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Zhang Guangkui

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

Summer and Winter¹

Percy Bysshe Shelley²

IT was a bright and cheerful afternoon,
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,
When the north wind congregates in crowds
The floating mountains of the silver clouds
From the horizon—and the stainless sky
Opens beyond them like eternity.
All things rejoiced beneath the sun; the weeds,
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds;
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

It was a winter such as when birds die
In the deep forests; and the fishes lie
Stiffened in the translucent ice, which makes
Even the mud and slime of the warm lakes
A wrinkled clod as hard as brick; and when,
Among their children, comfortable men
Gather about great fires, and yet feel cold:
Alas, then, for the homeless beggar old!

¹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 230.

² Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–822) was one of the major English Romantic poets. He did not achieve fame during his lifetime, but recognition of his achievements in poetry grew steadily following his death and he became an important influence on subsequent generations of poets including Robert Browning, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Thomas Hardy, and W. B. Yeats.

Translation:

夏与冬

珀西·比西·雪莱

这是一个明亮欢快的午后，
此时明媚的六月接近尾声，
当北风成群聚集在一起，
那漂浮的银色云朵汇成小山，
从地平线起——一尘不染的天空，
在其上展开，成了永恒。
万物都沐浴着阳光；
野草，河流，玉米地，芦苇丛；
只一望，微风中柳叶轻轻，
更有大树绿叶茵茵。

这是一个冬天，正当鸟儿
寂于深林；鱼儿犹如僵尸
沉于半透明的冰下，这使得
通常温暖的湖里的湿黏泥土
也冻成了皱巴巴的硬块；可是当
大人和孩子们，舒舒服服
围着大火取暖仍然感觉冷的时候：
唉！可曾想起，那位无家可归的老乞丐！

（张欣 译 张广奎 校）

Written in Northampton County Asylum³

John Clare⁴

I AM! yet what I am who cares, or knows?
My friends forsake me like a memory lost,
I am the self-consumer of my woes;
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.
And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd

Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
And all that's dear. Even whose I loved the best
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man hath never trod—
For scenes where woman never smiled or wept—
There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Full of high thoughts, unborn. So let me lie, —
The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

³John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 246.

⁴ John Clare (1793–1864) was an English poet. He became known for his celebrations of the English countryside and sorrows at its disruption. His work underwent major re-evaluation in the late 20th century; he is now often seen as a major 19th-century poet.

Translation:

写于北安普顿县精神病院

约翰·克莱尔

我是！我是谁又有谁在意或知晓？

我的朋友弃我如同一段丢失的记忆，
我独自承受自身的痛苦；

它们此消彼长，不经意间就控制了我，
生命的阴影挥之不去，灵魂也无归处。
而我存在——我活着一——尽管被抛弃。

到轻蔑和喧嚣的虚无之中去，

到苏醒的梦境之海中去，
那里没有生命感，没有欢乐，
有的只是我自尊的巨大沉船。

所有亲密的人，甚至我的最爱，
都变得怪异——呐，比其他人更怪异。

我渴望人从未涉足过的风景——

渴望女人从不微笑或哭泣的情形——
在那里和我的造物主，上帝同在，
然后如孩童一般甜甜睡去，
充满着还未诞生的高深思想。就让我躺下吧，——
身下是草地，头顶是苍穹。

(张欣 译 张广奎 校)

Ballad: Time of Roses ⁵

Thomas Hood⁶

IT was not in the winter
Our loving lot was cast!
It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed!

That churlish season never frowned
On early lovers yet!—
Oh no—the world was newly crowned
With flowers, when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
But still you held me fast;—
It was the time of roses,—
We plucked them as we passed!

What else could peer my glowing cheek
That tears began to stud?—
And when I asked the like of Love
You snatched a damask bud,—

And oped it to the dainty core
Still glowing to the last:—
It was the time of roses,
We plucked them as we passed!

⁵John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 301.

⁶ Thomas Hood (1799–1845) was an English poet, author and humorist. He wrote regularly for *The London Magazine*, *Athenaeum*, and *Punch*. He later published a magazine largely consisting of his own works. Hood, never robust, had lapsed into invalidism by the age of 41 and died at the age of 45.

Translation:

歌谣：玫瑰花开之季

托马斯·胡德

我们情缘相定
不在冬季！
而在玫瑰花开之季，
我们将其亲手采撷！

相爱之人从不皱眉于
这凌冽的季节！
噢，不！—— 在我们相见之初
世界被淹没在了花海中。

天黑了，我说再会，
然而，你紧紧把我拥抱；
在玫瑰花开之季，
我们将其亲手采撷！

泪水滴过我的脸庞
荣光熠熠，还有什么能比拟？
我问你要爱的信物
你轻轻摘下待放的花苞，

片片花瓣下，那精巧的蕊心
绽放出无限光华；
在玫瑰花开之季，
我们将其亲手采撷！

（邓宇萍 译）

Sailor's Song⁷

Thomas Lovell Beddoes⁸

TO sea, to sea! The calm is o'er;
 The wanton water leaps in sport,
And rattles down the pebbly shore;
 The dolphin wheels, the sea-cows snort,
And unseen mermaid's pearly song
Comes bubbling up, the weeds among.
 Fling broad the sail, dip deep the oar:
 To sea, to sea! The calm is o'er.

To sea, to sea! Our wide-winged bark
 Shall billowy cleave its sunny way,
And with its shadow, fleet and dark,
 Break the caved Triton's azure day,
Like mighty eagle soaring light
O'er antelopes on Alpine height.
 The anchor heaves, the ship swings free,
 The sails swell full. To sea, to sea!

⁷John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 333.

⁸Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803–1849) was an English poet, dramatist and physician. Beddoes' work shows a constant preoccupation with death.

Translation:

水手之歌

托马斯·洛弗尔·贝多斯

出海去！出海去！海面已然平静，
浪花嬉戏跳跃，
在鹅卵石海岸上哗哗作响；
海豚的敏捷，海牛的鼻息，
还有看不见的美人鱼之歌，
如泡沫般在水草间升起，
扬起帆，荡起桨：
出海去！出海去！海面已然平静；

出海去！出海去！帆船展开它的双翅，
让汹涌的巨浪劈开阳光的道路，
带着它的影子，船队和黑暗，
划过特里同护卫的蔚蓝大海
就像神鹰翱翔于天，那闪耀的光芒，
落在阿尔卑斯山的羚羊之上。
抛了锚，船自由晃动，
帆鼓满了风。出海去！出海去！

（张欣 译）

The Self-Unseeing⁹

Thomas Hardy¹⁰

HERE is the ancient floor,
Footworn and hollowed and thin,
Here was the former door
Where the dead feet walked in.

She sat here in her chair,
Smiling into the fire;
He who played stood there,
Bowing it higher and higher.

Childlike, I danced in a dream;
Blessings emblazoned that day;
Everything glowed with a gleam;
Yet we were looking away!

⁹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 510.

¹⁰ Thomas Hardy (1840–1928) was an English novelist and poet. A Victorian realist in the tradition of George Eliot, he was influenced both in his novels and in his poetry by Romanticism, including the poetry of William Wordsworth. While Hardy wrote poetry throughout his life and regarded himself primarily as a poet, his first collection was not published until 1898.

Translation:

看不见的自己

托马斯·哈代

这里是古老的楼梯，
破旧，空洞而且单薄，
这是以前的门，
以前人们从这里走过。

她坐在她的椅子上，
对着火微笑；
他站在那里拉琴，
琴音高扬。

梦里，我仿佛孩子般在跳舞；
祝福颂扬那一天；
所有的一切都闪耀着光芒；
如今我们却渐行渐远！

（张欣 译）

In the Valley of the Elwy¹¹

Gerard Manley Hopkins¹²

I REMEMBER a house where all were good
To me, God knows, deserving no such thing:
Comforting smell breathed at very entering,
Fetched fresh, as I suppose, off some sweet wood.
That cordial air made those kind people a hood
All over, as a bevy of eggs the mothering wing
Will, or mild nights the new morsels of spring:
Why, it seemed of course; seemed of right it should.

Lovely the woods, waters, meadows, combes, vales,
All the air things wear that build this world of Wales;
Only the inmate does not correspond:
God, lover of souls, swaying considerate scales,
Complete thy creature dear O where it fails,
Being mighty a master, being a father and fond.

¹¹John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 532.

¹² Gerard Manley Hopkins (1844–1889) was an English poet and Jesuit priest, whose posthumous fame placed him among leading Victorian poets.

Translation:

在埃尔维河谷

杰拉尔德·曼利·霍普金斯

我记得有一座完美的房子，
上帝知道，我并不值得这样的事物；
一进入那里就能让人的呼吸舒适，
这种清新，我想，可能来自一些香木。
那热情的空气笼罩在善良的人们四周，
在母鸡羽翼庇护之下的新生命。
在柔和的夜晚，春天来了：
这似乎理所当然，恰到好处。

迷人的树林，水域，草地，峡谷，河谷，
所有空气中的一切构成了威尔士世界；
只有同住者没有回应：
上帝，灵魂的爱人，摇摆的天平，
主，完成你失败的造物，
为主威严，为父慈爱。

（张欣 译）

The Moral¹³

William Ernest Henley¹⁴

It's up the spout and Charley Wag
With wipes and tickers and what not.
Until the squeezer nips your scrag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

¹³ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 542.

¹⁴ William Ernest Henley

Translation:

道德

威廉·埃内斯特·亨利

所有都将烟消云散，
同手绢钟表等凡事。

直到脖子被绳绞断，
酒馆和姑娘们谨记。

（胡銓琮 译）

E Tenebris¹⁵

Oscar Wilde¹⁶

COME down, O Christ, and help me! reach thy hand,
For I am drowning in a stormier sea
Than Simon on Thy lake of Galilee:
The wine of life is spilt upon the sand,
My heart is as some famine-murdered land
Whence all good things have perished utterly,
And well I know my soul in Hell must lie
If I this night before God's throne should stand.
'He sleeps perchance, or rideth to the chase,
Like Baal, when his prophets howled that name
From morn to noon on Carmel's smitten height.'
Nay, peace, I shall behold, before the night,
The feet of brass, the robe more white than flame,
The wounded hands, the weary human face.

¹⁵ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 544.

¹⁶ Oscar Fingal O'Flahertie Wills Wilde (1854–1900) was an Irish poet and playwright. After writing in different forms throughout the 1880s, he became one of the most popular playwrights in London in the early 1890s. He is best remembered for his epigrams and plays, his novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

Translation:

走出黑暗

奥斯卡·王尔德

哦，基督啊，降临吧！伸出你手，帮助我！
我即将溺死在这狂风大作的海洋
处境比加利利湖的西蒙还要险恶：
那生命的醇酿洒泼在这沙滩之上，
我的心就如同那些饥馑荒芜之地
美好的事物在这都已然尽数灭绝，
我明白我的灵魂必然将进入地狱
倘若今夜我立于上帝的神座面前。
他或许正酣睡，他或许正策马追逐，
如太阳神，当他的先知呼唤那名字
从早晨到正午，在卡梅尔山残脉上。’
不，请安静，在夜晚来临前我要注视，
这黄铜的双脚，比火焰更白的长袍，
这受伤的双手，那疲倦不堪的人脸。

（胡銓琮 译）

Men Improve With the Years¹⁷

William Butler Yeats¹⁸

I AM worn out with dreams;
A weather-worn, marble triton
Among the streams;
And all day long I look
Upon this lady's beauty
As though I had found in a book
A pictured beauty,
Pleased to have filled the eyes
Or the discerning ears,
Delighted to be but wise,
For men improve with the years;
And yet, and yet,
Is this my dream, or the truth?
O would that we had met
When I had my burning youth!
But I grow old among dreams,
A weather-worn, marble triton
Among the streams.

¹⁷ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 573.

¹⁸ William Butler Yeats (1865–1939) was an Irish poet, dramatist, writer and one of the foremost figures of 20th-century literature. He was a driving force behind the Irish Literary Revival and became a pillar of the Irish literary establishment who helped to found the Abbey Theatre. In his later years he served two terms as a Senator of the Irish Free State

Translation:

人随岁月好

威廉·巴特勒·叶芝

我因梦想而疲惫；
溪流之中，风雨侵蚀
一座大理石雕出的海之信使；
我成日看着
这位女士的美丽
仿佛一本书中
找出的画中美人，
欣喜于双眼的充盈
亦或两耳的敏锐，
高兴却也明智，
因为人随岁月长进；
然而，然而，
这是梦境，还是现实？
噢，真希望我们
在燃烧的岁月里相遇！
但我已在梦想中变老，
溪流之中，风雨侵蚀
一座大理石雕出的海之信使。

（邓宇萍 译）

Sea Love¹⁹

Charlotte Mew²⁰

TIDE be runnin' the great world over:
T'was only last June month I mind that we
Was thinkin' the toss and the call in the breast of the lover
So everlastin' as the sea.

Here's the same little fishes that supper and swim,
Wi' the moon's old glim on the grey, wet sand;
An' him no more to me nor me to him
Than the wind goin' over my hand.

¹⁹ John Wain, ed. *The Oxford Anthology of English Poetry: Blake to Heaney (Volume II)*. New York: Oxford University Press Inc. 1986: 587.

²⁰ Charlotte Mary Mew (1869–1928) was an English poet whose work spans the eras of Victorian poetry and Modernism.

Translation:

海之恋

夏洛特·缪

浪潮在浩瀚的世界上奔流：
只是去年六月我还在意我们
想着爱人胸口的起伏与呼唤
所以永远如海。

希尔像一条游动进食的小鱼，
看着灰湿沙子上的古老微光；
就像风吹过我的手一样
他对我而言将不留痕迹，就如我对他。

（邓宇萍 译）

无衣²¹

佚名

岂曰无衣？与子同袍。
王于兴师，修我戈矛，
与子同仇。

岂曰无衣？与子同泽。
王于兴师，修我矛戟，
与子偕作。

岂曰无衣？与子同裳。
王于兴师，修我甲兵，
与子偕行。

²¹ 商礼群 选注. 中国古典文学作品选读: 古代民歌一百首. 上海: 上海古籍出版社, 1979: 15.

Translation:

No Clothes

You say that you have no clothes?
I shall share my cloak with you.
The king starts warfare;
Let's repair the spears and lances,
We face the same foe.

You say that you have no clothes?
I shall share my shirt with you.
The king starts warfare;
Let's mend the halberd and spears,
We toil in the same field.

You say that you have no clothes?
I shall share my pants with you.
The king starts warfare;
Let's fix the armor suits,
We move forward together.

(Trans. Chen Nengying)

小儿垂钓²²

胡令能²³

蓬头稚子学垂纶，
侧坐莓苔草映身。
路人借问遥招手，
怕得鱼惊不应人。

²² 葛杰，仓阳卿 选注. 中国古典文学作品选读：绝句三百首. 上海：上海古籍出版社,1980: 45.

²³ 胡令能

Translation:

The Little Angler

Hu Lingneng

A shaggy-headed child was learning fishing,
Sitting aside on the moss, and grasses setting him off.
A distant passer-by greeted him,
For fear of frightening the fish, he just ignored.

(Trans. Chen Nengying, Proof. Zhang Guagnkui)

小重山²⁴

岳飞²⁵

昨夜寒蛩不住鸣，惊回千里梦，已三更。
起来独自绕阶行，人悄悄，帘外月胧明。

白首为功名，旧山松竹老，阻归程。
欲将心事付瑶琴，
知音少，弦断有谁听？

²⁴ 胡云翼 选注. 中国古典文学作品选读: 唐宋词一百首. 上海: 上海古籍出版社, 1978: 75.

²⁵ 岳飞 (1103-1142), 中国南宋时期抗金名将、军事家、战略家、民族英雄、书法家、诗人, 位列南宋 “中兴四将” 之首。

Translation:

Xiao Chong Shan

Yue Fei

The autumn crickets kept chirping last night,
 awakened me from a distant dream.
 It was midnight.
I got up and walked alone around the steps.
 Outside the window curtain shone the hazy moon,
 It was quiet all around.

My hair turns grey for the honor I sought;
 Bamboos and pines grow old in native hills;
 When can I return to my hometown?
I would confide to the lute my feelings,
since connoisseurs are few.
 Even if the strings broke, who'd like to listen?

(Trans. Chen Nengying, Proof. Zhang Guangkui)

乡愁²⁶

余光中²⁷

小时候，
乡愁是一枚小小的邮票，
我在这头，
母亲在那头。

长大后，
乡愁是一张窄窄的船票，
我在这头，
新娘在那头。

后来啊，
乡愁是一方矮矮的坟墓，
我在外头，
母亲在里头。

而现在，
乡愁是一湾浅浅的海峡，
我在这头，
大陆在那头。

²⁶邵宁宁 编著. 中国现代诗百首. 甘肃: 甘肃教育出版社, 1991: 11.

²⁷余光中(1928—2017), 中国当代著名作家、诗人、学者、翻译家。

Translation:

Nostalgia

Yu Guangzhong

When I was small,
Nostalgia is a little, little stamp.
I am here,
Mother is there.

When I grew up,
Nostalgia is a narrow, narrow boat ticket.
I am here,
The bride is there.

While later on,
Nostalgia is a low, low grave.
I am outside,
Mother is inside.

And now,
Nostalgia is a shallow, shallow strait.
I am here,
Motherland is there.

(Trans. Deng Yuping, Proof. Zhang Guangkui)

檐滴²⁸

夏菁²⁹

有一种语言
胜过乡音，
使你闻之泪下。
从这个世界
回到另一个。

家是一个 ——
当听到檐滴，
就会使你
酸鼻的地方。

²⁸邵宁宁 编著. 中国现代诗百首. 甘肃: 甘肃教育出版社, 1991: 15.

²⁹夏菁 (1925-), 中国浙江嘉兴县人, 本名盛志澄 (Ted C. Sheng), 美国《诗天空》(*Poetry Sky*) 双语季刊顾问。现居科罗拉多州的科林斯堡。写作以诗歌为主, 兼及散文。为蓝星诗社发起人之一。曾主编《蓝星》诗页、《文学杂志》及《自由青年》杂志新诗栏, 20 世纪 60 年代, 曾被称为“具有新古典主义倾向的诗人”。

Translation:

Eaves' Drip

Xia Jing

There is a language
Better than the local accent,
That bring you to tears,
From this world
Back to another.

Home is a place—
When hearing the eaves' drip,
That makes you
Sore nose.

(Trans. Deng Yuping)

出塞曲³⁰

席慕容³¹

请为我唱一首出塞曲
用那遗忘了的古老言语
请用美丽的颤音轻轻呼唤
我心中的大好河山

那只有长城外才有的景象
谁说出塞歌的调子太悲凉
如果你不爱听
那是因为歌中没有你的渴望

而我们总是要一唱再唱
想着草原千里闪着金光
想着风沙呼啸过大漠
想着黄河岸啊 阴山旁
英雄骑马啊 骑马荣归故乡

³⁰ 邵宁宁 编著. 中国现代诗百首. 甘肃: 甘肃教育出版社, 1991: 24.

³¹ 席慕容 (1943—), 蒙古族, 全名穆伦·席连勃, 当代画家、诗人、散文家。席慕容的作品多写爱情、人生、乡愁, 淡雅剔透, 抒情灵动, 饱含着对生命的挚爱真情。

Translation:

To the Border

Xi Murong

Please sing a song of the Border for me
With the old forgotten words going free
Please call softly with a beautiful trill
On the grand rivers and mountains in my heart

It's something you can only see outside the Great Wall
Who dare say the tune of the Border is as sad as fall
If you don't like it
That's because there's no longing of yours in it at all

And we always sing again and again
Thinking of the prairies with the golden light shining
Thinking of the wind and across the desert sand whistling
Thinking of the bank of the Yellow River, beside the Yin Mountain
A hero is riding a horse to his hometown in glory

(Trans. Lin Yingying)

金黄的稻束³²

郑敏³³

金黄的稻束站在
割过的秋天的田里，
我想起无数个疲倦的母亲，
黄昏的路上我看见那皱了的美丽的脸，
收获日的满月在高耸的树巅上，
暮色里，远山
围着我们的心边
没有一个雕像能比这更静默。
肩荷着那伟大的疲倦，你们
在这伸向远远的一片
秋天的田里低首沉思，
静默。静默。历史也不过是
脚下一条流去的小河，
而你们，站在那儿，
将成为人类的一个思想。

³² 邵宁宁 编著. 中国现代诗百首. 甘肃: 甘肃教育出版社, 1991: 39.

³³ 郑敏 (1920-2022), 中国九叶派著名诗人、诗歌评论家、学者, 北京师范大学外国语言文学学院教授。她毕生致力于中国新诗的创作、中西方诗歌研究、当代西方哲学思想研究、诗歌翻译和教育事业。

Translation:

Golden Bunches of Rice

Zheng Min

In the mown autumn fields
Stand the golden bunches of rice.
I think of countless tired mothers.
On the road at nightfall are the beautiful wrinkled faces.
The full moon on the harvest day
Is high above the trees.
In the twilight, distant mountains
Around our hearts and
No statue could be more silent than this.

With the great tiredness upon your shoulders, you
Lower your heads and meditate
In the autumn fields stretching from here far out.
Silence. Silence. History is nothing but
A little river running down at feet.
And you, standing there,
Will become thought of human.

(Trans. Lin Yingying)

航³⁴

辛笛³⁵

帆起了
帆向落日的去处
明净与古老
风帆吻着暗色的水
有如黑蝶与白蝶

明月照在当头
青色的蛇
弄着银色的明珠
桅上的人语
风吹过来
水手问起雨和星辰

从日到夜
从夜到日
我们航不出这圆圈
后一个圆
前一个圆
一个永恒
两无涯涘的圆圈

将生命的茫茫
脱卸与茫茫的烟水

³⁴ 邵宁宁 编著. 中国现代诗百首. 甘肃: 甘肃教育出版社, 1991: 41.

³⁵ 辛笛, (1912-2004) 原名馨迪, 中国当代著名诗人。著有诗集《珠贝集》,《手掌集》和《辛笛诗稿》等。

Translation:

Sail

Xin Di

Hoist the sail
Sail to the place of sunset
Bright, clean and ancient
The sail kisses the dark water
Like black and white butterflies

The bright moon shines overhead
The blue snake
Fiddles with the silver pearl
Man on the mast speaks
Wind blows
Sailor asks about rain and stars

From day to night
Or night to day
We cannot sail out of this circle
The back circle
And the former circle
What an eternity
They are the two boundless circles

Have the vastness of life removed
From the vastness smoke and water

(Trans. Deng Yuping, Proof. Zhang Guangkui)

一个深夜的记忆³⁶

鲁藜³⁷

月光流进门槛
我以为是阳光
开门，还是深夜

不久，有风从北边来
仿佛吹动了月亮的弓弦
于是我听见了黎明的音响

河岸被山影压着
有星流过旷野去
我感觉到，万物还在沉睡
只有我是最初醒来的人

³⁶ 邵宁宁 编著. 中国现代诗百首. 甘肃: 甘肃教育出版社, 1991: 72.

³⁷ 鲁藜, (1914 – 1999), 原名许图地。“七月诗派”的代表, 他的诗充满爱国主义激情, 为海内外广大读者所喜爱。著有诗集《醒来的时候》、《时间的歌》、《天青集》、《山》、《鲁藜诗选》等。

Translation:

A Late Night's Memory

Lu Li

Moonlight crossed the threshold and flowed in
I thought it was sunshine
Opened the door, it was still late night

Soon, the wind came from the north
It seemed to blow the bow string of the moon
So I heard the sound of dawn

The riverbank was shadowed by the hill shade
A star flowed through the wilderness
I felt that everything was still asleep
I was the only one who woke up first

(Trans. Lin Yingying)

诗艺³⁸

北岛³⁹

我所从属的那所巨大的房舍
只剩下桌子，周围
是无边的沼泽地
明月从不同角度照亮我
骨骼松脆的梦依然立在
远方，如尚未拆除的脚手架
还有白纸上泥泞的足印
那只喂养多年的狐狸
挥舞着火红的尾巴
赞美我，伤害我

当然，还有你，坐在我的对面
炫耀于你掌中的晴天的闪电
变成干柴，又化为灰烬

³⁸ 邵宁宁 编著. 中国现代诗百首. 甘肃: 甘肃教育出版社, 1991: 148.

³⁹ 北岛 (1949—), 原名赵振开, 中国当代诗人、作家, 为朦胧诗代表人物之一, 是民间诗歌刊物《今天》的创办者, 曾先后获诺贝尔文学奖提名、瑞典笔会文学奖、美国西部笔会中心自由写作奖、洛哥阿格那国际诗歌节诗歌奖、古根海姆奖、马其顿斯特鲁加国际诗歌节最高荣誉金花环奖等, 并被选为美国艺术文学院终身荣誉院士。

Translation:

Art of Poetry

Bei Dao

In the huge house to which I belong
There is only the table around which
Is the boundless swamp
The bright moon shines on me from different angles
The dream with fragile bones still stands
In the distance, such as scaffold that has not been taken down
And muddy footprints on the white paper
The fox I've fed for many years
Waving a flaming tail
Praise me and hurt me

Of course, and you, sitting across from me
Show off the sunny day lightning in your hand
Into dry wood, and then ashes

(Trans. Lin Yingying, Proof. Zhang Guangkui)

Introduction to Robert Burns

Robert Burns was born in 1759, in Alloway, Scotland, to William and Agnes Brown Burnes. His poetry recorded and celebrated aspects of farm life, regional experience, traditional culture, class culture and distinctions, and religious practice. He is considered the national poet of Scotland. Although he did not set out to achieve that designation, he clearly and repeatedly expressed his wish to be called a Scots bard, to extol his native land in poetry and song.

Burns perhaps exhibited his greatest poetic powers in his satires. There is also a remarkable craftsmanship in his verse letters, which display a most adroit counterpointing of the colloquial and the formal. But it is by his songs that Burns is best known, and it is his songs that have carried his reputation round the world.

It is positively miraculous that Burns was able to enter into the spirit of older folk song and re-create, out of an old chorus, such songs as “I’m O’er Young to Marry Yet,” “Green Grow the Rashes, O,” and a host of others. It is this uncanny ability to speak with the great anonymous voice of the Scottish people that explains the special feeling that Burns arouses, feelings that manifest themselves in the “Burns cult.”

The following poems are selected from *The Complete Poems and Songs of Robert Burns* (Glasgow: Geddes & Grosset) and translated by Liang Xiaodan (梁小丹).

A Red, Red Rose

Robert Burns

O my Luve is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
O my Luve is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

So fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luve!
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

一朵红玫瑰

罗伯特·彭斯

噢，我的爱人就像是一朵红红的玫瑰，
全新地盛放在六月；
噢，我的爱人就像是那旋律，
甜美地舞于曲调间。

你是如此的艺术品，我的美丽姑娘，
我是如此沉迷于你；
而我也会一直爱你，我亲爱的，
直到那海枯竭为止。

直到那海枯竭为止，我亲爱的，
直到那石头都消融于阳光；
我也会始终爱着你，我亲爱的，
只要时间之沙仍流于指缝。

珍重吧，我唯一的爱人！
我们要小别片刻！
我会再次回来，我的爱人，
尽管我们相距一万英里。

As Down The Burn

Robert Burns

As down the burn they took their way,
And thro' the flowery dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was ay the tale,

With: —'Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew?'
Quoth Mary: 'Love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.'

沿着溪流往下走

罗伯特·彭斯

他们沿着溪流往下走，
穿过遍布花朵的山谷；
他的脸颊贴着她的脸庞；
讲述那爱的故事：

他说：“玛丽，我们什么时候能再来，
在此再续前缘？”
玛丽说：“亲爱的，我喜欢这溪流，
而且我会永远跟随你。”

Comin thro' the Rye

Robert Burns

[CHORUS.]

O Jenny's a' weel poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry:
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin thro' the rye!

Comin thro' the rye, poor body,
 Comin thro' the rye,
She draigl't a' her petticoatie,
 Comin thro' the rye!

Gin a body meet a body,
 Comin thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin thro' the glen,
Gin a body kiss a body,
 Need the warld ken?

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin thro' the grain,
Gin a body kiss a body,
 The thing's a body's ain.

穿越麦田

罗伯特·彭斯

[合唱]

噢，珍妮那病弱的身体，
珍妮的衣裳常湿：
她拖着她的小裙子，
穿过麦田！

穿过麦田，可怜的人，
穿过麦田，
她拖着她的小裙子，
穿过麦田！

如果一个人遇见另一人，
穿过麦田，
如果一个人亲吻另一人，
那人需要大声叫喊？

如果一个人遇见另一人，
穿过幽谷，
如果一个人亲吻另一人，
需要人人都知道吗？

如果一个人遇见另一人，
穿过稻田，
如果一个人亲吻另一人，
这是她自己的事。

O, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast

Robert Burns

O, wert thou in the cauld blast

On yonder lea, on yonder lea,

My plaidie to the angry airt,

I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee,

Or did Misfortune's bitter storms

Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,

Thy bield should be my bosom,

To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,

Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,

The desert were a Paradise,

If thou wert there, if thou wert there.

Or were I monarch o the globe,

Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,

The brightest jewel in my crown

Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

噢，如若你在寒风中

罗伯特·彭斯

噢，如若你在寒风中
 在那草地，在那草地，
我的格纹大衣抵御着强风，
 庇护着你，庇护着你，
如若不幸的痛苦真向着你
 席卷而来，席卷而来，
我的怀抱会为你遮掩庇护，
 为你敞开，为你敞开。

如若是我在最荒凉之地，
 身处黑暗与荒芜，黑暗与荒芜，
沙漠也会化作天堂，
 如果你在，如果你在。
如若我是世界的主宰，
 与你一同统治，一同统治，
在我王冠上最闪耀的珠宝
 是我的王后，是我王后的。

Of A' The Airts The Wind Can Blaw

Robert Burns

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best.
There wild woods grow, and rivers row
 And monie a hill between,
But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers—
 I see her sweet and fair.
I hear her in the tuneful birds—
 I hear her charm the air.
There's not a bonie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

风从四面八方吹来

罗伯特·彭斯

从四面八方吹来的风中
 我最爱的是西风，
因为在那有个可人姑娘，
 是我最爱的姑娘。
那儿荒木丛生，河流湍急，
 穿过群山，
可我的思绪总是与珍缠绕，
 夜以继日。

我在带有露湿的万花丛中看见她——
 是一身甜美。
我在悦耳的鸟鸣声中听见她——
 是富有魅力。
其实鲜花并不如此盛放，
 在喷泉，在林藪，或在绿地，
其实鸟儿也不如此歌唱，
 但却让我想起了我的珍。

Open The Door To Me, Oh

Robert Burns

Oh, open the door, some pity to shew,
If love it may na be, Oh!
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
O, open the door to me, Oh!

Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, Oh:
The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
Is nought to pains frae thee, Oh!

The wan moon sets behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, Oh:
False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh:
'My true love!' she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, Oh!

向我敞开心扉吧

罗伯特·彭斯

噢，打开这门，可怜我吧，
即便这不是爱情，噢！
尽管你总是表里不一，我也会证明我的真诚，
噢，为我敞开你的心门吧！

冷风无情地刮着我的脸颊，
但让我更心寒的是，你不爱我，噢：
这冻霜使我的心了无生机，
可比起你给我的痛苦，这又算什么！

萎靡的月色在白浪身后逐渐下沉，
唯有时间与我一起流逝，噢：
虚假的友谊，虚幻的爱情，都再也不见了！
我不会再打扰他们，和你。

她打开了门，敞开了她的心门，
她看见他毫无血色的尸体躺在平地：
“我的真爱！”她哭喊道，瘫倒在他身侧，
她再也没有起身。

My Heart's In The Highlands

Robert Burns

CHORUS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go!

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth!
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below,
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

我的心在高原

罗伯特·彭斯

合唱

我的心在那高原，不在这里，
我的心在那高原，追逐鹿群，
追逐那野生鹿群，还有孢子，
我的心在那高原，无论身处何地！

再见了高原，再见了北方，
勇猛之乡，宝贵之地！
无论我在何地流连，我在何地漂泊，
我都永远爱那高原群山。

再见了，冰雪覆盖的山峰，
再见了河谷，还有那绿意盎然的山谷，
再见了森林，还有那枝条交错的树林，
再见了湍流，还有那震天响地的洪流！

At Whigham's Inn, Sanquhar

Robert Burns

Envy, if thy jaundiced eye
Through this window chance to spy,
To thy sorrow thou shalt find,
All that's generous, all that's kind.
Friendship, virtue, every grace,
Dwelling in this happy place.

在桑克尔的惠格姆小旅馆

罗伯特·彭斯

忌妒啊，若你偏见的眼，
能碰巧穿透这扇窗去看，
你会发现，你也有悲伤，
一切是那么慷慨与善良。
友谊，美德，每分雅致，
都存在于这个幸福之地。

Your Friendship

Robert Burns

Your friendship much can make me blest,
 Oh, why that bliss destroy?
Why urge the only, one request
 You know I will deny?

Your thought, if love must harbor there,
 Conceal it in that thought,
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
 The very friend I sought.

你的友谊

罗伯特·彭斯

你的友谊使我受到祝福，
 噢，为何这份情谊摧毁了？
为何要执意提那唯一请求？
 你分明知道我会拒绝的。

你认为，如果爱必须要靠岸，
 就将它深埋这一思想里，
这不会使我与朋友分离
 我这寻寻觅觅的朋友啊。

On A Lap Dog

Robert Burns

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore:
Now half extinct your powers of song—
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jarring, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys:
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

一只哈巴狗

罗伯特·彭斯

荒野丛林里，你们这一大群啁啾着
你们那惨重的损失：
现在你们啁鸣的力气消耗待尽—
甜美的回声不复存在。

你们这刺耳的东西，放声嚎叫，
四周是你们不和谐的愉悦：
现在剩下的是你们走调的喧嚣—
还有静谧的回声形影不离。

(梁小丹 译)

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Introduction to Dan Fei

Dan Fei (丹飞), Fei Dan or Daniel Dan, with pen names Dan Yu (丹妤), Xia Luo (夏洛), Freud Dan etc., is known as a copious poet, lyric writer, novelist, screenwriter, publisher and IP/copyright broker in mainland China. Dan was also General Editor, Vice General Manager, Vice President of some famed publishing, internet, IP incubator, cultural tourism companies.

He once had Tsinghua complex and learned Hydraulic Engineering, Laws, Editing & Publishing and Chinese Modern & Current Literature in Tsinghua University for 10 years.

Dan has printed 3 poetry anthologies, 1 fiction collection, 4 co-translation works, 6 books for children and juveniles and other books, while “All Resonant Days Are Expected” is the most popular of his thousands of poems. He is getting published 2 novels, 2 collections of fictions, 1 prose collection, 3 essay/article collections, 1 poetry written in English, 1 classical Chinese poem and prose collection and more than 30 poetries yet. He wrote film and TV drama; and lyrics of online game, stage play, TV column, MV, cooperating with composer Luo Xiaoyin, Lao Zai, Zhang Kai, Prof. Wu Yuebei, for Yisa Yu (Yu Kewei), Peng Sitao, etc.

He is a best selling publisher and General Editor of top bestsellers like *All about Ming Dynasty*, *The Graver Robbers' Chronicles*, *Empresses in the Palace and Historical China*, and the copyright broker of 80+ TV dramas such as *Empresses in the Palace*, *The Life of Wang Yangming*, *The Life of Zhang Zhongjing*.

The following Dan's poems are translated by Dan Fei himself.

需要多少盐

需要多少盐
才能调和百味人生
流下咸咸的汗水

需要多少双翅膀
才能扶摇乘风
触碰到蓝天

需要多少话语
才能轻启朱唇
叫醒梦中的鸟群

需要多少条路
才能簇拥脚步
在每一个路口与你相遇

需要多少个你
才能让我深爱
喂饱我体内的魔鬼

需要多少个我
才能让你着迷
填满你小巧而巨大的虚空

需要多少个我们
才能跑赢未来
发现上帝不过是在掷骰子

需要多少日出
才能惊扰黎明的诗篇
觉知寂寂天地有大美

How Much Salt Masks A Life

How much salt masks the flavor of a life
Before it salts the sweat?
How many wings breathe the fresh air
Before they reach the sky?

How many words should red lips say
Before the flapping birds wake up?
How many roads hug the ends
Before we meet at each turning?

How many you should I fall in with
Before my inner ghost is fed?
How many me should you fascinate
Before tiny but huge emptiness is filled?

How many of us are struggling for a fortune
Before the God throws a dice?
How many sunrises terrify a recitation of dawn
Before the harmony of peace is seen?

哭泣的橙子

别说上帝，我也没见过
恋爱中的橙子咬嘴唇。
她还没来得及说出一个名字
我已经把她剖成几瓣，
打湿我手指的是橙色的泪和血。
尖叫的舌头看不见橙子小姐的哭泣。

如果海是陆的伤口，
鱼会缝合。
如果星星是黎明的伤口，
夜晚会缝合。
如果伤害是宽恕的伤口，
时间会缝合。
如果忠诚是谎言的伤口，
随它去吧。
如果橙子是胃的伤口，
吃了她。

宝贝，你看这不是乌托邦，
我们终将遗世独立。
在你眼里我是护卫和斗士，
缱绻如花，坚如磐石。
此刻隐于厚厚的云层背后
一场橙雨打湿我的手指。

讲故事的人终于定居于此，
他曾在这儿写下了最初的诗句。
我认识这个家伙，
他曾坚信人一生只能牵一双手。
他怎么能预见未来是何种光景。
是的，未来如此盛大，
比羽翼下的天空，
或是一颗哭泣的橙子还盛大。

A Weeping Orange

I together with God never see
An orange in love bites her lips.
She wanna say a name before I cut her
Into pieces with my bloody fingers,
Wetted by orange tears.
Thus a ferocious tongue ignores a weeping girl orange.

If the ocean is the wound of the continents,
Fishes stitch it up.
If stars are the wounds of daybreaks,
Nights stitch it up.
If to hurt is the wound of to forgive and forget,
Time stitches it up.
If faith is the wound of lies,
Never mend it.
If an orange is the wound of the stomach,
Eat it.

Baby, say it is better than Utopia,
We after all stand on our feet.
I was supposed to be a guardian or a fighter,
Tender as a flower, solid like a rock.
Note my fingers wetted by an orange's rains
Held inside the sick cloud behind.

Finally the storyteller settled down,
In a town where he wrote down his first poems.
I once knew the guy who believed
One could just take one girl's hands in a lifetime.
He had no idea what an image was ahead.
It's really a broad church,
Broader than the sky beneath wings,
Or a weeping orange.

拎十只鸡去北京

拎十只鸡，或是它们下的
一千个蛋，去北京。
人们用眼神碾压我的自尊，
距离在以 188 迈的速度缩短。

在餐桌旁坐下，同桌的你
似曾相识又完全陌生。
我们相互致意，赞美对方的好品位，
时不时，把谁的名字叫错。

关于生活，来，让我们给别人上一课，
或者出人意表，被谁给上一课。
代价伤人，但总会痊愈，
有人留下伤疤，有人获得了免疫力。

一定是想说什么，被眼泪给呛了回去，
你看，小人儿已经开始为表达的自由而战。
在她成为一个诗人之前吃进一个句子，
她笑出酒涡，露出还没长牙的牙床。

在餐桌旁坐下，同桌的你
似曾相识又完全陌生。
我们相互致意，赞美对方的好品位，
时不时，把谁的名字叫错。

关于生活，来，让我们给别人上一课，
或者出人意表，被谁给上一课。
代价伤人，但总会痊愈，
有人留下伤疤，有人获得了免疫力。

Take Ten Hens to the Metropolis

Take ten hens to the metropolis,
Or ten thousand eggs they laid.
People punched their sights on my pride,
188 miles shortening per hour.

Present to sit on a dinner table,
Familiars and strangers around.
We nodded and praised others' tastes,
And called somebody's wrong names.

Life was a lesson we taught a pupil,
Or were taught unexpectedly.
Costs hurt but healed up someday,
Some got scars, others got immunity.

Crying tears choked on the words,
Babe fought for essential freedom.
A sentence was eaten before it was a poet,
A smile dimpled showing the toothless gums.

Present to sit on a dinner table,
Familiars and strangers around.
We nodded and praised others' tastes,
And called somebody's wrong names.

Life was a lesson we taught a pupil,
Or were taught unexpectedly.
Costs hurt but healed up someday,
Some got scars, others got immunity.

北京记忆

把自个儿扔到床上
来几句北京腔
揭开面纱一角
杀死梦魇

什么在蹑手蹑脚
变如不变

那谁跳到台前
说了个故事
气氛撩得刚好
倦鸟归林吧

那谁种因得果
把缘字勘破

你看那花火妖冶
高过彩虹颜色
当你伸手够着
那个最香的姑娘

Peking Memories

Throw myself in a bed,
Tone some in Peking,
Give a light to a secret,
Kill a nightmare.

Do I realize anything,
Tiptoes to change.

Someone comes up,
To tell a story,
Warming the atmospheres,
Package a used soul.

Someone brings seeds,
And takes fruits away.

Don't you see a gorgeous firework,
Awesome as the rainbow,
Before you reach out,
For the sweetest girl.

翻译家

他走进这一间屋子而不是另一间，
命数的微光将黑暗撕裂。

一棵树摇动另一棵树，
深入地底，
高入云端，
幻如一悟，
镀上金边春就成了秋。

一朵云角逐另一朵云，
一句话孵出另一句话，
就像风过水域，
哪一句荡出了酒窝。

秘密回答追问，
映像即本体，
什么因结什么果。

翻译包孕凡此种种。
翻译家是最微渺的造物，
要不就是万物之母。

Translator

He steps in this room but not that,
A flash of fortune tears the darkness.

A tree shakes another tree,
Deep in the earth,
Up in the air,
Virtual like a down,
Thus the spring is gilded to be autumn.

A cloud chases another cloud,
As a sentence hatches another sentence,
Some of which dimples,
Like a breeze over the water.

A secret answers a question,
A shadow reflects the reality,
A process devotes a result.

Translation is all of these and more.
A translator is the least of the creatures,
Or the creator of beings.

世界是枚豆荚

世界是枚豆荚，
谎言裹着信仰的包衣，
九死方得一生。

群星让夜得以丰沛，
这厚重的帘子挡在
怨侣与满月之间。

我说有光就有了光，
朗照隐匿最深的风景。

我命名河滩上每一块石头，
它们与河床里的石头为邻。

一些石头站了起来成了村人。

一些石头爬到树上，
拥有了翅膀也拥有了蓝天。

The World Is a Bean

The world is a bean,
Trapped within believes and more lies,
Chances out of big risks.

The night is fruitful by stars,
The thick curtain between
A couple and a honeymoon.

I am father of the light,
Let the views hidden deep seen.

I named every stone along the shoreline,
Neighbor to those on the riverbed.

Some of which stood up to be villagers.

Some climbed to the tree,
To get wings and blue skies.

将来未来的一年

白月光水乳大地，
河流静得看不出在流淌，
静得像一颗玉体横陈的石头，
白得像大理石般的女人，
假装有史以来就没变过。

苹果树树荫如织，
两只鸟雀走过来走过去，
欢脱得像打翻了调色盘，
娴雅得像是可以安抚
脑子里的鲨鱼。

只是敲击键盘，
世界得以在我指尖降生，
催生了我也不止于催生我，
确定无疑又全无把握，
爱是否安住在我的国度。

将来未来的一年，
爱情成了偶发事件，
当一只蝴蝶寻味花蕊。
制片人不动声色地颠覆原作，
成就了一部好电影。

A Year Yet to Come

Beneath the pale moonlight,
Flows a still river,
Still like a naked stone,
Pale like a marble woman,
Pretends to be there ever before.

Beneath the apple tree,
Walks a couple of birds,
Boiling the palette,
Stilling the glamor
Of sharks in the brains.

Beneath my typing fingers,
A universe is being born,
And giving birth to me and more,
Make certain or uncertain,
Whether love is within my domain.

A year yet to come,
The love stories happen occasionally,
As a butterfly scents the stamen.
The producer shoots a sharp film,
Smashing the fiction original.

学生时代的爱情

我想写一篇小说，
一部虚构的清华性史，
关于我，关于双手数不过来的女人。
可是后来我说去你的。
后来我说去你的。
我说去你的。
去你的。

我发现这么干讨不到什么好，
谁没几个母校，
再说床事终非雅议。
所以后来我说去你的。
后来我说去你的。
我说去你的。
去你的。

所以我决定写一写学生时代的爱情，
就像传个纸条都言不及义，
就像两坨飞红爬上你脸颊。
为什么后来我说去你的。
后来我说去你的。
我说去你的。
去你的。

想想晨露虽美日出即逝，
爱河滔滔终将奔流入海，
猜猜天平该向哪边倾斜。
好样的，后来我说去你的。
后来我说去你的。
我说去你的。
去你的。

Campus Love

Once I wanna write a fiction,
On the fictional love affairs in THU,
About me and a dozen of girls.
But finally I quit.
Finally I quit.
I quit.
Quit.

I noticed some shortcomings then,
Everyone entered several campuses,
And sex is some shameful to speak loud.
So finally I quit.
Finally I quit.
I quit.
Quit.

So I decided to tell a story about campus love,
Like a letter shuffling to what you really meant,
Like a pink cloud painting your cheeks.
Why finally I quit.
Finally I quit.
I quit.
Quit.

Think about the morning dew, attractive while fickle,
The road is longer than your falling into love.
Guess on which side the balance dips.
You badass, finally I quit.
Finally I quit.
I quit.
Quit.

(Trans. Dan Fei)

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(in alphabetical order by family names)

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About *Verse Version*

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Verse Version, a professional platform for worldwide communication of English and Chinese poetry, founded by Zhang Guangkui who is a scholar and poet, is a nonprofit quarterly journal publishing English and Chinese poetry with corresponding translations, as well as poetics and papers. As a comprehensive journal composed of both literary and academic elements, it pursues appropriate introduction and translation of English and Chinese poetry and aims to encourage studies relevant to poetry and poetics. The journal is registered with Print ISSN 2051-526X/Online ISSN 2399-9705 in the United Kingdom, published by LEOMAN PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

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