

POETRY HALL

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Sylvia Cavanaugh,
English Language Editor for Poetry Hall

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本期特辑 / SPECIAL TOPICS

Seven Poems by Sylvia Cavanaugh
Editor's Notes

Published here are seven poems written by Sylvia Cavanaugh. Sylvia Cavanaugh is the English Language Editor for Poetry Hall. She is good at picking small themes from day to day life for her poems and making them glitter. This is just like what she said, "Poetry is a way of reconciling our infinitesimally small, egocentric place in the universe with the fact that we can't know everything. Poetry grapples with reality as it is filtered through the human lens. To me the best poetry has a sense of cognitive dissonance, allowing one to see the world differently. Poetry also represents the human struggle to reconcile the beautiful with the violent. Life on earth encompasses both at the deepest levels, and only humans can notice, and process that tension."

1. There Was This Original Me

The original me
on a September morning
pushed my feet
into red rain boots
each with a single red button.
I opened my new umbrella
for the long walk to school
alone and complete in the cold
pelt of raindrops.
Gray rivers gushed along gutters
I navigated.

A thin silver stem
rose from the hooked handle
to unfold into a complicated
metal frame, delicate
and elegant as an Eiffel Tower
I could hold in one hand.
A silken dome
stretched wide as the sky overhead.
Its opulent color
drenched down and around me
backlit by gossamer sun

I had chosen the design
at a store
with my mother.
We opened it once
in sacred ceremony
on a glaring August day.

西尔维亚·卡瓦诺诗七首
编者注

这里发表的是西尔维亚·卡瓦诺创作的七首诗。西尔维亚·卡瓦诺是华语诗学会《诗殿堂》的英语诗歌主编，她擅长从日常生活中撷取细小主题，让它们熠熠发光。这正如她自己所说的那样，“诗，是极其渺小的自我探索宇宙的途径，因为事实上我们不可尽知一切。诗是通过我们的筛选从现实中提炼而来。我以为，最好的诗也含有认知与现实的差异，但正是这种差异才使各人所见世界不同。诗也体现了人在调和美丽与暴力方面所做的努力。这对冲突潜在在地球生命的最深处，只有人能够发现并调和它。

1. 曾经童真的我

童真的我
在九月的一个清晨
把脚伸进
一双红雨靴
上面各自钉有一颗红色纽扣
我撑开新伞
向远处的学校走去
独自在潇潇的
寒雨中行走。
灰色的流水在排水沟里汹涌
我躲闪着前行。

银色纤细伞干
从钩形伞柄上支起
撑开一个复杂的
金属框架，宛如精致
优雅的埃菲尔铁塔
我可一手尽握。
一个丝质拱顶
犹如一片天空在头顶展开
艳丽的色蕴
沐浴着我的周身
伞背透着迷蒙的阳光

这款样式
是我在一家商店
跟母亲一起挑选的
我们仅打开过一次
在一个神圣的典礼上
那是八月里一个阳光明媚的日子

2. Shiva and Vishnu Wrestle in My Living Room

Crack and splinter
 a sudden dazzle of destruction
 my sliding glass door
 from just a small stone
 meant to catch my attention
 thousands of jagged web lines
 glitter
 like a Russian oligarch's wife
 this wreckage is held
 in place
 as a suspended tragedy
 by an old wood frame
 paint peeling from the ice
 and heat
 of Wisconsin's seasons
 my heart still beats
 beneath my breastbone
 I hear it knocking
 all through the dark night's sleep

3. Servant Leader

As if some spirited wildness of wind
 starlings wing themselves
 into a streamlined murmuration.
 Just twenty or so
 outside my sliding glass door.

They circle as of one mind.
 Avian servant-leaders
 take turns stepping up
 or rather winging up
 when the angle of the air alights in their brains
 with the imperative to bank hard
 now.

Someone in my living room is playing
 overlapping chords
 on the piano's black keys only.
 This bird-flight is an ancient
 and at times almost forlorn
 ethereal song of sight.
 It has nothing to do with food.

Youngsters are born into this timeless flock
 and others die
 yet still the dance goes on
 half a century ago the murmuration circled
 over women hanging out laundry
 and children playing games at backyard birthday parties

2. 湿婆与毗湿奴在我客厅里斗殴

啪嗒，咔嚓
 一道爆裂惨状突入眼帘
 我家玻璃滑门
 被一块前来触我心境
 的小石子击中
 爆出数千条网状裂痕
 咄咄生光
 象一位苏联权贵的夫人
 这块残骸拉叉着
 伸展在那里
 象一个悲剧悬挂在
 旧木门框间
 门框剥落的油漆饱经
 威州的冰寒
 与酷热
 我的胸骨下
 心跳依然
 整个夜晚
 我都听到它怦然敲击

3. 公仆式领导人

象一摞带着魔力的风
 欧椋鸟群把自己飞成
 流线型
 仅二十来只
 在我的玻璃滑门外

它们象受控于一只脑瓜似地盘旋
 每当它们的脑神经感应到气流变换了角度
 必须要作急剧斜飞
 时
 这些奉有公仆式领导精神的鸟儿就
 一个个叠加起来
 或者说叠飞起来

有人在客厅里弹奏
 和弦
 用的都是黑键
 这种飞行法象古老的
 有时甚至悲怆的
 优雅飘渺的视觉之歌
 跟觅食无关

这群历史悠远的鸟群里有幼鸟诞生
 也有老者死去
 但它们的翩跹舞姿不会停止
 半个世纪前，它们曾在
 晾晒衣服的妇女们
 以及在后院生日聚会上
 玩耍的孩子们的头顶上盘旋过

half a millennia ago it glimpsed Potawatomi
treading woodland trails

I once joined a congregation
where leadership was determined by lot
random and everchanging
I put forth every effort
and lost myself
in pursuit of purpose
and joy
I sky-danced a whimsical we

4. Stone Boy of Appalachia

An oblong stone
that was once a boy
who angered a woman
stares out
from the end of the yard
where auto frames
on cinder blocks
ease themselves to dust
their rusted coils
offer up
a nested last
resistance
lockjaw boy
stands mute

City cousins
run right past
to picnic as their mothers sweep
high on wooden swings
giggling into treetops
girlishly
and later on
to gawk
slack-jawed
at the strip-mined
vein
scraped right down
to the tendons
of the town

5. Borderline

I picture you a bright blue moth
a phosphorescent blaze
flickering small at the edge of my light
vibration barely seen
for if I gaze too close
I fear
your heart may angle off
and vanish into night

五百年前，它们俯瞰过印第安人
行走在林间小径上

我曾加入的教会
领导职位是由抽签决定的
随机且变化不定
追求目标
与喜悦中
我全力以赴
热衷其中
与心血来潮的我们天马行空地翩跹起舞

4. 阿巴拉契亚的石童

院子尽头
那块矩形石头
曾经是一位男孩
他惹恼了一个巫婆
他站在那里直愣愣朝外张望
那里，煤渣块铺设的地面上
停放汽车残骸
积满了灰尘
锈迹斑斑的座椅弹簧
还呈现着
残壳里最后一个
韧性物
这个下巴动弹不得的男童
默默地站着

城里来的表亲
径直穿过他的身旁
去野餐，而母亲们正
高高地荡着木制秋千
女性十足的笑声
飘上了树枝头
后来
她们耷拉着下巴
愣愣地看着
条条矿采
挖痕
径直切入
镇里的
肌肉般的山丘

5. 界线

我想象你是一只透亮的蓝色飞蛾
磷光莹莹
在我的灯光外微微闪烁
我很难察觉你在颤动
因我一旦贴近你
我怕
你会心猿意马掉头飞走
消失在夜空里

6. No Title

Surprise sting on chest
hands steady on handlebars
bee snuck down my shirt
snuck down
the road bends through clover fields
my moving wheels stay upright

7. Duplex

Duped by a rectangle of glass above the door
in the way its light came in
but we could not see out
like the eyeless yellow marigolds between our walks
all fringe with no insight
tough alchemy of the nearly defeated

sometimes a warmed patch of light drifted in
to land on dust mote winter days
we played with paper dolls

our fathers once re-shingled the dilapidated roof
outside our back doors were sets of stairs
they had agreed upon

edgy summers drummed time
the staccato whap whap of screen doors
our lives latched to the people next door
in the jumpy bang bang of summer

I used to dream of a house
I could run all the way around
timed myself over and over

we shared a chimney, devilish bats
would echo their way down its dusty tunnel
and then have to decide

sometimes we heard the neighbors' shrieks at night
and sometimes they heard ours.

Sylvia Cavanaugh

Sylvia Cavanaugh grew up in a red brick row house in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, with neighbors always close at hand. Irish coal mining relatives lived about an hour north, and the family frequently left the city to visit these immigrants in the mountains. There, Sylvia encountered enormous trees turning red and gold in fall, cavorting packs of beagles, bee hives, introversion, tin cans strung up in trees, long abandoned Fords,

6. 无题

胸口突然一阵刺痛
双手仍然稳握车把
任由蜜蜂在衬衣上悄悄往下爬
悄悄往下爬
路弯弯地穿过三叶草地
我的车轮仍然平稳向前

7. 复式住宅

门楣上方用一块长方形玻璃掩饰
阳光可以照进来
我们却看不到外面
就像散步时脚旁的黄色无蕊金盏花
全是花瓣而没有内涵
这种化疵为金的巧饰着实难能可贵

有时会有一块温暖的光斑飘忽进来
光顾灰尘弥漫的冬日
我们玩着纸娃娃

我们的父亲们曾在破旧不堪的屋顶上盖板瓦
后门外是重重楼梯
他们是坐在那上面商而定的

烦心的夏日鼓躁的时光
充斥着晃荡作响的纱门声
在这心惊肉跳的夏日砰砰声中
我们的生活就这样拴搭在邻居手里

我曾梦想有座独栋住宅
我可以绕着它跑
一遍遍计算我的跑速

我们共用一个烟囱，令人悚然的蝙蝠
借助回声飞下布满灰尘的通道
然后决定拜访哪家

夜间我们有时听到邻居尖叫
他们有时也听到我们的尖叫。

徐英才，薛凯译/Tr. by Xu Yingcai & Kai Mills

西尔维亚·卡瓦诺

西尔维亚·卡瓦诺在宾夕法尼亚州兰开斯特的红砖联排式住宅中长大，邻居都近在咫尺。爱尔兰亲戚住在约一个小时车路的北部煤矿。全家经常离开城市去山区探望这些移民亲戚。在那里，西尔维亚能看到秋天里变成红色和金色巨型大树，欢

a boy turned to stone, shotguns, and strip mining.

Sylvia attended undergraduate school at Indiana University of Pennsylvania, then moved to the Midwest and earned her M.S. in Urban and Regional Planning from the University of Wisconsin. After working in health care planning and marketing for a few years, she returned to school to become a social studies teacher.

She teaches history and cultural studies in Wisconsin, and has been the advisor for the breakdancing and poetry clubs. She and her students have been actively involved in *100,000 Poets for Change*. Sylvia is fascinated with cultures, and the ways in which they move through populations and change over time.

A Pushcart Prize nominee, Sylvia has published three chapbooks and her poems have appeared in various periodicals and anthologies, such as *Gyroscope Review*, *Switched-On Gutenberg*, and *Stoneboat Literary Journal*. She has been a Frequent Contributor for *Songs of Eretz Poetry Review* and is a Contributing Editor for *Verse-Virtual: An Online Community Journal of Poetry*. Her work has received awards from The Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets, Wisconsin People and Ideas, The Poetry Society of Michigan, Milwaukee Irish Fest, and others.

Sylvia is the proud mother of three children, and although she read to them and shared her own tales as they were growing up, has always loved the ways in which they create their own stories.

蹦乱跳的小猎犬，蜂箱，性格内向的亲戚们，吊在树上的锡罐子，被遗弃的福特汽车，一个又男孩变成石头的石雕，长枪和露天矿场。

西尔维亚本科就读于宾夕法尼亚州印第安纳大学，然后移居中西部，在威斯康星大学获得了城市与区域规划专业的硕士学位。在医疗保健计划和市场营销领域工作了几年之后，她返回学校学习成为一名高中社会科学老师。

她在威斯康星州教授历史和文化研究，并是学校霹雳舞和诗歌俱乐部的指导老师。她和她的学生一直积极参与 100,000 诗人的变革活动。西尔维亚对各种文化非常感兴趣，这些文化随着人口和时间变化变化着。

西尔维亚是手推车奖的被提名候选人，出版了三本小册子，她的诗也出现在各种期刊和选集中，例如《陀螺仪评论》，《接通古腾堡》和《石船文学杂志》。她是《Eretz 诗歌评论之歌》的经常撰稿人，也是《虚拟诗歌：在线诗歌社区杂志》的编辑。她的作品获得了威斯康星州诗人奖学金，威斯康星州人与思想协会，密歇根州诗歌协会，密尔沃基爱尔兰节等奖项。

西尔维亚是为她三个孩子骄傲的母亲，尽管在孩子们成长过程中她为他们念书，讲述自己的故事，但她更爱听孩子们创造自己故事。

白水河 自然之思八首

白水河的诗用唯美、浪漫、电影蒙太奇般连续的现实景物展现内心复杂的意识流动，具象描写融合抽象隐喻通往意识象征境界，以咏叹调般的吟唱，抒发对世界和人生的深切感悟（摘自李诗信评语）。

1. 水

雨水 河水 海水……
天下的水
都有一种本领——自愈

抽刀不断
且不留
伤痕

水是最好的药
每天我外用内服
接纳、宽恕

受伤七次
或七十个七次

Eight Poems by Bai Shui He

Bai Shui He's poems show the inner complex flow of consciousness via the presentation of scenes of aesthetics, romance and montage. The concrete descriptions integrated with the abstract metaphor lead to the realm of symbolic ideology; her poems resemble an aria, expressing her thoughts of the world and life (Comments by Li Shixin).

1. Water

Rain water, river water, sea water...
All of the water in the world
Has the same ability — self healing

Even the sharpest sword fails to cut it open
Or gives it any
Scar

Water is the best medicine
Every day, I drink it, use it
With acceptance and forgiveness

Even if I am hurt seven times
Or seventy times seven
I am still whole as water

人物报道 / PERSONAGE

Interview with Sylvia Cavanaugh

Author: Lisa Vihos

I first met Sylvia Cavanaugh about seven years ago on a summer evening in Sheboygan, Wisconsin. We were guests at an outdoor party where neither of us knew many of the other attendees. I can't remember what the reason was for the gathering. I just remember sitting at a picnic table with her — with Lake Michigan in the distance — and feeling a deep sense of camaraderie with her, as we told each other our stories. At that point, we were both writers who were struggling a bit to find our respective voices. That evening, she shared that she had been working on a novel for young adult readers for a long time, but that her progress had slowed and she was looking for a way to get re-energized. I said to her, "what about poetry?"

Apparently, my question resonated with her, because it wasn't too long after that summer night that Sylvia became a regular reader at local poetry events, and soon, she had a published chapbook to her name. And now, just seven short years later, she has two additional chapbooks published and serves as a contributing editor for the online poetry journal, Verse Virtual: An Online Community of Poets, as well as being an English language contributing editor for Poetry Hall. For someone to make such an amazing and successful leap into poetry in such a short time, we can assume that there is a deep well of experience to draw from and also a keen eye with which to see the world. As I have come to know Sylvia better and better over the years, I must say that those things are not just assumptions about her, they are absolutely true.

I am always impressed with her poet's ability to take a memory from childhood or some other time in her life and make it three-dimensional. Sylvia will tell you herself that the process of writing poetry is for her, a way of being fully alive. She writes, "Poetry is a way of reconciling our infinitesimally small, egocentric place in the universe with the fact that we can't know everything. Poetry grapples with reality as it is filtered through the human lens. To me the best poetry has a sense of cognitive dissonance, allowing one to see the world differently. Poetry also represents the human struggle to reconcile the beautiful with the violent. Life on earth encompasses both at the deepest levels, and only humans can notice, and process that tension."

Some would argue that what makes a poem a poem is metaphor. Sylvia and I have had many talks about metaphor, and how elusive it can be, "The ability to think in metaphor makes us uniquely human," she has shared, "but writing in metaphor can be challenging. To say something indirectly, yet spot-on, is an art." Learning how to do that comes from practice, and from taking one's time. It also helps to look to other poets. She has shared something she learned from the poet Mark Doty, that is, "to ask myself questions about my subject matter. Poetry often begins with detail and fresh description, but Doty says the poet

西尔维亚·卡瓦诺采访记

文：丽莎·维霍斯

七年前夏天的一个晚上，在威斯康辛州希博伊根，我第一次见到了西尔维亚·卡瓦诺。我们同为一个室外派对的客人，其他的出席者，我们俩都不认识几个。我已记不起参加那次聚会的因由，只记得和她一起坐在一张野餐桌旁——远处是密歇根湖——当我们彼此交流自己经历的时候，我感觉自己和她建立起了深深的情谊。彼时我们都还是在一点一点地努力、想要发出自己声音的写作者。那天晚上，她告诉我，她在写一部面向年轻读者的小说，写了很久了，但进展缓慢，她正在找一个可以自己满血复活的法子。我对她说：“那写诗咋样？”

很明显，我的问题引发了她的共鸣，因为那个夏夜后不久，西尔维亚就成了当地诗歌活动的一个常客，而且很快就出版了以她自己名字命名的一部诗歌集。到今天，短短的七年之后，她又出版了另两本诗集，甚至当上了网络诗刊《诗网：诗人在线社群》的特约编辑，以及《诗殿堂》的英文特约编辑。一个人在如此短的时间内一头扎入诗歌还能取得如此惊人的成绩，我们可以料想得到，她一定有值得我们借鉴的丰厚的经验，同时又有一双敏锐的观察世界的眼睛。随着这些年来对西尔维亚的了解越来越多越来越深，我不得不坦言，那些并非只是猜想而已，而是实打实的。

对她作为诗人的能力我一直钦佩不已，她能忆起幼年时代以及生命中其他时段的事情，并把它们真实立体化。西尔维亚自己会告诉你，写诗这事儿就是为了她自己，那是一种让自己活力满满的方式。她写道，“作诗是一种把我们卑微的、以自我为中心的小我”融入宇宙的途径，因为事实上我们不可能尽知一切天下事。诗能抓取现实，但同时它又要经过人们双眼的筛选。在我看来，最好的诗蕴含着认知差异感，能让一个人以不同的视角看待这个世界。诗也反映了人类为了调和美与暴力的两难。地球上的生命包括了两种极端，但只有人才能察觉到那种张力并予以解决。”

有的人会争辩说，成就诗的是比喻。为此西尔维亚和我也曾就比喻以及比喻可能有多难以捉摸探讨过多次，“比喻想象的能力让我们与众不同”，她跟我分享她的观点，“但用比喻写作可能更考验能力。不直接说出某样东西又要把它说到点子上，是一门艺术。”学会如何做到这点得实践，得耗费时力。这么做也有助于读懂其他诗人。她跟我分享了她从诗人马克·多提处学到的东西，即“问自己一些和自己所写主题相关的问题。诗往往从细节和让人耳目一新的描写开始着手，但多提说，诗人必须超乎于此，并找到主题可引起更深层次共鸣的原因。我明白这个过程也许要耗费一段时间，因此，一首好诗不可能一蹴而就。”

has to go beyond that and search for the reason why the subject resonates at a deeper level. I have learned that this process may take a while, so a good poem cannot be rushed."

If you ask Sylvia what stories have influenced her, she will say, "Since I have a background in social studies, I am interested in the human story, and also cultures and the ways in which they move through space and time. History is often about the epic clash of cultures, but the individual may also struggle with and against culture. Story leads to action in the real world. Poetry is about story too. The African griots tell the stories of their people through poetry and song. The poet Millan Brand in *Local Lives*, recorded the history and culture of Pennsylvania Dutch people in a small area known as Crow Hill. Sometimes we understand reality most clearly through story. For me, poetry is compact storytelling."

Alongside deep, cultural storytelling, Sylvia has found that she is also fascinated by other art forms and how they can inspire her work, for example, the art of collage. "To bring different elements together — some of which may have begun as art themselves — and to say something wholly new with them, is thrilling to my imagination. Good poetry can work like that, too, in bringing together images, thoughts, and feelings in new and unexpected relationships."

Recently, Sylvia and I were talking about the great power of silence in poetry, of making room for that which is not said. Sylvia shared, "A sculptor once told me that when working on a piece, he pays attention to the shadows. If the shadows are not right, then he needs to re-work the sculpture. I think poetry is like that, too. We need to pay attention to the shadows our words cast and whether they represent what we really want to say." I think this is wonderful advice, and like everything that Sylvia has shared with me since the first time we met, continues to resonate.

Lisa Vihos

The poems of Lisa Vihos have appeared in numerous journals, both print and online. She has received two Pushcart Prize nominations and other awards from the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets and the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts & Letters. Her fourth chapbook, *Fan Mail from Some Flounder*, was published by Main Street Rag Publishing in 2018. She is the poetry and arts editor of *Stoneboat Literary Journal* and the Sheboygan organizer for 100 Thousand Poets for Change. She compiled the anthology, *Van Gogh Dreams* (HenschelHAUS Publishing, 2018) and co-edited with Dawn Hogue, *From Everywhere a Little: A Migration Anthology* (Water's Edge Press, 2019).

如果你问西尔维娅，什么样的经历影响了她，她会说，“自从我开始社会学研究，我就对人类历史还有各种文明及其穿越时空迁徙的路径产生了兴趣。历史往往涉及艰难而漫长的文明冲突，但人类个体同样可以与文明作斗争。故事传说会引导现实世界的行为。而诗歌也会涉及故事传说。非洲部族史说唱艺人借助诗与歌来讲述其民族故事。诗人米兰·布兰德在《此地众生》里就记载了住在一个被称之为克劳希尔的小地方的德裔宾夕法尼亚人的历史与文化。有时候，我们是通过故事传说才最清楚地了解到真相。据我看来，诗即简洁地将故事。”

除了深刻且有文化内涵的故事讲述之道以外，西尔维娅还发现，她对其他艺术形式以及它们如何才能赋其作品以灵光也入了迷，譬如抽象拼贴画艺术。“把不同的要素糅合到一起——部分要素也许已经自成一门艺术——给予她们以某些全新的解说，能让我的想象力迸发。好诗也能起到那样的功效，让意象、想象和感觉建立起不曾有过又出人意料的关联。”

最近西尔维娅和我谈到了诗歌中蕴藏的沉默的伟大力量、为不明言的留白这一手法的伟大力量。西尔维娅跟我分享说，“有个雕刻家曾经告诉我，在雕一件作品的时候，他会留意雕塑的影子。如果影子不对劲，那他就需要返工。我认为诗歌也是这样。我们需要留意我们的字词语句投射出来的影像，留意它们是否体现了我们真正想要说的东西。”我觉得这是个极好的忠告，就像自我们初识以来西尔维娅同我分享的点点滴滴一样，不断引发我的共鸣。

Translated by DUAN Bingzhi / 段冰知 译

丽莎·维霍斯

丽莎·维霍斯的诗在很多纸刊和网络期刊上发表过。她曾两次获得全国诗人“手推车奖”提名，获得过威斯康星州诗人联合会和威斯康星州科学、艺术和文学学会的奖项。她的第四本书《粉丝致迷失者的信》于2018年由“大街小报出版公司”出版。她是《巨石船文学杂志》的诗歌和艺术编辑，也是“十万诗人求变”世界性活动雪堡根市的组织者。她编辑了诗歌选集《梵高的梦想》（亨舍尔豪斯出版社，2018年），并与道恩·霍格(Dawn Hogue)共同编辑了《世界各地诗歌点滴：移民选集》（水边出版社出版，2019年）。