

In Other Words

Poems by Wisconsin Poets in English & Chinese

换言之

威斯康星州诗人汉英双语诗

Editors: Lisa Vihos & Sylvia Cavanaugh

主编：丽莎·维霍斯、西尔维亚·卡瓦诺

Translators: Yingcai Xu & Kai Mills

翻译：徐英才、薛凯

CHICAGO ACADEMIC PRESS

In Other Words

Poems by Wisconsin Poets in English and Chinese

Editors Lisa Vihos and Sylvia Cavanaugh

Translators Yingcai Xu and Kai Mills

Publisher Chicago Academic Press, November 23, 2020

ISBN 9798569482009

书 名 换言之

威斯康星州诗人汉英双语诗

主 编 丽莎·维霍斯、西尔维亚·卡瓦诺

翻 译 徐英才、薛凯

出版社 芝加哥学术出版社 2020年11月23日

书 号 9798569482009

Publishing Chicago Academic Press

5923 N Artesian Ave

Chicago IL 60659

E-mail contact@chicagoacademicpress.com

Website <http://chicagoacademicpress.com/>

Book Size 6X9 inches

First Edition November 23, 2020

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced in any form or by any means without permission in writing from the publisher

翻译 徐英才

原中国复旦大学英语教师，现在美国德宝大学教学，曾主讲过包括古现代汉语、古现代文学、艺术、哲学等在内的众多科目。他曾往加拿大麦克马斯特大学授课并研读加拿大文学；后又赴美国德堡大学研读英美文学，并建立了德宝大学的汉语教学系统。他早期从事英汉翻译，出版过大量作品。目前主要从事汉英翻译，出版过众多译著，有《英译唐宋八大家散文精选》、《英译中国当代美文选》、《英译中国经典散文选》，《英译中国经典古诗词 100 首》、《冰花诗选》，《中国经典文化走向世界丛书散文卷三》，合编过《世界抗疫诗精选》、《世界华语乡愁诗精选》、《中国古典诗歌精选精译》、《中国当代诗歌精选精译》等。他的《英译唐宋八大家散文精选》被四川大学选做教材，被北京大学外国语学院选作英语专业研究生入学考试的必读书；他的《英译唐宋八大家散文精选》、《英译中国当代美文选》、《英译中国经典散文选》被中国政府选作礼物赠送给国外。在翻译上，他不满足中国传统的翻译原则“信达雅”，为自己设立了一个更高要求的三原则，它们是：准确、传神、浑然，在力求准确表达原文意旨的基础上，努力追求原文个性风格的表达与为目标语读者所赞许的高品质译文。他喜欢写新旧诗，偶尔也写英汉俳句。他创办了华人诗学会与汉英双语纸质诗刊《诗殿堂》。

Translator Xu Yingcai

A former English teacher in Fudan University, China, now teaches Chinese-studies courses in DePaul University, USA. The courses he has taught are diverse in subject, including modern and classical Chinese languages, modern and classical Chinese literature, art, cinema, and philosophy. He once went to McMaster University, Canada to teach courses while taking Canadian literature classes; later he came to DePaul University, USA to study English and American literature. He initiated and established DePaul University's Chinese program. He used to be engaged in English-to-Chinese translation and had many publications; now he is mainly engaged in Chinese-to-English translation and has multiple publications, including *A Selection from the Eight Great Prose Masters of the Tang and Song Dynasties*, *Selected Words of Contemporary Chinese Prose*, *Selected Works of Classical Chinese Prose*, *100 Classic Chinese Poems*, *Selected Poems of Bing Hua*, *Readings of Chinese Culture Series Essay III*. Besides, he has co-edited *World Pandemic Poetry*, *World Chinese Nostalgic Poetry*, *Translation of Classical Chinese Poetry*, and *Contemporary Chinese Poetry in Chinese & English*. His *A Selection from the Eight Great Prose Masters of the Tang and Song Dynasties* is chosen as a textbook by a Sichuan university and a must-read book by Peking University as a preparation for its English-major graduate entrance exam, and his *A Selection from the Eight Great Prose Masters of the Tang and Song Dynasties*, *Selected Words of Contemporary Chinese Prose*, and *Selected Works of Classical Chinese Prose* are chosen by Chinese government as gifts for foreign countries. In translation, unsatisfied with the traditional Chinese principles of faithfulness, expressiveness, and elegance, he established three higher goals for himself, that is accuracy, individuality, and cohesion, seeking to capture the intent and flavor of the original while producing a result well accepted by mother-tongue speakers. He enjoys writing new and classical poems and sometimes Haiku in both Chinese and English. He founded the Chinese Poetry Association and the Chinese and English bilingual journal *Poetry Hall*.

翻译 薛凯

故乡为江苏南京，在中国和美国居住过多地，目前居住在威斯康星州并执教中文于公立高中。2018 年获得过全州最佳年度优秀中文教师奖。为美国华人诗学会理事会会员，《诗殿堂》双语诗刊英诗部和拓展部主任。当地交响乐团合唱团会员及国际象棋俱乐部会员。诗歌发表于杂志和诗集。除读诗写诗外，爱好翻译诗歌，唱歌，为诗词谱曲以及下国际象棋。

Translator

Kai Mills Bio

Kai Mills' hometown is in Nanjing, China and has lived in many places in China and the U.S. She currently lives in Wisconsin, where she is a high school Chinese language teacher. She received the "Wisconsin Chinese Teacher of the Year for 2018." She is a board member of the America Chinese Poetry Association, *Poetry Hall's* managing editor of English Poetry Department and leader of the Outreach Department, a member of the Sheboygan Symphony Chorus and Chess Club. Her poems have been published in various magazines and books. In addition to reading and writing poetry, she likes to translate poems, sing, compose music and play chess.

译者的话

代 序

汉英双语纸质专刊《诗殿堂》，今年夏秋两期的“本期特辑”栏目分别刊登了美国两位诗人的英汉作品，因此就突然想到，为何不出一本美国当代诗人的英汉双语诗集呢？于是，我们就把这个想法告诉了《诗殿堂》英语诗歌部的主编西尔维亚·卡瓦诺和副主编丽莎·维霍斯。她俩很快就从美国威斯康星州的州级及其管辖的市的市级桂冠诗人那里征来了十二位诗人的六十首诗稿。这就是本书的来历。

威斯康星是美国当代诗歌创作的一个重要州，本诗集汇编了这些桂冠诗人的最具代表性的一些作品范例。中国读者比较熟悉美国现代诗歌的情况，比如由英国传到美国的浪漫主义，由法国传到美国的象征主义，以及由美国本土兴起的包括意象派在内的美国现代主义。但对美国当代诗人的作品，尤其是对集中于美国某一地区的当代诗人的作品就了解甚少。本书旨在弥补这个缺陷，让中国诗歌爱好者对美国威斯康星州的当代诗歌创作有个了解，从而达到窥一斑而知全豹，尝一脔而味全鼎的效果，大体了解美国当代诗歌创作的概况。

汇集在这里的六十首诗，数量虽然不多，但题材广泛，有涉猎生活琐碎的，也有探讨人生大事的；有描写习俗风情的，也有描摹地理变迁的；有捕捉心理变化的，也有讲述哲学道理的；有孩子的成长，老人的退休，移民的快乐，死亡的体验；上至星河，下至林湖；早至远古，晚至当下，快乐烦恼，酸甜苦辣，非常丰富。因此，通过阅读本诗集，读者还可以了解到美国当代诗人尤其是美国威斯康星州诗人的关爱。

Translators' Note

In Lieu of a Preface

This summer and autumn, *Poetry Hall: A Chinese and English Bilingual Journal*, published in its "Special Topic" column, two American poets' English works, paired with Chinese translations. This prompted the idea of publishing a Chinese and English bilingual poetry collection focusing on contemporary American poets. We discussed the idea with Sylvia Cavanaugh and Lisa Vihos, the Editor and the Assistant Editor in Charge of the English Poetry Department of *Poetry Hall*. They responded quickly with sixty poems selected from twelve Wisconsinites who have been designated as poet laureates for the state and/or local municipalities. Hence, this poetry collection.

Wisconsin is one of the most important states in the United States for contemporary poetry composition, and this collection has included a sample of its poet laureates' most representative writings. Chinese readers are familiar with modern American poetry genres, such as Romanticism originating in Britain, Symbolism from France, and Modernism, including imagism, rising from America itself. However, Chinese readers are quite limited in their knowledge regarding the contemporary American genre, especially within this state. *In Other Words* is intended to help close this gap. It aims to help Chinese poetry enthusiasts understand Wisconsin's contemporary poetic voices, so they can either see the entire poetic leopard via one of its spots or taste the full flavor in a poetic cookpot via one morsel of its meat --- that is, to deduce what contemporary American poetry is like.

Sixty poems are not a lot. However, this group of poems embraces diverse subjects, including daily trivia and life events, local customs and geographic changes, psychological nuances and philosophical musings. They explore the growth of the young, the retirement life of the old, the joys of immigration, and the experience of death. The locations range from our galaxy to the lakes and woods of this earth. They date from ancient times to present age. There are feelings of happiness and sorrow; ups and downs. These poems are very profound in content! Therefore, in exploring this collection, readers can understand what contemporary American poets are concerned with by way of understanding of what Wisconsin poets are concerned with.

通过阅读本诗集，读者还可以了解到美国当代诗人的诗歌创作手法。在这些作品里，虽然我们也会极偶然地看到一些美国早期诗歌创作的蛛丝马迹，比如金伯莉·布莱瑟为了达到民谣效果使用半韵形式的诗《秋八月下收野稻》，玛格丽特·罗兹加为了达到复制古朴效果采用意象派手法的诗《金色难留》，以及布鲁斯·德勒夫森为了达到音形效果沿用象征派手法的诗《退休生活》等等，但总体来说，美国当代诗人早已跳出美国早期诗歌创作手法的羁绊。他们不再把自己禁锢在律诗，韵诗里，而是追求一种内在的节奏。除此之外，他们也早已跳出了浪漫主义强调主观理想的表现，直抒强烈的个人感情之手法的羁绊；也跳出了象征主义强调传达个人即刻心理感受，无逻辑地运用复杂的象征，联觉与音乐，追求半晦半明梦幻般朦胧诗意之手法的羁绊，从形式到内容上，追求一种全新的、自由的，灵巧的、形象生动的，充满情趣的、寓意明确的作品。可以这么说，这些作品都属上乘佳作，读来令人爱不释手。

为了译好这些作品，我们本着准确、传神、浑然的三原则，用以诗译诗的方法，以准确为第一要素，在准确的基础上传达出原文的神采、风格、个性，努力做到译文通畅、优美、浑然一体，比如把带有哄孩子入睡之风格的作品译成可哼可唱的眠歌节奏，把带有用雨来描写退休之单调生活风格的作品译得带有雨势雨声等等。但错误在所难免，敬请原谅！在此值得一提的是西尔维亚·卡瓦诺（Sylvia Cavanaugh）和斯科特·米尔斯（Scott Mills）两位美国朋友，感谢他们在我们的翻译过程中所提供的帮助！

2020年11月15日

Reading this collection, readers can also get to know the creative approaches these contemporary poets have taken. Although once in a very long while, one can still see the slightest trace of traditional methods applied in their works, such as the semi-rhyming technique Kimberly Blaeser used in her *Manoominike-giizis* to give a feel of a ballad, or the imagist technique Margaret Rozga employed in her *Nothing Gold Will Stay* to provide a sense of duplication of the tradition, or the symbolic technique Bruce Dethlefsen used in his *Retirement* to achieve the effect of music and image, these poets, in general, have long broken the fetters on creative method imposed on the early American poets. They no longer imprison themselves in the bondage of meter or rhyme but instead seek poetry's inner rhythm. Additionally, they have also broken from the restrictions of Romanticism, which stresses the revelation of subjective ideals and the direct and explicit verbalization of individual emotions. They have also shunned the constraints of Symbolism, which emphasizes the conveying of immediate, unique, and personal emotional response as the ultimate aim of art, and the use of an illogical medley of metaphors, synesthesia, and music to achieve a blurred and misty effect. Both in form and content, these contemporary American poets seek a brand-new type of poetry, free in format, nimble in syntax, vivid in imagery, engaging in substance, and definite in theme. It would not be an exaggeration to say that these sixty poems are all excellently written. One can hardly put the book down once one starts to read the collection.

To ensure the high quality of the translation, we adhered to the three principles of accuracy, individuality, and cohesion and translated the poems as if writing the poems. We tried to capture the intent, flavor, and spirit of the original in making the translation cohesive, coherent, and appealing. For example, we rendered the poem about putting a baby to sleep into a Chinese poem using a lullaby rhythm. As another example, we translated the poem about how rain reveals monotony in retirement into a Chinese poem that suggests the falling and the pitter-patter of rain. However, we beg your pardon if we have made any mistakes. We would also like to take this opportunity to thank our two American friends Sylvia Cavanaugh and Scott Mills for the help they provided with our translations.

November 15, 2020



TABLE OF CONTENTS

目 录



Kimberly Blaeser 1

金伯莉·布莱瑟 1

1. Manoominike-giizis 2

1. 秋八月下收野稻 3

2. Again the Night 4

2. 夜，又降临了 5

3. The Knife My Father Gave Me at Eight 6

3. 八岁那年父亲送我的刀 7

4. The Way We Love Something Small 8

4. 对微体的爱之道 9

5. After Words 10

5. 编后记 11

Sylvia Cavanaugh 13

西尔维娅·卡瓦诺 13

1. Rockford 14

1. 罗克福德市 15

2. Summer Evenings 18

2. 夏夜 19

3. The Time We Were Gods 22

3. 那些做神灵的日子 23

4. Leaves 24

4. 树叶 25

5. Rusted Houses 26

5. 锈迹斑斑的小屋 27

Bruce Dethlefsen 29

布鲁斯·德勒夫森 29

1. I'll Take the Moon 30

1. 我将选择月亮 31

2. White Stallions 32

2. 白色种马 33

3. Retirement 34

3. 退休生活 35

4. The Garden Is Growing Old 36

4. 园子渐渐老去 37

5. Milk from Sleepy Cows (for Willi) 38

5. 瞌睡牛出的奶（给威利） 39

Max Garland 41

马克斯·加兰德 41

1. Early Work 42

1. 晨差 43

2. Hydrogen 46

2. 氢气 47

3. Joy 48

3. 快乐 49

4. Apparition 50

4. 幽灵 51

5. Orion Spur 52

5. 银河系猎户旋臂 53

Dasha Kelly Hamilton 55

达莎·凯丽·汉密尔顿 55

1. Flesh 56
1. 肉体 57
2. Sonic 58
2. 抱怨声 59
3. Shouting 60
3. 高声诗唱 61
4. Raucus 62
4. 喧嚣 63
5. Sputter 64
5. 噗噗的眼泪 65

Karla Huston 67

卡尔拉·休斯顿 67

1. Swarm 68
1. 蜂群 69
2. Soft Snow in Late December 70
2. 腊月里柔柔的雪 71
3. Even Now 72
3. 时已值此 73
4. Yellow 74
4. 黄色 75
5. Moth Orchid 76
5. 蛾兰花 77

Nancy Rafal 79
南希·拉斐尔 79

1. Everywoman Goes Down to the Water 80
1. 每个妇女都下过水 81
2. Beginnings 82
2. 开端 83
3. Thoughts on Writing When the Moon Is Full but
Clouds Obscure It 84
3. 文思于云遮月圆时 85
4. The Nature of Birds and Poets 86
4. 鸟性与诗性 87
5. Namaste 88
5. 敬拜 89

Margaret Rozga 91
玛格丽特·罗兹加 91

1. Field Guide 92
1. 田野上的指南 93
2. On the Vertical 94
2. 纵切面 95
3. *Nothing gold will stay* ---- Robert Frost 96
3. 金色难留----罗伯特·弗罗斯特 97
4. Home in the Nick of Time 98
4. 急赶回家的当口 99
5. Skim of Moon 100
5. 月过苍穹 101

Denise Sweet 103
丹尼斯·斯威特 103

1. The New Math 104
1. 新型数学 105
2. Stroke of Luck 106
2. 幸运的一击 107
3. The Religion of Stones 108
3. 石块的宗教信仰 109
4. Palominos Near Tuba City 110
4. 图巴市*旁的金毛银鬃马 111
5. Constellations 112
5. 星座 113

Marilyn L. Taylor 115
玛丽莲·L·泰勒 115

1. Poem for a 75th Birthday 116
1. 写给第七十五个生日的诗 117
2. At the End 118
2. 临终 119
3. Leaving the Clinic 120
3. 离开诊所 121
4. For Lucy, Who Came First 122
4. 献给露西，来此居住的最早祖先 123
5. to Me in the Oldest Tongue 124
5. 用最古老的语言跟我说话 125

Angie Trudell Vasquez 127
安吉·特鲁德尔·瓦斯奎兹 127

1. Wheel Kids 128
1. 脚踩风轮的孩子们 129
2. Synonymous 130
2. 异曲同工 131
3. Wild Prayer 132
3. 狂野的祈祷 133
4. Chicago (for Eschikagou) 134
4. 芝加哥 (献给野洋葱之乡) 135
5. If 136
5. 如果 137

Lisa Vihos 139
丽莎·维霍斯 139

1. Cloud Reader 140
1. 云读者 141
2. Some Facts about Poets 142
2. 关于诗人的一些实例 143
3. Citizens of the World 146
3. 世界公民 147
4. In Solidarity 148
4. 精诚团结 149
5. The Path I Walk 150
5. 我走的那条路 151

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS 154



Kimberly Blaeser

Writer, photographer, and scholar, served as Wisconsin Poet Laureate for 2015-16. She is the author of five poetry collections— most recently *Copper Yearning*, *Apprenticed to Justice*, and the 2020 bi-lingual book *Résister en dansant/Ikweenimi: Dancing Resistance*; and editor of *Traces in Blood, Bone, and Stone: Contemporary Ojibwe Poetry*. An Anishinaabe activist and environmentalist from White Earth Reservation, Blaeser is a Professor at UW—Milwaukee and MFA faculty member for the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe. She lives in the woods and wetlands of Lyons Township, Wisconsin.





金伯莉·布莱瑟

作家、摄影师和学者，荣获威斯康星州 2015-16 年度桂冠诗人。著有五本诗集，包括近期出版的《铜的憧憬》、《学徒正义》和 2020 年的法语/印第安纳本土双语诗集《舞蹈抵抗》；编辑了《当代奥吉布韦族诗歌：血，骨，石的追溯》。布莱瑟是印第安白土保护区的安尼西那比族积极分子和环保主义者，是威斯康星州立大学密尔沃基分校的教授，也是圣达菲美国印第安艺术学院硕士学位导师。她住在威斯康星州里昂镇的森林湿地。



1. *Manoominike-giizis*

Ricing moon
when poling arms groan
like autumn winds through white pine.
Old rhythms find the hands
bend and pound the rice,
rice kernels falling
falling onto wooden ribs
canoe bottoms filling with memories—
new moccasins dance the rice
huffs of spirit wind lift and carry the chaff
blown like tired histories
from birchbark winnowing baskets.
Now numbered
by pounds, seasons, or generations
lean slivers of parched grain
settle brown and rich
tasting of northern lakes
of centuries.

1. 秋八月下收野稻

满弦月下收野稻
篙臂划水声呼啸
就象秋风过松梢。
手随老节奏
压茎刮梢后
稻穗尽脱落
倒上仓板条
载着满仓记忆啊——
穿着新鞋舞野稻
扬动桦树皮簸箕
携着古老的传说
高风吹走稻壳条
继而
过秤，分季，标年份
焙干的细长稻米
黄又饱
满含北部湖泊上
几世纪的老味道

2. Again the Night

I wake and listen. And through my open window hear the steady baying of dogs. Dark minutes I puzzle over their hunt before turning to my own. Tomorrow in daylight I may find the songs rise from a multitude of frogs croaking in the flooded wetlands. But at night I arise from my sleep in a different land. Don't we all.

Sometimes I hear my father's old songs and the clink of glasses as my mother tidies the kitchen. *Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes, I'll never love blue eyes again.* She drapes the cotton towel over the metal bar. What sound does that make in my memory? Reality lies just down the hall—my daughter's muffled cd-player and the tinkle of wind chimes. Still these never change my midnight creed. I believe in baying frogs, in the songs of all lost fathers.

Packaged like dreams. The cleft in time. Or parallel lives. Some misty mornings my mind forgets which world it inhabits. Perhaps I feel a tiny body heavy across my chest. Baby, dog, stuffed bear? Wait. With eyes closed, it could be any year.

Yes, believe—we sleep beneath infinity.

2. 夜，又降临了

醒后，我凝听。通过敞开的窗户，我听到持续的狗吠声。在这暗夜时刻，我遥思它们在逐猎什么，进而思忖自己在追寻什么。明天，日光下，我或许会在积水满盈的沼泽地里传出的群蛙鸣叫声中找到歌声。但夜幕降临后，我一觉醒来，又会出现另一片天地里。难道我们不都是这样？

有时，母亲在收拾厨房时，我会听到父亲哼那些老歌，还有玻璃杯的碰击声：“美呀美丽的棕色眼睛，我再也不爱蓝眼睛。”她把棉布毛巾挂在金属架上，那在我的记忆里存留的是什么声音？现实就躺在大厅里——女儿音乐播放器发出的隐约声以及风铃的叮当声。尽管如此，这些现实从未改变我半夜醒来后的那些萦绕的心绪。我托信于蛙鸣，寄思于所有已故父亲所唱的歌。

如梦包裹着，又如时空出现裂痕，这两种生命现象并行不悖。某些清晨，昏昏沉沉，我不知身处哪一片世界。或许，我感到胸前压着一个娇小却沉重的身体。婴儿，狗，毛绒熊？慢！闭上眼睛，我可身处任何一个年份。

是的，请相信，我们睡躺在永恒之下。

3. The Knife My Father Gave Me at Eight

One inch longer than my empty ring finger,
no field master multi-function wonder,
a single blade Case slimline trapper
pocket knife my brother would teach me
to thumb—*open closed open closed open* again
until I could slide it out quick and smooth
until I could point it, flick my wrist
throw and sink it every time blade first
in the sweet summer White Earth clay,
respect it, wipe it clean on my jeans.
The knife my father gave me at eight
whispered to me the things he left unsaid.
Small, sharp, and pearl-handled pretty—
it does the work of any man's blade.

3. 八岁那年父亲送我的刀

比我的无名指稍长一节
毫无大师般多功能奇迹
只是一把单刃小刀可以折叠
哥教我练习拇指开合：
开——合，开——合，开——
直到我能迅速拔刀而出
直到我能瞄准，抖腕，抛出
刀尖次次朝前直接插进
甜蜜夏日里的白色黏土
然后在牛仔裤上仔细把它擦净
八岁那年父亲送我的刀
向我述说他未及讲述的故事
它小巧、锋利、珍珠刀柄悦目——
是一把可媲美任何成年人的刀

4. The Way We Love Something Small

Here delicate ink of mayflies
On the glazed gray pottery of lake.
There the dipping nib of the iris
graceful lilac curves at water's edge.

Now the lilac plunged into deep purple refraction;
elongated mayfly bodies splayed—
the stained glass window of their wings
flutters a transparency, repeats repeats repeats
across some glass surface of being.

How our eyes count infinity—
how exquisitely it eludes.

4. 对微体的爱之道

这里，蜉蝣纤小如墨点
浮在靛如灰陶的湖面上。
那里，鸢尾花垂尖探墨
优雅丁香倾身躬在水边。

此刻，丁香深投在紫色倒影里；
成年蜉蝣伸展着身躯脱壳而出——
它们的翅膀犹如上釉的窗玻璃
扇动着，玲珑剔透，一遍又一遍
横过平如玻璃的表面。

我们肉眼如何测定永恒呢——
它是如此精妙地闪烁不定。

5. After Words

Because the smallness of our being
is our only greatness.

Because one night I was in a room
listening until only one heart beat.

Because in these last years I've
worn and worn and nearly worn out
my black funeral shoes.

Because the gesture of words
means the same thing no matter
who speaks them.

Because faith belief forever
are only words, no matter.

Because matter disappears
always and eventually.

Because action is not matter
but energy
that spent, changes being.

And if death, too, is a change of being
perhaps action counts.

And if death is a land of unknowing,
perhaps we do well to live with uncertainty.

And if death is a forested land,
it would be good to learn trees.

And if death is a kingdom.

It would be good to practice service.

And if death is a foreign state
we should loosen allegiance to this one.

And if the soul leaves our body
then we must rehearse goodbye.

5. 编后记

因我们渺小的存在
是我们唯一的伟大因素；

因某夜我在房里
凝听至最后一声心跳；

因最近几年
我穿来穿去几乎穿坏了
我的黑色葬礼鞋；

因言语所示之含义
都一样，无论它
出自何人之口；
因信仰信念永远
浮于言表，不是实有物质；
因物质消失
总会或者最终会发生；
因行动不是实物
只是被消耗的
能量变更了存在；

假如死亡也只是存在之形式的变更
那么行动或许就有意义；
假如死亡是一个未知的世界
那么充满变数的生活或许并不坏；
假如死亡是一片林地
那么研究研究树木就是好事；
假如死亡是一片王国
那么练习练习如何提供服务就是好事；
假如死亡是一个他乡异地
那么我们就应该忠诚于它；
假如灵魂离开我们的肉体
那么我们就应该彩排如何道别



Sylvia Cavanaugh

Teaches high school cultural studies and has advised breakdancers and poets. She and her students are actively involved in the Sheboygan chapter of 100,000 Poets for Change. A Pushcart Prize nominee, she has published three chapbooks and her poems have appeared in various periodicals and anthologies. She is a Contributing Editor for Verse-Virtual and is the editor of English language poetry for Poetry Hall: A Chinese and English Bilingual Journal. Her work has received awards from The Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets, WisconPeople and Ideas, Milwaukee Irish Fest, and others. She serves on the board of the Council for Wisconsin Writers.





西尔维娅·卡瓦诺

教授高中社会学课程，是学校霹雳舞和诗歌俱乐部的指导老师。她和她的学生们积极参与希博伊根市区世界性的“十万诗人求变”活动。她获得过手推车奖提名，出版了三本诗集，她的诗发表在各种期刊和选集中。她是《虚拟诗歌》的撰稿人，也是《诗殿堂》中英双语诗刊的英诗主编。她的作品荣获了威斯康星州诗人协会、威斯康辛人民与思想协会、密尔沃基爱尔兰节等奖项。她是威斯康星州作家协会理事会成员。



1. Rockford

I lived there just three years
a mere fragment of my life
now decades long gone
but I hold this little satellite
whirring through
the wide galaxy of old thought

frail city though it was
with its rapid decline
belted by the rust belt

its walls built of brick
and downtown granite
cast cold shade on winter sidewalks
all year long
the best restaurants
were dim-flocked hushed

some other sort of city
stands there today
but my Rockford is magic

we were all so alive
when we looked each other in the eye
and I developed
a fondness even for mirrors

we waited for some kind of rain
to trickle down from the flat rooftops
those heavy factories
used to have so many windows
but they were shuttered shut

1. 罗克福德市

我住那里仅三年
只能算人生的一个片段
如今数十年已过
但我却始终魂牵梦绕那颗小卫星
旋转着穿过
记忆的广阔银河

地处那条锈斑地带
虽然是个业已衰败的城市
萎缩也很迅速

那砖砌的墙壁
以及市中心的大理石建筑
在冬日的人行道上投下寒冷的影子
一年四季
最上等的餐厅
也灯火黯淡门庭冷落

如今矗立在那里的
却是别一样的城市
我的罗克福德市别开神奇

我们照面互相直视时
个个都如此精神焕发
以至于我养成了
对镜子的钟爱

我们期待或多或少有些雨水
从平顶屋上涓滴下来
那些重型工厂
曾经窗户林立
可惜都被钉上了封窗板

except for the Chiclet factory
remember the way
Chiclets cornered themselves
into the flesh of our mouths
and we popped them in
one after another

除了芝克莱特口香糖加工厂
还记得
芝克莱特口香糖是如何
嵌在我们的牙龈间
我们又是怎样把它扔进嘴里
一个接着一个

2. Summer Evenings

Our shadows emerged
and acquired weight
a gravity like sleep
or the grave truth of mortality

our heavy shadows snuffed out
the scorching sizzle of summer
and gave us command of the neighborhood

during the glazed-over
shadow-less glare
of daytime heat
mothers ruled
sometimes screaming at kids from inside houses
or retreating to bedrooms
in ominous silence

afternoon boredom pressed down
as I would study a solitary ant
seeking meaning
or just its lost tribe
in the endless expanse of front porch

but come twilight
kids of all sorts
congregated outdoors
to scamper across yards
squeeze through hedges
and fly down back alleys

our shadows lengthening
and darkening

2. 夏夜

我们的影子显现了
沉甸甸的
象沉睡的重力
又象有限生命的严肃真理

我们沉重的影子湮灭了
夏日灼灼的嗤嗤声
让我们进而统领
整个街坊

遍地少影的
刺目强光的
滚热白昼
是母亲们的天下
她们有时从屋里
朝孩子们吼叫
有时阴沉无声地
退避在卧室里

乏味的午后森然逼近
我会在宽大的门前木廊上
研究一只失群的蚂蚁
如何寻找生命的意义
或者寻找它丢失的王国

黄昏降临了
各家的孩子
都聚在门外
然后乱奔乱跑地穿过院子
从树篱间挤出去
沿后巷飞奔而去

我们的影子越来越长
越来越暗

foreshadowing night
with its loss of consciousness
or death
who always keeps up
reminding us to live

预示着黑夜的降临
也预示着它意识的消亡
或者死去
是谁始终在
唤醒我们生的意识

3. The Time We Were Gods

Pop-Pop went to the woods
one Saturday
and came back with a terrarium
filled with deep emerald mosses
blue-grey lichen clinging to stone
and feathery ferns
all gathered from a faery circle
he finally found
having heard about it from his uncle
years earlier.

The terrarium rested
on the old upright piano
and not only was it a place
of green mystery
it even had its own climate
separate from ours
like the breath of something holy
protected by glass we could gaze through.
We tended and guarded
this small world as if we were gods.

We humans adore nature
like a rush of new love
that shows great promise.
We fashion its essence
with our hands and tools
like Buckingham Fountain
or a vanquished maharaja's
monsoon water palace.

3. 那些做神灵的日子

某周六
外公走进树林
带回一个玻璃方盒
里面长满了翡翠般的青苔
蓝灰色苔藓紧贴在石子上
还有毛茸茸的蕨
都是从精灵的栖息地采来的
他终于找到了
多年前
叔叔曾经提及的东西。

玻璃方盒放在
老式直立的钢琴上
那地方不仅成了
一块绿色的神秘地
它甚至还有自己的气候
与我们的不同
就像某圣物的呼吸
被可以透视的玻璃笼罩护卫着
我们就象神灵一样
小心照料这片小小的天地。

我们人类热爱大自然
就象面对一个充满许诺的新爱
急匆匆投入它的怀抱。
用我们的双手和工具
为它制作精华
比如那白金汉喷泉
还有那败君土邦主的
季风水上宫殿

4. Leaves

My mother's father crossed over
Blue Mountain
to settle in fertile Lancaster County.
Every time he walked
through the door of our row house
a wind of golden leaves
would blow in around him
swirling his legs
and scuttling across the floor.

Sometimes my mother would scurry
to sweep up Pop-pop's fall foliage.
Other times she let the leaves
just sit where they settled
crisping slowly to dust.

Every once in a while
she'd pick one up
maybe a maple leaf
thick-veined
and blushed with a hint of the devil
and press it firm
between the well-worn leaves
of Emily Dickinson's poetry.

4. 树叶

我母亲的父亲曾越过
蓝山
来到土地肥沃的兰开斯特县定居。
他每次开门
走出我们联排式住宅时
就会有一阵风把金灿灿的叶子
吹进来绕着他
围着他的腿转几圈
雀跃地横过地板。

有时妈妈会快步走过去
把外公开门时吹进来的树叶扫掉。
有时她也会任由那些叶子
躺在原地
脆化为尘土。

有时
她会捡起一片
或许是枫叶吧
叶脉厚厚的
红得令人着魔的那种
把它平平地夹在
书页早被翻烂了的
艾米莉·狄金森的诗集中

5. Rusted Houses

Uncle Jimmy hangs tin cans
collected from the dump
in branches of trees
for Appalachian birds
to raise their young
in suitable rusted enclosure

an unmarried miner
who spent his days
heaving to the score of metal notes
with his spindly arms
up against a face of coal

he picked up those cans
and strung them high

as a child from the city
I used to wonder why
he would broadcast
the trash like that

whirled into a galaxy
of chirping constellations

5. 锈迹斑斑的小屋

吉米大叔
从垃圾堆里拣来易拉罐
挂在树梢上
让阿巴拉契亚飞来的鸟儿
把它们雏婴置于
锈迹斑斑的舒适圆罐内抚养

他是一位未成家的矿工
成天用瘦长的胳膊
抡铁镐朝矿壁上
琢打音符
以此来打发日子

他捡来那些易拉罐
用绳子把它们高高挂起来

我是城里来的孩子
一直很好奇为何
他要那样广播
那些垃圾

旋流银河的
星座里时而传出叽喳的鸟鸣声



Bruce Dethlefsen

Wisconsin Poet Laureate (2011-2012), has three full-length books of poetry published, *Breather* (Fireweed Press, 2009), *Unexpected Shiny Things* (Cowfeather Press, 2011), and *Small Talk* (Little Eagle Press, 2014). He volunteers in Wisconsin prisons doing poetry workshops. A member of the Prairie Sands Band, Bruce lives in Westfield, Wisconsin, U.S.A.





布鲁斯·德勒夫森

荣获威斯康星州桂冠诗人(2011-2012)出版了三本完整的诗集，分别是《休息片刻》（火草出版社，2009）、《意外闪亮的事物》（牛羽出版社，2011年）和《闲聊》（小鹰出版社，2014年）。他义务为威斯康星州监狱举办讲习班。布鲁斯是草原沙带乐队队员，居住在美国威斯康星州的韦斯特菲尔德市。



1. I'll Take the Moon

if someone will take the sun
and you say will choose water
and maybe somebody else try the earth
or love or wind
or sex or war
or fire birds or flowers
then I'll take the moon
and dedicate what's left of my life
to capture keep show and tell
utterly and complete
the epic story of the moon
but first
I need somebody to take the other things
otherwise it'll be too much for me

come on then
you take the sun
come on now
take the sun

1. 我将选择月亮

若有人选择太阳
你说要选择水
还有人或许会试着选择地球
或者爱或者风
或者性或者战争
或者火鸟或者花卉
那么，我将选择月亮
并奉献我的余生
彻彻底底完完全全地
去捕捉、展示、传播
月亮史诗般的故事
但首先
我需要有人选择其他东西
不然我的选择太沉重

那么来吧
你选择太阳
来选呀
选择太阳

2. White Stallions

the children of the street
must see themselves
in the greasy puddles of the forenoon
in the sundown storefront windows
in the luster of the shoes they shine

must see themselves
in the reflection of a customer's sunglasses
in the tears of old women
in the shadow of the bus

the children of the street
must see themselves
flying purple kites on sunny beaches
dining with the family after church
riding white stallions

the children of the street
must see themselves

2. 白色种马

街上的孩子们
一定看到自己
从午前油腻的水潭映影里
从店前橱窗的落日反光里
从他们擦亮的鞋面光亮里

一定看到自己
从顾客墨镜的反光里
从老妇的眼泪里
从公交车的影子里

街上的孩子们
一定看到自己
在阳光明媚的海滩上放飞紫色的风筝
去教堂礼拜后与家人共进午餐
骑着白色种马

街上的孩子们
定看到自己

3. Retirement

it's raining right now
somehow it seems like yesterday's rain
somehow exactly the same
the very same rain
as rained yesterday

this rain coming down
is yesterday's rain
exactly the same
the same exact rain
as came yesterday

this rain
this rain
the same
the same
this very rain

rain
same
rain

3. 退休生活

此刻正在下雨
不知为何它看上去就象昨天的那场雨
不知为何完全相同
完完全全相同的雨
就象昨天下过的

这场正在降落的雨
就是昨天的那场雨
完全相同
完完全全相同的雨
就象昨天落下的

这场雨
这场雨
相同的
相同的
这场雨

雨
同
雨

4. The Garden Is Growing Old

the garden is growing old
she can't stay up so late
or get up so early
she can hardly clean herself anymore

sometimes she says
where are my tomatoes
I know I had tomatoes
I did

and there's the weeds
she's just about covered now

where's my skin she goes
this isn't my skin
my skin is soft and moist
my skin is warm in the sunlight
my babies love my skin
my babies do

so now she's cold at night she says
and pulls at her covers
tucking her bony knees to her belly

scrunching the blanket to her chin
dreaming old garden dreams
the blanket bundled and bristled
against her straw dry whiskers

4. 园子渐渐老去

园子渐渐老去
她不能熬夜那么晚
或起得那么早
她再也不能料理自己

她有时会说
我的西红柿哪里了去了
我知道我有
我有

还有杂草
快要淹没整个园子了

我的皮肤呢，她继续说
这不是我的皮肤
我的皮肤柔软湿润
我的皮肤在阳光下格外温暖
我的宝宝们喜爱我的皮肤
我的宝宝们真地喜爱

现在她晚上很冷，她继续说
要拽被子
把骨瘦嶙嶙的膝盖卷缩在腹下

乱拢着毯子顶在下巴下
梦着从前那个园子做的梦
毯子拉作一团，硬硬地抵着
她稻草般干枯的垂发

5. Milk from Sleepy Cows (for Willi)

here my son
today is done
the cows have all come home
drink this milk
fresh warm and silk
it's milk from sleepy cows

drowsy cows now close their eyes
to dream the orange sun down
night night cows
cream black and white
come 'round from blue green hillsides

warm and dreamy
smooth and creamy
milk from sleepy cows

rest well yourself
the world will somehow swirl
without you for a while

sleep now
deep now
not a peep now
shush boy
hush

5. 瞌睡牛出的奶（给威利）

过来过来我的儿
今天咱就到这儿
牛儿都已回家啦
你快喝了这牛奶
新鲜暖和又稠白
这是瞌睡牛的奶

瞌睡的牛，闭上了眼
梦想橘色太阳落下来
晚安，晚安，我的牛
乳黄、雪白，黑花斑
是从青山背后转过来

暖和和，梦绵绵
光滑滑，稠粘粘
瞌睡的牛出的奶

好好睡，好好睡
世界又会转一圈
虽然你已入了眠

睡吧
睡吧，我的儿
闭着眼，莫偷看
嘘嘘，乖
嘘嘘，乖



Max Garland

Is the author of *The Word We Used for It*, winner of the Brittingham Poetry Prize, *The Postal Confessions*, winner of the Juniper Poetry Prize, and *Hunger Wide as Heaven*, winner of Cleveland State Poetry Center Competition. He has received fellowships from the NEA, Michener Foundation, Bush Foundation, Wisconsin Arts Board, and inclusion in *Best American Short Stories*. Born in Kentucky, where he worked as a rural letter carrier on the route where he was born, he is Professor Emeritus at University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire, recent Writer-in-Residence for Eau Claire, and the former Poet Laureate of Wisconsin.





马克斯·加兰德

是《我们用词》的作者，荣获布里丁汉姆诗歌奖。

《邮政自白》，荣获朱尼博尔诗歌奖，以及《饥饿如天堂》，荣获克利夫兰州立大学诗歌中心竞赛奖。他获得了国家教育局、米切纳基金会、布什基金会、威斯康星州艺术委员会的研究基金，并入选美国最佳短篇小说。他出生在肯塔基州，是一名往返于他出生地区的乡村邮递员。他是威斯康星大学奥克莱尔分校的名誉教授，最近为奥克莱尔常驻作家。也是威斯康星州的前桂冠诗人。



1. Early Work

My father's milk truck bounces
the country roads, as much a part
of the jangle of future as dawn.

His shirt is bright as God to me.
I get to ride along sometimes.
The smell of the cooler

is the rubbery cool where
nothing spoils, where rows
of bottles ride like music

before the choir wakes up,
or the pigeons tear loose
from silos and steeples.

The cords of muscles in his arms,
the pulsing star of cigarette,
the jump on the waking world we get

as we navigate the deep blue
shutter of washboard roads,
help lift the day onto the calendar.

First light arrives, slow as a wage
I don't yet know the meaning of, though
I feel the glow of usefulness

as I lug the empties back to the truck
where the sun has started
to brighten the fenders and latches,

the chrome of the hubcaps like coins

1. 晨差

父亲的送奶车颠簸在
乡间路道上，丁零当啷摇开了即将到来的
喧闹，就象黎明初展白日的来到。

对我来说，他的衬衣就象上帝那样光亮。
有时我也有幸坐上他的车。
保冷箱散发着

冰凉的橡皮味，那表示箱里
没有腐奶，那里一排排
奶瓶随着颠簸欢唱着

合唱队苏醒前的开场曲，
或者说在鸽群蜂拥飞出
筒仓和教堂的尖塔以前。

他胳膊上的那些肌肉疙瘩
烟头上的那个忽闪的星火
以及正在苏醒的世界里我们的颠簸

伴随着我们驱车在搓衣板似的
深蓝色坑洼地面上行走
帮着把新的一天提上议事日程。

第一缕曙光降临了，慢得象发工资
我虽然还不能明了它的意义，但
我能感到其熠熠的用处

我把空箱子搬回卡车
太阳已经
照亮了车子的挡板和门闩

黑暗已经消失

for the road where dark is spent
and wealth is milk at every door.

轮毂盖上的镀铬象滚在路上的硬币
而真正的财富是送到各家门口的牛奶

2. Hydrogen

A balloon, a bomb, a drop of water.
The skin around the sun burning outward.
You are truly next to nothing,
and yet everywhere. So neighborly,
so eager to combine:
When oxygen decide to swim,
you only asked *how far*;
when tears needed a catalyst,
you solemnly stepped forth.
In every cell, plant, or animal,
it's just not the same without you.
It's not the same ocean or body;
it's not the rain or snow. And still,
such a vulnerable element:
just a proton huddled
under the wavering attentions
of a lone electron. A body com-
posed mainly of the distance
between you. A fragile marriage
which, if it ends, may end badly,
and your loss breed a loneliness so deep,
as tiny as you are, the whole world
withdraws in consolation.

2. 氢气

哪怕一个气球，一枚炸弹，一滴水，
乃至太阳向外燃烧的裹层
你虽然真的近乎一无所有，
却又无处不在。你如此友好，
渴望跟邻里套近：
当氧气决定前去游泳时，
你只问要游多远；
眼泪需要催化时，
你正儿八经地走上前。
每个细胞，植物或者动物，
少了你居于其中，都将面目全非。
海洋将不再是海洋，身体将不再是身体
雨将不雨，雪将不雪。尽管如此，
你这个如此随和就他的元素：
只是一粒质子蜷缩
在单个电子的
波状关注下。我们人体
主要由你们伙伴之间的空间
组成。你我是一个脆弱的联姻
一旦破裂，后果不堪；
尽管你如此微小，失去你
将造成如此深重的孤寂
以致整个世界将如释重负地倒退。

3. Joy

Just to know how it felt I stood under the red pine.
It was 10 below and the sun was not quite up
and the moon not quite down, and the air so cold

you couldn't call it cold anymore, but sort of comical
on the intake, and the lungs were like—*Are you serious?*
The small three-pronged tracks in the snow

belonged to creatures no longer of this earth.
The paw prints, as well, were the only traces
of what we once called *rabbits* when such things

bounded from the shrubberies. And the light
which began to climb over the rim of horizon
appeared stunned like ancestors in old photographs

seem stunned. You look at them in their suspenders
and bonnets and the austerity of their faces
as if they knew, even then, in the minute's wait

for the shutter to close, they were goners. As if they
knew the reason for the picture was time without pity. So
I stood under the red pine, took a few more breaths

from deep in the glacial instant of my one and only life,
which hurt a little, like joy, by which I mean the edge of joy
where it sharpens itself for the work it has to do.

3. 快乐

我站在红松下，仅仅想体验一下。
现在是零下 10 度，太阳还没完全升起
月亮也还没完全落下，空气是那么寒冷

你再也不能称那为冷，不过吸气有点儿
喜剧，肺好像在说——你真想这么干吗？
雪中的三趾小脚印

是地面上早不见踪影的动物留下的。
另外，那爪印是我们曾经
称之为兔子的唯一踪迹

它们是从灌木丛里跑出来的。曙光
开始爬出地平线，
景象就像旧照片里的祖先们那样

令人瞠目。你看着他们的吊带裤
无边苏格兰圆帽，还有那紧绷的脸
好像他们那一刻就已知道，再等一会儿

快门关闭的那一秒，他们就成了离世之人。他们好像
知道留存照片是因为时间是无情的。因此
我站在红松下，又深深吸了几口气

从我的这个唯一的生命的冰川瞬间
有点疼，象快乐，我的意思是说象快乐的锋刃
为了工欲善其事，它在那里磨刀霍霍。

4. Apparition

That's the moon come down to drink,
that apparition on the water. Or
it's the milk of human kindness
slinking like an eel.

Wind tears the cottonwood away
leaf by handsized leaf.
Small waves slap the pilings.

What *is* the proper number of kisses
for a man to leave the world?
The average depth of melancholy?
The approximate wetness of hope?

It's very expensive tonight, the wind
in the lakeside trees. I don't see how
I could afford to listen

if not for you in the world,
as the leaves sail in their numbers,
somewhere deep, quick, and moonlike.

4. 幽灵

那个水上幽灵，
是月亮下凡来饮水。或者说
是人类仁慈之奶乳
正象鳗鱼那样悄悄游走。

风一片片地撕走
棉白杨上手掌般大的叶子。
小小的波浪拍打着密麻的树干。

人在离世前
接吻多少次最恰当？
忧伤的平均深度是多少？
希望的湿度大概又是多少？

今晚很昂贵了，湖边树间的
那些风。我不知
是否有资本凝听

要不是为了这个世界上的你，
在这些树叶结队
迅速地，月亮般地航行于某个很深的地方。

5. Orion Spur

I like it here, just above the elbow of the out-flung arm of the galaxy. I like the way objects retain the history of motion in their shapes, and things that aren't still appear. *Make yourself useful* my grandfather said, handing me a hoe or hammer or spool of jute to tie up the tomato vines. I like the tentacled way the galaxy flowers and spins and how dust catches your eye when lit and far away. You feel the weight at the center like a negative sun, or the immense concentration of God. Everything wants inward but the wanting whirls outward like when funnels of dirt rose and twisted across the drought struck fields.

Make yourself useful, he'd say. I'd unwind the hose and drag it between furrows, then moan and complaint from the engine in the pump house would commence and the sprinklers spin and water shine like the soul of the well released, then evening back when stars were still visible, though some weren't stars at all, I know now, but galaxies themselves, or clusters of galaxies, or super-clusters, but what I remember was how the fronds of new shoots rose and climbed the next day and now even fifty years later the smell of tomato leaves if I rub them is my grandfather in motion among dust and stars made useful.

5. 银河系猎户旋臂

我喜欢这地方，就是银河系里挥出的那条手臂
肘部上方一丁点的地方。我喜欢物体以其形态来保持
其运动史，以及那些不再显现的
东西。我的祖父曾经说“要做个有用的人”，
然后把锄头或者锤子或者黄麻线轴递给我
去拴那些番茄藤。我喜欢银河系以伸展触须的方式
开花并旋转，以及遥远的灰尘在发光时
进入你的眼帘。你感到中心传出的
分量就象负能量的恒星那样，或者你感到庞大的
神的汇聚点。一切都企图朝中心聚拢
但又恰恰朝外旋转，就象久干的田野上
扬起的漏斗形泥土堆旋转而过。

“做个有用的人，”他会说。我就放开水管
在犁沟里拖拽它，然后水泵房里引擎
发出的嘎嘎抱怨声就开始了
喷水器开始旋转，水会闪闪地喷洒而出
就象井里释放出来的灵魂，然后夜又降临了
星星仍然显现，尽管我现在知道有些根本不是
星星，而是星系本身，或者星系团
或者是超级星系团，但我还记得新芽
的叶子是如何在第二天探头攀爬的，现如今虽已过去五十年，我摩擦
那些番茄叶发出气味，仍是我的祖父在尘埃和星际间的运动起了作用



Dasha Kelly Hamilton

Is a writer, performance artist and creative change agent, applying the creative process to facilitate dialogues around human and social wellness. She is the author of two novels, three poetry collections and four spoken word albums. She has taught at colleges, conferences and classrooms and curated fellowships for emerging leaders. An Arts Envoy for the U.S. Embassy, Dasha has facilitated community building initiatives in Botswana, Toronto, Mauritius and Beirut. Her touring production, *Makin' Cake*, uniquely engages communities in a forward dialogue on race, class and equity. Dasha is a former Artist of the Year and current Poet Laureate for the City of Milwaukee.





达莎·凯丽·汉密尔顿

是一位作家、表演艺术家和创意变革推动者，她运用创作过程促进围绕人类和社会健康的对话。她著有两部小说，三本诗集和四本口语诗专辑。她曾在大学、研讨会和教室任教，为新兴领导人策划研究金。作为美国大使馆的艺术特使，达莎在博茨瓦纳、多伦多、毛里求斯和贝鲁特帮助了当地社区建设规划。她的巡回演出《做蛋糕》，独特地让社区参与到有关种族、阶级和平等的进一步对话中。达莎曾是密尔沃基市年度艺术家和现任桂冠诗人。



1. Flesh

Her loose leaf weighed heavy with penmanship. She wasn't nervous, just exposing nerve. We're at the end of my Name writing workshop, one of my favorites. "Look at me now," she read aloud. I had been. Throughout the session, my eyes had been climbing the scarred scaffolding on her forearm. Red slices into her skin, ancient and fresh. "My name means star in the sky," she continued, "but look at me now." She mocked the ambition of her name. Owned her tumble from the heavens. She has negotiated a definition of herself in pounds of tender flesh. Indeed, we are looking. She still refracts starlight.

1. 肉体

她书写在活页纸上的字，很具艺术性。她并不紧张，流露的是勇气。书写自己名字的书法活动快要结束了，这项活动是我的至爱之一。“看我写的，”她一边大声地念着。我其实一直在看她。整个活动中，我的眼睛一直在她前臂上的形如脚手架的疤痕上攀爬，红红的一条条嵌入她的肉体，新旧交替。“我名字的意思是天之星，”她继续说，“但看我现在，”她对自己名字中雄心勃勃的含义不无讥讽，自责应从天堂滚落下来。她手臂上那几磅重的新生肉体，为她赢得了对她自己的重新定义。实际上，我们都在看她。她仍然折射着星光。

2. Sonic

Empty chairs make a racket. They bark out lists of overlooked tasks and misplayed strategies. They titter about rushed choices and belabored logistics. They huff and murmur at your gall. You? You thought...? Empty chairs are rude. They mumble unfiltered opinions and dissent, gnawing and smacking on the accusation: Just who do you think you are? I often challenge myself with this question, like tracing a finger over a scar to remind yourself of what you can achieve. Sometimes, the exercise pushes me past comfort and into boldness. Sometimes, it calibrates my ego and expectations. Empty chairs pulse with the sonic boom of absence. Mostly, empty chairs are humbling.

2. 抱怨声

空椅子并不安宁，它们向着被疏忽的任务和被错误地实施了方略吼叫；它们向着匆忙的决策和繁重的后勤嘲笑；它们向着你的鲁莽发怒或者嘀咕：你？你以为...？空椅子很粗鲁，它们向着未经思考的提议和异议嘟囔，斥责和抨击不实言论：你以为你是谁呀？我经常用这个提问来自省，就象用手指触摸伤疤那样来提醒自己可以取得怎样的成就。这样做，有时候会让我得意，甚至骄傲，有时候会校正我的自我与期待。空椅子随着空座的低沉轰鸣脉动，大多数空椅子都自惭形秽。

3. Shouting

My grandmothers were church ladies, which made my parents church kids. Daddy was pulled through sanctuary doors multiple times each week. Mama saw the reverend's opinion crowd their home every day. Daddy has only entered churches for weddings and funerals since his liberation into adulthood. Mama vowed to arm us with the essentials: be kind, be honest, be humble, be fair. I grew curious about the tabernacle, though. The shouting. The music. The hat sculptures. I was giddy when my neighbor invited me. Deflated when her mother sent me home. "Red pants to church?" she muttered in disbelief. They were my favorites. Why wouldn't I wear those?

3. 高声诗唱

我的祖母和外祖母都是教会妇女，所以我的父母也就都是教会孩子咯。每周，爸爸都会被拉进圣神教堂的大门好几次，妈妈每天都会看到家里放满牧师送来的教义。自他获得成年人的自由后，只有婚礼和葬礼爸爸才进教堂。妈妈发誓只用基本准则武装我们：善良，诚实，谦虚，公正，但我对教堂却一直很好奇，那些高声诗唱，音乐，还有教堂帽的雕塑般造型。一次，邻居邀我去她家，我很是飘飘然；当她母亲遣我回家时，我真是很泄气。“穿红裤子去教堂？”她不敢相信地咕哝着。这些衣服是我的最爱，为什么我不能穿着去呢？

4. Raucus

My first four months in this house were quiet. No husband shuffling newspapers. No little girls chirping after school. Just me and quiet. And the refrigerator hum. The grumbling furnace. The harmony of settling support beams and my spirit. The girls would parade giggles and clamoring question marks through the house every few days, trailing their scent of blessing. Quiet, again. In the fourth month, I inherited a cat. Immediately, I was acutely aware of him, sensing when his silent mass displaced the molecules of a room. A whole man will add his quiet to this home soon. Seven years of silence healed me for a lifetime of raucous joy.

4. 喧嚣

我搬进这房子后的头四个月很安静，没有丈夫的翻报声，没有小女孩放学后的叽喳声，只有我和宁静，还有冰箱的哼鸣声，暖气炉的咕啾声。落定的房梁和我的精神面貌十分和谐。每隔几天，就有女孩们来房里，边游看边咯咯地笑，大声地问这问那，一路留下她们散发的喜庆味。然后，又安静了下来。到了第四个月，我接手了一只猫。我立刻就敏锐地感觉到了他的存在，知道何时他无声的原子量取代了房间里的分子。一个完整的男人不久就会为这个家增添他的一份宁静。七年的清冷治活了我对余生喧嚣的快乐感。

5. Sputter

The desks, arranged into one rectangle, were empty of other fourth graders. Just my teacher and me sitting on one of the long ends. I'd never struggled with school before. Never stayed after for help. Math --fractions, in particular-- had decided to hate me. The F on my report card had been so foreign. Vulgar, even. My teacher held the edge of my worksheet for a week as I grated the eraser across my mistakes. So many. I would pucker my lips to blow away the erasures, only mastering a slobbery sputter of tears. Drawing in thin, quivering breaths, I would lift my pencil every day and hate Math right back.

5. 噗噗的眼泪

桌子，并成一个长方形，没有其他四年级学生，只有老师和我坐在桌子两个长边的其中一边。以前，我从没觉着学校的学习吃力，从未留下寻求帮助。数学——尤其是分数——决定厌弃我。成绩单上的 F 曾经是那么陌生，甚至鄙陋。整整一个星期，老师都按着我作业纸的边沿，让我用橡皮擦拭我做错的题。太多了。我努起嘴吹掉橡皮屑，眼泪止不住噗噗地往下掉。每天，我举起铅笔时，都会抽泣地吸着气，对算数立刻憎恨无比。



Karla Huston

Wisconsin Poet Laureate (2017-2018) and the author of *A Theory of Lipstick* (Main Street Rag: 2013) as well as 8 chapbooks of poetry including *Grief Bone*, (Five-Oaks Press: 2017). Her poems, reviews and interviews have been published widely, including the 2012 Pushcart Best of the Small Presses anthology.





卡尔拉·休斯顿

2017 年-2018 年威斯康星州桂冠诗人及《口红理论》(主街小报: 2013) 的作者, 以及《悲伤骨》等 8 本诗集(五橡树出版社: 2017)。她的诗歌、评论和访谈被广泛出版, 包括 2012 年出版的《小型出版社最佳手推车选集》。



1. Swarm

All day they arrive again
and again bees to bloom
in this quiet heat I throw
pebbles of silver
into cupped hands where
they come in swarms
to drink what I give them
today the bitter singing
the persistent wings
the memorial ache
wires hovering with
song, the elegant song

1. 蜂群

整整一天，蜜蜂一次
又一次到来，在这静谧的
热浪里，向着花朵，我把
银色鹅卵石抛进
合成杯形的双手间，它们
蜂拥而来，在那里
饮喝我今天的
供给，苦涩的歌唱
不停扇动的翅膀
痛苦的追忆
万丝萦绕，随歌而舞
是一支优雅的歌

2. Soft Snow in Late December

The sky wraps gray
shawl around the light.
A great-horned owl
questions from a tree
counting his new luck
with each silver flake.
The mice hiding dark
and quick will track
thin maps in the snow.
Even in this pure
morning silence, death
swoops to meet them.

2. 腊月里柔柔的雪

天穹用灰色的
披巾裹着日光。
一只大雕鸮

在树上盘算

按每一片银白色雪花

计算它新增的运气。
藏在黑暗里的老鼠

在雪地上迅速画着

薄薄的地图般的踪迹。

即便在这纯洁的
清晨的宁静中，死亡

也会从天降向它们。

3. Even Now

gold flakes tumble
like stars from the tree
look closely
see the tears
brown spots still
wrinkles of green
sun falls and heaps
at my feet—even now
everything wild
is suffering for sleep

3. 时已值此

金色的叶片
象星星从树上滚落下来
仔细瞧
可以看到泪痕
褐色斑点
绿色皱纹依在
太阳西沉，落辉堆在
我脚边 ----- 时已值此
野外的一切
仍不能安然入眠

4. Yellow

If yellow could whisper
it would not drone about
bodily humors. It would say
sunlight even on the most
frigid of days and later
it would whisper in the soft
talk of spring, translate
the singing crocuses
into the mumble of birds.
It might try to echo the bells
of tulips, the trumpeting throats
of daffodils, hum with the small
yellow buds. If yellow could,
it would murmur light,
more light; it would whisper
in every dark corner,
then fill every blue heart with it.

4. 黄色

假如黄色能低语
它不会嗡嗡抱怨
人的心绪。它会谈论
阳光，即便在最寒冷的
日子里，然后
便会柔声细语地
谈论春天，把番红花的
吟唱译成
小鸟的呢喃声。
它或许还会和唱郁金香的
铃声，水仙花的
小号声，与小小的
黄色花蕾一起哼鸣。假如黄色能，
它一定会吟唱阳光，
更多的阳光，即便身处各个
暗角，它也会吟唱
让歌声充满每一棵蓝色的心。

5. Moth Orchid

This one was saved
from the sale table
at the garden center, a plant
I've nursed for two years,
and finally the nose
of a shoot poked between
the broad paddles
of leaves, then a slender stem
with five small buds, winter white
against a winter window,
and today's unwrapping—
like a star, a small mouth
singing at its center.

5. 蛾兰花

这株被抢救下来
是从花园中央的
销售桌上，我
培植了两年，
总算有芽尖
从两瓣宽叶中间
露头而出，不久，细茎上
又长出五朵小花蕾，冬雪似的洁白
映衬着冬日的窗子，
现在正在尽情地绽放——
象一个明星，张着小嘴
从花蕊处歌唱



Nancy Rafal

Has been writing poetry for the last three decades. She is not a “disciplined” writer and writes when the spirit moves her. Nancy’s work has appeared in many issues of the Wisconsin Poets’ Calendar, Hummingbird, and other publications. She is a past treasurer for both the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets and the Wisconsin Writers Association. She helped initiate the Poetry Trail in Newport State Park in Door County and the Door County Poet Laureate Project. Nancy also spearheaded the construction and painting of a 96 ft long mural in Baileys Harbor honoring the spirit of Lorine Niedecker.





南希·拉斐尔

已有三十年的写诗历史。她不是一位“严谨”的作家，有灵感时才写作。南希的作品发表在威斯康星州诗人协会年鉴、蜂鸟以及其他出版物上。她曾是威斯康星州诗人协会和作家协会的财务主管。她帮助启动了多尔县纽波特州立公园的诗歌之旅和多尔县桂冠诗人项目。南希带领了在贝利港建造并绘制了一幅 96 英尺长的壁画，以纪念洛琳·尼德克尔精神。



1. Everywoman Goes Down to the Water

She steps into the coolness and bathes
It is the Ganges, the Yangtze, the Amazon,
She wears skins, sarong, serape, shawl

Everywoman goes down to the water
She bends and fills her bucket, her granite pail, her goatskin bladder
She drinks, cooks, washes clothes, nourishes plants, bathes babies,
anoints, cleanses

Everywoman goes down to the water
She paddles canoe, kayak, rows skiff, poles punt, floats raft
She journeys to the next village, spawning grounds, bear den, ice
floe

Everywoman goes down to the water
River, steam, ocean, lake, creek,
dew on desert plant, primed pump,
gently rain, steam distilled

Everywoman goes down to the water
She sees algae, phosphorus foam, dead birds
She smells gasoline, decay, pollution
She feels radiation, burning, oiliness

Everywoman goes down to the water
It courses through her veins, through her heart
Through a thousand thousand everywomans

Everywoman weeps

1. 每个妇女都下过水

她跨入冰凉的水里洗澡
恒河、长江、亚马逊
她穿着兽皮、围着围裙、裹着毛毯、披着披肩

每个妇女都下过水
她弯腰装满水桶、搪瓷桶、羊皮袋
她喝水、做饭、洗衣、浇花，给婴儿洗澡、
涂油、清洗

每个妇女都下过水
她划独木舟、单人舟，划轻舟、撑船、驾筏子
她跋涉到下一个村庄、鱼卵塘、黑熊窝、浮冰区

每个妇女都下过水
大江、小河、海洋、湖泊、小溪、
沙漠植物上的露水、汲水泵、
细雨、蒸馏水

每个妇女都下过水
她见过海藻、磷沫、死鸟
她闻过汽油、腐烂、污染
她遭过辐射、灼烫、油侵

每个妇女都下过水
血液流经她的血管里，流过她的心脏
流在千千万万个妇女身体里

每个妇女都有泪水

2. Beginnings

I'd forgotten sunrises, stars blinking you awake, geese
rising in unison over the lake
twenty-two years living in the woods will do that

The new home is smaller, won't hold
our countless books, but the spacious backyard is
clear of utility poles and wires, and provides
a seasonal water view and an occasional deer

The real miracle is that eight years ago
when the house was rented out
a baby was birthed here
in the space I've placed my writing desk

2. 开端

我忘了旭日如何升起，星星如何把你眨醒，大雁
如何结队从湖面掠起
二十二年居住在树林里的遭遇

新家比较小，装不下
我们无数的书籍，但是后院宽敞
没有电线杆和电线，一展
四季的水景以及偶尔现身的麋鹿

真正的奇迹是八年前
该房出租的时候
一个婴儿诞生在这里
在这个我如今放置了一张写字台的地方

3. Thoughts on Writing When the Moon Is Full but Clouds Obscure It

Thanks to Beth Bartoli, Naturalist at Newport State Park

While waiting for others to arrive
this overcast rainy evening
Several of us watch a caterpillar cast off its skin
and begin the journey to butterfly
Within an hour the chrysalis is formed and by next day
the transformation will be complete
The entire cycle from egg to butterfly takes about thirty days
Time for the moon to go from full to new to full again
Time for a woman's body to prepare
for the possibility of new life
Preparations that repeat monthly
This Pisces moon has many names and is thought to have
the power to cleanse, to renew, to create
I am ready to bathe in its golden glow and, like
that newly emerged Monarch which may or may not
be the generation destined for Mexico,
I am ready
to spread my wings
ride the currents
relying on my inner compass
to stay the course

3. 文思于云遮月圆时

感谢新港州立公园的博物学家贝丝·巴托利

在这阴雨绵绵的夜晚
我们中几个人一边在等其他人到来
一边在看毛虫蜕皮
开启它蜕变蝴蝶之旅
不到一小时，蛹就会成形；第二天
转化就会完成
从卵到蝶的整个周期大约需要三十天
那正是月亮从满到新再到满所需要的时间
那也正是女人的身体准备
接受新生命可能诞生所需要的时间
也就是那个每月重复的准备工作
这个时值双鱼座的月相名称众多，它被认为含有
净化，更新，创造之力
我已准备就绪，沐浴它的金色光辉，就象
那新生的帝王蝶，尽管不知是不是
命定抵达墨西哥的那一代，
我已准备就绪
展开我的翅膀
乘风驾流
按我内心的指南针
不达目标绝不回头

4. The Nature of Birds and Poets

Like the mother robin the poet must brood the words
must lay them in the warm nest of expectation
shelter them from predators

Like the mother robin the poet must turn the words
Tending them, so that they will hatch out
peep, peep, peep incessantly to be fed

Like the mother robin the poet must fly away
in the world to find food for the words
until they fledge and grasp the edge of the nest

And like the mother robin the poet must send the words
out into that world and know
that they will find their way to a branch that is their own

4. 鸟性与诗性

就象知更鸟的母亲需要孵蛋，诗人必须孵词育句
把它们置于温暖的企盼之窝
保护它们免遭掠食者的侵袭

就象知更鸟的母亲需要翻转孵蛋，诗人必须锻词炼句
呵护它们，这样它们才能脱壳而出
唧唧，唧唧，唧唧，不停地叫唤着需要喂食

就象知更鸟的母亲需要离巢，诗人必须飞往
世界为诗句寻找食粮
直到它们羽翼丰满、伫立巢边

就象知更鸟的母亲不时啼鸣，诗人必须把他的诗句
送往世界，他知道
那些诗句一定会找到属于它们的那根枝干

5. Namaste

The perfect person is like an empty boat. Lao Tzu

Take your lifetime
of commitments
obligations
appointments
duties

All recorded
with anchors of acquisitions
ballast of perception
boxes of redundancies

Give up the weights beyond capacity which you carry
Give up things that propel you toward the compression of dark
energy

Toss things to the wind Give up
your expectations
your preconceptions
your judgements

Be not a burden Be not a bearer of burdens

Look beyond What do you see

Is the boat moving to shore
Is it caught in the doldrums
Is it drifting out to sea

All that matters is that it be empty

5. 敬拜

完美之人若空舟。——老子

用毕生去
应承
担责
约定
履职

一切都记录在案
获知的船锚下
认知的船镇下
成箱成箱地堆积

丢掉你不能承载的重量
丢掉驱策你去挤压暗能量的东西

把它们随风丢去，抛却
你的期待
你的成见
你的判断

不要授重于人，不要承重他人

越过你的视野

船是否驶向彼岸
是否陷入静流
是否漂向大海

舟空才至关重要



Margaret Rozga

An emeritus professor of English at the Waukesha campus of the University of Wisconsin Milwaukee, served as 2019-2020 Wisconsin Poet Laureate. Her poems draw on her experiences as an educator, avid reader and researcher, parent, and advocate for social and racial justice. She is the author of four books including *Pestiferous Questions: A Life in Poems* (Lit Fest Press 2017), written with support from the American Antiquarian Society. Her forthcoming volume of new and selected poems is to be published in spring 2021 by Cornerstone Press.





玛格丽特·罗兹加

威斯康星大学密尔沃基沃基分校沃克沙校园的名誉英语教授，荣获 2019-2020 年威斯康星州桂冠诗人。她的诗歌展现了她作为一名教育者、热心的读者、研究者、家长以及社会和种族平等倡导者的经历。她著有四本书，其中包括《瘟疫问题:诗歌里的生活》(灯节出版社 2017 年)，由美国古书协会支持撰写。她的新诗选集将于 2021 年春季由基石出版社出版。



1. Field Guide

Here underfoot, an oak seedling
Looks at first like another weed
Or like the grass everyone steps on

But its roots are tough as dreams
Its stem smooth and resilient as silk
Its history a lesson in how to burl.

How to come up from underground:
Discard the tough outer shell.
It protects the heart, but invites

Squirrels. Allow instead oak-spun stories
To rise from womb in a web to the sky.
Imagine what I could with such fierce will.

1. 田野上的指南

这里的土地上，有一棵橡树幼苗
乍看就象一棵野草
或者象人人踏踩的绿草

但它根壮如梦
茎干滑韧如绸
它的成长史是一堂织锦课。

怎样破土而出：
脱去粗糙的外壳：
外壳虽能保护树心，却也招致

松鼠。让橡树纺织的故事
从网芯中冲天而起。试想一下
假如我有如此顽强的意志又会如何。

2. On the Vertical

I cut open an onion
and found a prayer

Hands cupped, touching
at fingertips, at bottoms of palms

The length of the onion
layers of prayer

cradling each other
cradling the slim green

center

growing in each heart-
shaped half

ready to push out
Even severed

unwavering, the green
like a saint rising

2. 纵切面

我切开一只洋葱
发现一位祈祷人

手合杯状，指尖
相抵，从手掌最外一层

整半个洋葱的弧面
祈祷人层层复层层

你抱着我我抱着他
一直抱到细细的绿色

芯中央

你的半瓣心窝里
长着我的半瓣心

一直向上推耸
直到平平的切割面

绿芯绝无旁顾
就象圣人伫立其中

3. *Nothing gold will stay* ---- Robert Frost

Fluttery finch
one of the few
up this morning
stay
perched on the fence
picture perfect

3. 金色难留----罗伯特·弗罗斯特

扑打翅膀的金翅雀
罕见的鸟
今早
停
息在篱笆上
完美的图

4. Home in the Nick of Time

Mid-sentence we rise from park benches,
mothers, nannies, grandmas, and call
children down from their climbing.
Starlings flutter, lift off power lines,
sparrows flit into the brush,
tufts from the cottonwood spiral
down like innocence falling.
Translucence rolls in from the west,
greens the sky. A neighborhood cat
slinks across the street.
First slant of rain slicks the porch—
wooden steps soon slippery as gossip—
blurring our vision, hard, hard rain.

4. 急赶回家的当口

话音未落，我们就从公园的座椅上站起来，
母亲、奶妈、外婆，喊着
让孩子们从高处爬下来。
棕鸟扑打着翅膀，从高压线上惊起，
麻雀闪进灌木丛，
棉白杨上的棉团盘挂
下来似有燕雀处堂之意。
鼓着白光的乌云从西天卷来，
染绿了天空。邻家的一只猫
蹑手蹑脚走过街道。
第一丝雨斜过木廊——
木梯很快滑如油嘴——
烟雨朦胧，越下越大。

5. Skim of Moon

Crescent at its slimmest,
body of the circle dark on dark
outlined briefly by a fine halo.

Night clouds push east
erase every trace of light.

Don't worry. It will reappear—
its own motion or that of the clouds.

Soon the first full moon
after the vernal equinox.

Soon resurrection

or the memory, or
the symbol, or
the promise.

5. 月过苍穹

不能再细的月牙，
隐隐的圆形月身
围着一圈淡淡的光轮。

夜云推耸着东行
抹去每一丝光痕。

别担心她还会再现---
因她自行，抑或云在行走。

春分后
很快就会月满如初。

复兴就会到来

往景重现
象征再临
允诺再次兑现。



Denise Sweet

Is a First Nations Organizer for WI Native Vote, an affiliate of WI Conservation Voices. Previously, she was a tenured professor at UW-Green Bay in its Department of Humanistic Studies, First Nations Studies and the Creative Writing Program. Her creative works have been published widely in *Sinister Wisdom*, *Yellow Medicine Review*, *Stories Migrating Home*, *Akwekon*, *Women Brave In The Face Of Danger*, *Calyx*, *A Change In Weather*, others. Appointed by WI Governor James Doyle, Sweet served as her state's 2nd Poet Laureate (2004-2008). She has also performed her work in Canada, Mexico, Guatemala, the U.K. and France as well as throughout the U.S. She currently lives near the shores of Lake Superior in Bayfield, WI with her housemate, Squeak the Cat.





丹尼斯·斯威特

是威斯康星州原住居民投票的第一民族组织者，威斯康星自然保护之声的分支机构。此前，她是威斯康星州立大学绿湾分校人文研究系、第一民族研究系和创意写作项目的终身教授。她的创作作品被广泛发表在《险恶智慧》、《黄药评论》、《迁徙回家的故事》、《阿克韦孔》、《勇敢面对危险的女人》、《花萼》、《天气变化》等。由威斯康星州州长詹姆斯多伊尔任命，斯威特担任该州第二位桂冠诗人（2004-2008）。她也在加拿大、墨西哥、瓜地马拉、英国和法国以及美国各地工作，她目前居住在贝菲尔德市的苏必利尔湖畔。



1. The New Math

I know the takeaway
the long division
the idea that zero
can change everything

That you can borrow
something from
nothing and have
everything
I accept that equation;

I know what it's like
to have nothing
left to give.

1. 新型数学

我知道那种减法
那种长长的除法
那种零
改变一切的概念

知道你可以从无
借到有，从而占有
一切
我接受那种等式；

我也知道再也
没有什么
可给是怎样的感受

2. Stroke of Luck

If you're fortunate
you don't know that
it has happened
There is no acrid odor
after a stroke;
no burnt fuse
or a tine plink of
a broken guitar string

None of the pop and sizzle
of a misfired spark plug
overloaded by charge
firing a cascade
of blue and yellow
sparks behind the eyes

It's like a little death
a private event
of the brain
rejecting too much
and then a stop
start and switch
over to another
neural pathway

wild stitchery
of discharge
brain-clenched and
dumbstruck into stupor

Stunned by
the memory
of nothing.

2. 幸运的一击

假如你够幸运
你完全不知道
事情已经发生
来袭后
没有刺鼻的气味
没有保险丝烧坏
没有吉他弦崩断时
发出的尖锐断裂声

一点儿也没有发动过猛时
火花塞熄火
发出的噼啪刺啦声
爆裂出一片
蓝黄色火花
映入眼帘

就象一个短暂死亡
出现在头脑内部的
私事
实在挤不下了
就骤然停止
突然转向到
另一根
神经通道

行履
蹒跚
脑瓜骤缩
错愕至神志不清

丢失殆尽的
记忆库
顿时让人目瞪口呆

3. The Religion of Stones

Without thinking, we drop two stones
into the precipice
one, courageous in its perilous descent
fires the path with shrill light
it goes beyond the umbodied
beyond the unnamed
falls away from its own reluctance
to fly in concentric circles
pooling inevitable waves
back to us.

The other arcs with
the velocity of confusion
veers and tangles
with the memory of ascent
like fever dreams
it shudders and flees
and moves through wind and rain
while a quiver of wings
suddenly appears
then suddenly its pewter body
a blood warm silhouette
heaving against
the gray crest of clouds.

3. 石块의 宗教信仰

未假思索，我们扔下两块石头
向着峭壁
一块，在危险的下坠中表现英勇
一路撞着石岩呼啸着溅起火光
冲向空无
冲向无名
坠离自己的无可奈何
绕着自己的轴心滚飞而去
滚出不可避免的震波
传回来。

另一枚循弧线飞出
速率不匀
拐来拐去
捎着回升的记忆
象发烧时产生的梦幻
颤栗着仓皇而去
在风雨中急行
翅膀突然
抖动一下
而后它那铅锡色的身体
热血似的逆影
重重地撞在
灰色的云峰上

4. Palominos Near Tuba City

In the desert of burning dreams, of armadillo and centipede,
I would call this night pitch dark back home
I would watch for any star to pass into dream song

or point of light called planet to whirl and twist like
a tiny pinwheel swallowing me to its vanishing point
Here under pewter sky with words out of breath.

I chase poems down like wild mares into forced corrals
I watch close calls with wisdom rear and kick
against the fences of good judgement.

I used to think the skies brought them home,
thundering hooves and swollen bellies, ready to spark
and fire the dry bony floor, sulphuric aroma real as rain

but now, the horses of white lightning gallop toward me
afraid of nothing, they rush with an eye for hesitation
ready to brush up against my heart with their horse madness.

Here, it is the rider standing in the wavering heat, erect
and indisputable as a lightning rod braced in the open
I stand my ground and wait, ready to hold on for dear life.

4. 图巴市*旁的金毛银鬃马

在那燃烧着梦想，爬行着狡狴，匍匐着蜈蚣的沙漠上，
我在家乡会称这样的夜晚为黑咕隆咚
我会留神任何一颗星进入梦之歌

留神被称之为行星的光斑象细小的风车般
旋转，把我吞没到它行将消失的微点
就在这铅锡色的天空下，气喘吁吁地自语。

我追寻诗歌就象把母马逼入栅栏里
我全神贯注地留神智慧蹬起它的后蹄
踢打良好判断的围栏。

我一直认为是天空把它们带到家里，
如雷震响的马蹄声，鼓胀的肚子，时刻准备着蹦出火花
在干燥如骨的地面上燃起大火，散发如雨的强烈香味

但现在，白色闪电般的群马向我疾驰而来
无所畏惧，它们冲刺着，眼里含着一丝迟疑
随时准备用马的疯狂掠过我的心田。

这里，站立在悸动的心田里的是驾驭者，直直地
不容置疑地，就象避雷针矗立在空中
我坚守在我的阵地上等待着，时刻准备着擒住我可爱的生命。

* 图巴市临近美国印第安人纳瓦霍族保留地(the Navajo Nation)西部边陲的图画沙漠
(the Painted Desert)，离美国大峡谷国家公园(Grand Canyon National Park)东门50
英里远。

5. Constellations

*...They had to name, they had to remember, or things would
Not be named and remembered if they did not do it.*

--Carlos Fuentes

These are the new stories,
our response
to the sorrow
of light arriving
and dying
the stellar maps of
story and myth
where writers find
their way back
to beginnings
riding like black
satin horses
charging the silvery landscape.
This is to remember
Our wounded and dead. This is to remember
the names
we've given away
or never received.
This is to love the forgotten.

5. 星座

……他们必须去命名，他们必须去记住，如若不这么做，这些东西就没有名字，就会被忘却。——卡洛斯·富恩特斯

这些是新故事
是我们对光的到来
和死去
所引起的悲伤
产生的反应
是故事及神话的
星象图
作家们就是按照此图
踏上返回初始
的归程

骑着黑色的
光滑如绸缎的马
在银色的大地上奔驰。
这是为了牢记
我们的死伤者。这是为了记住
那些我们给出
或者再也无法收回
的名字。
这是给予被遗忘者的爱。



Marilyn L. Taylor

Former Poet Laureate of the state of Wisconsin and the city of Milwaukee, taught poetry for fifteen years in the Honors College at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. The author of six poetry collections, Taylor's work has also appeared in *Able Muse*, *Measure*, *Light*, *Raintown Review* and *Rhino*, among many other journals and anthologies. She recently won the Margaret Reid Poetry Prize for formal verse, and was a finalist for the X.J. Kennedy Parody Contest, the Howard Nemerov Sonnet award, and the Lascaux Review prize. She now serves as an Associate Editor for two poetry journals (*Verse-Virtual* and *Third Wednesday*)





玛丽莲·L·泰勒

是前威斯康星州和密尔沃基市的桂冠诗人，在威斯康星州密尔沃基大学荣誉学院教授诗歌十五年。作为六本诗集的作者，泰勒的作品还出现在《能干的缪斯》、《测量》、《光》、《雨城评论》和《犀牛》等众多期刊和选集中。她最近获得了玛格丽特·里德诗歌奖，并参加了 X.J.肯尼迪戏仿大赛、霍华德·内梅洛夫十四行诗奖和拉斯科评论奖。她现在是两个诗歌杂志的副编辑（《虚拟诗集》和《第三个星期三》）



1. Poem for a 75th Birthday

Love of my life, its nearly evening
and here you still are, slow-dancing
in your garden, folding and unfolding
like an enormous grasshopper in the waning
sun. Somehow you've turned our rectangle
of clammy clay into California,
where lilacs and morning glories mingle
with larkspur, ladyfern and zinnia—
all of them a little drunk on thundershowers
and the broth of newly fallen flowers.

I can't get over how the brightest blooms
seem to come reaching for your hand,
weaving their way across the loom
of your fingers, bending
toward the trellis of your body.
They sway on their skinny stems
like a gang of super-models
making fabulous displays of their dumb
and utter gratitude, as if they knew
they'd be birdseed if it weren't for you.

And yet they haven't got the slightest clue
about the future; they behave as if
you'll be there for them always, as if you
were the sun itself, brilliant enough
to keep them in the pink, or gold, or green
forever. Understandable, I decide
as I look at you out there—as I lean
in your direction, absolutely satisfied
that summer afternoon is all
there is, and night will never fall.

1. 写给第七十五个生日的诗

我爱我的生命，时虽已近晚，
你仍在这儿，慢舞
在你的花园里，收展肢体
就象一只巨大的蚱蜢在
落日下。不知不觉，你把我们这块
黏糊的方地变成了加州，
这里，丁香花、牵牛花与飞燕草，
蕨类植物与百日草交相映衬——
都微带醉意地淋浴在雷阵雨下
以及新近下落的花雨的滋润下，

挥之不去的萦绕是那些最鲜艳的花朵
仿佛向你的手伸展过来，
越过你森然逼近的
手指，弯身
向你身体这个藤架蔓延而来。
它们摇曳在它们细瘦的茎干上
象一群超级模特
极力展现它们非言语的
衷心的谢意，它们仿佛知道
如果不是你，它们早成了鸟食。

但是，它们毫不了解
未来。它们表现得就好象
你永远会在那里照顾它们，就好象你
就是太阳本身，光辉足以
让它们的粉红色，或者金色，或者绿色
永驻。理解到这点，我决定
在我注视着室外的你们时——朝你们
倾身，心怀绝对满足时
至关重要的是让夏日的正午永葆，永远不让
黑夜降临。

2. At the End

In another time, a linen winding sheet
would already have been drawn
about her, the funeral drums by now

would have throbbed their dull tattoo
into the shadows writhing
behind the fire's eye

while a likeness
of her narrow torso, carved
and studded with obsidian

might have passed from hand
to hand and rubbed against the bellies
of women with child

and a twist of her gray hair
been dipped in oil
and set alight, releasing the essence

of her life's elixir, pricking
the nostrils of her children
and her children's children

whose amber faces nod and shine
like a ring of lanterns
strung about her final flare—

but instead, she lives in this white room
gnawing on a plastic bracelet
as she is emptied, filled, and emptied.

2. 临终

换个时间，亚麻裹尸布
早已裹起
她，追悼会的鼓到此

也已把它们枯燥的纹身震
成影子在火舌后
扭动

黑曜石雕刻与装饰而成的
她窄小身躯的
复制品

也已从一只手传到
另一只手，让孕妇
在肚子上摩擦

她的一撮灰色头发
也被蘸上油
点燃起来，释放出

她生命灵药的精华，插入
她孩子
和孩子的孩子们的鼻孔

孩子们琥珀色的脸庞频然点动发光，
就象一圈灯笼
绕着她最后的光彩——

但现在，她住在这间白色房间里
一边咬着她的塑料标识带
一边被清空，注满，再清空。

3. Leaving the Clinic

Baja California, 2017

Having carried your own
terrible frailness
to the edge of the water

you bent your body sharply
like a broken stick, until
you were kneeling in the sand.

*If the world weren't so damned
Beautiful, you said, maybe
Dying wouldn't be so bad—*

But then you saw how a small rain
had pocked the creamy skin
of the beach overnight

causing snails to leave their sanctuaries,
and the pursed hibiscus buds
to fatten and explode,

and with the sea collapsing around us,
thinning to a glassy sheen
that blinded you

you hid your face
behind your hands and shook
with unrequited love.

3. 离开诊所

加利福尼亚半岛，2017年

把你极度虚弱的
身躯挪到
水边后

你猛然把腰
弯得象一根断折的树枝，直到
你直接跪在沙地上。

假如这世界并非如此
美丽，你说，或许
死并不那么糟糕——

不过后来你看到毛毛细雨
在乳色皮肤上点出坑坑洼洼
就在海滩上那么一夜之间

迫使蜗牛离开它们的庇护家园
让嘟起嘴巴的含苞芙蓉
发福得快要爆裂开来

还让大海在我们四周退却得
薄如明镜
掩住你了的眼睛

你把自己的脸庞
藏在手后，挥动着
你的单恋

4. For Lucy, Who Came First

*She simply settled down in one piece right where she was,
In the sand of a long-vanished lake edge or stream — and died.*

--Donald C. Johanson, paleoanthropologist

When I put my hand up to my face
I can trace her heavy jawbone and the sockets
of her eyes under my skin. And in the dark
I sometimes feel her trying to uncurl
from where she sank into mudbound sleep
on that soft and temporary shore

so staggeringly long ago, time
had not yet cut its straight line
through the tangle of the planet,
not taken up the measured sweep
that stacks the days and seasons
into an ordered past.

But I can feel her stirring
in the core of me, trying to rise up
from the deep hollow where she fell—
wanting to prowl on long callused toes
to wee what made that shadow move,
to face the creature in the dark thicket,

needing to know if this late-spreading dawn
will bring handfuls of berries, black
as blood, or the sting of snow,
of the steady slap of sand and weed
that wraps itself like fur
around the body.

4. 献给露西，来此居住的最早祖先

*她就在那片土地上安居了下来，那片
早已消失的湖边或河边沙地上——直到长眠。*

——古人类学家唐纳德·约翰森

举手去摸我的脸
我可以触摸到她硕大的下颌骨和眼眶
长在我的皮肤下。黑暗里
我有时可以感觉到她试图
从她倒地后卷缩的睡姿中伸腰
在那软绵绵的行将消失的岸边

在那久远得令人瞩目的时代，时光
还未曾在星球上的纷繁缠绕中
切割出一条直线；
还未曾对时日与季节
堆积起来的有序过去
实施测算过的扫荡

但我可以感觉到她在躁动
在我体内，试图
从她倒入的深空里爬上去——
想顶着长满老茧的长长脚趾头匍匐向前
去看是什么让那影子在移动
去面对黑咕隆咚的灌木丛里的野兽，

需要知道这个迟来的黎明会否
带来一把把莓子，象血
一样黑，或者刺骨的雪，
会否带来坍塌的沙草
象毛皮一样把她的
身躯裹在其间。

5. to Me in the Oldest Tongue

Proto-Indo-European, the common ancestor of the Indo-European languages, is estimated to have been spoken from 4500 to 2500 BCE

Speak to me in the oldest tongue
and let me hear
the rugged consonants
rattling their percussion down
the centuries; and vowels
like reeds, set shimmering by
an eloquent intake of breath
six thousand years ago and still
pulsing, having cleaved
into hundred-part harmony;

sing for me
the trills of southern Spain,
the arpeggios of Tuscany,
the thick, moist velars
of the Schwarzwald; strike
the alto bells of India and
the cymbals of Kildare—each
a variation on an ancient air,
the plainsong of angels.

5. 用最古老的语言跟我说话

原始印欧语，大约在公元前4500到2500年之间流行，是今日印欧语的共同原语。

用最古老的语言跟我说话
让我听听
那些铿锵的辅音
嘎嘎地作敲打之声
达几个世纪之久；那些元音
因吸气有力
象芦苇哗啦作响
在六千年以前，而且至今
仍在波动，分裂
成百多种和声；

唱给我听
西班牙南部的高亢歌声
托斯卡纳的琶音
施瓦尔茨瓦尔德
浑厚，圆润的软腭音；
印度的中音钟以及
基尔代尔的钹——各自
都是震响在古代空气里的一个变种
天使的素歌。



Angie Trudell Vasquez

Is the current poet laureate of Madison, Wisconsin, and the first Latina to hold the position. Her third collection entitled, *In Light, Always Light*, a finalist for the 2018 New Women's Voices Series, was released by Finishing Line Press in 2019. She earned her MFA in Creative Writing from the Institute of American Indian Arts in 2017. Her work has appeared in print and online in the *Yellow Medicine Review*, *Taos Journal of Poetry*, *Raven Chronicles*, *Cloudthroat*, *The Rumpus*, the Poetry Foundation's website, and most recently, *The Slow Down*, on Minnesota Public Radio.





安吉·特鲁德尔·瓦斯奎兹

是威斯康星州麦迪森市的现任桂冠诗人，也是第一位担任这一职位的拉丁美洲人。她的第三个作品集《在光明中，永远是光明》是 2018 年新女性之声系列的决赛作品，由终点线出版社于 2019 年发行。2017 年，她获得了美国印第安民族艺术学院创意写作文学硕士学位。她的作品发表在《黄药评论》、《陶斯诗歌杂志》、《乌鸦编年史》、《云喉》、《风流》、《诗歌基金会网站》以及最近明尼苏达州公共广播电台的《放慢》上。



1. Wheel Kids

Chocolate children
race down the cul-de-sac
tight curls bounce
jeans t-shirts rise with air
clenched fists, taped bars,
tennis shoe breaks, no breaks
a shout they cruise
out of sight of the window
bikes, scooters shake quake
skinny kid arms, legs, torsos
skin flattens –
neighbors straight arrows
shooting stars flesh flies
bodies grow wings.

1. 脚踩风轮的孩子们

巧克力年代的孩子们
朝死胡同里疾驰而下
满头卷发晃动
牛仔式 T 恤衫随风扬起
紧握的拳头 缠带的把手
网球鞋有些开了口，有些完好
尖叫着 从窗前
一晃而过
自行车、踏板车吱吱嘎嘎
细小的手臂，腿，身体
光洁的皮肤——
邻里直射的箭
流星 人体飞虫
长着翅膀的身体

2. Synonymous

Woman wakes, wipes her face, stretches
walks two miles to mountain spring.

Gardener unwinds hose soaks palm tree roots
patrons sip coffee tea orange juice pinkies out.

At the top of the Alps
snow skips winter.

Salmon swims upstream hits dam, bleeds
no eggs will blossom this season.

Arroyos crack, dust spirals up and out, travels
bobcats coyotes rabbits hunt water.

Man in a jungle tilts black head drinks dew
from a banana leaf in the rose dappled morning.

Suburban well in Wisconsin leaches lead
seeks twenty-mile pipeline to drain Lake Michigan.

Back in hotel, guests request fresh towels
strawberries in winter, champagne baths.

2. 异曲同工

女人醒来，洗脸，伸展身体
走两里路进入山里的春天。

园丁放开水管浇灌棕榈树根部
赞助人翘着小指呷茶、咖啡、橘子水。

阿尔卑斯山顶
今冬未下雪。

三文鱼逆水而泳，撞在堤坝上，出血了
今年无鱼卵会开花结果。

沟壑干裂，尘土扬起，飞去
红猫土狼野兔寻水喝。

玫瑰抹红的早晨一个男人在丛林里
抬着黑乎乎的头喝香蕉叶上的露水

威州郊区的水井含铅
寻求一根二十英里长的管道以汲取密西根湖水

回到旅馆，住客要干净的毛巾
冬天的草莓，香槟澡。

3. Wild Prayer

Brown earth floors
breathe feet, sweaty bodies

we glow, glisten, meet
leaping in mid flight,

the swivel in the mirror
we are magic dying

blooming in our bodies
bare soles touch dead trees

arms raise carry twist
praise all that sings

praise goddess monkey teacher
from up north who left

to dance on haloed ground
on the edge of blue sky lakes
with sisters round and round.

3. 狂野的祈祷

黄土地面
光着透气的脚，大汗淋漓的身躯

我们容光焕发，油光锃亮，前来相聚
跃入正在欢跳的行列。

镜像里的旋转
故土留恋之情不再

身体的怒放
光着的脚板碰触着死树

举手，挥舞，转动
颂赞一切可歌可泣

颂赞女神，猴子，教师
所有离弃北方

来到倒映着蓝天的湖边
跟一圈一圈的姐妹们
在显有圣环的地面上跳舞

4. Chicago (for Eschikagou)

Metal sides rise to sky
on banks of water so blue
it hurts eyes.

This water, holy water takes lives,
ships lie at bottom
rice paddies forgotten.

City named after wild onion
now brick, mortar, steel and glass
planted in underpass survive.

Lake slides from river, river
reversed eases merchants,
men don black suits.

Who changes the flow but man?
Ghost river blows hats, winds steal land,
Bone people shiver in winter breath.

4. 芝加哥

(献给野洋葱之乡)

湖滨，铁架墙直耸云天
水如此湛蓝
耀眼。

这水，圣神的水，吞噬过生命
有船骸躺在水底
稻田已被忘却。

城名取自野洋葱
地下通道里，现如今还残存着
墙砖、砌泥、钢筋和玻璃。

河水灌入湖泊，河水
倒流工程缓解了商人，
穿黑色制服的男人。

除了人还有谁能改变潮流？
河鬼吹帽，怪风窃地，
冬日里人骼吐着寒气打颤。

5. If

If God came back to earth
she'd live in Chicago proper
by Lincoln Park or the water,
for the languages and the good food
to heal the sick and homeless
find them shelter or medication,
wash their feet and take them home.

5. 如果

如果上帝重返地球
她一定会居住在芝加哥
林肯公园或湖滨
用那里的语言和优质食物
治愈病人，供食无家可归者
为他们提供住房和药品
为他们授洗脚礼，送他们归化回家



Lisa Vihos

The poems of Lisa Vihos have appeared in numerous poetry journals, both print and online. She has published four chapbooks, received two Pushcart Prize nominations, and been awarded many recognitions from the Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets and the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts & Letters. She is a founding editor of Stoneboat Literary Journal and the Sheboygan organizer for 100 Thousand Poets for Change. In 2020, she was named by the mayor of Sheboygan as the city's first poet laureate.





丽莎·维霍斯

丽莎·维霍斯的诗出现在众多的诗歌期刊上，包括印刷版和网络版。她出版了四本书，获得了两次手推车奖提名，并多次荣获威斯康星州诗人联谊会 and 威斯康星州科学、艺术与文学学会表彰。她是《石船文学杂志》的创始编辑，也是“十万诗人求变”活动希搏伊根组织者。2020年，她被希搏伊根市长提名为该市首位桂冠诗人。



1. Cloud Reader

Remember when you were small—
before you read words—
you taught yourself to read clouds?

You'd lie on your back
for hours and never tire
of the stories the clouds told.

There was the one about
the dragon who became
a three-legged elephant

and another about a thin, bearded man
who chased a fat lady so far across the sky
that they became a herd of buffalo

and then a fish who leapt to his last breath
from a pinky purple sea. You thought
you'd grow up to make a living at it—

reading clouds—not knowing
that cloud reading is a thankless task
left only to children and dreamers.

Good days those were,
when reading clouds
was your bread and butter.

1. 云读者

还记得你小时候——
未曾识字前——
怎样教自己阅读云？

你仰天躺着
对那些云所诉说的故事
好几个小时都不觉得困倦。

有个故事讲的是
一条龙变成了
一只三条腿的大象

另一个讲一位骨瘦嶙嶙的长胡子的人
他天马行空地追逐一位胖女人
他们后来变成了一群野牛

还有一条鱼拼足最后一口气跳了起来
从一个粉紫色的大海里。你思忖
你长大以后就靠那来养活自己——

阅读云——你并未意识到
云阅读是件不讨好的事
只是孩子跟梦幻者的玩意。

那些是好日子，
阅读云
是你的面包和奶酪。

2. Some Facts about Poets

Poets do not grow on trees,
but they do tend to inhabit gardens.

Poets are not above the law,
but the law is of no concern to them.

Poets have a mission, which is,
generally, impossible.

They run like any other human, but
are known to sprout antlers and wings

when least expected. All poets began
as children, back before the dinosaurs.

They grew aware of sun and moon,
flying saucers, mud, and old age.

They never forget an ancient touch, taste,
or smell, but can't tell you what was for lunch

yesterday. They are Einstein's theory
of relativity in the flesh. They don't

split infinitives, except under duress.
Their shirts are clean, unpressed.

Awake, they dream.
Asleep, they work.

Poets are just as rowdy or quiet
as the next guy. They love the world

2. 关于诗人的一些实例

诗人非树生，
但他们确实想落脚花园。

诗人并不凌驾法律，
但法律并非他们的兴趣所在。

诗人肩负使命，这使命
一般来说，很难实现。

他们步履如同非诗人，但
据知他们至少长有

鹿角与翅膀。所有诗人初始都
象孩子，回归比恐龙还早的时代。

他们在成长中渐渐明了太阳与月亮，
飞碟，泥土，还有老去。

他们始终记得古老的笔触，滋味，
味道，却记不得昨天的午餐吃的是

什么。他们是肉体内的
爱因斯坦相对论。他们从不

分裂不定词，除非迫不得已。
他们的衬衣很干净，却从未熨烫过。

清醒时，他们梦着。
入睡时，他们工作。

他们既狂野也安静
就象任何一个人。他们热爱世界

and will tell you in every rhythm imaginable
and ask no wage for their tinkering.

会用任何可能的节奏向你述说
他们的千般摆弄从不收费。

3. Citizens of the World

We are citizens of the world.
Our congress is the trees.
Their branches represent us
to the sky.

We are citizens of the earth.
We vote for the land.
It gives us our food,
a safe place to sleep.

We are citizens of the sea.
We are a new wave.
Upon us, rising—
the ship of our hearts.

3. 世界公民

我们是世界公民。
我们的国会宛如大树。
树枝代表着我们
伸向苍穹。

我们是地球公民。
我们为大地投票。
她供给我们食物，
及安心睡眠之地。

我们是海洋公民。
我们是全新的浪涛。
向上承载着--
我们心中的舫。

4. In Solidarity

Seen from above, we are
a myriad of small circles.
We move through the streets
like blood cells in veins bobbing
our way in and through to the heart
of the matter. We make ourselves
known as a collective system.
We work to keep the greater body
alive and healthy, we work
to keep at bay that which would
like to annihilate us. We band
together in arteries all over the planet,
all systems flowing toward a common
goal: to speak, to be heard, to listen.
We flow like water, like wine, like blood.
Each one unique, each one connected.
When we ignore our small discrepancies
and remain united, we cannot fail.
We surge like a tide. We will prevail.

4. 精诚团结

俯瞰，我们是
无数的小圆圈。
我们在街上川流
恰似血细胞在静脉里雀跃
往返于我们体内的
心脏。我们确保自己
是整个系统的一个组成部分。
我们是为了保持团体的
活力与健康而工作，我们是为了
置危害于萌芽而工作，我们在
大动脉里紧密相连，遍布全球，
各个环节都朝着一个共同
的目标：述说，倾听，聆听。
我们象水，象酒，象血液那样奔流。
我们各不相同，又息息相关。
我们相互包容
精诚团结，永不失败。
我们象潮汐奔腾，勇往直前。

5. The Path I Walk

So kind
the way
it wends
its way
across the earth.

Submerged at times
and then, bone dry
always marking
a road for
my journey.

Spirit guide,
when by design
we chance to meet
in ancient grove
from grass

to stone
and then,
concrete.
In multi-colored
splendor, still

it speaks
its love
in rain,
in snow.
As above,

so below.
A pillow
for my feet,

5. 我走的那条路

穿越
地球的
这条路途
如此
恩惠于我。

我的旅程
整条路
有时沉于水中
而后
总是干透干透。

神力牵引，
按预设
我们偶尔相遇
在古树林里
从草茎

到石器
而后，
水泥。
在多彩的
辉煌中，如今

它仍然吐露
其爱
在雨中，
在雪中，
从上方，

到下方。
一条枕头
赐予我的脚，

a bed for my
shadow.

一只床供于我之
影。

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Grateful acknowledgement is made to the editors of the following publications in which the poems listed below first appeared:

"*Manoominike-giizis*," "Again the Night," and "Afterwords" in *Copper Yearning*, Holy Cow Press, 2019

"The Way We Love Something Small" in *Anti-Sonnet on Rivers*, 2019

"Rockford" in *Blue Herron Review*, 2019

"The Time We Were Gods" in *Verse-Virtual: An Online Community of Poets*, 2020

"Rusted Houses" in *An Ariel Anthology*, 2019

"I'll Take the Moon" in *Ring Them Bells*, Mid-State Poetry Towers, 2000

"White Stallions" and "Milk from Sleepy Cows" in *Unexpected Shiny Things*, Cowfeather Press, 2011

"Retirement" in *Rosebud*, 2009

"Garden Is Growing Old" in *Wise Woman's Garden*, 2006

"Early Work" in *Hunger Wide as Heaven*, 2006

"Hydrogen" in *The Postal Confessions*, 1995

"Joy" and "Orion Spur" in *The Word We Used For It*, 2017

"Apparition" in *New England Review*, 1998

"Swarm" in *An Inventory of Lost Things*, Centennial Press, 2009

"Even Now" and "Moth Orchid" in *Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets Calendar*, 2011, 2015

"Yellow" in *Gallery Q: Steven's Point Gallery*, 2012

"Everywoman Goes Down to the Water" in *Words on Water: An Evening of Original Poetry and Music*, 2019

"Beginnings" in *Wisconsin Fellowship of Poets Calendar*, 2018

"Field Guide" in *An Ariel Anthology: Transformational Poetry and Art*, 2014

"On the Vertical" in *Justice Freedom Herbs*, Word Tech Press, 2015

"Home in the Nick of Time" in *MER Vox Quarterly*, Spring 2020

"The New Math," "Stroke of Luck," "The Religion of Stones," and "Palominos Near Tuba City" in *Palominos Near Tuba City: New and Selected Poems*, Holy Cow Press, 2018

"Constellations" in *Songs for Discharming*, Greenfield Press, 1998

"Poem for a 75th Birthday" in *Poetry*, June, 1999

"At the End" in *The Alhambra Press Anthology*, 2008

"Leaving the Clinic" in *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1998

"For Lucy, Who Came First" in *Iris*, #38, 1999

"Speak to Me in the Oldest Tongue" in *Wisconsin Review*, February, 1988

“Wheel Kids” in *Cloudthroat*, 2017

“Synonymous” in *Wisconsin Democracy Campaign* website, 2016

“Wild Prayer” in *Return to the Gathering Place of the Waters*, 2017

“Chicago” in *Raven Chronicles*, 2017

“Cloud Reader” in *Verse and Vision: A Collaboration of Poetry and Art*, 2012

“Some Facts about Poets” in *Local Ground(s) Midwest Poetics*, 2014

“Citizens of the World” in *From Everywhere a Little: A Migration Anthology*, Water’s Edge Press, 2019

“In Solidarity” in *Poetry Hall*, Issue 8, 2020

Cover Image: Lisa Vihos, *A Day at the Marsh*, 2014