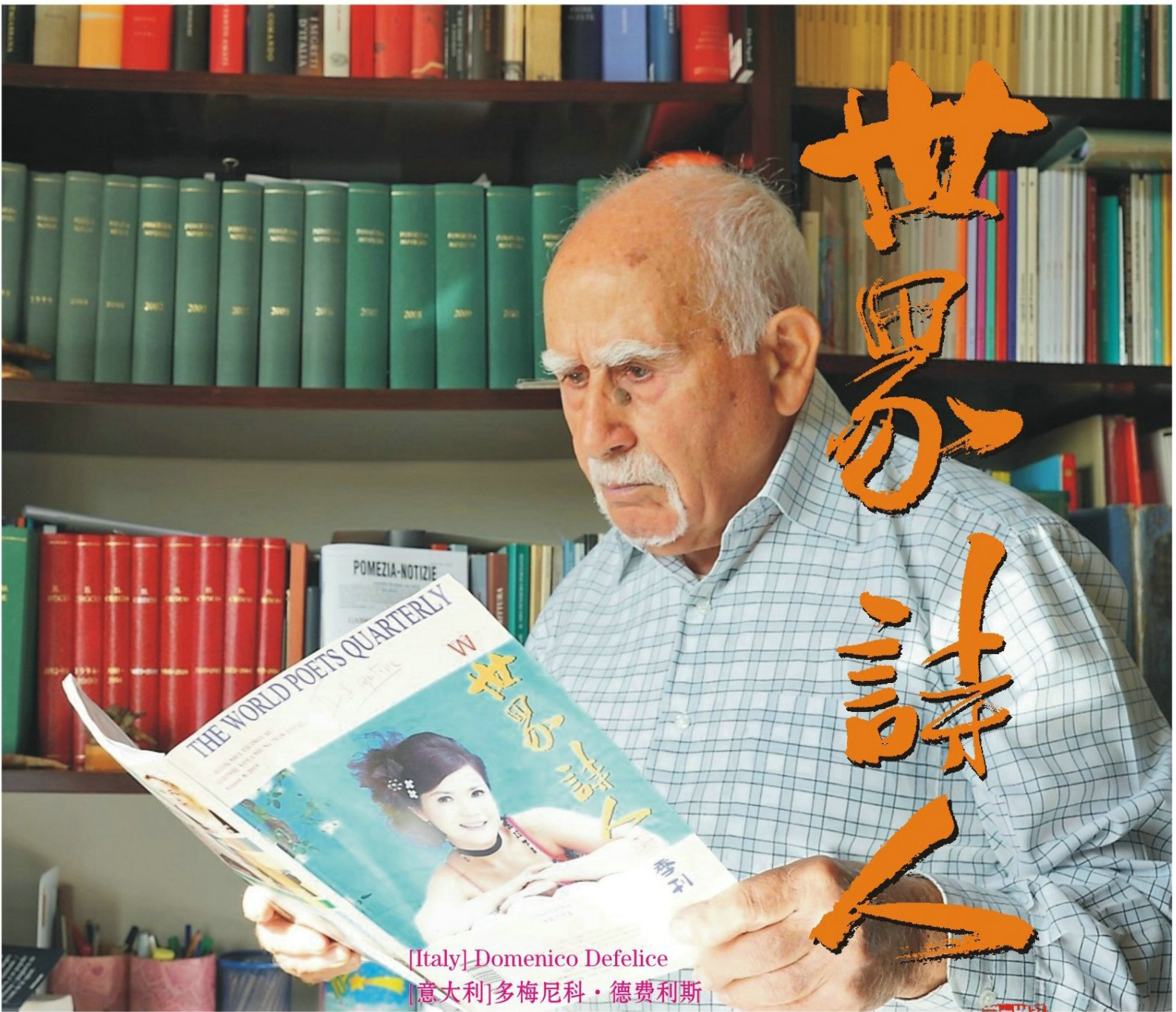


# THE WORLD POETS QUARTERLY

混语版 MULTILINGUAL

总第94期 VOLUME No. 94 IN TOTAL

May 8, 2019



[Italy] Domenico Defelice  
 [意大利]多梅尼科·德费利斯

ISSN 1814-9405  
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 EDIZIONI UNIVERSUM (意大利) 国际最佳诗刊

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季刊

[新加坡] 史英

[Singapore] Shi Ying

昔飘风雨今转晴 (外三首)

It Is Brightening After Winds & Rains (and other three poems)

壮年时谋生陷入困境  
前景有烟笼罩着  
很迷茫  
因受上司迫害使然  
为求生存  
只好离报界  
另辟蹊径寻出路  
在布满荆棘人生旅途  
走过数载后  
始转运  
从曲径步入康庄大道

The prime of my life catches me in predicament  
The future is enveloped in mist  
Quite perplexing  
When persecuted by my higher-up  
To seek survival  
I have to leave the journalistic circle  
To find a new way out  
On the way rough with briars and brambles  
After years  
My fortune turns well  
A winding path leads to a broad road

令人开心之童声

天真笑语似一把钥匙  
我封闭已久的心  
被童声打开  
欢颜若含苞的花  
徐徐展姿面上格外香

Heartening Child's Voice

Naïve laughter is like a key  
My long-sealed heart  
Is opened by the child's voice  
Beaming faces are like flowers in bud  
Slowly spreading their fragrance

面纱虽美难遮掩

卷逃巨款去异地快活  
匿藏多年后  
财散尽  
无奈只好图潜返  
露行踪落网  
曾以亮丽的口号  
一缕缕  
织成面纱掩饰下  
毒疮虽遮去终告败露

A Beautiful Veil Fails to Cover the Ulcer

A huge sum is embezzled for easy living in a strange place  
After hiding for years  
After money is spent  
To helplessly return in secret  
The trace is revealed and enmeshed  
The ever bright slogans  
Wisp after wisp  
Under the cover of veil  
Everything is revealed though the ulcer is covered up



[Singapore] Shi Ying  
[新加坡] 史英

吹捧经不起考验

些许文人组成小圈子  
得势在狮城  
成员间  
互吹捧已成惯性  
把略白沙粒  
夸大为夺目真珠  
蒙着脸胡扯  
看不透  
磨石旋转的力度  
在读者群中  
一旦有人推动时  
重压下便会全然粉碎

Flattery Cannot Stand Test

Some literary men form a circle  
Going with a swing in the Lion City  
Among the members  
It is a habit to flatter each other  
A white grain of sand  
Is boasted as a brilliant pearl  
They flimflam  
Cannot see through  
The turning force of millstone  
In the readership  
Upon touch by somebody  
It is crushed all of a sudden  
(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

作者简介

史英，原名陈磐绪(Chin Pan See)，新加坡当代最著名的诗人、学者。1940年出生于新加坡，祖籍广东丰顺县。曾任报社要闻编辑和娱乐周刊总编辑。中年转行当医师，创办健民中医学院。20世纪五十年代开始涉足文坛，以诗歌创作为主，兼及小说、散文、诗论。传略和部分诗作先后入选数十种国际性大型选本和辞书，并被翻译成英语、法语、德语、俄语、日语、希腊语、西班牙语、葡萄牙语、波兰语、意大利语、斯拉夫-蒙古语等多种外国文字。曾获多国文学奖。著有诗集三十余种，专著多种。2006年诺贝尔文学奖候选人。2019年2月20日凌晨12时30分在新加坡辞世。

About the author

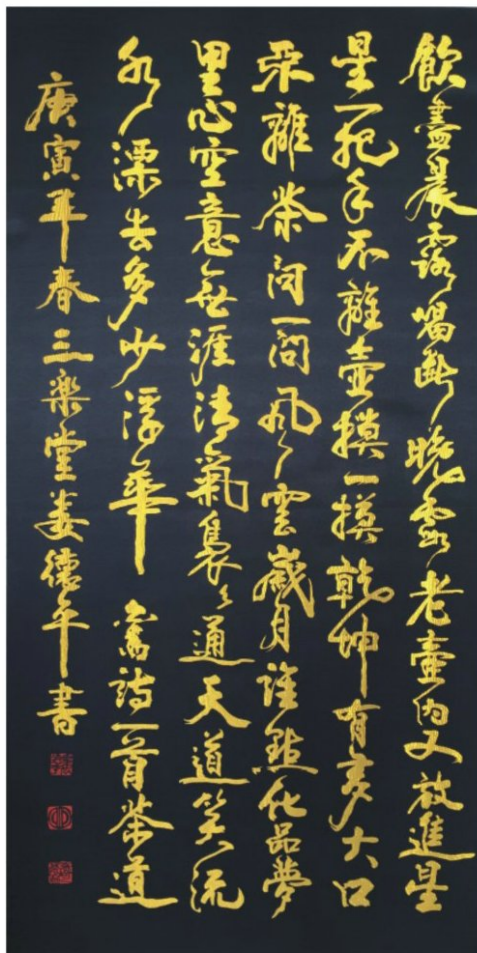
Shi Ying, original name Chin Pan See, is a distinguished poet-scholar in contemporary Singapore. He was born in 1940 in Singapore, with his ancestral place of Fengshun, Guangdong Province, P. R. China. He has ever been a newspaper editor for important news and editor-in-chief of *Entertainment Weekly*. Middle-aged, he turned to medicine and has founded Jianmin College of Traditional Chinese Medicine. In the 50s of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, he began to be devoted to the literary world; in addition to his chief composition of poems, he also writes novels, prose, and poetry criticism. His biography and poems have been included into dozens of international literary selections and dictionaries, and some have been translated into English, French, German, Russian, Japanese, Greek, Spanish, Portuguese, Polish, Italian, and Slavic-Mongolian, etc. He has ever won literary prizes of a host of countries. Shi Ying has published over 30 collections of poems and several monographs. In 2006 he was nominated as candidate for Nobel Prize in Literature. On the morning of February 20, 2019, the poet passed away in Singapore.



### 画家简介

About the painter

娄德平 (LOU Deping), 诗人、书画篆刻家、文化活动家、策划家, 1942年出生于江苏邳州。现任东西方艺术家协会主席、世界禅佛书画家协会副会长、东西方诗人联合会名誉主席、美国日月星出版社社长, 原中国诗酒文化协会常务副会长。上世纪70年代迄今, 在《诗刊》、《人民日报》、《名人传记》、《艺术观察》、《侨报》(美国)、《大中华》(香港)等报刊发表诗作数百首。出版诗集《冰与火的对话》、《扯起银河放风筝》、《一堆篝火烤黄昏》、《菩提树上读经文》、《心在云水间》、《娄德平诗选》(六卷)、《我要把太阳喊出来》(美国)、《娄德平诗选》(美国)等。曾获“中国魂诗书画大赛”终身成就奖等。1997年, 在美国纽约创办东西方艺术家协会, 先后在美国、法国、澳大利亚、日本、阿根廷、韩国、越南等国组织举办了一百余次国际交流展览活动。主编出版了《当代华人书画名家名作大典》《21世纪汉城·中国书画艺术展》《国际剪纸艺术展作品集》等十余部书画集。





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[China] DUAN Guang'an  
[中国]段光安



[Saudi Arabia] Thuraya al Arrayed  
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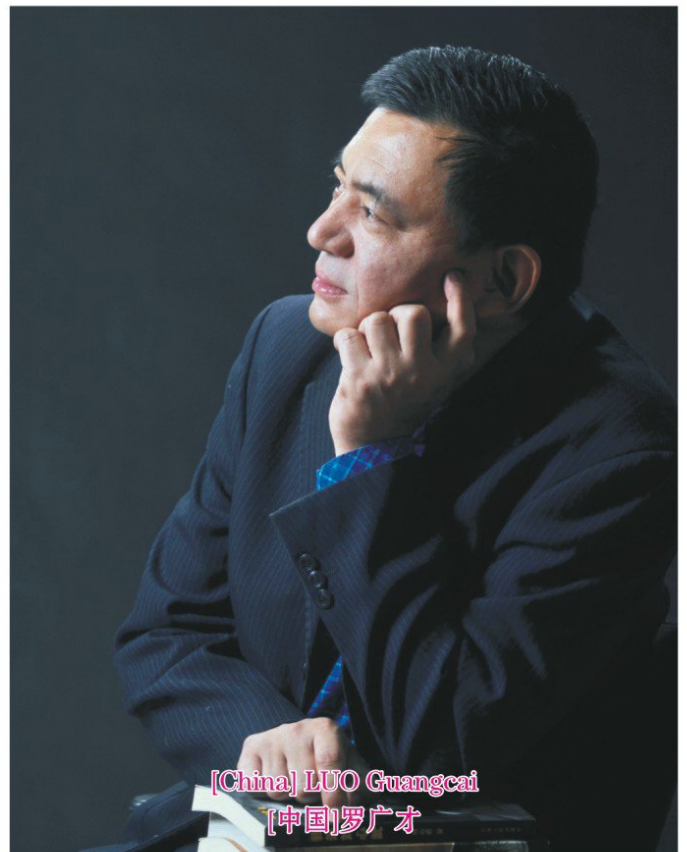
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蔡麗雙

总第 94 期

# THE WORLD POETS QUARTERLY

VOLUME No.94 IN TOTAL

创办者: 张智 余海涛 蔡丽双 露丝玛丽·C·威尔金森

创刊日期: 公元1995年5月8日

出版日期: 公元2019年5月8日

主办单位: 国际诗歌翻译研究中心 希腊文学艺术学院

社址: 1550 W 68th Ave, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6P 2V5,  
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出版: 环球文化出版社

国际标准刊号: ISSN 1814-9405

定价: 人民币50元 美金20元 欧元20元 英镑15元

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Start Date: May 8, 1995

Published Date: May 8, 2019

Sponsor: THE INTERNATIONAL POETRY TRANSLATION AND RESEARCH CENTRE  
GREEK ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

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Publication: THE EARTH CULTURE PRESS

International Publishing Number: ISSN 1814-9405

PRICE: CNY50.00 US\$20.00 EUR20.00 UK£15.00

E-mail: iptrc@126.com iptrc1995@126.com iptrc@163.com

http://blog.sina.com.cn/iptrc1995

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QQ: 531560525

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## THE WORLD POETS QUARTERLY

VOLUME No. 94 IN TOTAL

## 缪斯信箱 POET'S MAIL-BOX

- Hilal Karahan (Turkey土耳其).....致本刊的一封信 4  
 Tònia Passola (Catalonia-spain西班牙加泰罗尼亚).....致本刊的一封信 4  
 新加坡著名诗人史英博士辞世.....IPTRC 4  
 《唐诗绝句英译800首》(张智中 英译) 出版.....IPTRC 4  
 中英对照诗集《段光安诗选》(段光安 著) 出版.....IPTRC 4

## 特别推荐 SPECIAL RECOMMENDATIONS

- 史英Shi Ying (新加坡Singapore).....昔飘风雨今转晴 (外三首) 封二  
 Germain Droogenbroodt (Belgium-Spain比利时-西班牙) .....Nightfall (and another poem) 5  
 Michela Zanarella (Italy意大利).....Count the tears (and other two poems) 5  
 黄亚洲HUANG Yazhou (中国China) .....看葡萄牙的年轻人在街头对酌 (外三首) 7

## 国际诗坛 INTERNATIONAL POETRY

- Domenico Defelice (Italy意大利).....Life Brief but Intense (and other two poems) 9  
 Shujaat Hussain (India印度).....Peerless Among Excellences 11  
 段光安DUAN Guang'an (中国China).....雪野残阳 (外四首) 11  
 Kurt F. Svatek (Austria奥地利).....Nightmare (and other two poems) 13  
 徐春法XU Chunfa (中国China).....我和祖国 14  
 Pavol Janik (Slovakia斯洛伐克).....Nocturne for diabetes (and other two poems) 14  
 Nadia-Cella Pop (Romania罗马尼亚).....An Epilogue of the Worlds (and another poem) 16  
 Thuraya al Arrayed (Saudi Arabia沙特阿拉伯).....“A Silk Lily” 16  
 Kerry Shawn Keys (Lithuania立陶宛).....In Washington DC, thinking of my children across the ocean 19  
 Serpil Devrim (Turkey土耳其).....Conquest (and other two poems) 19  
 Muhammad Shanazar (Pakistan巴基斯坦).....Just Wish (and another poem) 21  
 Teresinka Pereira (USA美国).....A Love Poem (and other three poems) 22  
 Rubina Andredakis (Cyprus塞浦路斯).....The Church-bell Tower 24  
 Shihab M. Ghanem (UAE阿联酋).....New Year's Eve 24

## 中国诗人 POETS IN CHINA

- 徐春芳XU Chunfang (安徽Anhui).....李贺 (外三首) 25  
 方明FANG Ming (台湾Taiwan).....肉体时空 26  
 蔡丽双CHOI Lai Sheung (香港Hong Kong).....痴望 (组章) 27  
 紫影Zi Ying (四川Sichuan).....如果 (外一首) 28  
 梁积林LIANG Jilin (甘肃Gansu).....月出祁连 (外三首) 29  
 晏略殊YAN Lueshu (辽宁Liaoning).....残缺 (外二首) 30



唐政TANG Zheng (重庆Chongqing).....	绝对的黎明 (外一首) 32
童天鉴日Tongtian Jianri (山西Shanxi).....	在实验室 32
朱立坤ZHU Likun (湖南Hunan).....	中年 (外二首) 33
张继征ZHANG Jizheng (香港Hong Kong).....	秋雨 (外四首) 33
罗广才LUO Guangcai (天津Tianjin).....	一条黄河装不下我的爱情 (外四首) 36
木兰Mu Lan (重庆Chongqing).....	风筝 (外一首) 39
秦川Qin Chuan (新疆Sinkiang).....	以国许之 40
吴亮汝WU Liangru (山东Shandong).....	含笑的忠告 41
李志亮LI Zhiliang (河南Henan).....	花非花 (外二首) 41
周毓明ZHOU Yuming (北京Beijing).....	游鱼和土星场 (外一首) 42
贾双林JIA Shuanglin (甘肃Gansu).....	母性之恶 (外一首) 42
刘殿荣LIU Dianrong (吉林Jilin).....	父母的那些细节 (外三首) 43

### 一诗多译 MULTI-VERSIONS OF A POEM

Toth Arpad (Romania 罗马尼亚).....	Windfalls (and other two poems) 46
--------------------------------	------------------------------------

### 大家评论 MASTER CRITICS

万龙生WAN Longsheng (中国China).....	中国当代行吟诗的领跑者 49
石英SHI Ying (中国China).....	传统的继承, 浓郁的新意 52

### 世界诗讯 WORLD POETRY NEWS

Important News.....	《世界诗人书库》(双语对照) 征稿启事 54
Notice Inviting "The Archive Centre for International Poets".....	本刊信息室 55
重要启事Notice.....	本刊信息室 55
《世界诗人》稿约Notice of the World Poets to Contributors.....	本刊编辑部 56
《世界诗人》季刊订阅表.....	本刊编辑部 56

### 中外画家 CHINESE AND FOREIGN PAINTERS

娄德平LOU Deping (中国China).....	Inside Back Cover 封三
------------------------------	----------------------

### 名家风采 PROFILES OF PERSONAGE

Domenico Defelice (Italy意大利).....	Front Cover 封面
史英Shi Ying (新加坡Singapore).....	Inside Front Cover 封二
Toth Arpad (Romania 罗马尼亚).....	Back Cover 封底
段光安DUAN Guang'an (中国China).....	Back Cover 封底
Thuraya al Arrayed (Saudi Arabia 沙特阿拉伯).....	Back Cover 封底
Pavol Janik (Slovakia 斯洛伐克).....	Back Cover 封底
李志亮LI Zhiliang (中国China).....	Back Cover 封底
Serpil Devrim (Turkey 土耳其).....	Back Cover 封底
Michela Zanarella (Italy意大利).....	Back Cover 封底
罗广才LUO Guangcai (中国China).....	Back Cover 封底



January 16, 2019

Dear Dr. ZHANG Zhi,

I wasn't sure if it was you I should be writing or the committee. This prize came out of the blue, and again a great honor. Though I am primarily a poet, I have been translating from Portuguese and Lithuanian into English for years. And recently, with much assistance, from Chinese. A book of Chinese poetry in English is now being printed by Black Square Editions in NYC, John Yau is the publisher.

Again, thank you and the committee for this award.

Best regards,

Dr. Hilal Karahan, from Turkey

January 30, 2019

Dear Dr. ZHANG Zhi,

I would like to write in my Curriculum the prize that some of my poem have received in 2018.

My the world friends can find perfectly this English link: [http://blog.sina.com.cn/s/blog\\_5f9f84d80102zev1.html](http://blog.sina.com.cn/s/blog_5f9f84d80102zev1.html)

Is there another more accessible link in Chinese? It is the first time that I have the honor, that they, have been translated in your language. And it is a fantastic way to make your edition known in the world!

I send you one of my photograph, if you would like to hang it on the internet. And congratulations to the poets who accompany me in this award. Thank you very much again!

Tonia Passola, Catalonia-spain

## 新加坡著名诗人史英博士辞世

### Dr. Shi Ying, Distinguished Poet in Contemporary Singapore, Passed Away

惊闻新加坡著名诗人、学者史英博士，已于2019年2月20日凌晨12时30分在新加坡辞世，华语诗坛的一颗巨星陨落。

史英，原名陈肇绪，新加坡当代著名诗人、学者。1940年生于新加坡，祖籍广东丰顺县。二十世纪五十年代末开始涉足文坛，以从事诗歌创作为主，兼及小说、散文、诗论，晚年侧重撰写新马华文诗歌史料。曾任报社要闻编辑和娱乐周刊总编辑。中年转行当医师，创办健民中医学院，兼经营药行，擅长奇难杂症，日诊病家数十人，在杏林享有盛誉。传略和部分诗作先后入选数十种国际性大型选本和辞书，并被翻译成英语、法语、德语、俄语、日语、希腊语、西班牙语、葡萄牙语、波兰语、意大利语、斯拉夫-蒙古语等多种外国文字。曾获多国文学奖。著有诗集三十余种，专著多种。2006年被推举为诺贝尔文学奖候选人。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)  
混语版《世界诗人》杂志社  
2019年3月4日

Heartbreaking news: Dr. Shi Ying, a distinguished poet-scholar in contemporary Singapore, passed away in Singapore on the morning of February 20, 2019, which means a brilliant star in the circle of Chinese poetry has fallen.

Shi Ying, original name Chin Pan See, is a distinguished poet-scholar in contemporary Singapore. He was born in 1940 in Singapore, with his ancestral place of Fengshun, Guangdong Province, P. R. China. In the 50s of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, he began to be devoted to the literary world; in addition to his chief composition of poems, he also writes novels, prose, and poetry criticism. In the vale of years he is mainly dedicated to the writing of historical material and data concerning Chinese poetry of Singapore and Malaysia. He has ever been a newspaper editor for important news of the newspaper and editor-in-chief of *Entertainment Weekly*. Middle-aged, he turned to medicine and has founded Jianmin College of Traditional Chinese Medicine, while running a pharmacy. He is good at curing incurable diseases, and can treat dozens of patients in a day, thereby he enjoys great fame in the medical circle. His biography and poems have been included into dozens of international literary selections and dictionaries, and some have been translated into English, French, German, Russian, Japanese, Greek, Spanish, Portuguese, Polish, Italian, and Slavic-Mongolian, etc. He has ever won literary prizes of a host of countries. Shi Ying has published over 30 collections of poems and several monographs. In 2006 he was nominated as candidate for Nobel Prize in Literature.

The International Poetry Translation And Research Centre (IPTRC)  
The editorial office of *The World Poets Quarterly* (Multilingual)  
March 4, 2019

### 《唐诗绝句英译800首》(张智中 英译) 已由武汉大学出版社隆重出版发行

《唐诗绝句英译800首》(Chinese-English)。由中国著名翻译家、诗人、学者张智中教授精选800首唐诗绝句英译而成。书前有译者张智中教授的简介和彩照，译者献辞《献给我的母亲闫玉珍》，以及宋德利先生的《序》和译者的前言《中国古典诗歌的经典传唱》。

可以毫不夸张地说，《唐诗绝句英译800首》有效地践行了张智中教授的译诗观：“但为传神，不拘其形；散文笔法，诗意内容”。该诗选集既可作为赏阅古典诗歌的优秀读本，也可作为英语读物提升外语水平。大16K，400页，印制精美、大气，每册定价人民币70元。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

### 《2018中国诗歌年选》出版发行

本刊广东讯 中国著名批评家、诗人徐敬亚教授、韩庆成先生编选的《2018中国诗歌年选》，已于2019年1月由花城出版社出版、发行。前勒口置有编者简介、照片。书前有徐敬亚的《一年只读一首诗——序〈2018中国诗歌年选〉》，书末有韩庆成的《编后记》。全书以中国行政区域分卷排列，每卷收录的诗人，则按拼音排序。选稿来源囊括了报纸、杂志、诗集、民刊、网站、论坛、网刊、博客、微信等载体。全书共收录了269位当今汉语诗界最具实力与影响力的诗人的诗作269首。16K，293页，印制精美、大气，内容相当厚重，颇具文本价值和文献价值，每册定价：人民币58元，值得研读、珍藏。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

### 中英对照诗集《段光安诗选》(段光安 著)

#### *Selected Poems of DUAN Guang'an* (Chinese-English, Written by DUAN Guang'an)

已由天津大学出版社隆重出版发行

中英对照诗集《段光安诗选》“Selected Poems of Duan Guang'an” (Chinese-English)，系中国著名诗人段光安先生数十年诗作的精品集结。书前有张智中教授的诗序《诗意画笔的皴染》，封底置有作者和译者简介、照片。

正如著名诗人马启代先生所言：“段光安是那种坚持精神写作的人，一个守着孤独的内心磨砺诗艺和灵魂的人，把写作与生命融为一体的诗人。他切近了美的本质，人和作品本身都是有“道”的存在和对“道”的弘扬，把自己的诗学建立在了真实的艺术生命之上，是典型的生命诗学”。

中英对照诗集《段光安诗选》“Selected Poems of Duan Guang'an” (Chinese-English)，由中国著名翻译家、诗人、学者张智中教授英译，其译笔扎实、地道，该诗集既可作为赏阅诗歌的优秀读本，也可作为英语读物提升外语水平。大32K，271页，印制精美、大气，全书共收录了诗歌力作125首，每册定价人民币36元。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)



[Belgium-Spain] Germain Droogenbroodt

**Nightfall (and another poem)**

Indecipherable  
the dark figures  
of the night

neither at the mountainside  
the signs, the flight  
of a lonely bird  
so late, above the lake

nor the convulsion of silvery light  
that breaks through the darkness  
illuminating the mountains  
and till heaven spans

—just for a moment

an ephemeral colour arc.

**Prayer**

May my mind  
be as pure  
as this moment  
of sunshine and blackbird's voice  
unconcerned about  
- why  
to which other answer fails  
but what she in a multiple  
of leaves and colours can offer:  
the rose.

[比利时-西班牙]杰曼·卓根布鲁特

**日暮(外一首)**

夜晚  
漆黑的人影  
难以辨认

山坡上也看不清  
孤鸟  
飞行的迹象  
这么晚了，还在湖的上空翱翔

月光冲破了黑暗  
也不在颤动  
照亮了群山  
直到天长地久

——就在一瞬间

彩色弧光转瞬即逝。

**祈祷**

愿我的心灵  
和此刻的  
阳光和黑鸟的歌声  
一样的清亮  
无忧无虑  
——为什么  
找不到其他的答案  
在一片五彩缤纷的树子中  
她发现了  
这朵玫瑰  
献给你

(陆峰 译)

[Italy] Michela Zanarella

**Count the tears (and other two poems)**

Count the tears  
in this time  
where the rights  
learn to die  
like fables behind the swings.  
It clings in silence  
dignity  
as a truth that goes out  
in the fence of a frost  
which does not go back.  
The dawns fall,  
stumble promises  
and life bleeds  
in a world already wounded enough  
which continues to dirty footsteps  
to deceive days.

[意大利]米凯拉·扎纳雷拉

**数泪滴 (外二首)**

数泪滴  
此刻  
正义者  
学会死亡  
就像秋千后面的寓言  
默默依恋  
尊严  
作为真理出走  
在霜的篱笆里  
不复回还  
黎明降落  
错误的承诺  
生活滴血  
在这伤痕累累的世界  
继续着肮脏的脚步  
欺骗日子

## Don't load your heart of hate

It's not the breed  
the trace of the origin  
or the weight of a color  
to make it less human  
my fate of woman.  
Don't load your heart  
of hate,  
not advanced arrogance  
rubbing her lips  
in the distance  
who kills.  
Accept the palm of my hands  
even if black,  
think of the blood of God  
that unites us  
as knots of the same silence,  
like heavenly feathers  
dragged to the same fate.

## It's in a controversial land

It's in a controversial land  
which is rooted in infinite tension  
black funnel in war.  
Where are the days of the sun?  
Or the warm roads that united us  
to chase dreams or walls  
where to return  
far from the shadows of time?  
We have the same blood  
eyes that speak the same pain  
and no one wants to get bogged down yet  
the stars and the wind.

## About the author:

Michela Zanarella, born in Cittadella (PD) in 1980. Since 2007 she lives and works in Rome. She published the following collections of poetry: *Credo* (2006), *Awakenings* (2008), *Life, infinite, havens* (2009), *Sensuality* (2011), *Meditations for women* (2012), *The aesthetics of the beyond* (2013), *Le identity of the sky* (2013). In Romania it came out in a bilingual edition the collection *Imensele coincidente* (2015). The author of fiction and texts for theater, is editor of *Italian Journal* and *Laici.it*. Her poems have been translated into English, French, Arabic, Spanish, Romanian, Serbian, greek, Portuguese, Hindi and Japanese. She got the Creativity Prize at the International Prize Naji Naaman's 2016. Is ambassador for culture and represents Italy in Lebanon for the Foundation Naji Naaman. Is in the direction of Writers Capital International Foundation. Corresponding member of the Academy Cosentina, founded in 1511 by Aulo Giano Parrasio.

## 心里不要装满仇恨

不是教养  
源之头  
或色彩的重量  
使其不太人性  
我命定为女人  
你的心里不要  
装满仇恨  
或者高傲  
她抿嘴  
在销魂  
的远方  
接受我的手掌  
即便是黑色  
想想上帝的血液  
这血将我们联系起来  
同样沉默之结  
一如天堂之羽  
被坠入相同的命运

## 在有争议的土地

在有争议的土地  
根部无限紧张  
战争中的黑色漏斗  
太阳之日何在?  
还有联系你我的温暖之路  
追逐梦想或墙壁  
何处返回  
远离时间的阴影?  
我们有着同样的鲜血  
眼神流露出同样的痛苦  
没人想要陷入困境  
星星与微风

(张紫涵 译)

## 作者简介:

米凯拉·扎纳雷拉, 1980年生于意大利奇塔代拉, 自2007年工作并定居于罗马。已出版诗集: 《信条》(2006)、《觉醒》(2008)、《生活·无限·天堂》(2009)、《性感》(2011)、《女人的沉思》(2012)、《远方的美学》(2013)、《天空的个性》(2013)等。她在罗马尼亚出版双语版诗集《恰巧》(2015)。另外, 她还创作小说和剧本, 兼任《意大利期刊》和Laici.it编辑。米凯拉的诗作被翻译成英语、法语、阿拉伯语、西班牙语、罗马尼亚语、塞尔维亚语、希腊语、葡萄牙语、北印度语和日语等。2016年她获得国际Naji Naaman创作奖。米凯拉是文化大使, 是黎巴嫩Naji Naaman基金会的意大利代表, 负责作家国际基金事务。同时, 她还是科森蒂尼学院的通讯员, 该学院由Aulo Giano Parrasio创建于1511年。

## 特别消息 SPECIAL NEWS

本刊罗马讯 意大利著名诗人、批评家TITO CAUCHI先生的学术专著《DOMENICO DEFELICE Operatore culturale mite e feroce》(《多梅尼科·德费利斯——温和而激烈的文化使者》, 已于2018年由Editrice Totem在意大利罗马出版。书前有作者前言《Premessa》, 书末附有DOMENICO DEFELICE的出版书目、重要的文化活动, 以及作者TITO CAUCHI的生平与著作年表, 封底置有TITO CAUCHI和DOMENICO DEFELICE的彩照、简介。全书分为四大部分。大32K, 360页, 印制精美, 值得珍藏。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

[中国]黄亚洲

## 看葡萄牙的年轻人在街头对酌（外三首）

在我看来夜色已经很深了  
葡萄牙的俊男和美女们还在十字街头对酌  
坐长桌两边，谈笑风生  
各种色彩的语言，从他们的杯子走到勺子  
又从勺子走到嘴唇

在我看来他们还算是文质彬彬的  
没有像他们的先辈那样在殖民地吧异性不当回事  
他们互相打手势，那手势也不像是  
先前的那种扯帆、转舵、押黑奴上甲板

在我看来他们还是自信满满的，并没有认为自己国家的经济状况不是很好  
他们面颊绯红，眼睛明亮，手势有力  
他们要在今天晚上把自己与自己的国家  
都在啤酒里过一遍

在我看来夜色还不是很深  
在我看来一桌的空瓶子并不说明什么  
在我看来，葡萄牙的年轻人  
还在海上继续探险，而且所涉的海洋度数不高  
跨过海浪之后，他们会很好地对待异性

## 轰隆轰隆，里斯本的有轨升降电车

其实是一条爬着斜坡的有轨电车，当地叫升降机  
三分钟后，我就升到了里斯本的顶端  
轰隆轰隆，多可爱的司机，知道我胸无大志，还要帮我  
插上钢铁的翅膀

三分钟后，我就用鹰的眼睛  
俯瞰葡萄牙首都密密麻麻的红顶房屋，以及  
淌过屋顶的流云，以及流云远处的大西洋  
多可爱的司机，一下子将我放到了西班牙国王的位置

山顶有街头女画家作画，她用的颜料那么鲜艳，仿佛是她伸长了手臂，从下面屋顶抓上来的色彩

有轨电车催我上车返回了，多可爱的司机  
他知道“高处不胜寒”的道理  
于是我轰隆轰隆地重新回到一只鸡的高度  
谢谢司机，他明白“孺子不可教”的原则

人生的升降，只掌握在三分钟的时间里  
钢铁翅膀扑打的，真是一个硬道理  
平安升迁，平安落地  
里斯本这条斜躺的铁轨，或许是中纪委铺设的

## 拜伦住过这酒店

知道这是诗人拜伦住过的酒店，酒店在辛特拉山的腰部  
他睡过几个晚上呢，他骑的马  
在哪个马槽上咀嚼草料呢  
这酒店并不起眼

我路过，凑在酒店门前，拍了张照片

[China] HUANG Yazhou

## Olhar jovens portugueses a beber na rua (e outros três poemas)

A meu ver já é tarde demais  
Os portugueses e as portuguesas elegantes ainda estão a beber no cruzamento da rua  
Sentando-se aos dois lados da bancada, conversando com alegria  
Linguagens de diversas cores, narram-se dos seus copos até às suas colheres  
E depois revoam das colheres aos lábios

A meu ver eles até podem ser definidos como cavalheiros  
Não insultam mulheres como os seus antepassados faziam quando estiveram na colónia  
Eles fazem gestos, mas não  
Eles fazem gestos, mas não aqueles como  
Antigamente içavam vela, viravam estibordo e deportavam escravo negro para o convés principal

A meu ver eles são autoconfiantes como sempre, não acham que  
O estado económico do seu país está mal  
Eles estão com rostos vermelhos claros, olhos brilhantes e gestos fortes  
Hoje à noite, vão levar a si próprios e ao seu país  
A passar na cerveja

A meu ver a noite ainda é bebé  
A meu ver a mesa repleta das garrafas vazias não significa nada  
A meu ver os jovens portugueses  
Ainda estão a explorar pelo mar e não foram envolvidos na navegação profunda  
Assim que atravessem as ondas, eles tratarão melhor a mulher.

## Bombão, bombão, carris Ascensor Glória de Lisboa

Na realidade é carris elétrico que anda na inclinação acentuada, mas chama-se de Elevador Glória ao local.  
Após três minutos, cheguei no topo de Lisboa  
Bombão, bombão, que motorista engraçado, imaginou que não tenho grande aspiração, mas ainda me dava  
asas de aço

Três minutos depois, usava meus olhos como os de águia  
Tendo vista para as casas com telhado vermelho da capital de Portugal,  
As nuvens flutuantes pelos telhados e o distante oceano Atlântico  
Que engraçado o motorista, como se me colocasse na posição do rei de Espanha

Há uma pintora da rua que está a desenhar no pico, e as suas tintas são tão claras, como se Ela estendesse os braços e agarrasse cores dos telhados dali embaixo

O carris me despachou de regresso, que engraçado o motorista  
Ele sabia a razão de “estar no alto mas não se aguentar o frio”  
Portanto voltei de tic-tac ao início, com altura de galo  
Agradecia ao motorista, ele entendia o princípio de não se educar o miúdo imaturo  
A subida e a descida da vida integram-se nesses três minutos

As asas de aço batem uma verdade  
Subir pacificamente, descer são e salvo  
Esse trilho de inclinação de Lisboa, talvez fosse construído pela Comissão de Inspeção de Disciplina do Comité Central do Partido Central da China

## Byron hospedou-se neste hotel

Sabia que é o hotel que se hospedava Byron, o hotel localiza-se no meio da serra de Sintra  
Ele até ficou algumas noites e o cavalo dele  
Mastigou forragens numa manjedoura qualquer  
O hotel não é muito perceptível

这一动作更不起眼  
为引人注目，我保持呲牙咧嘴状  
或许这样，拜伦才会回脸，看见  
一位远道的中国诗人，嘴上喘气，脚上沾泥

其实，拜伦就是对整个英国上流社会作呲牙咧嘴状的

尽管他当过议会的上议员  
他的诗作全然顾不上文雅，一律喘大气  
韵脚上都是泥，浪漫得不得了  
他知道，在上流社会眼里，浪漫就是下流

后来，他就牵着他的马走进了这家酒店  
他写作关于西班牙与葡萄牙的旅游诗的时候  
一直保持呲牙咧嘴状  
他的马也在马槽上呲牙咧嘴  
我今天跟他们保持同样的表情，那是有根据的

说实话，中国诗人的诗，也必须喘气，喘大气  
保持活着的模样  
我今天拍的照片，可以视作宣言

### 雷加莱拉庄园

富人有钱就买地造庄园，这里也是一例  
雷加莱拉男爵与大家一样，跑不出这条定律

他造了自己的寝宫，也造了一些塔与楼，然后  
把大量的树叶与鸟鸣声  
洒落在它们中间  
这样，他就很满意，觉得自己做人很好

他甚至还扔进去了一座喷泉  
再扔进去一座湖泊，而且  
他把出口和入口都做得很隐蔽，这样  
他就觉得自己做人很好

其实他并不明白，财富也是像他的喷泉一样会哗哗走路的  
他没想到，后来，他精心设计的这座庄园  
会被一个医生买走  
再后来，又被一家日本公司收购，当作了旅馆  
最后，好不容易，又被葡萄牙政府买了回来  
今天，做成我手里的这张门票

我们中国的顶级富豪，建议他们都来葡萄牙走走  
来这座庄园，喝杯咖啡  
庄园咖啡真是好喝，又甜又苦  
所谓味道，就是滋味里，有甜的道理与苦的道理

#### 作者简介：

黄亚洲，中国当代著名诗人、作家。中国浙江省杭州籍。曾任第六届中国作家协会副主席、浙江省作家协会主席。现任中国电影文学学会副会长、《诗刊》编委。已出版小说、诗集、散文集、剧本集等文学专著三十余部。诗集《行吟长征路》获第四届中国鲁迅文学奖，诗集《狂风》获首届中国屈原诗歌奖银奖，组诗《行吟孔子故里》获第二届中国李白诗歌奖金奖。

Passei e tirei uma foto em frente do portão do hotel  
Este ato é muito menos perceptível  
Para atrair mais atenção, mantinha a expressão facial de abrir a boca e expor os dentes  
Talvez assim, Byron iria virar a cabeça e veria  
O poeta chinês que vem de longe, com ofegância pela boca e lama pelos pés

De facto, era assim de abrir a boca e expor os dentes que Byron encarava a alta sociedade britânica

Embora ele fosse membro do parlamento  
O seu poema ofegava a tudo e não importava nada de elegância,  
A rima aterrava lama e era romântica demais  
Ele sabia que, aos olhos da alta sociedade, o romance era à jusante

Logo depois, ele pegava o cavalo e entrava neste hotel  
Quando ele compunha os poemas turísticos da Espanha e de Portugal  
Mantinha a expressão facial de abrir a boca e expor os dentes  
E na manjedoura o seu cavalo também mostrava a expressão facial de abrir a boca e expor os dentes  
Baseando nisso, hoje mantenho a mesma expressão facial como eles

Na realidade, os poemas do poeta chinês, também devem ofegar, ofegar bem profundo  
Como se mantivesse uma maneira viva  
A foto que tiro hoje, pode ser uma declaração

### Quinta de Regaleira

Os ricos costumam comprar terrenos e construir quintas, aqui eis um exemplo  
O Visconde Regaleira também era igual aos outros, não fugia a essa regra

Ele construiu o seu próprio palácio e outras torres e prédios, enquanto isso  
Muitas folhas e chilreios  
Estavam envolvidos entre eles  
Assim, ele se sentia satisfeito e achava que era tão bom como ser humano

Até colocou um chafariz  
E um lago, além disso  
Escondeu bem a entrada e a saída, sendo assim  
Ele achava que era tão bom como ser humano

Mas ele não entendia que, a riqueza podia ser esgotada tal como o dreno do chafariz  
Ele não imaginava que, pouco tempo depois, a quinta que ele desenhava com meticulosidade  
Seria comprada por um médico  
E mais tarde, uma empresa japonesa comprou-a e usou-a como hotel  
Finalmente, não foi fácil, o governo de Portugal voltou a comprá-la  
Hoje, tornou-se ao bilhete na minha mão

Aos nossos topos ricos chineses, sugere-se visitar Portugal  
Passear nesta quinta e tomar um café  
O café da quinta é muito gostoso, meio doce meio amargo  
Quanto ao sabor, é que dentro do sabor, há verdade de doce e também de amargo

(Traduzido por Xin Liu)

#### About the author:

HUANG Yazhou, famoso poeta e escritor contemporâneo, nascido de Hangzhou da Província de Zhejiang, China. Foi o vice-presidente da 6ª Associação de Escritores da China e presidente da Associação de Escritores da Província de Zhejiang. Agora desempenha o cargo de vice-diretor da Associação de Literatura e Poesia Cinematográfica da China e de conselheiro editorial da "Poesia Periódica". Tem publicadas mais de trinta literaturas monográficas tais como romanceiro, antologia poética, antologia prosaica e antologia de guião, etc. A antologia poética épica "Entoar Poesia na visita da Longa Marcha" ganhou o prêmio da 4ª Sessão do Literário Lu Xun da China. A antologia poética bucólica "Ventozão" recebeu o prêmio de prata da 1ª Sessão da Poesia Trovador QU Yuan da China e o poema em agrupação "Entoar Poesia na visita da Terra Natal do Confúcio" obteve o prêmio de ouro da 2ª Sessão da Poesia LI Bai.

[Italy] Domenico Defelice

**Life Brief but Intense (and other two poems)**

When I die,  
not even a flower above my coffin

Let these dewy  
and beautiful creatures of the earth  
live their ephemeral life,  
but intense as a prayer  
made of a single powerful heartbeat,  
the first and the last of the heart

**Golden April**

Oh, golden April,  
and who told you that I was in love  
with Marcellina?

You brought violets  
for her golden hair,  
roses for her breasts  
and soft carpets of daisies  
for her fairy-like feet.

But years have passed  
and her mouth now reeks  
of tobacco of thousand men  
and her legs have the lively sway  
of the wildest dances.

And yet I live of memories,  
I live of dreams. Oh, her mouth  
like a red carnation,  
her fairy-like hands,  
her golden hair,  
golden April!

**To My Father**

Yesterday, in an old man's face,  
On a garden in the suburbs,  
I thought I saw you, but he did not have  
Hands like yours cracked by the frost  
Looking like pomegranates. He too is sick  
For other lands. "Pain", he told me,  
"Is the same underneath whatever hemisphere.  
Such is the children's lament". And then a silence,  
For a long time, like one of those moments that seemed  
To separate us after our first few words of greeting  
To the rare occasions on which we met.  
"Do you love him?", he asked me. "Love him?  
If one can love the blood  
That flows in the swollen veins".  
"So the space that lies between you  
Does not fill up the express-letter,  
The voice of the telephone". "So it doesn't".  
"The same with my children. We Southerners  
All suffer for the same problems".

He then disappeared behind an artificial path.  
"Wait! Wait, let's talk some more...  
It does us so much good..." Out of instinct  
I raised my arms... But did not dare:  
The Southerner's heart is armour-plated

[意大利]多梅尼科·德费利斯

**生命短暂而非凡（外二首）**

当我长眠  
就连一束花儿都不必放在棺槨上面

就让那些如露珠般  
美丽的大地之生灵  
度过它们短暂的生命，  
却如祈祷词般非凡  
让那唯一一次有力的心跳，  
成为心之最初也是最后的震颤

**金色的四月**

啊，金色的四月，  
谁告诉你，我正与  
马萨莉娜共浴爱河？

你为她的金发  
带来了紫罗兰，  
为她的酥胸带来了玫瑰花  
为她仙女般的玉足  
带来了柔软的雏菊地毯。

然而时光流转  
她的口腔散发着  
许多男人的烟草气味  
她的双腿也因疯狂的舞蹈  
而剧烈颤抖

而我仍然活在记忆中，  
活在梦境里。啊，她的嘴唇  
像红色的康乃馨，  
她仙女般的玉手，  
她的金发，  
金色的四月天！

**致我的父亲**

昨天，在郊区花园，  
一位老翁的面孔，  
让我觉得如见你面，但他没有  
如你般因严寒而皴裂的双手  
你的双手看起来就像石榴。他也病了  
为另一片土地。“痛苦，”他告诉我，  
“无论在哪个半球都一样。  
这就是孩童的挽歌。”然后是一阵沉默，  
良久，就像简短的问候之后，  
似乎要把我们分开的那一刻，  
就像我们偶然相遇的那一刻。

“你爱他吗？”他问我。“爱他？  
如果一个人能爱他扩张的  
血管之血液，那还用说……”  
“所以说，横亘在你们之间的隔阂  
还没有被快信  
和电话的声音充彻。”“嗯，没有。”  
“我和我的孩子之间也一样。我们南方佬  
都被同样的问题折磨。”

然后他消失在一条人工小径后面。  
“等等！等一下！让我们再聊一会儿……  
这对我们大有裨益……”出于本能  
我举起了手臂……但是不敢：  
南方佬的心装了铠甲

Against all effusion.

Sitting down before the sunset,  
I thought of your cold and wind-racked house,  
Of your pity for the grass  
Under the lash of the wind. Feeling sad,  
I felt within my chest, in wares,  
A song of yours, not sad:  
“A plague-wind of the heart!  
With a lovely clear sky  
Even the dimmest stream  
Is tinged with love”.

#### About the author:

Domenico DEFELICE was born at Anioia (Reggio Calabria) - Italy - on the 3rd of October 1936. He lives at Pomezia (Rome), where he directs the monthly magazine Pomezia-Notizie which was founded by him 40 years ago. He also teaches at Rome and Aprilia in a Professional training Centre. He is a correspondent for the daily newspaper Avvenire and collaborator of many Italian and foreign magazines (Nuova Antologia, Pietraserena, La Voce di Calabria, La Voce Pugliese, Il Corriere di Reggio, La Procellaria, Alla Bottega, La Voce del Mezzogiorno, Cronaca di Calabria, Minosse, Aspetti Letterari, La Gazzetta Ciociara, La Sonda, Luce Serafica etc.). He is also foreign correspondent of the French magazines Annales (of the Academy for Art Literature of Perigord). He is the organizer of the Yearly International Literature Award Pomezia Città. Among his many literary works we would like to remind: Con le mani in croce, 1962; La mania del coltello, 1963; Un paese e una ragazza, 1964; 12 mesi con la ragazza, 1964; Un silenzio che grida, 1968; Geppo Tedeschi, 1969; La morte e il Sud, 1971; Andare a quadri, 1975; Canti d'amore dell'uomo feroce, 1977; Franco Saccà poeta ecologico, 1980; Pittura di Eleuterio Gazzetti, 1984; Sicilianità nella poesia di Ada Capuana, 1983; Eleuterio Gazzetti, 1984; Arturo dei colori, 1987; Saverio Scutellà, 1988; Dialoghi all'esca, 1989; To erase, please?, 1990; L'orto del poeta, 1991; Nenie ballate e canti, 1994; Meditazione sulla morte della Prima Repubblica, 1994; Le poetesse e l'amanuense, 1996; Dialettica e miti in Partita Doppia di Giulietta Livraghi Verdesca Zain, 1997; Temi umani e sociali in Carmine Manzi, 1998; Alpomo, 2000; Francesco Fiumara, 2000; Un artista del mosaico "Michele Frenna", 2001; Resurrectio, 2004; Rudy De Cadaval una vita per la poesia, 2005; Poeti e scrittori d'oltre frontiera, 2005; Pagine per autori calabresi del Novecento, 2006; Pregiudizi e leziosaggini, 2008; Silvina Ólnaro, 2009; Diario di anni torbidi, 2009; Alberi?, 2010; Nicola Napolitano, 2011; Eleuterio Gazzetti cantore della Valpadana, 2013; Alleluia in sala darmi. Parata e risposta, 2014; Maria Grazia Lenisa, 2015; A Riccardo (e agli altri che verranno), 2015; Nino Ferrau, 2016; Giuseppe Piombanti Ammannati e "Pomezia", 2018. Some of these works have been entirely translated in France, by Paul Corget and Solange de Bressieux, in Spain, by Nicolás Del Hierro, and in Argentina by Luis Cayetano Fiorenza. Also some single passages have been translated in Greece, Rumania, United States, Chile, Portugal, Russian (by Adolf P. Shvedchikov) etc. Defelice has translated in Italian many French, Spanish and Chilean authors. Hundreds of critics, newspapers, Italian and foreign magazine have written about him and his work.

防止任何感情外溢。

一直坐到日落，  
我想起 你寒冷而风雨飘摇的屋舍，  
想起你怜惜的  
被冽风抽打摇晃的玻璃。我感到难过，  
我感到在我的胸腔内，储存着  
你的一首，没有悲伤的歌：  
“心有风疫！  
有天澄澈。  
溪流暗淡，  
因爱生色。”

(樱娘 译)

#### 作者简介:

多梅尼科·德费利斯，1936年10月3日生于意大利的Anioia (雷焦·卡拉布里亚)，居住于波梅齐亚 (罗马)，他主持管理自己40多年前创建的《波梅齐亚新闻》，同时在罗马及阿普利亚的职业培训中心执教，他还是每日新闻Avvenire的通讯记者和很多意大利以及外国杂志的合作伙伴 (NuovaAntologia, Pietraserena, La Voce di Calabria, La Voce Pugliese, Il Corriere di Reggio, La Procellaria, Alla Bottega, La Voce del Mezzogiorno, Cronaca di Calabria, Minosse, Aspetti Letterari, La Gazzetta Ciociara, La Sonda, Luce Serafica etc.)，《法国杂志年鉴》(佩里戈尔的文学艺术学院)的外国通讯记者。他是波梅齐亚城市年度国际文学奖的组织者。在他的许多文学作品中，我们要提到的是：《Con le 克罗齐的落花生》，1962年；《La mania del coltello》，1963年；《Un paese e una ragazza》，1964年；《12 mesi con la ragazza a》，1964年；《Un silenzio che grida》，1968年；《Geppo Tedeschi》，1969年；《La morte e il Sud》，1971年；《Andare a quadri》，1975年；《Canti d'amore dell'uomo feroce》，1977年；《Franco Saccà poeta ecologico》，1980年；《Pittura di Eleuterio Gazzetti》，1984年；《Sicilianità nella poesia di Ada Capuana》，1983年；《Eleuterio Gazzetti》，1984年；《Arturo deicolori》，1987年；《Saverio Scutellà》，1988年；《Dialoghi all'esca》，1989年；《请擦掉》，1990年；《L'orto del poeta》，1991年；《Nenie ballate e canti》，1994年；《Meditazione sulla morte della Prima Repubblica》，1994年；《Le poetesse e l'amanuense》，1996年；《Dialettica e miti in Partita Doppia di Giulietta Livraghi Verdesca Zain》，1997年；《Temiani e sociali in Carmine Manzi》，1998年；《Alpomo, 2000; Francesco Fiumara》，2000年；《Un artista del mosaico "Michele Frenna"》，2001年；《Resurrectio》，2004年；《Rudy De Cadaval una vita per la poesia》，2005年；《Poeti e scrittori d'oltre frontiera》，2005年；《Pagine per autori calabresi del Novecento》，2006年；《Pregiudizi e leziosaggini》，2008年；《Silvina Ólnaro》，2009年；《Diario di anni torbidi》，2009年；《Alberi》，2010年；《Nicola Napolitano》，2011年；《Eleuterio Gazzetti cantore della Valpadana》，2013年；《Alleluia in sala darmi. Parata e risposta》，2014年；《Maria Grazia Lenisa》，2015年；《A Riccardo (e agli altri che verranno)》，2015年；《Nino Ferrau》，2016年；《Giuseppe Piombanti Ammannati e "Pomezia"》，2018年。其中的部分作品全部由保罗·卡吉特和索朗哥 de Bressieux 翻译成法语，由 Nicolás Del Hierro 翻译成西班牙语，由路易斯·卡耶塔诺·菲奥伦扎翻译成阿根廷语。还有一些作品中被译介至希腊、罗马尼亚、美国、智利、葡萄牙、俄罗斯 (由阿道夫 P. 斯维德柴可夫翻译) 等等。德费利斯已经把许多法国、西班牙和智利的作家译介至意大利。很多国内外的评论家和报刊都撰文介绍他及其作品。

### 《2018中国微信诗歌年鉴》出版发行

本刊香港讯 江苏著名诗人月色江河先生主编的《2018中国微信诗歌年鉴》，已于2019年1月由银河出版社出版、发行。前勒口置有编者月色江河简介、照片，书前有海马博士的《神圣忧思录：互联网时代的诗歌写作——〈2018中国微信诗歌年鉴〉代序》。全书共收录了260多位当下海内外最活跃和最具实力的汉语诗人的诗作320余首，均附有作者简介。16K，346页，印制精美、大气，内容、丰富、厚重，颇具文本价值和文献价值，每册定价：人民币75元，港币90元，值得研读、珍藏。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

[India] Shujaat Hussain

## Peerless Among Excellences

Knowledge is the greatest  
 And the best bounty of Almighty  
 More than the sun moon and stars  
 Silver, gold and diamond  
 Worthier than the martyr's blood  
 Peerless among all excellences  
 Semi God and half prophet  
 Angels touch the feet of knowledge  
 And spread their wing to welcome  
 Ready to serve at its call  
 Knowledge guides the way to the sky  
 Tames the lion  
 Blesses wings to fly  
 Paves the ways from the seas  
 Command the rising waves  
 Makes desert fertile  
 Power, protector and pleasure  
 Guide, advice and wealth  
 A light to dispel darkness  
 Like the flowing stream  
 Cultivates the mind  
 Ensures purity of the souls  
 Creases conscience  
 Leads the person to glory  
 Enhances quality of prayers  
 Possession of useful knowledge  
 Reflects from the parts of the body  
 But acquiring it an uphill task  
 Essential conditions are willingness  
 Sincerity, devotion, perspiration  
 Aspiration and passion  
 Neither age nor gender bar  
 Caste and colour cannot mar

[印度]舒贾特·侯赛因

## 卓越绝伦

知识是全能之神的  
 最伟大、最好的恩赐  
 比日月星辰  
 和金银钻石还多  
 比殉道者的鲜血更宝贵  
 知识卓越绝伦  
 是半神半先知的存在  
 天使一触及知识的脚  
 便张开双翼欢迎  
 乐意随时奉命  
 知识指引着通向天堂的路  
 驯服雄狮  
 赐予翅膀飞翔的力量  
 铺平来自海洋的路  
 驾驭惊涛骇浪  
 变沙漠为肥沃  
 知识是力量，是保护者，是乐趣  
 知识是向导，是顾问，是财富  
 知识是驱散黑暗的明灯  
 知识犹如清泉  
 陶冶情操  
 净化心灵  
 唤醒良知  
 知识引领人们获得荣耀  
 提升祈祷的品质  
 是否腹有诗书  
 人体器官便可反映  
 但获得知识是一项艰巨的任务  
 需要意愿  
 真诚、投入、汗水  
 壮志与激情  
 不受年龄和性别的限制  
 也不受种姓与肤色影响

(张俊锋 译)

[中国]段光安

## 雪野残阳（外四首）

几行野兔的足迹  
 伸向雪野  
 枯草探出头儿来  
 大地苍茫  
 夕阳是只受伤的鹰  
 抖动着滴血的翅膀

## 团泊洼秋天滴血的残阳

团泊洼的秋天  
 雕刻风景的刀  
 滴血

枯槁的芦苇  
 渗血

一位血肉模糊的战士  
 与太阳角斗  
 直到残阳  
 流血

[China] DUAN Guang'an

## Apusul Soarelui Peste Câmpia Zăpezii (și alte patru poezii)

Urme de iepure, câteva rânduri  
 Se întind peste câmpia zăpezii  
 Ierburi veștede își lungesc gâtul  
 Spre ceruși întinderea fără sfârșit  
 Apusul de soare e vultur rănit  
 Însângerând un fluturat de aripi

## Apusul Însângerat Al Toamnei la Tuanbowa

E toamnă la Tuanbowa  
 Cu natură cioplită în lamă de cuțit  
 Ce picură sânge

Trestie veche  
 Din care curge sânge

Un soldat greu rănit  
 Luptă cu soarele, corp la corp,  
 Până când apusul  
 Șiroiește de sânge

他提着自己的头颅  
胸腔不停  
喷血

将溅血的头颅抛向西天  
沉入湖面  
涌血  
四溢

### 溪边

羊不经意地吃着青草  
落叶在脚下窃窃私语  
鱼在溪底嬉戏  
忽然  
一个陌生面孔自水中浮起  
躁动的脚步充满耳际  
定神看时  
只有自己

### 青麦

微风吹过一股泥土气息  
一眨眼  
青麦站满荒芜的土地  
丰盈嫩绿  
远处几个女孩  
跳跃的音符  
与春走在一起

### 沙柳的高度

被砍割后的沙柳茬儿  
簇拥着土丘  
风把土丘雕剥成塔凸  
冻雨又把塔凸凝成冰柱  
它临风而立  
冷出了高度

#### 作者简介:

段光安, 1956年生, 天津人。中国当代著名诗人、科技工作者。天津鲁黎研究会会长、天津七月诗社副社长兼秘书长、《天津诗人》副总编, 中国作家协会会员。在《诗刊》《诗选刊》《星星》《诗林》《书摘》《新华文摘》等国内外报刊发表诗歌作品600多首。著有诗集《段光安诗选》、英文版《段光安诗选》(美国)等。曾获多种诗歌奖—诗集奖, 并入选多种重要选本。部分诗作被译成英语、意大利语、罗马尼亚语、阿拉伯语和俄语等。

Își poartă capul  
Și pieptul îi izvorăște  
Sânge șuvoi, fără sfârșit

Își azvârle capul însângerat spre cerul apusean  
Ca să se scufunde în lacul  
Năpădit de sânge  
În revărsare

### Lângă Pârâu

Oile sunt la păscut, ca mereu  
Frunze căzute șoptesc sub picioarele lor  
Peștii mișună în adâncul apei  
Dintr-o dată  
Un chip straniu plutește la suprafață  
Zgomot de pași fără odihnă umple aerul  
Vorbe de spirit adunate să oglindească  
Imaginea sinelui

### Grâul Verde

Suflă o briză, ușoară ca răsuflarea pământului  
Și, într-o clipită  
Câmpul uscat se umple cu grâu verde  
Strălucitor  
Vreo câteva fete  
Țopâind ca pe muzică  
Se plimbă primăvara

### Înălțimea Sălciilor De Dună

Cioatele retezate ale sălciilor de dună  
Stau pâlc pe o movilă  
Pe care vântul o sculptează în formă de pagodă  
Iar ploaia înghețată o transformă într-un sloi  
Ce înfruntă vântul rece  
Prin însăși înălțimea sa

(Traducere în limba română de Dragoș Barbu)

#### Despre Autor:

DUAN Guang'an s-a născut în 1956 în Tianjin. Poet și cercetător științific de renume, este președinte al Association of Tianjin Lu Li Study, director și secretar general al Tianjin July Poetry Society, director executiv asociat al Tianjin Poets și membru al Asociației Scriitorilor Chinezi. A publicat peste 600 de poezii în ziare și reviste de specialitate, cum ar fi Poetry Periodical, Selected Poems, The Star Poetry Periodical, The Forest of Poetry, Digest și Xinhua Wenzhai (sau New China Digest), etc. A publicat două volume de poezie: The Poems of DUAN Guang'an, Selected Poems of DUAN Guang'an (aceasta și în versiune în limba engleză). A obținut mai multe premii pentru poezie. Versurile sale au fost incluse în diverse antologii literare, unele dintre ele fiind traduse în engleză, arabă, italiană, română și rusă.

## 特别消息 SPECIAL NEWS

本刊罗马讯 意大利著名诗人Domenico Defelice先生主编的《POMEZIA-NOTIZIE》文学杂志(意大利语)2019年第3期,已于2019年3月在罗马出版。本期刊发了多个国家的知名诗人、作家、评论家、翻译家的诗、评论、小说、译作和众多诗讯、出版消息,其中第27-28页刊发了中国著名诗人、书法家、音乐人李尚朝先生的英语-意大利语对照诗作《THE COMET>》(LA COMETA)、《FLYING IN THE SKY》(VOLARE NEL CIELO)、《A STONE SAYS TO ANOTHER STONE》(UNA PIETRA DICE A UN'ALTRA PIETRA)和简介、照片,英译者系中国著名翻译家、学者石泳浩教授,意大利语译者系意大利著名诗人Domenico Defelice先生。大32K, 56页,印制古雅、简朴,值得一读。该刊创办于1973年,至今已有46年的出版史,系意大利最有影响的文学杂志之一。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)



[Austria] Kurt F. Svatek

**Nightmare (and other two poems)**

You are asked questions,  
and you know the answer  
or you don't.

But in the end,  
it is the grimace that remains,  
certainly not the face.

**At the Destroyed Coral Reef**

Humans are humans  
and not merely managers of life  
that hire and fire ideas.

First, they must learn to dream  
so they will not leave only emptiness behind.  
It is odd, indeed, what they subject themselves to

although, for sure, all ideologies  
have ultimately proven wrong,  
some way or the other.

For desiring  
is a long way from loving.  
And even the clown fish may forget how to laugh.

**White is the Colour of Feelings**

The lightless façade  
almost blends  
with the street,  
because the lamplighter, it seems,  
is having a day off,  
as has the moon.  
If then the fog,  
this cloak of nature,  
merciless in hiding all,  
by and by starts to suffuse  
the propitious glitter of the stars,  
then how easily  
can a black shadow blot out the white,  
but never the other way around.

[奥地利]库尔特·F·斯瓦特克

**噩梦 (外二首)**

有人问你问题，  
你知道答案  
或是不知道。

但最终，  
留下的是那一脸狡黠，  
当然不是那张脸。

**被毁的珊瑚礁**

人类只是人类  
不仅仅是能起用或弃用思想的  
生活管理者

首先，人要学会梦想  
才不会只留下空虚  
他们所屈从的确实很奇怪

尽管，所有的意识形态  
最终都被证伪  
这样或那样。

因为渴望  
离爱还有很远的距离  
甚至小丑鱼也可能忘记如何笑。

**白色是情感的颜色**

没有灯光的面孔  
几乎与街道  
融为一体，  
因为点灯的人，  
和月亮一样，  
似乎放了一天假。  
如果这浓雾，  
这天地的斗篷，  
在无情掩盖一切时  
也渐渐开始覆盖  
星星发出的吉祥之光，  
那么，黑影将会多么容易  
遮过白光，而白光却永远  
斗不过黑影

(山东政法学院 17英本 赵越 译)

**中英对照诗集《神游》(娄德平 著)*****Mind Wanders* (Chinese-English, Poems by Lou Deping)已由美国新华出版社隆重出版发行**

中英对照诗集《神游》“*Mind Wanders*” (Chinese-English)，系中国知名诗人、艺术家娄德平先生多年俳句创作的精品集结。前勒口置有作者彩照和中文简介，后勒口置有作者英文简介，书前有著名画家娄正纲女士的画作8幅，译者颜海峰教授，译校赵海涛、艾坦·博里哲先生、黄杨勋先生的中英文简介，以及赵海涛的序言《人生七十方入夏》、颜海峰的序言《微言大义，如海娄俳》，书末附有宋德利先生的后记《诗在笔端，意在天外》，以及艾坦·博里哲先生、黄杨勋先生、张智中教授、张智博士的点评。

中英对照诗集《神游》“*Mind Wanders*” (Chinese-English)，由中国著名翻译家、诗人、学者颜海峰教授英译，其译笔扎实、地道，该诗集既可作为赏阅诗歌的优秀读本，也可作为英语读物提升外语水平。大32K，136页，印制精美、大气，全书共收录汉俳100首，每册定价人民币49元（美金11元）。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

[中国]徐春法

## 我和祖国

祖国啊  
我为什么对您爱念深沉  
我为什么对您梦牵魂绕  
是因为啊  
我的生命以此扎根……

祖国啊  
我又为什么百感交集  
我又为什么意气浩荡  
是因为啊  
我依靠在您伟大温实的胸怀……

[Slovakia] Pavol Janik

## Nocturne for diabetes (and other two poems)

Diacritical signs  
of immortal Dio  
appear in the sky.  
Dialogues of the diabolic  
intersect within us.

Oh divine Diana  
preserve our diagnosis,  
sugar-beet campaigns and oil fields.

Save within us the diapositive  
and make us diametrical.  
Diagrams of sorrow  
and diamond diadems  
we place at your diagonals.  
Oh dialectics of dia-marmalades.  
Into our diaries we write  
our last hour  
and the deadline of our posthumous diasporas.  
Just so that we don't forget to die  
and for the last time decorously deny ourselves nothing.

## Pedestrian with absolute right of way

Live life  
without a car.  
Be slower than a trolley bus.  
Be tired.  
Be late.  
Be unable to get out of the city.  
Be unable to arrive at yourself.  
Be a pedestrian.  
Entire and without impediments.

To subvert the rules  
regardless of anything.

## Prolonging my understanding

[Kíva] XU Chunfa

## Η ΓΕΝΕΤΕΙΡΑ ΜΟΥ ΚΙ ΕΓΩ

Ω, γενέτειρά μου,  
γιατί σ' αγαπώ τόσο βαθιά,  
γιατί είμαι τόσο ξετρελαμένος με σένα;  
Είναι, γιατί η ζωή μου  
είναι βαθιά ριζωμένη εδώ...

Ω, γενέτειρά μου,  
γιατί τρέχω την κλίμακα των συναισθημάτων,  
γιατί πλημμυρίζω με θέληση και κέφι;  
Είναι, γιατί ακουμπώ  
στον ζεστό και μεγάλο σου κόρφο...

(Translated by Zacharoula Gaitanaki)

[斯洛伐克]帕沃尔·雅尼克

## 给糖尿病患者的夜曲（外二首）

不朽的迪欧  
在天空呈现  
可辨识的迹象。  
恶魔的对话  
于我们之间贯穿。

啊，神圣的戴安娜  
保护我们的诊断，  
甜菜营销和油田。

把我们存于幻灯片  
使之截然相反。  
悲哀的图表  
和钻石王冠  
我们放在你的对角线。  
啊，融于橘子果酱的哲学思辨。  
我们把临终时刻  
和死后流落他乡的最后期限  
写在日记上面。  
只是为了我们不忘赴死  
且在最后时刻也要优雅地拒绝平凡。

## 步行者对道路拥有绝对权利

生活中  
自己没有车。  
比公交车还慢。  
疲倦。  
迟到。  
没办法出城。  
自己无法到达想去的地点。  
一个步行者。  
完全没有障碍。

颠覆了规则  
不顾一切。

## 延长我的合约

For a while I hesitated,  
at the place where one enters.  
And then so many mirrors  
as if after death or during it.  
And so many unreal girls  
in the shallow depths of the glass.

There, where I entered for the last time  
still as a boy with portraits  
of Pierre Brice and Lex Barker in a pocket,  
was the window of a small wine tavern.  
And above it the warning signals  
of red pelargonium  
had permanently remained.  
These inexorable semaphores  
which didn't permit me  
to speak in the direction of the wind  
and turn aside as the wall approached.

I grew up  
to the level of salaries,  
the length of debts,  
to measurable historical latitudes  
and to a size  
where the era of dieting begins.

Now only my hair grows  
slowly and completely pointlessly.  
and thus I come  
to prolonging my understanding  
and ridding myself of the purchasing power  
of a powerless Samson.

### About the author:

Pavol Janik, PhD., (magister artis et philosophiae doctor) was born in 1956 in Bratislava, where he also studied film and television dramaturgy and scriptwriting at the Drama Faculty of the Academy of Performing Arts (VSMU). He has worked at the Ministry of Culture (1983–1987), in the media and in advertising. President of the Slovak Writers' Society (2003–2007), Secretary-General of the SWS (1998–2003, 2007–2013), Editor-in-Chief of the literary weekly of the SWS Literarny tyzdennik (2010–2013). Honorary Member of the Union of Czech Writers (from 2000), Member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Obrys-Kmen (2004–2014), Member of the Editorial Board of the weekly of the UCW Literatura – Umeni – Kultura (from 2014). Member of the Writers Club International (from 2004). Member of the Poetas del Mundo (from 2015). Director of the Writers Capital International Foundation for Slovakia and the Czech Republic (from 2016). Chief Representative of the World Nation Writers' Union in Slovakia (from 2016). He has received a number of awards for his literary and advertising work both in his own country and abroad. This virtuoso of Slovak literature, Pavol Janik, is a poet, dramatist, prose writer, translator, publicist and copywriter. His literary activities focus mainly on poetry. Even his first book of poems, which appeared in 1981, attracted the attention of the leading authorities in Slovak literary circles. Pavol Janik's literary works have been published not only in Slovakia, but also in Albania, Belarus, Belgium, Bulgaria, Canada, Chile, Croatia, the Czech Republic, France, Hungary, India, Israel, Italy, Jordan, Kosovo, Macedonia, Nepal, the Republic of China (Taiwan), Romania, the Russian Federation, Serbia, South Korea, Spain, Syria, Turkey, Ukraine, United Kingdom, the United States of America and Venezuela.

在有人进去的地方，  
我犹豫了片刻。  
那有许多镜子  
仿佛是在死后抑或是在临死之际。  
还有许多梦幻般的女子  
在玻璃深处的阴影里。

最后，我进入那里，  
进去时我是一个童子，  
口袋里装着皮埃尔·布莱斯和莱克斯·巴克的肖像，  
那里是一个小酒馆的窗子。  
窗户上面  
一直保存着  
红色天竺葵的警示标志。  
这些无情的信号  
不允许我  
对着风言语  
而是在接近墙壁时向一边转去。

我已长大  
足以拿到相当的薪资，  
贷款的时间长度，  
之于可衡量的历史纬度和规模  
那是节制饮食时代的开始。

如今我只是头发慢慢地长了  
且毫无意义。  
因此我来了  
来延长我的合约  
同时解除自己  
无力的参孙之购买力。

(樱娘 译)

### 作者简介:

帕沃尔·雅尼克，哲学博士（艺术硕士，哲学博士），1956年生于布拉第斯拉瓦，在那里的表演艺术大学戏剧学院（VSMU）学习电影和电视戏剧学及编剧。曾在文化部就职（1983—1987年），从事媒体和广告方面的工作。历任斯洛伐克作家协会主席（2003—2007年），斯洛伐克作家协会秘书长（1998—2003年，2007—2013年），斯洛伐克作家协会文学周刊《Literarny tyzdennik》总编辑（2010—2013年）。系捷克作家协会荣誉会员（自2000年始），捷克作家协会周刊《Obrys-Kmen》的编委会成员（2004—2014年），捷克作家协会周刊《Literatura – Umeni – Kultura》的编委会成员（始于2014年）。国际作家俱乐部成员（始于2004年）。蒙多诗社成员（始于2015年）。斯洛伐克和捷克共和国作家国际基金会主席（始于2016年）。世界作家协会斯洛伐克首席代表（始于2016年）。文学成就和广告作品在国内外获得诸多奖项。此斯洛伐克文学的艺术大师，帕沃尔·雅尼克，还是一位诗人、剧作家、散文作家、翻译家、宣传家和广告文字撰稿人。其文学活动主要侧重于诗歌。1981年，其第一部诗集就引起了斯洛伐克文学界主流作家们的注意。帕沃尔·雅尼克的文学作品不仅在斯洛伐克出版发行，还在阿尔巴尼亚、白俄罗斯、比利时、保加利亚、加拿大、智利、克罗地亚、捷克共和国、法国、匈牙利、印度、以色列、意大利、约旦、科索沃、马其顿、尼泊尔、中国台湾、罗马尼亚、俄罗斯联邦、塞尔维亚、南韩、西班牙、叙利亚、土耳其、乌克兰、英国、美国和委内瑞拉出版发行。

[Romania] Nadia-Cella Pop

## An Epilogue of the Worlds (and another poem)

This night seems to me an epilogue of the worlds,  
A sorcery of innocence and mystery,  
Which is covering the silence of doubts  
Is the peace of nature beyond the mankind's sleep  
Is the infinite that is falling down on a moonray,  
The diamond mistress of the dark,  
The lighthouse star of the regrets,  
Our image, sad and cold.  
In this night with rover stars  
That announce their own  
extinction in the past  
I plunge in the fascination of guiltiness.  
Zenith of a legend, I become your slave,  
With the deepest love of the madness.

## Embers of Love

In the hearth of love  
Even the last embers are extinguished.  
It is midnight.  
At dawn, there will be frost.  
A polar, unforgiving frost.  
Where are the embers  
From the burning hearth?  
Of course, they were stolen  
By the delusive brushwood.  
But soon,  
It will be night again  
And frost again.

(Translated by Dragoș Barbu)

[罗马尼亚]娜迪亚-契拉·勃普

## 世界的尾声(外一首)

这一夜,对我而言,无非是一个世界的尾声  
一个无罪的充满神秘感的魅  
沉默中充满疑惑  
那是超越人类睡眠的宁静  
那是落在月色当中的无垠  
是昏暗中钻石般的情妇  
是追悔时灯塔般的星星闪闪  
我们的形象,悲伤又冷漠  
在漫天繁星划过的夜晚  
自我宣布  
过往的灭绝  
我跳入有罪的魅中  
神奇的主啊,我是你的奴婢  
我丧心病狂地爱着您

## 爱的余烬

在爱的炉里  
甚至是余烬都不复存在了  
这是在午夜  
而在黎明,行将结霜  
那些火炉里的  
余烬何在?  
诚然,有被盗一说  
被令人迷惑的矮树丛所盗  
然而不久  
当永夜来临  
它将再次冰封

(德拉戈·巴尔布 英译;童天鉴日 汉译)

16

[Saudi Arabia] Thuraya al Arrayed

## “A Silk Lily”

Had I been a “silk” lily  
In an ornate shining pot  
Or a queen of butterflies  
With wings from shimmering shells  
It would not have really mattered  
If you remembered me  
Or totally forgot  
  
It would not have really mattered  
Where I started to change your world  
And where I ended  
what season I came  
Took form and shape. Became!  
Colored my wings  
Extended  
Soared to ecstasy  
  
It would not have mattered

[沙特阿拉伯]苏拉娅·埃·阿雷德

## “丝绸百合”

如果我是立在华丽壶中  
的一朵“丝绸百合”  
或是带着贝壳翅膀  
一闪一闪的蝴蝶女王  
一切不再重要  
你记得我也好  
忘了我也罢  
  
一切不再重要  
我在哪里开始改变你的世界  
又在何处结束  
我何时来  
绽放自己的形状。幻化!  
给翅膀涂上颜色  
飞翔  
到无尽的喜悦  
  
一切不再重要

Details of my name  
My face .. the color of my eyes  
The sprouting yearning in my heart  
Upon a random meeting  
Or a fancy game

But I am not a Lily of silk  
Lifeless  
And Lacking feeling

I still don't know  
What sins I have committed?  
And who will punish me  
-When I decline my dreams-  
Who tightens my shackles?  
What have I really gained?

Here I am  
My Fragments scattered  
As mirrors of my existence shattered  
Falling a sliver at a time  
Between me  
And illusions of our yester dreams  
I watch my splinters  
crushed by longing  
My masks unraveled  
My face reflecting childlike pureness  
No fake proclaim

Here I am  
Seethed in sorrow as I confess  
You are still infesting my memory  
Huge as my whole being  
Hankering .. alienation .. misery

I try to prop me together again  
Twitch my wings  
Distance myself from you ..  
I want to fly  
Exit from memory ache  
From surreal sub consciousness  
Shatter the myth of time  
Frozen at the turning point  
Forget  
Forget You.  
Erase you from my loneliness  
My languishing for you

But the memory of time  
Refuses adamantly to stop!  
Declares its disobedience  
Tightens more my chains

Details float back  
All details  
Burning their etchings in my heart  
Echoes of songs and laughter

我姓名的细节  
我的脸庞……我眼睛的颜色  
我内心的萌动与渴望  
偶然的一次相遇  
或者时髦的游戏

但我不是“丝绸百合”  
了无生气  
缺乏情感

我仍不知道  
我犯了什么罪？  
谁来惩罚我  
——当我拒绝我的梦想——  
谁上紧了我的镣铐？  
我究竟所获几何？

我在此  
我的碎片粉碎  
随着我存在的镜子粉碎  
一次落下一个裂片  
在我  
与我们昔日梦想之幻觉之间  
我观察我的碎片  
被渴望所粉碎  
拿下我的面具  
我的脸映照着孩子般的纯真  
绝非虚假的声明

我在此  
我承认我悲伤不已  
你仍然在侵扰我的记忆  
如同我的整体那般巨大  
渴望……疏远……痛苦

我试图再次把自己支撑起来  
拧搏我的翅膀  
让我疏离你……  
我想飞  
逃离记忆之痛  
从超现实的潜意识里  
粉碎时间的神话  
在转折点上冰冻  
忘记  
忘记你  
把你从我的孤独中抹去  
我对你的渴望和思念

但时间的记忆  
从不肯停止！  
誓不服从  
并勒紧我的链锁

细节浮回  
所有的细节  
在我心中燃烧他们的雕刻  
回荡着歌声笑语

Details of your features  
Haunt me  
Cleansed by tears  
Flickering Shadows of candles  
As our lashes Trembled  
Quietness and dark

I come back to you  
I come back  
Drenched in tears

The wings are crushed!!

Why do Faces come and never leave?

Today I am filled with an agonizing wish  
A horrific desire  
To die in your arms  
Maybe this time I will Move time  
For the last time  
So I would not be  
Eternalized  
In the memory of time  
A lily of silk  
An illusion butterfly  
Tattered dreams  
...  
Wings that cannot fly.

你面容的细节  
萦绕着我  
被泪水清洗  
烛光闪烁的暗影  
我们的睫毛颤动着  
安静 黑暗

我回到你的身边  
我回来  
泪水涟涟

翅膀已碎!!

为何来过的面孔挥之不去?

如今我满心痛苦的希望  
以及恐怖的欲望  
只求死在你怀里  
或许这次我将移动时间  
最后一次  
如此我便不会  
永恒  
在时间的记忆里  
丝绸百合  
幻化之蝶  
破碎之梦  
.....  
无法飞翔的翅膀

(张紫涵 译)

### About the author:

Thuraya al Arrayed, born in Bahrain cradle of life yet open country welcoming all. Her name: Dr. Thuraya Ebrahim Hussein al Arrayed; Present Job: Consultant; Education: PhD Educational Admin and Planning, UNC at Chapel Hill North Carolina 1975; MA Educational Administration of Higher education, American University of Beirut AUB 1969; BA Education and linguistics Beirut College for women BCW 1966.

Career & Professional Experience: 1-Bahrain Ministry of Education: She worked for a year in as a high school teacher of English. After returning to AUB in Beirut, and graduating in 1969 with an MA degree in Educational Administration, she was appointed in the department of Planning & Statistics, working directly with Minister of Education, the first female in the central offices of the Ministry of Education. 2-Saudi Aramco 1980-2006: Planned and executed the mobile library program where old vans of the oil exhibit were redesigned and equipped to carry books to government schools in far regions. 3- Saudi Majlis al Shura: Dr. Thuraya al Arrayed was one of the first 30 Saudi ladies selected and appointed by King Abdalla Bin abdallAziz as a full member of the Saudi Majlisa Shurain its 6th term 2012-16, during which she was a member of the committees of International Affairs, Security Affairs, and Social Development Affairs. And in the friendship committee with African and Scandinavian countries.

Awards and Honors: Last Received-January 2018 From Saudi Cultural Authority in Riyadh; March 2018 in Kuwait from Al Babtain Lit Foundation for Poetry; April 2018 in Fez Morocco from For poetry.

Participation in National Cultural Development: She is involved in the national and regional social, economic, political, literary, educational, and security issues within the total development prospective, and has participated in high profile specialized national, regional, Arab, and international projects, forums, and conferences.

### 作者简介:

苏拉娅·埃·阿雷德，生于巴林岛——既是生命之摇篮，也是热情好客的开放之国。姓名：苏拉娅·易卜拉欣·侯赛因·埃·阿雷德；目前工作：顾问；教育经历：1975年获教育行政和规划博士学位，毕业于北卡罗来纳教堂山的北卡罗来纳大学；1969年获高等教育管理硕士学位，毕业于美国贝鲁特大学；1966年获教育和语言学学士学位，毕业于贝鲁特女子学院。

职业经历：1. 巴林教育部：她曾于此担任高中英语教师，任职一年。后前往贝鲁特大学求学，并于1969年获得教育行政管理硕士学位。之后，被任命为规划统计部成员，直接与教育部部长合作。她是第一位在教育部中央办公室工作的女性。2. 1980-2006，沙特阿拉伯国家石油公司：负责规划和执行移动图书馆项目，重新设计并改造了用于石油展览的旧面包车，用以将书籍运往偏远地区的公立学校。3. 沙特理事会：苏拉娅·埃·阿雷德博士是第一批被阿卜杜拉国王任命为沙特理事会成员的三十名女性之一，任期为2012-2016，是第六届理事会成员。除兼任国际事务委员会、安全事务部和社会发展事务部成员，她还是沙特对非洲及斯堪的纳维亚国家的友好委员会成员。

获奖情况：最新获奖：2018年1月在利雅得获沙特文化局奖励，2018年3月在科威特获埃·巴登文学基金会诗歌奖，2018年4月在摩洛哥获诗歌奖。

参与国家文化发展活动：她积极参与国家和区域关于社会、经济、政治、文学、教育和安全问题的全面发展讨论会，以及特定国家、区域、阿拉伯地区和国际高端项目、论坛和会议。

[Lithuania] Kerry Shawn Keys

## In Washington DC, thinking of my children across the ocean

for Matthew Olshan, the redbud man, and "after" Du Fu

Cherry blossoms crusted with snow.  
Black ice shadows every step I go.  
Two weeks since I've left you, seem years.  
Such sadness burns up unwept tears.

Your mother writes me the fruit trees are dead,  
left uncared for, unfenced, girded and fed  
on by jackrabbits and bitter, winter wind.  
The apple you took a bite out of, Kyva, fallen.

O' my daughter, is this what's come of any Eden.  
And my son, will you soon transpire some new sin.  
Never mind, before leaving, I planted a staghorn sumac  
from the New World. I'll bring Judas Tree pods back.

[Turkey] Serpil Devrim

## Conquest (and other two poems)

Do not tell me about conquering my heart  
I'm closed for depredation of thieves

What you call conquering is, raping what belongs to life  
My dove nests would be destroyed  
My cool, cobbled street would become asphalt  
My childhood would get lost  
in the backyard of a wooden house with bay window  
My storks would not come over  
to the scratchy slum rooftops  
My youth would be rasped  
My agedness would go senile  
You would start dealing with my thoughts unmannerly  
and be through with my beliefs  
You are both impertinent and unfit  
The magic in the texture  
of an old city is beyond your ken  
You would talk about burning heedlessly  
about burning and destroying  
I would talk about not burning and not being burned  
What we understand is not the same passion  
Neither for dreaming nor for hoping

## Hold My Dead Branches!

"my soul was a door handle  
as my mind never matched the steps"

the brunette refugee child with otherworldly descriptions  
who lands down on the cage of my chest fluttering  
your face is the gap called wound this evening

your eyes were a single country, the whole earth

[立陶宛] 克里·肖恩·凯斯

## 在华盛顿特区，想念我远隔重洋的孩子们

——为马修·奥尔山，紫荆般的男人，杜甫之后

樱花结满雪粒  
黑冰布满脚底  
离别两周如数个春秋  
伤感泪泗流

你娘来信说果树死掉了  
没有许可，没有栅栏，没有束带  
就剩野兔和刺骨的寒风补给  
你咬了一口的苹果，基娃，掉了

我亲爱的女儿，这就是伊甸园的起源吗？  
我可爱的儿子啊，你会不会很快发现新的罪恶感  
没关系，临行之前，我植下一株鹿角漆树  
来自新世界。我要把紫荆的树荚带回去

(童天鉴日 汉译)

[土耳其] 塞尔皮尔·德夫里姆

## 征服（外二首）

不要告诉我征服我的心  
我的心因盗贼的掠夺而关闭

你所谓的征服是强奸生命  
我的鸽巢会被摧毁  
我的冷冰的鹅卵石路变成沥青  
我的童年会迷失  
在有飘窗的木房子后院  
我的鹤不会飞回来了  
不会来到吱哑的贫民窟屋顶上了  
我的青春被诅咒了  
我会一直变老  
你有意无意地开始摒弃我的想法  
开始坚持我的信念  
你无理、粗鲁  
古老城市纹理中的魔力  
超越了你的眼界  
你会谈论无助的燃烧  
关于烧毁  
我会谈论不点燃、不烧毁  
我们理解的不是同一种激情澎湃  
无论是梦想，还是希望

## 抓住我死去的枝桠

"我的灵魂是一个门把手  
就像我的思想从未追随脚步"

这个黑发难民的儿童并不俗气  
站在我胸口前轻飘飘的  
今夜，你的脸就是一个叫做伤口的鸿沟

你的眼睛就是一个孤独的国度，所有的疆土

the insensitivity of this era is a death trap  
the thundering robbery, plunder, pillage of an avalanche  
with its cooperative loam the red-brown marsh

depth and the subsiding weight do go away  
lacking humanity that makes it lose its way  
it has no roof to wash ashore or to take shelter  
in September the unhugged body the surplus of water

the iceberg drifting from where it belongs is just like you  
woven for the outer world a long time ago  
its fragile body lessens by moments, from which  
it adds itself to the water that will drown us all

wherever I turn the speed of light is the same  
one's circle, occasionally recurring mercy sprinkle  
which pours down on the sift of the sky  
from a long distance

Hold my dead branches! Hold my dead branches!  
let the dead leaf fall!  
let my crooked branch flatten...

不敏感的区域就是一个死亡陷阱  
暴动、抢劫、掠夺，就像一场雪崩  
和红棕色的沼泽交织在一起

其深度和沉重消失了  
缺乏人性使方向迷失了  
没有一个尽头可以上岸或者避难  
在九月，未经处理身体里多余的水分

从属地漂流来的冰山就像你一样  
很久以前就来到了外面的世界  
脆弱的躯体随着时间的推移而坍塌  
投入水中则会淹没我们所有人

无论我如何转动，光速都是永恒  
一个圈子，偶尔会反馈回怜悯  
那倾泻于天空之筛上  
从遥远的地平

抓住我死去的枝桠！抓住我死去的枝桠！  
抖落枯叶吧！  
让我弯曲的分支变平……

### If You Were to Come Out

If you were to come out as though you will stay with me  
The dead sleeping in my house of coyness will start to talk  
If I dress myself up spring bud pink  
If i run toward the mountains i'll become a wind barefoot  
like an unruly rebellious child  
The peaks will strip off the snow completely naked  
Ducks will go down to the water in my mallard lakes  
Leaves scattered about in the vineyards  
On your lips the vintage molasses  
Sparrows will fill my branches extemporarily  
and hastily contribute a small share by pouring, by scattering  
The night of willow branch will be too sorry to say a word  
The evil eye will affect, hands will touch, love will speak  
Handkerchief edge laces will pour out of my breath  
If you were to come out as though you will stay with me  
The moonlight will redden,  
Harmandalı dance will be done with relish

### 如果你要出来

如果你要出来，虽然你将与我共处  
在我的屋内沉沉睡去，羞怯将不可避免  
如果我穿着春芽粉色系  
如果我奔向山巅，我风一样的赤脚  
就像不羁的叛逆孩童  
像峻峰雪融后裸露着肌肤  
有鸭子戏水在我的湖淖  
葡萄园落英缤纷  
复古糖蜜抹上你的双唇  
麻雀挤满我的枝桠  
浇注和散射后还有一部分  
杨柳之夜所言之遗憾  
魔鬼之眼将起效，手触之，爱将开口  
蕾丝手帕勾引了我的吸呼  
如果你将出来，虽然你将于我一起  
月光灼红  
哈曼达尔舞蹈充满诱惑

(童天鉴日 汉译)

### About the author:

Serpil Devrim, born in 1960 in İstanbul. Her interest and love for poetry and literature began in her middle school years. Speaks English and German. She worked in İstanbul as an export import company owner for 15 years and she moved to Canada and lived there for 12 years. After returning to Turkey, she started to publish her works. She has both citizenship: Turkish and Canadian. Poetry Books: *At the Birth of day*; *One half is half done*; *The road was ending*; *Pain of the Earth*. Short Stories: *Purple alphabet women*. Novel: *Like water*.

Serpil Devrim has won the Muammer Hacıoğlu Literary Award for her book *One Half is Half Done* in April 2018. *One Half is Half Done* was translated to English, Italian, Russian and Bulgarian. *Purple Alphabet Women* and *Like Water* were translated to Bulgarian.

She has taken place at many different international poetry festivals such as: Feminİstanbul, Bodrum Bineali and Kalimerhaba. She lives in Bodrum. She is a member of the PEN International Writers Association in Turkey. She is member of the The Universum Academy in Switzerland.

### 作者简介:

塞尔皮尔·德夫里姆，1960年出生于伊斯坦布尔。中学期间爱上了诗歌和文学。讲英语和德语。在伊斯坦布尔干了15年的进出口公司主管，在加拿大旅居12年之后，回到土耳其开始出版作品。拥有土耳其国籍和加拿大国籍。著有诗集《在一天的诞生》《一半完成一半》《路途将尽》《大地疼》，短篇故事《紫色字母女人》和小说《像水一样》。曾因《一半完成一半》于2018年4月荣获穆阿默·哈克路鲁文学奖。此书还曾被翻译为英语、意大利语、俄语和保加利亚语。《紫色字母女人》和《像水一样》曾被翻译为保加利亚语。曾参加多种不同的国际诗歌节，例如：菲因斯坦巴尔、博德鲁姆·比纳利和卡利马哈巴。现居博德鲁姆。系土耳其笔会国际作家协会会员，瑞士寰宇学院成员。



[Pakistan] Muhammad Shanazar

**Just Wish (and another poem)**

I have an ambition that I should write,  
 Before my departure, a moving song,  
 Which before the catastrophic end,  
 May be sung by the gusts of wind,  
 Under the shining sun and blue sky,  
 In a melancholic tone while roving  
 Through the formations of troops,  
 And being influenced the warriors may quit,  
 The intent of last world war.

I see the leaders of humanity  
 Forsaking all lessons of history are heading,  
 To wage a final expedition against the fellow beings,  
 Caring least for the consequence.  
 I see the decree of death has been inscribed  
 On the famished countenance of the Earth,  
 We are just waiting for execution of the task.

Death scares me not, nor am I avaricious for life,  
 I just wish along with my generation  
 To breathe a few breaths with ease and liberty,  
 And die a natural death before the utter ruin.

**Chess Pieces**

The combatants are heartless,  
 They may have the hearts but of wolves  
 Or made of steel, or of stone,  
 But not human hearts at all.  
 I seek for men and women with tender hearts  
 Those may absorb or share human pangs,  
 But met a very few.

Here lives of the people are purposeless,  
 They live but for themselves,  
 They are born with the shackles of selfishness,  
 And don't have their own choices  
 To live in this world,  
 Either they die or killed but in either form  
 They have no option to savour the taste of liberty.

When they wish to speak  
 Their voices get struck into their throats,  
 They are merely chess pieces  
 In the hands of the rulers to play with,  
 They only number them in elections,  
 To get hold of the authority and nothing else.  
 They are the part of the game of plus and minus,  
 But they have no powerful role,  
 Their voices are but without contents of emotions,  
 They have the eyes but sans vision,  
 They are bound with the cycle of fate,

[巴基斯坦]穆罕默德·沙纳扎尔

**唯愿（外一首）**

我有一个抱负：在离去之前  
 写一首动人的歌  
 可以在灾难结束前  
 由几阵强风唱响  
 在明媚的阳光和蓝天下  
 以忧郁的音调  
 穿过军队阵列  
 勇士们听了可能会放弃  
 参加最近一次世界大战的意愿

我看到人类的领袖们  
 不顾所有的历史教训，正在  
 向同胞们发起最后的远征  
 对后果毫不在乎  
 我看见死亡的命令已写在  
 地球饥饿的面容上  
 我们只是在等待执行任务

死亡吓不倒我，我也不会贪求生命  
 唯愿与我这代人一起  
 轻松自由地呼吸几口气  
 在最终的毁灭来临之前自然死去

**棋子**

这些战士们冷酷无情  
 他们的心如狼心一般  
 或由铁石做成  
 绝不是人的心  
 我努力寻找心地温柔的男人和女人  
 他们可以理解或同情人类的痛苦  
 但没找到几个

这里的人生活漫无目的  
 他们只为自己而活  
 他们生来便戴着自私的枷锁  
 丝毫没有自己的选择  
 生活在这个世界里  
 他们不是死去就是被杀，但无论哪种死法  
 他们都不能选择品味自由的滋味

他们想说话的时候  
 却发现声音却卡在喉咙里  
 他们只不过是棋子罢了  
 被统治者玩弄于手掌之中  
 统治者拿他们充当选举人数  
 攫取权力，别无他求  
 他们是加减游戏的一部分  
 但都是小角色  
 他们的声音没有任何感情  
 他们有眼睛，但无视觉  
 他们受命运之轮左右

And the so-called leaders of humanity,  
Keep it moving on, as they wish,  
But  
All the time conspiring with the monster of wars.

而所谓的人类领袖们  
则推动命运之轮转动不息，如其所愿  
但  
他们始终与战争恶魔共谋

(张俊锋 译)

[USA] Teresinka Pereira

## A Love Poem (and other three poems)

It doesn't take much:  
a little bit of fire,  
a little hope  
can break the indifference  
and make  
a rose, out of one petal  
mountains, out of one piece of dirt  
and oceans, out of one wave  
on a moonlit night.  
To write a love poem  
it only takes a few small words  
that have wings  
and dreams.

[美国]特丽辛卡·佩雷拉

## 一首情诗(外三首)

所需不多：  
一点点火，  
一点希望  
可以打破冷漠  
并在月光之夜  
创造出  
一朵玫瑰，由一片片花瓣构成  
山峰，由一撮撮泥土构成  
以及大海，由一个个波浪构成。  
写一首情诗  
只需要一些  
有着翅膀和梦想的  
小小的词语。

## Pluto

To Alan Stern\*

A cold and distant world,  
a planet is a small  
dream paradise  
in the solar system:  
Pluto, the dwarf planet  
stays three billion years  
from the Sun  
and almost ten years  
of the spacecraft Horizon  
from Earth.  
Alan Stern waits:  
there will be photographs  
of the Plutonic five Moons,  
enough to drive an astronomer  
or a lunatic poet  
out of their minds.

## 冥王星

致阿兰·斯特恩\*

一个冰冷而遥远的世界，  
一颗行星是太阳系中  
一个小小的  
梦中天国：  
冥王星，那个矮行星  
距离太阳  
30亿年  
而地球与它的距离  
航天器几乎要经过  
十年的飞行。  
阿兰·斯特恩等待：  
会有冥王星的  
五个卫星照片，  
足以驱使一位天文学家  
或者一位疯狂的诗人  
异想天开。

\*Alan Stern is an astronomer and great supporter of the mission to Pluto.

\*阿兰·斯特恩是一位天文学家和飞往冥王星计划的伟大支持者。

## Year of the Monkey 2016

In the Chinese horoscope  
2016 is the year  
of the monkey,  
the element of  
influence is fire  
and the color is red.  
We will be influenced  
by the auspice in activities  
and adventures,  
we will have impetus

## 猴年2016

在中国的十二生肖里  
2016年是  
猴年，  
影响元素  
是火  
而颜色是红色。  
我们会被各种活动  
和冒险行为  
影响，  
我们会有动力

ambitions and aggressiveness.  
Poetry will be at the pinnacle  
of our inspiration and,  
if we dedicate ourselves  
to verse, we will produce  
with excellence, deserving  
and getting recognition.  
My friend poets:  
the opportunity is on time:  
it is good to make use of it!

### Everybody's Dream

*In memoriam of Dr. Martin Luther King*

May the irascible supremacists  
recognize the mud  
in which they drown themselves  
with their incompetence.

May the pseudo-democrats  
notice that heaven flames up  
with their hypocrite fights.

May the cowards look around  
the tombs and see  
the prints of their fingers  
that without pulling the trigger  
have killed so many human beings  
in useless wars caused by their  
ambition and unlimited greed.

The wish for peace could have  
taken shelter in all of their conflicts,  
if we could ever ask the irascible,  
the hypocrites, the cowards:  
What is your dream?

#### About the author:

Teresinka Pereira: Brazilian-American poetess, President of the International Writers and Artists Association (IWA), President of the International Congress of the Society of Latin Culture. She received from the Knights of Malta Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem the hereditary title of "Dame of Grace", signed by the Grand Prior S.O.S.J. Dom K. Vella Haber (Malta, January 8, 1997). January 1999 she was appointed Senator of the International Parliament for Safety and Peace. Dr. Teresinka Pereira received, in 1985, the noble title of Dame of Maggistrat Grace from Dom Waldemar Baroni Santos, Prince of Brazil, for her literary merits. Teresinka received a Ph.D. in Romance Languages from the University of New Mexico, USA, and in 1997 received the Doctor Honoris Causa degree from the University Simon Bolivar, in Colombia. In 1972 she received the National Prize for Theater in Brazil, in 1977 she was nominated Poet of the Year by the Canadian Society of Poets, and in 1992 was nominated Personality of the Year by the Brazilian Writers Union. She was awarded a golden "Laurel Wreath" as "Laureate Woman of Letters" from the United Poets Laureate International (UPLI). In 1994 she was the winner of the Su-Se Ru International Literary Magazine Company Prize in Korea, and in Greece, she was the winner of the Prize City of Athens. Also in 1994 was elected Director of International Affairs of the Society of Latin Culture. Since 1989 she is a member of the North American Academy of Spanish Language, correspondent of the Royal Spanish Academy.

雄心和进取精神。  
诗歌会达到  
我们灵感的巅峰，同时  
如果我们把自己奉献  
给诗歌，我们会写出  
优秀的，应有的作品  
并得到赞誉。  
我的诗人朋友：  
机会就在眼前；  
切莫错失良机。

### 每个人的梦想

缅怀马丁·路德·金博士

但愿那些暴躁的优越论者  
认识到  
他们的无能  
会将他们自己淹没。

但愿那些伪善的民主党人  
注意到天堂正烈焰熊熊  
与他们这些伪君子拼搏。

但愿那些懦夫环顾  
坟墓，看看  
他们手指的印记  
未扣动扳机  
就杀死了无数的百姓  
他们的野心和无止境的贪婪  
挑起了那些无用的战火。

和平的愿望能够  
在一切冲突中搭起避难所，  
是否我们可以问问那些暴虐的人，  
那些伪君子，那些懦夫  
你的梦想是什么？

(樱娘 译)

#### 作者简介:

特丽辛卡·佩雷拉：巴西裔美国女诗人，国际作家艺术家协会主席，拉丁文化社团国际大会主席。她获得了马耳他骑士团耶路撒冷圣约翰世袭“魅力夫人”头衔，由高贵的前S.O.S.J. Dom K. 维拉·哈伯签发（马耳他，1997年1月8日）。1999年1月，她被任命为国际安全与和平议会理事。1985年，特丽辛卡·佩雷拉博士获得了巴西王子沃尔德马·巴罗尼·桑托斯大师为表彰她的文学成就而授予的“玛格斯特拉伯爵夫人”贵族头衔。特丽辛卡在美国新墨西哥州大学罗曼斯语专业获得哲学博士学位，1997年，在哥伦比亚的西蒙·玻利瓦尔大学获得荣誉博士学位。1972年，她获得了巴西大剧院的国家奖，1977年她被加拿大诗人社团提名为年度诗人，1992年被巴西作家协会提名为年度名人。她获得了国际桂冠诗人联盟(UPLI)授予的“女性文学桂冠”的金“桂冠”。1994年，她是韩国 Su-Se Ru 国际文学杂志公司奖得主，还是希腊雅典城市奖得主。1994年，她还被推举为拉丁文化社团国际事务主席。自1989年，她成为西班牙语北美研究院的成员，西班牙皇家研究院通讯员。

[Cyprus] Rubina Andredakis

## The Church-bell Tower

At the age of 70, I went up to the top of the high church-bell tower!  
I proved my spirit's power!  
I was supported by my sequence,  
As I climbed the narrow, winding stair, for instance!

However, it was a hand from above;  
It was love,  
That guided me to the top  
Without any stop!

The winding, narrow staircase is life;  
Moving upward is the strife!  
Reaching the top is achievement,  
That surely brings fulfillment!

The fact,  
Of that unbelievable act,  
Confirms that the power of spirit  
Has no limit!

[塞浦路斯]鲁比娜·安德达基斯

## 教堂钟楼

七十那年，爬上教堂钟楼顶  
足证精神之力充盈  
步步如有神助  
楼梯弯又窄，却似有人护

一只手，伸下来  
那是爱  
一路援引直到顶  
片刻也未停

楼梯弯又窄，宛若人生路  
奋力向上不怕苦  
登顶即是成就  
定然深感优秀

这件事  
貌似不可思议  
却证精神之力  
的确大而无极

(石永浩 译)

[UAE] Shihab M. Ghanem

## New Year's Eve

The longer pointer embraces the other  
At the top of the disc of time.  
And at the moment of fusion,  
One year falls dead,  
One year is born.  
No pangs of a mother  
Just the familiar chime  
Then a wave of ecstatic emotion  
As humans embrace each other

And glasses kiss and cluster.  
Yet well beyond the din and sway -  
As always when folly crosses my way -  
My thoughts go galloping far away

And the enchanting Muse - like Sleeping Beauty -  
Wakes up to whisper into my ear:  
"Is this a moment for ecstasy?  
Or, for mourning?"  
Then quickly adds in a fainter whisper:  
"Or is it just like any other moment?"  
And after some reflection I say:  
"None of these is right  
"It's a moment to think and ponder  
"Or else a moment to pray"  
And whilst a year is born around me  
A poem struggles to see the light  
Before the break of day.

(Translated by the poet)

[阿联酋]谢哈布·M·加尼姆

## 新年前夕

分针与时针相拥  
到了表盘最顶  
就在交叠那一刻  
一年逝去  
一年诞生  
没有母亲的悲痛  
只是熟悉的钟鸣  
接着是一股欣喜如潮涌

人与人相拥  
斛筹交错  
盖过喧嚣和醉舞  
恰如往昔每有蠢行  
我的思绪便一去奔腾

迷人的缪斯——睡美人一般  
醒来附耳过来  
“这一刻不该欢喜？  
还是只能哀痛？”  
转又轻轻耳语  
“又或者是平平常常？”  
我思忖一通：  
“都不是”  
“这是沉思的时刻”  
“或者祈祷之时”  
新年到来之际  
一首诗挣扎着  
在曙光之前见到光明

(颜海峰 汉译)

[安徽]徐春芳

## 李贺（外三首）

李子熟了  
玛瑙累累垂珠  
一场丰收来庆祝

为什么我写不出这样的诗句？  
跌跌撞撞的彩云  
被龙爪“噗嗤”一声撕裂

浩渺的宇宙中  
时间之箭极速射出  
几尊不朽的雕像  
为之侧目

## 无题

我爱的  
伤我最深  
像乱扔垃圾的游人  
毁了一湖的寂静

我恨的  
像顽固性湿疹  
缠着我的脖颈

## 枕上

我常常在  
河流的漩涡里醒来

我抓不住  
飘在天空里的蓝帆

此刻，月亮坐在窗户外上呐喊  
提醒我，这是在世间

我停留的床上  
只是一个又一个夜晚

浓缩着月色和梦幻  
夜晚之美无言

我暂时的睡眠  
覆盖住身体的一场大雪  
隐藏了灵魂的千径万山

一条飞鸟的曲线  
钓起了  
轮回的疯狂和断电

## 厌世者

在火焰里变形的面孔  
在禅钟里打坐的僧人

[Anhui] XU Chunfang

## Li He (and other three poems)

The plums have ripened  
Agate-colored fruits bending the twigs  
A bumper harvest to celebrate

Why can't I compose such poems?  
Stumbling rosy clouds  
Are torn open by dragon claws

In the infinite universe  
The arrow of time is shot at top speed  
A few immortal statues  
Eyeing it askance

## Untitled

My love  
Hurts me most  
Like a littering tourist  
Ruining the serenity of the whole lake

My hatred  
Like intractable eczema  
Clings around my neck

## On the Pillow

I often  
Wake up in the whirlpool of a river

I can't get hold of  
The blue sail fluttering in the sky

At this moment, the moon seated on the window cries out  
Reminding me of the reality

In my bed  
Is only one night after another

Moonlight and reveries concentrated therein  
The beauty of the night is wordless  
My temporary sleep  
The heavy snow covering my body  
Conceals the countless paths and hills in my soul

The curve of a bird in flight  
Hooks  
The incarnation madness and power-off

## A Misanthropist

The face transformed in the flame  
The monk meditating by the Zen bell

在细雨里动摇的梧桐  
在往事里落寞的星辰

画面这样转换：你的画笔  
泼洒在洁白的宣纸上  
乌云滚滚的天空  
痛苦的乱石多么沉重

旧日子凿刻着美梦——  
一杯晚雪，邀约了石桥  
一树身影，高耸的悬崖  
生命如手机电池快速地消耗

灵魂想找到解脱的钥匙  
祈祷该走哪一条路？  
诗歌是谎言和绝望的疾病  
一只分流了这个世界的错误

The parasol tree shaking in the drizzle  
The stars drowning in loneliness of the past

Such are the shifting scenes: your writing brush  
Splashing ink on the white rice paper  
Dark clouds billowing in the sky  
How heavy are the miserable stones!

The old days are carving beautiful dreams  
A cupful of night snow dating the stone bridge  
A tree's shadow cast by the towering precipice  
Life flowing away like the power of the cell phone

The soul seeks the key to freedom  
Praying for the right way out?  
Poetry is the illness of lies and despair  
Branching the world's errors one by one

(Translated by SHI Yonghao)

[台湾]方明

### 肉体时空

——病榻前的祖孙相觑

冷峭的病床缠住孤寡的残喘  
惨白的四壁困住我游丝般呼吸  
孱弱的体肢已无法撑住浑身遍布的焦虑  
渴望情欲的讯息同样颤弱得浑沌不清  
眼神与舌尖以苍白的色调抖传着简单的欲求

天荒地老的时刻在咫尺徘徊  
我紧握着孙辈灼热的嫩手  
此刻，我所有的能量惊愕与妒忌面前  
流着相同血脉的脸庞

她拓印了我湮远艳亮的青春  
拂动的云发传递着芬芳的招引  
红苹果的双颊给人咬一口的幸福  
摇摆的纤腰是最骚动的风景  
唇齿的娇嗔是燃烧情人的火种  
浑身的体香分泌着骄纵的情愫  
吹弹欲脆的肌肤是被宠爱垂涎着的肉躯  
鲜亮的胴体与春天相互吮吸着俘虏的蜂蝶

我无言崩溃在如斯完美的复制品前  
在死生轮回敲响的时刻里，我那不甘颓衰的灵魂  
匍匐在青春无敌的雕塑前  
觑望仍是充满莫名的妒忌  
虚脱记忆着邈远的岁月

曾有俊硕的情人驯服在我乳香的怀里煽动风月  
此刻，薄弱的气息弥漫着肉身垢藏的腐味  
爱与恨的救赎都成麻木世界里的呓语

[Taiwan] FANG Ming

### Flesh Space-time:

——Face to Face with My Grandchild by my Hospital Bed

The cold bed grips my lonely lingering gasp  
The pale walls trap my gossamer-like breath  
My frail body can no longer hold the anxiety pervading my whole body  
My equally weak quivering message of thirst for lust is slurred  
My shivering eyes and tip of tongue signal a simple desire in a pale shade

The moment of eternity is just around the corner  
I grip my grandchild's tender burning hands  
At this moment, with all my energy I am stunned by and envy  
All the faces sharing the same blood before me

She has replicated my long-gone youth so brilliant  
Her fluttering mane sending off a fragrant appeal  
Her rosy cheeks giving you a bite of happiness  
Her flexible waist presenting the most sexy view  
Her coquette lips and teeth inflaming the love in a lover  
Her sweet aroma secreting a wilful sentiment  
Her delicate tender skin coveted by Venus  
Her bright body winning butterflies from the hand of Spring

Wordlessly, I collapse before this perfect replica  
In the cycle of life and death, my soul simply will not yield to decaying  
But crawls before a unparalleled youthful sculpture  
The look still full of inexplicable jealousy  
In prostration I still remember the distant past days

Once there was a handsome lover tamed in my fragrant bosom, inciting some romances  
But now my feeble breath is full of decaying smell of my flesh  
The redemption of love and hate turns into the somniloquy in the numbed world

(Translated by ZHANG Junfeng)

[香港]蔡丽双

## 痴望(组章)

秀发披肩，红唇燃烧，少女悠然伫立山岗，优雅了山色，芬芳了山脉。

岁月如梭，青春似歌。少女不忘海市蜃楼的微笑，柔蓝的明眸，痴痴地凝望着，望尽远岸，望成悬空的寒星；望透深海，望成波心的冷月。

天苍苍，地茫茫。山花开了又谢，野草绿了又黄。少女孱白似雪，纯净如初，眼睁睁地望着一个个春天擦肩而过，希望从命运的五线谱上一次次黯然。仍然悄悄地呼唤着，那不能企及的企及，没有希望的希望，瘦瘦的孤影，楚楚着风景……

## 比翼

是谁心思无数，激荡澎湃潮汐？

一对新燕在春的枝头，谛听一支天籁，悠婉低回绕梁。翩翩倩影，在寂寂长夜里，挑亮一豆缠绵灯光，点燃漫天星斗，袅起一幕幕倾慕的景致，窈窕出一袭欲飞之念。

情感笼罩中，一披秀发弥漫着温润的撩人气息。抛开物欲，穿过红尘。比翼双飞，跨越时空，把风云雷电抚成平川，齐步迈向辽远的境界，走近温馨的爱巢。

一簇烈焰的花朵，绽放妩媚的春光，焕发诗意的暖色，拓出一方新天地！浪漫在芬芳的空气中……

## 展翅

光阴请流水淘洗，让系在一方的红颜，涉过春江碧波。

一袭朴拙的单纯，耿耿弃舟登岸，足音杳杳。奈何只见长堤断桥？

何必悱恻，一如庄稼人对田园的迷恋，垂钓人对鱼水的痴情，义无反顾地向前。

奋然舒展翅膀，飞掠断桥，袅袅扑进一个遮风挡雨的怀抱。相印在明澈的爱湖。

水格外温柔，花分外甘馨，树越发嫩绿。凌绝顶，山特别亲切。

悠悠彩云，践实永约，双双在倾慕的攀登路上峥嵘。

## 心境

银河的熠熠星光，架起七夕的鹊桥，灿烂着古往今来有情人的百味相思。

如果把山盟海誓作为砥砺行动的试金石，真正的爱情，一定越磨越明亮，在眷恋的天空下闪闪生辉。爱与被爱，皆是一种甜滋滋、喜洋洋的美妙心境，承诺是不回头的箭，忠诚是惟一标准。

没有爱的生活，每一个日子都苍白，揭去人间层层云屏雾障，让理解转危机变生机，让情感的天

[Hong Kong] CHOI Lai Sheung

## Languishing Gaze (group poems)

Fair hair dangling to the shoulders, red lips burning, a girl is standing leisurely atop the mountain, and the mountain is beautified and redolent.

Time flies like a shuttle, and youth is like a song. The girl cannot forget the smile of the mirage. Her tender blue eyes are gazing languishingly at the far bank, and she has been transformed into a cold star in the night sky; when she is gazing at the deep sea, she is transformed into a cold moon in the middle of the water.

Boundless is the sky, and vast is the earth. Mountain flowers appear to disappear, and green grass green to wither.

The girl is white as snow, and pure as before. With the lapse of one spring after another, her hope is dimmer and dimmer from the stove of life. But she is still silently summoning the unattainable attainments and the hopeless hope; her thin and lonely form is the background of the view...

## Flight From Wing to Wing

Whose thinking is so dense and heavy, and the tide of thought is surging and rising?

A pair of swallows are twittering a heavenly song in the branches of spring, touching and lingering.

The elegant form, in the lonesome night, has burned a flimsy lamplight and has enkindled a skyful of stars, giving rise to a lovable scene after another scene, which suggests a sense of flight.

Enveloped in the affection, the cascading hair is fair and tantalizing in the tender air.

Material desires abandoned to go through the red dust of the world. Flight from wing to wing over time and space, in spite of winds, rains, thunderstorms, and lightning, so as to go toward the boundless realm and approach the nest of love.

A tuft of flaming flowers open with fair spring, giving off the warmth of spring, and a new space of tenderness is hence created. And the air is redolent with romanticism...

## Wings Spreading

Time is washed by the running water, in order for the fair girl living on the opposite bank to wade across the river of spring and green waves.

Sheer simple simplicity, the boat is abandoned to be on the bank, with footfalls after footfalls. Why only a long bank and a broken bridge?

Why the sorrow? As farmers are infatuated with farming land and fishers are fond of fish and water, it should be march-bound and there should be no turning back.

Wings are spread with effort to fly over the broken bridge, to lean onto a bosom that is strong enough to keep off winds and rains. And love is expressed on the clear lake of love.

The water is exceptionally tender, the flowers are exceptionally fragrant, and the trees are exceptionally green. Climbing to the top of the mountain, the mountain is particularly lovable.

The leisurely white clouds never break their promises and they, in pairs, are scaling and climbing on their way of mutual love.

## Frame of Mind

With the glittering starlight of the Milky Way a Magpie Bridge has been built up, and the keen yearnings of lovers both ancient and contemporary are hence resplendent.

If a solemn pledge of love is regarded as the touchstone for prompt action, true love must be more bright when it is grinded, to be brilliant under the sky of yearning.

To love and to be loved, it is a sweet, wonderful frame of mind. Promises are ir retrievable arrows, and loyalty is the only criterion.

地四季长青。  
携手掬一泓秀丽春色，满怀温馨，飘逸四野。

### 梦恋

梦是不眠的相思，一步步跨越浩瀚时空，穿梭苍茫征途，守候那耸起的万千风姿。  
信诚静坐缘分中，时辰接踵飞过，无奈风雨凄迷，寒江锁路，迟迟不见身影。  
不能呼唤，不敢哭泣，承诺是暖心的烛光，在漫漫的眷依中，蕴藏一团炽烈，挺拔一种风尚。  
不须询问红肥绿瘦，只顾深沉凝望着你，渴盼笼罩在断断续续的柔声软语里。  
即使你在逍遥之处，仍是一颗明亮的北斗，悬挂在心空，洒我两眸灿烂的星光。  
梦里梦外，恋情潜入，甜蜜一生。

If a life is without love, each day will be a pale day. Let the veil of human world be unveiled, and let danger, through understanding, be changed into vitality, and let the world of emotion be evergreen around the four seasons.

Hand in hand, let's scoop a handful of fair spring, which is redolent throughout the field.

### Dream Fondness

The dream is sleepless lovesickness, which transcends the expanse of the space step by step and covers the endless journey, while guarding myriads of views on the changing. Faith sits silently in fate, and time flies. Alas for chilly winds and miserable rains; the roads are locked by cold rivers, and not a single soul is seen.

There shall be neither shouting nor crying; promises are warm candlelight which, in languishing yearning and missing, contain a burning fire and reveal an aspiring vogue.

No need to inquire after the growing red and the languishing green; I am transfixed to gaze at you with emotion, longing to be enveloped in intermittent whispers and honeyed words.

Though far and distant from me, still you are the Big Dipper hanging in the sky of my heart, and my eyes are sparkling with the twinkling starlight.

Within the dream and without the dream, so long as love persists, life will be sweet like honey.

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

### [四川]紫影

#### 如果 (外一首)

如果没有地球  
我该归去哪里?  
如果没有宇宙  
我的地球又该回归哪里去?  
如果没有我  
哪里的哪里才为你的家?  
哦! 爱, 请原谅我  
影子是最困惑的独角兽  
也是你们来定义的  
人类。

### [Sichuan] Zi Ying (Purple Shadow)

#### If (and another poem)

If there were no Earth  
Where should I return?  
If there were no cosmos  
Where would our Earth return?  
If there were no me  
Where in where would be your home?  
Oh! Love, please pardon me  
The shadow is the most perplexed unicorn  
Which is also a mankind  
You are to define.

### 梨花思

这个春天  
他托晚风吹来消息  
蒲公英飞啊飞, 舒展的花瓣不经意惊扰窗帘  
这个季节, 阳光灿烂的四川  
虽然玉兰花紫白过山丘  
山野的杜鹃也被他人移植到家园  
我捉过桃花的指尖粉红了  
在他乡  
梨花被雨水沐浴, 犹如杨贵妃出浴, 馥丽  
与他在网络相知多年  
却从来没有碰面, 彼此对视对过对对眼  
年轻时路过原平未尝梨花鲜  
没有邂逅的人不言离愁  
梨花, 请给个机会  
我怕他守着时光苍老去  
无缘透过花枝偷着他沧桑的笑脸。

### Missing the Pear Bloom

This spring  
He mailed me news by the wafting wind in the evening  
Dandelions on their wings, their spread petals stirred my curtain in passing  
In the sunny Sichuan in this season  
Though magnolias have purpled and whitened the hills,  
And azaleas have been moved into the gardens  
My finger tips are pinked with the peach blossoms  
In an alien town  
The pear blossoms bathed in the rainwater is like fragrant Lady Yang out of her bathroom  
I've known him on the Internet for years  
But have never met him in the face, only eyed him on the screen.  
When I passed by Yuanping in my youth, I did not taste of the freshness of pear blossoms  
Those who have never encountered each other will never take a pity on departure  
Pear blossom, please give me a chance  
I fear that he would be getting old with time  
And could not see his time-changing smiling face through the pear branches.

(Translated by YANG Xu)



[甘肃]梁积林

## 月出祁连(外三首)

月出祁连，鹿鸣山涧。  
一行勒勒车穿行于逶迤的峡谷之中。  
一颗流星，肯定是坐在高岸上的  
那个养鹿的人烟锅里磕出的灰烬。

惊起的一只夜鸟，从一棵树上飞到了另一棵树上，仿佛  
一个老汉把腰间的烟袋，传换着，别在了  
另一个老汉的腰上。

这隼鹞。  
犹如一柄黑钢钢的板斧。  
刚去了一截夜的旧枝。

## 巴音村

这是两头牦牛的村庄  
这是十头牦牛的村庄  
这是一百头牦牛踏过落日——  
烛照摩崖的村庄

你不叫娜埃莎，你不叫哈日嘎纳，你不叫卓尕  
你怀抱孤独  
一首诗的孤独，是世界的孤独  
你怀抱河流  
一把琵琶  
波光粼粼，如夜间的大火  
夜里的骨骼  
夜里的梦  
夜里的疼，和  
翻身

五月的巴音村，五月的草原  
一朵垂滕的风铃花蓝色的穹庐  
我是你的遥远  
我是你的近  
我是你的毡包  
我是你的马匹  
我是你的白昼，我是你的神  
我是你的夜夕，我是  
你的酥油灯

## 河西走廊

一只鹰我说的是鹰墩上的一只黄鹰  
她抻了抻翅膀上帝开门  
她的眼睛里有两个古代的车轮不停地  
运送着侏罗纪的风声

这大雪封门的早晨啊这燕子取暖的  
檐椽。一只骆驼是我们夜夕里烤过的篝火  
河西走廊啊，一座座古堡一座座烽燧

[Gansu] LIANG Jilin

## The Moon Rises Over Qilian Mountain (and other three poems)

The moon rises over Qilian Mountain, the deer cry by creeks  
A line of vehicles are running in the meandering vales  
A shooting star, must be the ash flipped out of the pipe  
Of the deer-raiser sitting on the high bank.

A night bird startled, flies from a tree to another tree, as if  
An old man, in turn, ties his pipe onto the waist  
Of another old man.

The falcon.  
Like the broad axe of black steel  
Which has cut off an old branch of the night.

## Bayin Village

This is a village of two yaks  
This is a village of ten yaks  
This is one hundred yaks stepping over the setting sun —  
The village with a sun-lit cliff

Your name is not Natasha, nor Caragana, nor Zhuo Ga  
You embrace loneliness  
The loneliness of a poem, of the world  
You embrace a river  
A Chinese lute  
Waving rippling and sparkling, like fire of the night  
Bones of the night  
Dream of the night  
Pain of the night, and  
Turning over

Bayin Village of May, grassland of May  
The blue vault of a drooping windbell  
I am your distance  
I am your closeness  
I am your yurt  
I am your horse  
I am your day, I am your deity  
I am your night, I am  
Your ghee lamp

## Hosi Corridor

An eagle, I mean a yellow eagle on the eagle pier  
She spreads her wings and God opens the door  
In her eyes there are two ancient wheels without a stop  
Are transporting the Jurassic wind

The morning whose traffic is blocked by the heavy snow on the lattice  
Against which swallows warm themselves. A camel is the campfire from which  
we get warmth in the night  
Oh Hosi Corridor, a castle upon a castle and a beacon fire after a beacon fire

这大雪隆冬的早晨大雪西域天空  
一道辙印  
大地上的一根青筋  
这贮藏了闪电的血管

每一粒雪都是一个新词  
都是没曾用过的谶语  
谁能把她翻译成爱情  
谁本身就是诗经

### 旷野上。一只鸟从我的头顶飞过

大片的葵花已收割完毕。没有马  
只有一丝风骑着一把二胡驰骋在西域  
再大的旷野也是一块田地  
再小的心也是一个国度  
羊的眼睛其实是两枚图钉；它吃草；它咩叫  
把自己钉在了深秋的这个早晨  
阿尔的太阳，好像敦煌  
一声鸟鸣飞过我的头顶，仿佛颤音  
一句话也像是一次反弹琵琶  
一片竹柳，也像是  
另一个国家  
每一片云彩都是一个飘动的经幡  
每一个葵盘都是一柄金黄的灯盏

时间啊，当的一下，仿佛生命中不可或缺的  
又一声颤音

The morning of deep winter with heavy snow, sky in the west region  
The trace of rut  
The blue vein on the ground  
This has stored the blood vessel of lightning

Each grain of snow is a new word  
Is the prophecy which has not yet been used  
Whoever can translate her into love  
He himself is *The Book of Odes*

### Over Wilderness. A Bird Flies Over My Head

A large stretch of sunflowers have been harvested. No horses  
With a breath of wind riding a two-stringed Chinese fiddle is galloping in the west region  
However large a stretch of wilderness it is a piece of cropland  
A heart, however small, is a kingdom  
The eyes of a sheep are actually two drawing pins; it eats grass and bleats  
To nail itself in the morning of this deep autumn  
The sun of Avery, like Dunhuang  
A twitter of the bird flies over my head, like trill  
A word is like a rebound lute  
A slip of bamboo, is also like  
Another country  
Each piece of cloud is a wafting praying banner  
Each sunflower plate is a golden lamp

Oh time, with clink, like another trill in life  
Which is indispensable

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

30

[辽宁]晏略殊

### 残缺（外二首）

身藏利器的年轻人  
在漆黑的夜晚  
掏出月光闪亮的匕首  
用它顶住你的身体  
像电影中的镜头，拖动你  
一粒沙中的世界

如果这把匕首不能  
有效地插入你的心脏  
它刀尖上的毒也会  
把你的灵魂装进奇异的皮箱

一种引力使匕首坚硬  
直到可以弯曲  
它用青草的味道  
疯狂地愤怒、嗜血  
住在枯叶上的人也同样枯萎

上帝咬过的苹果  
一定有我的残缺挂在你的嘴上  
甜美丰满在你的心头

[Liaoning] YAN Lueshu

### Fragment (and other two poems)

On a pitch-black night  
A young man with a sharp weapon  
Takes out the moonlit dagger  
Puts it against your body  
And, as in a movie scene, drags your  
World in a grain of sand

If this dagger can't  
Be effectively pierced into your heart  
The poison on its tip will  
Put your soul into a queer leather trunk

A gravity hardens the dagger  
until it becomes bendable  
Smelling of green grass,  
It's madly angry and blood-thirsty  
Those who live on dead leaves also wither

On th' apple God has bitten  
There must be a fragment of me hanging on your lips  
And a sweet and plump feeling in your heart

请说出吧！我的罪  
是那月亮匕首的寒光  
插入自己的劫后重生

### 达芬奇的自画像

深潭和火焰守着窗  
遮蔽了别人的  
风景。交汇至鼻子的  
密码刮起历史的风  
从倔强的山嘴走来

树干上长长的胡子  
一脸辽阔和冷毅  
将微笑给了蒙娜丽莎

是男人也是女人  
自画一个幸福的名字  
不是名词，是过程  
光亮的额头将音乐插入  
耳膜，尚未流逝

### 响铃

我的电话响铃  
不是单纯的音乐，不是  
生硬的斗牛曲  
不是喜庆的大秧歌，而是  
我自己录制的

阳光明媚的早晨  
早晨的旷野  
旷野里花香四溢  
的鸟鸣

很多人喜欢我  
的电话铃声，因为鸟鸣  
是绿色的食品

但很多人听到的是我  
电话来电的响铃  
他们听不到，电话叫我  
起床时的响铃  
那鸟鸣清脆的，让我想多睡一会

#### 作者简介：

晏略殊，中国70后诗人，后意象诗派创立者。有诗歌300多首发表于《诗刊》《星星》《诗林》《中国诗人》《诗潮》《绿风》等诗歌刊物。曾获得“第三届盛京网络文学奖全国大赛”诗歌奖、“最佳网络人气奖”、第五届“中国当代诗歌奖·新锐奖”等多次奖项。出版诗集《暗河记》等。

Please say it! My sin  
Is the post-traumatic rebirth of the cold light  
Of the moonlit dagger pierced into my body

### Leonardo da Vinci's Self-Portrait

Deep pools and flames guard the windows  
Blocking others' view  
Converging on your nose,  
The passwords triggers wind of history  
Coming from a stubborn mountain mouth

With a long beard of the trunk  
And a broad face sternness  
He gave the smile to Mona Lisa

Male as well as female  
You draw yourself a happy name  
'Tis not a noun but a process  
The music the shining forehead inserted into  
My eardrums, has not yet elapsed

### Phone Ring

My phone ring  
Is not merely music, or  
A gruff bull-fight tune  
Or festive Yangge song, but  
What I record myself

The chirping of birds  
On a sunny morning  
In the early morning field  
Full of fragrant flowers

A lot of people like my  
Phone ring, because the birdsong  
Is green food

But many people hear but  
The ring of my phone calls  
They can't hear the ring  
Which wakes me up every morning  
So sweet is it that I feel like snoozing a little longer

(Translated by ZHANG Junfeng)

#### About the author:

YAN Lueshu is a post-70s poet in China and founder of Post-imagism of poetry. There are more than 300 poems published in *Poetry*, *Stars*, *Poetry*, *Chinese Poet*, *Poetry Tide*, *Green Wind* and other poetry publications. He has won the Poetry Award of the Third Shengjing Network Literature Award, the Best Network Popularity Award, and the Fifth China Contemporary Poetry Award-the New Sharp Award and other awards. He published poetry collections include *The Secret River*.

[重庆]唐政

## 绝对的黎明（外一首）

黑暗是相对的  
只有黎明才是绝对的

窗外站着一个人  
被黑暗洗劫了的身影  
我多么想出去拥抱她一下

有亮光的地方  
只是还原了白天的一小部分  
我也想还原一小部分的爱给她

黑暗临终的时候  
还是喜欢听见一些迷路者的对话  
而黎明，往往更喜沉默

## 空杯子

很多时候  
我只是沉默  
我把自己的渺小  
放到了桌面上

一只受过伤的鸟  
它呈现出来的  
不是翅膀的软弱  
而是对飞行路线的犹豫不决

我眼前  
就有这样一只空杯子  
我想给它蓄满水  
但又担心它会有别的用途

[Chongqing] TANG Zheng

## Absolute dawn (and another poem)

Darkness is relative  
While the dawn is absolute

A shadow, robbed by darkness  
Standing outside of the window  
How I wish to hug her

Anywhere blessed with light  
Only restores a small part of daytime  
How I want to restore a small part of love for her

When the darkness departs  
The conversation of the lost is favored  
While the dawn, prefers the silence

## A Cup of Emptiness

I'm only with my silence  
In between most of my time  
And put my tiny selfness  
On the front desk

An injured bird  
emerged  
with not the limpness of wing  
but hesitation towards the future route

Right in front of my eyes  
An empty cup  
How I desire to fulfill its emptiness!  
With worries-It's waiting for extra usage

(Translated by GU Huan)

[山西]童天鉴日

## 在实验室

早已忘记了时间的长短  
这里只有激情、打击和失败的阴影  
然而之前，许多不能理解的机制  
会比疼痛更令人感到遥远  
然而之前，天空正点缀着圆圆的月光  
让人在操作当中放弃了孤单

在实验室，对影成三的是细胞、分子和蛋白  
还有漂亮的抗体小管  
隐隐然在讲述着平凡与机遇  
就像一盏盏心灯，那些更胜于节日  
更胜于点点滴滴婆婆妈妈的朋友圈

在实验室，基因漫溯  
它们联姻，它们星星闪闪  
那是未来的眼睛  
就像即将成功的渴盼

[Shanxi] Tongtian Jianri

## In the Lab

We have forgotten the time  
We only have the passion, shock and failure  
However, we do not understand the mechanism  
It's more pain forever  
But before that, under the moonshine in the sky  
And we give up loneliness in our operation

In the lab, cells, molecules and proteins are a family  
And with beautiful antibody tubules together  
All of them are indeed extraordinary  
Like heart lamps, better than the festivals  
And all kinds of friends society

In the lab, genes exchange each other  
Or be married each other  
They are shining stars like the eyes of the future  
And the desire to succeed

(Translated by the author)

[湖南]朱立坤

## 中年（外二首）

你谈人事 我的主题却落在宠物身上  
你说生活如此美好  
我答非所问 天堂某处此刻正在下雪

去父亲坟头看正在学飞的布谷鸟  
歌唱黎明  
回生我的村庄 陪静谧的野百合和紫苏花  
幸福的开落

我主在何处  
照看他的松鼠和小鹿  
我不关心

太阳在我身后熄灭 把她的箫声留在旷古  
月亮点燃我的来途  
与糖尿病的幽会正在进行到第三千六百五十六次

## 母亲和家

母亲走了  
将这么一个大家族  
拆解成一堆  
孤零零的亲戚

## 梦

我哭  
我笑  
我狂歌  
我嚎叫  
安魂曲漫过了我的头颅  
整个世界变成  
看不一样的我  
之第三只眼

[Hunan] ZHU Likun

## Middle Age (and other two poems)

When you talk about humans and events my theme falls on pets  
You say life is so beautiful  
I give an answer to the wrong question now somewhere in paradise it is snowing

Go to Father's tomb to see cuckoos learning to fly  
To sing praises of the dawn  
Return to my village together with silent wild lilies and perilla flowers  
Opening and falling happily

Where is my master  
Looking after his squirrels and fallow deer  
I do not care

The sun extinguishes behind me leaving her fluting in the wilderness  
The moon enkindles my approach  
The tryst with diabetes is reaching its 3656<sup>th</sup> time

## Mother and Family

Mother has departed  
And such a big family  
Is disassembled into a pile  
Of solitary relatives

## The Dream

I cry  
I laugh  
I sing wildly  
I howl  
The requiem overflowing over my head  
The whole world changes  
Into the third eye  
Of mine who is different

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

[香港]张继征

## 秋雨（外四首）

秋雨随着风雷走，  
时而急燥时而温柔；  
秋雨也是性情的飘洒，  
洗刷的红叶也亮丽眼眸。

秋雨，伴随风雷吼一吼  
让酷暑也有降火的时候；  
没有伪装没矫情，  
让烦恼的委屈尽情地流。

秋雨随着岁月走，  
时而滂沱时而轻幽；

[Hong Kong] ZHANG Jizheng

## Autumn rain (and other four poems)

Autumn rain comes with the wind and the thunder,  
Sometimes heavy, sometimes light;  
Autumn rain is a temperate sprinkle,  
Washed red leaves brighten our eyes.

Autumn rain accompanied by the wind and the thunder,  
Cools the summer heat;  
Without camouflage, without affectation,  
Wash away your complaints and exasperation.

Autumn rain goes on with the years,  
Sometimes heavy, sometimes light;

秋雨也是心灵的抒发，  
淋湿了身心也洗涤污垢。

伴着秋雨抖一抖，  
身上再没有汗湿的污垢；  
没有玄虚也非任性，  
任如诉的心声尽情地流。

秋雨，有人喜欢有人愁，  
知否？秋雨正为天地洗刷离愁；  
秋雨，有人欢迎有人咒，  
知否？蓝天就在秋雨身后碧透！

### 雾的情怀

唯你才有如此飘逸的姿态，  
唯你才有如此潇洒的气概；  
你温柔如轻纱罗蔓，  
迎着晨曦在大地铺排。  
小草在你的抚慰下挺拔，  
山花在你的滋润下盛开；  
你在绿叶上凝聚晶莹的露珠，  
即使献身也要光耀大千世界！

唯你才有如此不羁的形态，  
唯你才有如此浪漫的襟怀；  
你情浓如诗境画意，  
迎着霞光添江山风采；  
心胸在你的朦胧中畅开，  
激情在你的意境中澎湃；  
你为征途中披上神秘的色彩，  
凭借慧眼胆识奔向辉煌未来！

### 风儿轻轻

风儿哟轻轻，  
你唤醒冰封的大地；  
吹开满园的桃李，  
我感恩你的温柔靓丽。

风儿哟轻轻，  
你漾起一池的涟漪；  
吹绿连天的荷塘，  
我感恩你的柔情蜜意。

风儿哟轻轻，  
你奏响丰收的乐曲；  
吹香田野的稻米，  
我感恩你的慷慨赐予。

风儿哟轻轻，  
你吹拂雪花的旖旎；  
点燃火红的灯笼，  
我感恩你浪漫的情趣。

风儿哟轻轻的风儿，  
你的活力变幻着多彩的四季；  
风儿哟轻轻的风儿，

Autumn rain is the expression of the soul,  
Wet body and mind, washing away the dirt.

With the tremble of the autumn rain,  
There is no more dirt or sweat;  
No mystery, no capriciousness,  
As if words flowing warmly from the heart.

Amidst the autumn rain, some are happy, some are sad.  
Did you know? Autumn rain washes away the sorrows of heaven and earth;  
Some like it, some don't.  
Did you know? The sky turns blue after the autumn rain.

### The Passion of Fog

You are the only one with such a charming posture,  
You are the only one with such an unworldly spirit;  
You are as soft as cotton,  
Facing the morning light and spreading out upon the earth.  
The grass grows straight with your comfort,  
The mountain flowers are in full bloom with your nourishment;  
You condense crystal dewdrops on the green leaves, Even if you pass,  
You will still shine all over the world!

You are the only one with such an unruly form,  
You are the only one with such a romantic mind;  
You are as emotional as poetry and painting,  
Facing the sunset glow and  
Adorning rivers and mountains;  
Your heart is open in the haze,  
Your passion surges in your artistic conception;  
You wear a mysterious color for the journey,  
And with courage and wisdom, run to the brilliant future!

### A Gentle Breeze

Oh, gentle breeze,  
You wake up the frozen earth;  
Blowing open the peach and plum flowers,  
I am grateful for your warmth and beauty.

Oh, gentle breeze,  
You create a pool of ripples;  
Blowing the green lotuses about the pond,  
I am grateful for your tenderness and sweetness.

Oh, gentle breeze,  
You play the music of the harvest;  
Blow the fragrant rice throughout the field,  
I am grateful for your generosity.

Oh, gentle breeze,  
You move the beautiful scenery of snow;  
Ignite the red lanterns,  
I am grateful for your romance.

Breeze, oh, gentle breeze,  
Your vitality changes color in every season;  
Breeze, oh, gentle breeze,

你的奉献舞动了人间的欢愉!

### 咏莲

霞光晶莹了一池莲花，  
真想采一朵回家，  
出污泥而不染，  
爱你的清纯洁白无暇。

晨风亲吻着一池莲花，  
真想摘一朵回家，  
濯清涟而不妖，  
爱你的芬芳馨香高雅。

你舒卷花开的温柔，  
你辉映云霞的潇洒；  
你碧透了一湾池水，  
你清凉了一个盛夏。

莲，你是九州岛最美的诗，  
莲，你是五湖最美的画；  
让爱在心灵根扎发芽，  
把高尚的品德情操升华！

### 鹅卵石的启示

饱受岁月的风吹雨打，  
经过历史洪流的冲刷，  
峥嵘突兀的岩石脱胎换骨，  
珠圆玉润如鹅卵石容光焕发！

磨平了棱角不再摩擦，  
纯朴坦然亲朋遍天下；  
为郊野潺潺小溪铺路，  
为案头盆景锦上添花。

收敛了锋芒不再倾轧，  
无私奉献从不讲代价；  
为林园胜景曲径垫基，  
为村寨大堤垒墙筑坝。

鹅卵石将一身泥污洗刷，  
鹅卵石把心灵功利淡化，  
和谐相处哟亲密融洽，  
启示着我们将真善美爱升华！

#### 作者简介：

张继征，香港诗人词家、亦工书画，毕业于师大美院。现为中国音乐文学学会常务理事、香港中华文化总会副理事长、香港音乐文学学会会长、香港作家联合会理事、《香港音乐文学报》主编。已在《词刊》《歌曲》《中国诗人》《香港作家》等百余家报刊发表诗文书画逾二千首（幅），集结出版有诗文集《两江情》等七本，作品被编入多部选集。

Your dedication brings the world joy!

### Chant of the Water Lilies

Rosy clouds shine on a pond of water lilies,  
Really want to bring one home;  
Picked unstained out of the mud,  
I love your pure white flawless beauty.

The morning breeze kisses a pond of water lilies,  
Really want to bring one home;  
Clear and pure,  
I love your fragrance and elegance.

You softly bloom the buds,  
Glowing with the clouds;  
You green a pond of water,  
Cooling down the summer.

Water lilies, you are the most beautiful Chinese poem,  
Water lilies, you are the most exquisite landscape in China;  
Let love sprout in all hearts,  
Sublimate noble morals!

### Enlightenment from Pebbles

Suffering from the wind and rain of the years,  
After the cleansing of historical torrents,  
The protruding rock is reborn.  
The beads are as round and smooth as goose eggs,  
Glowing with brilliance and splendor!

The edges and corners are smoothed and frictionless.  
Simple and honest, friends all over the world;  
Paving the way for the rippling streams in the countryside,  
Adding beauty to the bonsai on the desk.

Converging the edge, no more fighting.  
Selfless dedication never costs anything.  
Paving the foundation for the winding paths of the scenic gardens,  
Build dams and walls for villages.

The pebbles wash away a body of mud.  
The pebbles dilute the utilitarianism of the mind;  
Harmonious, oh, intimate,  
Enlighten us to sublimate the truth, goodness, and love!

(Translated by LIN Lin, Hong Kong Poetess)

#### About the author:

ZHANG Jizheng, a Hong Kong poet, lyricist, calligrapher and painter. Graduated from Fine Arts School of Hangzhou Normal University. He is currently the executive director of The Chinese Music Literature Association, the deputy director general of The Association of Chinese Culture of Hong Kong, the president of Hong Kong Music and Literature Society, the director of Hong Kong Writers, and the chief editor of *Hong Kong Music & Literature Review*. More than 2,000 poems, lyrics and paintings have been published in more than 100 newspapers and magazines, such as *Ci Kan*, *Songs*, *Chinese Poets*, *Hong Kong Writers*, etc. Seven poetry collections and lyric collections have been published including *Two Rives*. His works have been anthologized as well in many selection and dictionaries such as Dictionary of Chinese poets and poems.

[天津]罗广才

## 一条黄河装不下我的爱情(外四首)

黄河南岸有生活的片场  
小伙子为姑娘擦拭嘴角的菜渍  
很投入、轻柔  
眼里有黄河的波纹

“我多想爱人在身边，  
也为她擦一下嘴角”，我说。  
姑娘反应迅捷：“那您也带嫂子来啊！”

“怎么带？一条黄河装不下我的爱情”  
我脱口而出。

流水汤汤，长势蔓延的高贵  
更接近幽美  
在四季枯荣中澄澈  
春风在跑，在舒缓中叙事  
眼前的恍惚还是老样子  
像隔世的回眸

我请这位姑娘和小伙子  
再现一下刚才的场景  
姑娘羞涩的双手捂面  
笑得像幸福一样。

空腹的沙子被缝入大河里  
漂白了飞翔的行囊、大地的烟火  
一条黄河装不下我的爱情

### 落叶是爱情的雀斑， 土地的闪白

我们是阳光下的阴影  
落叶是爱情的雀斑  
土地的闪白。  
太多的语言都在飘落的途中  
单薄。也从此精神抖擞  
金色是银杏的晚年，不是末日  
不是没有轮回的人的这一生

午后我就要乘航班返程  
天上是我路过的一条道路  
无法驻足，也无法停留  
这天上的荒野铺满灵帐  
我们是一群置之死地而后生的人

不知不觉中，我们的身体  
在阳光下，长满爱情的雀斑

### 落日

这么多年我总像一张软纸  
模糊不清又层层叠叠  
浓稠的牧歌飘远如丝如酥

[Tianjin] LUO Guangcai

## The Yellow River Cannot Contain My Love (and other four poems)

To the south bank of the Yellow River there is a film studio of life  
Where a boy wipes dish stains from the mouth corner of a girl  
He is tender and attentive  
In the eyes there are ripples of the Yellow River

“How I would like to be with my love,  
And I can also wipe her mouth corner”, I remark.  
The girl is quick of reply: “Just bring your wife here!”

“But how, the Yellow River cannot contain my love”  
I blurt out.

The water is running endlessly, and the extending nobility  
Is approaching secluded beauty  
To be limpid in the flourishing and withering of four seasons  
Spring wind is running, narrating in ease and leisure  
The trance before the eyes remains the same  
Like backward glancing from the former life

When I ask the boy and the girl  
To re-play the scene a while ago  
The girl covers her face with her hands  
Her shy smile is like happiness itself

The empty-bellied sand is stitched into the river  
The soaring travelling bags and smoke of the earth have been bleached  
The Yellow River cannot contain my love

### Falling Leaves Are the Freckles of Love, the Flashing White of the Earth

We are shadow under the sunshine  
Falling leaves are the freckles of love  
The flashing white of the earth  
Too many words in the way of falling down  
Are thin. Hence in good spirits  
Golden color is the old age of ginkgo, instead of the doomsday  
It is not the life of those who have no transmigration

In the afternoon I will return by taking flight  
The air is the route by which I pass  
I cannot stop, nor can I stay  
Wilderness in the sky is bestrewn with mourning veils  
We are a group who fight to live out of death

Unconsciously, our bodies  
In the sunshine, are overgrown with the freckles of love

### The Setting Sun

Through years I am always like a piece of soft paper  
Blurring and overlapping  
The thick pastoral is ethereally flimsy and flaky



云衫暗哑落日斑驳  
这样的高清屏保  
点燃和熄灭了我们的目光有许多年了  
我这里也有足够多的短暂的落下  
长久的沦陷和微弱的渔火

落日，是我病逝多年的父亲  
我的来处有影  
落日，是我86岁高龄的母亲  
我的去处无踪  
落日，是16岁的丫头对我的怨恨  
不知是明年还是后年才能化解或依然如故

落日，是我身边这位爱穿红衣的女子，  
我怕她离开所以总是在梦中醒来  
看床边的她在还是不在

### 我答应过的事， 就在尼勒克一笔勾销了吧

摇晃的草儿像动荡的半生  
忽左忽右的被风吹着  
倒叙的生长  
等待或祈祷，牵挂或梦绕  
都不过是摇曳的一种

没有谁是完整的，尼勒克是。  
没有一种空旷是不被割断的，尼勒克是。  
没有一种距离可以穿越，尼勒克是。  
总有一种辽阔连接天地  
总有一次相遇远离黑暗、悲凉和泥潭  
总有一种倾心一泻千里  
这就是你的尼勒克  
有铺天盖地的自由

雷电可轰鸣，浩淼可密集，花期可持续  
有多少血洗就会有多少花开？  
有多少厮杀就会有落叶满山坡？  
在尼勒克，热血渐冷  
在尼勒克，暗流静止

没有什么波谲云诡  
只有我眼中的尼勒克  
湿漉漉的裹着我  
远离那些趟过之后才知深浅的河流

痛是百废待兴的，疼能疼出最美的风景  
转场的马群、羊群、牛群  
尼勒克，是一条找家的路

除了答应给母亲和女儿的大把时间  
我答应过的事，就在尼勒克一笔勾销了吧  
就在这里  
陷入万劫不复的拥有里——婴儿一般。

### 在唐布拉草原，我不是过客

和到过的许多地方一样，来了就会离开

The spruce is silent and the setting sun is mottled  
Such screen protection of high definition  
Has enkindled and smothered our sight years ago  
With me there is adequate temporary falling  
Long-time subjugation and weak lights on fishing boat

The setting sun, is my father who has passed away for years  
There is a shadow from where I come  
The setting sun, is my mother who is 86 years of age  
My destination is traceless  
The setting sun, is the hate of my 16-year daughter to me  
Not knowing the next year or the year after next can it be solved or it remains the same

The setting sun, is the woman beside me who likes to be in red  
I am afraid of her leaving and I always awake from the dream  
To see whether or not she is still by the bed

### What I Have Promised, Just Take It Back in Nilka

The waving grass is like half a lifetime of turbulence  
Being blown hither and thither in the wind  
The flashback growth  
Waiting or praying, concern or solicitousness  
Merely a kind of dancing

Nobody is integral, but Nilka is.  
Not any emptiness has never been cut off, but Nilka is.  
Not any distance can be crossed, but Nilka is.  
There is always an expansiveness which connects the sky and the earth  
There is always an encounter which is away from darkness, melancholy and mire  
There is always an affection which rushes along  
This is your Nilka  
Where there is freedom pervading the sky and the earth

The thunder can rumble, vastness can be dense, and flowering season can last  
As much blood as many blossoming flowers?  
As much close fighting as many leaves covering the hillside?  
In Nilka, hot blood gradually cools down  
In Nilka, the undercurrent is still

There are no sudden and perplexing changes of clouds  
Only Nilka in my eyes  
Wrapping me up wetly  
Far away from those rivers whose depth is known after crossing

Concerning the pain a thousand things are to be done, the most beautiful view out of pain  
The transferred herds of horses, sheep and oxen  
Nilka, is the way which is homeward

Except for the time promised for Mother and daughter  
What I have promised, just take it back in Nilka  
Just here  
Sinking into the possession which is doomed eternally — like a baby.

### In Tangbula Grassland, I Am Not a Passer-by

Like many other places which I have been to, I come to leave

甚至到过都不曾记得，比如  
朋友说我曾路过此处  
唐布拉，虽然我当初没有记牢你的名姓  
我不是“苍白而飘忽的影子”  
其实我始终将自己当作一根草  
是来草原寻根的。

旷原起伏，远山翻越  
作为从不向生活妥协的游客  
无论是枯黄还是青葱，  
都有着眷恋和神往  
不仅仅是辽阔的永生或是短命的辉煌  
总之草原还没有停下来，我们还没有停下来  
草原在走着，她的臣民：牧人、羊群、牛群、  
马群和河流  
乃至日月星辰在走着  
作为背景，不可忽略也可模糊的  
都在跋涉中疯长

一匹马驹离群寻找妈妈  
远处的瀑布在它眼里只是山沟里的一道水  
它安静下来时妈妈嘴里的一根草  
像美丽的姑娘  
就像此刻的我  
刚刚悄悄的嘱托朋友们  
为曾经给我带来灾难的人  
默默的去拉拉选票。  
在没有离开草原之前  
我还是喜欢成全：以德报怨。  
草原是最诞生柔情的地方

一棵棵草连接另一棵棵草就会连成波浪  
壮美、辽阔、荡气回肠  
一个个人连接另一个个人呢？  
我能想到的只得让我沉默  
我只想说我命运  
远不如一棵草的命运来得更纯粹。  
在唐布拉草原，我怀揣着不能放弃的固执  
保持着热情也保持着敬畏  
草原赐予我的我将回馈——  
深藏不露的生长、随时随地的感动  
和草儿们一起在风中  
为我们心中的热爱一一鼓掌

#### 作者简介：

罗广才，1969年生于河北，诗人、诗歌评论家。现居天津，《天津诗人》诗刊总编辑，第14届河北文学院签约作家，出版有诗集《罗广才诗选》《诗恋》和《罗广才诗存》等多部。

And even I do not remember having been here, for example  
My friend says I have ever passed by here  
Tangbula, though I do not fast remember your name  
I am not "a pale and fleet shadow"  
Actually I always regard myself as a blade of grass  
To come to the grassland for the root.

The wilderness in wavy motion, crossing distant hills  
As a traveler who never compromises with himself on life  
Whether it is withered yellow or green,  
There is longing and yearning  
Not merely the vast expanse of eternal life or short-lived brilliance  
In short the grassland has not stopped, we have not stopped  
The grassland is walking, and her subjects: herders, herds of sheep, oxen, horses, and rivers  
Even the sun and the moon and the stars are walking  
As background, what should not be ignored and can be vague  
All are wildly growing in trudging

A young horse astray is looking for its mother  
The waterfall in the distance, in its eyes, is a river in the hill  
When it is quiet the blade of grass in mother's mouth  
Like a pretty girl  
Like I at the present time  
Secretly requesting my friends  
For those who have ever brought disaster to me  
To secretly seek a vote.  
Before leaving the grassland  
I like to have the wishes fulfilled: to repay injury with kindness.  
Grassland is the very birthplace of tenderness

A blade after another blade of grass into waves  
Majestic, boundless, soul stirring  
What about one person connected with another person?  
What comes to my mind renders me silent  
I only want to say that my fortune  
Is far from the purity of the fortune of a blade of grass.  
In Tangbula Grassland, I harbor my stubbornness which can not be abandoned  
Keeping warmth and awe in the heart  
For what the grassland has given me I will repay —  
The hidden growth, and the touching at all times and places  
Together with the grass in the wind  
To applaud for the love in our heart

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

#### About the author:

LUO Guangcai, born in 1969 in Hebei Province, P. R. China, is a poet and poetry critic. He now lives in Tianjin as the editor-in-chief of *Tianjin Poets*. He is a signatory writer of the 14th Hebei Literary Institute. He has published a host of poetry collections such as *Selected Poems of LUO Guangcai*, *Love for Poetry*, *The Poems of LUO Guangcai*, etc.

### 特别消息 SPECIAL NEWS

本刊青海讯 青海著名诗人阿尔丁夫·翼人先生主编的《大昆仑》大型文化杂志2018年冬季卷（总第27期），已于2018年12月在西宁出版。主要栏目有：名作欣赏、国际诗坛、昆仑论坛、昆仑骑士、文化果洛、昆仑访谈、昆仑文学、昆仑圣殿、昆仑论剑、昆仑品鉴、昆仑视野、昆仑海棠、昆仑聚焦、昆仑广角、昆仑资讯、大家风采等。大16K，208页，印制豪华、精美、大气，内容厚重、丰富，值得品读和珍藏。该刊系中国大陆近年崛起的优秀文化刊物之一。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

[重庆]木兰

## 风筝（外一首）

纸鸢扶摇不回头  
任其长空竞自由  
一线牵出儿女情  
秋水只系天涯人

镜前花影春难留  
月圆也有阴晴时  
皆知孤雁最易老  
苦酒自饮也伤悲

请问何处有芳草  
古今世上真爱少  
人道红楼都是梦  
有谁只恋旧燕巢

遁入空门看风流  
相思累人多彷徨  
爱恨总生痴情种  
哪有净土掩情殇

井蛙只看井底边  
欢颜也在咫尺间  
一纸难托千年缘  
不弃会把青丝黄

## 地龙蚯蚓

吃进泥沙吐出真土 每天都在重复一种劳动  
你不与别人争高下 只走自己的路  
你悄然无声 却有君子的气度  
一生辛苦劳作 只为扮靓生长的万物

你很弱小 弱小得从来无人关注  
但为了实现梦想 你却献出生命的全部  
你只追求心灵的化妆 你说人若无上善厚德  
再美的外表 也只是—种虚伪的装束

不怕风雨雷电 也不在乎白眼冷笑  
无论家园贫瘠还是肥沃 你都不会沽名钓誉  
哪怕长出一棵小芽 哪怕只有寸方的开拓  
你也会用心耕耘 用爱丈量

虽然走在世间的最低处 你却从不自卑  
你知道 若无农人在犁头下的牺牲  
就没有母亲的丰腴 更没有四季和谐的脚步  
所以 再苦你也要挺起肩背

有人歧视你 嫌你无比丑陋  
其实 你从来都不是一条虫 而是一条龙  
你忠诚守望着家园 你也是原野真正的贵族  
没有你 大地就会失去崇高的呵护

[Chongqing] Mu Lan

## The Kite (and another poem)

The kite goes up without looking back,  
Soaring high in the sky at its will,  
And trailing a thread of affection  
In the limpid eyes lies the sweetheart afar.

The mirrored flower shadows fleet in spring.  
The moon also waxes and wanes.  
A lone goose ages fast.  
Drinking alone stokes up grief.

Who'd tell me where the green grasses?  
The world lacks true love for long  
Red mansions are a mere dream-world.  
Who would be always confined to his old nest?

Retire into a monastery to ponder life.  
A lovesick soul tends to get lost.  
Love and hate breed a besotted spirit.  
In quest for a heaven to heal the broken heart.

A frog in a well has only tunnel vision.  
Enjoying its bliss in a cramped abode.  
A slip can hardly convey my age-long love.  
Let it reside in heart until my hair turns grey.

## Dragon on the Earth-Earthworms

Swallowing down dirt and spit out fertile soil. Day after day you repeat the same kind of labor.  
Never ever have you competed with others, focusing on going your own way.  
You are taciturn yet with the bearing of a gentleman,  
To live a life of hard work to glamorize the growth of all things.

You're so weak and tiny that no one has ever noticed you  
But you're determined to dedicate your life to achieving your dream.  
You only seek to make up your soul, believing a person without virtue,  
His appearance is only a false dress no matter how attractive it is.

Disregarding either storms, lightning or sneers,  
No matter whether your home is barren or fertile, you don't fish for fame.  
Despite the humble growth of a sprout and an inch of frontier pushed back,  
You will cultivate and measure it with your heart and love.

You never feel inferior though treading the lowest place in the world,  
Knowing that without the farmers' sacrifice plowing the land,  
There will be no plump mothers and no coordinated steps of the four seasons,  
So you throw out your chest to endure the hardship.

Someone despises you for your ugliness.  
In fact, you have been a dragon rather than a worm.  
You faithfully watch over your home, being a true nobleman of the wilderness.  
Without you, the land will not be blessed with God's care.

(Translated by LU Feng)

[新疆]秦川

## 以国许之

古来，精忠报国、尽忠报国为人生之大正气、人生之大气象。然超于国之上，超于社会之上，尚未有大指向。

文明之累积至今日，科技迅疾至今日，目之视野早已变，心之视野亦早已变，共同探索已飞越地球，外循星空，未知无边。

建立外太空空间站，是当世多方合作之举，并各有火星探测规划，若能成功，将是久远未来人类拓展生存、或迁移之佳径。

立太空而瞰地球，火星壮丽、太阳灼艳，更有银河，人生他物，何其渺小。争万事不如静一心：以国许之。

以国许之，许之向未来、向星空、向探索之遥远；以国许之，以大地许之、以人民许之、以旗帜许之。大地为根基、人民为精神、旗帜为方向，连接星空、连接遥远、连接理想之憧憬。若能实现，可以地球为后援补给及留守，外星空为运输中转，尽极尽远。

若无大地、人民与旗帜，则探索仅仅只为科技，缺凝聚。大地为精神之故乡、人民为文化之延续、旗帜为动力之源泉，有此三者，可一往无前矣。

世道莫叹，以论浑浊。醉者隐智慧，浊者自轻松。醉意中可收尘寰，浊境中能求新解。

东方中国，国力隆生，建国70年，大地春芳，人民高昂，前行之路剔除杂念而更纯粹，星空探索亦越发成熟，自信满园。

以国许之，以大地许之、以人民许之、以旗帜许之。许向遥远，许向未知星空，许向历尽时光而存留的中国文化在未来的多方更融合。

旗帜为火、火星为火、太阳为火，外太空之路为火之考验。

以国许之，则望以旗帜为火之引绳，穿越外太空的艰辛与寂寥，燃一把五星的传奇。

东方中国，必行以更开放之势，实现科技诸多共享，共赴遥远与未知，以期彼岸一崭新世界。

以国许之，许之以国脉之大正气、许之以国家之大包容、许之以国象之大无畏。

往昔东方，以水柔之，成文脉之形

后来东方，以山雄之，造大地之形

今日中国，以国许之，达未来之形也。

[Sinkiang] Qin Chuan

## Dedication of the Country to the Good Cause

From time immemorial, dedication of oneself to one's country has always been reckoned as leading a righteous and moral life. However, there hasn't been an ambition transcending one's country and society.

Along with the accumulation of civilization and rapid advances of science and technology up to date, the vision and horizon of mankind has long changed, hence the joint exploration of the unknown universe beyond our planet earth.

The establishment of an outer space station is a multi-party cooperation with respective plans to explore Mars. If the project is successful, it will be a good way for human beings to expand their living space or migrate in the distant future.

Looking down at the earth from space, things like human beings are so insignificant in comparison with the magnificent Mars, the brilliant sun and the mighty Milky Way. Having a peace of mind comes before achieving our goal: To dedicate our country to the good cause.

We are to dedicate our country, the land, the people and the flag to the exploration of the distant future and the galaxy. Based on the land, cheered by the spirit of our people and oriented by the flag, we are to connect the galaxies, the far-flung and our ideals. When our goal materializes, the earth will be a base for backup supplies and the outer space a transit system for the exploration of the farthest possible.

Devoid of the land, people and the flag, then exploration will be reduced to a mere scientific and technological level which lacks social cohesion. The combination of the land as our spiritual home, the people as the continuation of culture, and the flag as the source of power will enable us to forge forward from victory to victory.

Experiencing the ebb and flow of the kaleidoscopic world, we must have a clear picture of drunkenness and ignorance in mind. Wisdom may be concealed in drunkenness and bliss lies in ignorance. A man embraces a mist of dust in drunkenness and dares to find a way out of ignorance.

China, the orient, is rising with growing power. China, in the 70th year after its founding, is a land of prosperity where the exuberant people are forging ahead in a determined and concentrated way to explore the outer space with greater maturity and confidence.

We are determined to dedicate our country, our land, our people and the flag to the exploration of the distant future and the unknown galaxy as well as the complete integration of Chinese culture in the future, which has survived a long and eventful history.

The voyage to outer space is a test of fire of flaming flags, Mars and the sun.

Determined to dedicate our country and guided by the flaming flag, we hope to embark on the arduous and solitary journey across the outer space where we're to ignite a legend of the five-star flag.

China, the orient, will surely open itself up to the outside world and realize the sharing of science and technology to explore the distant, unknown and new world.

We are determined to dedicate the integrity, the inclusiveness and the dauntless image of our country to the right cause.

The culture of China in the past was shaped with the fluidity of water.

The land of China in later years was forged with the mightiness of the mountains.

The prosperity of China in the future will be achieved with the dedication of the whole nation.

(Translated by LU Feng)

## 特别消息 SPECIAL NEWS

本刊巴西讯 巴西著名诗人Claudia Brino & Vieira Vivo的英文诗合集《THE IGNOBLE MOUTH OF ANGELS》，已于2018年由Costelas Felinas在巴西出版、发行。书前有美国国际作家艺术家协会主席、英译者Teresinka Pereira博士的序言《SIMPLE LIKE THAT IS THE POETRY BY CLAUDIA BRINO》和《THE POETRY BY VIEIRA VIVO》。全书共收录了22首短诗，印制简朴，大32K，32页。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

[山东]吴亮汝

**含笑的忠告**

——给一位年轻的女诗友

不要，千万不要，  
将自己的生命之舟，  
系在，别人的缆桩之上……

[Shandong] WU Liangru

**Smiling Counsel**

——to A Young Poetess

Never, never ever  
Anchor the boat of your own life  
To a bollard of someone else...

(Translated by Brent Yan)

[河南]李志亮

**花非花 (外二首)**

一万朵雪花  
落在  
一万朵浪花上  
花与花  
彼此交换着  
平静与激荡  
生存与死亡  
之  
量子纠缠

2018年11月28日

[Henan] LI Zhiliang

**Seemingly a Flower (and other two poems)**

Myriads of snowflakes  
Fall on  
Myriads of sprays  
Snowflakes and sprays  
Are exchanging  
Tranquility and agitation  
The quantum entanglement  
Of  
Existence and death

November 28, 2018

**暗夜**

一株枯树  
在倾听  
一只鹰的飞翔  
它在风中  
已然飞翔了数万年  
却找不到一个  
安放灵魂的居所

2018年12月10日

**Dark Night**

A withered tree  
Is listening  
To the soaring of an eagle  
In the wind it has been flying  
For myriads of years  
But it fails to find  
An abode for its soul

December 10, 2018

**生与死**

雨点闪耀  
生与死之间  
穿越暗夜的一道闪电  
不是诗  
而是诗人的  
一声轻叹

2018年12月12日

**Life and Death**

Brilliant raindrops  
Between life and death  
A lightning through dark night  
Is not a poem  
But the poet's  
Gentle sigh

December 12, 2018  
(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)**作者简介:**

李志亮，1945年12月出生。河南省民权县人，笔名李鹏甫。中国当代知名诗人、作家。中国作家协会会员，国际诗歌翻译研究中心终身研究员，中外散文诗学会理事。十六岁开始诗歌、散文、散文诗、小说等写作。在《人民日报》、《光明日报》、《世界诗人》、《香港诗网络》、《诗潮》、《散文诗世界》、《散文选刊》、《奔流》、美国《加州诗歌》杂志、《菲律宾商报》、泰国《中华日报》等近百家报刊发表2600余篇(首)。部分诗作被译介到美国、英国、德国、罗马尼亚、印度等国。曾获多种文学奖。出版《李志亮精短诗选》《刚走第一步》《李志亮散文精选》《李志亮小说选》等著作十余部。

**About the author:**

LI Zhiliang, born in December, 1945, is a native of Minquan County, Henan Province. Under the pen name of LI Pengfu, he is a famous poet-writer in contemporary China. He is a member of Chinese Writers' Association, life-long researcher of the International Poetry Translation Research Center, and director of Chinese and Overseas Prose Poetry Society. He began writing poems, prose pieces, prose poems, and short stories at 16, and has published 2,600 pieces on about one hundred various newspapers and magazines such as *People's Daily*, *Guangming Daily*, *The World Poets Quarterly*, *Hong Kong Poetry Network*, *Poetry Tide*, *The World of Prose Poems*, *Selected Prose Pieces*, *Surgin Waves*, *American Californian Poetry*, *Business Newspaper of the Philippines*, *Chung Hua Daily of Thailand*. Some of his poems have been translated and introduced to America, Britain, Germany, Romania, and India, etc. He has won a host of literary prizes with his publication of ten-odd books including *Choice Selection of the Short Poems of LI Zhiliang*, *The First Step*, *Choice Selection of the Prose Poems of LI Zhiliang*, and *Selection of the Short Stories of LI Zhiliang*, etc.

[北京]周毓明

## 游鱼和土星场（外一首）

如果一条游鱼  
随便能向哪里迁移  
什么地方都可以冲浪  
谁情愿留在滩头袒卧

如果土星的外层  
恪守住秘密  
内构筑风雅华章  
真情难道会轻易泄露

地球用银冬牌相机  
对准昨夜星河  
射线掺图腾艺术  
爱的亮光溢出

如果一条游鱼  
能向那里迁移  
岸边可以冲浪  
便扶住滔花的天梯

## 长梦中醒来

醒自冬的长梦  
冰练的情绪迷蒙  
冰花的幻觉潜隐  
窗外柳条风动

梦外重叠梦  
把心境打扮生动  
源头泥土的黛色  
尽染河湾朦胧

人群匆匆走过  
笑声对着笑容  
小小梅花蓓蕾  
窃听春的脚步

河水波光下面  
潜藏的机遇丰厚  
伴月缓缓地随行  
映出梦的轻松

[甘肃]贾双林

## 母性之恶（外一首）

也许子宫是静谧而安全的。因为你们听一听  
牲口哞哞叫，圣婴降临了，不哭又不闹  
除此外，马厩和荒草场也是安全而静谧的  
啾啾嘶鸣息，圣婴惊醒了，不嘈又不恼

马利亚受东方三博士的朝拜  
那些黄金，乳香和殒药——

[Beijing] ZHOU Yuming

## A Swimming Fish and the Saturn Field (and another poem)

If a swimming fish  
Can swim anywhere it likes  
Anywhere it can surf  
Who would lie naked on the beach

If the crust of the Saturn  
Can keep the secret  
To internally compose odes and literary pieces  
Can true feelings be easily revealed

With the camera of Silver Winter brand  
The earth aims at the Silver River of the last night  
The rays mixed with totem art  
The light of love overflowing

If a swimming fish  
Can swim thither  
The bank serves a spot for surfing  
The heavenly ladder can support torrential waves

## Awake from a Long Sleep

The long dream awake from winter  
The dreamy frozen emotion  
The illusion of ice flowers lurks  
Willow branches without the window waving in the wind

Dreams in dreams  
To animate the frame of mind  
The umber-black color of the earth of the source  
Lends a misty touch to the river bend

Crowds of people pass in haste  
Laughter against beaming faces  
Tiny mume blossoms  
Eavesdrop the footsteps of spring

Beneath river waves  
Rich opportunity is hidden  
Walking slowly with the moon  
To mirror easiness of the dream

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

[Gansu] JIA Shuanglin

## The Evil of Maternity (and another poem)

Perhaps the womb is safe and quiet. You hark  
Domestic animals are mooing, the sacred baby is born, no crying and screaming  
In addition, the stable and field of withered grass are also safe and quiet  
The wooing noise comes to a stop, the sacred baby wakens up, without any noise

Mallia is worshipped by three doctors from the east  
Those gold, mastic and medicine

能阻止一场大屠杀令的残暴和嫉妒吗  
希律王代表战争，谁是自由的化身

这个世界，从从良的妓女肉体上忏悔的  
究竟是贪婪、残忍，还是愚昧和罪恶  
像格林纳威的魔法圣婴凶残贪婪愚昧  
像格拉斯的铁皮鼓，母亲成忏悔的从良妓女  
像聚斯金德的香水里，母亲的低贱放纵  
把降下的婴儿又心狠手辣地弃于臭鱼场

是在揶揄母性吗？这个世界的创生者  
为什么对降生和消亡束手无策  
为什么生命的摇篮在马厩荒草地臭鱼场  
为什么生育的诗章上，霉味、尿水、臭汗  
甚至于囚禁地上发出了金属般的重音符

夏多布里昂哭着：墓畔的秋风时节  
狂风掀起的巨浪怒吼着，掩盖了哭喊  
尤瑟纳尔也亵渎卧房：那是漂亮的  
谋杀案现场。生命降临的宣言是哭喊声  
世界是闷热的迷宫，到处是  
身披狮子皮在荒野里游荡的灵魂  
荒野和床榻，产房和战场  
被人性圈定，成为生死和邪恶的属地

春至初夜的母亲啊  
请朝向白桦林走去  
沿叶赛宁指引的路  
设想在那里降临的神奇与幸运  
还是做个“卷毛的羊羔吧  
游弋在蓝天碧草间，头抵菖蒲  
翻腾出无穷的火焰和力量”

### 假如弑父

爸爸，我早就该杀你——你给我一副“我的奋斗”的嘴脸  
让我妄自成为“能走动的影子，能思想的幽灵”，我是福楼拜一生  
烦闷折磨的白痴，除去病痛，根本建筑不起半盏  
黑夜微亮的灯塔

我多么想用语言文字的暴力，完成一次伟大的弑父行为呀  
像雅典娜纵身跃出父亲宙斯的头颅，拥有新的光明

可是，爸爸啊！夜幕降临时，我看着您是布衣黑身的募捐人  
您的儿女中，有人得您阳具幻想阿佛洛狄特女神，也有人  
成了纳粹和吸血鬼，您的小儿子自然成为最阴险的克洛诺斯

——而我，看不到繁星似锦的皇天厚土，缪斯的歌声在哪里呢

Can they stop the brutality and jealousy of a slaughter  
Herod is representative of war, and who is the embodiment of liberty

This world, the repenters from the bodies of reformed prostitutes  
Are they greediness, cruelty, or ignorance and evil  
As cruel and greedy and ignorant as “The Baby of Macon” directed by Greenaway  
Like Die Blechtrommel by Grass, in which a mother becomes a reformed prostitute  
Like in Das Parfum by Süskind, the mother is low and loose  
Who heartlessly abandons her newly born baby into the spot of stinking fish

Is this a jeer of maternity? The creator of this world  
Why so helpless about birth and extinction  
Why the cradle of life is in the stable and field of withered grass and the spot of stinking fish  
Why on the chapter of birth, moldy taste, urine, sweat  
And even the metallic grave accents which have been bound onto the earth

Chateaubriand is crying: the season of autumn wind by the tomb-side  
The huge waves uplifted by the gale are bellowing, covering the cry  
Yourcenar also blasphemes the bedroom: which is beautiful  
The spot of a murder. The declaration of birth is crying  
The world is a sultry labyrinth, which is filled  
With souls in lion skin wandering in the wilderness  
The wilderness and couch, the delivery room and battlefield  
Are encircled by humanity, to become the possession of life & death and evil

O the mother of spring approaching the first night  
Please come in the direction of betula platyphylla forest  
Along the road directed by Yesenin  
Imagine the miracle and fortune which befall there  
Better be “a frizzled lamb  
Strolling in green grass under the blue sky, the head reaching calamus  
Producing boundless flame and strength”

### In Case of Patricide

Father, I should have killed you earlier — you affected the face of “my struggle” before me  
For me to wantonly become “a walking shadow and a thinking soul”, I am Flaubert’s idiot  
Who has been afflicted for a lifetime, besides disease, can not afford half a light tower in the midnight

How I wish with the violence of language, to accomplish the great act of patricide  
Like Athena who jumps out of the skull of Father Zeus, to own new light

But, oh father! At nightfall, I see you as a money raiser in dark cloth  
Among your children, somebody gets your penis in fancy of Aphrodite, and some  
Become Nazi and vampires, your youngest son is consequently the most malicious Cronus

— And I, fail to see heaven and earth which are like stars and silk, where is the song of Muse  
(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

[吉林]刘殿荣

### 父母的那些细节(外三首)

据说，我生下来就没气了，说是草迷  
爹见有鸡子，就去找人来救，而且活了

[Jilin] LIU Dianrong

### Some Particulars of My Parents (and other three poems)

It is said that I could not breathe at birth  
Seeing my little cock, Dad managed to have me saved

以前的几个丫头片子没气就扔了  
这让我对五千年的文明历史产生了怀疑

娘给我和爹蒸鸡蛋糕吃  
姐姐只一个人一小勺  
她自己吃大葱蘸酱咸菜嘎嗒

娘总是把最新的棉花缝在我的袄里  
因为我最小，长得也单薄  
而做活计时的煤油灯  
碗儿很小，捻儿很短，光很弱

娘去地里挖苜蓿菜  
小心翼翼，决不踩秧苗  
她去谷子的田里剪草籽，决不剪半支谷穗

娘送邻居粘豆包，黄米饼  
拣好的，囫囵的，破的留给自己

父亲喜欢抽烟袋，但决不浪费火柴  
尽管他不知道卖火柴的那个小女孩儿

父亲爱喝酒，但决不多喝  
一顿一小盅儿，一个咸鸭蛋能抵三天  
因为供我上学望子成龙

父亲喜欢看云识天气，他总是祈祷风调雨顺

父亲热爱土地，喜欢秧苗  
即使累弯了腰也去作犁，他笃信天道酬勤

我拔了别人地里的一个萝卜  
爹的一个五指撮让我长了一辈子的记性

我就是父母的细节里长大成人的  
我就是他们的细节里闯荡江湖的  
我就是在这些细节里读懂平凡与伟大的

### 偶得

一个人  
站在镜子面前  
就可美化自己的容颜

一群人  
肃立烈士陵园  
却忘记了他们的遗愿

我站在镜子  
与陵园之间  
只是流汗 却无力仗剑

But my sisters had simply been given up when found so  
That makes me question our 5000-year civilization

Mom sometimes steams custard for Dad and me  
With only a little spoonful for each of my elder siblings  
She herself only has scallions, sauce and pickles

Mom pads coats with fresh cotton for me  
Her youngest and thinnest child  
She does needlework by an oil lamp  
With a tiny bowl, a short wick and weak light

When digging radicchio for vegetables in the fields  
Mom is very careful not to tread on crops  
When scissoring weed seeds,  
She never cuts a wheat ear

Mom selects best steamed buns and millet pies for neighbors  
Leaving broken ones for herself

Fond of smoking a pipe, Dad never wastes matches  
Though he knows not The Little Match Girl

Fond of drinking, Dad drinks only a little cupful  
A salted duck egg can last him three days  
He does so just to save for my education and prospects

Dad likes to look at the clouds to tell the weather  
He always prays for favorable weather

Dad loves the soil and the crops  
He believes diligence is always rewarding  
Though it may mean backbreaking plowing

Once I pulls a radish in others' field  
A slap in my face by Dad teaches me a lifetime lesson

In the particulars of my parents I grew up  
In the particulars of my parents I brave the world  
In the particulars of my parents I see the common and the great

### A Few Passing Ideas

A man  
Standing before the mirror  
Can make himself better-looking

Some men  
Standing solemnly in the martyr cemetery  
Have forgotten the martyrs' unfulfilled wishes

I, standing between the mirror  
And the martyr cemetery  
Just perspire, unable to wield the sword



## 讣告

我的灵魂走了  
它说，跟定爹娘  
因为那里五谷飘香

我的眼睛还亮  
要看，钱权交易  
因为这里男盗女娼

当你醒来的时候  
我已经找到了生命的支点  
竹之骨 松之风 莲之上

墓碑  
一匹马 脱缰

## 致萤火虫

据悉，崔永元已失联数日，他到底去哪儿了？

——题记

总想挑战  
总想发光  
总想突破这死寂的围墙

但这夜  
似乎很长  
而暴风雨就要来了  
请收敛你微弱的翅膀  
寻一个藏身之地  
嗅几缕你梦中桃源的馨香

静下来 等  
等那醒世的雄风  
等那拍岸的骇浪  
等那惊天动地的霹雳  
等那穿云破雾的光芒

把些许的微亮  
留给乡愁 留给炊烟  
留在回家的路上

## Obituary

My soul is gone  
Saying that it has followed my parents  
To where there abounds in crop scents

My eyes are still so bright  
As to see through power-money  
And carnal trading

When you wake up  
I have found the pivot of my life  
In bamboo bone, pine breeze and lotus

A gravestone  
A runaway steed

## To the Firefly

*It is said that Cui Yongyuan has been out of contact for days. Where is he now?*

—Preface

It always tries to challenge  
To give out light  
To break through the deathly still walls

The night  
Seems so long  
The storm is imminent  
Please fold your feeble wings  
And seek a hiding place  
To sniff wisps of fragrance of your dreamy Shangri-La

Quiet down, just wait  
For the strong wind to awaken the world  
For the surging billows to beat the shores  
For the thunderbolts to shake the earth  
For the light to pierce through the clouds

Leave some faint light  
For the nostalgia and cooking smoke  
For the way back home

(Translated by SHI Yonghao)

## 特别消息 SPECIAL NEWS

本刊首尔讯 韩国著名诗人、作家Baek Han-Yi博士主编的《The Moonlight of Korea》(《韩国的月光》)诗刊2019年2-3-4期，已于2019年1月在首尔出版。本期再一次刊发了出席第33届世界诗人大会的十余个国家的诗人的诗作、照片、简介、消息和大量图片、信札。大16K，66页，全铜版纸精印，该刊系韩国有影响的诗刊之一，值得一读。

本刊辽宁讯 辽宁著名诗人罗继仁先生执行主编的《中国诗人》双月刊2019年第2卷已于2019年3月由东北师范大学出版社出版、发行。主要栏目有：诗开卷、诗方阵、诗关注、诗视野、诗记忆、诗纵横、诗访谈、诗长卷、诗版图、诗随笔、诗高地、诗现场等。16K异型，224页，每册定价：人民币25元，全年150元，印制精美、大气，值得细读和珍藏。该刊系中国大陆最有影响力的民办诗刊之一。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

[Romania] Toth Arpad

## Windfalls (and other two poems)

Dreadful sounds, a moaning voice  
In the deep of the dark forest  
Howling wolfwraiths far beyond in the moonlight  
The ruthless storm is crushing down  
The mighty trees, in scourge of wrath  
Twisted roots rise out of the screaming cliffs

Mad winds scatter hollow streaks on the range,  
The wild is shaking its coasts in anger  
The woods split down in weaving fallings  
Into the roaring forest, in mists of hidden danger  
The Nothingness is raising!

(Translated by Dragoş Barbu)

## 意外收获 (外二首)

惊悚之音，悲凉之调  
在黑暗森林深处  
天边月光中，狼如鬼魅咆哮  
无情风暴摧毁  
强大树木，在愤怒的鞭中  
扭曲的树根露出尖叫的山岩

狂风扫过一座座空洞山体，  
荒野怒摇其边际  
树木劈裂身摇晃  
倒伏咆哮林里，迷雾隐藏危险中  
虚无升起！

(德戈斯·巴尔布 英译；王述尧 汉译)

## A Forest's Tale

A twitter of birds pervades  
The dark corners of this forest,  
Feet can walk slowly through the moss and  
Here, beside the spring, a mighty bear lives!

The boughs take a bow to the man  
The trout jumps over the dome of rocks,  
In the hazy murk a trickle is flowing  
As a sweet kiss dripping in the sunlight.

A stalking blackadder in the foliage  
And a gust of wind is whistling on the cliff,  
The wood sorrel comes out of the spruce shade  
And a plane is breaking the silence faraway.

When the lungs are filled with fresh air  
The oxygene turns the weak body back to life.  
Here, a tired smile and some drops of sweat  
Mean more than any beautiful flower.

(Translated by Dragoş Barbu)

[罗马尼亚]托特·阿尔帕德

## 狂风落果 (外二首)

惊人的呜咽  
回荡在黑林深处  
冷月下的天边，狼妖在嚎哭  
无情的风暴折断了巨树，扭曲的树根  
从尖叫的悬崖抽出  
如愤怒之鞭挥舞

狂风在草场上划开道道深痕  
荒野怒摇着它苍翠的海岸线  
劈裂的林木，交错倒伏  
咆哮的森林里，危机暗藏的迷雾中  
升腾着虚无！

译注：标题“windfalls”，一柄多义，一般表示“意外之获”或“风吹落的果子”，此诗用此标题，既显示狂风威力，又暗指此诗是狂风中意外获得的果实，故译作“狂风落果”。  
(德戈斯·巴尔布 英译；于元元 汉译)

## 风的降临 (外二首)

一阵悲啼令人毛骨悚然  
它于森林幽暗深处发端  
月光之下狼嚎如同幻影  
大军压境风暴不讲情面  
参天大树遭遇愤怒之鞭  
虬根拔地足够峭壁惊叹

狂风席卷山上沟沟坎坎  
荒野愤怒坡岸纷纷震颤  
暴雨如织林木摇摇欲坠  
森林顿时仿佛呼啸一般  
迷雾之中包藏危险祸心  
虚无此刻正在悄悄蔓延

译注：标题“windfall”，字典意为“意外之财”；“意外获得的东西”；“风吹落的果子”。这里结合诗文内容译作“风的降临”，较有新意。

(德戈斯·巴尔布 英译；荣立宇 汉译)

## 森林童话

森林黑暗的角落里遍布着鸟鸣  
踩着苔藓慢慢走来  
这里，泉水淙淙，泉边  
住着一只威猛的熊

树枝殷勤地向人鞠躬  
鳟鱼欢快地跃过石拱  
一线细流透过雾蒙蒙的灰暗，  
像一个甜吻滴落在阳光中

黑蛇在绿丛中潜行  
一阵狂风呼啸过悬崖顶  
云杉树影里钻出酢浆草  
一架飞机刺破远方的安宁

森林的氧气盈满心胸  
虚弱的身体焕发朝气，此时此地  
一个疲惫的微笑，或微微汗水  
比任何花儿还美丽

(德戈斯·巴尔布 英译；于元元 汉译)

## 森林故事

唧啾鸟鸣弥漫  
森林黑暗角落，  
漫步穿过苔藓  
这儿，泉水边，住着一只猛熊！

枝条向人鞠躬  
鳟鱼跳过岩顶，  
昏暗中溪流经过  
如甜美之吻浸入阳光。

黑蝰蛇潜藏叶间  
一阵风在山岩呼啸，  
云杉荫里长出酢浆草。  
飞机打破远处的宁静。

当肺充入新鲜空气  
氧气使尸体恢复生机。  
这儿，疲倦的微笑和几滴汗水  
远胜美丽花朵。

(德戈斯·巴尔布 英译；王述尧 汉译)

## Winter In Chiurus\*

## -twilight portrait-

Ice picks hanging down on ragged branches  
They rattle loudly in the frost, waiting,  
With the sparrows' joyful chorus  
The incoming white snow on their fleeting ridges.

Blizzard, like a fire, makes the sparrows fly away,  
Their chorus is broken by the fear,  
Snowflakes dance zealously in their honor,  
Till they get dizzy and tired.  
Going down with every move,  
Full of candour,  
Snowflakes often lose their way.

The day goes down, the night is raising,  
Black darkness wrecks the scenery,  
And all the colors quickly disappear  
Under the hood of snow.

Now, go to sleep... all of you!

\*Chiurus is an old small village in Transylvania.

(Translated by Dragoş Barbu)

## 提乌若斯的冬日

## ——黄昏肖像

冰凌精心悬挂在枯萎的枝头  
它们在雾中吱嘎作响，等待，  
麻雀快乐的合唱  
白雪将落在它们瞬间的山脊。

## 森林童话

一阵鸟儿的啾啾，响遍  
森林每个角落的幽暗  
不如缓步走过青苔  
在这里，有猛熊居于泉边

树枝鞠躬在向人们答谢  
鲑鱼跃过穹顶状的山岩  
阴霾暗处倾听潺潺溪水  
阳光之下似乎有香吻垂怜

蝰蛇潜行藏在浓荫深处  
风吹口哨鸣响于悬崖边缘  
杉树荫中走来栗色生灵  
远处飞机正划破宁静的云端

肺里洋溢着新鲜的空气  
氧气能令病体重获生机  
在这里，倦容浮现笑意  
汗滴几点便胜却无数鲜妍

(德戈斯·巴尔布 英译；荣立宇 汉译)

## 提乌若斯之冬

## ——暮光图

冰凌挂在粗糙的枯枝上  
霜雾中，他们响成铃声，等待  
那将来的白雪，在雀鸟欢乐的合唱里  
划过他们飞逝的背脊

暴风雪就是一团火，吓得雀鸟  
中断了合唱，四散飞逃  
雪花为了纪念他们，舞得热情奔放  
直到头晕体乏  
他们一路飘落  
每一个动作都那么率真  
却经常迷失自我

太阳沉落，夜幕升起  
黑暗吞噬着美景  
所有的色彩  
都即刻消失在雪被里——

现在，你们——都给我睡觉去！

译注：提乌若斯，特兰赛尔瓦尼亚的一座古老小村。

(德戈斯·巴尔布 英译；于元元 汉译)

## 提乌若斯之冬

## ——暮光剪影

破冰锥悬挂在虬枝上面  
迷雾中叮当作响，等候  
伴随麻雀欢快的合唱，  
白雪即将落在羽翼顶端。

暴风雪，如火焰，让麻雀四散，  
它们的合唱被恐惧打断，  
为纪念鸟儿，雪花热烈起舞，  
直到眩晕和疲倦。  
伴随每个降落的舞姿，  
充满率真，  
雪花却常常迷路。

白日逝去，夜晚降临，  
黑色的夜幕毁灭风景，  
所有的色彩迅速消失  
在雪的帽檐下。

现在，睡觉……你们全部！

(德戈斯·巴尔布 英译；王述尧 汉译)

#### About the author:

TOTH Arpad (penname Artangel) is a prominent poet and writer in contemporary Romania. He was born in Săcele, Braşov, where he finished his first grades then he moved to Covasna County where he will become, as a student, a literary award winner in poetry and Romanian language, in Păpăuți and Târgu-Secuiesc. His academic background includes two degrees, Civil Law and Silviculture. He is currently working as a Forestry Engineer, commissioned Technical Secretary to the Forest District of Comandău. Married to Rozalia, father of Beata Beatrix, Toth Arpad is also very active in the field of literature. He published more than a dozen of books to date and his works were highly-praised by readers and critics. His most popular work is "Man's Close Encounters with the Brown Bear" book series. In 2014 he was awarded the collective prize for "The Best Literary Magazine of The Year", granted by IPTRC, China. In 2017 he was awarded Merit Prize of the Naji Naaman Foundation and became lifetime honorary member of FGC. Toth Arpad also delivered many radio speeches related to his literary works and personal experience in the wild. His poems were also published in "Creature Features" magazine (Cyprus) and "Il-Pont Magazine" (Malta).

#### 译者简介:

于元元，博士，安徽大学外语学院副教授，剑桥大学英语系访问学者，中国国学双语研究会理事。研究领域为英美文学，主讲多门英美文学课程。主持项目5项，出版专著1部，合作专著1部，参编国家级规划教材1部，在《外国文学》《安徽大学学报》等期刊上发表（含合作）学术论文多篇。热爱诗歌及诗歌翻译。

王述尧，山东昌邑人。专科就读于新疆伊犁师范学院外语系，学习英语。研究生就读于西北师范大学敦煌研究所，研究唐代文学，获得硕士学位。博士研究生就读于复旦大学中文系，获得文学博士学位。现在执教于江西科技师范大学文学院，教授，硕士研究生导师。主要从事古典文学和美学研究，业余时间从事诗歌创作和英语诗歌翻译。出版过《刘克庄和南宋文学研究》《双樟斋现代诗双语诗二百首》（即将出版）等。

荣立宇，河北廊坊人。文学博士，天津师范大学外国语学院讲师，研究方向：典籍翻译、诗歌翻译。

大雪如同火焰，将麻雀驱散  
恐惧之下合唱不得已而中断  
雪花翩翩起舞，向鸟儿致敬  
直到劳顿，即将晕眩  
从天而降，舞姿翩跹  
虽然通体洁白无染  
雪却常会偏离路线

日头西沉，渐成夜晚  
黑暗摧毁了眼前景观  
所有的色彩旋即消逝，  
一切都被白雪覆盖遮掩。

诸君此刻，快去安眠！

(德戈斯·巴尔布 英译；荣立宇 汉译)

#### 作者简介:

托特·阿尔帕德（笔名：艺术天使），罗马尼亚当代著名诗人、作家。生于布拉索夫的瑟切莱，小学一年级后，转至科瓦斯纳郡求学，在那里获罗马尼亚语言文学奖和诗歌奖。持有民法和森林学双学位，是一位林业工程师和康曼道森林区的特派技术部长。托特·阿尔帕德是罗扎丽娅的丈夫，贝娅塔·贝娅特丽丝的父亲，在文学领域，托特·阿尔帕德迄今已出版十余部著作，备受读者和学者好评，其中，以《人与棕熊的近距离接触》系列最受欢迎，诗作也曾在塞浦路斯的《生物特写》和马耳他的《桥杂志》等国外期刊发表。诗人曾多次在广播电台就其作品和野外个人经历发表演讲。所获奖项包括：国际诗歌翻译研究中心（中国）授予的2014“年度最佳文学杂志奖”（集体奖），2017年纳吉·阿曼文化基金会优秀奖，并成为该基金会的终身荣誉会员。

### 手抄书法版《著名诗人优秀诗歌年选（2018卷）》出版发行

本刊北京讯 北京著名诗人、书法家王爱红手抄版《著名诗人优秀诗歌年选（2018卷）》，已于2019年3月由中国文化出版社出版、发行。书前有编者王爱红先生的《抄写是很好的学习（自序）》以及编者简介和照片。全书共收录了92位当今中国最活跃和最具有实力的汉语诗人的诗作92首、作者简介和照片，每首诗作均由王爱红先生手书。大16K，188页，印制精美、大气，内容、丰富、厚重，颇具文本价值和文献价值，每册定价：人民币100元，值得研读、珍藏。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心（IPTRC）

[中国]万龙生

[China] WAN Longsheng

## 中国当代行吟诗的领跑者

——序黄亚洲诗集《我的西班牙，我的葡萄牙》

## Pioneiro contemporâneo da China em entoar poesia durante a viagem

——Prefácio da poesia “Minha Espanha, Meu Portugal”

继最近出版诗集《我的北美，我的南美》《我的北非，我的南非》之后，黄亚洲又向读者推出了这本《我的西班牙，我的葡萄牙》，这是他今年比利牛斯半岛行吟的新收获。

综观黄亚洲此前的诸多行吟之作，包括他前几年出版的《行吟长征路》《我的美人鱼》《我扶着四川歌唱》《我在孔子故里歌唱》《路迢迢水长长》《我歌唱杭州》等诗集，我以为，在黄亚洲头上加之“中国当代行吟诗人的领跑者”头衔，应当是合适的。

众多诗人都喜欢“行吟”这种写诗的方式，流传至今的中国优秀的传统诗词，就有相当多的行吟之作。且举李白为例，人们耳熟能详的《峨眉山月歌》《早发白帝城》便都是行吟之作。

且行且吟，且吟且行，何其快哉！

屈原是中国诗人的祖师爷，也是行吟方式的诗祖。有诗为证：“屈原既放，游于江潭，行吟泽畔。”（《楚辞·渔父》）唐代李群玉《长沙春望寄涔阳故人》：“风暖草长愁自醉，行吟无处寄相思。”清代纳兰性德《满庭芳·题元人芦洲聚雁图》：“我欲行吟去也，应难问、骚客遗踪。”这都是直接把“行吟”写入了诗中的例子。

新诗产生以来，亦颇多行吟的佳构。戴望舒《山行》，王独清《我从KaFe'中出来》，一看题目就知道是在行吟呢。诗人行吟的足迹还延至国外：《夜步十里松原》《笔立山头展望》，郭沫若不就是在日本行吟吗？闻一多的名作《忆菊》虽然是“忆述”，却也是“行”至美国所写，视为“行吟”未尝不可。

毫无疑问，行吟是一种很好的写诗方式。行吟能激发诗人灵感，产生出许多好诗。当然，并非走到哪里写到哪里，就一定能见佳作。出行吟佳作的关键，还须有独到的眼光和精湛的诗艺。

粗略地看，很容易把黄亚洲这本新作，当作一本生动的两国游记，让人了解西班牙、葡萄牙的各处名胜古迹、风土人情，享神游之乐，从而增加许多关于这两个遥远的、甚至对中国人带有一定神秘色彩的国度的知识。但是，读完诗集，我们的观感就完全被颠覆了。

我们能感觉到，这是一本诗人的游记，也是一本思想的游记。作者以一个思想着的诗人的眼光，时时处处引领读者去观察，去思考，在不同地域与不同价值观的碰撞中，力图让读者从事物的表象进入事物的灵魂，既获得美的享受，又获得思想的升华。

显然，诗人是带着理解与“不理解”，去看待所描述国家的历史与现实的。他有时候入木三分，痛痛快快地盘托出自己的价值判断，毋庸置疑地让读者跟着他的论述走；有时候却深谙为诗之道，并不直接表述自己的观念，一切以形象“说话”，让读者自己去领悟与判断。

老实说，在西班牙、葡萄牙这样的国家行吟，是很容易沉醉于那种独特的异国风情而不能自拔

Sucedendo a publicação da antologia poética “Minha América do Norte, Minha América do Sul”, “Minha África do Norte, Minha África do Sul”, o HUANG Yazhou apresenta ao leitor “Minha Espanha, Meu Portugal”, que é a sua nova colheita da viagem à Península Ibérica deste ano.

Ao observar a maioria das obras anteriores que compreende as antologias poéticas publicadas nos últimos anos, tais como “Entoar Poesia na visita da Longa Marcha”, “A Minha Sereia”, “Eu Canto Sustentado em Sichuang”, “Eu Canto na Terra Natal do Confúcio”, “Remoto Caminho Longo Rio” e “Eu Canto Hangzhou” do Huang, eu acho apropriado acrescentar-lhe o título de “Pioneiro contemporâneo da China em entoar poesia durante a viagem”.

Muitos poetas gostam da maneira de entoar poesias durante a viagem quando compõem poemas. Entre as boas obras poéticas que circulam até hoje, há muitas que são poesias de entoação durante a viagem. Usa-se o grande poeta Bai Li como um exemplo, cujas obras tais como “Canção Lunar da Montanha E’Mei”, “Partir da Cidade Baidi de Manhã” são poemas que foram entoados durante a viagem.

Ora visitar ora entoar, ora cantar ora andar, que feliz!

O poeta Qu Yuan não é só o precursor dos poetas chineses, mas também iniciador da forma de entoar poesia durante a viagem. Há poema que prova isso, que é, “já o Yuan Qu foi exilado, passeando pelo rio Xiang e entoando poesias durante o passeio à beira do rio.” (“O Versículo de Chu • Pescador”) No poema “Desejo da Primaveria em Changsha ao amigo de Cenyang” do poeta Qunyu Li da dinastia Tang, há “Vento calor esquentar crescer relva, imerjo-me na tristeza e não há destino para eu enviar a saudade com a poesia entoada.” E no poema “Louvação do pátio cheio de flores • Titular a pintura Reunião do Ganso Selvagem em Luzhou do Fu Zhu da dinastia Yuan” do poeta Na Lan Xing De da dinastia Qing há “Querida ir entoar poesia durante o passeio, deve ser difícil encontrar, o paradeiro que deixo”. Tudo isso são exemplos que se integram diretamente à maneira de criar poemas com entoação nas frases poéticas.

Desde o surgimento do novo poema, há já produzidas muitas boas obras que são entoadas durante viagem do poeta. “Visita da Montanha” do Wangshu Dai e “Saí do Café” do Duqing Wang, são os títulos que se notam logo da poesia entoada. A viagem dos poetas que entoam poesias chegou ao estrangeiro: “Caminhar Dez Quilos Metros no Pinhal à Noite” e “Esperança ao Futuro da Montanha Bili” foram criadas na viagem ao Japão do Moruo Guo. E a famosa obra “Lembrar o Crisântemo” do Yiduo Wen, embora seja uma poesia feita pela memorização, é na realidade da visita aos Estados Unidos da América, e pode definir-se como uma poesia entoada da viagem também.

Indubitavelmente, é uma boa forma de criar poesia com uso de entoar poesia durante a viagem porque a visita pode inspirar os poetas a fazerem entoação e a criarem muitas boas obras. É claro que nem sempre se consegue ter uma produção se for uma visita qualquer. O crucial de produzir boas obras é ter perspectiva única e técnica excelente.

Em geral, é fácil de tratar a presente obra nova do Yazhou Huang como um blogue vívido turístico. Pode divulgar-se os pontos turísticos, costumes locais da Espanha e de Portugal e gozar o prazer da viagem, no entanto, acrescentando conhecimentos sobre esses dois distantes países, que são até um pouco misteriosos para chineses. Todavia, quando acabar a leitura, a concepção está totalmente diferente.

Conseguimos perceber que a presente obra pode ser uma poesia turística e também um blogue turístico da ideologia. O autor usa a perspectiva do poeta ideológico, lidera os leitores, em todos os pontos de todos os momentos, a observarem e pensarem. Sendo assim que na colisão de diferentes áreas e valores, ele tenta o máximo para os leitores poderem alcançar à alma da superfície dos objectivos. Adquirindo então o lindo prazer e também elevação da ideologia.

Obviamente, o poeta foi conhecer, com compreensão e “incompreensão”, a história descritiva e a realidade dos países em que ocorre. Ele às vezes expressa diretamente toda a sua opinião e valor penetrante e profundo, levando os leitores a seguirem indubitavelmente a sua descrição e outras vezes ele sabe bem a regra de

的，是容易写出一些浮光掠影、华而不实的文字的。但黄亚洲却能够进入其中又出乎其外，站在历史与道德的高地，由表及里，端出其深度的见识。在异国风情面前，他并未忘记自己是远道而来的“他者”。在举目皆是的教堂、修道院、神庙遗址面前，他坚持了自己的哲学观念。

在众多的作品里，他或显或隐的见解都使我们惊喜。

可以说，思想性与历史性，是这本诗集的脊梁。

这本新作的上编《我的西班牙》的第一章《哦，西班牙》，显然作者是从宏观的历史角度来整体概括西班牙的。对一个国家作这种整体的概括，作为“异国”诗人，显然是一次不寻常的考验。但作者非常聪明，他在《青橄榄的西班牙》这首40余行的诗作里，始终紧紧抓住“青橄榄”意象，反映西班牙既是侵略者又是受害者的复杂历史，抓住青橄榄那种“又酸又涩又苦又甜的所有滋味”，反映西班牙人民的种种遭遇与感受，又以“完全适度的阳光与完全适度的雨水”来隐喻今日西班牙的较为良好的社会生态。

这种以小见大的范例，还可以举出此书下编《我的葡萄牙》的第一首《说说葡萄牙和西班牙的国境》。这首诗写的是两国之间的非同寻常的友好，边界几乎互不设防，客车由此达彼转瞬即过。一般的游客可能也就是觉得稀罕而已。然而黄亚洲却由此生发出对于“世界大同”的向往：“那一天”——

连导游的提醒也没有了，只有我的风驰电掣  
连探头探脑的乌云也没有了，全世界只有  
痛痛快快的太阳与痛痛快快的大雨

这样的突发奇想，可见诗人胸襟之雄阔。

而对于一些复杂的政治现实问题，黄亚洲也没有回避，但他的处理显得机智。《我们只把独立看成风景》的背景是西班牙东北部的加泰罗尼亚人的争取独立，但黄亚洲说，作为游客，“我们是来看教堂、油画、哥仑布与高迪的”，也只能把他们的内心诉求及其外在宣示，“看成风景”。但就在“看成风景”的同时，作者也把客观存在的矛盾鲜明地推到了读者的眼前。

古人早有“读万卷书，行万里路”之说，这是所有行吟诗人践行的信条。这里需要特别强调的是，诗人出行前必须做足“功课”，即对目的地的相关知识充分把握，这样创作时才有可能纵横捭阖、灵泉迸涌、下笔自如。看来黄亚洲正是这样做的，这成为他四处行吟每获成功的法宝。

如果诗人的思想性，仅仅体现在作品思想的深度上而没有体现在艺术的表现里，那还是缺乏力度的。诗歌之所以有力量，在于思想性与艺术性的高度结合，在于深度与智慧的合力。

显然，作者正是属意于此，其探索才卓有成效。

诗集中，诗人智慧的花朵可谓俯拾皆是，一些巧思令人忍俊不禁。例如在《西班牙南部，这些收割过的田野》的结尾，他一反前文的铺垫，出人意外地抛出一条“豹尾”：

对于真正的生命，土地  
不予入殓

创作诗意的，不表达直接地表达自己的意见，只表达“展示”自己的外表，让读者去考虑和了解。

Honestamente, ao entoar poesia durante a viagem em países como Espanha e Portugal, é muito fácil de se deleitar naquela única paisagem exótica que não se consegue deixar e é fácil de criar textos que deslizam sobre a superfície como se fossem chamativos sem substância. Todavia, o Yazhou Huang conseguiu alcançar o núcleo de profundidade e também saltar para fora, ficando no alto ponto histórico e moral, da superfície externa ao núcleo interno e apresentando o seu profundo conhecimento. Em frente da paisagem exótica, ele não se esqueceu que ele próprio era uma “outra pessoa” que veio de longe. Em frente da vista cheia de igreja, mosteiro e ruína do templo, ele insistiu a sua concepção filosófica.

Entre muitas obras, a sua opinião, ou óbvia ou escondida, sempre nos surpreende.

Pode dizer que, a característica ideológica e histórica é o espinhaço desta obra.

No primeiro capítulo da primeira antologia, “A Minha Espanha”, desta nova obra – “Ô Espanha”, obviamente o autor resumiu a Espanha de macroscópica perspectiva histórica. É óbvio que é um desafio extraordinário para um poeta “estrangeiro” resumir globalmente o tal país. Mas o autor é muito inteligente. Nas quarentas frases da poesia “Oliveirense Espanha”, ele concentrou-se sempre na imagem da oliveira, e a poesia mostra a história complexa de que a Espanha foi invasora e também vítima. Centralizando-se no gosto todo de “ácido-adstringente-amargo-doce” de azeitona, a poesia mostra a experiência e o sentimento dos espanhóis e por fim, implicando o bom meio ambiente social da Espanha contemporânea com a expressão de “pleno apropriado sol e chuva”.

Esse exemplo de multum in parvo, tem ainda mais no primeiro artigo “Falar Fronteira da Espanha e de Portugal” na segunda antologia “Meu Portugal”. A tal poesia descreve a amizade extraordinária dos dois países, onde quase não se instala a defesa da fronteira, e o autocarro pode chegar ao outro lado no instante. Talvez a maioria dos passageiros possam achar esquisito, porém, o Yazhou Huang expressou a sua boa esperança de “globalização mundial”, que é: Até àquele dia,

*Desaparecerá o recorde do guia, restará somente o meu voo como vento*

*Até que a nuvem negra espionada desapareça, por todo o mundo, haverá somente*

*Sol brilhante, chuva aguaceira*

A expressão de tal incisiva opinião e esperança pode mostrar o seu alto e grande espírito e mente aberta.

Quanto a algumas complexas questões políticas, o Yazhou Huang também não fugiu delas e a sua maneira de tratar parece muito inteligente. O contexto da poesia “Tratamos a Independência como Paisagem” é o Catalão do nordeste da Espanha que luta pela independência, o Yazhou Huang declara assim, sendo um visitante, “vimos visitar igreja, pintura, Colômbio e Gaudí. Só se pode tratar a sua petição interna e declaração externa como “paisagem”. Todavia, no momento em que se trata como “paisagem”, o autor também apresenta a contradição nítida e objetiva aos leitores.

Os povos da Antiguidade têm provérbio de “Fazer dez mil leituras é como viajar dez mil milhas”, isto é o princípio prático para todos os poetas de entoar poesia durante a viagem. Salienta-se que é necessário que os poetas façam bem a preparação, que é dominar plenamente os conhecimentos relativos ao destino. Neste sentido, quando criar a produção é que pode descrever a sua observação à vontade e expressar em perpendicular e horizontal o seu pensamento. A meu ver, é mesmo assim que o Yazhou Huang tem feito e isto é que é o segredo do seu sucesso.

Se a ideologia do poeta incorpora apenas na profundidade do pensamento da obra, mas não na manifestação da arte, pode faltar potência e veemência. O poema possui força porque é a alta integração da ideologia e arte e o co-vigor da profundidade e inteligência.

Obviamente, o autor visava-se nisso e é assim que a sua exploração obteve êxito.

A inteligência do poeta floresce em todo o lado da obra. Há algumas observações que são engraçadas, como por exemplo, ao fim da poesia “No sul da Espanha, esses campos de safra”, ao contrário da sua pronúncia, surpreendentemente, ele criou “uma cauda de leopardo” assim:

*Para a real vida, a terra*

*Não se permite a enterrar*

E mais assim:

又如：

西班牙画家凭借个人的力量，抓取  
这个国家的一切  
祖先能够拿人家的国家，自己还不能拿自己家  
的？

只要，人行道旁有台阶  
只要美术与创新是属于西班牙的

《西班牙的画家》中的这一节，包含了多大的信息含量哟：西班牙画家笔下题材之广泛；西班牙曾经的对外侵略史；艺术对于一个国家的价值之高；创新对于艺术的重要性。

黄亚洲诗作的艺术性，在很大的程度上，还体现在他特有的那种不温不火的幽默感上。

幽默不是好诗的必须具备条件，却能使读者得到意外的惊喜。黄亚洲的诗作常有的幽默，往往令我不禁莞尔。例如《瓦伦西亚：丝绸交易所》结尾的调侃：“这里仿佛知道我这个杭州人要来，羞于开门”，所以三个钟头前就关门了，“仿佛在说，我早已歇业，哪敢班门弄绸”。

“班门弄绸”！这不就把来自丝绸之乡的造访者的自豪之情，给巧妙地表达出来了吗？

由此及彼、扩大容量、增加深度的“联想”，在这本诗集中，更是张扬得出神入化。例如“走在碎石子路上的感觉，总是那么惬意/因为石子粗粝，整个脚板/都是历史的凹凸”（《葡萄牙古都：埃武拉》）；又如，在葡萄牙西方的顶端“罗卡角”有一块石碑，上面写着“陆终于此，海始于斯”，而诗人却想到：“其实，土地还在/从这里跳下去，往前泅渡九千海里，就可/再次上岸，看见美利坚合众国”。

眼光居然看到了九千海里之外，岂常人所能！

我注意到，几乎与黄亚洲这本最新的行吟之作杀青的同时，“首届黄亚洲行吟诗歌奖”在江苏无锡成功地举行了颁奖典礼。在目前林林总总的诗歌评奖中，无疑这是最具特色的一个奖项，对于中国行吟诗的发展必将起到很大的推动作用。

黄亚洲不仅身体力行，努力实践行吟诗创作，贯彻自己的创作理念，而且尽力推动中国当代行吟诗的发展，以期产生越来越多的行吟诗佳作，令人赞叹：真是功莫大焉！

所以，在黄亚洲头上加之“中国当代行吟诗人的领跑者”头衔，我看恰如其分，此冠非此君莫属。

深信此言非虚也。

### 葡萄牙语译者简介：

刘欣，中山大学新华学院葡萄牙语专业专职教师，葡萄牙语翻译，葡萄牙里斯本大学文学院硕士毕业。中国福建省福安籍，旅居葡萄牙里斯本。曾供职中国电建集团，先后常驻安哥拉、莫桑比克。曾任中华人民共和国商务部的援建莫桑比克国家电视台葡萄牙语技术服务翻译；为中国国家旅游局马德里办事处在第28届里斯本国际旅游博览会展示“美丽中国”；立信会计师事务所（央企事业部）审计部巴西项目外派翻译；2017年厦门金砖会晤巴西总统媒体团接待翻译及2018年中华人民共和国商务部主办的葡语国家海关现代化管理研修班葡萄牙语翻译教师。

*O pintor espanhol usa a sua própria força, leva*

*Tudo deste país*

*Os antepassados podem levar dos outros países, porque é que o povo próprio não pode tirar da sua própria casa?*

*Só é preciso, ter escadas ao lado da passadeira*

*Só é preciso que as belas-artes e renovação pertencem à Espanha*

A parte textual de “Pintor Espanhol” compreende tantas informações: os riquíssimos materiais que o pintor espanhol adopta, a história de invasão externa do tempo passado da Espanha, o significado valioso da arte para o país e a importância da renovação para arte.

A natureza da arte das poesias do Yazhou Huang, em maior sentido, manifestada ainda no seu único humor gentil e morno.

O humor não é a condição fundamental da boa poesia, mas é a surpresa para os leitores. As poesias do HUANG Yazhou possuem sempre o humor e sempre conseguem agradar-me. Como por exemplo, a piada que fez ao fim da poesia “La Lonja de la Seda of Valencia”: parece que a loja sabia a chegada do visitante de Hangzhou e estava tímida de ser aberta. Por isso fechou-se três horas antes. Como se dissesse a loja que, já tinha fechada, como posso mostrar a seda em frente do povo da sua origem.

“Mostrar a seda em frente do povo da sua origem”! A descrição não apresenta implícito o orgulho do visitante da terra da seda?

A presente obra adopta bem a técnica de: de um ponto presente a outros pontos futuros, ampliar a quantidade, acrescentar a profunda “imaginação”. Como por exemplo, “O sentimento de andar nas calçadas, é sempre muito agradável / Por causa das calçadas ásperas / Toda a sola do pé sente o acidentado da história” (“Cidade Antiga Portuguesa: Évora”), e mais, no topo do oeste de Portugal, no cabo de Roca há o monumento em que grava “Aqui onde a terra se acaba, e o mar começa”, o poeta ainda imaginou assim: De facto, a terra ainda existe / Saltando daqui para o mar, indo nadar mais nove mil milhas náuticas à frente, já poderá / Chegar à margem, encontrar os Estados Unidos da América.

A visão até alcançou fora de mais de nove mil milhas, consegue uma pessoa qualquer?

Notei que, quase ao mesmo tempo do acabamento desta nova obra de entoar poesia durante a viagem do HUANG Yazhou, “O 1º Prémio da Poesia com Entoação da Viagem do Yazhou Huang” realizou-se com sucesso em Wuxi, Jiangsu. Entre diversos prémios sobre poesias no presente, este é, indubitavelmente, o prémio mais característico, e vai definitivamente promover muito o desenvolvimento da poesia com entoação da viagem da China.

HUANG Yazhou não só pratica pessoalmente, mas também se dedica em produzir as poesias com entoação da viagem, aplicando o conceito da sua criação e tentando o maior esforço em desenvolver a poesia com entoação da viagem em contemporaneidade, a fim de produzir cada vez mais excelentes poesias com entoação da viagem. O que se faz admirar: que grande êxito!

Por tudo isso, acho muito apropriado de titular ao HUANG Yazhou como Pioneiro contemporâneo da China em entoar poesia durante a viagem. Só ele é que pode merecer esta honra.

Acredite-se que é verdade.

(Traduzido por Xin Liu)

### Perfil da tradutora da língua portuguesa:

Xin Liu, professora do curso de Língua Portuguesa do Instituto de Xinhua da Universidade de Sun Yat-sen, tradutora do português, Mestre da Faculdade de Letras da Universidade de Lisboa. Nascida na cidade de Fu’an, Província de Fujian, residente em Lisboa. Foi assistente comercial do Grupo PowerChina e trabalhava residentemente em Angola e Moçambique. Foi tradutora para a equipa do serviço técnico do projeto de doação do Ministério do Comércio da República Popular da China para Televisão de Moçambique. Foi apresentadora da “beautiful China” para a agência filial em Madrid da Administração Nacional de Turismo da República Popular da China na 28ª Expo da Feira do Turismo de Lisboa. Foi tradutora de auditoria contratada para seus projetos de auditoria no Brasil da empresa de contabilidade de Li Xin (departamento dos assuntos das empresas estatais). Foi tradutora e recepcionista do jornalista presidencial do Brasil para a Conferência de Cúpula de BRICS de 2017 em Xiamen e foi professora assistente em tradução portuguesa para o Seminário de Gestão Aduaneira Moderna e Avaliação do Valor e Classificação do Produtos dos Países Lusófonos em 2018.

[中国] 石英

[China] SHI Ying

## 传统的继承，浓郁的新意

——读《李志亮精短诗选》

## Traditional Inheritance, Rich Novelty

—On Selected LI Zhiliang's Short Poems

我很早就注意到了李志亮的作品，并对他的诗歌和散文写过评论，总的说来，印象是良好的，但从那时起，时光又逾十年，志亮锲而不舍，相继写了较大量的作品，在某些方面又取得了长足的进展。这种情况是非常可喜的。最近，我见到他又集中出版了《李志亮精短诗选》、《李志亮散文精选》和《李志亮散文诗精选》三个选本，阅后觉得颇有新意，欣喜之余仍感有话要说，是读后感也可以说是评论文学，并就此与志亮相互切磋。

在这部三百余页的诗选中，其内容涵盖了天时、地域、人文种种，尤其是有关中国人民走过的艰苦卓绝的革命道路，在这部红色历史中涌现出的惊天地泣鬼神的革命英烈，以及新中国建立后堪为楷模的先进人物的代表，这类以鲜血与正气凝成的诗歌作品在本集中占有最主干的部份，也是使我最受感欣慰的方面。

志亮的这部份诗歌也自有他的所长和鲜明特色，具体而言首先是：感情真挚、热切、情自肺腑涌出，力透纸背。如写彭雪枫将军：“枫叶与冷香的红莲一齐/把洪泽湖的水给闹红了/大刀进行曲在枫叶上吟咏/枫叶紧紧地搀扶着天边的曙光。”一个“枫”字，生发出丰富的意象。情与景的自然融合，彰显着作者对革命先烈无尽的崇敬与怀思。志亮对雪枫将军，据我所知，还有一层非同寻常的深意，原来他的父辈在革命战争年代，曾与雪枫将军出生入死，革命情谊深厚，志亮对革命先烈情感之亲之烈，可以说是一种红色“基因”流贯于心身，故尔以他的红色诗文，绝不可能是隔靴搔痒，也不可能是空传的磋叹，因此，诗人才能由衷地吟出：“决天河之水/难洗尽烈士之愤”（《吊瞿秋白》），才能高昂地唱出：“太行精神永不忘/今昔相融好时光/红旗渠润太行翠/壶关峡谷仰天苍”（《战太行》）。

然而，志亮“诗言志”，乘以正气，内蕴风骨，固为主体，与之同时他也很注意诗的意境。如本文标题所言“传统的继承”。一方面是革命传统，志士仁人正气的传统，还有中国诗学中“意境说”的传统，亦可以说是诗歌艺术的传统，志亮对此无疑也是非常尊崇而且力求践行的，如：一幅静谧的“秋天的早晨”小景：“这里有儿时的秋千/仍遗下一线思念/当公鸡打鸣时/一轮明月升到半天”。在《春的小景》中，诗人是这样组合他的意境：“柳芽是你的宣言书/无声地织着嫩绿/是谁争先来赞赏你/黄鹂的奏鸣/曲高云低。”作者善于以不多的笔墨，来绘制翠嫩而不喧嚣的风景。是细微的观察，也有纯美的想像，还包含着并不年轻的诗人潜在的童心。

还有，志亮诗的哲理意味也是不可忽略的素质。既然本集的名字叫做“精短诗选”，那么必定是精约提炼的作品，而哲理恰恰是高度提炼，富思

I noticed Li Zhiliang's works early on and have written a number of reviews on his poems and proses. Generally speaking, I've been deeply impressed with his works. However, in the past ten years Zhiliang has persevered in writing extensively and achieved great progress in some aspects, all of which is very heartening. Recently, I have seen his straight three publications of *Selected LI Zhiliang's Short Poems*, *Selected LI Zhiliang's Proses* and *Selected LI Zhiliang's Proses and Poems*, which have refreshed and delighted me a lot. This post-reading reflection serves much as a literary review with which I'd like to compare notes with him.

His three-hundred-page-odd collections widely cover history, geography, humanities, particularly the arduous revolutionary adventures the Chinese have undergone, from which have sprung up numerous awe-inspiring revolutionary martyrs as well as role models and pioneering representatives after the founding of new China. Li's works, based on Chinese bloody and righteous revolution, dominate his collections, which has gratified me the most.

His revolutionary poems feature, to be specific, emotional sincerity and earnestness gushing forcefully from his heart. Take several lines about General Peng Xuefeng (Maple) for example: "Maple leaves along with cool-fragrant red lotus have reddened the waters of Lake Hongze; Broadsword March intones on maple leaves; Maple leaves grip dawn on the horizon." It is the word of Maple that generates a wealth of imagery. The natural integration of emotions and landscapes reveals the author's endless reverence and recollection of the revolutionary martyrs. The reasons why Zhiliang has paid such high tribute to General Peng, as far as I know, are because of the profound revolutionary comradeship his parents had forged with General Peng in the course of numberless revolutionary battles. His passion for the revolutionary martyrs in the genes has rendered his poems strikingly pertinent. Hence can the poet heartily utter: "Even the heavenly water can't cleanse the martyrs of their fury" (A Eulogy to Qu Qiubai), and proudly sing out: "The spirit of Mountain Taihang is forever memorable; The present is in harmony with the past; The Red Flag Canal greens Mountain Taihang; The Canyon of Huguan looks up to the sky" (The Battle in Mountain Taihang).

However, Zhiliang's poems express his aspirations with righteousness, character and fierce determination. Meanwhile, he also pays great attention to the poetic imagery, just as the title of this essay suggests: "The inheritance of two traditions"—the tradition of the revolution and the upright trailblazers; the tradition of poetic imagery in conventional Chinese poetics which is also known as the tradition of poetic art. Zhiliang's rigorous observance and practice of the two traditions are undisputed. Take *A Tranquil View on an Autumn Morn*: "Here sits my childhood swing; with delicate memories lingering; When the cocks cry, the moon hangs midway in the sky." In *A View of Spring*, the poet defines his poetic imagery as follows: "Willow buds are your manifesto clean, quietly weaving the tender green. Who is the first to appreciate you? Soars above clouds the oriole's high tune." The poet excels at painting the green and calm scenery with a touch of lines, blending his meticulous observation, his pure aesthetic imagination and the elder poet's latent childlike innocence.

In addition, the philosophical implications in Zhiliang's poems are also a quality that cannot be neglected. Since the title of this collection is *Selected Short Poems*, it must be refined work, and philosophy exactly falls in the highly refined and speculative category, unmatched by those hollow and superficial works. In this



辩色彩的品类，自然不是那种质地稀薄，清汤寡水的产物能够比拟。在这方面，志亮早期的诗歌作品已显端倪。这说明他的诗歌创作与勤于思考是相偕而生的，而我更乐于看到他的这种优长在最近的诗作中得以更好的发挥。如《自然的韵声》：“雨点唯有落在海里/才能显出生命的转机。”“把光的分子种入土里/大地终会充满阳光。”“夕阳显然离去了/留下了诗一样的黄昏。”“鹅卵石的身躯/是对时间流的回答。”而有时一整首诗，就是一座哲理的建筑物：“条条青石铺古道/何人修建/遥想当年/出门难，难于上青天。”（《古道》）。

从本质上说，哲理诗，或富于哲思之诗句，应是作者思想空间的凝缩，时间之提纯。志亮16岁即开始学写诗歌，日积月累，切磋琢磨，纵然非是有意为之，亦如龙泉锻铁，山溪淬火，哲思的火花相互碰撞进最后凝结成非常之利器，朝如霞匹，夕闪寒光。此技此器，应是诗人出手之物。今后，还应发扬光大。

另外，诗的传统美学和表现艺术中之通感，炼字等等，在本集作品中也有时闪现。这说明作者对此也是通晓并注意运用的。所有这一切，如运用得当（不滥不俗），无疑会使诗的表现力增强，而且不那么单调平直而机趣横生。可见有时手段手法亦不仅仅属于形式范畴，对诗的内容亦有良性生发之效。

最后，联系到我所看到的志亮对诗歌主张和相关的评论文章，清晰地得出一个强烈印象：他的诗歌创作，是自觉地体现了他对诗歌方面的明确观点，其或可以说，他的创作应该说是具有理论指导的，此点我认为更加可贵。因为具备这种理论与实践的相互推助，相互印证，始终秉持一种正当追求的诗人和作家应该说不是很多的，这便不难理解：尽管他在长期的创作实践中，在诗歌艺术表现上也有某些变化，但其思想精髓则始终一以贯之而不改初衷。一个时期以来，有人高调宣称写诗的人不必有什么社会责任感，只有“纯个人化”才是真正的诗，而志亮却用自己的诗作实践坚守着诗的正气：个人与社会不能截然身裂；诗人不可能完全置人间正义与社会进步于不顾；所谓的“纯个人化”仔细剖析也是经不住推敲的。

屈指算来，志亮从发表第一首诗至今已近半个世纪，而仍然诗兴不减，视诗文为生命中最活动的因素之一，因而才能保持对写作对探求的新鲜趣味和强烈追求。他在日常生活中，诗歌和文学创作持续不辍，这当然有赖于他的辛勤，他的惜时如金，是普遍规律也是他的突出特色。

祝愿志亮的诗文愈写愈好，更上层楼！

（石英：中国著名作家、散文家、诗人，人民日报社编审，中国散文学会名誉会长，中国作家协会会员。）

（About SHI Ying: Renowned Chinese writer, essayist, poet, editor of People's Daily, honorary president of China Prose Association, member of China Writers Association.）

### 译者简介：

陆峰，男，2009年获得华东师范大学在职英语教育硕士学位。海宁广播电视大学海宁学院高级讲师。长期坚持英语听、说、读、写、译的基础训练。特别喜爱做各种题材的中英互译。

respect, Zhiliang's early works have spoken for themselves. This shows that his poetry creation and diligent thinking are complement each other, and I'm more than glad to see this strength has been put in a better play in his recent works. Take The Rhythm of Nature: "Only when the raindrop falls on the sea, the turning point of life can we see." "Plant in the soil the seeds of light, will the land eventually teem with sunlight." "The setting sun is apparently gone, leaving behind the poetic dusk." "The body of a pebble is the answer to the passage of time." Oftentimes an entire poem is a philosophical construction: "Every single ancient path is paved with blue stone slabs, how I wonder who built them! In the distant past, the difficulty in travelling surpasses that of ascending to heaven." (The Ancient Path).

In essence, philosophical verses abundant in philosophical thoughts, should be the condensation of the author's vision and the purification of time. Zhiliang's poem-writing career started at the age of 16. Even though his continued persistence and exploration aren't his deliberate efforts, they have surely stood the test of hellfire where the sparks of philosophical thoughts, after hitting each other head-on, condensed into a fatal weapon, glowing at sunrise and blazing chilly light at sunset—his pride and joy. I definitely believe he will carry on with it in the future.

Furthermore, the synesthesia in traditional aesthetics of poetry and display art as well as painstaking phrasing keep flashing up throughout this collection, which is a perfect illustration of his masterly application of his techniques, all of which, if applied properly (neither overdone nor vulgarized), will undoubtedly build up his poetic expressiveness and spice in his works, without which dullness must be an inevitability. It can be seen that sometimes techniques and approaches not only belong to the sphere of form, but also have a positive effect on the content of poetry.

Last but not least, concerning what I have read about Zhiliang's views on poetry and relevant critiques, I have got a well-defined impression that his poetic creation has purposefully mirrored his explicit views on poetry. In other words, his creation is undertaken under theoretical guidance, which I think is more valuable. We can arguably claim that poets and writers of his kind, well-established both in practice and theory with justifiably constant pursuit of a harmonious blending of them, is not a common phenomenon. Therefore, it is quite understandable that despite some occasional shifts in his long-term practical creation, the essence of his thoughts has always been consistent and true to his heart. For some time, some people have blatantly asserted that poets need not have any sense of social responsibility, and real poetry is all about pure personalization. However, Zhiliang has adhered to the integrity of poetry with his own poetry experience: An individual poet can neither disconnect himself from society nor completely disregard human justice and social progress; the so-called Pure Personalization cannot stand up to scrutiny after being seriously considered.

It has been nearly 50 years since his first poem came out, but his enthusiasm for poetry is still undiminished. Since he regards poetry as one of the most dynamic factors in his life, he has been keen on originality and has maintained an intense pursuit of exploration in writing. His perseverance in poetic and literary composition in his daily life undoubtedly derives from his hard work and time-prizing mindset, which is both a general rule and a prominent feature.

I wish greater progress to Zhiliang's poetry writing!

### About the translator:

LU Feng, pen name: Farmer; Gender: Male; Date of birth: 24<sup>th</sup>, January, 1966; Title: Senior lecturer; Affiliation: Haining College, Zhejiang Open University; Research interests: Chinese-English translation.

为了推动世界各国诗人之间的相互了解和交流,促进诗歌的翻译与研究,弘扬伟大的诗歌艺术,国际诗歌翻译研究中心、环球文化出版社和混语版《世界诗人》季刊编辑部,决定联合编辑出版一套《世界诗人书库》(双语对照),计划在十年时间内(2010-2020),编辑出版各国重要诗人的个人诗集500-1000部。为了确保《世界诗人书库》的整体艺术质量,现面向世界各国诗人公开征稿。具体事宜如下:

一、举凡各国有影响、有成就、有实力的诗人,不论国籍、语种、民族、宗教信仰、性别、年龄,均可来稿。

二、《世界诗人书库》以自费公助形式出版,诗集的印刷费和邮寄费由作者自行承担,翻译费由国际诗歌翻译研究中心提供全额资助。

三、《世界诗人书库》统一设计、统一制作、统一定价、统一出版,大16K(窄长型,265x170mm),每部诗集为10个印张(160页),长诗、组诗、短诗均可,总行数请控制在1600-1700行之间,封面为300g铜版卡彩印,环衬为250g白卡,内页为80g轻型纸印刷,诗集前后勒口置有作者简介(双语对照)和彩色近照一帧。每部诗集印数为1000册,每册定价人民币60元,美金25元,欧元25元。诗集出版后,将向作者免费提供样书100册,其余诗集将随混语版《世界诗人》杂志,寄赠联合国图书馆、联合国教科文组织、世界重要国家国会图书馆、世界重要文学报刊、世界著名大学图书馆、世界知名文学研究专家、诺贝尔文学奖评审委员会等。

四、在诗集出版的同时,《世界诗人》季刊(混语版),将以双语对照形式,推出诗人的代表性诗作3-5首,作者简介和彩色照片,向各国读者隆重推荐。

五、作者来稿时,请自行编定其诗集的作者生平与艺术简历、诗集的目录和正文,另外,请提供诗人精美的彩色照片二帧。

六、每部诗集的作者,需自行承担出版其个人诗集所需的印刷费和邮寄费人民币16900元(国外美金2900元或2800欧元),每增加一个印张(16页),将加收印刷、邮寄费人民币1600元(国外400美元或400欧元)。为了减少往返时间,加快出版速度,诗人在赐寄诗稿的同时,请将所需费用汇至:中国重庆市江北区观音桥邮局031信箱 张智(博士),邮政编码:400020,支票抬头请写:张智。开户行:中国银行重庆江北支行,户名:张智,账号:113001777301,银行SWIFT代码: BKCHCNBJ59A。如有不明之处请来函垂询。电子邮箱: iptrc@126.com。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心  
环球文化出版社  
混语版《世界诗人》杂志社

Warmly welcome poetic works from all over the world!

With the view of enhancing the communication of poets throughout the world as well as the development of poetry translation and research, the Editorial Department of *the World Poets Quarterly*, together with International Poetry Translation and Research Centre, the Earth Culture Press, decide to publish a series of personal collection of poems entitled *The Book Series of World Poets* (Bilingual). The publication (2010-2020) is planned to consist of 500-1000 volumes.

Detailed information is as follows:

1. Poets with influence, achievement and capability in poetic creation, in any country, any language, any nation, any religion and age, are warmly welcome to send your works to us.

2. Fees for the printing and the postage of *The Book Series of World Poets* are paid by the authors themselves. Translation of the poetic works is sponsored by International Poetry Translation and Research Centre.

3. *The Book Series of World Poets* are published in the same style of 16k (265x170mm) and priced according to the same criterion. Each volume, 160 pages with 1600-1700 lines, can be composed of any type of poems like long poems, short poems and serial poems. Front cover is colorfully printed with copper plate paper (300g) and inside page is printed with light offset paper (80g). On inside front cover fold is the brief introduction of the author (bilingual) and a colored picture of the author. Each volume is printed in 1000 copies. Price of each copy is: CNY60,

US\$ 25 or EUR 25. After the publication of his collection of poems, the author will get 100 copies of sample books free of charge. Part of these copies, with *the World Poets Quarterly*, will be presented to the UN Library, UNESCO, Nobel Prize Committee, the libraries of famous universities and literary research institutes, etc.

4. Three to five poems from an author's collection of poems are meanwhile represented in *the World Poets Quarterly*, with his/her brief introduction and colored picture.

5. Besides the collection of poems with his / her self-introduction about poetic experience, the table of contents and his / her colored pictures, an author is supposed to send by e-mail: iptrc@126.com.

6. Fees paid by the author add up to CNY 16900 (US \$2900 or EUR 2800), every increase a printed sheet (16 pages), want the increase printing and mailing costs CNY 1600 (US \$400 or EUR 400). Remit money and post contribution to: Dr. Zhang Zhi, P. O. Box 031, Guanyinqiao, Jiangbei District, Chongqing City, 400020, P. R. China. If pay by Bank, our bank account is: 113001777301. Bank Name: BANK OF CHINA CHONG QING JIANG BEI SUB-BRANCH, account: Zhang Zhi, SWIFT CODE: BKCHCNBJ59A.

The International Poetry Translation and Research Centre  
The Earth Culture Press  
The Journal of *the World Poets Quarterly*

## 《世界诗人书库》(双语对照)

### 征稿启事

## Notice to Contributors

of *The Book Series of the World Poets* (Bilingual)

## 特别消息 SPECIAL NEWS

本刊四川讯 四川知名诗人笑程先生执行主编的《零度》诗刊2019年第一期(总第31期),已于2019年1月在成都出版。主要栏目有:零度亮度、零度视度、零度思度、零度跨度等。16K,128页,印制精美、大气,内容前卫、丰富,值得品读和珍藏。该刊2011年7月创刊于四川成都,系中国大陆近年崛起的诗刊之一。

本刊北京讯 天津著名诗人罗广才先生总编的《天津诗人》季刊2019年春之卷(总第33期),已于2018年12月由团结出版社出版、发行。主要栏目有:开卷、开卷评论、双子星、诗经、倾城、京津冀诗歌、锋刃、诗网、精粹、独奏、诗评媒等。16K异型,234页,每册定价:人民币30元,印制精美、大气,值得一读。该刊系中国大陆近年崛起的优秀民办诗刊之一。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心(IPTRC)

## “国际诗人档案中心”征集资料启事

《世界诗人》(混语版)自1995年5月8日创刊以来,十分注重诗歌资料建设,在诗界众多朋友的鼎力支持下,建立了“国际诗人档案中心”,收集和珍藏了世界各国诗人、诗歌评论家、诗歌翻译家、汉学家的签名著作数万册,规模初具,成为研究和译介世界诗歌的重要基地。为了进一步完善“国际诗人档案中心”建设,现决定昼夜向全世界征集诗歌资料:

A、凡诗集、诗论集、诗选、译诗集、诗歌辞典、诗歌资料集、诗歌报刊等与诗歌有关的各种资料,不论语种,均为征集对象,赐寄资料的同时,请提供个人生平和艺术简历一份,签名黑白或彩色照片二帧,以便《世界诗人》择优刊布;

B、竭诚欢迎各国诗界朋友提供资料、信息,共襄盛举,对于孤本或珍贵资料,复制之后定于奉还;

C、凡为“国际诗人档案中心”提供有价值的资料者,均由《世界诗人》编辑部寄发收藏卡或寄赠最新出版的《世界诗人》杂志一册,以资纪念;

D、资料请寄:中国重庆市江北区观音桥邮局031信箱 《世界诗人》编辑部,邮政编码:400020。

## Notice Inviting “The Archive Centre for International Poets”

“THE WORLD POETS” (multilingual) has been paying much attention to the collection of materials of poetry since its foundation on May 8,1995. Under the help of International Poetry, having collected ten thousands of signed works of poets, poem critics, poem translators and sinologists of different countries and having developed into a small scale for research and introduction. In order to expand our work ,we decide to solicit materials of poetry from all countries 24 hours a day:

A. Any collections of poems, collections of poem commentaries, selections of poems, dictionaries of poetry, collections of materials of poetry, newspapers and magazines of poetry and any information of poetry in any languages will be solicited. Please send one copy of your life story and vitae, two signed black-and-white or colored photos who you send us the relevant materials so that this journal can choose the best for publication.

B. Poet-friends are warmly welcome to join us in providing information and materials. For unique editions or rare materials, we shall return after having them xeroxed.

C. Those who have provided us with valuable materials will be given the collection cards or the latest issue of our journal by the Editorial Department for commemoration.

D. Address: The Editorial Department of *The World Poets Quarterly*

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