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Chief Editor
Zhang Guangkui

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English-Chinese Version

My Boy

Zhang Guangkui¹

A young boy flashed by
I ran after him quickly:
He's not my boy.
I sobbed to cry!

7 Oct. 2022

¹ Zhang Guangkui is a professor and poet at Shenzhen University. His primary research interests include poetry and poetics.

Translation:

男孩

张广奎

夜幕男孩闪过

阔步追上小伙

搞错！搞错！

抽泣，失落！

2022年10月7日

(张广奎 译)

To a Senior Lowtus

(a haiku)

Zhang Guangkui

a senior Lowtus¹
wearing a bright mini-skirt
with a greenless lace

4 Oct. 2022

¹ Lowtus is the deliberate misspelling of lotus, implying something or somebody low.

Translation:

致器荷

张广奎

枯荷可怜怜
超短红裙为哪般
绿有红强颜

2022年10月4日

(张广奎 译)

Come slowly – Eden! (205)¹

Emily Dickinson²

Come slowly – Eden!

Lips unused to Thee –

Bashful – sip thy Jessamines –

As the fainting Bee –

Reaching late his flower,

Round her chamber hums –

Counts his nectars –

Enters – and is lost in Balms.

¹ R. W. Franklin, ed. *The Poems of Emily Dickinson, Reading Edition*. Cambridge, Massachusetts, and London: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1999: 95-96.

² Emily Dickinson (1830-1886) was an American lyric poet who lived in seclusion and commanded a singular brilliance of style and integrity of vision. She is bracketed with Walt Whitman because, unknown to each other and almost simultaneously, they both invented and advocated free verse.

Translation:

慢慢地来—伊甸！

艾米利·迪金森

慢慢地来—伊甸！

唇儿对你还不习惯—

羞答答—啜饮你的茉莉—

像那蜂儿晕眩—

姗姗靠拢他的花朵

围着她的花房嚶喻—

数着他的甜蜜—

进去—迷失在香脂中。

(陈尚真 译)

I lost a World—the other day! (209)¹

Emily Dickinson

I lost a World—the other day!

Has Anybody found?

You'll know it by the Row of Stars

Around its forehead bound.

A Rich man—might not notice it—

Yet—to my frugal Eye,

Of more Esteem than Ducats—

Oh find it—Sir—for me!

¹ R. W. Franklin, ed. *The Poems of Emily Dickinson, Reading Edition*. Cambridge, Massachusetts, and London: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1999: 97.

Translation:

我丢了一个世界—那天!

艾米利·迪金森

我丢了一个世界—那天!

有哪位找到?

凭着环绕装束在它额前

一排星星你会知晓。

富人—或许看它不见—

但—对我这节俭心眼来说,

可比达卡银币更值钱

噢找到它—先生—为我!

(陈尚真 译)

I'm Nobody! Who Are You?¹

Emily Dickinson

I'm Nobody! Who are you?

Are you—Nobody—too?

Then there's a pair of us!

Don't tell! They'd advertise—you know!

How dreary— to be—Somebody!

How public—like a Frog—

To tell one's name—the livelong June—

To an admiring Bog!

¹ Ralph William Franklin, ed. *The Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Cambridge, MA: Belknap Press. 1999: 260.

Translation:

我是无名之辈！你是谁？

艾米莉·狄金森

我是无名之辈！你是谁？

你也是无名之辈？

那我们就是一对！

但别声张！他们会四处宣扬—要小心！

做个大人物多没劲！

多招摇—像只青蛙

对着欣赏的小水洼

整日里炫耀自己的名号！

（于燕 译）

Red Poppy¹

Louise Glück²

The great thing
is not having
a mind. Feelings:
oh, I have those; they
govern me. I have
a lord in heaven
called the sun, and open
for him, showing him
the fire of my own heart, fire
like his presence.
What could such glory be
if not a heart? Oh my brothers and sisters,
were you like me once, long ago,
before you were human? Did you
permit yourselves
to open once, who would never
open again? Because in truth
I am speaking now
the way you do. I speak
because I am shattered.

¹ Louise Glück. *The Wild Iris*. New York: The Ecco Press. 1993: 29.

² Louise Glück (1943-) is an American poet whose willingness to confront the horrible, the difficult, and the painful resulted in a body of work characterized by insight and a severe lyricism. In 2020 she was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature, cited “for her unmistakable poetic voice that with austere beauty makes individual existence universal.”

Translation:

红罂粟

露易丝·格丽克

超凡之物，
皆无心神。情感：
噢，那些我有；它们
主宰我。在天国
我有一位主，名叫太阳，
我向其敞开胸襟，盛放心头之火，
那火焰一如他的风仪。
若无心如许，
何来此等荣光？我的兄弟姐妹啊，
在成为人类以前，长远以前，
是否也同我那般？
只为一次盛放，纵使燃尽了花期？
可事实上，
而今，我正言说着，
一如你们。
我言说，只因我已破碎凋残。

（于燕 译）

Aliens¹

Amy Lowell²

The chatter of little people

Breaks on my purpose

Like the water-drops which slowly wear the rocks to powder.

And while I laugh

My spirit crumbles at their teasing touch.

¹ Harriet Monroe, ed. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* (Volume VI). 1915: 277.

² Amy Lowell (1874-1925) an American critic, performer, editor, translator who devoted her life to the cause of modern poetry, was the new leader of the Imagist school after Pound's quitting. She was considered as an early promoter who played a significant role in modernist poetry. Her best poetry was characterized by immediacy, sparseness and precision.

Translation:

外星人

艾米·洛威尔

小人儿们的喋喋不休
打断了我的意图，
就像水滴慢慢地把岩石侵蚀成粉末。
当我笑的时候，
我的精神因他们的戏弄而崩溃。

(林莹莹 译)

Daffodil Song¹

Edward Dorn²

The horn of yellow

on this plain resound

and the twist on the air

of their brilliance

Say where

say where I will find

a love

or an arabesque

of such rash fortune.

¹ Henry Rago, ed. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* (Volume 103). 1964: 304.

² Edward Dorn (1929-1999) was an American author. Dorn's work is often read as part of a lineage of American poetry that began with William Carlos Williams and extended through Charles Olson.

Translation:

水仙花之歌

爱德华·多恩

黄色的号角声

在这片平原上回响

他们的辉煌

在空气中旋转

告诉我，在哪里

告诉我，在哪里可以找到

爱

或是阿拉伯式的

如此轻率的命运

(林莹莹 译)

Of the Manner of Addressing Clouds¹

Wallace Stevens²

Gloomy grammarians in golden gowns,
Meekly you keep the mortal rendezvous,
Eliciting the still sustaining pomps
Of speech which are like music so profound
They seem an exaltation without sound.
Funest philosophers and ponderers,
Their evocations are the speech of clouds.
So speech of your processions returns
In the casual evocations of your tread
Across the stale, mysterious seasons. These
Are the music of meet resignation; these
The responsive, still sustaining pomps for you
To magnify, if in that drifting waste
You are to be accompanied by more
Than mute bare splendors of the sun and moon.

¹ First published in October 1921, on *Poetry*; collected in Stevens' first book of poetry *Harmonium* in 1923. Wallace Stevens. *Harmonium*. London: Faber & Faber. 2001: 64.

² Wallace Stevens (1879-1955), one of America's most respected 20th-century poets. He won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry for his *Collected Poems* in 1955.

Translation:

对云说话的姿态

华莱士·史蒂文斯

阴郁的、身着金袍的语法学家，
你们谦恭地信守着凡生的约会，
诱出那仍旧持续的
言语之盛丽，像音乐一般深远的
它们像一种无声的欣喜。
不祥的哲学家与沉思者，¹
他们被唤起的思绪是云的言语。
因此你们圣歌游行的言语回返于
你们脚步不经意的召唤，
走过陈腐的、神秘的季节。这
是相宜的顺从的音乐；这
回应的仍旧持续的盛丽，给你们
去发扬，如果在那飘移的废物中
陪伴你们的将不仅仅是
日与月的，无声又赤裸的光芒。

(姚恺昕 译)

¹ “不祥的”对应原文“funest”，该词来源于法语的“funeste”（致死的、不祥的）或“funèbre”（葬礼的）；另一方面，“funest”中又包含“fun”（欢乐），一语双关。

The Place of the Solitaires¹

Wallace Stevens²

Let the place of the solitaires
Be a place of perpetual undulation.

Whether it be in mid-sea
On the dark, green water-wheel,
Or on the beaches,
There must be no cessation
Of motion, or of the noise of motion,
The renewal of noise
And manifold continuation;
And, most, of the motion of thought
And its restless iteration,

In the place of the solitaires,
Which is to be a place of perpetual undulation.

¹ First published in October 1919, on *Poetry*; collected in Stevens' first book of poetry *Harmonium* in 1923. Wallace Stevens. *Harmonium*. London: Faber & Faber. 2001: 70.

² Wallace Stevens (1879-1955), one of America's most respected 20th-century poets. He won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry for his *Collected Poems* in 1955.

Translation:

孤独者之地¹

华莱士·史蒂文斯

让这孤独者之地
作一个永续波动之地。

无论是在海中
暗绿的水车上，
抑或在海滩上，
必须不停歇的
是运动，或是运动的噪音，
噪音的更新
及多种延续；
还有，最甚，是思想的运动
及其无休止的反复言说。

在孤独者之地，
这将要作为永续波动之地。

（姚恺昕 译）

¹ 标题原文中“solitaire”在法语中作“孤独的”或“孤独者”之义。史蒂文斯常借法语词入诗。

时运·其二¹

陶渊明

洋洋平潭，乃漱乃濯。

邈邈遐景，载欣载瞩。

人亦有言，称心易足。

挥兹一觴，陶然自乐。

¹ 袁行霈，撰. 陶渊明集笺注. 北京: 中华书局, 2011: 6

Translation:

Luck (II)

Tao Yuanming¹

Vast water's flooded, for rinsing and for washing.

Yond vision's ethereal, my heart overjoys over the scene.

There's the saying, there's the easy satisfying.

Bottom up the wine, I feel I'm in heaven.

(Trans. Chen Shangzhen)

¹ Tao Yuanming (365-427), an outstanding poet and essayist from the late Eastern Jin Dynasty to the early Liu and Song Dynasties, is the most famous and the admirable recluse in Chinese history.

四时¹

陶渊明

春水满四泽，夏云多奇峰。
秋月扬明晖，冬岭秀孤松。

¹ 袁行霈，撰。陶渊明集笺注。北京：中华书局，2011：218.

Translation:

Four Seasons

Tao Yuanming

Spring waters flood and fulfill all the lakes,
Summer clouds rise more as queer peaks high.
Autumn moon shines brightly the silver light,
Winter hills profile the lonely pine trees.

(Trans. Chen Shangzhen)

致橡树¹

舒婷

我如果爱你——
绝不像攀援的凌霄花，
借你的高枝炫耀自己；
我如果爱你——
绝不学痴情的鸟儿，
为绿荫重复单调的歌曲；
也不止像泉源，
常年送来清凉的慰藉；
也不止像险峰，
增加你的高度，衬托你的威仪。
甚至日光，
甚至春雨。

不，这些都还不够！
我必须是你近旁的一株木棉，
作为树的形象和你站在一起。
根，紧握在地下；
叶，相触在云里。
每一阵风过，
我们都互相致意，
但没有人，
听懂我们的言语。
你有你的铜枝铁干，
像刀，像剑，也像戟；
我有我红硕的花朵，
像沉重的叹息，
又像英勇的火炬。

我们分担寒潮、风雷、霹雳；
我们共享雾霭、流岚、虹霓。
仿佛永远分离，
却又终身相依。
这才是伟大的爱情，
坚贞就在这里：
爱——
不仅爱你伟岸的身躯，
也爱你坚持的位置，
足下的土地。

¹ 舒婷. 双桅船. 上海: 上海文艺出版社, 1982: 17.

Translation:

To the Oak Tree

Shu Ting¹

If I love you——
I will never be a clinging trumpet creeper,
To flaunt myself by your high branches.
If I love you——
I will never imitate spoony birds,
To repeat a monotonous melody for the green shade.
I will not be a spring
To bring cool solace all year long
I will not be a steep mountain,
To uplift your height, to present your eminence.
Even the sunlight,
Even the spring rain.

No, not enough!
I must be a kapok beside you,
As a tree I stand with you.
Our roots twine in the earth,
Our leaves twist in the clouds.
With each breeze blows,
We greet each other.
But no one will understand our words.
You have your iron trunk and copper branch,
Like a knife, a word and a halberd.
I have my rosy flowers,
Like a heavy sigh, or a heroic torch.

We share froze, storm and thunder;
We share mist, haze and rainbow,
We seem apart at usual,
But cling together all life long,
Great love is like this,
Loyalty lies here:
Love——
I will love your strapping figure,
I will love your firm stand,
And the earth beneath you.

(Trans. Gao Zijun)

¹ Shu Ting (1952-) is a Chinese contemporary poetess, writer, one of the representatives of Misty Poetry.

锦瑟¹

李商隐

锦瑟无端五十弦，一弦一柱思华年。
庄生晓梦迷蝴蝶，望帝春心托杜鹃。
沧海月明珠有泪，蓝田日暖玉生烟。
此情可待成追忆，只是当时已惘然。

¹ 李商隐，彭定求等 编著. 全唐诗（下）. 上海: 上海古籍出版社, 1986: 570.

Translation:

Jin Se¹

Li Shangyin²

Why would Jinse has fifty strings,
Each string or strain evokes but vanished springs.
Life is as unreal as Zhuangzi's dream to be a butterfly.
The pursuit of beauty pours on the cuckoos.
Moonlight shines on the sea,
As mermaid's tears turn into pearls.
Sunlight irradiates at Bluefield,
Jades steam with fragrance.
And a beautiful moment that ought to have last for eternity
Has come and gone before people notice.

(Trans. Gao Zijun)

¹ Discussions about what or who Jin Se is exactly have been going on since ancient times, but there is still no conclusion, but many scholars recognize that it is a kind of musical instrument, since Se (瑟) is originally a zither.

² Li Shangyin (813-858) was one of the few poets who deliberately pursued the beauty of poetry in the late Tang Dynasty and even the whole Tang Dynasty, some of whose poems are too obscure and confusing to be understood.

鹿柴¹

王维

空山不见人，但闻人语响。

返景入深林，复照青苔上。

¹ 张勇 编著. 王维诗全集. 武汉: 崇文书局, 2017: 244.

Translation:

Deer Fence

Wang Wei¹

Empty hills, no one in sight,
only the sound of someone echoing;
late sunlight enters the deep wood,
shining upon the green moss again.

(Trans. Yu Yan)

¹ Wang Wei (693/694/701-761), a poet and painter in Tang Dynasty, was proficient in poetry, music, painting and Zen.

日光¹

海子

梨花在土墙上滑动
牛铎声声
大婶拉过两位小堂弟
站在我面前
像两截黑炭
日光其实很强
一种万物生长的鞭子和血！

¹ 西川 编. 海子诗全编: 第一编 短诗 (1983-1986). 上海: 上海三联书店, 1997: 38.

Translation:

Sunlight

Hai Zi¹

Pear blossoms

Slither on top of the earthen walls

Constant clinking of cattle-bells

My aunt drags two little cousins over

To stand before me

Like two lumps of charcoal

Sunlight is quite strong

A sort of whip and blood for all living things!

(Trans. Yu Yan)

¹ Hai Zi (1964-1989) was a Chinese contemporary poet, who walked into poetry with faith in the spirit of poetry, and into the eternal. He is a lyric poet and the spirit of his poetry is the spirit of romance.

采桑子·谢家庭院残更立¹

纳兰性德

谢家庭院残更立，燕宿雕梁。月度银墙，不辨花丛那辨香。
此情已自成追忆，零落鸳鸯。雨歇微凉，十一年前梦一场。

¹ 纳兰容若. 纳兰词集. 北京: 国际文化出版公司, 2010: 16.

Translation:

Tune: Song of Picking Mulberry

Nalan Xingde¹

The courtyard of the lassie was still there before dawn,
Swallows nested on the carved beam.
Moonlight made the walls silvery white,
Couldn't tell which flower cluster the fragrance came from.
Such feeling becomes memory,
And lovebirds are separated from each other.
Remembering old love in the cold after rain,
Which is like having a dream eleven years ago.

(Trans. Lin Yingying)

¹ Nalan Xingde (1655-1685) was a poet in the early Qing Dynasty, who was outstanding for his true words and vivid descriptions of scenes.

秋风辞¹

刘彻

秋风起兮白云飞，草木黄落兮雁南归。

兰有秀兮菊有芳，怀佳人兮不能忘。

泛楼船兮济汾河，横中流兮扬素波。

箫鼓鸣兮发棹歌，欢乐极兮哀情多。

少壮几时兮奈老何！

¹ 郭茂倩，编著. 夏华等，编译. 乐府诗集. 辽宁：万卷出版公司，2018：255.

Translation:

Song of Autumn Wind

Liu Che¹

Autumn wind rises and white clouds fly.

Grass and trees wither and the wild geese go south.

Orchids are beautiful and chrysanthemums are fragrant.

The beautiful woman cannot be forgotten.

Driving on the Fen River in a tower boat,
paddling the oars and raising white waves.

When I play the flute and drum, I feel too happy and sad.

The days of youth are long gone, and I have no choice but to grow old.

(Trans. Lin Yingying)

¹ Liu Che (156-87 BC), the seventh emperor of the Western Han Dynasty, was an outstanding statesman, strategist and writer.

定风波·莫听穿林打叶声¹

苏轼

三月七日沙湖道中遇雨。雨具先去，同行皆狼狈，余独不觉。已而遂晴，故作此。

莫听穿林打叶声，
何妨吟啸且徐行。
竹杖芒鞋轻胜马，
谁怕？
一蓑烟雨任平生。

料峭春风吹酒醒，
微冷，
山头斜照却相迎。
回首向来萧瑟处，
归去，
也无风雨也无晴。

¹ 选自肖剑主编，宋词鉴赏大典，北京：长征出版社，1999：302.

Translation:

Tune: Ding Feng Bo¹

Su Shi²

*On March 7th, I was caught in the rain in Sand Lake Way. All rain gears were done.
All my companions felt confounded, but I didn't. The shine came back, then I wrote
this.*

Listen not to the splattering shower in the woods.

Sing in a roar and stroll along, why not.

Bamboo cane and shoes of straw tread lighter than horse, who's feared?

A palm cape for life, let the tempest comes its way.

Now sober for a snapping wind of spring, I shrill,

With the slanting sun atop the hill greeting.

Turn back and behold, the desolated route.

Let's go, there's neither rain nor shine.

(Trans. Yao Kaixin)

¹ Ding Feng Bo, a tune of Chinese ci poetry, in Chinese meaning calming the wind and wave.

² Su Shi (1037-1101), a litterateur, calligrapher and painter in the Northern Song Dynasty, was the leader of the literary circle in the middle of the Northern Song Dynasty. He made great achievements in poetry, prose, calligraphy and painting.

浣溪沙·一曲新词酒一杯¹

晏殊

一曲新词酒一杯，
去年天气旧亭台。
夕阳西下几时回？
无可奈何花落去，
似曾相识燕归来，
小园香径独徘徊。

¹ 选自肖剑主编，宋词鉴赏大典，北京：长征出版社，1999：102.

Tune: Huan Xi Sha¹

Yan Shu²

A song of new rhyme and a cup of wine.

The same old bower and season of last year's.

When will return the westward sun?

Flowers are fated to fall.

The return of swallows is déjà vu.

Alone I ramble through the scented garden path.

(Trans. Yao Kaixin)

¹ Huan Xi Sha, a tune of Chinese ci poetry, originally meaning ancient beauty Xi Shi's silk-sashing stream.

² Yan Shu (991-1055) was a statesmen and writers of the Northern Song Dynasty, who was a poet of the Graceful and Restrained school of Song Poems.

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Wang Bo

Recommendation of Chinese Poets and Poems

Wang Bo

Wang Bo (王勃, 649-676 AD), born in Longmen, Jiangzhou (Hejin, Shanxi Province now) of early Tang Dynasty, is known as “Four Great Poets of Early Tang Dynasty” (abbr. FGPET) together with Luo Binwang, Yang Jiong and Lu Zhaolin. He was drowned at the age of 26 as crossing the sea.

Wang Bo was famed by his talent of poems and essays early from his childhood (only 6 years old) and benefited and suffered by this talent all through his short life. He was disparaged twice for his critical essay “Denounce the Cockfight” and killing the official slave. He led the fame of FGPET for his masterpiece “Preface to Prince Teng Pavillion” through the ages. Readers might feel that the author was depressed while writing down his lines of poems and essays. It is just the shadow and reflection of his real life.

These eight poems are selected from *The Selected Poems of Wang Zi An* published by The Commercial Press in Nov. 1992 and translated by Dan Fei (丹飞), a screenwriter, novelist and poet.

送杜少府之任蜀州

城阙辅三秦，
风烟望五津。
与君离别意，
同是宦游人。

海内存知己，
天涯若比邻。
无为在歧路，
儿女共沾巾。

Translation:

See Prefect Du off to His Post in Shuzhou

The Chang'an City is guarded by Three Qin,

The five ferries are nearly unseen.

Talking about my farewell to my dear friend,

We are both officials in strange places.

As long as you owns some bosom friend in the world,

The remotest corner is just like I'm living next door.

There's no need for us to stand at the turnoff,

Crying into tears to wet our clothes.

山中

长江悲已滞，
万里念将归。
况属高风晚，
山山黄叶飞。

Translation:

In the Mountain

The Yangtze River is cut off for homesickness,
It might have been at homeland 10000 miles away.
High winds remind me that the season is late autumn,
Yellow leaves falling and swirling in this mountain and that.

郊兴

空园歌独酌，
春日赋闲居。
泽兰侵小径，
河柳覆长渠。

雨去花光湿，
风归叶影疏。
山人不惜醉，
唯畏绿尊虚。

Translation:

Mountain Inspiration

A spring day finding a loner,
A single singer drinks all alone.
The path smells of orchids,
The willows curtain the canal.

Lights of blooms are wet after rain,
Winds come up to scatter leaf shadows.
A mountain resident ain't afraid to be drunk,
But to empty the whole green bottle of wine.

别薛华

送送多穷路，
遑遑独问津。
悲凉千里道，
凄断百年身。

心事同漂泊，
生涯共苦辛。
无论去与住，
俱是梦中人。

Translation:

Farewell to Xue Hua

No matter how long the farewell journey is, we have to part,

And you have to be lonesome to ask for the directions.

The forlorn journey to one thousand miles away,

Seems to cost the whole life to the last breath.

My heart beats while my flesh drifts with yours,

I must suffer what you are suffering ahead.

Whether you set off or put up for the night,

I'm guarding in your dreams as you are in mine.

咏风

肃肃凉风生，
加我林壑清。
驱烟寻涧户，
卷雾出山楹。

去来固无迹，
动息如有情。
日落山水静，
为君起松声。

Translation:

Ode to the Wind

A cool breeze comes up,
To clear up the valley of the hill.
Follow the smoke to find the residents,
Like a reel of landscape painting on fog.

No trails to be seen to and fro,
Emotionally while it grows or breaks.
The hill and waters keep still at sunset,
The wind symphony in the pines is just for you.

蜀中九日

九月九日望乡台，
他席他乡送客杯。
人情已厌南中苦，
鸿雁那从北地来。

Translation:

Double Ninth Festival in Sichuan

I overlook the hometown in Double Ninth Festival¹,
Drinking in guest cup at the guest banquet of strange land.
Bored with and suffering from the southern worldly wisdom,
A northern swan goose is seen beneath the pale sky.

¹ The Double Ninth Festival (Chongyang Festival in Mainland China and Taiwan or Chung Yeung Festival in Hong Kong and Macau; in Chinese: 重陽節), observed on the ninth day of the ninth month in the Chinese calendar, is a traditional Chinese holiday.

铜雀妓二首·其二

妾本深宫妓，
层城闭九重。
君王欢爱尽，
歌舞为谁容。

锦衾不复襞，
罗衣谁再缝。
高台西北望，
流涕向青松。

Translation:

Bronze Canary Prostitute 2/2

I was a prostitute living in the palace,
Surrounded and locked by nine city walls.
Once the Emperor used up my beauty and youth,
I never needed to dress up as singing and dancing.

I find it unnecessary to knit and sew dresses,
Silk quilts are cold and folded no more.
Looking northwestward on the bronze canary cage,
My tears flow down to the pine trees at the tombs.

春庄

山中兰叶径，

城外李桃园。

岂知人事静，

不觉鸟声喧。

Translation:

A Spring Villa

The orchid leaves lead the path uphill,
Plum and peach orchards out of town.
Far from bothering of affairs and persons,
Bird sing is no longer noisy but tuneful.

(Trans. Dan Fei)

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Louise Glück

Recommendation of English Poets and Poems

Introduction to Louise Glück

Louise Glück (1943-) is one of the most prominent poets in contemporary America literature. In 2020 she won the Nobel Prize in Literature “for her unmistakable poetic voice that with austere beauty makes individual existence universal”.

Having published thirteen poetry collections ranging from *Firstborn* (1968) to *Winter Recipes from the Collective: Poems* (2021), Glück is famous for her multicultural resources in her poetry, including Greek myth, fairy tales, biblical and classical literature. Also, her poems of each volume are arranged in a sequence which is organized as a chorus spoken by different voices, focusing on one topic or developing as a narrative, which ensures an internal cohesion in her poetry. Thus, her poetry is often discussed as book-length sequences by scholars and critics¹.

The following poems are selected from Glück’s *Meadowlands* (1996) which is regarded as one of her major book-length sequences. In *Meadowlands*, Glück rewrites the ancient myth of Odysseus and Penelope with which she juxtaposes another contemporary story of a couple who are struggling in their marriage. To better present the characteristic of Louise Glück’s poetry to readers, the following poems include both the myth of Odysseus and the story of the contemporary couple. The poems selected are translated by Nie Xin (聂昕) from Shenzhen University.

¹ In *On Louise Glück: Change what you see* edited by Joanne Feit Diehl, Frank Bidart suggests Glück has made her volumes as sequence since *Ararat* in “Louise Glück” ; Linda Gregerson uses the term “poetic sequence” when analyzing Glück’s *The Wild Iris* (30). Daniel Morris regards Glück’s poetry as book-length sequence in *The Poetry of Louise Glück: A Thematic Introduction*. Chinese Translator Liu Xiangyang (柳向阳) also introduces Glück’s volumes as book-length sequence since *Ararat*.

Parable of the King

The great king looking ahead
saw not fate but simply
dawn glittering over
the unknown island: as a king
he thought in the imperative—best
not to reconsider direction, best
to keep going forward
over the radiant water. Anyway,
what is fate but a strategy for ignoring
history, with its moral
dilemmas, a way of regarding
the present, where decisions
are made, as the necessary
link between the past (images of the king
as a young prince) and the glorious future (images
of slave girls). Whatever
it was ahead, why did it have to be
so blinding? Who could have known
that wasn't the usual sun
but flames rising over a world
about to become extinct?

Translation:

王之寓言

伟大的王向前展望
没看到命运仅有
黎明闪耀于
这座不知名的岛屿：身为王者
他一定是这么想的——最好
不要重新调整方向，最好
继续往前航行
在这片明亮的水域。反正，
所谓命运不过是一个策略，忽视
历史，及其道德
困境，一种对于
眼前的关注，当决策被
制定，作为
过去（国王还是年轻王子的模样）和
光明的未来（奴隶女孩群像）之间的
连接。无论是什么
横亘在前方，为什么
非要如此晃眼？谁又能预料到
那并不是寻常的太阳
而是火焰，来自一个
即将毁灭的世界？

Moonless Night

A lady weeps at a dark window.

Must we say what it is? Can't we simply say

a personal matter? It's early summer;

next door the Lights are practicing klezmer music.

A good night: the clarinet is in tune.

As for the lady—she's going to wait forever;

there's no point in watching longer.

After awhile, the streetlight goes out.

But is waiting forever

always the answer? Nothing

is always the answer; the answer

depends on the story.

Such a mistake to want

clarity above all things. What's

a single night, especially

one like this, now so close to ending?

On the other side, there could be anything,

all the joy in the world, the stars fading,

the streetlight becoming a bus stop.

Translation:

无月夜

一位女士在昏暗的窗边哭泣。
我们必须定义这件事吗？我们不能简单地说
这是个人私事吗？这是初夏；
隔壁赖兹一家正在练习克里兹莫乐曲。
美好的夜晚：单簧管乐音美妙。

至于这位女士——她将永远等待下去；
再观察下去已没有意义。
片刻之后，街灯熄灭。

但是永无止境的等待
就是永恒的答案吗？没有任何事
是永恒的答案；答案
取决于故事。

错误在于追求
清晰先于所有事物。一个夜晚
是怎样的？尤其
像今夜这样，现在即将结束的一夜。
在另一面，可能有任何事物，
世上所有的快乐，消逝暗淡的星星，
变成车站的街灯。

Midnight

Speak to me, aching heart: what
ridiculous errand are you inventing for yourself
weeping in the dark garage
with your sack of garbage: it's not your job
to take out the garbage, it is your job
to empty the dishwasher. You are showing off again,
exactly as you did in childhood—where
is your sporting side, your famous
ironic detachment? A little moonlight hits
the broken window, a little summer moonlight, tender
murmurs from the earth with its ready sweetness—
is this the way you communicate
with your husband, not answering
when he calls, or is this the way the heart
behaves when it grieves: it wants to be
alone with the garbage? If I were you,
I'd think ahead. After fifteen years,
his voice could be getting tired; some night
if you don't answer, someone else will answer.

Translation:

午夜

跟我说说吧，疼痛的心：是什么
可笑的使命正被你强加于自己身上
在黑暗的车库里哭泣
带着你那袋垃圾：不应该由你
把垃圾带出门，你应该
清理好洗碗机。你又在炫耀，
正如你童年时做的那样——哪里去了
你的风度，你那标志性的
带着讽刺的疏远？微弱的月光落在
破碎窗户上，微弱的夏夜月光，温柔的
大地低吟，带着熟透的甜蜜——
这就是你和你丈夫
交流的方式吗？不回应
他的呼唤，或者，这就是你的心
在悲伤时的反应：它想要
跟垃圾呆在一起？如果我是你，
我会预见这一切。在十五年后，
他的声音可能会变得疲惫；某个夜晚
如果你不回应，别人会回应他。

Odysseus' Decision

The great man turns his back on the island.
Now he will not die in paradise
nor hear again
the lutes of paradise among the olive trees,
by the clear pools under the cypresses. Time

begins now, in which he hears again
that pulse which is the narrative
sea, at dawn when its pull is strongest.

*What has brought us here
will lead us away; our ship
sways in the tinted harbor water.*

Now the spell is ended.
Give him back his life,
sea that can only move forward.

Translation:

奥德修斯的决定

伟大的王背离那座岛屿。

如今他将不会死于天堂

也不会再听到

橄榄树间、柏树下水池边

天堂的琴声。时间

现在开始，在其中他再次听见

那种脉搏，叙事般的

海，黎明破晓时它的牵引最为有力。

把我们带来这里的

将引领我们离去；我们的船只

在曙光照耀的港湾水面摇晃。

现在咒语解除。

把他的生活归还给他，

只向前涌动的海。

Circe's Grief

In the end, I made myself
known to your wife as
a god would, in her own house, in
Ithaca, a voice
without a body: she
paused in her weaving, her head turning
first to the right, then left
though it was hopeless of course
to trace that sound to any
objective source: I doubt
she will return to her loom
with what she knows now. When
you see her again, tell her
this is how a god says goodbye:
if I am in her head forever
I am in your life forever.

Translation:

喀尔刻的悲伤

在最后，我让自己
被你妻子所知正如
神明会做的那样，在她的屋子里，在
伊萨卡，一个声音
没有形体：她
停下了手里的编织，她
先看向右边，然后左边
尽管这必然是徒劳的
如果要循着声音找到实体
实体的来源：我怀疑
她将回到她的织布机前
带着她现在所知道的。当
你再次见到她，告诉她
这就是神明告别的方式：
如果我永远在她头脑里
我就永远在你的生命里。

Penelope's Stubbornness

A bird comes to the window. It's a mistake
to think of them
as birds, they are so often
messengers. That is why, once they
plummet to the sill, they sit
so perfectly still, to mock
patience, lifting their heads to sing
poor lady, poor lady, their three-note
warning, later flying
like a dark cloud from the sill to the olive grove.
But who would send such a weightless being
to judge my life? My thoughts are deep
and my memory long; why would I envy such freedom
when I have humanity? Those
with the smallest hearts have
the greatest freedom.

Translation:

珀涅罗珀的执着

一只鸟来到窗前。把它们
看作鸟儿
是错误的，它们往往是
信使。这就是为什么，一旦它们
落在窗台上，它们坐得
如此笔直，以嘲讽
耐心，仰起它们的脑袋唱道
惨女人，惨女人，发出三音节的
警告，随即飞走
像一片乌云，从窗台飞向橄榄林。
但谁会派这样一个轻巧的生灵
来评判我的生活？我的思想深邃
我的记忆悠长；我怎么会嫉妒这样的自由
当我还怀有仁慈之心？那些
有着最小心脏的生灵有着
最大的自由。

Reunion

When Odysseus has returned at last
unrecognizable to Ithaca and killed
the suitors swarming the throne room,
very delicately he signals to Telemachus
to depart: as he stood twenty years ago,
he stands now before Penelope.

On the palace floor, wide bands of sunlight turning
from gold to red. He tells her
nothing of those years, choosing to speak instead
exclusively of small things, as would be
the habit of a man and woman long together:
once she sees who he is, she will know what he's done.
And as he speaks, ah,
tenderly he touches her forearm.

Translation:

团聚

当奥德修斯最终得以返回
面貌全非的他，回到伊萨卡，并杀掉
聚集在金銮殿中的追求者们，
他非常巧妙地示意忒勒马科斯
离开：就像二十年前他站在她面前一样，
他现在站在珀涅罗珀面前。
宫殿地砖上，大片的阳光从
金色变成红色。他没有告诉她
那些年的任何事，相反，选择了
只告知一些琐事，就像
常年相处的夫妻的习惯：
一旦她看透了他的为人，她将知道他做过什么。
然后当他说话的时候，啊，
他温柔地触碰她的小臂。

The Dream

I had the weirdest dream. I dreamed we were married again.

You talked a lot. You kept saying things like *this is realistic*.
When I woke up, I started reading all my old diaries.

I thought you hated diaries.

I keep them when I'm miserable. Anyway,
all those years I thought we were so happy
I had a lot of diaries.

Do you ever think about it? Do you ever wonder
if the whole thing was a mistake? Actually,
half the guests said that at the wedding.

I'll tell you something I never told you:
I took a valium that night.

I kept thinking of how we used to watch television,
how I would put my feet in your lap. The cat would sit
on top of them. Doesn't that still seem
an image of contentment, of well-being? So
why couldn't it go on longer?

Because it was a dream.

Translation:

梦

我做了一个极其奇怪的梦。我梦到我们复婚了。

你说了很多。你不停地说像这样的事情是现实的。
当我醒来，我开始翻阅我所有的旧日记。

我以为你讨厌日记。

我痛苦的时候会写。总之，
在我以为我们过得幸福的那些年
我写了很多日记。

你曾想过吗？你可曾想过
如果整件事本身就是一个错误呢？事实上
有一半的宾客在婚礼上这么说。

我告诉你一件从未跟你说过的事：
那晚我吃了一颗安定。

我一直在想，我们怎样习惯看电视，
我会怎样把脚架在你膝盖间。猫咪会坐在
腿上。这看起来难道不是
一幅美满幸福的景象？那
为什么这景象不能持久一些呢？

因为这是一场梦。

(聂昕 译)

Writing Techniques of Judith Wright's Haiku Poetry

Liang Xiaodan¹

Abstract: *Judith Wright (1915-2000), one of Australia's greatest poets, is a fifth generation Australian, known for her skillful writing technique and the author of several collections of poetry, including *The Moving Image* (1946), *Woman to Man* (1949), *The Gateway* (1953), *The Two Fires* (1955), *Birds* (1962), *Five Senses* (1963), *The Other Half* (1966), *Alive* (1973), and *Phantom Dwelling* (1985). Of these, *Phantom Dwelling* epitomizes Wright's shift to oriental style in her later period of writing, with *Notes at Edge* explaining her experimentation with Japanese haiku, which then exerted a great influence on her writing style. This paper primarily analyzes the writing techniques that Wright has applied to her English haiku, including some basic elements of Japanese haiku such as juxtaposition, the use of movement as a metaphor for stillness, seeing significance in the ordinary, and writing from far and near to reveal major themes and reflect deep and broad content through small subjects and details.*

Key Words: *Judith Wright; poetry; English haiku*

Judith Wright and Her Poetry

From 1934 to 1936, Wright was educated at the University of Sydney, where she studied philosophy and English literature and then she continued to pursue her literary interests. Her wide range of subject matter in poetry is related to her studies of English, French and Italian literature, as well as her readings in history, psychology, anthropology, and philosophy. After traveling in Europe, she returned to Sydney in 1938. From 1943 to 1947, Wright lived in Brisbane, Queensland where she met the philosopher Jack McKinney (1891-1966), whom she married in 1962. This personal and intellectual relationship had a significant influence on her poetry.

Wright was highly regarded in Australian literary circles and received many fellowships, awards and honors to enable her to concentrate on her writing. The first of her many volumes of poetry, *The Moving Image* (1946), remains one of the landmark works of Australian literature of the last century. Wright's poetry presents a philosophical investigation of the relationship between language and cognition. Following the basic premise of Romanticism, much of Wright's poetry attempts to

¹ Liang Xiaodan is a postgraduate at Shenzhen University. Her research interests are poetry and poetics.

maintain a balance between the images produced by language and objects in nature.

Wright was at her best in short verse, her later works showing a fondness for Japanese haiku. Robert Darling (1991) believes that “Wright has been outspoken in her preference for the short poetic form” (156). As a short form of classical Japanese poetry, haiku has had an influence on Western poetry—especially Imagism. Wright’s compositions have been under the long-term influence of T. S. Eliot (1888-1965), W. B. Yeats (1865-1939), Ezra Pound (1885-1972), Dylan Thomas (1914-1953), etc. Wright, with Imagist tendencies, was considered as an Imagist and had several representative works of imagistic poetry such as “Smalltown Dance”, which was deeply influenced by haiku and had presented Eastern imagery in her late poems. In her “Brevity” in *Notes at Edge*, she wrote “now I try haiku / for its honed brevities, / its inclusive silences”. In addition to “Brevity”, Wright composed many other English haiku such as “Memory”. She also admitted in an interview that she loved haiku later in her life (Tang 235).

Writing Techniques

It is worth noting that Wright’s haiku are quite different from Japanese haiku because of personal writing habits as well as cultural and linguistic differences. First, Wright was not restricted to the strict form of three lines of seventeen syllables, but she tended to harmonize the number of paragraphs in each stanza of her English haiku poems such as “Haiku from ‘Edge’”, “Brevity”, “Rock”, and so on. Second, with regard to kigo, Wright rarely chose a vague term or a symbolic word to indicate the season or time. For example, she referred directly to the first day and night of spring, rather than using “a butterfly”, “cherry blossoms”, “a frog”, “plum blossoms” or “whitebait” which indicate spring in Japanese haiku. This is not to say that there was no kigo in Wright’s haiku poems. For example, she once used “dragonflies” as a kigo in a couplet from the poem “Memory”. Finally, kireji, an extremely important writing technique used in Japanese haiku, was rarely seen in Wright’s work. Kireji was a tool set between two contrasts to be a sign of the turning point, while there was generally no contrast to emphasize in Wright’s poems, which accounted for Wright’s turn to haiku was not for its form and writing techniques but for its true nature. Wright tried haiku as a choice, as an alternative as well as a means of avoiding romantic lengthiness in order to give extra emphasis to the theme.

At the same time, there were some specific, intriguing characteristics when

Wright applied Japanese haiku to her late poetry, including the use of juxtaposition and rhyme. First, Wright would use more than one image to present the juxtaposition of two objects. For example, in Wright's "Haiku from 'Edge'", she applied the images of "old leaves" and "no rain" to the day of spring, and "the swallows", "one small leafless tree", "the rufous whistler", "light goldens" evening, etc., to the night of spring, which enriched the meaning of spring and enhanced the contrast between the day and the night. Second, in "Brevity", Wright placed "Keats", "Blake" and "Issa", "Shiki", "Buson", "Bashō" as a juxtaposition to show a contrast between Western romanticism and Japanese haiku. Moreover, Wright is indeed a devotee of free verse. She proclaimed the abandonment of rhythm, old meter, and old rhyme, and turned to few words with no rhetoric and a kind of inclusive silence unique to haiku.

In analyzing Wright's English haiku, some common writing strategies can be discovered. First, the use of movement to set off an atmosphere of stillness is an important skill applied to Wright's haiku. For example, in her "Haiku from 'Edge'", Wright describes scene from the first night of spring: the swallows chase away the bat that winters here, the bat gives a voice to a small leafless tree, and trees stand at the ends of shadows where magpies call downhill. Through these descriptions, readers can experience the tranquil mood of the evening and night of spring:

Haiku from "Edge"¹

First day of spring.

I cleared old leaves from gutters

but no rain came.

First night of spring—

the swallows drove him out,

the bat that wintered here.

What a voice it gave

¹ This poem is selected from *Antipodes*, 1. 2 (1987): 64.

to one small leafless tree—
the rufous whistler.

Tumbled chimney stones—
old miners left no walls,
built in clay and wattle.

Evening: light goldens,
trees stand at shadows' ends,
downhill magpies call.

Clear water on sand—
crab, small transparent prawn—
a claw chases a thought. (64)

Similarly, in the poem “Memory”, Wright describes the image of two dragonflies dancing on the water and the sound of the river flowing between the stones, a kind of motion that sets off the stillness of the place. In the poem “Violet Stick-insects”, readers see them eating, hanging still, and swaying with the wind. The branch moves, and a more peaceful atmosphere is felt in the landscape of leaves. In “River Bend”, the swollen winter river bends over the stone and makes a wild, eternal voice. This eternal flow and sound are a symbol of the eternal existence of the river bend, which is a kind of static mood. In the poem “Glass Corridor”, with moonrise on one side and sunset on the other, readers see the contrast of movement and experience a feeling that change is an eternal constant. In the poem “Lichen, Moss, Fungus”, natural landscapes and movements are described, autumn and early winter wetting clay soil with rain and slow primitive plant forms pushing up their curious flowers, representing the steady seasonal change and growth of the earth. In “Caddis-fly”, the fly first jumps into the wineglass. When the poet lifts it out, it then dives into the center of the fire. This whole process provides a mood for the poet’s sadness, from

which the silence of time can be felt. In the poem “Late Spring”, the moon, whitened by the day, rises from the hill where the old pear-tree, fallen in a storm, still blooms. The readers can feel the violence of the storm and the calm scene after the storm, from the fallen old pear-tree and the flowing moonlight:

Late Spring¹

The moon drained white by day
lifts from the hill
where the old pear-tree fallen in storm
springs up in blossom still.
Women believe in the moon:
this branch I hold
is not more white and still than she
whose flower is ages old,
and so I carry home
flowers from the pear
that makes such obstinate tokens still
for fruit it cannot bear. (13)

Second, to see the significance in the ordinary is another technique Wright used in her English haiku. To see the important from the ordinary means to see the big from the small, or to see the whole from a small part. It is, for example, like hearing birds singing, then the reader can recognize that it is spring, and hearing insects chirping, the reader can recognize that it is autumn; or like knowing one thing at will, but finding in it the epitome of everything; that is, symbolizing the rise and fall of dynasties, historical changes, and other important events through trivial things. When the unimportant things foil for other things, the significant parts can appear. To see the truth in these small things, and vice versa, big things contain thousands of small

¹ This poem is selected from *Judith Wright poems*, Poemhunter.com – The World’s Poetry Archive, 2004.

things, which encourages people to imagine, and the artistic concept is profound. This kind of poetic technique is liked and often used by poets, and it can enhance the effect of poetry when used well. Take Wright's "Haiku from 'Edge'" again as an example, the old leaves the poet clears from gutters remind the reader that it is not summer, and the appearance of the swallows and the departure of the bat both signal the arrival of spring. Obviously, readers can tell what season it is in the poem from the references to animals and scenes of the season. Similarly, in the poem "Lichens, mosses and fungi", readers are aware that it is fall from the descriptions of so many lichens, mosses, and fungi. Also, in the poem "Late Spring", the pear-tree indicated spring, but it was old and fallen in the storm, showing that it was late spring. Wright's violets are like Gibran's violet that dreamed of becoming a beautiful rose. Although her dream was ridiculed, she still begged bravely to be a rose. This is the idea of courage that the poem "Violet Stick-insects" conveys. In her poem "River Bend", Wright's detailed depiction of the slender skeleton of the kangaroo-doe reflects the cruelty of nature. Whether this cruelty is caused by man or the survival of the fittest in nature, it is impossible to know. However, it is certain that Wright, as an environmentalist, paid great attention to and thought about nature. This is to present in microcosm, a method of writing that reveals major themes and reflects deep and broad content through small subjects, events and details. The characteristics of the method of seeing the big from the small, which is to grasp one thing, one feeling and one scene, to focus on big things and write in small places, to dig deep and develop associations, so as to create a broader and deeper artistic realm for the readers than real life.

Last, writing from far and near is also another technique that Wright used in her English haiku. This strategy refers to the writing method of writing distant characters, scenery, or things first, and then writing nearby ones, gradually pushing them closer, from light to strong, one by one. Or, let people, scenery, things in the position of the distant first, and then push the lens, make it gradually closer, gradually clear. With a clear layout, this method corresponds to the readers' way of understanding: (1) The far view should be well matched with the near view. Distant views should be written in a few words because the scenes are far away and vague; clear views should be written in more detail because they are close. (2) Both distant and near views should be related to the center. The far view cannot ignore the typical material just because of its distance; and the near view is not all-inclusive. Moreover, both views should be gradually expanded, and there should be a reasonable order and level, not far when

near or disorderly. (3) The far view and the near view are closely combined to highlight the key points. For example, Wright's "Haiku from 'Edge'" depicted many images from the gutters near "I" to the clear water on the distant sand, from the tumbled chimney stones to the trees standing at the ends of shadows, which can be seen as the expansion of space and the overlapping of layers. In the same way, Wright applied this writing strategy to her poem "Late Spring", in which the scene is drawn from the moon to the house.

These three writing techniques—feeling the silence from the movements, understanding the significant from the trivial, and seeing the far from the near, are applied to Wright's English haiku to present the panorama of the poems from the perspective of movement, thing, and space.

Conclusion

As prolific poet, Judith Wright is known not only for her writing strategies, but also for her compositional style. She turned to Japanese haiku in her later writing instead of the earlier way of Romanticism. By studying haiku, which has exerted certain influence on English poetry to form localized English haiku, its characteristics and form of creation can be told and learned. Influenced by the English haiku written by Imagist poets, many writers of the Beat generation began to write haiku that were more in keeping with the American style. Moreover, Imagism is typical of English haiku and Wright is a remarkable poet with imagistic characteristics. Her imagistic works, including the most distinctive one "Smalltown Dance", show all her grasps and understanding of imagistic poetry, that images are used to convey inexpressible feelings and obscure expressions. This is also a transition to her preferred haiku poetry. Wright's later volume of poetry—*Phantom Dwelling*, shows her varied style of writing poetry, and *Notes at Edge* is her compilation of haiku-like poems.

Attracted to the compactness and meaning of Japanese haiku, Wright composed a series of English haiku with her own characteristics. There are eleven haiku-like poems in *Notes at Edge*, which draw on materials from Wright's later place of residence, including views and creatures of nature as well as living buildings. These objects are also a kind of vivid reflection of Wright's later life, blended with concise style and philosophical ideas. Haiku, full of life wisdom, will alert the world to have a clearer view of many things, and will also allow people to put aside many problems which are the heavy burdens and pressures that people have to bear and do not want to

put down. Haiku poets know that to look at the world and problems with such a mind would inevitably be narrow and dirty. Therefore, not only is it better to have such an awareness, but it is better to begin anew, from the heart, which is truly a new beginning. For Wright, haiku was certainly an exotic form that suited her composing purposes. First of all, haiku is mostly about nature. Since it focuses on landscape painting, it also appeals to readers to protect nature, which was one of Wright's motivations for writing poetry as an environmentalist. In addition, writing good haiku often requires physical and mental mobilization, which can also help promote good health. Haiku, a form of expressing and sharing the composers' perception and experience of life, is the shortest poem in the world, making it easier to cross national and language barriers to promote mutual understanding and spiritual connection for countries around the world.

With a wide range of themes and varied artistic techniques, Wright's haiku have their own unique artistic color. Due to the differences in national conditions and humanistic cultures between Japan and Australia, Wright used her own innovative way in composing haiku. Meanwhile, her English haiku also retain some of the spiritual core of Japanese haiku.

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Translator List

(in alphabetical order by family names)

1. Chen Shangzhen.....陈尚真
2. Dan Fei.....丹 飞
3. Gao Zijun.....高子君
4. Lin Yingying.....林莹莹
5. Liang Xiaodan.....梁小丹
6. Nie Xin.....聂 昕
7. Yao Kaixin.....姚恺昕
8. Yu Yan.....于 燕
9. Zhang Guangkui.....张广奎

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Contacts

Website: <http://www.verseversion.uk>

Editorial Email Address: verseversion@gmail.com, verseversion@163.com

Editorial Office: School of Foreign Languages, Shenzhen University, 3688 Nanhai Avenue, Shenzhen, 518060
China

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联系方式

网址: [http:// www.verseversion.uk](http://www.verseversion.uk)

编辑部电子邮箱: verseversion@gmail.com , verseversion@163.com

中国编辑部地址: 深圳市南山区南海大道 3688 号深圳大学外国语学院

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