

## 武陵春

(宋) 李清照

风住尘香花已尽，日晚倦梳头。物是人非事事休，欲语泪先流。  
闻说双溪春尚好，也拟泛轻舟。只恐双溪舴艋舟，载不动许多愁。

### 《Wu Ling Chun 》

Gone are the flower and the wind's calmed down ,  
Only their fragrance lingers in earth .  
I have no mood to comb my hair though rises high the sun .  
The scene remains the same but forever my love has gone ,  
Depriving me of all my life's joy and fun .  
Wherever I try to utter my woes ,  
Tears from my eyes stream down .

Spring is still blossoming in the Twin Stream, I hear ,  
So I think to row my little boat over there .  
However, I fear my Locust Boat couldn't bear,  
My heave woes and despair .

注：此词我在 1988 年译了四个晚上，花了近十个小时。后在《文学翻译报》上发表，挣了人民币 4 元。我比较满意的是，译作的押韵还不错。

## 祖国呵，我亲爱的祖国

MOTHERLAND, MY BELOVED MOTHERLAND

舒婷

Shu ting

我是你河边上破旧的老水车  
数百年来纺着疲惫的歌；  
我是你额上熏黑的矿灯，  
照在你历史的隧洞里蜗行摸索；  
我是干瘪的稻穗；是失修的路基；  
是淤滩上的驳船  
把纤绳深深  
勒进你的肩膊，  
——祖国呵！

I'm the worn-out old waterwheel by your river,  
Creaking a wearisome song for hundreds of years;  
I'm the miner's lamp blackened by smoke on your forehead  
Dimly lighting your slow groping in the tunnel of history;  
I'm the wizened ear of rice; I'm the roadbed in disrepair;  
And the tow-line cutting  
Deep into your shoulder;  
——Oh, motherland!

我是贫穷，  
我是悲哀。  
我是你祖祖辈辈  
痛苦的希望呵，  
是“飞天”袖间  
千百年未落到地面的花朵，  
——祖国呵！

I'm poverty,  
I'm grief,  
I'm your embittered hopes  
Of many generations,  
I'm the flower from the sleeve of the "Fairy"  
That for thousands of years never fall on earth;  
——Oh, motherland!

我是你簇新的理想，  
刚从神话的蛛网里挣脱；  
我是你雪被下古莲的胚芽；  
我是你挂着眼泪的笑窝；  
我是新刷出的雪白的起跑线；  
是绯红的黎明  
正在喷薄；  
——祖国呵！

I'm your new ideal  
Just flowers from the cobweb of myth;  
I'm your plumule from the aged lily under the snow;  
I'm your dimple filled with tears;  
I'm the white scratch line newly-drawn;  
I'm the rosy dawn  
Glowing with all the radiation;  
——Oh, motherland!

我是你十亿分之一，  
是你九百六十万平方的总和；  
你以伤痕累累的乳房  
喂养了  
迷惘的我、深思的我、沸腾的我；

I'm one of your billion population,  
And the sum of our whole territory;  
With scar-covered breasts  
You have nurtured  
Me, who has got a perplexed soul, profound thoughts  
and boiling blood ;

那就从我的血肉之躯上  
去取得  
你的富饶、你的荣光、你的自由  
——祖国呵，我亲爱的祖国！

Thus, from my flesh and blood  
You obtain  
Your prosperity, your glory and your liberty;  
——Oh, motherland, My beloved motherland !

## 船

The boat  
舒婷  
Shu ting

一只小船  
不知什么缘故  
倾斜地搁浅在  
荒凉的礁岸上

The small boat  
I don't know why  
it is stranded at a tilt  
on the desolate rocky shore

油漆还没褪尽  
风帆已经折断  
既没有绿树重荫  
连青草也不肯生长

**The paint has flaked in place  
Already the mast is broken  
no green trees cast cool shadows  
and even the grass refuses to grow**

满潮的海面  
只在离它几米的地方  
波浪喘息着  
水鸟焦灼地扑打翅膀  
无垠的大海  
纵有辽阔的疆域  
咫尺之内  
却丧失了最后的力量

**Only a few meters away  
Flows the vast, whole sea  
The gull's wings flap anxiously  
and the waves groan  
Boundless are thou, Oh  
after traveling so far  
lost the final strength  
with just meters to go**

隔着永恒的距离  
他们怅然相望  
爱情穿过生死的界线  
世纪的空间  
交织着万古长新的目光  
难道真挚的爱  
将随着船板一起腐烂  
难道飞翔的灵魂  
将终身监禁在自由的门槛

**Separated by an insurmountable distance  
gazing at each other with disappointment  
The love, crossing the boundary of life and death  
and down through the space of centuries  
their intertwining, everlasting eyes together  
Should true love  
be rotting away with the boards?  
Should the flying soul  
be fettered forever just out of reach of the free waves?**

（选译自舒婷《双桅船》）

## 影子轶事

**The anecdote of a shadow**  
叶延宾

怪了，没有人  
明晃晃的太阳下  
却躺着个影子

**How strange! Not a soul about  
But lying there a shadow  
Under the bright sunlight**

“你是谁影子？”  
我不敢冒犯它  
远远地向它致意

**“whose shadow are you?”  
For fear of offending him  
I sent my greeting in a distance**

“我的主人总躲在黑暗里  
我不愿再随他回去！”  
话音里却有股霉味

**“My master always hides himself in darkness”  
And I hate to follow him back again!”  
Indeed, there's a mouldy smell in his voice**

“可是影子不是衣服……”  
“他连灵魂都卖了  
影子还算什么？”

“But shadow is not like clothes……”  
“He even sold out his soul  
Let alone his shadow?”

“他…他在哪儿？”  
我声音很洪亮  
脚却有点软

“Where……where he is?”  
very strong is my voice  
But somewhere weak are my legs

“哪儿还有阴暗处  
他就哪儿  
扮演新角色！”  
果然在阴暗的墙脚下  
有个人滔滔不绝浑身罩着光晕……

“Where there is darkness  
And where he is  
Playing a new role in changed dresses!”  
Yes, at the dark corner of the wall  
A guy, overproud with rings of light  
Is prating in a flow of words……

## 野骆驼

The wild camel  
沈仁康  
Shen renkang

早风吹过近暮的戈壁尽头，  
稀疏的芨芨草在风沙里颤抖，  
残照中划过几条长长的黑影，  
人们低声呼：“野骆驼……”  
哦，野骆驼！  
……

At the drawing dusk of the Gobi Desert,  
Blowing hard is the dry wind on the vast;  
The sparse achnatherum splendens  
Are trembling in the dusty wind,  
And under the last evening sunlight  
A few long dark shadows slowly passed  
“Oh, wild camel……”  
people’s calling faintly heard.  
Oh , wild camel!  
……

它们没有现成的草，  
它们没有避风的窝，  
不停地在荒漠上走，走……

They have no fodder offered,  
And not a harbour to keep them from the wind  
Restlessly they are tramping  
Tramping on the vast desert……

它们要用更强的肌体，  
抗衡大自然的折磨；  
它们要用风险和饥饿，  
换得自己的天性和自由  
哦，野骆驼！……

A stronger physique they must get  
To withstand the Gobi’s violence;  
And in order to enjoy their freedom and nature,  
They’re willing to run the risks and suffer the hunger.  
Oh, wild camel!

## 晚炊

The Evening Cooking

冉庄诗

Ran zhuang

夕阳擦亮江水，  
青山抖开翠薇，  
波涛点点跳金辉。  
The glory of sunset shines upon the river,  
The emerald green is spreading in the hills,  
And sparkling are the golden flames on the rippling water.

艇上炊烟起，  
烧开峡江水，  
舀片彩露进锅内。  
Curling up is the smoke from the light boat ,  
Boiling there is the water from Sanxia river,  
And ladling out a rosy cloud I pour it into a boiler.

新米喷喷香，  
油煎鱼几尾，  
水黄豆带甜味。  
How appetizing the fresh rice is,  
What delicious fried fishes,  
And the boiled soybean tastes sweetish.

打开新酿的甜酒，  
醉了人和艇，  
醉了山和水。  
Cracking a bottle of mellow wine newly-brewed,  
I fall intoxicated together with the drunken boat,  
And immersed in enchantment are the hills and the river.

## 爱

Love

柯愈勋

Ke yuxun

你的美丽和温顺为我所倾慕，  
你年轻的声音，风一样柔和。  
我喜欢听你随意的摆谈，  
那些琐事告诉我说：这就是生活。  
这就是生活：生活中有了你，  
因为有你缘故，才出现了我。  
Your beauty and tenderness take away my minds.  
And your youthful voice sounds soft as gentle breeze.  
I appreciate your random chattiness  
And such is life, told me those trifles.  
Such is life: Because of your existence  
I appear on earth.

于是，酷夏，我们便有了遮阳的伞，  
严冬，便有了御寒的火，  
春天，便有了盛开的花，  
秋天，便有了甜蜜的果。  
静静的小屋。  
Thus, we share together the parasol in hot summers,  
Thus, we have the warm fire in severe winters;  
We enjoy the full blooms in spring,  
And get in the sweet fruits in autumns.  
Oh, also we have that quiet small house,

静静的你和我。  
白日在厮守中默契，夜——  
则给我们哼起一支情歌。

And a silent gentleness of both of us.  
We share days with tacit understanding between us.  
And share nights crooning love song  
for us with melodiousness.

## 爱的射手

The love shooter  
梁上泉  
Liang shangquan

借来天边的弯月，  
绷成一张弓，  
要搭上爱情的金箭，  
把一颗心儿射击中。

Borrowing a crescent moon far above,  
And out of it I make a bow.  
I place a gold-tipped arrow of love,  
And deep into a heart it will go.

我虽是顶好的射手，  
又有什么用？  
还不知道那颗心，  
到底在谁的胸中！

I'm an excellent shooter of love,  
But what's the use of my arrow and bow?  
For where's that sweet heart  
Up to now, I don't know.

## 爱和恨

Love & Hate  
梁上泉

我深深的爱你，  
爱得这样残酷，  
铭心，刻骨，  
已到了恨的地步。

Here's my love to you so deep  
That it's gnawing my heart too cruel  
So deep, and too cruel  
To the extent of hate

假若有一天，  
发生了不期的变故，  
我仍以爱和恨，  
把你的形象雕塑。

Supposing one day  
Misfortunes come up unexpected  
Still I'll sculpture a statue of you  
With love and hate.

## 长春藤

The Ivy

(另一首柯愈勋的诗，原诗找不到了)

My missing grows as ivy  
Creeping up to your windowsill  
There it goes, crossing  
Long-drawn-out time and space  
Obstinately and straightly  
It keeps on creeping, creeping up to you  
Not for a moist sigh  
In the morning mist

Oh, ivy, ivy  
It twines around the sunlights  
It twines around the moonbeams  
And around the quivering lamplights  
That looks like moonbeams  
Oh, do you ever think, my lover  
When you twine the ivy on your fingers  
It is my lingering attachment  
That twines around your heart

## 哀悼

Mourning

——For an old poet who died of persecution

Please show me, the path you fail to get over  
Let me start from your finish (the place you fell down)  
Please pass me, the song you've just written  
I'll sow the seed of sparks all alone the way  
Gradually, you've buried your broken dreams  
Hurled heart  
And trampled talent  
But your sonorous voice for liberty, will never  
Die away with the passing of your life.  
In the spot where you left forever, it is not  
a shackled skeleton that is covered  
It's like those numerous mortified and murdered  
who are housed by the poor mother earth with tears  
from here, will grow out a huge tree,  
A towering route sign,  
Stretching the branches towards the way you're craving for  
And the distant place you're seeking after  
Why you lost your life? And where you fell down?  
Drooping its hands, the times couldn't answer,

And covering its face, the history keeps contemporary silence,  
But in future, while clearing up the battlefield,  
People will take up, from the bosom of our motherland,  
Your banner that looks like a broken wing,  
And your blood-stained bugle.....

Because of your lofty life, the poetry becomes immortal,  
And out of your eternal poetry, the life appears sublime.

1987. 3. 29 选译自舒婷《双桅船》。汉语诗找不到了。

## 回头一望

(作者忘了, 原诗找不到了)

Casting a backward glance

Awesomely a stele stands  
Demarcating the boundary between life and death  
Before me, leading to the hell is an impasse  
I wish to be reborn, owing to grievance  
And everything be rearranged in our next lives  
To my lover I implore the God to convey my wishes  
Who came to me so late, my only cares

Just before throwing myself into the hell  
I couldn't hold  
To cast a backward glance  
And to my amazement I found  
There, my lover's following me  
What a sunlit world

## 纯真的爱

熊雄诗 (原诗找不到了)

Pure love

Agreeably you've been strewed your rose a lot  
And falling into the wine is the sweet of the petal  
So, a cup of refreshing moonlight is brewed  
And heartily I savour the delicacy day and night



Deeply enchanted by the sweet  
Fast asleep on the petal is my heart  
But the fragrance wakens me up  
For a charming view has emerged in the east  
And in the pleasant prospect  
Praying for me  
Is your dewy rose sparkling bright  
Oh, that's your pure love rippling in my heart forever  
That's your eighteen years old youth lovely as spring flower

I translated this poem esp. for dear "Shadow" in 1988

## 马

传说马本是自由的，它曾无拘无束地生活在莽林旷野里，幸福地咀嚼着鲜嫩湿润的青草，那时候没有鞭子，没有缰绳，更没有挥舞鞭子扯动缰绳骑在它脊背上的主人。但是为了在一次竞赛中获胜，它向猎人出卖了对手鹿。赛前猎人射中了鹿，马得到了善跑的桂冠。而根据契约马从此成了猎人的坐骑。它的生活中只有浑浊的水，霉烂的草料和疯狂的鞭打。

岁月无声的逝去，马和猎人都忘却了当初他们是怎样达成协议的，忘却了我们所知道的传说。对于缰绳、鞍轡、脊背的主人以及主人风度翩翩的鞭打，马丝毫也没有不舒适的感觉。马贩子数你的牙齿，骑手看你的膘腿。打量得最仔细的莫过于屠夫，他精确地计算着从你身上剥下来的皮的面积。

### The Horse

It is said that the horse was once a free animal, living an unrestrained life in the forests and open fields. Light-hearted, it enjoyed chewing fresh green grass, a total stranger to whips, reins, to say nothing of a rider of its back who would brandish a whip and pull around the reins. Then, obsessed with the desire to win a race, the horse betrayed its opponen, the deer, to the hunter. The deer was shot, just before the race, by the hunter, and so the horse gained the laurel of the best runner. However, the indenture-bound horse had to let the hunter ride on its back. Since then, befouled water, mildewed fodder and the relentless whip have been a way of life for the horse.

As time flowed by, both the horse and the hunter forgot how they had agreed in the indenture, forgot what had happened as is known from the story told above. The horse ceased long ago to feel uncomfortable with the reins, the saddle, the master on its back and his graceful whipping.

The horse-monger counts your teeth, and the rider examines your legs. It is the butcher who sizes you up most carefully—he calculates accurately the area of the skin peeled off your body.

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此文是我最后一次汉译英，随后我离开学校，去了另一个天地。