

POETRY HALL

Chinese and English Bilingual Journal

Debut Issue

September 1, 2018



新秀名家诗人云集，优秀高端诗作荟萃

A poetry hall of promising and famous poets

A journal of well-written and excellent poems

PH

詩物



青山落寞待回春，一水東流曳冷痕。

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(于靜畫、于嵐詩)



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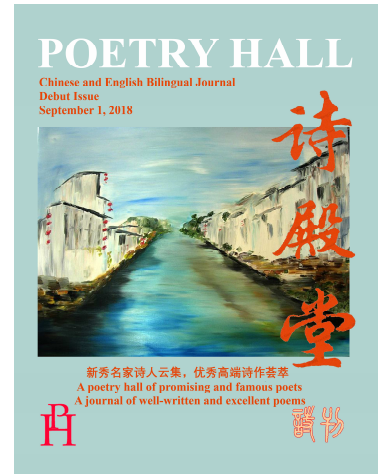
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创刊词

网络的出现，便利了文字在虚拟世界的即时发表；文字得以在虚拟世界即时发表，又催生了诗文词赋的蓬勃复兴；诗文词赋的蓬勃复兴，又反过来触发了大量纸质诗刊的诞生。但是，与此形成鲜明对比的是，海外华人世界的诗人虽然不乏其人，而纸质诗刊却难以寻觅。值此，有一个自己的诗作发表平台，是海外华人时不可待、迫在眉睫的事。为此，我们创立了这份诗刊。

《诗殿堂》，是一份非营利性诗刊，她旨在为全球华人，尤其是海外华人提供一个发表优秀高端诗作的平台；《诗殿堂》，是一份汉诗英译的汉英双语杂志，她旨在用汉英双语向全球华语世界以及西语世界推介优秀高端的华语诗作。《诗殿堂》的选稿原则是，择优录用；《诗殿堂》的办刊特色是，汉诗英译、汉英双语同步登载。《诗殿堂》的理念是：诗为心声。我们推崇发自肺腑，言之有物，形象生动，意境深远的诗文。

中国诗史源远流长，自首部诗书《诗经》面世以来，已有两千五百年左右的历史。这期间，星移斗转，诗的形式发生了诸多变化，主要有自由随性的古体诗，格律严谨的近体诗，以及由现代汉语触发的现代诗。为多面呈现中国的诗文化，本刊以新创作的现代诗为主，新创作的古体诗和近体诗为辅，接受任何形式、任何流派的语言清新、内容积极的优秀、高端作品。

梅香浸苦寒，
锋利出磨砺。

笔落惊风雨，
诗成泣鬼神。

让我们牢记这些古训，共同努力，办出一份名副其实的好诗刊。

《诗殿堂》2018年9月1日

Preface to the Debut Issue

The invention of the internet has facilitated instant online posting. This has catalyzed the revival of poetry writing, which has furthermore revitalized the rapid emergence of poetry magazines. As a contrast, however, overseas Chinese overall are still dormant to this new burgeoning, although there is no lack of poets among them. Therefore, it's a demand of time for them to set up a platform of their own to publish their poems. Hence this poetry journal.

Poetry Hall is a none-profitable journal that aims at providing a platform for all Chinese, especially for all overseas Chinese, to publish their well or excellently written poems; *Poetry Hall* is a Chinese and English bilingual journal that aims at introducing well or excellently written Chinese poetry, in both Chinese and English, to the Chinese language world and to the English language world. Our criterion for selecting contribution is quality; our specialty is bilingual, using both Chinese and English to publish poems. Our philosophy is: Poetry is the voice from the heart. Therefore, we advocate poetry that comes from the bottom of poets' hearts, that is rich in substance, and that conjures up vivid images and suggests cherished artistic conception.

China has a long history of poetry writing. It has been about two thousand five hundred years since its first poetry book *The Book of Songs* came out. During this period, just like stars never stay still, the Chinese poetic forms have undergone some changes, from the free tonal-patterned classical poetry, to the strictly tonal-patterned classical poetry, and finally to the modern-Chinese-language-engendered modern poetry. To present multifaceted perspectives of Chinese poetic culture, *Poetry Hall* accepts the contribution of all well and excellently written poems that are fresh in language and active in content, regardless of their forms and genres, with the focus on newly written modern or contemporary Chinese poems, along with newly created free tonal-patterned and strictly tonal-patterned classical poems.

Plum blossoms emit scent in cold weather;
A sword sharpened through repeated stoning.

A good wording conjures up wind and rain,
A great poem moves gods and immortals.

Let's translate into practice these ancient Chinese poetic maxims and strive together, to make the journal worthy its name.

Poetry Hall, September 1, 2018

非马 (诗六首)

1. 电视

一个手指头
轻轻一按能关掉的
世界

却关不掉

逐渐暗淡的荧光幕上
一粒仇恨的火种
骤然引发
熊熊的战火
燃过中东
燃过越南
燃过每一张
焦灼的脸

2. 生与死之歌

—给濒死的索马利亚小孩

在断气之前
他只希望
能最后一次
吹胀
垂在他母亲胸前
那两个干瘪的
气球
让它们飞上
五彩缤纷的天空

庆祝他的生日
庆祝他的死日

3. 醉汉

把短短的直巷
走成一条
曲折
回荡的
万里愁肠

左一脚
十年
右一脚

William Marr (Six poems)

1. Television

The world
is easily
switched off

yet not quite

A spark of hatred
from the dimming screen
suddenly bursts into flames
soon spreading
over Vietnam
over the Middle East
over every feverish face

2. Song of Birth and Death
— for a starving Somali child

he wants to blow up with his last breath
the collapsing balloons
that hang listlessly
from his mother's chest
and watch them soar
high into the sky

on this birthday of his
on this death day of his

3. The Homesick Drunk

A short alley
has become a tortuous
writhing intestine
of ten thousand miles

One step left
ten years
one step right

ten years

十年
母亲啊
我正努力
向您
走
来

OH Mother
I am struggling
toward
you

4. 黄河

溯
挟泥沙而来的
滚滚浊流
你会找到
地理书上说
青海巴颜喀喇山

但根据历史书上
血迹斑斑的记载
这千年难得一清的河
其实源自
亿万个
苦难泛滥
人类深沉的
眼穴

4. Yellow River

If you trace up the turbid current, you will find
as any geography book can tell you
the Kunlun Mountains in Qinghai

Yet according to history's bloody accounts
this river
which turns clear at most
once in a thousand years
has its origin in millions of eye sockets
of suffering human beings

5. 桥

隔著岸
紧密相握

我们根本不知道
也不在乎
是谁
先伸出了
手

5. Bridge

Clasped together
intimate and tight

We really don't know
nor care
who was the first
to extend
a hand

6. 窗

再大的窗
也容纳不下
这五光十色的
大千世界

聪明的人类
干脆把风景压缩
成为幻影

从此大街小巷海边山巅旷野上
只剩下了一道活风景——
或站或走或坐或蹲或躺的人类

6. Windows

no window is big enough
to hold the panoramic views
of the world

so smart human beings
convert all sceneries
into virtual images

on the streets
at the beaches
on the mountains

眼睛直直瞪着
他们手上的一方
小窗

in the wilderness
the only scenery that remains –
people standing
walking
sitting
squatting
reclining
all stare at the tiny windows
in their hands

(Translated by William Marr / 非马译)

非马

原名马为义，英文名 William Marr，旅美华裔诗人，共出版了 23 本中英文诗集，7 本译诗集及 3 本散文集。另外他还编选了几本中国大陆及台湾现代诗选。他的诗被译成十多种语言，并被收入一百多种选集，包括台湾、大陆、英国及德国等地的教科书。曾任伊利诺州诗人协会会长。现居芝加哥。

William Marr

William Marr has published 23 collections of poetry (two in English and the rest in his native Chinese language), 3 books of essays, and several books of translations. He has also selected and edited several poetry anthologies of Taiwan and mainland, China. His poetry has been translated into more than ten languages. Some of his poems are used in high school and college textbooks in Taiwan and mainland, China, England, and Germany. A former president of the Illinois State Poetry Society, he now lives in Chicago.

刘成渝 (诗五首)

1. 我喜欢的河流

我喜欢的河流，她最好没有
名字。河里的水不要过深
游动的鱼、摇动的水草
最好都明明白白。我喜欢她
在山涧行走，在村前环绕
把村东桃花的信息带到
村西的码头，把村北的小调
带到村南正在梳妆的窗口，把灯盏摇曳的夜晚
带入温馨浪漫的软语。我喜欢她
一路歌唱，歌唱枯萎的小草
一只寻找米饭的蚂蚁，以及正在恋爱的
昆虫。我喜欢她义无反顾
一直朝最低处走去，能够在最低时
把歌声唱得最响。

2. 隐入菊

隐入菊，像白云隐入山林
音乐隐入琴弦。隐入菊
悄悄地，在一个下午
朝一枚，等你的菊，隐去
像一束光隐入黑暗。

隐入菊，像草木隐入大地

Liu Chengyu (Five poems)

1. The River I Love

The river I love should have no
name. The water shouldn't be too deep
The swimming fish and the swaying weeds
should all be clearly seen. It delights me to see her
walking in the dale, winding in front of the village
bringing the peach-blossom tidings from the east of the village
to the pier at west, bringing the ditty from the north of the village
to the boudoir window in the south, bringing the candle-flame-swaying
night
into bedroom murmurs. What fascinates me is
she sings all along, singing about withered grass
a rice-hunting ant, and an insect
in love. I love her persistency in
heading to the lowest, while still
singing merrily

2. The Hermit Chrysanthemum

Like a white cloud hermitized into mountain woods
music into sound-box, the Hermit Mum
quietly, in an afternoon
toward another mum waiting for it, hermitizes
like a light beam hermitized into the darkness

Like flora hermitized into the great earth

翅膀隐入天空，像一滴水
 隐入大海。隐入菊
 把喧嚣交给尘烟，车马交给
 历史，把以后的岁月交给清风
 交给明月，交给一幅
 墨迹未干的画，一首
 秋丛绕舍的诗。

隐入菊，像一滴透明的露
 隐入，正午的阳光。

3. 爱上一株菊，并不容易

爱上一株菊，就得爱上整个秋天
 像秋一样，放弃春，放弃夏，放弃所有的负重
 在赶往秋天的路上，你就会看到
 一株菊与你迎面而来。

爱上一株菊，并不容易。你得爱上
 低矮的篱笆，篱笆上爬动的寂和风扇动的
 翅膀。你得尽快扎根泥土，跟菊长得
 一模一样。

爱上一株菊，就得和菊一道
 从那些绿中，选出最柔和的光，编出
 温暖的花朵，在萧瑟中
 照亮自己。

4. 水袖

自从那条柔媚的河，搭在你的手上
 你就是水，你就是袖了。你着青衣，走碎步
 烟一样，绕着你的王。

江山与你无关，你用袖中的水
 滋养山河。王，那个你深爱的男人，总能在
 绝处，遇你逢生。你不能以袖为剑
 水一样忍着，让急流在深处静走
 你用柔，用媚
 养活自己。

你不言语，把自己握在手上，抖，掷
 抛，叠，然后用尺子，量出你最长的愁
 最深的痛，作为你的袖子
 舞向高台，换取掌声。

5. 在苍茫人世弹一曲高山流水

wings into the sky, a drop of water
 into the sea, the Hermit Mum
 hands clamor to the dust and smoke, carriages to
 the history, future to breeze
 to the bright moon, to a piece of
 painting still wet from colors. It is
 a poem about autumn flora clusters around a house

The Hermit Mum, like a drop of transparent dew
 hermitizes into the sunshine at noon

3. To Love a Mum is not That Easy

To love a mum, you have to love the entire autumn
 and like autumn, you have to give up spring, give up summer, and give up
 all other burdens
 Thus, on the road to autumn, you will see
 a mum coming up to you

To love a mum is not that easy. You have to love
 its low fence, its solitude creeping on the fence, and the wind-driven
 wings. And you have to quickly root in the earth, to grow
 into a mum too

To love a mum, you have to, together with the mum
 from among the greens, pick the softest light, to weave
 into warm flowers, and in the desolation
 shine yourself bright

4. Water Sleeves

Since you held that meek and graceful river in your hand
 you are the water, you are the sleeves. Dressed in green costume, you
 mince
 like smoke, around your king.

The territory is none of your concern, but you use the water in the sleeves
 to nurture the mountains and rivers. King, your deeply loved man, always
 survives
 a desperate situation to be with you again. As you cannot use your sleeves
 as swords
 like water, you use your endurance and let torrent run quietly in deep
 water
 You on your meek nature and graceful affection survive

You never talk, but hold yourself in your own hands, flutter, fling
 flap, flip, and then use a measuring tape to measure your longest sorrow
 and your deepest pain. With your sleeves
 you dance onto the high stage, for the clap of hands

5. Let Mutable Life Play the Music of High Mountains and Flowing Water

落日如巢，水鸟鸣叫的翅膀渐次而入
黄昏降临，大地苍茫
每一块石头，都装有一条自己的河流

拣石头的人，三三两两
寻寻觅觅，在霞光铺就的琴弦上
弹奏着高山，流水。我不知道
是谁用带香的墨，把我画在河滩上
沿河行走。沧桑已随水远去
爬上岸的石头，圆润，通透
人拣着石头，石头拣着人
落霞里，他们互相拽着对方。时而
仰天大笑，时而泪流满面
苍穹之下，河水无边地流。

Toward the nest-like setting sun, water birds wing one by one
At the fallen dusk, the great earth appears boundless
Every stone here carries a river of its own

Beachcombers, in small knots
explore here and there, plucking at the rosy-ray music strings
the song of high mountains and flowing water. I wonder
who with fragrant ink has painted me onto the beach
sauntering along the river. Vicissitudes are far gone with the water
The stones washed ashore are smoothly round and exquisitely transparent
Beachcombers are searching for stones and vice versa
In the rosy clouds, they tug at each other. Sometimes
bust out laughing and sometimes burst into tears
Under the firmament, the brimless water flow

(Translated by Xu Yingcai / 徐英才译)

刘成渝

男，四川仪陇人，现居四川攀枝花。创作涉及小说、诗歌、散文、报告文学、剧本等题材。作品散见《诗刊》、《解放军文艺》、《星星》、《诗歌月刊》、《绿风》、《诗林》、《诗潮》、《青年作家》等国内外刊物。有诗作收录《21世纪中国诗歌第二卷》（美国出版：英汉双语）、《北京诗人---我最喜欢的诗歌》、《新世纪诗选》、《中国当代汉诗年鉴2012年》、《2015年新诗经100首》、《中国优秀诗歌2016年》、《2017年度作品散文诗》等选本。

Liu Chengyu

Liu Chengyu, Male, born in Sichuan Yilong, now lives in Sichuan Pengzhuhua. His creative writings diversify in fiction, poetry, prose, reportage, drama, etc. and are seen both at home and abroad in *Poetry, The Literature and Art of People's Liberation Army, Stars, Poetry Monthly, Green Wind, Poetry Forest, Poetry Tide, Young Writers* etc. Some of his poems are collected and included in *21st Century Chinese Poetry* (Volume II published in U.S.A. Chinese and English bilingual edition), *Beijing Poets – My favorite poems, Selection of New Century Poems, Contemporary Chinese Poetry Yearbook 2012, Book of 100 New Poems 2015, Excellent Chinese Poetry 2016, Prose Poems 2017*, etc.

曾蒙 (诗三首)

1. 你走了

没有看你说话，
你的疲倦我也没有看见。
办公室外，葱茏的树丫被绿色笼罩，
一年四季没有变化，
倒是树后面的山时隐时现，
藏着一些超自然的能量。
你坐在左边，谈着一米之外的事情：
生活与负债，爱情与家庭，
还有协议，一些你省略的焦虑。

窗外连苍蝇都带着人性化的飞痕，
然后在安静中享受早餐。
从你的头，往外，我注意到
鸟儿在树枝上跳跃，蝴蝶带着花粉
在树叶上飞起，又停下。
清晨的阳光照射出，撒下不少阴影。
阴影下，你的轮廓突出，脸没有表情，

Zeng Meng (Three poems)

1. You Hit the Road

I didn't catch you saying anything
Neither did I notice your exhaustion
The office is overshadowed by lush green twigs
And lush and green they remain throughout the seasons
Only the distant hills flick through
Lurking within them is some supernatural energy
You sat on the left, talking of the things at your arm's length
Life and debt, family and affection
And the agreements, insinuating worries

Outside the window, even flies flew as humans would
Before enjoying their breakfast in peace
My eyes roamed over your head, out of the window,
And fell upon the birds hopping, the butterflies with pollen
Winging off, and dipping again on the leaves
The morning sun's casting generous shades
On your profile, your protruding features, without expression

你坐在窗边，紫色的窗帘反射着光，
像花园里细细密密的露珠。

房间外，门被风轻轻吹开，
秋天的凉意顿时弥漫在整个房间。
从你握住门把手那一刻开始，
你开始新的生活。门被你关上。你走了。

2. 苍老

想起自己的一生，已经老了。
没有回城的班车，也没有雾，
山下，是山楂树的爱情。
我在爱中神游，
而故国已近黄昏。

像一个垂危的长者，
在屋内收集着过错，以及字上的伤疤。
坐在轮椅上，
推走我的是苍老中的病痛，
我的女人，在门外看着夕阳。

风一如既往地翻墙而入。
一株害羞的冬青树看着，
我的青春吹皱一池的荷花。
每天下午，一些老者在桥上瞌睡，
他们的面目一如侠士，在民间流传。

没有血管中的内伤。
金沙江畔，落花流水汇集能量，
我的整个生活黯淡无光。
睡着了，如睡眠般平静，
在梦中我一边纠正错字，一边擦着眼睛。

3. 情歌

我不会住进你的骨髓。
哪怕所有的房子都倒塌，
所有的江河都遭殃。
我依然不会，不会白白去爱，
那些游来游去，游手好闲的
云朵。哪怕所有蓝天都照进你的
骨头，你拥有的芳香是稀有的金属。

我也不会去钢铁里倾听。
哪怕父亲只剩下一口烂锅，
女儿没有文具盒。
我会端来黑色的琴凳，
在那架生锈的钢琴旁，
听你色斑苍苍的双手弹奏，
那首一百年前老掉牙的情歌。

You sat by the window, the purplish curtain diffusing the light
Like a garden sprayed with morning dews

From outside, a breeze timidly pushed the door ajar
The autumn chill at once filled up the room
The moment you grabbed the door knob
You started anew, you shut the door, you hit the road

2. Savaged by Time

As I think about life, I've already been savaged by time
No more bus back to town, no fog around
At the foot of the hills, hawthorns are in love
While my soul is strolling in their midst
My home country is sneaking to dusk

Like any aged one barely breathing
I'm gathering the blunders, and verbal scars
As I sit in a wheelchair at home
Being wheeled away by my senile suffering
My woman is outside, eyes fixed on the sunset's glow

The wind is crawling over the wall as usual
A shy holly brush is watching
My youth being rumpled like the pond's lotus-petals
Every afternoon, some seniors lean on the bridge and doze off
Their features like those of the legendary justice-doers, widely retold

My blood vessels remain as intact
As the Jinsha River, current drifting flowers and mustering
power
My whole life is lusterless and dim
I'm asleep, as peaceful as I'm deeply so
And correcting typos and dabbing eyes in a dream

3. A Lover's Song

I'd never squeeze into your bones for shelter
Even if all the houses had crumbled
And all the rivers had been ruined, in a disaster
I'd still refuse to waste my affection
For those clouds loitering or hanging idle
Even if your bones are soaked with the tint of the sky
What you possess is the scent of a rare metal

I wouldn't put my ears to iron and steel
Though all father has is a wok broken
And daughter doesn't have a pencil box
I would fetch a black music stool
And sit by that rusty piano
Listening to your tainted hands play
That century-old ballad of passion

Even that would not stir up my love

即使那样的声音我依然不爱。
我嫌弃屋前的江山，也嫌弃门后的河水。
在一块老得起青苔的瓦片上，
写下我的爱，画一幅会说话的青铜器。
我希望你能看尽人世间百态，
那些会说话的骨头，生锈的绿铜，
会记下我的脚步，我的遗嘱。

我希望你不要去摆弄桌上的烟斗，
书籍，键盘，那是我通向死亡的入口。

曾蒙

曾蒙，四川达县渡市人，原名冉超，现供职于四川攀枝花市中心医院，毕业于西南大学。16岁开始发表大量作品，并被收入多种选本，为七零后代表诗人之一。前期创办中国艺术批评网，后创办中国南方艺术网。出版诗集《故国》《世界突然安静》等。

施玮 (诗三首)

1. 观看

我在宇宙的内核中观看
我在鳗鱼的腹中观看
我在一根线条的尾部观看
我乘着飞翔的种子观看

视线脱离眼睛
以叛离的姿态观看
思考脱离知识
以恋爱的形式观看

而我，主动地被离弃
以局外人的冷静观看
观看人与人之间的彼此观看
观看植物与植物之间
的心有灵犀。一只狗
走过我的生命……在雪原上
留下一枚枚吻痕

2. 静物

一盆静物在我的桌上
书桌却仿佛是一片遥远的海
一盆不肯安静的植物
肥美的叶子，总是在等待风

I hate the landscape in front of the house, and the river behind it
Only on a moss-shrouded tile
Would I spell LOVE, and sketch a talking bronze craft
I hope you won't lose sight of any worldly dramas
Nor of blabbering skeletons or green-cruled copper
I hope you'll place my foot-prints, and my will, in record

I hope you'll not fumble that pipe on the table
Or books, or the keyboard, out of which my life is to tumble

(Translated by Wang Dajian / 王大建译)

Zeng Meng

Zeng Meng was born in Sichuan, China. He published his first poems at 16. He is the founder of China Artistic Critique and Arts of Southern China (two websites). His publications include *Home Country and The World Suddenly Quiets Down*.

Shi Wei (Three poems)

1. To Watch

I watch from inside the core of the universe
I watch from inside the belly of an eel
I watch from on the tail of a line
I watch from on a flying seed

Some detach sight from the eye
To watch as a rebel
Some detach thinking from knowledge
To watch as a lover

But I voluntarily choose to be rejected
To watch through the sober eye of an outsider
To watch the watching between us humans
To watch the collaboration
Among plants. A dog
Has walked across my life...and left on the snow land
Its kissing marks one by one

2. Still Life

Still lives in a basin on my desk
And my desk looks like a sea in the distance
A noisy plant in a pot
With plump leaves, is always waiting for wind

在另一个时空，我们曾经相遇
你们是群美丽透明的翅膀
我只是一朵花，怀着生命的种子
却迈不动脚步，无奈又悲哀

时空交错，你们被栽在盆中
根须疯狂地纠结在暗处
而我正在天上地下……游荡
隔着宽阔的水面与你们偶尔互望

3. 我的太阳

各人仰望各人的太阳
自己的太阳别人看不见
用仰望，把自己和人群分开
用仰望，让雾霾
回落尘埃

我的太阳盛开还是谢落
都与他人无关
我孕育了它，也被它孕育
以它为食
也被它……吞噬……

我的太阳
是天外抛来的绣球
在嫁与不嫁的挣扎中
我已盘根错节

我的太阳
一颗划过唇边的流星
寂寞的唇，只能放回书架上

施玮

诗人、作家、画家。曾在鲁迅文学院、复旦大学学习，在美国获博士学位。八十年代末开始发表作品，近五百万字刊发于海内外，获世界华文著述奖小说第一名等各种文学奖。出版《叛教者》《世家美眷》《歌中雅歌》《灵》等十六部作品。主编《灵性文学丛书》等书籍报刊。在中美举办多次个人诗画展。与音乐家合作大型交响诗、组歌、歌剧等。

张玉红诗 (诗四首)

In a different time and space, we once met
You were a horde of beautiful transparent wings
I was only a flower, a seed of life
That could hardly move its legs, but cry

Now in this time and space, you are planted in the pot
Roots frenziedly tangled in the dark
While I tour...up in the sky and down on the earth
We only occasionally watch each other from on the opposite bank

3. My Sun

Each looks up to his or her own sun
And his or her sun is not discernible to others
Your pose of up-looking separates you from others
Your pose of up-looking lets the smog
Fall back on the earth

Whether my sun blossoms or withers
Has nothing to do with others
I've conceived it, during which it has done me too
I eat it as food
Through which, it swallows me too

My sun
Is a token ball of marriage from heaven
In choosing between marrying or not
My twisted roots are firmly tangled

My sun
A meteor that shoots past my lips
Lonely lips, that can only be placed back on the shelf

(Translated by Xu Yingcai / 徐英才译)

Shi Wei

Shi Wei, a poet, writer, painter, she once studied in the Lu Xun Liberal Art College, Fudan University and obtained her PHD in the United States. She began to publish her works toward the end of the eighties and has so far published nearly five million worth of words both at home and abroad. She has received the first-place award of World Chinese Narration and other awards and published sixteen books tht includes *Apostate*, *Reputation of a Noble Family*, *The Song of Highbrow Songs*, *Soul*, etc. She is the Chief Editor of *Literary Series of Lingxing* and other magazines and newspapers. She has given quite a number of personal poetry and painting exhibitions both in China and the United States of America, has collaborated with musicians on grand symphonic poetry, suite of songs, drama, etc.

Zhang Yuhong (Four poems)

1. 读你入夜

贫穷的人买不起光阴
只能和黑夜瓜分昂贵的月亮
月光真好打开你层层纱衣
我一坐就到了古稀
跟月老一样 呆呆地读你

我的呼声吹开了你的心灵
来不及说出的感动 被泪水偷走
那样平静的流水仿佛在丫语
在这星星洒满的静夜
爱情就在风中长大
歌声就潜伏在草尖上
唱遍了整个维也纳教堂
念你一生的名字

一本书读掉了多少根黑发
一首诗想出了几许缕缕银丝
像追赶海潮一样 总也赶不上
总也读不懂
其实 你不纯洁 也不诡异
合起来只是一张干净纸
书中的黑与白 是我命定的终点
这太阳和月亮 谁大谁小
这夜会比梦更遥远吗

2. 祭母

洁白的云栖息下来
蛰伏在松针尖上呓语
山从来不语 任凭雨唠叨
只有好事的风 掀开油菜花的纱巾
金黄色的朵儿睁开了眼睛

我躬着背喘着气 来到妈妈家门
先把心吐出来 点燃瘦身香烛
奉上撕开的土钱
把全身的重量摔倒在地
然后 掏出思念的信
让行行激战的文字烧烤着天空
火光中妈妈没变 闪闪呼我乳名
只是太朦胧 难了心愿

我不肯与狠心人对话
只求索取承诺
那时 你说要拖家养口的
何又不食人间烟火
那时 你从不气短
一个肚里能装男人的女人
而今却被一杯黄土击沉

1. Read You as Dusk Falls

The poor can't afford to buy daylight
But split the dear moon with night
The moon gleams over your unfolding gauzy tiers
I sit stiff like a go-between
Having mulled over you for about sixty years

My exclamations puff your heart open
My emotions slip into tears before uttered
As if a brook mumbling in a dream
In the middle of such placid starry night
Love is swelling in the breeze
Songs are diffused among the tips of weeds
Resonant throughout the St. Stephen's Cathedral
To honor the title of your life

Decoding a book costs me a few dark hairs
Whereas musing on a poem awards me wisps of silver
Just like no one's ever caught the tide in sea fare
I've never fully appreciated your flavor
You are neither innocent nor weird
But all in all a clean sheet of paper
Whose dark prints are of my destination
Which is bigger, the sun or the moon
Is my dream farther, or the night out there

2. Mourning of Mother

A pristine cloud perches on the pine-needles
Mesmerized in its own murmurs
The hills lounge in silence, so the rain alone prattles
Only the breeze's busy unveiling the rape plants
Awaking their yellow blossoms from a trance

Panting and shoulders hunched
I arrived at Mom's doorway
Having gushed about my heart's ache
While a stick of incense's burning
I laid the paper-money onto the ground
Where I simultaneously threw my weight
Reading aloud to dear Mom
A letter composed in sky-scorching flames
In their midst stands her figure
Lively as ever as she calls my pet name
Though too fuzzy and blurry to soothe my heart's ache

I would not relent to your hard-heartedness
I am asking you to redeem your promise
You've vowed to keep the family together
How come you've tossed behind the worldly matters
You never cringed when facing hardships and toil
A woman like you is a harbor for a man
Yet you've fallen under the impact of a scoop of loess

只剩一颗种在地里的太阳

妈妈 别在任性了 勇敢走出来吧
妈妈 别在捉迷藏了 枯枝亮新芽了
妈妈 别在冬眠了 春天来了
一缕青烟围绕我而去
搀扶起我缺钙的骨头
我如一个无病呻吟的泼妇
再一次伏地抽搐

Like a miniature sun planted in the soil
Mom, stop being willful but come out brave
Mom, stop hiding, see the sprouts out of the dry twigs
Mom, wake up from your winter slumber to this spring day
A wisp of bluish smoke swirls around, and then away
I lifted my rickety spinal
Moaned and twitched like a shrew
And again fell prostrate

3. 异乡的夜

上帝一闭眼
我的旧伤开始发芽
沉静的心 炮声隆隆
我学不会缴械
唯有感谢折磨我的人

坐在这失色世界里
那盏孤灯 打开苦恼人的笑容
怀里的吉它 不说人话
她用思春的声音代替翅膀
扎堆在我眸子里
挑衅起一场失控的雨
为我洗一次脸 净一次身

墙角 那株憨憨的麦子
蹲成了何年何月
草帽上长满夜的苍茫
成熟得低下头
正用所有的时间等待镰刀的光芒

请你你小小的手 掐断她的呻吟吧
请你你炽热的吻 衔住她叛逃的灵魂吧
然后 喊醒老天 带她回家

3. The Night Away from Home

As soon as God closes his eyes
My old wounds would open
Cannons rumble in my heart's stillness
Having never learned to lay down my weapon
I give my torturer many thanks

Crouching in this colorless realm
That solitary lamp casts smiles onto the vexed faces
The guitar in my arms can't talk like humans
She lets her pubescent tune fly without wings
Pelting my retinas with her notes
As if invoking an uncontrollable rainstorm
To wash my face and body clean

Out of that corner protrudes a rustic wheat stalk
Since when has it been there by the walls
With a straw hat braided with night's gloom
Its solid head is droopy and weighty
Waiting for the flash of the sickle blade

"Please use your tender fingers to snap her moan,
and use your yearning lips
to tweeze her fleeing soul.
Then, wake up the sky, and take her home!"

4. 那枚红痣

人世间 那么多美丽的瞬间被我一一丢弃
当你一晃而过时 我的日子被你翻开了新的一页
尽管你行走 在人海中变换着姿势
也改变不了红梅开在雪枝头的英姿
我叫多少声才了却心愿 叫多少遍才让你回眸一笑
许多年来 我在凝视你眉间那枚成熟的樱桃
是天空星星闪烁的童话 还是黑夜里发出的信号
灯
也不知何时才能到达我梦想的处女地
尝一尝和你亲密接触的热烈
用你的圆点充盈我缺失的空间

4. A Cherry Mole

I had brushed aside many alluring moments
But you flicked another on as you flitted by
Though you altered your gait through the crowds
Your stance remained, like a red plum-blossom on a snowy twig
How many times had I mumbled your name to crunch my yearn
Or to catch you smiling as your head turned
For years I had admired that red cherry between your browses
Was it a sparkling fairy tale, or a night's signal
I had no clue of when to reach my dreamed virgin soil
So to taste with you a passionate touch of intimacy
And to let your cherry fill up my petty void

那时 我是守望者 你是挂在塬上青杏
幸福地出彩又出色 怎叫我袖手旁观
遇见你注定我此生不得安宁
那是你不知晓的夜晚 我的坐标发生了改变
常蹲在路口 研究你最美的 最亮的那枚红痣
等待着为你戴上装有我体温的红宝石戒指
可是 敏感而游离的时间给了我一个没有背影的
梦
只有风来过 它唱着幽微的歌 把草叶上熟睡的
露珠一扫而光
又是谁 把这寂寞的秋夜加上一层暗伤

我想 你当然在远方 或许正和他人发生热度
小情调的风起起落落告诫我——卸下全部的愤
懣
做一块经年不化的寒冰 栖息在神秘之中让沸腾
不露声色
有什么比祝福更高贵的呢 这样衔着你
的暗香静静离去
直到长满青苔的全身上开出你那枚红痣来
这样多好——同呼吸共命运
这样多好——长在我身上的——红痣

Then I was just an on-looker whereas you, a green apricot
Outshining the landscape and catching all the eyes
How could I be pleased just to stand by
I knew my life wouldn't be in peace thereafter
My route diverted its axis that night you didn't know
I had sat by the alley studying your beautiful scarlet dot
Waiting to put on your finger a ruby ring with my body warmth
Yet time was evasive and subtle, casting a dream I can't follow
Only the breeze hummed a faint tune
Puffing the sleeping dew off the grassy leaves
But who was it there and then
That cloaked the lonesome fall night with sorrow

I bet you're miles away cuddling with affectionately yours
The sentimental breeze hints me to let go of my indignation
And transform into an ever frozen plank of ice
So to submerge into simmers of oblivion
What could be worthier than such a wish
So I'll tiptoe away with your aroma that lingers
Till green mosses shroud my limbs and torso
Where a scarlet cherry like yours will grow
So much the better--our breaths will be synchronic
So much the better--I will have my own cherry mole

(Translated by Wang Dajian /王大建译)

张玉红

男，汉族，笔名云海苍茫。1966 年最后一天生长于四川荣经，祖籍山西忻州，军人世家。曾服兵役并赴老山对越防御作战。作战期间荣立三等战功二次，团连嘉奖各一次。出版有军旅长篇小说《刁兵张晓峰》、个人诗集《四十三岁我》；作品散见《新大陆》、《侨报》、《山东文学》、《星星》等报刊杂志，以及多人合集《八面诗风》。并在本县征集县歌活动中，以歌词《守候你千年》获胜，并谱曲传唱；诗歌多次获奖项。四川省作协会员。

和慧平（组诗三首）

诗酒高原

1. 我的滇西我的村庄

这些年，我无数次趟过月光的河流
像一个被流放的国王
在自己的领地上为一棵小草折射不到自己的光
辉而哭泣
步履维艰 鞋子被月光打湿
两只鞋子在苍白的月色里说着想家的话
可是我不能停下

Zhang Yuhong

Zhang Yuhong was born in Sichuan, China. He fought as a soldier in China's border war against Vietnam and received several badges of honor. He is now a member of The Association of Writers of Sichuan. His publications include *Xiaofeng Zhang-the Wily Solder*, a novel, and *Forty-Three-Year-old Me*, a poetry collection.

He Huiping (A group of three poems)

The Plateau of Poetry and Wine

1. My West Yunnan, My Village

These years, I've frequently waded across the river of moonlight
like an exiled king in his own land
weeping over a puny weed not reflecting his glory
I trudge along, shoes splashed by the wet light of moon
The shoes murmuring under the pale moon about missing home
But I cannot stop here
My bag holds the seasons, rain and crops wanted by my subjects
The familiar yearn for rain on their bronzy faces

我的行囊里装着我的臣民需要的节气、雨水和庄稼
那些古铜色脸庞上似曾相似的祈雨表情
成为我最大的心病

我也曾抱住一块石头取暖
而月光越来越冷
那夜疲惫不堪的我终于睡着了
梦见抱着的石头开了花
我回到村庄了 村庄里雨水充沛 牛羊的乳房被奶水涨满
我看见自己的背影在秋风里日渐消瘦
我佝偻着腰在我的滇西群山里渐行渐远

2. 诗酒高原

白日放歌须纵酒。在这南高原
杯空时才发觉，众山纷纷向我
俯首称臣
浩浩大江喧哗着
涌入我焦渴的血管

青春作伴。谁能用河流
载来鸟语和花香
初忆还乡时。满堆的梦幻
仿佛受伤的果子透着悲凄的香
躺在风暴之下，你甜蜜的胸脯之上——

刀锋上的恋人
水中的歌与火焰
蟋蟀的泪水里流着爱
一只青蛙的黎明
期待着我朝霞的火烘暖

我要走进蓝色的火焰
在刀刃上腾跃高歌
我要以悲伤的风
触摸甚而憔悴你玉兰的乳房
以及莲花般羞涩开放的足痕

南高原。我在苍白的头颅中煮血
然后在收割之后抚摸着如镰的残月
无声抽泣。南高原
我歌月徘徊我舞影零乱
而每一片叶子轮回着不老的容颜

3. 阳光下的风

今生注定无力抵达一个虚构的词
就像炎炎夏日无力抵达
一场虚构的雪。阳光下

weighs heavily on my heart like an uncured ache

I once held a rock in my arms to warm me up
Yet the moonlight was getting colder
I was so exhausted and finally fell asleep that night
and saw in a dream the rock burst into a flower
that I was back in the village, where rain is plenty
that the breasts of cows and sheep swollen with milk
that my own silhouette getting thinner in the autumn wind
hunchbacked, walking farther into distance
amid the mountains of Western Yunnan

2. The Plateau of Poetry and Wine

One can't sing without drinking. On this south plateau
only when the glass is emptied do I find
the mountains bowing to me like my subjects
The swelling roaring river
surges into my thirsty blood vessels

Youth is my pal. Who can bring by way of the river
birds' twitters and flowers' scents?
I recall the first home return, when piles of dreams
like wounded fruits soaked in sad balm
lay under the storm, on your sweet bosom---

Lovers on knife blades
Songs and flames in the water
Love seeps in the tears of crickets
The dawn of a frog
expects to be warmed up by my morn glow

I want to go into the blue flame
dance and sing on the blades
I want to use the forlorn wind to
touch and shrivel your breasts of magnolia
as well as the foot prints like lotus' shy bloom

South plateau. I boil blood in my pale skull
Then, after the harvest, I caress the waned sickle of moon
And weep in silence. South Plateau
I sing to the wandering moon, I dance to dispersing shadows
And every leaf is reincarnating its forever youthful face

3. Wind under the Sun

This life is not destined to reach a fictitious word
just like the sizzling summer is unable to reach
a fictitious snowfall. Under the sun
wind chants the sutra on the grassland

风在草原上诵经
众草低眉
牛羊俯首

一条河从命定的掌纹里流过
上游莺飞草长，柳绿花红
中游一唱三叹，千回百转
下游寻寻觅觅，了无因果
今生从哪里终止
后世又将从哪里结束

阳光下，风继续吹
阳光下的风
继续在草甸上诵经
鹰隼不飞，乌鸦不鸣
一篇经书无声翻过
蝴蝶尖叫着
用透明的翅膀
托举起晚秋的天空

和慧平

男，1976年2月出生在中国云南大理。著有诗集《另一种声音》《幸福是水做的》。有作品发表于《诗选刊》《星星诗刊》、美国《新大陆诗刊》、新加坡《新华文学》等，曾获“美丽中国·2013汉语诗歌盛典：2013最受读者喜欢的优秀诗人奖”等奖项。

梦娜（抒情诗四首）

1. 万物之母——太阳

爬过多少山脊
才有
这一世的相遇
你托春天
捎来温暖的呼吸
你我
在时间的激流里
注定是
岁月的史诗

你转向一个角落
才可以有三生的积蓄
我穿过黑暗
才能缝制一件嫁衣
鼓手们在狂欢
宇宙在飞
一个时代的羽翼

where grasses stoop
cattle and sheep lower their heads

A river flows as destined through the lines in the palm
Upstream, birds flying, grasses growing, willows green, flowers red
Midstream, meandering like a tune of sentimental beats
Downstream, finding no causality
Where does this life end?
Where will terminate the next one?

Under the sun, wind continues to blow
The wind under the sun
keeps on chanting the sutra on the meadow
Eagles would not fly, crows would not cry
A page of the sutra is soundlessly turned
Butterflies are shrilling
straining their translucent wings
to hold up the late fall sky

(Translated by Yu Lan / 于岚译)

He Huiping

He Huiping was born in Dali, Yunnan, China, in February 1976. His publications include poem collections *Another Voice and Happiness Made of Water*. His poems have appeared in *Shi Xuan Kan, Xing Xing Shi Kan, The New World Poetry, Singapore Chinese Literature*, etc. He has won Beautiful China 2013 Chinese Poetry Gala and the 2013 Poet of Readers' Choice Award."

Meng Na (Four lyric poems)

1. Mother of All – the Sun

Over countless mountains we've climbed
before
meeting in this life
You've entrusted Spring
to bring your warm breaths
You and I
in the rapids of time
are destined to be
an epic of the ages

You have to turn to a corner
to gather savings from the past through future
I have to traverse darkness
to sew a wedding dress for the bride
Drummers are roistering
The universe's flying
the feather wings on an epoch of time

我本不只为遮风挡雨
你也本不只为怜香惜玉
只因前世的巷口
你我交换了钥匙
说好开门一刻
心贴近彼此

哪怕后院的苍老
无法用青春来梳理
你说
开一扇窗
一个灿烂的金球
将冉冉升起
那时
很多月夜
幸福下不了定义

一场雪
爱情无边无际
好比一道光
在深渊里沦陷自己
于是
荒野屹立
丛茂的青草
含露哭泣
这时
你已经住进我心里

I don't merely intend to block wind and rain
neither do you, to cherish my delicate charms
all because of the ports of our previous existences
to which you and I exchanged the keys
and agreed that no sooner would the door open
than our hearts should embrace

Even if the backyard's old age
can't be combed with young life
you say
Open a window
A dazzling ball of gold
Will steadily rise
By then
for many moonlit nights
the definition of happiness may not apply

Snow's falling
Love's boundless
like a beam of light
having itself sunk into the abyss
So
wilderness stands upright
and luxuriant green grasses
weeping in dews
At this moment
In my heart you've resided

2. 暴风雨

黑，不一定是夜
正如光，不一定都发亮
黑压抑，一阵击鼓的敲窗香尘
染惹春天的狂怒
狂怒，竖起万重烟水
天风摇曳啊，无据

仅仅只是一场阴暗之战啊
路边的大树，据说是二战胜利后种下的
沧桑一生，洗白所有的记忆
横向作古
作古，承受如此惊悚的劫数
今夜夜深时，皓月会不会再光顾

有谁在乎此时，玉宇无尘啊
街道、村落、屋顶，我的书房.....
多想与那狂放的游吟诗人
携书剑攀谈片刻，对酒当歌
抑或 仅仅彼此凝视
如闪电，短暂的、尖利的相聚
啊，闪电，多么美妙的昙花
美到极致。我看到一根根傲骨

2. Rainstorm

Darkness, may not mean night
Just as, light may fail to shine
The dark's pressing, drum-beat's raising windows' dust
thus splashing Spring' wrath
Wrath, erects sheer misty water-jets in thousands
The high wind is tossing and sweeping, traceless

Merely the overcast's tussling with the sky blue
That big tree by the road, was planted after WWII' triumph
Its memories, of all ups and downs, have been washed white
Lying lifeless
lifeless, it is subject to such appalling atrocities
Will the moon drop in again as tonight ticks away

Who'd care, at the moment, if the universe is dustless
streets, villages, roofs, my study...
How I crave for chatting with that frolic minstrel
over scrolls and swords, crooning while drinking
or, just gazing eye to eye
transient as lightening, piercing into one another
Ah, lightning, a fascinating flash of Queen of the night
Unutterably beautiful, like imperious bones

悬在半空，悲壮到极致
 这连天连地的银色火焰啊
 穿刺未知空间里的盟约
 幻化无数维度降临人间，来去匆匆.....

Dangling in the air, extremely heart-rending and courageous
 Ah, these silverfish blazes straddling earth and heaven
 are lancing through the pacts in the unknown void
 changing into crisscrosses of the world, hurriedly back and forth

3. 画

一些不安的花瓣
 躺在在阳光下撑起的油纸伞上
 诉说它崇高的孤独
 这样一幅写意
 在异乡的蓝眼睛里
 无疑是一种凋零 或 漂泊

Some uneasy petals
 are lying on an open sun-lit oil-paper parasol
 telling about their lofty solitude
 This brush-rendered painting
 in the outlandish blue eyes
 expresses an undoubted theme of withering or drifting

世间有太多的漂泊
 故国、异国、故乡、他乡
 飘渺的孤鸿
 尽有恨，常有情，总有悲伤
 若衣衫单薄，捡一片叶
 抵御寒凉

The world has seen too much drifting
 homeland, foreign land, hometown, foreign town
 A lonesome wild goose in the twilight
 may be full of hatred, often with love, but never without sorrow.
 If the clothing is flimsy, it picks up a leaf
 for blocking the cold

我以为 把注定的离别
 已完好的收藏
 如同我收藏一封
 久违的情书
 一次迟到的邂逅
 只当它是如荷的芬芳

I thought I had already preserved
 the destined departure
 the way I would save
 a love letter that had been long overdue
 or an unexpected but late encounter
 like the fragrance of a lotus flower

这一幅，只画一笔
 游子远去的背影
 在千年被镂空的季节里
 悄然涤荡脚下的尘土
 释放切换的阳光，涂抹异乡的馥香
 熏染我 从不出卖的画廊

This piece's sketched, in a single stroke
 the silhouette of one trudging off into the distance
 in the season of the millennia chiseled hollow
 kicking off the dust in oblivion
 releasing the sunlight at varied angles, daubing exotic scents
 that permeate my gallery, where nothing is for sale

当然，小心描绘你湿润的片状
 点点滴滴，零落在我的笔端
 还要保存你年少轻狂里所有的荒唐
 允许我润笔你曾经痴心的爱情
 以及失散的火焰
 让生命 再次燃烧在画板上

Certainly, I'll carefully dab your moist lids and lashes
 Pigments would ooze like dews out of my brush
 Your untamed absurdity of youth will still be preserved
 Allow me to dabble in your short possession by love
 and its incineration afterwards
 So life will be aflame again on the sketch board

对，多情的构思
 热情的尺度，才能为你
 丈量沧桑
 孤独的夜晚
 有一轮明月
 为坚定的灵魂照亮
 倘若你能永生
 经得起风雨
 我希望 你只是
 横窗的一枝梅

Yes, only affectionate composition
 and degree of zest
 may measure up your vicissitudes
 That's a lonesome night
 and a bright full moon
 is lighting up for the persevering soul
 Should you transcend life
 and withstand wind- and rain-storms
 I should wish to see you
 as a twig of plum blossoms crossing the window

以另一种风骨
在寒冬里静静怒放

唉，去吧，飞吧
在我未知的某个远方
有你久违的等待
而我，也会等你来世的轮回
等你再把日子
涂成金黄、金黄.....

4. 叶

你是我的精灵
在我开窗的一刻
与我挥别而去
寻找 永远找不到的归属

无非 你厌倦了摇曳
像我一样，厌倦了异乡的云雾
无非 你不再
为一棵树，在月色里漂白孤独
不再
点燃云的烟斗，熏染小草的愁苦

去了，你的吟唱
你的绿 你的 不舍的
回望
沉入烟波里吧
缘分，化作一朵白云
随聚随散

这世上本没永恒
你也不必在乎
遥遥无期的相聚
偶尔 眉目传情
为我起舞
装点你离去的脚步

许我掀开黎明吧
为你囚下几缕霞光
锁定在，只属于你的
自由的峡谷
即便你变成尘埃
变成深渊
变成.....我无法预知的未来

你还是 我窗前的风景
心中的怀想
哪怕你，漂泊在更远处

that of an entirely different character
blooming with vigor in this silent winter

Alas, go, fly
somewhere unknown to me in the distance
exists what you have waited for but long overdue
As for me, I will wait till your next life
when you'll again
paint the days as yellowish as gold...

4. Leaf

You were my elf
The moment I opened the window pane
you waved me goodbye and left
to find, but never will, your destined home

You were just tired of swaying
like me, tired of foreign clouds and mists
You'd just no longer
for a tree, blanch your solitude in moonlight
no longer
light the clouds' pipe, or spray weeds' sorrow

Gone, is your crooning
your green, your constant
glances back
Submerge in the billowing haze
Fate, will fade into one of white clouds
who gather no sooner than scatter

There is no eternity in this world
Neither should you be serious
about a reunion goodness knows when
Roll me your eyes with affection
or treat me to a dance
so your departing steps look elegant

Let me undrape the dawn
and trap a few threads of sunlight
so to lock them up, in your private
gorge of freedom
Even if you'd turn into dust
or into an abyss
or into a future I can't foretell

You will remain, my window scene
heart's dearness
even when you, drift farther into distance

(Translated by Magicicada / 周期蝉译)

梦娜

本名李民鸣，旅荷华人。1990 年开始发表作品。

诗歌散见『海外诗库』、『海外优秀诗人作品集锦』、《中国诗歌年编》、《21 世纪世界华人诗歌精选》、《当代华语诗歌选辑》、《2013 北都笔会：海内外汉诗专号》等，并被收入多种合集。《N 次方》获 2012 年“蔡丽双杯赤子情”全球新诗大奖赛三等奖。另有格律诗词收入《汉唐三海情》风雅汉唐诗词集，浙江古籍出版社出版。

Meng Na

Her name is Li Minming, a Chinese writer living in Netherland. She started publishing her work in 1990.

Her poems were published in *Collections of Overseas Poems, Poem Collections of the Outstanding Overseas Poets, Annuals of Chinese Poems, Selected Poems of Global Chinese Poets in 21 Century, Selected Chinese Modern Poems, Northern Writing Congress: Special Issue of Global Chinese Poems in 2013*, etc. Her poems were also included in many collections. *Equation of Nth Order* was awarded the third-place prize in “CaiLishuang Patriotism” Global Modern Poems Contest in 2012. In addition, her metrical poems were included in *Han Tang Three Seas Elegant Han Tang Poems*, published by Zhejiang Ancient Books.

顾月华 (组诗九首)

带血的桂冠

1.

深沈
如海底的漩涡
炽热
如火山下的岩浆
一旦诉诸人间
便成死灰

2.

星星发着抖
闪动着
快乐的泪珠
月亮沈想着
孤独地
静卧在太空
地球嘲笑它们的苍白
忘了这是它自己的
影子
反光
和相似的面容

3.

到十万八万里外的异邦
失落一颗寂寞的心
恰如一切星星
坠落凡尘
都化作雪山上的陨石
那哄人的阳光
永不会融化
另一面的残雪

Gu Yuehua (A group of nine poems)

The Crown of Blood

1.

Deep
As a submarine vortex
Hot
as burning volcano lava
Once appeals to the world
It dies

2.

Stars tremble
flash
With happy tears
The moon contemplates
Lonely
Reposing in space
The earth laughs at their paleness
Forgetting that they are its own
Shadows
Reflections
And similar faces

3.

One hundred thousand miles to a foreign land
A lonely heart is lost
Like all stars
That drop to the terrestrial world
And turn into meteorites on snow-capped mountains
The deceptive sunshine
Never thaws
The snow on the other side

4.

七个音符
组成天使的语言
三个天色
替世界披上彩衣
二十六个字母
人类不再隔膜
拨一串阿拉伯数字
直达心灵中梦的故乡

5.

萤火虫吮吸草上的露水
化作通身的光芒
我在地狱中打滚
用血泪沾上的瓦砾
谁把它看成钻石

6.

日
加上月
才形成我的胆

7.

披荆斩棘
我走出一条路
你拾起我脚边的落叶
为我编一顶带血的桂冠

8.

我只要你的光
遥远地照着我
如太阳的最后一束光
使月亮脱离混沌的黑暗

9.

太阳从海面上掠过
有谁知道
大海用她全部深情
接受太阳散落的温暖

4.

The seven music notes
Form the angels' language
The three primary colors
Coat the world in a riot of tints
The twenty-six letters
Bridge the human gaps
When dial a bunch of Arabic numbers
It directly reaches the dreamland

5.

Fireflies drink dews from the grass
And the dews then light up all over their bodies
I wallow in hell
On blood stained tile debris
Who see them as diamonds

6.

Only the sun
Plus the moon
Can form my courage

7.

Out of brambles and thistles
I've trodden a road
Along which, you've collected the leaves
And weave them into a crown of blood for myself

8.

I only want your light
To shine upon me from afar
Like the last ray from the sun
To brighten the moon out of the dark mess

9.

The sun sweeps over the sea
Do you know
The sea, with all her feelings
Absorbs the warmth the sun has spread on her

(Translated by Gu Yuehua / 顾月华译)

顾月华

Gu Yuehua

上海戏剧学院舞台美术系学士、纽约华文女作

Gu Yuehua Bachelor from the Stage Art Department of Shanghai Theater

家协会会长,主要作品:散文集《半张信笺》《走出前世》。传记文学《上戏情缘》。作品入选多部文学丛书,主要文集如《采玉华章》《芳草萋萋》《世界美如斯》《双城记》《食缘》《花旗梦》《纽约客闲话》《纽约风情》等,文章入选主要报刊如:人民日报海外版、世界日报、文综杂志、花城、黄河文学、美文等。现任纽约侨报专栏作者。

其诗歌、散文、小说多次荣获国际国内大奖。

Academy and Chairperson of the New York Chinese Women Writers Association, Gu Yuehua has miscellaneous literary publications. Her major works include prose collections *Half a Sheet of Letterhead* and *Out of the Previous Life* and Biographical literature *The Love Story at Shanghai Theatre Academy*. Many of her works are chosen to be included in literary series. Her most important literary collections are *Exquisite Writings*, *Lush Tender Grass*, *The World Is So Beautiful*, *Story of Two Cities*, *Bound through Food Tasting*, *American Dream*, *Chitchat about New Yorkers*, *Customs and Habits of New York*, etc. In addition, she has writings published in many major newspapers such as *People's Daily Overseas Edition*, *World Journal*, *Literary Digest*, *City of Guangzhou*, *Yellow River Literature*, *Beautiful Writings*, etc. She is now a columnist for *New York Overseas Chinese News*. She has won many international and domestic awards for the poetry, prose, and fiction she has written.

冰花 (诗四首)

1. 一个女孩

一个女孩
用玫瑰编织着花环

你如一米阳光
沐吻了这花环
你又离开了
留下了如梦如幻

一个女孩
为一米阳光
拒绝了彩虹的斑斓

一个女孩
想无奈
爱无言
为再见一米阳光
再一次跪在佛前

又开始编织花环

2. 双面扇

一面是春 一面是秋
你是那春 我是那秋

春与秋
一纸之隔
天涯之遥

春与秋
常有相同的温度
却永远不属于
相同的季节

Rose Lu (Four poems)

1. This Girl

This girl
weaves a garland with roses

You, like fleeting sunlight
bathe it with a shower of kisses
and then move away
leaving it a dream and illusions

This girl
in courting the fleeting sunlight
turns away from the splendor of rainbows

This girl
longing unfulfilled
love unexpressed
to see the sunlight again
resumes her kneel before the Buddha

And her garland weaving

2. A Hand Fan

One side is spring, the other autumn
you are the spring, I the autumn

The spring and the autumn
on opposite sides of a paper
between the corners of the world

Spring and autumn
with temperatures alike
yet never belong
to the same season

3. 不是轻浮不是漂

河水溢出堤岸
柳枝摇点水面
不是轻浮 不是漂

海水拥抱沙滩
浪花抚摸石礁
不是轻浮 不是漂

4. 小巷

五月或许六月
细雨柔风
吹进沉睡的小巷
梦一样的神话写满一墙

一位女子 倚窗
沐浴了午后的阳光
一双明眸在巷的另一头
七月般滚烫

五月或许六月
望到十月或许十一月的远方
小巷的墙上
多了一段美丽的诗行

冰花

冰花，ROSE Lu, 现居美国马里兰州。其诗歌独特的风格被称为“冰花体”，多次在世界性诗歌比赛中获金奖。她著有诗集《这就是爱》(THIS IS LOVE)、《溪水边的玫瑰》(ROSES BY THE STREAM)等，被誉为“情诗皇后”、“诗坛玫瑰”，并接受过央视专访。

施雨 (抒情诗两首)

赛里木湖

一、赛里木湖

不知道自己是否踩在梦境边缘
不知道毡房、炊烟、奶茶和绵羊
是否走出了油画
不知道牧歌响自哪个山谷
不知道花海里留下的隐秘脚印
是否告诉你，我曾经来过

3. It's Neither Frivolous nor Drifty

Water in the river swells over its banks
Willow twigs brush the water
This is neither frivolous nor drifty

Water in the ocean embraces the beaches
Waves caress the reefs
This is neither frivolous nor drifty

4. Alley

May or June
Fine drizzle and soft breeze
come into the slumbering alley
Dreamland-like stories are written all over the wall

A lady emerges at the window
to bathe herself in the afternoon sunrays
A pair of eyes appear at the end of the alley
bright and ardent as July

Gazing from May or June
to the distant October or November
on that wall in that small alley
is written another beautiful story

(2, 3 translated by William Marr / 非马译)
(1, 4 translated by Xu Yingcai / 徐英才译)

Rose Lu

Rose Lu is now living in Maryland, U.S.A. Her unique poems have earned her the epithet of "Bing Hua Style," and she has won quite a number of international poetry rewards. Her poetry collections include *This Is Love*, *Roses by the Stream*, etc. and is thus regarded as "The Queen of Love Poems," "The Rose of Poetry," etc. She was once interviewed by China Central Television.

Shi Yu (Two lyric poems)

Sayram Lake

One. Sayram Lake

Not sure if I'm treading on the brim of a dream
Not sure if yurts, cooking-smoke, milk tea, and sheep
Have sprung to life from paintings
Not sure in which valley a shepherd is singing
Not sure if my footprints drowned amidst flowers
Have alerted you that I've once been in here

也不知
预言中的真爱是否降临

哈萨克的男女故事
正以太阳的脚步
穿过赤裸山脊下丰腴的草场
所有人都醉了
醉倒在天鹅眷恋的赛里木湖畔
这个世界需要吻
就在今夜

北方草原的上空
气息像一首情歌
今夜，花草起伏千里
全人类的情感都涌向我
大西洋最后一滴眼泪
停靠在唇边
那片湛蓝的湖
就当作是爱情海了
直到现在我才看出来
单纯、率真、轻信
这些令人不安的品质
都说有
想必我是真有的

努力寻找属于我们的韵律
越走越深，一个吻
就吞下整个夜晚的宁静
花朵瞬间盛开
瞳孔里春色不尽
契丹与斯得克在远古吟唱
穿越时空
哀伤和幸福都有了归宿

当一匹枣红色白蹄骏马渐渐远去
当天鹅飞过湖面
又划出一道洁白的弧线
比雪山更高的雄鹰羽翼之下
我是该独唱
豪饮
还是坐禅？

二、胡杨

西风如刀，雕刻你
孤独中的张扬
雕出倔强生命的姿势
你便成了传说中的那条汉子
所有的沧桑和秘密
你留一半，给对面的我
喀什噶尔的胡杨

一种力量，一种神秘

Neither do I feel sure

The prophesized love would come true

The stories of Kazakh men and women
Are strolling at the pace of the sun
Across the lush pasture under the bare mountain ridges
All folks are lying drunk
On the shore of Sayram Lake, the swans' haven
This world is enticed to kissing
Just tonight

Over the northern prairie
A song of love is in the breathing
Tonight, blossoming grassland is rolling its waves
So are the converging passions of the human race
The Last Tear of the Atlantic
Is what poises at my lips
That sprawling azure of the lake
Or the sea of love, so to say
I've never perceived it until now
That such agitating qualities--
Purity, Honesty, and Credulousness
As everyone talks about
Are what I have in me truly

Hence I seek for our rhythm and rhyme in common
And go deeper, and kiss you dearly
So to swallow the whole night's silence
The flowers bloom in a twinkle
With hues of spring pelting my pupils
Khitan and Stocko are crooning in the distance
Gapped by the epochs
Their grief and joy finally feel at home

As a maroon stallion's trotting off on white hooves
As a swan's sweeping across the lake smooth
Leaving a white curving gleam
As an eagle's hovering over the snow-capped peaks
Should I be singing solo
Or drinking to my fill
Or quietly emulating them all in my soul

Two. Populus Euphratica

The west wind wields its blade, carving you—
A vivacious poser in solitude
Into an incarnation of living perseverance
So you've become that tough guy in legend
Knowing all secrets and metamorphoses on Earth
You've waved half of those for me to preserve
Kashgar's Populus Euphratica

An impacting force, an evasive mystery

在阿克苏河西岸高河漫滩地上蔓延
 思绪纷乱，山影错落
 你那样弯曲盘旋，我却站得笔直
 还没来得及细想
 应该把你放在心中哪个地方
 我已决意随你在大漠流浪三千年
 古城、驼队，和血红的酒
 哪怕在轮回中失散
 或许应该换一种方式
 与你相遇
 选择在爱情容易停留和生长的那些世纪
 我们在彼此的风景里
 活一千年不死
 死一千年不倒
 倒一千年不朽

有人去做牡丹
 我则做胡杨
 无非富贵荣华
 无非春去秋来
 我是灭不绝的部落
 独守寂寞和清贫
 老去之后
 在瓦砾和发白的牛骨之上
 我还能挺立在天地间
 让你辨认
 还能等到一声惊叹
 一阵镁光，路过的你
 和你注视的目光

You spread over Aksu's bed and the leveling western shore
 Dispersed as your mood is, against the hilly maze
 You warp and swirl, whereas I stand erect and straight
 Not yet to think it out
 Where in my heart should you be placed
 I will drift with you in the desert for three millennia
 Through the ancient cities, camel teams, scarlet wine ...
 Despite of our possible drift apart in crossing the eras
 Or we could in some way
 Encounter in different time and space
 Say where love sustains to grow mature
 So in each other's view we will stay---
 Alive for a thousand-year before we're dead
 Dead for another thousand before we've fallen
 Fallen for still another before we'll decay

Some want to transmute into peony
 But I would be a plant of Populus Euphratica
 So what if some get rich and famous
 So what if spring and fall flip their turns
 My tribe is here to transcend life and death
 And sustain solitude and meagerness
 As I am fading with centuries
 On the whitish oxen bones
 and debris
 I would still be erect between
 earth and heaven
 For fans like you to recognize
 With an exclamation
 And magnesium flashes,
 as you pass by
 Your eyes are riveted on
 me in admiration

胡杨 (施雨供图)
 Populus Euphratica
 (Pic Provided by Shi Yu)



编者注：

赛里木湖 (Sayram Lake)：位于中国新疆省境内，是海拔最高、面积最大的高山湖泊，又是大西洋暖湿气流最后眷顾的地方，因此有“大西洋最后一滴眼泪”的说法。

Editor's Note:

Sayram Lake is located in Xinjiang, China. Of the high-altitude lakes, it is the largest (458 sqkm) and the highest (2,070 m). It is also the farthest point the warm vapor from the Atlantic Ocean can reach, hence nicknamed "the Last Tear of the Atlantic."

(Translated by Wang Dajian / 王大建译)

施雨

美国文心社创办人，现任总社社长，作家、诗人、剧编。

Shi Yu

Shi Yu is Founder and Head of Wenxinshe.org; she is a writer, poet, and playwright.

虔谦 (诗四首)

1. 殷墟里殉葬的奴隶

Qian Qian (Four poems)

1. A Slave Buried under the Ruins of Yin

荒草离离间，阴气弥漫的地底
你弯曲着，活过了三千个朝夕
当层层黄土被扒开
仿佛一株魂魄尚存的枯枝
你二度来到有光的人世

人们谦卑地向你俯首
听着你无声的诉说：
你是谁，叫什么名字，多大年纪
你的生命
怎样被强行停止……

这里曾是水文和森林的王国
我们不认识的许多生灵
在这里流连过，与你为友
上帝导演了两个世界：
三千年前和三千年后

即便如此
从你痛苦开张着的嘴里
我依然听得懂你要说的言语
那是混沌初开时上帝赐给我们的
共同灵犀

从你传神的眼窝里
我赫然瞥见一抹鲜活的光芒——
那是生命穿透时空与生死
越过漫漫维度传递而来的
基因信息

2. 万兰溪崖

万兰溪崖
我的家乡不是你
我的目的地不是你
可你就像黑洞无顶
宿命般将我牢牢吸去
仅在洞口留一缕美丽的光
够我时而陶醉和想入非非……

3. 背着明月趟过三条江河

在思佳路和我之间

Underneath the tufts of weeds, you've lain
In the other-worldly dimension
Like a curling twig, dried but with moisture
And thus survived the three-thousand years
As the last shroud of loess was cleared
You are back to the sunlight

People are humbly bending over you
To listen to your silent tales
Of who and how old you are
How your life was brutally cut
More than three millennia ago

There used to be forests and streams here
A realm of numerous unknown creatures
Who were loitering around, as your friends
God has in fact staged the two worlds
In between is the tumbling of the years

Even if so
From your mouth gaping in agony
I hear a message, muffled but intelligible
By means of the gift God spared us both
As he was mapping out heaven and earth

In your insinuating squint
I've caught a flicker all of a sudden
That's life, traversing time and space
That's a genetic signal from afar
Travelling across the spanning dimensions

2. Valencia

Valencia
You are not my hometown
Nor where I've meant to settle down
As if by fate's ploy
I've been drawn into your dim void
So magnetized that I'm unable to escape
Merely tracing a glimmer through the gape
As if left there to tantalize
My yearn to fantasize ...

3. Bearing the Moonlight and Wading Three Rivers

I stood there, overlooking the tiny town
Flanking its other side was Sijia Road

隔着河一样的小镇
沿街散落着三两温馨小馆
车辆驶过，宛如河上的风帆

思佳路背后
是起伏的褐色山峦
月柔似水，一排苍翠树木
宛如山的忠诚哨岗

我伫望着，记起当年
薄雾如纱漫过河岸
老家那条山脉如凤展翅
目光殷殷向我奔袭……

故乡诗人背着明月，趟过三条江河
吟出三千年绵绵长歌
而我，一步一回望大洋浩渺
只有这般无语，含情脉脉……

To which the main street ran parallel
Linking dotty snug-looking shops
And automobiles drifted along like sailboats

Farther away were rolling hills
Brownish and with moonlight sprinkles
I discerned in their shadows
A rank of trees glistening in emerald
Like guards standing royal

The scene flickered on my memories
Of hometown river shores veiled by mist
And mountains looming in the shape of a phoenix
As if on wings, staring at me with eagerness

Oh, the poets there bearing the moonlight
Crooning a song of three-millennium long
While wading across three rivers
I kept peering into the ocean vast as I stepped away
Feeling awed, speechless, and my heart as tender

4. 活着

在黑夜指点星河
从沙漠中找到蓝花
于飓风的废墟上
重新搭起葡萄架

苦菜籽种下去
竟然长出飘香的绿叶
于是我张开双臂
和天堂分享甘饴

4. Living

I admire the stellar systems at night
Or scan the desert for orchids alight
I clear the ruins of the debris
To reinstall grapevines, as the hurricane dies

And I plant seeds of the bitter thistles
From which sweet greens grow and thrive
So, with both hands, I will
Present such maltose to Paradise

(Translated by Wang Dajian / 王大建译)

虔谦

虔谦，海外知名华文作家。作品发表于海内外报刊并多次获奖。出版小说、散文、诗集。英文作品有短篇小说集《奇遇》(The Wonder of Encounters) 和诗集《天井》(Celestial Well)

Qian Qian

Qian Qian is an accomplished overseas Chinese writer of novels, short stories, essays, and poems. Her works include *The Wonder of Encounters* (a collection of short stories in English translation) and *Celestial Well* (a Chinese-English collection of poems) published in the United States.

达文 (诗四首)

1. 在尘埃的篱笆间

在尘埃的篱笆间
黄昏静静地躺着
漂洗炊烟

Da Wen (Four poems)

1. Between the Worldly Fences

Between the Worldly fences
Silently lies the dusk
That rinses away the cooking smoke

几声归巢的鸟鸣
进入森林的陵墓里
使山变成剪影

月亮
撑起水的殿堂
把泪光晾在天空

与朦胧的河面悄声细语
风
踏着自己鳞光闪闪的影子远去

A few chirps of homing birds
Trail off into the mausoleum of forest
Leaving the hills behind in silhouette

The Moon
Lifts up the palace of the water
To let the tears air in the sky

And to whisper with the hazy river
Breeze
Treading on its own shimmering shadow
disappears in the distance

2. 渡岁

把一月搭在年关上
公路弯成了弓

一腔闷气
于是如喷啸的潮沫漫天扬洒
钟声渐稀

我们默默地驶过山背
风景淹没了往事

2. Honoring the Passing Year

Flinging January onto the tail of the passing year
We curve the road into a bow

So the full resentment
Turns into gushes of liquor splashing in the air
As chimes fade away

We quietly drive over the back of the hills
Letting the past drown in the views

3. 二十年后致海子

你在北方
我在南方
村庄是我们的故乡

麦地滋长你的疼痛
稻田铺展我的寂寞
土壤封盖不住孤独

像低吟的歌
你是风
燃尽了太阳

让泪去伤春
秋比苦海更深
岁月碾碎了心脏

你已经睡了
我每天醒来
睁着你的眼睛

3. To Haizi, Twenty Years Later

You are in the North
I am in the South
The village is our hometown

The wheat fields grow your pain
The paddy fields heap my loneliness
Yet the soil cannot entomb this solitude

Like a crooning song
You are the wind
That burns out the sun

Let tears wash spring
Autumn is deeper than the bitter sea
Passing time crushes heart

You have fallen asleep
While I woke up every day
To open your eyes through mine

4. 纽约诗朗诵

他们用语言啃骨头
另一种骨头

4. Poetry Recitation in New York

They chew the bones with language
A different type of bones

吸引海水 淌出地铁
 缄默如同万本沉甸的书籍
 空气也在熬骨头
 只有脱尽水份的语言沉淀为盐

*“另一种骨头”是诗人严力的名作

To lure the ocean into flowing out of metro
 Silence is like thousands of heavy books
 Air stews bones too
 Only dehydrated language can precipitate as salt

*“A Different Type of Bones” is a representative poem written by Yan Li

(Translated by Zou Chengfu / 邹成博译)

达文

广东台山人。毕业于华南工学院，UCLA。广东“原流”现代诗集团成员。1991年8月长诗“纹路”获得旧金山北美新文艺学会的征文比赛新诗组第二名。现为“新大陆诗刊”编委。作品发表于“原流”，“一行”，“新大陆诗刊”，“作品”，“诗神”，“秋水”，“世界日报”，“国际日报”，“侨报”，并被收入“悠悠秋水——秋水20周年诗选”，“世纪在漂泊——北美华文新诗选”，《百年诗选》，《21世纪世界华人诗歌精选》等多种诗歌选集。创作经历被收进《台港澳暨海外华文新诗大辞典》。出版个人诗集为“气候窗”（1993），“凡风港”（1994），“四方城”（1995——四人合集）。

Da Wen

Da Wen, from Taishan, Guangdong, graduated from the Southern China Technology Institute, UCLA. He is a member of the Guangdong “Original” Modern Poetry Group and now an editor of the Editorial Committee of the New Continent Poetry. In August 1991, his long poem *Texture* won the second place in the New Poetry Group in the contest arranged by the San Francisco North American New Literature Society. His works are published in *Original Stream*, *One Line*, *New Continent Poetry*, *Literary Works*, *Poetry God*, *Autumn Water*, *World Daily*, *International Daily*, and *Overseas Chinese Newspaper*, and are also collected by *The Leisurely Autumn Water - 20th Anniversary Selected Poems of Autumn Water*, *The Century Is Drifting -- the New Poetry Selection in North America*, *One Hundred Years of Poetry*, *The Selected Poems of The Twenty-first Century of the Overseas Chinese*, etc. His writing experience has been accepted as an entry in the *Dictionary of New Chinese Poetry in Hong Kong, Macau, and Overseas Chinese*. His published personal poetry collections include *Climate Window* (1993), *Wind Harbor* (1994), *Quartet City* (1995 —one of the four co-authors).

徐英才 (诗四首)

1. 雪野

空旷的雪野里
 汽车象只甲壳虫在爬行

拥挤的车厢里
 各类为生计忙碌的旅人

有点胸闷
 我握拳
 在雾气蒙蒙的窗上
 按了一只脚形
 透过它
 我看到远处有只狼
 向远方走去

2. 麦地

几束麦秆
 不住晃动
 虽没有昨日的推搡

Xu Yingcai (Four poems)

1. Snow Land

On a boundless snow land
 A long coach crawls along like a beetle

Inside the crowded bus
 All kinds of people on the run for a living

Feeling a little stuffy
 I clench a fist
 And press it on a misty window
 to make a foot-shaped print
 Through which
 I see a wolf in the distance
 Plodding along

2. Wheat Fields

A few stems of wheat
 Keep shaking
 Although no more pushing as usual
 No more massive ripples either

却也没有往日的波澜
只有长长的身影
斜斜地投在
同伴杂乱的断茬上

3. 树墩

腰板
挺直在土外
断面
冲着苍天
岁月折起的皱
抵御着
日暴，风虐，雨鞭
那新抽的嫩枝
翘首望着高飞的鸿雁

4. 生与死

有人说
鹰能预知自己的死期
我说不能
它只是
在无力再次冲入蓝天翱翔时
为不在坑洼的泥地上残喘
才把自己摔入深渊
背负青天——
永生

徐英才

汉英双语翻译家及诗人。有多部译著及专论在国内外发表。诗作散见于报刊杂志。

美英（诗三首）

1. 八月

八月你来
我决定不走
在黄昏雨后
轻风路口
我等待着一句轻柔的问候
门前的树
花已随风飘走
绿意灿灿的枝上
挂满了相思的红豆

What remains is but the stems' long shadows
Slant
Over the stubble
Of their old field-mates

3. A Tree Stump

Your back
Straightens up above the earth
Cross section
Opens to the drooping sky
The time-folded wrinkles
Are the resistance
To the scorching sunlight, lashing wind, whipping rain
That newly sprung-out branch
Gazes up to the sky-high flying swan-geese

4. Life and Death

Some say
An eagle can predict its own death
I say no
It slams itself into a deep pool
Only because
When it fails to soar into the blue sky to hover
It hates to cling to a pathetic life on rugged land
But wishes to lie with its back toward the blue sky----
Forever

(Translated by Xu Yingcai / 徐英才译)

Xu Yingcai

Chinese and English Bilingual translator and poet, who have multiple translation books and writings published. His poems are seen in newspapers and magazines.

Mei Ying (Three poems)

1. August

You come in August
I decide to stay
After the rain at dusk
At the crossroad of breeze
I wait for a gentle greeting
From the tree in front of the door
The flowers are gone with the wind
All over the green branches
Hang the Red Beans of Love

八月你来
不要让我等得太久
天边星月已升
有流星划过北斗
八月里
我等在黄昏的路口
不知是否能再
再一次邂逅

You come in August
Do not let me wait too long
The moon and the stars are up in the sky
With a meteor shooting by the Plough
In August
I wait at the crossroad of dusk
Wondering
If we will encounter again

2. 流浪

心绪迷茫
目光在秋叶中旋转傍徨
诗意不知归处
难续上久置的断章
秋雁未别
是否未寻到心的方向
念去去
谁依窗下
暗自神伤
最怕这弦月初挂的晚上
弯弯的月儿
瘦成了一道离肠
月儿不知心事
遥相望
无言怎话苍凉
人不知何处去
心不知在何方
心也流浪
人也流浪

2. Wandering

Hazy and lost in mind
My eye vision wanders amid the autumn leaves
With sense of poetry heads nowhere
I cannot continue my long-shelved stanza
The wild geese linger
Is it because their hearts are disoriented
Hope gone
Who under the window
Is drowned in sorrow
What I'm most afraid of at this crescent moon night
Is the crescent moon
Pines away into a string of parting misery
Not knowing the weighing on my heart
The moon eyes me from afar
But in muteness, how can you express sadness
I am disoriented
So is my heart
My heart wanders
And so do I

3. 近与远

一纸小令
飘在午夜的天边
天边流云翻滚
如海纳百川
不知为何
云雾总是迷蒙着双眼
一低头却发现
原来你就站在身边
低头很近
我把你的脸看了又看
想抬头牵手
却见你的影
依然映在那个月盘
月旁的云呀
携着小令
在你眼前流转痴缠
你可读懂了我么

3. Near and Far

A sheet of short lyric
Drifts along the midnight skyline
Where the floating clouds roll
Like a hundred rivers running to the sea
I don't know why
Those clouds always squint their eyes
When I lower my head
I immediately see you standing next to me
I lower my head further
To look at your face over and over
Just as I am to lift my head and grab your hand
I see your shadow
Still reflected on the moon
And all the clouds around it, oh
Holding my poem
Lingering around you
Do you understand my poem
Can you tell me

可否告诉我
为何低头很近
抬头很远

Why you are so close when I lower my head
And why so far away when I lift my head

(Translated by Zou Chengbo / 邹成博译)

美英

祖籍山西晋城，居洛杉矶，美国洛杉矶作家协会会员，《洛城诗刊》编委。中學期間開始發表作品。文字散見於國內外各報刊雜誌和文集，嘗試不同文體的寫作。有作品曾被選入第三屆中國詩詞春晚的宣傳推廣輯在全國推廣！

Mei Ying

Mei Ying, a native of Jincheng, Shanxi Province, now lives in Los Angeles. She is a member of the Los Angeles Writers Association and a member of the Editorial Committee of *the Los Angeles Poetry Journal*. She began to publish literary works when she was still in middle school, and her works are seen in newspapers, magazines, and literary collections both at home and abroad, which diversity in the trial of different styles. Her works were selected during the Third Spring Festival Poetry Gala for nation-wide promotion.

许星（诗四首）

1. 在德令哈，倾听石头 与花朵的声音

在德令哈 倾听石头与花朵的声音
与候鸟婉柔的歌喉一样美丽
那些冲动的阳光 长满深秋的戈壁
穿越我身体的每一个部位
让每一根神经都呼吸急促并感动

面对无尽的草原 我再也无法找到
曾经忧伤的黑夜以及有关
这座城市的某些诗句和凄凉 我看见
不幸的苦难 已被昨夜
温暖的晚风悄悄拿走 历史的泪滴
在手中盛开 琴声悠扬
月光很甜蜜 那个孤独的姐姐
正以微醉的舞姿 与黄昏一起歌唱她
终生不朽的生命与爱情
南来北往的人流 把高原晴朗的天空
一点点踩低 踩成幸福的底色
德令哈 只有被青稞酒打湿的翅膀
如风吹杨柳 美丽的格桑花
成为巴音河永开不败的子孙

在德令哈 每一粒尘埃都色彩斑斓
每一棵石子都是微笑的花朵
每一片雨水都生长春天或者秋天
每一条河流都流淌着草原
与一个远方游子最美丽和抒情的诗歌.....

2. 黄昏，一群鸟在鄱阳湖歌唱

躺在五月的芬芳里

Xu Xing (Four poems)

1. In Delingha, I Listen to the Sound of Stones and Flowers

In Delingha, I listen to the sound of stones and flowers
beautiful as the singing of migratory birds
The impetuous sunshine, the Gobi with full-grown autumn
pass through each of my body parts
causing every nerve to quicken its breaths and feel stirred

Facing endless grassland, I can't find again
the once forlorn night and the poems
about this city, its bleakness. I see
last night the misery has
been taken away by the balmy breeze, and history's tears
are blooming in the hand, with strings' melodies
Sweet is the moonlight, and so is the lonely sister
in her tipsy dancing gait, singing with the dusk
about her immortal life and love
People going north and south are treading
the plateau's blue sky bit by bit into the base for painting happiness
Only in Delingha are there wings spilled by Chhaang wine
like willows swaying in the breeze. Beautiful Gaisang flowers
become the never-withering descendants of Bayin River

In Delingha, every particle of dust is colorful
Every pebble is a smiling blossom
Every patch of rain grows autumn or spring
Every river carries in its stream the grassland
and the most beautiful and nostalgic lyric
by someone far away from home...

2. At Dusk, Birds Sing at Poyang Lake

Lying in the fragrance of May
I see a flock of birds on the wavy

我看见 一群鸟儿站在浪花的
枝头 与落日一起舞蹈
和歌唱 它的美丽
打湿了喧嚣的黄昏
打湿了鄱阳湖 被爱情滋润的翅膀

那些干枯和浑浊的心事
都与鄱阳湖无关 生命的水域
天空很绿 阳光的味道很甜很香
橹声摇动的渔歌
网住了生活的色彩和全部
所有的欢笑都兴奋地站在船头或船尾
以莲的姿势 守望并呵护这
满湖花开的日子和岁月的辉煌
鄱阳湖 我无法找到更合适的诗句
来赞美你 我只能凭借
我深深的感动和祝福 与你一道
水草丰茂 一道琴声悠扬

躺在五月的芬芳里
我看见 一群鸟儿站在浪花的
枝头 它妩媚的歌声
与鄱阳湖一起幸福地流淌.....

3. 绵阳夜色

与琴声一起盛开 绵阳
存封了 2200 年的悠悠岁月 被暮色点燃
那些南来北往的人流 云彩一样的头巾
把这颗蜀道明珠打扮得花枝招展

品尝绵阳 我看见玉女的背影依窗而歌
半遮的诱惑清吟一曲花好月圆和越王的悠闲
曾经凄婉动人的故事依旧痛并快乐
沾满灵气的诗歌 总勾起我一方水土的
几多欣喜和感叹 就象盖碗茶泡出的绵州方言
时间越久 味道就越纯正越香甜

面对涨潮的夜晚 我冲动的视线和脚步
常常停泊在开满花香的小巷深处
凭借直白的呼吸和越走越近的爱情
与成双成对的鸟儿 一起娇羞和烟雨南山.....

4. 东津渡

在韩家脊 原来有一个渡口
叫东津渡 一条钢索 一蓬小船
把城外的人拉进了城里
那时 好女就嫁过渡口去
好男志向在河那边

branches, teetering with the setting sun
and singing of its beauty
They're splashing the boisterous dusk
and love-nourished wings of Poyang Lake

Those dry and turbid things on my mind
have little to do with Poyang Lake. A territory full of life
Green is the sky, sweet and fragrant is the sunshine
Fishermen's song, with skulls swaying
Catching colors and all of living in its net
Peals of laughter stand excited on the bow or stern
guarding and pampering, in a lotus' posture
the days of the blooming lake and the years' glory
Poyang Lake, I can't find more suitable verses
to praise you, but only resort to
the feelings you've stirred deep in me and my blessing
so to move along amid your exuberance
and your melodious sound of strings

Lying in the fragrance of May
I see a flock of birds on the wavy
branches, their charming songs
Mingle joyfully with Poyang Lake...

3. The Night Scenes of Mianyang

Blooming with the strings' melody, Mianyang's
The 2200 sealed years are now set alight by the twilight of eve
The people going south and north, the cloud-like kerchiefs
have rendered flowery
this shiny pearl of Sichuan

Savoring the city, I see the silhouette of a beauty singing by the window
her half-clad charm crooning about flower and the moon and King Yue's
leisure
The once touching story still inflicts mixed pain and pleasure
Soul-breathing poems always cause me
to delight in and lament about Mianyang
just like the regional dialect brewed in a lidded cup of tea
The longer it brews, the purer and sweeter it tastes

At the night of tidal surge, my impulsive vision and foot steps
often are moored way down the lane amid balmy flowers
through candid breaths and approaching affection
with birds in pairs, acting demure like the hazy drizzly southern hills ...

4. Dongjindu Ferry

There was a ferry at Hanjiaji
called Dongjindu, a steel cable and a boat
ferrying folks in from out of town
At that time, a fine woman would marry
across the ferry, because a fine man's
aspirations were on that side of the river

是河这边人最大的愿望
如果是涨大水 涪江就象一条
发怒的鞭子 抽得水草很疼
抽得隔岸的人心里很痛
滔滔的河水 淹没了懒懒的晨曦
和夕阳的余辉与无奈
要进城你就绕道走

不能再让水放肆了 那一年
三桥象一柄剑 把涪江拦腰斩断
筑起的河堤如一弯新月
青青的杨柳把温暖的河水弹唱
从此 有东津没有渡口了
韩家脊和整个沈家坝
开始在被风吹暖的阳光里
盛开成对岸枝头上最美的花朵

编着注: 德令哈: 中国青海省海西蒙古族藏族
自治州州府所在地。绵阳: 四川省一个城市。

许星

男, 1962 年生, 大学文化, 媒体记者。世界
汉诗协会会员, 中国诗歌学会会员, 四川省作
家协会会员。有作品在《人民文学》《诗刊》
《北京文学》《Prosopis》等国内外 130 余
家报刊发表, 曾获 2008-2011 中华宝石文学
奖, 加拿大第三届国际大雅风文学奖, 著有诗
集《虚掩的村庄》《诗歌里的故乡》。

夏照强 (诗三首)

1. 春天的马蹄声

留一抹乡愁在曾经离别的村口
那棵苍老的歪脖树
还没有从梦中醒来

早起的母亲在溪边
用手中的木棒槌
击打着旧时光
一些往事, 开始变得温暖

风儿依然调皮
几头牛在冬眠的麦田里嬉戏
童年, 在清晨的苇塘边若隐若现

父亲清扫了门前的积雪
开始远望
春天的马蹄声, 由远及近

It was the biggest wish of people on this side
When swelling, Fujiang River was like an
angry whip slashing hard on the water weeds
and inflicting pain into the hearts of the folks across
The surging water overflowed the twilight of unhurried dawn
and that of the helpless sunset
You had to detour to get into town

The river must be harnessed, so that year
the Third Bridge cut across Fujiang River like a sword
The new dyke rose like a crescent moon
Green willows plucked the warm waters of the river
Since then, there's been no ferry at Dongjindu
Hanjiabi and the entire Shenjiaba
have become, in the sun light warmed by wind
the pretties blossoms on the branches across the river

Note: Delingha: the seat of Haixi Mongolian and Tibetan Autonomous
Prefecture, Qinghai Province, China. Mianyang: a city in Sichuan Province.

(Translated by Yu Lan / 于岚译)

Xu Xing

Xu Xing was born in 1962. He has a college degree and works as a media
reporter. He has a membership in the World Association of Chinese
Poetry, China's Institute of Poetry, and Sichuan Association of Writers. He
has published poems in People's Literature, Poetry, Beijing Literature,
Prosopis, and over 130 other publications in China and overseas. He also
won Award to Chinese Literary Gems (2008-2011). His publications
include *Seemingly Closed Village* and *Hometown in Poetry*.

Xia Zhaoqiang (Three poems)

1. The Clip-Clop of Spring

Leaving behind a piece of nostalgia
To the village I departed from
Where that ancient crooked tree
Is still asleep, unawaken from its dream

Early rising mother by the creek
Washes clothes with a wooden stick
The strikes bust open memories
That begin to warm up those good old days

Wind wafting as naughtily as ever
Buffalos frolicking in the field still hibernating
My childhood wells up from time to time over the morning pond

After sweeping away the snows in front of the house
Father looks into the distance
Spring clip-clops near from afar
Heart begins to pack up the past year's longing

心，开始打包这一年所有的牵挂
把光阴装进梦想
把梦想装进行囊，天明开始出发

故乡，越来越近
故乡，越来越远

2. 乘凉的母亲

夏日的阳光
送来阵阵的蝉鸣
坐在槐树下的母亲
用一把旧蒲扇
驱散着岁月

穿越树荫的往事
映下班驳的身影
母亲的微笑，依然
舒展的皱纹里
一种爱，慢慢老去

水涨船高的牵挂
渴望着一场雨
从思念这端到那端
给等风的母亲，带来
永远的清凉

3. 父亲，故乡

故乡写在父亲的脸上
岁月的犁铧
在上面划出了无数条
沟沟壑壑

故乡长在老屋的青苔里
父亲清晨里的一声咳嗽
是故乡微微吹过的风
父亲黄昏里的一声叹息
是故乡轻轻飘落的雨

故乡躲在父亲生锈的铜烟袋锅里
父亲在鞋底上轻轻磕上几下
就洒落一地的往事

故乡藏在父亲心爱的锡酒壶里
我在思念的梦里
不小心混上一小口
便酣醉在春天里

夏照强

Stuffing time in the dream capsule
Stuffing dreams in the luggage bags
I'm ready to go tomorrow

My hometown is getting near
My hometown is getting far

2. Mother Sitting in Cool Air

The summer sunlight
Sends over a fitful hum from cicadas
Sitting under the locust tree, Mother
With an old cattail-leaf fan
Fans time away

Past events traverse the tree shades
To cast mottled shadows on the ground
Mother, her smiles
broad in the wrinkles
An indication of love, is aging gradually.

The mounting tide of concern
Urges for a rain
That would, from this end of maternal yearning to the other
Bring to Mother waiting for cool breeze
The forever cooling

3. Father, Hometown

Hometown is written on Father's face
The ploughshare of time
Has inscribed on his face
Ruts and gullies

Hometown grows in the moss of the old house
An early-morning cough from Father
the breeze wafting to me from my hometown
An evening sigh from Father
The drizzle drifting over me from my hometown

Hometown is hidden in the chamber of Father's tobacco pipe
When he knocks it several times at the sole of his shoe
Past events drop and spread over the whole ground

Hometown is concealed in Father's favorite flagon
When I in my homesick dream
Accidentally sip it,
I lie drunk in the season of spring

(1 Translated by Chai Guoxing / 柴国兴译)
(2, 3 Translated by Xu Yingcai / 徐英才译)

Xia Zhaoqiang

威海人，机电专科，威海作协会员，威海诗协理事。

Xia Zhaoqiang, resident of Weihai, major in mechanical and electrical engineering, a member of Weihai Writers' Association, a member of the board of directors of Weihai Poetry Association.

于岚（诗四首）

Yu Lan (Four poems)

1. 夏夜

1. Summer Night

马路
在阳光下
是
夜来香
单调的
茎
星星扯起来夜幕
风就吹开一片低语纷纷的花

The road
Under the sun
Is
The dull
Stem
Of
A scented
nightly
flower
When stars pull apart the evening curtain
Wind would bloom the blossoms in whispers and murmurs

注：此诗描述夏天老北京街头夜晚的乘凉。诗的排列格式象征一根花茎最后开花，表示夏日白天人迹稀少的大街到了晚上便坐满了乘凉聊天的市民。

2. 春

2. Spring

灰色的幕布
镶几朵粉白的花
褐色的树枝
把褐色的雨留下
孤独地挂在林中
该责备哪一位画家
那一抹明亮的淡绿
当树枝还没有发芽

Pinkish white petals
Inlaid on a grayish curtain
The dark brown boughs of trees
Catch and hold the dark brown rain
A solitary patch of bright green
Is hanging in the woods
Who should be blamed for the artwork
When no buds on trees are seen?

3. 七月的伤感

3. The Sorrows of July

七月的伤感是一个签名
随着岁月而渐渐褪色
照片上的你我将日益陌生
因为我们将会变老

The sorrows of July is in a signature
That fades away as time goes by
Because we will grow old
Will slowly become strangers, you and I

七月的伤感是一句告别
说一些言不由衷的话
多少个再见面的嘱托
都将证明是一个假

The sorrows of July is a farewell
That does not mean what it says
Many a promise about meeting again
Will turn out to be never-returning days

七月的伤感是一丝悬念
未来给出一个空洞的茫然
如果有一天你灯红酒绿
我愿意陪你喝到天明

The sorrows of July is a suspense
About a confused idea of what will be
If someday you drink under neon lights
To find a company you can search for me

The sorrows of July is a cold distance
The doorbell is finally deserted

七月的伤感是一片冷漠
 门铃终于被弃之一旁
 阴晴冷热中行色匆匆
 道一个永远的沙扬娜拉。

* 学生毕业

4. 无题

让黄叶落去吧
 随流水消失
 生命的季节
 已不复存之
 不要回忆
 去年今日
 泪水徒然
 把衣衫打湿

落去一个秋天
 在春暖之时
 落去一个病蕊
 在花开之日
 化成粪土
 也把小草扶持
 肩起游人的足
 是一片哀思

于岚

出生于上个世纪五十年代中期，祖籍天津，曾寄居北京。九十年代出国，落户加州，从事汉语培训工作。业余爱好翻译和写作随笔、散文、新体和旧体诗歌。作品散贴于一些海外中文网站如《华夏天地》，《伊甸园》，《玛雅咖啡》，《咖啡豆》，《天涯小站》，《文学城》，鲜有付梓。

Departures in hurry, rain or shine
 Saying a forever Sayonara

* In China, Graduation is in July

4. Title-less

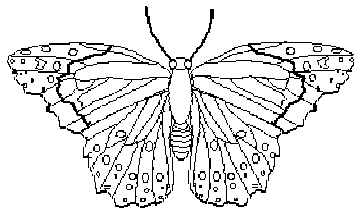
Let the yellow leaves fall
 And disappear with flowing water
 When the seasons of life
 Are there no longer
 Do not recall
 Today of last year
 Your shirt will be wet in vain
 By your tear

Gone is an autumn
 At the warmth of spring
 A sick bud falls
 At the time of blooming
 Turned into fertilizer
 To support the growth of grass
 Under the feet of sightseers
 Lies the feeling of condolence

(Translated by Yu Lan/于岚译)

Yu Lan

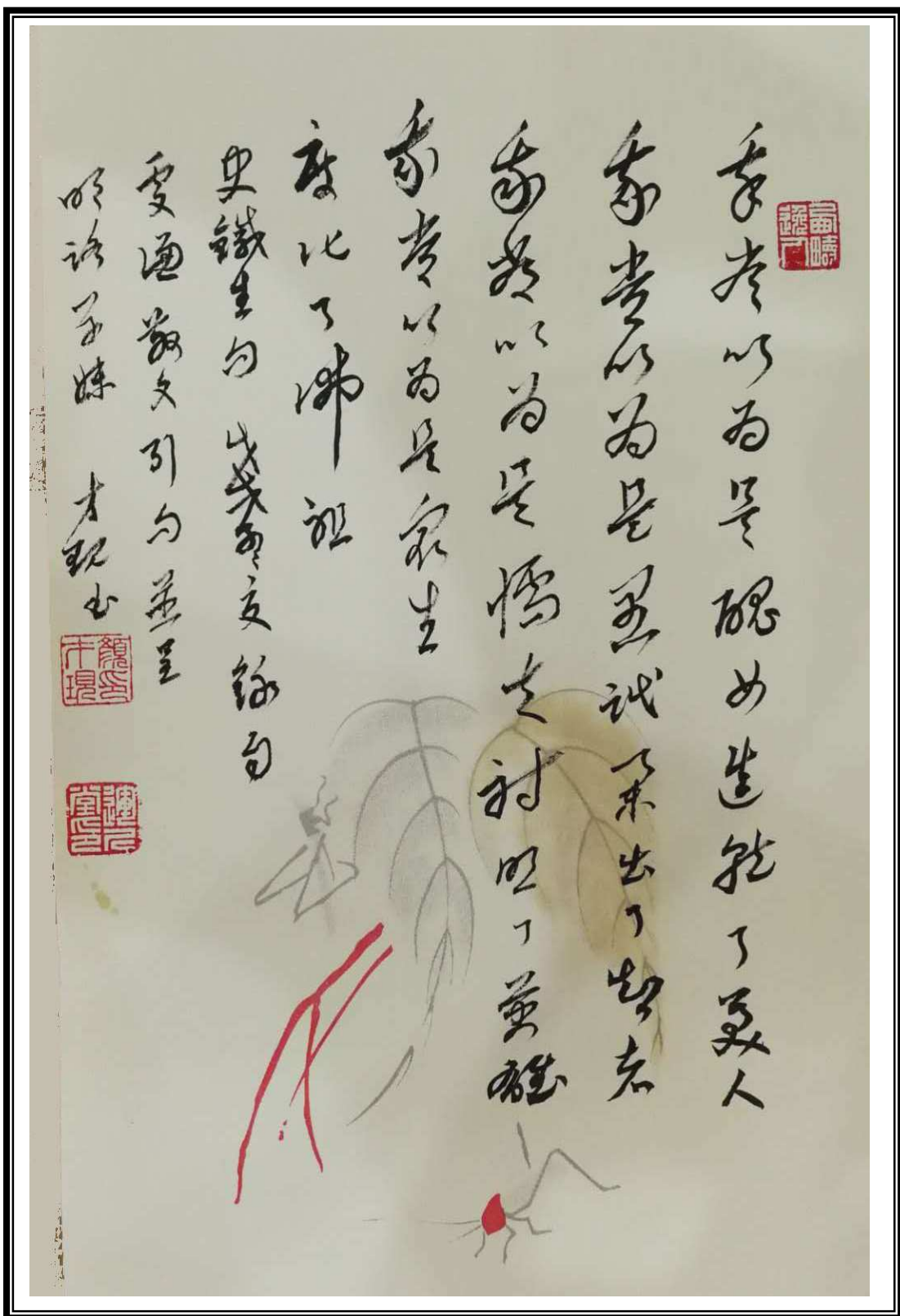
Born in mid-50's of last century, has his ancestral root in Tianjin and once resided in Beijing. He went abroad in the 90's and now lives in California as an instructor of Mandarin Chinese. His hobbies include translating as well as writing essays and poems in both modern form and ancient form. He contributes to such Chinese websites as CND.org, Yidian.org, Mayacafe.com, Mycoffeebean.org, Smallstation.net, and Wenxuecity.com. His works are rarely put in print.



度化了佛祖。

我常以为是丑女造就了美人，我常以为是愚氓举出了智者，我常以为是懦夫衬照了英雄，我常以为是众生

史铁生句，戊戌孟夏录自虔谦散文引句，并呈明路学妹，才现书



王大建 (新韵古诗四首)

Wang Dajian (Four new rhyme classical poems)

1. 八声甘州

1. Eight-Beat Ganzhou Song

长安吟

Resonating with Ancient Chang-An

倚关中八水绕潺湲，
 虎龙定分夺。
 自先声玄武，
 贞观御驾，
 雄扩京郭。
 立大明新帝苑，
 闻寺宇鸣镆。
 望舞榭歌楼，
 市井棋罗。

Eight rivers crisscrossed Guan-Zhong Basin
 Thus witnessing a dragon killing tigers
 He outsmarted his foes at Xuan-Wu
 Founded his Reign of Zhen-Guan
 And expanded the city to its grandeur
 The royal Da-Ming Palace was erected
 So were the temples with bells striking the hours
 Bars and inns mushroomed for worldly fun
 Squared streets reminded a chessboard bigger

近辉煌三百载，
 历刀兵烽火，
 几尽消磨。
 纵华清水暖，
 兴庆咽箫锣。
 送长亭、灞桥柳断，
 问曲江、何处觅娉娉？
 寻形迹、巍峨依旧，
 雁塔执着。

Such glories lasted for three centuries
 Having stood to hacking and torching
 But eventually tumbled to debris and litters
 Hua-Qing hot springs still bubble up
 Yet Xing-Qing Palace was gone forever
 The Ba-Bridge willows miss the twig-waving farewell
 The Qu-Jian chambers yearn for the supple dancers
 The true survivors still towering
 Are the persistent Ci-En and Jian-Fu Pagodas

2. 七律

2. Seven Word Beat

西安春日新晴

A Clear Spring Day in Xian

云暗街昏宿雨残
 平明梦醒见天蓝
 风轻侍草绒添绣
 日暖薰花影作团

Clouds dim the dawning streets with dwindling rain
 The night's dream awakens to the sky blue again
 A breeze adds needle tinges on the grassy velvet
 The sun fuses the flowers down to blotches of paints

曲馆丝竹传旧羽
 灞堤柳木续新绵
 谁同雁塔争清客
 白鹿依依卧古原

Qu-Jiang chamber-bands play the Tang tunes
 Ba-Bridge willows shed fresh catkin-rains
 Who's vying for more tourists with the Pagodas
 It's White Deer crouching on the nostalgic plain

3. 调笑令

3. Jestling Verse

白露中秋

White Dew on Mid-Autumn Day

(甲午 2014 年, 白露和中秋同在九月八日一天)

(Both White Dew and Mid-Autumn happened to be on Sept. 8 of 2014)

山月, 山月,
辉照边关城阙。
征人戍守烽火台,
四野今夕露白。
白露, 白露,
甲午中秋重数。

Full-moon, full-moon
Over the border-fortress so soon
Guards on the mount-tower tonight
See the spraying dews white
White Dew, White Dew
The year hooks Mid-Autumn with you

4. 水调歌头

4. Prelude to Water Melody

中秋遐想

Mid-Autumn Fantasy

扑面风如水,
障眼树堆烟。
抬头可数星烁,
满月上东天。
势迫轻云暗许,
放任流霜恣意,
独占万家喧。
白露中秋夜,
飞镜照团圆。

A fluid breeze dabbing my face
The misted tree-crowns gagging my sight
My head strains to the shimmering stars
And the full-moon up the eastern sky
It forces the gauzy clouds to yield
To its flooding frosty radiance
Lording it over tens of thousands alive
It so happens White Dew falls
As the shiny mirror flies

闲思量,
将心对,
广寒仙。
乾坤几度翻覆,
古厝变新园。
尔处清光影绰,
起舞形单落拓,
寂寞已千年。
何似寻灵药,
择日返人间。

My mind wanders
Up to the hostess
Of Lunar Palace high
The universe's flip-flopped
On its dimensions for lives
Lonesome and forlorn in that circle
You've danced with your own shadows
For millennia of time
How about a miracle doze
And a fine day to alight

(Translated by Wang Dajian /王大建译)

王大建

Wang Dajian

翻译过一些作品 (《天井》-- 虔谦诗选, 2017; 《奇遇》-- 虔谦短篇小说集。现定居美国。

Wang Dajian has published English translations of Chinese poetry and short stories (*Celestial Well – A Collection of Poetry*, 2017, and *The Wonder of Encounters*, 2016, by Minglu Zeng). An ethnic Chinese, Mr. Wang currently lives in US.

王美春 (诗一首)

七绝

游鸣沙山

丝绸路上峰峦异，
怪漠清泉搂抱生*。
我借明驼山径走**，
犹闻汉代旅铃声。

* 鸣沙山中有月牙泉，有前者时便有后者。
** 明驼是一种走得快的骆驼，此诗中泛指骆驼。

王美春

1955年生，江苏南通人，大学文化，南通大学生生态文学研究所特约研究员，中国作家协会会员，文学创作一级，研究方向唐宋诗、新诗研究、批评。著有《与缪斯对话》《诗文沧海探骊珠》等文学批评主要是诗歌批评著作十种。

芷晨 (诗一首)

沁园春

武夷山

鬼斧神工，
壁峭崖生，
溪急木葱。
看九曲长溪，
拥簇环峰；
清秀玉女，
对镜含羞。
千山竞秀，
万壑争妍，
轻纱披岩掩筏舟。
沧桑事，
欲尽头说起，
又怕难休！

武夷自古风流，

Wang Meichun (One poem)

Quatrain

Mt. Mingsha - Dune of Singing Sand

Flanking the Silk Road are Mountains queer.
Exotic dunes cuddle the Crescent Spring * clear.
On a camel I ride along the sand dune trail,
And seem to hear ancient bells at my ear.

* The sand dune and the spring lake are geologically mutually dependent. The water oozes out from the dunes.

(Translated by Lan Yu / 于岚译)

Wang Meichun

Wang Meichun was born in 1955 in Nantong, Jiangsu Province. He has a college degree and is now a researcher-at-large at the Institute of Ecological Literature, Nantong University. He is member of the Association of Modern Chinese Writers with a title of Level I Writer. He mainly does research in Tang and Song poetry and the study and criticism of modern poetry. His had ten publications in literary criticism, especially in poetry criticism, including *Dialogue with Muse* and *Pearls in the Sea of Poems and Essays*.

Zhi Chen (One poem)

Qinyuanchun

Mount Wuyi

The super beings' ax work
Produced the sheer cliffs
Woods flourish and torrents rumble
There, the Nine Bend River
Wreathes the peaks
The Fair Maid's demure
Her Dressing-Mirror * sparkles
Mounts and vales vie
To flash their best charms
Over rocks and rafts spreads a gauzy mantle
Of the millennial tale
I will start from the beginning
Yet I fear there'll be no ending

Wuyi's romantic as has been for the millennial
A love in all hearts as well as the tender and gentle
The rocky Single-Cleave overarches above
Eagles and tigers** dwell underneath the seam
Suddenly a tiger roars
Causing the river boats to startle

岂止是佳人君子逐。
 绣针划一字，
 鹰虎独居，
 忽闻虎啸，
 惊颤溪舟。
 茗香村居，
 珠联璧合，
 又见喜事壮志酬。
 武夷美，
 吟清歌一曲，
 传颂千秋。

Village houses waft fresh scent of tea
 Like pearls stringed and jade pieces rounded
 Happy events add to the ambitions fulfilled
 So beautiful is Mount Wuyi,
 My croon of such beauty
 Should pass down the time eternal

* This line refers to two scenic spots in the Mount Wuyi, Fair Lady Peak 玉女峰 and Dressing Mirror 妆镜台。

** These two lines refer to the two scenic spots in the Mount Wuyi, where there is a thin crack in the mountain called One Line Sky 一线天 and beyond, a place called Roaring Tiger Rock 虎啸岩。

(Translated by Yu Lan / 于岚译)

武夷山（芷晨供图）
 Mt. Wu Yi
 (Pic Provided by Zhi Chen)



芷晨

中国现代作家协会编委主任，《当代汉语诗歌典藏》副主编，《现代作家》文学编委会主任，《当代国学精英大辞典》编委。

Zhi Chen

Zhi Chen is Director of the editorial committee of the Association of Modern Chinese Writers, Assistant Editor of *A Collection of Contemporary Chinese Poems*, Director of the editorial committee of *Modern Writers*, and editorial staff member of *Encyclopedia of Contemporary Elites of Chinese Art and Literature*.

徐英才(诗四首)

1. 十六字令

天

天，
 电闪雷鸣骤雨喧。
 须晴日，
 无处不斑斓。

Xu Yingcai (Four poems)

1. A Sixteen-Syllable Verse

Sky

Sky,
 Lightning, thunder, sudden rain clamor.
 Soon,
 Everywhere splendor

2. 五绝

从八都望武夷

奇峰迎面起，
峭壁破云开。
亘古吟无语，
威严静里来。

2. Quatrain

Watching Mt. Wuyi from Ba Du Village

The odd peak rises o'er my face,
The sheer cliff breaks open the cloud;
It's uttered no word since its birth,
That's where stately bearing speaks loud.

3. 七绝

尼加拉瓜大瀑布

千寻雪浪飞岩下，
万顷惊涛漩壑流。
地裂一壕分右左*，
横空大瀑共行舟**。

* 左边是加拿大，右边是美国，中间是尼加拉瓜河。

** 指在两国共有的尼加拉瓜河流上行走的船只。

3. Quatrain

Niagara Falls

Tremendous snow-white water flies down the cliff,
Massive shocking billows spin along the river;
A wide crack in the earth splits the two countries,
The roaring falls carry the shared boat together.

4. 七绝

中秋望月

欲览长空溢皓辉，
唯瞻月映雁孤飞。
中秋自古团圆意，
愿化飓风送尔归。

4. Quatrain

Watching the Moon at Mid-Autumn Festival

Want to see how the moon silvers the sky.
Only to sight a goose cross the moon high.
Mid-Autumn is the day of reunion.
Let me be a brisk wind to speed your fly.

(Translated by Xu Yingcai / 徐英才译)

.96.m4a 徐英才，汉学教师、汉英双向翻译家、古当代诗人。先后开设过古现代汉语、古现代中国文学、中国电影史、中国书法理论与实践等。出版过多本译著，有些被用作国礼、教材；主/合编过多部著作。他出版过的诗集有《诗意江南》、《来自大自然的灵感——徐英才汉英双语诗集》、纯英语版的《我们在这里绘画》。他是华人诗学会会长，汉英双语纸质期刊《诗殿堂》总编。他的诗学观是语言朴实优美，诗意盎然形象，言自心声、言之有物，力求营造隽永的意境，努力让作品闪光

Yingcai Xu, a university teacher of Chinese studies, Chinese-to-English and English-to-Chinese translator, and a poet who writes both classical and modern poems. The courses he has offered include Classical and Chinese languages and literature, Chinese Cinema, Chinese calligraphy---Practice and Theory, etc. He has a dozen of translation works published, some of which are used as government gifts and some as textbooks. He is also the editor and co-editor of many works. His poetry publication includes The Poetic Sense of the South, Inspiration from Nature, and We Are Painting Here. He is the President of the Chinese Poetry Association and the Editor-in-Chief of POETRY HALL. His poetic philosophy is: use simple, appealing, and imagination-evoking language to create vivid and poetic-sense-infused poems that come directly from the heart and the physical world and create a lasting and glittering effect of yijing or artistic conception.

海外逸士(诗两首)

Overseas Hermit (Two poems)

1. 一剪梅

1. A Twig of Plum Blossoms

一剪玫瑰别样红。
 辞却花丛，
 独处瓶中。
 轩窗朝夕揖春风。
 不似秋枫，
 胜似秋枫。
 莫为离枝怨苍穹。
 缘到相逢，
 故有吾容。
 芳辰今日属牛宫。
 虽曰家穷，
 不违初衷。

A piece of rose is especially red.
 Leaving the rose cluster
 It stays alone in a vase.
 On the sill, it greets spring winds morn and even.
 It's not like the maple in autumn,
 But better than the maple in autumn.
 Don't hate Providence for leaving the cluster.
 By karma we meet;
 So I take you home.
 Her birthday today belongs to Zodiac Bull.
 Although we are poor,
 I must keep to my original wish*.

* I promised my wife to give her roses on her birthday.

2. 七律

2. Qi Lv Octave

咏宇宙飞船

Ode on Spaceship

我买星船载酒游，
 邀君河汉共吟酬。
 失重人可随心跃，
 不系舟能到处浮。

I take a spaceship on a voyage, bringing wine
 Invite you to the Celestial River, chanting poems
 Without gravity, we are able to jump at will
 The unmoored ship can float freely everywhere

宇宙遥看灿邃暗，
 地球回首蓝明柔。
 牛郎莫叹鹊桥断，
 载尔同舟渡此流。

Watching the universe from afar---stars sparkling in deep darkness
 Glancing back to the Earth---it's soft bright blue
 Don't sigh, Cowboy, for the broken Magpie Bridge
 I'll take you in my ship to cross the river

(Translated by Overseas Hermit / 海外逸士译)

海外逸士

Overseas Hermit

文心社资深社员，现居美国，乃双语作家及双语诗人。已出版中文长篇科幻小说“新西游记”及中文科幻侦探武侠小说“荒唐女侠”；中文海外逸士论文集二册；诗词古文英译二册。已出版英文书十一本，有 Kungfu Masters, Epress Dowager cixi, Empress Wu the Great, Two Republics in China, Poetic Gems, 50 Funny Poems, Love Tales of Ancient China, 等等。现已八十一高龄仍键耕不辍，与年轻作者共勉。

Overseas Hermit is a senior member of Wenxinshe, now living retired in US. He is a bilingual poet and writer. He published two novels in Chinese: *New Journey to West*, *Absurd Swordswoman*.; and two books of collection of articles and essays in Chinese; and also two books of translations of Chinese classical poems and essays by famous ancient poets and essayists. He also published 11 books in English, such as *Kungfu Masters*, *Epress Dowager cixi*, *Empress Wu the Great*, *Two Republics in China*, *Poetic Gems*, *50 Funny Poems*, *Love Tales of Ancient China*, etc. At the age 81, he is still hitting the keyboard everyday to write in both Chinese and English.

Xu Yingcai (Ten English Haiku)

1.

water lily
sleeps
the moon its bed

2.

atop
snow-capped peak shimmers
down maple leaves ablaze

3.

an empty canoe
on the marshes
motion lost

4.

two girls talk
silently
a hand-described world

5.

marry him or not
she goes from brain wracking
to coin flipping

6.

computer
off to on
a new world

7.

he runs
before he knows how to walk
a dauntless toddler

8.

under rushing clouds
and ticking Big Ben
a newsstand

9.

a strawman
skew in the field
against the big sky

徐英才 (英语俳句十首)

1.

睡莲
入眠了
月亮是她的床

2.

山顶
雪峰闪烁
山脚枫叶赤红

3.

空筏
沼泽
动弹不得

4.

俩女聊天
悄无声息
一个手绘的世界

5.

跟不跟他结婚
绞尽脑汁后
她抛了一个硬币

6.

电脑
启动
一个新世界

7.

还不会走
他就跑了起来
无畏的幼童

8.

如飞疾云
不辍大本钟下
有个报亭

9.

一个稻草人
歪立在田里
背映辽阔的天际

10.
eclipse '17
a hundred-year dating trip
ends in a crown ring

Note: On August 21, 2017, United States experienced its first coast-to-coast solar eclipse in 99 years. The complete solar eclipse climaxed in the shape of a crown ring.

10.
17 年的日食
百年爱之旅
终于戴上钻戒

注: 2017 年 8 月 21 日, 美国出现了 99 年以来第一次全境可见的超级日全食。这次超级日全食最终形成了一个如同钻石婚戒的形状。

(徐英才译 / Translated by Xu Yingcai)

Magicicada (Four English poems)

1. Cello and His Shadow

In sunset stands a lonely cello,
that talks to no one but his own shadow.
His words are buzzing bees,
his songs, sighing seas,
in a tune of waving willow,
in a color like mellowing meadow.

As the sun flees,
the cello panics and pleas-
Shadow, Shadow, stay with me,
for I will sing you nightly glee;
and my strings will never sing sorrow,
for I need you every tomorrow.

In sunrise lies a cheerful shadow,
cast by a humble cello.
To the cello the shadow complains-
Why is your face full of grains and pains?
Cheer up, cheer up, my fellow,
I want to hear your blissful allegro.
Please sing me my favorite fairy tale-
Love at first sight never turns pale.
Or a song of a broken heart-
How lovers meet and part.
So you'll forget last night's dream of sorrow,
and I shall be with you every tomorrow.

2. Fallen Leaves

My memory leaves me,
while leaves fall from an old tree.
I count them by weight,
and sort them by trait.
Heart, spear, and tear.
Red, blue, and color of sear.
Around the tree I bury
the fallen leaves that were merry.

周期蝉 (英诗四首)

1. 大提琴和他的影子

孤独的大提琴站在夕阳下
只有他的影子听他说话
他的话语是绵密的蜂鸣
他的歌是叹息的海涛声
旋律像起伏的波浪
颜色像馨甜的草场
随着太阳的别离
大提琴惊惶求祈-
影子, 影子, 留下来陪我
因为我会为你每夜欢歌
我的琴弦永不拨响伤痛
因为我需要你在每个明天

朝阳下躺着一个兴奋的影子
是谦恭的大提琴的投掷
对着大提琴影子怨叹-
为何你的脸满是纹里和伤感
振作, 振作, 我的朋友
我要听你欢快的乐曲
请唱我最爱的童话-
初识而生的爱永不褪色
或是一颗心的啜泣-
恋人怎样相遇却别离
这般你会忘记昨夜梦里的伤愁
而我也会在每个明天和你相守

2. 落叶

叶子在从老树上飘落
而记忆也离开了我
我称着重量来数它们
再按照特征来区分
心脏, 矛, 和泪珠
红, 蓝, 和焦黄
绕着我埋着

Then I sleep under the bare tree,
till spring breeze strokes and awakens me.

3. Venice

Lagoon,
dreams in the moon.
Maze,
Hides in the haze.
Gondola,
bows the viola.

4. Gray

I become color blind in the middle of a play.
Everyone on the stage turns gray.
By my ear the wheel of colors whisper,
Which color do you favor?
Any color but black and white,
For I paint black in the day and white at night.
The flashy colors console me with a hearsay,
Only sharp eyes can discern delicate shades of gray.

Magicicada

Magicicada, official name Bin Shan, obtained his PhD in molecular biology in the US. He studies cancer in a medical school in the US. He has written and translated poems in Chinese and English in his spare time for the past three years.

那些曾经快乐的叶儿
再睡在已光秃的树旁
直到春风把我吹拂唤醒

3. 威尼斯

礁湖,
梦在月色里飘浮
迷宫
躲在薄雾中
贡多拉
在琴弦上滑

4. 灰色

在一个话剧的中幕我变成色盲
台上的每个人都灰蒙蒙
在我耳边颜色的轮盘低语
你喜欢哪个颜色
除了黑和白以外的任何色彩
因为我把白天涂黑夜涂白
绚丽的色彩用句俗语来安抚
只有锐利的眼睛才能分辨微妙的灰度

(周期蝉译 / Translated by Magicicada)

周期蝉

本名单斌。赴美国留学，获分子生物学博士，在美国一所医学院从事癌症研究。近三年他在业余时间尝试中英文诗歌写作和翻译。

人物介绍

刘晋平 (封底装饰画画家)

刘晋平，男，原中央工艺美术学院副教授，八七年来美，逐与美国画商和台湾画商签约，作装饰画二百余幅。

Liu Jinping (the artist of the four decorative paintings on the back of the cover)

Jinping Liu, male, assistant professor from the former Central Academy of Art and Design, came to the United States of American in the year of 1987, and gradually began to sign contracts with American art dealers, Taiwan Art Businessmen, etc. His art works amount to about 200 pieces.



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