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Chief editor: Zhang Guangkui

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Contents

English-Chinese Version

1. On Gut.....Ben Jonson (1-2)
2. To the Sour Reader.....Robert Herrick (3-4)
3. The Windows.....George Herbert (5-6)
4. The Mower to the Glowworms...Andrew Marvell (7-8)
5. Written near a Port on a Dark Evening.....Charlotte Smith (9-10)
6. Astronomy.....A. E. Housman (11-12)
7. Table Talk.....Wallace Stevens (13-14)
8. The Wintry MindWitter Bynner (15-16)
9. A Pact.....Ezra Pound (17-18)
10. Full Moon.....Elinor Wylie (19-22)
11. Sea Rose.....H. D. (23-24)

Chinese-English Version

1. Light Rain in Early Spring.....Han Yu (25-26)
2. Frost and Moon.....Li Shangyin (27-28)
3. Woman.....Kang Baiqing (29-32)
4. The Sea.....Fei Ming (33-34)
5. I Love YouShen Congwen (35-36)
6. Noctuid.....Dai Wangshu (37-38)
7. I Live Like a Tree.....Lu Dian (39-42)
8. I Know the Direction of the Wind.....Luo Luo (43-46)
9. Dusk.....Luo Yihe (47-52)
10. The Wind Rises.....Xi Chuan (53-54)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Pablo Neruda

Introduction.....	(56)
1. Body of a Woman.....	(57-58)
2. The Light Wraps You.....	(59-60)
3. Ah Vastness of Pines.....	(61-62)
4. The Morning Is Full.....	(63-64)
5. I Remember You as You Were.....	(65-66)
6. Leaning into the Afternoon.....	(67-68)
7. We Have Lost Even.....	(69-70)
8. Your Breast Is Enough.....	(71-72)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Seven Sword-Men

Introduction.....	(74)
1. Shicha Lake and Candied Haws.....	(75-76)
2. My Rambling Poems Lag Far Behind the Era.....	(77-78)
3. Revisiting the Pavilion of Prince Teng.....	(79-82)
4. Boundary Monument.....	(83-86)
5. Waiting at Midnight.....	(87-88)
6. Winter Sacrifice.....	(89-92)
7. My Hometown Accent.....	(93-94)

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

On Gut¹

Ben Jonson²

Gut eats all day and lechers all the night;
So all his meat he tasteth over twice;
And, striving so to double his delight,
He makes himself a thoroughfare of vice.
Thus in his belly can he change a sin:
Lust it comes out, that gluttony went in.

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 328.

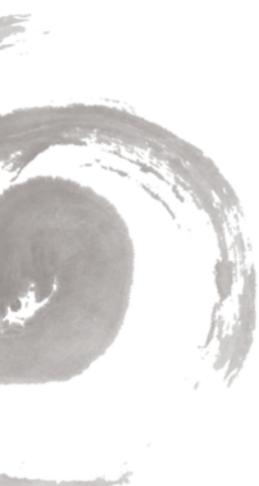
2. Ben Jonson (1572-1637) was a playwright, poet, and literary critic of the seventeenth century, whose artistry exerted a lasting impact upon English poetry and stage comedy. He is generally regarded as the second most important English dramatist after William Shakespeare during the reign of James I.

肠子

本·琼生

肠子终日贪饕，夜夜笙歌；
他多次食肉；
竭力使快乐翻倍，
让自己彻底成为了恶魔。
因此在他的腹中，他成为了一名罪人
欲望来势汹汹，贪吃乘机侵入。

（伍慧贤 译）



To the Sour Reader ¹

Robert Herrick²

If thou dislik'st the piece thou light'st on first,
Think that of all that I have writ the worst;
But if thou read'st my book unto the end,
And still dost this and that verse reprehend,
O perverse man! If all disgustful be,
The extreme scab take thee and thine, for me.



1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 355.

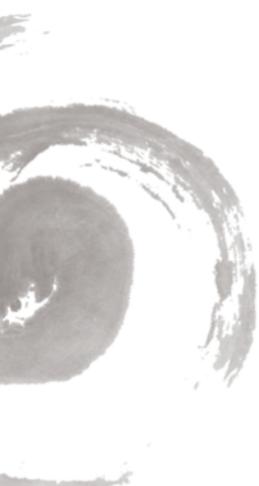
2. Robert Herrick (1591-1674) was a 17th-century English lyric poet and cleric. He is best known for his book of poems, *Hesperides*.

致尖酸刻薄的读者

罗伯特·赫里克

倘若你讨厌自己最初读到的那一页，
就当它是我写过的最差的吧；
但假使你读完了我的整本书，
依然指责这儿，抱怨那儿的话，
那你真是蛮不讲理！如果真是如此糟糕，
那赶紧带着你那些恶毒的言辞离我远点吧。

（伍慧贤 译）



The Windows¹

George Herbert²

Lord, how can man preach thy eternal word?
He is a brittle crazy glass;
Yet in thy temple thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window, through thy grace.

But when thou dost anneal in glass thy story,
Making thy life to shine within
The holy preachers, then the light and glory
More reverend grows, and more doth win;
Which else shows waterish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colors and light, in one
When they combine and mingle, bring
A strong regard and awe; but speech alone
Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
And in the ear, not conscience, ring.

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 373.

2. George Herbert (1593-1633) was a Welsh-born English poet, orator and Anglican priest. Throughout his life, he wrote religious poems characterized by a precision of language, a metrical versatility, and an ingenious use of imagery or conceits that was favored by the metaphysical school of poets.

窗

乔治·赫伯特

主啊，他怎能宣扬你的不朽之语？
他是一个易碎的疯狂玻璃；
可是你在你的殿里
这个光荣而超凡的地方
通过你的恩典助他成为一扇窗。

但是当你诉说你韧炼自己的玻璃时，
你的生命在其中闪耀
圣传教士，然后是光辉与荣耀
敬虔的人增多，且青出于蓝；
而其他则展示出水迹，暗淡和稀薄。

教义与生命、色彩与光线、合而为一
当他们融合之时，生起
一股强烈的敬意和敬畏； 但当一人独语
消失如燃烧之物，
以及在耳边响起，而非出自良心。
(郑家嘉 译)

The Mower to the Glowworms¹

Andrew Marvell²

Ye living lamps, by whose dear light
The nightingale does sit so late,
And studying all the summer night,
Her matchless songs does meditate;

Ye country comets, that portend
No war nor prince's funeral,
Shining unto no higher end
Than to presage the grass's fall;

Ye glowworms, whose officious flame
To wandering mowers shows the way,
That in the night have lost their aim,
And after foolish fires do stray;

Your courteous lights in vain you waste,
Since Juliana here is come,
For she my mind hath so displaced
That I shall never find my home.

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 483.

2. Andrew Marvell (1621-1678) is surely the single most compelling embodiment of the change that came over English society and letters in the course of the 17th century.

割麦女至萤火虫

安德鲁·马维尔

亮灯，借你钟爱之光
夜莺深夜啼唱，
探索整个夏夜，
她无与伦比的歌使人冥想。

村落的彗星，不是预示
战争和王子的葬礼，
闪耀至无上之巅
好过预示丛草的倒塌；

萤火虫的多事火焰现出道路
致漂泊的割草人，
在那个夜晚让他们失去了目标，
在愚拙的火烧以后，就流浪了。

你消耗了徒劳的礼光，
既然朱莉安娜来了，
因为她，我的心已流离失所
我将永远找不到我的家。

(郑家嘉 译)

Written near a Port on a Dark Evening¹

Charlotte Smith²

Huge vapors brood above the clifted shore,
Night on the Ocean settles, dark and mute,
Save where is heard the repercussive roar
Of drowsy billows, on the rugged foot
Of rocks remote; or still more distant tone
Of seamen in the anchored bark that tell ship
The watch relieved; or one deep voice alone
Singing the hour, and bidding “Strike the bell.”
All is black shadow, but the lucid line
Marked by the light surf on the level sand,
Or where afar the ship-lights faintly shine
Like wandering fairy fires, that oft on land
Mislead the Pilgrim—Such the dubious ray
That wavering Reason lends, in life’s long darkling
way

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 712.

2. Charlotte Smith (1749-1806), was an English Romantic poet and novelist. She initiated a revival of the English sonnet, helped establish the conventions of Gothic fiction, and wrote political novels of sensibility.

写于黑夜中的港湾

夏洛特·史密斯

浩大的蒸汽笼罩有陡崖的岸边，

夜，将海置于黑暗和静谧之下，
除了那催眠的巨浪声不断回响咆哮，

从远处的崎岖的岩石传来；
或是，从更远处，

水手在抛下锚的那声低吼，告诉船上
值班人换岗了；抑或是仅仅有低沉的声音，
吟唱出时刻，下令“敲钟”了。

黑影遍布，但是那清晰的线条，

——由那月光照射下的平的沙滩线，
或者从远处船灯照射来的微弱光线，

就像游走的童话般的火焰，
误导了朝圣之路——如此玄妙的光线，

让理性踌躇和叛离，置生命之路于漫长于黑暗。

（郑家嘉 译）

Astronomy¹

A. E. Housman²

The Wain upon the northern steep
Descends and lifts away.
Oh I will sit me down and weep
For bones in Africa.

For pay and medals, name and rank,
Things that he has not found,
He hove the Cross to heaven and sank
The pole-star underground.

And now he does not even see
Signs of the nadir roll
At night over the ground where he
Is buried with the pole.



1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. The Norton Anthology of Poetry (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1180.

2. A. E. Housman (1859-1936) was an English classical scholar and poet, best known to the general public for his cycle of poems “A Shropshire Lad”.

天文学

A. E. 豪斯曼

北部陡坡上的北斗七星，
绵延起伏。

而我，却潸然泪下。
为那些非洲的骸骨。

为那薪酬、勋章及名位，
以及那些他尚未寻觅之物，
他朝天举起十字架，又让其陨落。
同北极星一起，将被永埋。

然而此时此刻，
他甚至无法看到，
天底在地面以上滚动的迹象。
夜晚，他同北极星一起长眠于地下。
(王若菲 译)

Table Talk¹

Wallace Stevens²

Granted, we die for good.
Life, then, is largely a thing
Of happens to like, not should.

And that, too, granted, why
Do I happen to like red bush,
Gray grass and green-gray sky?

What else remains? But red,
Gray, green, why those of all?
That is not what I said:

Not those of all. But those.
One likes what one happens to like.
One likes the way red grows.

It cannot matter at all.
Happens to like is one
Of the ways things happen to fall.



1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1267-1268.

2. Wallace Stevens (1879-1955) was an American modernist poet.

席间漫谈

华莱士·史蒂文斯

理所当然，我们死得其所。
生命很大程度上只是一件事物，
为我们偶然喜得，而非必得之物。

恰如另一件理所当然之事，为何
我偶然中意那红色灌木，
灰色草丛及灰绿色的天空？

还剩什么？ 仅剩红色，
灰色及绿色，为什么偏偏是这些颜色？
这并非是我的用意：

并非偏偏是这些颜色。而是恰好是这些颜色。
一个人喜欢他偶然所喜欢的事物。
一个人喜欢红色植物生长的样子。

这根本无足轻重。
偶然喜欢只是一种
事物偶然发生的方式。

（王若菲 译）

The Wintry Mind¹

Witter Bynner²

Winter uncovers distances, I find;
And so the cold and so the wintry mind
Takes leaves away, till there is left behind
A wide cold world. And so the heart grows blind
To the earth's green motions lying warm below
Field upon field, field upon field, of snow.

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1270.

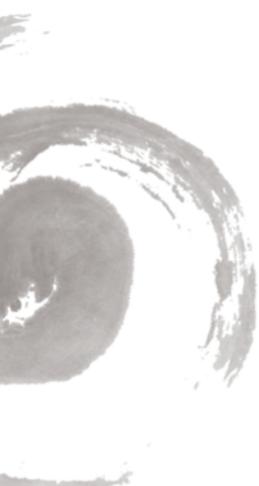
2. Witter Bynner (1881-1968) was an eloquent orator, in poetic forms, who spoke out for the individual dignity of his fellow men, whether in terms of politics, popular mores, or artistic commitment. Bynner's later poems reflect his time in Japan, and when he did begin to write in the modernist vein, he claimed his work with Chinese poetry gave him "a newer, finer, and deeper education than ever came to me from the Hebrew or the Greek."

寒意

威特·宾纳

严冬侵远道，
茫茫寂如霜。
寒意催枝冷，
满目尽苍凉。
不知春意暖，
绵绵雪中藏。

(余盛蓝 译)



A Pact¹

Ezra Pound²

I make a pact with you, Walt Whitman—
I have detested you long enough.
I come to you as a grown child
Who has had a pig-headed father;
I am old enough now to make friends.
It was you that broke the new wood,
Now is a time for carving.
We have one sap and one root—
Let there be commerce between us.

1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1296.

2. Ezra Pound (1885-1972) has been one of the most controversial literary figures in the twentieth century; he has also been one of modern poetry's most important contributors.

契约

艾兹拉·庞德

我跟你定下契约， 华尔特·惠特曼——
我对你的憎恨由来已久。
我作为生长的稚童步步向你靠近
我曾有一个蠢笨不堪的父亲；
我已经足够成熟到可以交朋结友了。
过去那你斫折的鲜润木料，
现在是时候将其精雕细刻了。
我们同根， 我们同生。——
我们彼此间不妨做个交易。

(王若菲 译)

Full Moon¹

Elinor Wylie²

My bands of silk and miniver
Momently grew heavier;
The black gauze was beggarly thin;
The ermine muffled mouth and chin;
I could not suck the moonlight in.

Harlequin in lozenges
Of love and hate, I walked in these
Striped and ragged rigmaroles;
Along the pavement my footsoles
Trod warily on living coals.



1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1310.

2. Elinor Wylie (1885-1928) was an American poet and novelist popular in the 1920s and 1930s.

满月

埃莉诺·怀利

我的丝质白鼬皮草
一时变得沉重不少；
黑色的纱罗薄如蝉翼；
白色毛皮蒙住了口鼻；
我饮不到月光一滴。

菱形路纹的五彩缤纷
交织百转千回的爱与恨，
我步入这旅途的斑驳陆离；
沿着人行道路，我的脚底
小心踩进煤渣余烬里。

Shouldering the thoughts I loathed,
In their corrupt disguises clothed,
Mortality I could not tear
From my ribs, to leave them bare
Ivory in silver air.

There I walked, and there I raged;
The spiritual savage caged
Within my skeleton, raged afresh
To feel, behind a carnal mesh,
The clean bones crying in the flesh.



我肩负着我所厌恶的想法，
在它们堕落的伪装掩饰下；
我无法将死亡从我的肋骨剥离
让它们暴露在银色的夜里
呈现象牙白的本色纹理。

我行走着，我狂怒着；
我骨子里囚禁着
内心的野人，她再一次怒吼
透过这副肉体罗网，去感受
在肌肤下哭泣的干净的骨头。

（余盛蓝 译）

Sea Rose¹

H. D.²

Rose, harsh rose,
marred and with stint of petals,
meager flower, thin,
sparse of leaf,

more precious
than a wet rose
single on a stem—
you are caught in the drift.

Stunted, with small leaf,
you are flung on the sand,
you are lifted
in the crisp sand
that drives in the wind.

Can the spice-rose
drip such acrid fragrance
hardened in a leaf?



1. Margaret Ferguson, Mary Jo Salter, Jon Stallworthy, ed. *The Norton Anthology of Poetry* (Fifth Edition). London: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc. 2005: 1311.

2. H.D. (1886-1961), also known by her original name Hilda Doolittle, was an American poet, novelist and memoirist.

海玫瑰

希尔达·杜丽特尔

玫瑰，刺手的玫瑰，
受到摧残，花瓣稀少，
瘦小的花朵，纤弱，
零落的叶子，

比一根茎干上孤零零的
一朵湿漉漉的玫瑰
更加珍贵——
你被海浪卷走。

长不大的花，小小的叶子，
你被抛上沙滩，
松脆的沙粒
向风中奔驰
将你向上扬起。

那芬芳的玫瑰
能淌下如此凌厉的
凝于一片叶中的香气？

(余盛蓝 译)

初春小雨¹

韩愈

天街小雨润如酥，
草色遥看近却无。
最是一年春好处，
绝胜烟柳满皇都



1. 谷一然评注. 千家诗. 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2004: 8.

Light Rain in Early Spring

Han Yu¹

Light rain like cream moisten the royal streets,
Grass look green from afar but not nearby.
This is the most beautiful time of a year,
Better than the time when Chang'an veiled in
willows.

(Trans. Zou Shaoqin)

1. Han Yu (韩愈, 768-824) was a writer, philosopher, thinker of Tang Dynasty.

霜月¹

李商隐

初闻征雁已无蝉，
百尺楼高水接天。
青女素娥俱耐冷，
月中霜里斗婵娟。



1. 谷一然评注. 千家诗. 北京: 人民文学出版社, 2004: 94.

Frost and Moon

Li Shangyin¹

No cicadas on hearing wild geese fly southward,
Viewing water and sky merged into one on high
tower.

Goddess Frost and Moon can endure the cold,
They show their beauty in late autumn's night.

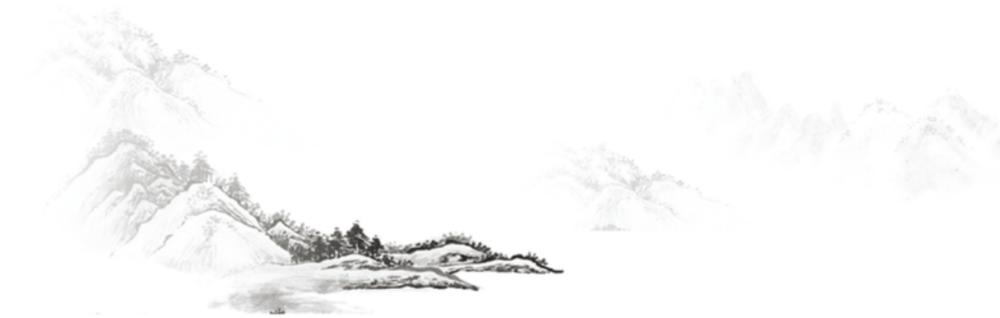
(Trans. Zou Shaoqin)

1. Li Shangyin (李商隐, 813–858), courtesy name Yishan (义山), was a Chinese poet of the late Tang Dynasty.

妇人¹

康白情

妇人骑着一匹黑驴儿，
男子拿一根柳条儿，
远傍着一个破窑边底路上走。
小麦都种完，
驴儿也犁苦了，
大家往外婆家里去玩玩罢。
驴儿在前，
男子在后。



1. 辛迪 主编. 20 世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 61.

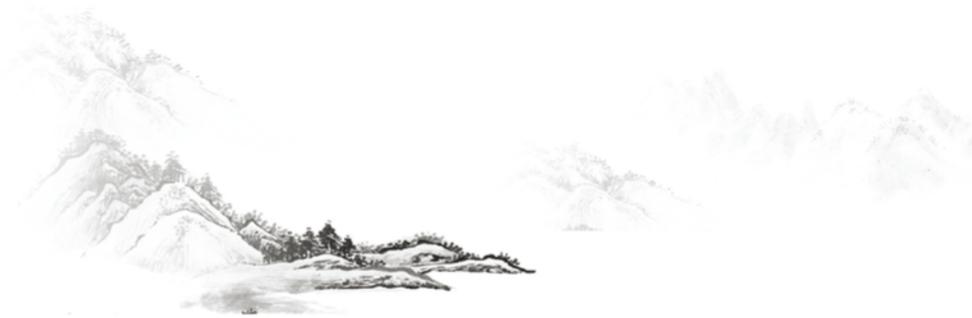
Woman

Kang Baiqing¹

The woman is riding a black donkey,
The man taking a wicker,
Among sunset walking along a broken kiln.
Wheat was planted,
The donkey also plowed,
Everyone goes to grandmother's house to play.
In front is the donkey,
Behind the man.

1. Kang Beiqing (康白情, 1896-1959) was a famous Chinese poet during the May Fourth Movement.

驴背上还横着些篾片儿，
 篾片儿上又腰着些绳子。
 他们俩底面上都皱着些笑纹。
 春风吹了些蜜语到他们底口里来，
 又从他们底口里偷了去了。
 前面一条小溪，
 驴儿不过去了。
 他们都望着笑了一笑。
 好，驴儿不骑了；
 柳条儿不要了；
 男子底鞋儿脱了；
 妇人在男子底背上了；
 驴儿在妇人底手里了。
 男子在前，
 驴儿在后。



On donkey's back still with some thin bamboo strips,
On the strips some ropes,
On their faces few wrinkles.
Some sweet words into their mouths by spring winds,
Then stole it as well.
In front of a small stream,
Donkey did not pass.
Looked at each other, they smiled.
So be it, ride donkey not;
Need wicker not;
Man's shoes off;
Woman on man's back;
Donkey in woman's hands.
In front the man,
Behind the donkey.

(Trans. DengYuping)

海¹

废名

我立在池岸

望那一朵好花

亭亭玉立

出水妙善，——

“我将永不爱海了。”

荷花微笑道：

“善男子，

花将长在你的海里。”



1. 辛迪 主编. 20 世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 98.

The Sea

Fei Ming¹

I stand on the pond shore
Looking at the good flower
Graceful and slim
Wonderful good out of water——
“I will never love the sea.”
The lotus smiles:
“Good man,
The flower will grow in your sea.”

(Trans. Zou Shaoqin)

1. Fei Ming (废 名, 1901-1967) formerly known as Feng Wenbing, is a famous writer in the modern Chinese literary world. He was a member of the Yusi Society and studied under Zhou Zuoren. He was regarded as the originator of “Jingpai Literature” in the history of literature.

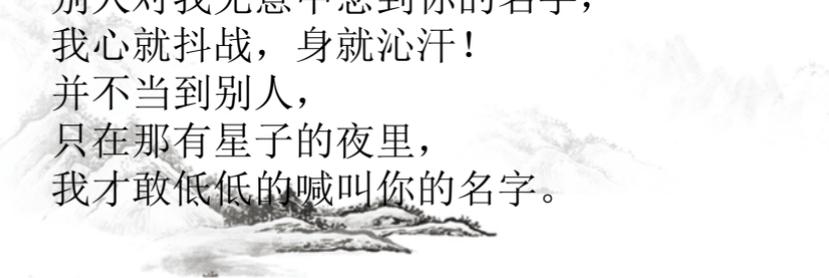
我欢喜你¹

沈从文

你的聪明像一只鹿，
你的别的许多德行又像一匹羊；
我愿意来同羊温存，
又担心鹿因此受了虚惊：
故在你面前只得学成如此沉默，
（几乎近于抑郁了的沉默！）
你怎么能知？

我贫乏到一切：
我不有美丽的毛羽，
并那用言语来装饰他激情的本能也无！
脸上不会像别人能挂上点殷勤，
嘴角也不会怎样来常深着微笑，
眼睛又是那样笨——

追不上你意思所在。
别人对我无意中念到你的名字，
我心就抖战，身就沁汗！
并不当到别人，
只在那有星子的夜里，
我才敢低低的喊叫你的名字。



1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 122.

I Love You

Shen Congwen¹

You are as agile as a deer,
Yet as gentle as a lamb;
I like staying with the lamb,
But fear the deer would flee quickly:
So I learn to be silent before you,
(Nearly melancholy in depression !)
How could you understand?

I am nobody:
No beautiful feathering I have,
No passionate instinct expressed by words I have !
No flatter on my face like others,
No smile wearing on my lips,
My eyes are too dull to follow what you think,
The moment someone mention your name by chance,
My heart is jumping and I am sweating !
So I avoid it,
Only alone in starry night,
I dare to whisper your name.

(Trans. Zou Shaoqin)

1. Shen Congwen (沈从文 , 1902-1988), was a famous Chinese writer and historical relic researcher.

夜蛾¹

戴望舒

绕着蜡烛的圆光，
夜蛾作可怜的循环舞，
这些众香国的谪仙不想起
已死的虫，未死的叶。

说这是小睡中的亲人，
飞越关山，飞越云树，
来慰藉我们的不幸，
或者是怀念我们的死者，
被记忆所逼，离开了寂寂的夜台来。

我却明白它们就是我自己，
因为它们用彩色的大绒翅
遮覆住我的影子，
让它留在幽暗里。
这只是为了了一念，不是梦，
就像那一天我化成凤。

1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 178.

Noctuid

Dai Wangshu¹

Around candle's round light,
Noctuid are dancing cyclically in pain,
These fairies in pilgrim kingdom couldn't remember
Dead insects and living leaf.

They are relatives in nap,
Fly beyond Guan Mountain, fly beyond Yun Tree,
Comfort our misfortune,
Or miss our death, forced by memory,
Leave the lonely hell table and fly here.

But I know they are who I am,
As their big colorful velvet wings
Cover my shadow,
Stay me in the dark.
This is not a dream, but for one thought.
Like that day I turned into phoenix.

(Trans. Zou Shaoqin)

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

我活得像棵树了

芦甸

我活得像棵树了。
我底根深深地盘结在泥土的下面，
在树林之中，我挺拔地屹立着，
我活得像棵树了。

在幼小的时候，
外来的风暴，没有吹折过我，
冰雪，也没有压倒过我；
我一天天地、青青葱葱地生长着。

但一些被虫蛀空了的树，
却曾趁我还不很茁壮的时候，
用干枯了的枝桠
重重地击伤过我底头颅。



1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997:452.

I Live Like a Tree

Lu Dian¹

I live like a tree.
My root coiled deeply beneath earth.
In the wood, I stand tall and straight,
I live like a tree.

When I was very young,
The storm from outside never blow me off,
The ice and snow never overwhelm me:
I grew and thrive green day after day.

When I was not strong,
Some tree decayed me by moth,
With their dried branches
They beat my head hardly.

1. Lu Dian was a modern poet who began to publish works in 1939.

这一次，它们又扑打过来了，
简直是用腐朽的全身向我扑打过来，
我不能忍受了，
我也弹起我底全身去反拨，
于是，我听见我身边，也有轰然倒地地声音……

我活得像棵树了。
我底根深深地盘结在泥土的下面。
在树林之中，我挺拔地屹立着，
我活得像棵树了。

/

This time, they beat me again,
Almost attack me with their whole rotten body,
I no longer bear it,
I bounce my whole body and fight back,
Then, beside me,
I hear a loud crash down to the ground.

I live like a tree.
My root coiled deeply beneath earth.
In the wood, I stand tall and straight,
I live like a tree.

(Trans. Zou Shaoqin)

我知道风的方向¹

罗洛

我走过平原 丘陵 和山谷
春天，久雨初晴，太阳正好
春风不断地吹着，温柔地吹着
给人带来幸福和欢乐地吹着……

群树摇曳着身子欢迎
群叶狂拍着手掌欢迎
群鸟自由自在地飞翔
鼓动着矫健的双翅欢迎

啊，我知道风的方向
从麦穗的俯伏的头
我知道风的方向
从池沼的笑的波纹



1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997:637.

I Know the Direction of the Wind

Luo Luo¹

I walked through plains, hills and valleys
Spring is sunny right after a long rainy day
Spring breeze blows continuously and temperately
Blows with happiness and joy.....

Trees swinging themselves are welcome
Leaf clapping their palms are welcome
Birds flying freely are welcome
Fluttering their strong and vigorous wings

Ah, I know the direction of the wind
From wheatear's bending head
I know the direction of the wind
From smiling waves of the pond

1. Luo Luo (罗洛, 1927-1998), formerly known as Luo Zepu, began to publish poetry in 1945.

我知道风的方向
从山坡上倾斜的树干
我知道风的方向
从我的流泪的脸

我知道风的方向
风打从冬天走向春天
我知道风的方向
我们和风正走着同一的道路啊……

/

Translation:

I know the direction of the wind
Form slanting trunks along the hillside
I know the direction of the wind
From my tearful face

I know the direction of the wind
The wind walks from winter to spring
I know the direction of the wind
We walks the same road with the wind.....

(Trans. Zou Shaoqin)

黄昏¹

骆一禾

走了很久很久
平原要比想象更遥远
河水沾湿了红马儿的嘴唇
青麦子地里
飘着露水
失传的歌子还没有唱起来

只有我的果树林
还在簸扬着
春天的苦味

弥漫江岸的水淞
还在结成
白茫茫的树挂
在这些树木的年轮里
刻着一个春耕的人
刻着没有光泽的
静静的低洼地

1. 辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 1018.

Dusk

Luo Yihe¹

Walk for a long time.
The plain is farther than imagined.
The river wet the red horses' lips.
On the green wheat field
dew floating.
The lost song has not yet sung.

Only my fruit trees
still winnowing
the spring bitterness.

The diffuse water pines
still forming
the white rime.
In the annual rings of these trees
engraved with a farmer ploughing in spring,
and without luster
in sinkage.

1. Luo Yihe (骆一禾, 1961-1989) is an excellent interpreter of Haizi's (海子, 1964-1989) poetry.

哦 黄昏抵在胸口上
积雪在长风里
衰落着光
我的心在深谷里沉重地上升着
好象一只
太大的鸟

在哪里呵？
滚滚的黄昏
你在哪儿
沉重的风雨和水纹
已经积满了平原
平原就该有这样平坦的黄昏呵
一下一下撞着你的心
每一步都踏在灵魂上

Oh the dusk against the chest.
Snow falling in the wind,
fading the light.
My heart in the deep valley heavily rising,
like a bird
so big.

Where is it?
The rolling dusk,
Where are you?
The heavy rain and water
have flooded the plain.
The plain should own such a flat dusk.
Just hit your heart, again and again.
Each step is on the soul.

这黄昏
把我的忧伤
磨的有些灿烂了
这黄昏
为女儿们
铺下一条绿石子的河
这黄昏让我们烧着了
红月亮
流着太阳的血
红月亮把山顶举起来

而那些
洁白坚硬的河流上
飘洒着
绿色的五月

/

This dusk
to my sorrow
grined for the brilliance.
This dusk
for the daughters
paved a green stone river.
This dusk burned us.
The red moon
flowing the blood of the sun.
Red moon lifts the mountain top.

And those
on the white and hard river
are diffusing
the green May.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

起风¹

西川

起风以前树林一片寂静
起风以前阳光和云影
容易被忽略仿佛它们没有
存在的必要
起风以前穿过树林的人
是没有记忆的人
一个遁世者
起风以前说不准
是冬天的风刮得更凶
还是夏天的风刮得更凶

我有三年未到过那片树林
我走到那里在起风以后



辛迪 主编. 20世纪中国新诗辞典. 上海: 汉语大词典出版社, 1997: 1026.

The Wind Rises

Xi Chuan¹

Before the wind rises
The wood was silent
Before the wind rises
The sunshine and the cloud are easily ignored
As they should not exist in the world
Before the wind rises
Those who passed in the wood
Remember nothing in heart
Before the wind rises
A recluse can't tell
Whose wind blows stronger?
Winter's or summer's?

I haven't been to the wood for three years
I walks to the wood until the wind rises

(Trans. Zou Shaoqin)

1. Xi Chuan (西川, 1963-), is a contemporary poet. Along with Hai Zi (海子, 1964-1989) and Luo Yihe (骆一禾, 1961-1989), they are called as the Three Poets of Peking University.

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Pablo Neruda

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Introduction

Pablo Neruda (巴勃罗·聂鲁达, 1904-1972) was born in Parral, Chile. He grew up in the pioneer town of Temuco where he met Gabriela Mistral. In 1920 he went to Santiago to study and began to publish his poetry. In 1924 the hugely successful *Veinte poemas de amor y una canción desesperada* appeared. From 1927 to 1943 Neruda lived abroad, serving as a diplomat in Rangoon, Colombo, Batavia, Singapore, Buenos Aires, Barcelona, Madrid, Paris, and Mexico City. He joined the Communist Party of Chile after World War II, and after being prosecuted for subversion, he began a life in exile. Already the most renowned Latin American poet of his time, he returned to Chile in 1952. In accepting the Nobel Prize in 1971, he said that the poet must achieve a balance “between solitude and solidarity, between feeling and action, between intimacy of one's self, the intimacy of mankind, and the revelation of nature.”

The follow poems are selected from *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despire* (English versions are Translated by W.S. Merwin, New York: Penguin Group, 2003) and translated by Deng Yuping(邓宇萍).

Body of a Woman

Body of a woman, white hills, white thighs,
you look like a world, lying in surrender.
My rough peasant's body digs in you
and makes the son leap from the depth of the earth.

I was alone like a tunnel. The birds fled from me,
and night swamped me with its crushing invasion.
To survive myself I forged you like a weapon,
like an arrow in my bow, a stone in my sling.

But the hour of vengeance falls, and I love you .
Body of skin, of moss, of eager an firm milk.
Oh the goblets of the breast! Oh the eyes of absence!
Oh the roses of the pubis! Oh your voice, slow and
sad!

Body of my woman, I will persist in your grace.
My thirst, my boundless desire, my shifting road!
Dark river-beds where the eternal thirst flows
and weariness follows, and the infinite ache.

女人的身体

女人的身体，白色的山丘，白色的大腿，
你看起来像一个世界，躺下交出。
我粗糙的农民躯体向你深入
并从土地的深处造出孩子。

我像一条隧道独自一人。鸟儿逃离了我，
夜晚也以其毁灭性的入侵淹没了我。
为了生存，我锻造了你，就像武器、
我弓上的箭、和我弹弓里的石头一样。

但复仇的时刻到了，我爱你。
皮肤的，泥泞的，欲求丰乳的身体。
哦，乳峰的高耸！哦，迷失的眼睛！
哦，阴阜的瑰色！哦，你的声音，缓缓而悲伤！



我的女人的身体，我将坚守你的美丽。
我的渴望，我无限的欲望，我不断变换的去路！
黑暗的河床上流淌着永恒的渴望
和随之而来的疲倦，以及无限的疼痛。

The Light Wraps You

The light wraps you in its mortal flame.
Abstracted pale mourner, standing that way
against the old propeller of the twilight
that revolves around you.

Speechless, my friend,
alone in the loneliness of this hour of the dead
and filled with the lives of fire,
pure heir of the ruined day.

A bough of fruit falls from the sun on you dark
garment.

The great roots of night
grow suddenly from your soul,
and the things that hide in you come out again
so that a blue and pallid people,
your newly born, takes nourishment.

Oh magnificent and fecund and magnetic slave
of the circle that moves in turn through black and
gold:

rise, lead and possess a creation
so rich in life that its flowers perish
and it is full of sadness.

光萦绕着你

光以它将熄的火焰把你萦绕。
失魂苍白的哀悼者，那样站着
倚靠在暮色下的旧螺桨
在你周围环绕。

无言，我的朋友，
独自一人在这死亡时刻的寂寞中
盈满了火的生命，
荒废一天的纯粹继承者。

一根果枝从太阳处落在你深色的衣服上。
夜晚的硕根
从你的灵魂倏地生长，
而隐藏在你内心的事再次出现
这样一个忧郁苍白，
你的新生之人，获得滋养。

哦 伟大丰饶而又具魅力的奴隶
穿过黑色和金色依次移动的圆圈：
崛起，引领并且能够
创造丰富的生命，灭亡花朵
而它也充满了悲伤。

Ah Vastness of Pines

Ah vastness of pines, murmur of waves breaking,
slow play of lights, solitary bell,
twilight falling in your eyes, toy doll,
earth-shell, in whom the earth sings!

In you the rivers sing and my soul flees in them
as you desire, and you send it where you will.
Aim my road on your bow of hope
and in a frenzy I will free my flock of arrows.

On all sides I see your waist of fog.
and your silence hunts down my afflicted hours;
my kisses anchor, and my moist desire nests
in you with your arms of transparent stone.

Ah your mysterious voice that love tolls and darkens
in the resonant and dying evening!
Thus in deep hours I have seen, over the fields,
the ears of wheat tolling in the mouth of the wind.

松树的浩瀚

啊 松树的浩瀚，海浪的潺潺声，
灯光的缓缓摇曳，孤零零的钟声，
暮色落在你的眼睛，玩具娃娃，
地壳，地球在其中歌唱！

河流在你里面唱歌，而我的灵魂逃入其中
如你所愿，你将它送到你想去的地方。
在你的希望之弓上我瞄准去路
在一阵狂热之中我将群箭齐发。

我随处见你迷雾缭绕的腰枝。
你的沉默捕获我磨难的时光；
在你剔透的磐石臂弯中
我的吻抛锚，我润泽的欲望筑巢。

啊，你迷漾的声音，在回荡和消亡的夜晚
喜欢缓缓低吟和模糊！
因此，在深夜里，我看到，在田野上，
麦子的耳朵在风口里低吟。

The Morning Is Full

The morning is full of storm
in the heart of summer.

The clouds travel like white handkerchiefs of good-
bye,
the wind, travelling, waving them in its hands.

The numberless heart of the wind
beating above our loving silence.

Orchestral and divine ,resounding among the trees
like a language full of wars and songs.

Wind that bears off the dead leaves with a quick raid
and deflects the pulsing arrows of the birds.

Wind that topples her in a wave without spray
and substance without weight, and learning fires.

Her mass of kisses breaks and sinks,
assailed in the door of the summer's wind.

早晨充实

在夏天的心中
早晨充满了风暴。

云游像白色的手绢道别，
风，漂游，挥着手。

无数随风的心
在空中敲醒着我们沉默的爱。

管弦乐和圣洁，在树丛中响彻
像一个充满战争和歌曲的语言。

风倏地一阵快速突袭带走枯叶
并偏离鸟类脉冲的势头。

风吹倒她，在没有喷雾的浪潮内、
在没有重量的物质里、以及在倾斜的火焰中。

她雨点般的吻破碎了，
夏天的风道袭来了。

I Remember You as You Were

I remember you as you were in the last autumn.
You were the grey beret and the still heart.
In your eyes the flames of the twilight fought on.
And the leaves fell in the water of your soul.

Clasping my arms like a climbing plant
the leaves garnered your voice, that was slow and at
peace.
Bonfire of awe in which my thirst was burning.
Sweet blue hyacinth twisted over my soul.

I feel your eyes travelling, and the autumn is far off;
grey beret, voice of a bird, heart like a house
towards which my deep longings migrated
and my kisses fell, happy as embers.

Sky from a ship. Field from the hills.
Your memory is made of light, of smoke, of a still
pond!
Beyond your eyes, farther on, the evenings were
blazing.
Dry autumn leaves revolved in your soul.

我记得你如往昔

我记得你和去年秋天一样。
你戴灰色贝雷帽，是娴静的。
在你的眼中，暮色的火焰在挣扎。
叶子落在你灵魂的水中。

像攀援植物一样紧握我的手臂
叶子吸引了你的声音，那是缓慢而平静的。
我渴望燃烧的敬畏之火。
甜美的蓝色风信子蜷曲了我的灵魂。

我觉得你的眼睛在旅行，秋天很远；
灰色贝雷帽，鸟的声音，房子般的心脏
朝着我深沉的渴望迁徙了
我的吻也落下了，像余烬一样快乐。

孤舟的天空。 山上的旷野。
你的记忆是光、烟、和一口寂静的池塘组成的！
透过你的眼睛，更远的地方，夜晚是炽热的。
干枯的秋叶在你的灵魂中旋转。

Leaning into the Afternoon

Leaning into the afternoon I cast my sad nets
towards your oceanic eyes.

There in the highest blaze my solitude lengthens and
flames,
its arms turning like a drowning man's.

I send out red signals across your absent eyes
that move like the sea near a lighthouse.

You keep only darkness, my distant female,
from your regard sometimes the coast of dread
emerges.

Leaning into the afternoons I fling my sad nets
to that sea that beats on your marine eyes.

The birds of night peck at the first stars
that flash like my soul when I love you.

The night gallops on its shadowy mare
shedding blue tassels over the land.

倚在暮色里

倚在暮色里，我朝你汪洋的眼睛
投下了我悲伤的网。

在烈焰的顶端，我的孤独延伸燃烧，
它的手臂像溺水男人的一样来回摆动。

我向你空洞的眼睛发出红色信号
像灯塔附近的海一样移动。

你只留下黑暗，我的远方女人，
从你的角度来看，有时会出现恐惧的海岸。

倚在暮色里，那海水拍打在你汪洋的眼睛上
我抛下了我伤心的网。

当我爱你时，夜鸟啄食最早的星星
那就像我的灵魂一样闪现。

夜在它幽暗的母马上驰骋
在整个大地上挥洒着蓝色的流须。

We Have Lost Even

We have lost even this twilight.
No one saw us this evening hand in hand.
while the blue night dropped on the world.

I have seen from my window
the fiesta of sunset in the distant mountain tops.

Sometimes a piece of sun
burned like a coin between my hands.

I remembered you with my soul clenched
in that sadness of mine that you know.

Where were you then?
Who else was there?
Saying what?
Why will the whole of love come on me suddenly
when I am sad and feel you are far away?

The book fell that is always turned to at twilight
and my cape rolled like a hurt dog at my feet.

Always, always you recede through the evenings
towards where the twilight goes erasing statues.

我们失去了黄昏

我们甚至失去了这个黄昏。
今晚没人看见我们手牵手。
而蓝色的夜晚降临世界。

我从窗口看到过
远处山顶上的日落节。

有时是一片太阳在我的手间
像硬币一样燃烧。

我记得你，我的灵魂被紧握
在你所知道的那种悲伤之中。

那你在哪儿？

那还有谁？

说着什么？

为什么当我难过时，感觉你很遥远时
全部的爱会突然袭来？

这本书经常落在了黄昏时分
我的披肩像一只受伤的狗滑落在我的脚边。

总是，你总是在晚上退去
朝着暮色在擦除雕像的地方。

Your Breast Is Enough

Your breast is enough for my heart,
and my wings for your freedom.
What was sleeping above your soul will rise
out of my mouth to heaven.

In you is the illusion of each day.
You arrive like the dew to the cupped flowers.
You undermine the horizon with your absence.
Eternally in flight like the wave.

I have said that you sang in the wind
like the pines and like the masts.
Like them you are tall and taciturn,
and you are sad, all at once, like a voyage.

You gather things to you like an old road.
You are peopled with echoes and nostalgic voices.
I awoke and at times birds fled and migrated
that had been sleeping in your soul.

你的乳房足矣

你的乳房对我的心已经足矣，
以及我的翅膀给你自由。
歇在你灵魂之上的
将从我的嘴里升起走向天堂。

在你身上的是每一天的幻觉。
你像露珠一样在花盆里出生。
在你不经意间你破坏地平线。
像波浪一样永远在飞。

我说过，你像松树、像桅杆
在风中歌唱。
像他们一样，你高耸无言，
而你突然地伤心，就像一次航行。

你像一条老路收集事物。
你充满回声和怀旧的声音。
我醒了，有时一直沉睡在你灵魂中的鸟儿
跑了也迁徙了。

(邓宇萍 译)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Seven Sword-Men

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Introduction

Seven Sword-Men is the pen name of seven modern Chinese poets. As a poetry group, they have different temperaments but share their passion and enthusiasm to poetry. The beauty of their poetry lies in lyrics and romanticism along with different poetic styles and concepts. By mutually complementing strengths, this modern poetry group is highlighted in the description of the same subject with diverse fusion, giving readers various aesthetic expectation and experience.

The following poems are selected from Poetry of Seven Sword-Men and translated by Sword-Poets.



什刹海与糖葫芦

论剑（龚刚）

从结冰的湖面上
滑入冬天和北京的深处
比寒风更高的天青色
辽阔无垠
如同睽违的乡愁
走过萧瑟
走过阳光下的行人
一切都已改变
一切都未改变
黄叶村的曹雪芹
呵气成霜
糖葫芦的出现
是偶然
也是心照不宣的约定
冰凉酸甜
从舌尖
沁入岁月
语言是多余的

Shicha Lake and Candied Haws

Judging Sword (Gong Gang)

Across the frozen lake
Skate into winter and the depth of Beijing
High above the wintry wind is the blue
Immense and boundless
Like the long-lost nostalgia
Passing through bleakness
Passing through pedestrians in the sun
Everything has changed
Nothing has changed
Cao Xueqin of Yellow Leaf Village
Exhaled clouds of frosty breath
Candied haws appeared
As a matter of chance
But also a tacit agreement
Icy cold, sour, sweet
From the tip of the tongue
Seeping into the years
Words are unnecessary

(Trans. Wang Ruli)



我散漫的诗歌远远落在时代后面

问剑（杨卫东）

人们在享受周末的夜生活
我在后山对着草木发呆
人们在谈论隐喻，张力，反讽或其他
我不懂得结构与解构
我常常把一阵平凡的风请到诗歌中来

絮叨，愤怒，粗糙
与唯美相隔一亩地那么远
这正是我引为自豪的地方。我的诗歌
看见了荒凉和衰老
就像海子看见梦一样的麦田
梵高看见摇晃的天空

我为未来写作。把现在留给别人
站在时代的背后
更能看清它的全貌，这正像
站在远处我更能感受你的顾盼
窗外的寒夜冻僵在树枝上
我不想写到月色
因为月色不大知道我的疼痛

My Rambling Poems Lag Far Behind the Era

Inquiring Sword (Yang Weidong)

While people are enjoying a weekend night out
I am gazing at the vegetation behind the hill
People are talking about metaphors, tension, irony
and the like

Yet I know nothing about structuralism and
deconstructivism

I often invite a common breeze into my poems

Garrulous, furious, and coarse
It is but an acre of land away from aesthetics
That is just what I'm proud of. My poems
See desolation and senility
As Hai Zi saw a dream in the wheat field
And as Vincent van Gogh saw the swaying sky

I write but for the future, leaving the present to others
Standing behind the era

You can see it more clearly, just as
I can feel more keenly your look far away
The cold night outside the window's frozen on the
branches

I don't want to write about the moonlight
Because it knows little about my agony
(Trans. Zhang Jinfeng)



又见滕王阁

花剑（李磊）

物换星移，你高耸在大江之上
独立而傲然，目睹滔滔江水
大浪淘沙，首先淘尽的
是阁中帝子，还有歌舞与佩玉鸣鸾
唯有布衣诗人的名字光彩夺目
落霞，挂在冬日的树杈上
孤鹜与孤独齐飞，一江秋水长天
还要埋藏多少风流人物
旧时的城楼，蜷缩的江鸟
小船划过波浪，我在寒冷的洪都
沐浴西山烟雨，回望潭影闲云

Revisiting the Pavilion of Prince Teng

Flashing Sword (Li Lei)

Time flies, but you tower over the great river
Alone and aloof, witnessing the torrent
Huge waves wash away sand, and above all
A prince, songs, dances, his jewelry and horses' bells
But the ordinary poet's name remains brilliant
The evening glow hangs on the branch of winter
Leaving the wild duck flying alone; the autumn river
Is sky blue: more great men will sink into oblivion
The old town's gate tower out there, waterfowls
cuddle up
A boat on waves, I'm in the bleak house of Governor
of Hong
West Hill bathed in drizzle, free clouds reflected in
water



一首诗拯救了一座楼、一个城市
和一代传奇，奔波的我在诗中
找寻平静的生活，冷风中的孩子
从此有了温度，激动地手指江水
仿佛在预言迷茫的未来
我常说：一切都将消亡，没有什么
会比诗歌活着更久，诗心闪烁
让所有沉睡的灵魂苏醒
诗歌不朽，诗人生存在书的封面
在记忆里熠熠生辉
巍峨的阁楼因诗歌而辉煌
就象滕王阁，王者不再飞腾
诗人乘着小船洒脱而去
一些冷却的名字，虚幻的舞台
被诗人写成意象，诗人的血
在冬天，点亮这一簇簇枫叶
还有时间和心灵的高度

A poem has saved a tower, a town
And a legend. I rush about, in poetry
Seeking a stable life, so a child in cold wind
Feels warmth; he excitedly points to the river
As if to predict the unknown future
I often say, everything fades away, and nothing
Outlives poetry; a poetic heart sparkling
Keeps all sleeping souls awake
A poem's immortal; a poet lives on a book cover
Shining brightly in memory
A lofty tower is glorious because of a poem
Like the Pavilion, where the prince is no more
The poet is gone freely in a boat
Some cooled names and unreal stages
Have been put into imagery by the poet, whose blood
In winter, lights up clusters of maple leaves
And time, as well as the height of a soul

(Trans. Shi Panrong)



二十四界碑帖

断剑（罗国胜）

灰喜鹊 蝴蝶 油菜花
我们一起在这里生长
在这里歇息

时间。空间
界碑 在这里 就是这里

这里是我出生的村庄

所有的那里
不可能成为这里

现在，我在千里之外的那里
听到这里雪落的声音

Boundary Monument

Broken Sword (Luo Guosheng)

Azure-winged Magpies, butterflies and cole flowers
Together we grow up
And rest here

Time. Space
Boundary monument here, just here

This is the village where I was born

All that is there
Cannot be here

Now, I'm a thousand miles away there
Hearing the sound of snow falling here



雪落下来的声音就是
灰喜鹊 蝴蝶 油菜花 和我的声音

在这里北风呼呼吹走
远去的是岁月的声音

它不再回来 一去不返

而我会回来
随同雪落的声音
一起落下来
我们在这里
生根 发芽 开花 结果
一直到没有那里

（故乡大雪。世事苍茫，人间辽阔寂寥。）

The sound of snow falling is just like
That of Azure-winged Magpies, butterflies, cole
flowers and me

The north wind is sighing here
Blowing away the sound of time and tide

It is gone, never to return

But I may return
With the sound of snow falling
And settle down
We are here
Growing, sprouting, blooming and fruiting
Until there is no place called there

(Heavy snow in hometown; worldly affairs untold,
solitude unbounded)

(Trans. Huang Jinzhu)



午夜的等候

柔剑（张小平）

午夜的等候，原是与雪的邀约
你不来，我不会离开

风吹着草木
风拂过与你走过的世界

有一点痛
有一点冷

温暖的痕迹
是雪地里足履叠放的记忆

踏雪，想折一枝梅
放到你的窗台。就如从前

蓦然想起，你那里不会下雪
温柔的地方。天堂
长满了绿色的青苔

Waiting at Midnight

Tender Sword (Zhang Xiaoping)

I'm waiting at midnight for the snow I invite
I won't leave until you come bright

The wind is blowing across trees and grass
And the world with you I pass

I feel a bit of pain
And a bit cold again

Warm trace
Left by shoes overlapping in snow's face

Walking on snow, I want to break a branch of plum,
 though
And put it on your sill, like I did long ago

Suddenly I recall well, it won't snow where you
 dwell
A sweet place, the paradise
Where green moss overgrows likewise

(Trans. Wei Hongxia)



冬祭

灵剑（薛武）

透过巨大的玻璃窗，火
刺透夕阳
那清澈的池塘，满满的
潜藏的时光

晶莹剔透的食指
这是将军的命令，江南
洁白的雪花，都
没有眼前的风景漂亮

裸露的枝干，向上
再向上

田野里掩埋的春光
走漏了风声，随着铃铛
传遍了苏杭，每一个
大街小巷

Winter Sacrifice

Soul Sword (Xue Wu)

Through a giant glass window, fire
Pierces the slanting sun aglow
That limpid pond, overflowing
With latent time

The crystal clear forefinger
Commands as a general; O, Jiangnan
Your lily snowflakes even fail
To rival this striking sight to unfold

Bare branches stretching upward, higher
And higher

Buried in the field, the splendor of spring
Gets leaked out, with bells tinkling
Sweeping Suzhou and Hangzhou, echoing
Through every street and lane



快了，快了
休眠的总会醒来
有些声音随风而逝
有些声音

骑士，四骑士
马蹄声声

号角就要吹响

Soon, very soon

The dormant are to come around

There's many a sound winging away with the wind

There's many a sound

Horseman, the Four Horsemen

Galloping

The horn's on the verge of hooting

(Trans. Huang Jinzhu)



乡音

霜剑（朱坤领）

家乡

是满树的梨花
是树荫下的古琴
是铺满深秋的青苔

我伸出手

接住的却是思乡曲
轻抚琴弦
黄河的浊浪滚滚而至
夹裹着红荷与雪花的香醇

那支烂熟于心的曲子

每到弹奏
要么双手迷失归途
要么曲谱走调成乡音

My Hometown Accent

Frost Sword (Zhu Kunling)

Hometown

Is a treeful of pear blossoms

The zither in the shade

And the green moss blanketing late autumn

I reach out my hands

Only to hold the nostalgic tune

The strings softly touched

Muddy waves of the Yellow River rolling hither

With the mellowness of red lotuses and snow flakes

That tune being so familiar

Yet whenever I play it

Either my fingers go astray

Or it meanders into my hometown accent

(Trans. Shi Yonghao)



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