. Xie Lingyun, imitating Lu Ji in composing this poem, differed from him in that his writing focused on the feminine temperament and virtues.

[2] A high terrace built in 115 BC in the time of Emperor Wu of Han Dynasty, located near the north gate within Changan City.

[3] Also known as Zhongnan Mountain, it is now located in the south of Xi'an city, Shanxi Province.

[4] A palace of the Han Dynasty, built in 101 BC.

折杨柳行

骚屑出穴风。

挥霍见日雪。

飕飕无久摇。

皎皎几时洁。

未觉泮春冰。

已复谢秋节。

空对尺素迁。

独视寸阴灭。

否桑未易系。

泰茅难重拔。

桑茅迭生运。

语默寄前哲。

Translation:

Breaking the Willow Twig[1]—A Song

The wind from the cave blows whistling;

The snow in the sun melts vanishing.

Wind's whistle never lasts long;

White snow soon fades, gone.

Before having enough of the icy spring,

I'm faced with the autumn leaf-falling.

Nothing can I do to stop time's flying;

Alone I look on each moment's passing.

It's not easy to change the poor luck;

Nor is it simple to the good lot pluck.

Poor luck and good lot each taking its turn,

In silence I'll choose from the sages to learn.

(Trans. Liu Zhaohui)

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[1] "Breaking the Willow Twig" is the name of a type of song in Han Dynasty. Famous poems have been written under this title including the classical *Ci*, and imitations by such renowned poets as Cao Pi and Lu Ji.

To our

honourable poetry scholars

献给

所有的诗歌研究者

Poetics

On Terry Eagleton's Conception of Teaching Poetry as Poetics of Materiality

Wang Jin[1]

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Abstract: In the four textbooks of literary studies Terry Eagleton has published so far, he presents in his ideas of teaching poetry not only his personal emphasis on politics of language and forms, but also his consistent commitment to literary and aesthetic education. Starting from two fundamental issues of "what is a poem" and "how to read a poem", Eagleton takes a discursive approach to re-examine current situation of poetry, and explores its paradigmatic problems between content and form, discourse and language, experience and experiencing. Through a revaluation of poetry in its rhetoric tradition, language politics, material culture, Eagleton highlights his conception of teaching poetry as poetics of materiality, along with a formalistic turn from ideological critique to rhetoric education.

Key Words: Terry Eagleton, teaching poetry, rhetoric criticism, politics of forms, poetics of materiality

Terry Eagleton has always been regarded as the most prominent Marxist literary theorist in Britain today. Since the publication of *The Ideology of the Aesthetic*, Eagleton has always been related to cultural Marxism and ideological aesthetics. This leads to a great popularity of Eagleton as a cultural theorist, but also results in an almost oblivion of him as a dedicated professor of literature. In fact, Eagleton has published four literary textbooks, presenting theoretical insights into his interpretation of literary works. The third one is *How to Read a Poem*. This book compromises Eagleton's ideas of poetry teaching once scattered elsewhere, and represent Eagleton's conception of teaching poetry as poetics of materiality. As both a experienced teacher and a passionate reader of poetry, Eagleton hereby attaches importance to reading poems with pleasure,

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and claims to present "an introduction to poetry for students and general readers", with a hope to make "an intimidating subject as lucid and accessible as possible"(2007: vii). However, as far as this essay tries to argue, Eagleton's conception of teaching poetry as poetics reveals his transformation of interests not only from ideology to rhetoric, but also from politics to education.

Eagleton's Apology of Today's Poetry

As a literary theorist with a Cambridge tradition, Eagleton cannot avoid explaining his theoretical standpoint when writing about literature. He points out his awkward identity as "a political minded literary theorist", as it is usually acknowledged that "literary theorists killed poetry dead because with their shriveled hearts and swollen brains they are incapable of spotting a metaphor, let alone a tender feeling" (2007:2). In his teaching of poetry, Eagleton first of all have to provide an apology of today's poetry and poetics. With this mission, he starts his interrogation of the opposition between poetry and theory: poets usually complain about the criticism of theoreticians, and are even hostile to their theoretical interpretation which murder the untranslatable beauty of poetry; while the latter criticizes the naïveté of poetry criticism without any theoretical values, and are happy to offer their helping hands to a dying poetry. With the rise of critical theories and cultural studies, the traditional space of poetry and poetics has been undergoing a real crisis in its deflating or even dying future.

However, Eagleton believes this pessimistic view for poetry is "one of the more obtuse critical platitudes of our time" (2007: 2). He continues to argue that the real problem for poetry in theory is not the application of theories but the misapplications and abuses of theoretical discourses: poor theoreticians prefer an easy way of content analysis and reject any close reading of poetry and its formal elements, while qualified critics emphasize languages and forms of poetry and advocate interpretation and appreciation of artistic forms of poetry. To exemplifies his idea of qualified critics, Eagleton presents Roland Barthes as a language expert and Michele Foucault as a literary stylistics, as the two theoreticians share a common interest in both the close reading of content and the discursive analysis of form. In terms of the discursive analysis of poetry and its forms, Eagleton suggests a historical turn to the language of poetry and its tradition of rhetoric between "literariness" and "materiality" (1981:

132-135).

In Eagleton's argument, poetry and literature in an extended sense refers to both the literariness of textual structures and the materiality of cultural contexts. As a result, he believes that "form is not a distraction from history but a mode of access to it", and in this case "a major crisis of artistic form…is almost always bound up with an historical upheaval" (2007:8). To be specific, Eagleton presents several important stages in the European history of poetry. The amalgamation of artistic forms and political contents can be traced back to practices of rhetoric in Ancient Greek and Roman era. Until the Middle Ages, poetry and its language has been placed at the intersection of argumentative discourse and political power, as "public events and social relationship". During the age of Enlightenment and new classicism, poetry starts to take a historical form which is "performative", "dialogical" and also "political" (2007: 11).

The Romanticists became bored with poetry of didacticism and turned to either "human creativity" of poets or "transcendental force" of nature, along with their emphasis of the poetical language of "privatization" and "retirement"; and the movement of realism further developed the "privatizing effects" of poetry and poetics (2007: 14). When leaving its tradition of materiality for literariness and privateness, contemporary poetry starts to focus only on language and its elegance. Modernists have an exclusive concern with signifying practices of poetry while post-modernists deny it the dimension of reference and understand it in a signifying game of metaphors, by claiming poetry can achieve its most value only in its ignorance of the real world (de Man 50). However, social movements change the modernist/postmodernist track of poetry, and literary movements, such as feminism, post-colonialism and etc, restore the tradition of rhetoric in studying poetry and turn to explore the materiality of literary forms.

In his defense of today's poetry, Eagleton personally admires F. R. Leavis, I.A. Richards, William Empson and their Cambridge tradition. For Eagleton, they are experts of letters and technician of language, based on sensibility, tradition, history and culture. They conceive literary forms bridging literature and society, examining the literariness of poetry and present traditions of cultural values through exploring the materiality of poetry. In this way,

Eagleton take poetry as "phenomenology of language - one in which the relation between word and meaning (or signified and signified) is tighter than it is in everyday speech" (2007:21). For its forms, poetry usually relies on signifying practices of everyday language, referring to the signification and its textual worlds; for its materiality, it often depends on poets' performance of imagination and readers' competence of reconstruction, and finally leads to dialogic space of interpretation. In this way, Eagleton emphasizes the rhetoric of poetry and its language. He believes the real value of poetry can only be perceived in subjective worlds of both poets and readers, arguing that only a traditional framework of rhetoric can help today's poetry out of oppositions between the passion of literariness and the reason of materiality. In his conception of teaching poetry, Eagleton does not approve traditions of imagination, experience, and intuitions, and instead he proposes a poetry and poetics of materiality in his pursuit of literary forms.

Eagleton's Pursuit of Literary Form

In his idea of poetry, Eagleton notes that "the literary work was neither a vehicle of ideas, a reflection of social reality or the incarnation of some transcendental truth", and emphasizes "criticism should dissociate art from mystery and concern itself with how literary texts actually worked", shifting the critical focus to "the material reality of the literary text itself" (1983: 3). The material approach towards literary rhetoric, assumes the form of literature as a way to empower meaning and value and explores the signification process of poetical signifying practices (Belsey 85). Eagleton's conception of poetry in terms of rhetoric contrasts with other genres of literature. First, poetry is different from prose not in such linguistic techniques of rhyme, rhythm、image, diction, metaphor or etc, but in its unique structure of literary form which determines its meanings. On the other hand, it aims at not a presentation of human values, meanings and styles, but a meta-narrative of its formal structures of literary presentation. Besides, poetry distinguishes fiction in its unique forms of presentation, which are beyond any reference framework in a practical way. And the ultimate concern of poetry is anti- Unitarian re/presentations of the real world, committed to a more profound understanding of world in the world of word.

The art of poetry, as Eagleton argues, is always perceived as the personal innovation of form or the sweet violence of language because of "a predominance of the signifier over the signified, or the texture of the language over its meaning，while in this regards he personally proposes to understand poets as "materialists of languages" and explore poetry as "events of literature"(2007: 46-47). In Eagleton's conception of poetry as "events of literature", the essence of poetry lies not in linguistic techniques of images or metaphors, nor in literary elements of styles, subjects or contexts, but in its rhetoric traditions of letters, words, signs or even sounds. However, Eagleton is not repeating the discourse of Russian formalists. The concept of literariness for Russian formalists focuses on innovative or violent transformations of everyday language into poetical discourse, and defamiliarization refers to effects of contrast and parody of signifying practices in different discursive structures. Hereby, Eagleton points out, poetry with literariness refreshes the referential usage of everyday language and ordinary experience, and Russian formalism through demilitarization implies "a poetics of materiality" about "the alienated society" only to "alienate the alienation" and "estrange our automated language and experience so that we can begin to live and feel them anew" (2007:50).

Poetry can be viewed as some kind of "encounters" and "conflicts" in signifying practices of language and signs, and poetical effects arises from the "confrontations" or "alienation" of form and content. As a result, "a poem is a piece of semiotic sport, in which the signifier has been momentarily released from its grim communicative labours and can disport itself gracefully", and "freed from a loveless marriage to a single meaning, it can play the field, wax promiscuous, gambol outrageously with similar unattached signifiers" (2007:58). In the history of poetry criticism, poets and critics have always been seeking a poetics which assimilates contents of poetry into its form, or vice verse. For example，F. R. Leavis takes the language of poetry as some ripe apple, and in this way reading activities are equal to the process of chewing and consuming its contents. Eagleton takes this idea as the Incarnational Fallacy and criticizes it. He emphasizes the poetical structure and material context of poetry as a form of art, and proposes to explore poetry for both ontological meanings and formal implications. In this case, F. R. Leavis and his

Incarnational Fallacy make an easy mistake with the relationship between content and form in reading poetry. The binary oppositions between signifier and signified, content and form, even though facilitating the reading and teaching of poetry and its ontological meanings, still fail to pay close attention to the essence of poetical language and its formal implications.

For Eagleton as a professor of literary studies, the essence of poetry language has always been its ontological identity beyond any boundaries of forms or contents: as to its contents, the signified of poetry language is the product of various signifiers in the interplay of each other, while for its forms, readers of poetry always take advantage of poetry language as the media of our experience to experience (2007:68). The essence of poetry in fact involves Eagleton's conception of poetry as "performance" with both the performativity and materiality of language. He notes that there is a tension between content and form of poetry and its language, and he personally believes it comes from those conflicts of poetical conceptions in performance: as a textual product, poetry refers to the re/presentation of signifying practices of language itself, while as a social event, it also involves re/interpretation of literary production of meaning itself. Based on such a performative conception of poetry, Eagleton further present his two ideas of "meaning" (based on traditional rhetoric) and "force"(based on reading experience) as two different forms of poetry language, and in this way make a distinction between two forms of poetry as "events of materiality" or as "fields of forces". Nevertheless, Eagleton insists that any study or discussion of poetry should first be based on a thorough exploration of its language at an ontological sense (2007:89).

Eagleton's Conception of Poetry as Poetics

Poetry is generally viewed as an art form of language for talented poets, untranslatable in form and unpresentable in content. For poetry, Eagleton believes "what is said" (content) is not as important as "how it is said" (form), and in this way "the content is inseparable from the language in which it is presented". However, in reading and teaching poetry, there is always "a tension between form and content", and Eagleton takes "this discrepancy as part of the meaning of the work" (2011: 3). Eagleton, out of his theoretical background, adopts a professional way to analyze the elements of poetry at its different

levels. He demystifies the mechanism of poetry in a rather technical way. In terms of literary techniques, poetry consists of objective elements of tone, mood, pitch, rhyme, rhythm, metre and etc; in term of reading experience, it also involves subjective constituents of sign, imagery, metaphor and figures of speech; in terms of culture, it refers to material aspects of meaning, events, forces and other narrative motifs. Any reading or criticism of poetry, if sticking to one of the three levels, cannot present a satisfying panorama of the poetical implications. Perhaps Eagleton may agree with Ludwig Wittgenstein in his conception of language as images, but obviously the former focused more on materiality of poetry and its language, with a clear purpose to restore in reading and teach poetry its lost essence of material culture in its rhetoric tradition. As Eagleton argues, "one cannot raise political or theoretical questions about literary texts without a degree of sensitivity to their language, and he also insists that "my concern here is to provide readers and student some of the basic tools of the critical trade, without which they are unlikely to be able to move on to other matter"(2011:2-3).

In Eagleton's conception of poetry as poetics, the language of poetry has in fact two sides in its reference structure: one refers to signs and words at a textual level, while the other to events and contexts at a social level. In this case, any reading or teaching of poetry should not only focuses on a close reading of the presentations on pages, but also more important a cultural analysis of the presented in society. At the ontological level, poetical language transcends the original context of poets or readers, and in this case poets produce their unique lines while readers present their personalized interpretations; at the social level, it also implies some metaphorical space of signs, images and sounds, and in this way language refers to a collaborate performance of not only meaning and force, but also content and form. As a result, Eagleton concludes that any effort to read and teach poetry should aim at decoding the unexplainable and mysterious beauty of poetry and poetical expressions. For Eagleton, reading poets' poetry is similar to watching dancers' dancing, and readers/audiences can understand and appreciate its events, meanings and cultures only through examining the whole process of reading or dancing. In the case, any reading or teaching of poetry should be based on a detailed analysis of its poetical languages at the following seven aspects of either techniques of form or events

of materiality.

First is about the tone, mood and pitch. The three elements of poetry not only present in the form of sounds different emotions and sensibilities of narrative voices, but also reflect emotional and psychological cultures in different context as some part of our morality and culture. The second is intensity and pace. The words of high frequency and the speeds of narration in poetry reveal both deliberations of poets and their individualized patterns of sense and sensibilities. The third is texture. It refers to specific modes of poetry to organize words and sounds, seeming to arise from poets' preference for certain dictions and sound patterns but virtually subject to the production of poetry and poetics in different social and cultural contexts. The fourth element is syntax, grammar and punctuation. Although they are usually seen as the rational murder of poetry, post/modernist poets(such as e.e.cummings) prefer to have a language play with them to produce poetry of forms and style, and highlight the linguistic aspects of poetry through violating both correct rules of grammar and traditional practices of diction.

The fifth one is about ambiguity or indeterminacy. As the most charming part of poetry, ambiguity in both meaning and emotion reflects the semantic clusters of everyday words as poetical language, and present the world of possibilities in interpreting poetry as events of literature. The sixth is rhyme, rhythm and meter. They may be the most basic skills of poetry. Rhyming ones present subjective emotions and personal experience of poets towards languages, forms and styles of poetry, while unrhymed ones represents not only the real world which is usually chaotic and without any order, but also the poets' personal attitudes of inaction and inability to change. The seventh element is always image. As the "visual language" of poetry, images usually refer to the mind-pictures of readers evoked by specific allusions or figures of speech. It bridges the gap between poets, poetry and readers, and facilitates the production of cross-gap dialogues and resonating imaginations at the horizon of readers' expectation and interpretation (Eagleton 2007:118,123,140).

To conduct a successful analysis of these poetical elements, Eagleton first clarifies two theoretical fallacies of poetical language between concrete and abstract, form and history. As to such relationships, most critics suggest to analyze and restore abstract aspects of poetical signification. But, Eagleton

conceives of the concrete itself as a network of relations and interrelations, and proposes to take the poetical language as a vehicle to examine material aspects of poetry and explore its social and cultural significances. Critics in studying poetical languages usually pay close attention to its structure of signification and its space of metaphor, and draw a conclusion that the talents of poets and the beauty of poetical language is beyond any critical boundaries of politics, culture and history. In a sharp contrast, Eagleton argues that "to write a history of poetic forms is a way of writing the history of political cultures" and "to do this, we have first to grant those forms their material reality" (2007: 118, 142, 164).

In Eagleton's conception of poetry as poetics, any reading or teaching of poetry, if failing to have a textual or stylistic study of poetical language and formalistic significance, amount to nothing but a reductionistic interpretation of the imitated world; while any criticism of poetry without a historical or materialistic analysis of literary forms and poetical skills, results in nothing but a meaningless play of words, signs and sounds. In this way, Eagleton argues that reading or teaching poetry should first of all seek a balancing position between the two sides of "concrete forms" or "abstract history", and "take its forms as its content, rather than draw from a common fund of meaning" based on a dialogue or assimilation between the poetical form and material content (2007:164). In fact, it is interesting to know that Eagleton as the most eminent Marxist theorist in today's Britain should be so interested in writing literary textbooks for general readers, and it is even stranger to find his conception of teaching poetry as poetics contribute to another important turn of poetry criticism to literary forms and poetical languages. His ideas about how to read a poem is by no means a repetition of the Russian formalists and their concept of literariness, but a shifting of his theoretical center from ideological critique to aesthetic education. Such a transformation involves not only assimilating literary forms with political meanings but also constructing a poetics of poetry as events of literature.

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