

Rendition of International Poetry

QUARTERLY 混语版 MULTILINGUAL 总第98期 VOLUME 98 NUMBER 2 May 8, 2020



國際詩歌翻譯

[Puerto Rico] Celia Altschuler
[波多黎各]西莉亚·阿尔舒勒



全球发行范围最广的诗刊
世界唯一的以汉语、英语和诗人的母语对照出版的诗刊
国际作家艺术家协会 (IWA) 2001年度国际最佳翻译诗刊
EDIZIONI UNIVERSUM (意大利) 国际最佳诗刊

国际性 权威性 公正性 前卫性
GLOBAL AUTHORITATIVE OBJECTIVE AVANT-GARDE



[中国]汪彩明

[China] WANG Caiming

一个人太寂寞 (外一首)

Too Lonely All by Oneself (and another poem)

一个人吃饭，一个人睡觉
一个人走在大街上
一个人淹没在人群里
一个人购物，一个人读书
一个人听歌，一个人哭泣
一个人练琴到午夜
一个人来到孤独的最深处
一个人，太寂寞

Eating all by oneself, sleeping all by oneself
Walking on the street all by oneself
Engulfed by the crowd all by oneself
Shopping all by oneself, reading all by oneself
Listening to the music all by oneself, crying all by oneself
Playing the piano till midnight all by oneself
Arriving in the depth of loneliness all by oneself
It's too lonely all by oneself

你说要带着我，开着车
去有海的地方吹吹风
你说要在晚霞红透的时候
牵我的手去看夕阳
看春天的花朵结上秋天的果
你要看着我，从现在起
慢慢变老
一根一根的，滋生出白发

You say you'd drive me
For sightseeing to where there is the sea
You say you'd take my hand
To see the sunset when clouds glow
And the autumnal fruits grow out of the spring flowers
You'd from now on watch me
Grow old gradually
When my hair turn grey one by one

这些美好的词语
从你嘴里奔赴到我的心里
再一次，
让我相信了未来

These beautiful words
Rush from your mouth to my heart
To make me again
Believe in the future



[China] WANG Caiming
[中国]汪彩明

民谣里的风

Wind in Folk Song

雨水与雨水缠在一起
斜斜地下，仿佛视死如归
落一地明净
大路宽阔，林荫细雨，行在小路上
我不爱走捷径。我爱小花、小草、露珠和灌木丛
我爱说梦话
把所有的秘密都告诉你
包括抽筋、痛经和梦念欲求
包括2012年的自己
暮光秋波，我已经死过一次了
如今什么都不怕
怕就怕北方的风刮到南方来
撂倒我，撩拨脆弱的神经
像撩拨一支民谣
这只能说明，北方旷野依然是个谜

Rain, mixed and entangled
Falls slanted, taking death calmly as it were
Clean all over the ground with it
Wider streets, mizzle under the shade, I take a path
Because I don't like shortcut. I like small flowers, grass, dew and bushes
I like talking in my sleep
To tell you all my secrets
Including my cramp, dysmenorrhea, libido in dream
And all about me in the year 2012
I died once in that autumnal light of a dusk
And now I fear nothing
Except that the north wind would blow south
Knocking me down and tinkering my fragile sensations
Like playing a folk song
Which can only explain that the north wild is still a myth
(Translated by Brent O. Yan)

作者简介

汪彩明，中国当代优秀女诗人，笔名日月念念。1974年生，甘肃漳县人，现居深圳。中国诗歌学会会员、甘肃省作家协会会员，县政协委员。作品发表于《岷州文学》《飞天》《甘肃日报》《西北军事文学》《甘肃农民报》《新世纪诗典》《知音》《时代文学》《中国爱情诗刊》《关雎爱情诗刊》《诗人》《山东诗人》《诗歌高地》等各种报刊。著有诗文集《我有我的远方》《记忆与遗忘》《蓝色飞蛾》《听花辞》多部。部分作品被译为英语、德语、韩语等多种语言。

About the author

WANG Caiming, an excellent contemporary Chinese poetess, is also known by her pen name Riyuenniannian. Born in Zhang County, Gansu Province, in 1974, she now lives in Shenzhen. She is member of the Chinese Poetry Society, Gansu Writers' Association, and member of the County Political Consultative Conference. Her works were published in *Minzhou Literature*, *Feitian*, *Gansu Daily*, *Northwest Military Literature*, *Gansu Peasant*, *New Century Poetry Dictionary*, *Bosom Friend*, *Time Literature*, *Chinese Love Poetry Magazine*, *Guanju Love Poetry Magazine*, *Poet*, *Shandong Poets*, *Poetry Heights*, among many other newspapers. She has published many poems and essays in collections, such as *I Have My Far-away*, *Memory and Forgetting*, *Blue Moth* and *Listening to Flowers*. Some of the works have been translated into English, German, Korean and other languages.



画家简介 About the painter

黄强(HUANG Qiang), 中国当代著名画家、书法家。甘肃灵台人, 毕业于河北大学工艺美术学院, 历任人民美术出版社编辑, 2018年就读于中央美术学院贾又福山水画研究院, 现为国家一级美术师, 澳洲悉尼书画网特邀艺术家, 中国书画艺术研究院理事、中国榜书书法家协会会员、中国书画篆刻家协会秘书长、岳飞文化研究中心主任。中国-北京国门书画艺术研究院院长。漫画、书法、国画作品被中央电视台和人民日报、南方周末、读者等全国上千家报刊发表和介绍, 出版有《中国人不可不知的寓言故事》《政协委员履职记》等。现居北京, 职业书画家。





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國際詩歌翻譯季刊

蔡麗雙 主編

总第 98 期

创办者: 张智 余海涛 蔡丽双 **露丝玛丽·C·威尔金森**

创刊日期: 公元1995年5月8日

出版日期: 公元2020年5月8日

主办单位: 国际诗歌翻译研究中心 希腊文学艺术学院

社址: 1550 W 68th Ave, Vancouver, BC, Canada V6P 2V5,
CANADA (加拿大)

编辑部地址: 中国重庆市江北区观音桥邮局031信箱

邮政编码: 400020 电话: 13452083776

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出 版: 环球文化出版社

国际标准刊号: ISSN 2511-1699

定 价: 人民币50元 美金20元 欧元20元 英镑15元

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Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly

VOLUME 98

Founders: Dr. Zhang Zhi Dr. Yu Haitao Dr. Choi Laisheung + Dr. Rosemary C. Wilkinson

Start Date: May 8, 1995

Published Date: May 8, 2020

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

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Legal Adviser: Zhang Zhuoer

Publication: THE EARTH CULTURE PRESS

International Publishing Number: ISSN 2511-1699

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

E-mail: iptrc@126.com iptrc1995@126.com iptrc@163.com QQ: 531560525

http://blog.sina.com.cn/iptrc1995 http://iptrc.blogspot.com 微信WeChat:13452083776

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February 15, 2020

March 16, 2020

Dear friend Dr. ZHANG Zhi,

I read the news every day about the virus, thinking with care about my friends in China, including you.

In my country, we all have great admiration for the courageous fight of your people against the virus. I hope the danger will pass as soon as possible...

On the 23-rd of February, I'll attend a meeting of English language poets in Netanya. On that occasion, I hope to find some other poets wishing to send you poems for your beautiful review. I hope to find also a translator into French. Actually, this group is a branch of the bigger "Voices" group of poets, which you already know. Both the president and the secretary of "Voices" live in Netanya at about 8 minutes distance (by car) from my home and our meetings take place in the president's apartment. I hope to introduce a notice about your review in the group's monthly newsletter for March, so more poets will be able to see it ("Voices" is an international group with branches in several countries)...

I am sending you 4 poems written in English.

Sincerely,

Luiza CAROL, from Israel

Dear Dr ZHANG Zhi,

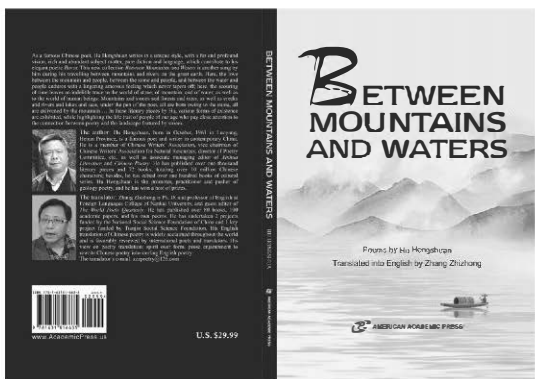
I am Manuela Mazzola. I contribute to Domenico Defelice's magazine. Do you remember me? How are you? I hope that all is well. In our city, Pomezia, the Covid - 19 is continued, we are closed in the houses. We are very worried. I'd like to know if it's published the Number 96 of the world poet quarterly? I send two poems Of Maria Teresa Infante, she's poet ad very good Italian journalist. I hope you like.

Thank you and

Best regards,

Manuela Mazzola, from Italy

英文版诗集《山水间》由美国学术出版社出版发行



2019年12月，英文版诗集《山水间》（BETWEEN MOUNTAINS AND WATERS），由美国学术出版社（American Academic Press）隆重出版，并在全美各大书店和亚马逊等全球大型网站公开发售。英文版诗集《山水间》收录了中国当代著名诗人胡红拴先生近年来的山水诗精品力作102首，书前有著名诗人叶延滨先生的序言《BETWEEN MOUNTAINS AND WATERS by Hu Hongshuan》，封底置有诗集英文提要、作者简介、译者简介和彩色照片，大32K，116页，印制精美、大气，由中国著名翻译家、学者、南开大学外国语学院翻译系教授张智中博士精心翻译成英文。

美国学术出版社（American Academic Press）成立于1987年，注册地是美国犹他州的盐湖城（Salt Lake City）。作为美国一家非常著名的学术出版公司，美国学术出版社致力于出版国际学术界最前沿和最好的著作和研究成果，凭借其出版的高质量著作和快捷而高效的个性化服务，在业界享有极高的声誉。除了主要出版用英语撰写的著作之外，还出版用汉语、西班牙语、法语、意大利语、俄语、德语、阿拉伯语等语言撰写的具有很高学术价值的著作。出版物涉及人文社会科学和自然科学诸多领域，包括文学、历史、哲学、语言学、社会学、心理学、地理、医学、物理、数学、化学等多种学科。

多年来，美国学术出版社一直是中国国家社会科学基金中华学术外译项目《国外出版机构指导性目录》中指定的美国出版社。中华学术外译项目是国家社科基金项目的主要类别之一，主要资助代表中国学术水准、体现中华文化精髓、反映中国学术前沿的学术精品以外文形式在国外权威出版机构出版，并进入国外主流发行传播渠道，旨在深化中外学术交流与对话，增进世界了解中国和中国学术，增强中国学术国际影响力和国际话语权，不断提升国家文化软实力。到目前为止，美国学术出版社已出版中国著名学者的十多部专著。例如，《中国近三百年学术史》（Chinese Academic History of Recent 300 Years）、《匈奴通史》（A History of Huns）、《方言与中国文化》（Dialects and Chinese Culture）、《中国道路：不一样的现代化道路》（The Chinese Path: A Different Path to Modernization）、《中国粮食安全与农业走出去战略研究》（China: Food Security and Agricultural Going Global Strategy Research）、《孙中山传》（A Biography of Sun Yat-sen）、《中国传统译论经典诠释——从道安到傅雷》（Critique of Translation Theories in Chinese Tradition）、《中国民间故事史》（A History of Chinese Folktales）等。通过美国学术出版社，这些出版物进入了北美主流媒体，可以在谷歌、亚马逊等数十种美国主流媒体和出版社数据库中查询到。美国学术出版社（American Academic Press）已成为传播中国学者的学术成果、弘扬中华文化、发出中国声音的有力媒介渠道。因为注重出版翻译的学术著作，该出版社在国际学术交流方面所发挥的作用越来越大，其影响也日益显著，已成为中华学术海外传播的一个重要平台。

据悉，英文版诗集《山水间》（BETWEEN MOUNTAINS AND WATERS），是美国学术出版社出版的第二部汉语诗歌英译集。因此，此诗集的出版，具有重要的意义，对于中国当代诗歌在英语世界的宣传和介绍，是一个新的举措。

英文版诗集《山水间》（BETWEEN MOUNTAINS AND WATERS）的作者胡红拴先生，系中国当代著名诗人、作家。1961年10月出生于中国河南省洛阳市。中国作家协会会员，中国自然资源作家协会副主席、诗歌委员会主任，中国观赏石协会副会长、广东省观赏石协会会长，《新华文学》《中国诗界》副主编，中央文史馆书画院南方分院艺术专家，中国地质图书馆客座研究员，广东财经大学地质遗迹研究中心顾问、客座教授（研究员），广州大学地理科学学院客座教授，曾任中山大学地球科学与地质工程学院兼职教授、研究生导师，香港中文大学访问学者，安徽科技学院人文学院特聘教授。是广东省作家协会诗歌创作委员会委员，广东省省情咨询专家，广东省珠宝玉石首饰行业协会第四届高教顾问。在国内外学术大会和《人民日报》《文艺报》《中国作家》《诗刊》《小说选刊》《花城》《羊城晚报》《南方日报》《北京文学》等报刊发表作品千余篇，人民出版社、作家出版社等出版有《山道》《胡红拴诗选》《地球语汇》等各类书籍72部，计1000余万字。获中国人力资源和社会保障部和中国科协联合授予的全国科协系统先进工作者、中国新诗百年百名最具影响力诗人奖和宝石文学奖等。大量作品被译为英、法、俄、西班牙语、阿拉伯、尼泊尔语等在海外出版发行。

英文版诗集《山水间》（BETWEEN MOUNTAINS AND WATERS）的英译者张智中教授，主要研究方向为汉诗英译，理论与实践并重。已发表学术论文100篇，出版汉诗英译集80余部（其中专著3部）。主持国家社科项目2项，天津市项目1项，代表性专著3部：《许渊冲与翻译艺术》《毛泽东诗词英译比较研究》《汉诗英译美学研究》。汉诗英译多走向国外，得到美国、英国、印度，以及东南亚国家诗人和学者的广泛赞誉。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心（IPTRC）

[Canada] Allison Grayhurst

Only (and another poem)

Across the clouds
like razor blades,
the thin path I planned
to wander, expanded, and
I moved into territories
of self-loathing. I could not
keep hold of the grail or of purity
of thought and deed.

I can only remain with the ghost
on my shoulder
and the demon polluting my love.
I can pace my inner room
and never find a solution.
I will always be chained
to the soil, imagining
the bright orb of heaven.

For My Son

You are before me -
a simple light, a vibrant light
void of the world's grey core.
You are beautiful enough, my son -
miles of green terrain surround you.
You whistle, and the strangers beside us
are held captive by your song.
I will not abandon you,
though you fear the anguish of loneliness,
and you feel the uncommon strain
of a raw dimensional heart.
You bring me joy.
I have watched you drown
in a stupor of unbarressed emotions,
and I have seen you laugh at the stars -
you, so much brighter
than the whole of their celestial countenance.

About the author:

Allison Grayhurst is a full member of the League of Canadian Poets. Four of her poems were nominated for "Best of the Net" 2015/2018, and one eight-part story-poem was nominated For "Best of the Net" in 2017. She has more than 1250 poems published in over 485 international literary magazines, journals and anthologies in Canada, United States, England, India, Ireland, China, Scotland, Wales, Austria, Romania, New Zealand, Turkey, Zambia, Bangladesh, Colombia and Australia

[USA] Welkin Siskin

The Redolence of Soul (and another poem)

The obscurity of time comes as night
And the night falls without light
But the soul squanders to cross
All the longings and frost.

[加拿大]艾莉森·格雷赫斯特

只能 (外一首)

在那刀片般
的云层对面
我原想漫游的那
条细窄的小路延展了
而我也进入憎恶自我
的领域。我不能
紧握思想和行动的
贞洁或渴望

我只能与我肩膀上
的幽灵同在
还有玷污我爱的恶魔
我只能在内心的空间踱步
却永远找不到解决之法
我将被永远禁锢
于这片土地, 想象着
天国球体的明亮

给我的孩子

在我面前, 你是
一束朴素的光, 一道生力的光
没有一点世界晦暗的内核
你很漂亮, 我的孩子
千万里绿色的征程在你前方
你的口哨一响, 我们身边的
陌生人也会成为你的俘虏
我不会把你舍弃
尽管你害怕孤独的痛苦
尽管你感受到一颗真实
自然的心异乎寻常的紧张
你给我带来欢愉
我见过你沉溺于
不羁情感而致的神情恍惚
也见过你面对星辰的笑容
你如此明亮, 甚至
所有天体绽放的容光

(颜海峰 译)

作者简介:

艾莉森·格雷赫斯特, 加拿大诗人联盟的正式成员。她的四首诗获2015/2018年度“最佳网络”提名, 一首八节故事诗获2017年度“最佳网络”提名。她在加拿大、美国、英格兰、印度、爱尔兰、中国、苏格兰、威尔士、奥地利、罗马尼亚、新西兰、土耳其、赞比亚、孟加拉国、哥伦比亚和澳大利亚的485多家国际文学杂志、期刊和选集上发表了1250多首诗。

[美国]威尔金·西斯金

灵魂的芬芳(外一首)

时间朦胧犹如黑夜
夜幕降临, 暗淡无光
灵魂四处漂泊, 想穿越
所有的渴望和霜冻。

He weeped not, he forgot not, he danced not
 But he after things sought
 The redolence of soul
 To reach the entire whole.
 Let my soul disentangles to touch you
 Not a host of things alone but people few
 To shed lights in their life.

Thou Shall Not Be Consign to oblivion

Thou shall a fire make a furnace
 And thou shall with every rosary of breath go
 But thy hands these eager beings kiss
 Even life in a fraction of time becomes so and so.
 These callous inferno may thy life take,
 And its flame may thy being swallow
 And its devouring may a ghost thee make
 With its untold brutality and clouds billow.
 I shall not give in my hope that we shall meet
 In the rising dawn of tomorrow.
 Thou shall not be consign to oblivion.

他不哭泣，不忘却，不舞蹈
 他一路追寻
 灵魂的芬芳
 芳兰竟体。
 让我的灵魂挣脱束缚去触摸你
 触摸万物和寂寞生灵
 让他们的生活光芒四射。

你永远不会灰飞湮灭

你将成为火炉中的火焰
 你将随着每一缕呼吸而离去
 但这些热切的生命，就想亲吻你的手
 即使生活刹那间会变得如此这般。
 无情的地狱会夺走你的生命，
 烈火会吞噬你的肉体
 让你成为一个灵魂
 滔天残忍，滚滚乌云
 黎明相遇的希望
 我永不会放弃
 你永远不会灰飞湮灭。

(陆峰 译)

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[中国]吴投文

[China] WU Touwen

我站在黑暗中（外三首）

I Stand in the Dark (and other three poems)

夜降临，巨大而虚无的实体
 我靠近窗子，却被黑暗推开
 没有光，屋子里也没有光
 我站在黑暗中，却被自己推开

Night falls, an immense and intangible entity
 I lean upon the window, only to be pushed away but the dark
 No light without; no light within
 I stand in the dark, only to be pushed away by myself

我站在黑暗中，却被自己推开
 一切都不存在，甚至我自己
 也不存在，只有黑暗
 我被黑暗抓住站在黑暗中

I stand in the dark, only to be pushed away by my self
 Nothing is existent; even I myself
 Am coexistent; only the dark
 Caught by the dark, I stand in the dark

我被黑暗抓住站在黑暗中
 我站成黑暗本身的一部分
 我对黑暗说，连恐惧也没有
 黑暗说，恐惧在我的手掌上

Caught by the dark, I stand in the dark
 Until I am part of the dark
 I say to DARK, I am free from fear
 DARK replies, fear is in the palm of my hand

人老时

When You are Aging

人老时，天光就变得浑浊
 秋水也变得浑浊
 清晨你从桥上走过
 树叶飘落，睁大葱茏的眼神

When you are aging, daylight is becoming murky
 And even autumn water is becoming murky, too
 Early morning finds you crossing the bridge
 Leaves are falling, with verdant gaping eyes

人老时，老虎的尾巴也在变小
 身上的条纹愈加显得空荡
 你望向窗外的塔尖
 青山有嵯峨，有正午的纸屑

When you are aging, the tiger's tail is shrinking
 Whose stripes are all the more sagging
 You gaze out of the window at the steeple
 Oh, the craggy blue mountains, with paper scraps at noon

人老时，暗淡的事物变得明亮
 风吹着石头上的灰尘，吹着苍穹
 你走一走也好，歇在水边

When you are aging, dark things are brightening up
 Breeze stirs up the dust on the stone, blowing the vast dome
 You might as well take a stroll, and rest by the water

傍晚的鸟鸣突然停止

人老时，刽子手开口说话
脸颊上有刀痕，有石头的稀薄
有人从背后抱住你
你挣扎着，然后沉默

月的光芒照在我的前额

今夜，月的光芒照在我的前额
我缓缓地抬起头，月的光芒照着我的眼睛
我把头抬得更高一些，月的光芒照着我的下巴

月的光芒渐渐镀亮我的全身，镀亮我的脚下
我接近神迹中最洁净的一部分
身体变得轻盈，轻于一滴夜露的沁凉

我是这秋夜中最孤独的一人——
鸣虫已经安歇，我的心中充满光明的碎片
月亮从天上埋葬大地，见证我的孤寂

秋风起

秋风起，我从阁楼里下来
敲钟，一下两下叮当
蝉声的羽翼稀薄

西风来得早哇
有人撞上南墙不回头
独自叹息

草木抵住最后的凋零
却是一个恍惚，又一个恍惚
掩饰果实的迟疑

我钟爱这些发黄的草木
那么脆，天空晴朗
少妇走过庭园里落叶的嘀咕

我和一只蝴蝶的魂有什么区别呢？
舞一下，又一下
河水在远处静静地闪光

梯子已成朽木，我只有沉默
蚂蚁爬上一节
就有一节的恐慌

作者简介：

吴投文，中国当代著名诗人、批评家。1968年5月生，湖南郴州人。文学博士，湖南科技大学人文学院教授，主要从事中国新诗研究。在海内外报刊发表诗歌数百首，发表论文与评论150余篇，出版诗集《土地的家谱》《看不见雪的阴影》和学术专著《沈从文的生命诗学》《百年新诗经典解读》等，有诗人入选上百个重要选本。兼任中国新文学学会理事、湖南省文学评论学会副会长、湖南省作家协会理事等。

Chirping birds at dusk cease twitters all of a sudden

When you are aging, the Grim Reaper is starting to talk
Your cheeks bear contact marks, like thinning hones
Someone hugs you from behind
Struggling, you fall into dead silence

Moonlight Shines upon My Forehead

Tonight, moonlight shines upon my forehead
I slowly raise my head, and moonlight shines into my eyes
I raise my head higher, and moonlight shines upon my chin

Moonlight gradually gilds me all over, and my feet as well
I'm close to the purest part of miracle
And becoming light, lighter than the coolness of a droplet of dew

I'm the loneliest person during this autumn night—
The chirpy insects are at rest; my heart is brimming with fragments of light
The moon from the sky buries the earth, witnessing the lone shadow of mine

When Autumn Wind Rustles

When autumn wind rustles, I step downstairs from the attic
To strike the bell; once, twice goes the chime
Chirpy cicadas' wings are thinning

How early west wind is
Someone won't turn around even in a dead lane
Sighing alone

Flora resists the last withering
That is nothing but a trance after a trance
To cover the hesitance of fruits

I love all these yellowing flora
So crispy, under the sunny sky
A young wife passes by the whispering of fallen leaves

What is the difference between me and the soul of a butterfly?
Fluttering once, twice
The distant river shimmers in silence

The ladder has become moldered; I have no choice but to keep silent
An ant crawls up a rung
There is a runful of terror

(Translated by WANG Changling)

About the author:

WU Touwen, a famous contemporary Chinese poet and critic, was born in May, 1968, in Chenzhou, Hunan province. Lit.D., professor with the School of Humanities, Hunan University of Science and Technology, he mainly researches China new poetry. He has published several hundred poems in newspapers and magazines at home and abroad, and over 150 academic papers and critiques. Besides, he has published poetry anthologies entitled *The Family Tree of Land* and *The Invisible Shadow of Snow* as well as monographs such as *SHEN Congwen's Poetics of Life and Interpretations of the Classics of Centennial China New Poetry*. His poems find their way into about 100 different selections. WU Touwen is director of New Chinese Literature Society, vice president of Hunan Literature Review Society and director of Hunan Writers Association as well.

[Austria] Kurt F. Svatek

Cloudless (and another poem)

How would it feel
to float away like a cloud
somewhere, from one second to the next,
he was thinking,

like a voice,
aring higher and higher,
then slowly, slowly fading away
to silence.

But the sky
was breathtakingly blue,
without a chance of clouds.
and so he stayed.

Yet one cloud
might become big enough
It overshadow all others,
even to engulf them.

Just like one thought
occupying so much room
that none remains
for all others.

Chances

What to do with all that wistfulness
the heart is too small to hold?
Maybe the wind will help
and carry part of it away.

Maybe the rain will wash
some of it into a puddle
that will be dried
later by the sun.

And perhaps even the sea will help
by drowning another bit.
After all, there will be left enough
for you.

[奥地利]库尔特 F.斯瓦特克

万里无云（外一首）

像云一样
一瞬间飘到某个地方
会是什么感觉？
他在想，

像声音一样，
飞得越来越高，
然后慢慢慢慢地消失
归于寂静。

但碧空
如洗，蓝得惊人，
万里无云。
因此他呆在原地。

但一朵云
可能会变得极大
盖过其他所有的云，
甚至吞噬它们。

就像一个想法
占了很大空间
而未给其他任何想法
留下丝毫空隙。

机会

该如何处理狭隘的心胸
难以驾驭的渴望呢？
也许风会帮你
带走一部分

也许雨水会将一部分
冲进水洼里
随后水洼
会被太阳晒干。

也许大海也会帮你
再淹没一部分。
毕竟，总会留足够的渴望
给你

(张俊锋 译)

中国诗人吴投文荣登意大利名刊《POMEZIA-NOTIZIE》

本刊罗马讯 意大利著名诗人Domenico Defelice博士主编的《POMEZIA-NOTIZIE》文学杂志（意大利语）2020年第1期，已于2019年12月在罗马出版。本期刊发了多个国家的知名诗人、作家、评论家、翻译家的诗、评论、小说、译作和众多诗讯、出版消息，其中第17-20页刊发了湖南著名诗人、批评家吴投文教授的英语-意大利语对照诗作《Sitting Together with my Father》（《SEDUTO ACCANTO A MIO PADRE》），《Thunder》（《TUONO》），《I Stand in the Dark》（《STANDO AL BUIO》）和简介、大照，意大利语译者系著名诗人、翻译家、批评家Domenico Defelice博士，英译者系中国著名翻译家、诗人、学者王昌铃教授，同时，配有Domenico Defelice的精彩短评。大32K，54页，印制古雅、简朴，值得一读。该刊创办于1973年，至今已有47年的出版史，系意大利最有影响的文学月刊之一。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

[Brasil-USA] Teresinka Pereira

Anti Quixote

Para evitar ser quixotescos
al ver una planta nuclear
decimos que es
un molino de viento...

En realidad allí está
un peligroso y cruel
gigante capaz de exterminar
todas las especies
del planeta...

[巴西-美国]特丽辛卡·佩雷拉

反唐吉珂德

为了避免沦为唐吉珂德
当我们看到核电站时
我们说
这是风车……

事实上那里站着
一个危险且残忍的
足以毁灭地球
所有生物的
巨人……

(张智 译)

[Palestine] Nasser Mahmoud Atallah

Peace be Upon You Davos (and other two poems)

Peace be upon you Davos
Thank you
For wanting to make
This world
A better place
A happier place
But for whom?

Peace be up on you Davos
Yes! I know
American fighter jets need to be sold
Sophisticated Israeli drones need to be researched and produced
So that more could be killed
By pushing buttons
Arms factories in England have to operate
So that your people have jobs
And they could go for holidays
To Third World countries every year
Etc...
Etc...
Etc...

Peace be upon you Davos
Don't forget
Osama from Baghdad did not choose to be refugee forever
Mohamed from Hebron didn't want to lose his identity
Dunya from Aleppo didn't want to live uncomfortably
Shaif wants to go back to his beloved Sanaa
Wounds on Ibrahim's soul are still there
traumatized by NATO bombs in Kosovo
Rahman doesn't want to have children and grand children in Cox's Bazaar

Peace be upon you Davos
All my friends
Also want this planet to be better
To be happier
To be peaceful

[巴勒斯坦]纳塞尔·马哈茂·阿塔拉

愿你和平，达沃斯(外二首)

愿你和平，达沃斯
谢谢你
努力使
这个世界
变得更好
变得更愉快
可为了谁呢？

愿你和平，达沃斯
是的！我知道
美国战斗机需要卖掉
以色列无人驾驶飞机需要研发生产
以便杀死更多
通过轻触按钮
英国的军工厂必须运转
这样人们才有工作
他们可以度假
每年去到第三世界国家
等等……
等等……
等等……

愿你和平，达沃斯
别忘记
来自巴格达的乌萨马不想永远是难民
来自希伯伦的穆罕默德不想失去自己的身份
来自阿勒颇的杜尼亚娅不想舒适地生活
谢夫想回到他亲爱的萨那身边
易卜拉欣灵魂之伤仍在
在科索沃遭到北大西洋公约组织炮弹的伤害
考克斯年代集市拉赫曼不想要孩子和孙子

愿你和平，达沃斯
我所有的朋友
也想让我们这个星球更好
更快乐
永远

Forever

Between Stolen Glances

Thank you
 For spelling out directly
 Beauty
 Intoxication
 And the silky thread of love
 Between stolen glances
 And cruel jokes
 Which you used to pour out
 In poems
 All these while
 That sparked Inter-continental fireworks
 While I am still dazed
 With disbelief
 Fathoming
 Your pains and wounds
 I can't help feeling guilty
 Remembering stories
 Of heroism and heartbreaks
 Grandfathers of Gallipoli

和平

偷瞥之间

谢谢你
 直接拼出
 美
 陶醉
 爱之丝线
 在偷瞥和
 残酷笑话之间
 你用来倾诉
 在诗歌中
 这当儿
 燃引了洲内的火焰
 而我仍然迷茫
 不信
 探测着
 你的痛苦和伤口
 我不禁感到罪过
 记起故事
 关于英雄和伤心
 加利波利的祖父

10

Between the Talibans Etc...

When Buddha statues in Bamiyan Valley were demolished
 many heritage warriors
 screamed to the whole world
 condemning the Mullah and Taliban
 but nobody says anything
 when drones destroyed museums
 Babylon Heritage Sites
 The Hanging Garden
 and all left by King Darius
 priceless to history and world heritage

I am not an ardent fan
 of those who demolished Buddha statues in Bamiyan
 probably had been shot like Malala
 for writing poems
 and talking about Samira, Hana Makhbalbaf and Mira Nair's films

But aren't they all
 world civilization and heritage destroyers?

So why didn't The History Channel
 say something about it?

About the author:

Nasser Mahmoud Atallah, a Palestinian poet and journalist. Born in Damascus, Syria 1967. Member of the General Secretariat of the General Union of Palestinian Writers. Published four poetic collections. Member of the Journalists Syndicate. Winner of a reward of the Free Pen Festival, EGYPT, 2019. Resident in Gaza. Published many poems in Arab newspapers and journals.

塔利班之间及其它……

当巴米扬山谷的佛像被毁坏的时候
 许多传统的战士
 对整个世界尖叫
 谴责毛拉和塔利班
 但没人说话
 当无人飞机摧毁博物馆
 巴比伦遗址
 悬垂花园
 以及大流士国王所留下的一切
 对于历史 and 世界遗产都无比珍贵

我不是一个热心的粉丝
 不是毁坏巴米扬山谷佛像的一员
 或许像马拉拉一样遭到枪击
 为了写诗
 谈论萨米拉，哈那·马克鲍贝夫和米拉·奈尔的电影

但难道他们不是世界
 文明和遗产的破坏者吗？

为什么“历史频道”
 对此只字不提？

(张智中 译)

作者简介:

纳塞尔·马哈茂·阿塔拉，巴勒斯坦诗人、记者，1967年生于叙利亚大马士革，巴勒斯坦作家总会秘书处成员、记者联盟成员。获2019年埃及自由笔会奖，现居加沙。已出版4部诗集，并在阿拉伯报纸和期刊发表多篇诗作。

[Puerto Rico] Celia Alschuler

Alfonsina Storni (group poems)

The sea told me that it loved me,
but distant, I watched myself in its eyes
so as not to touch its soul
The sea told me that it loved me
but I did not listen to it,
I luxuriated in the caresses of its tresses
touched by the golden Sun rays
floating on its waters.
The sea told me that it loved me
but I didn't understand it,
instead I surrendered myself
to its playful waves,
that filled me with overflowing
foam.
The sea told me that it loved me
and I loved it without knowing,
for it enfolded me in its waters
as I slept by its side.

*Dedicated to Argentinean poet, Alfonsina Storni

Julia de Burgos

She would go for a walk at 5am, to awaken the night
unveiling the dreams of Moons and Suns,
embracing a river companion of her grief,
offerings of love, nature and sorrow.

Passionate by its water, she immersed her body
while the beautiful voice that accompanies
the flowing waters caressed her temples
with seductive charm.

And once again, as before,
she felt embraced by the dancing currents
whom she had learned to love before
giving away her innocence in the arms
of a stranger.

Cloaked in her absence, she returned to her river
"extending her spirit in verse"
Sometimes transformed into a brook,
Other times recreated as a woman.

There, where the forest reveals its abundance,
Where brush adorns fertile wood hills and valleys,
Silence continues embroidering cascades to poems
That still recite your love for the river, Julia.

[波多黎各]西莉亚·阿尔舒勒

阿方斯娜·斯托尔妮(组诗)

大海告诉我它爱我
但遥远,我在它的眼中看我自己
以免触碰它的灵魂
大海告诉我它爱我
但我置若罔闻
我陶醉在它的秀发的爱抚中
金色的阳光照射着
那秀发在水面上漂浮
大海告诉我它爱我
但我不懂它
相反,我屈服于
它淘气的波浪
这让我被填满流溢的
泡沫。
大海告诉我它爱我
我却不知道我爱它
因为我睡在它旁边时
它用水环绕我

*献给阿根廷诗人阿方斯娜·斯托尔妮

茱莉亚·德·布尔戈斯

凌晨五点她出去散步,唤醒夜晚
揭开月亮和太阳的梦
拥抱一条河流,让它陪伴她的不幸
爱、自然和悲伤的奉献

水令她热烈,她浸在其中
美丽的声音伴着
流水而来,抚摸着她的太阳穴
诱人而魅惑

和之前一样,又一次
她感到自己被舞蹈着的水流拥抱了
她曾经学着去爱一个人
他却将她的纯真推向
一个陌生人的怀抱
遮蔽在自己的缺席中,她回到河流
“在诗歌中延伸她的精神”
有时使其成小溪
其他时间则将之塑造成女人

在那里,森林显露出丰饶
灌木点缀着树木繁密的山丘和山谷,
沉默一直在瀑布上刺绣,绘出诗歌
背诵你对河流的爱,茱莉亚

*This poem was written in honor of Puerto Rican poet Julia de Burgos.
Extending her spirit in verse a phrase she uses in her poem "Rio Grande de Loiza"

"The Mouth"

They called it "the mouth"
a braided fountain of rivers
embracing the ocean
How many offerings lie beneath?
your sage waters?
How many prayers surround your
mystical edges?
Here, where two rivers meet,
where honey and molasses
become dancing waters,
a braided fountain of
motherly love, journeys
into the realms of the sea.

My horizon

My horizon is made of thousands of poems
that sleep under a blue blanket
that emerge from the sea of your pupils
caressing my nights
possessing my stars
my horizon is made of thousands of poems
making love as free as seagulls,
without a fear, without a negative thought
without an impediment, without a heartbreak
only wings to fly, across new skies
crossing a sea of seas
under a thousand brilliant stars

Caribbean Seagull

Voices in the night
silent moments and images
from dreams of a land
captive in the arms of the
Caribbean Sea

Caribbean Seagull...

Let me scour your mountains,
worship their green walls with my poems
let me dress myself with your colorful flowers,
so, I can meet the lonely humming bird,
troubadour of your melodies
Let me drink from the breast of your mountain,
bathe my body in your earthy rivers,

*这首诗是为了纪念波多黎各诗人朱莉娅·德·布尔戈斯而写的。
是她的诗歌《里奥格兰德洛依萨》中的一个诗句的扩展。

"口"

在人们称其为“口”的地方
河流拧成辫子一起涌流
拥抱大海
你的神圣的水域下面
有多少祭品?
你的神秘的沿岸
围绕着多少祈祷者
这里两条河流交汇
蜂蜜和糖蜜
成为舞蹈着的水域
拧成辫子一起涌流
慈母般的爱, 旅行
进入海洋的王国

我的地平线

我的地平线由成千上万首诗构成
它们睡在蓝色的毯子下
它们从你瞳仁的海洋里浮现
爱抚我的夜晚
拥抱我的星星
我的地平线由成千上万首诗构成
像海鸥一样自由地做爱
没有恐惧, 没有消极的想法
没有障碍, 没有心碎
只有飞翔的翅膀, 越过新的天空
越过海洋
在一千颗灿烂的星星下

加勒比海鸥

夜晚的声音
寂静的时刻与意象
来自一个梦想的土地
被囚禁在了
加勒比海

加勒比海鸥……

让我遍寻你的群山
用我的诗歌礼拜绿色的墙壁
让我用你缤纷的花朵装扮自己
这样, 我就能遇见孤独的蜂鸟
行吟你的旋律
让我在你山一样的胸襟中畅饮
让我的身体沐浴在你质朴的河流

navigate the Sun rays on your oceans,
as I hold the cup of your essence.

Voices in the night
fade in the hands of daylight
a seagull has crossed the Atlantic,
while a beautiful maiden, dressed with corals
waits for freedom along with her starfish

Atabey in the Manati River

Last night I saw you in my dreams
and indeed, you possessed a majesty
drawn from the richness of your
silent contemplations, uttering not
your name
I wanted to embrace you, but could not,
you were pulling by your fancies
everything that your footfall touched,
and your course whispered
what my soul knows well,
displaying your warmth and beauty
of Sun's rays caressing your body
with reflected painted landscapes,
of falling leaves with overflowing delight

I wanted to capture your gaze,
look at myself in the color of your leaves
thence breathing my desire to hold you

However, I could not move
before such noble deity,
who walked away in the bushes,
without saying a word,
and ignoring my presence.

It feels free to be with you
and while your placid waters
merge into my spirit,
our existences become tripling
streams over damp stones
Last night I saw you in my dreams
but this time it was different,
because harbored in your dawns
I saw hatched within your waters
the melody of the sea's lullaby.

Julia

You have returned to

在你的海洋上引航阳光
就像我捧着你的本质之杯

夜晚的声音
消失在日光的手中
一只海鸥飞过大西洋，
而一个美丽的少女，穿着珊瑚
等待自由和她的海星

玛纳蒂河的阿塔比

昨晚我在梦中见到你
的确，你拥有一种威严
它来自于你的丰富
你默默沉思，我没有叫出
你的名字
我想拥抱你，却不能
幻想中你拖曳着
脚步触及到的一切
你的追求轻轻诉说的
正是我的灵魂所知道的
它展示你的温暖和美丽
阳光抚摸着你的身体
反射绘制的风景
树叶飘零，洋溢着喜悦

我想捕捉你的目光
在你的树叶的颜色里看看我自己
在那里，我低声告诉你我的欲望：拥抱你

然而，在如此高贵的神面前
我一动也不能动
神从灌木丛中走开
一句话也没对我说
对我视而不见

和你在一起我感觉很自由
当你平静的水面
融入我的灵魂，
我们的存在变成三重的溪流
漫过潮湿的石头
昨晚我梦见你了
但这次不同
因为庇护在你的黎明里
我看见你在水里孵化
大海摇篮曲的旋律

朱莉娅

你回来了

draw smiles on flowing streams
to write poetry on stones
among the river currents
to hide your affairs in
banana plantations

You have returned with wings
free to fly
touching the wind
perfume with citrics and coffee flowers
playing with "pomme roses" at
the river's edge

you have returned stealing
from honey, its sweetness
undressing your soul
between mountains
that face the sky
you are no longer
a chrysalid
dressed with social roles
you have wings to fly
liberty to feel, verses to write,
and your river to love.

(dedicated to Julia de Burgos Puerto Rican poet)

Nostalgia

Today I return to you
with great nostalgia
I've seen your hands
calling me from the waters
I've seen the Sun on your pupils
covering your blue Mediterranean
I've seen your copper skin
playing among colorful fish
anchored in the arms
of an enchanting mermaid
Today I return to you
with great nostalgia
my blond sand hides behind
the Sun's fingers
I meet you once again,
this time...
way over the ocean
as far as silence

Newborn

Between lips of coral and gold

在溪流上描画微笑
在激流中的
石头上撰写诗句
在香蕉种植园
隐藏故事

你带着翅膀回来了
自由地飞
弹凑风
散发着柠檬和咖啡花的香气
在河边
玩“玫瑰果”

你回来了，偷窃
蜂蜜，它的甜味
褫夺了你灵魂的外衣
群峦仰视天空
山中
你不再是
一个扮演社会角色的
蝶蛹
你有翅膀可以飞翔
你有自由可以感知，你有诗可以写
你有河流可以爱

(献给波多黎各诗人朱莉娅·德·布尔戈斯)

怀旧之情

今天我回到你身边
怀旧之情涌起
曾经你的手
从水中呼唤我
曾经阳光照在你的瞳孔上
覆盖你蓝色的地中海
曾经你铜色的皮肤
在色彩缤纷的鱼群中嬉戏
它们流连于
迷人的美人鱼的臂弯
今天我回到你身边
怀旧之情涌起
我那金色的沙子藏在
太阳的手指之后
我遇到你了
这一次……
行驶在大洋之上
直到寂静

新生儿

在珊瑚和金子的嘴唇之间

I have seen a child dance out
of the womb of the river
He came near
extended his arms to me
while from his laughter
came out waterfalls
perfumed with honey
embroidered with fish
and ornamented with amber

Floral Ballerina

Butterfly, who revolts her fragile essence
In the gardens of life
Dancing among hibiscus and roses
Writing poems on the pages of silence,
Please lend me your frame so
that my soul can be covered with joy
lend me your wings so
I can learn about the flora of my country
Give me the pleasure of being free like you
Leaving behind all kinds of social chains
Of strange ways of living, and unfair rules
Butterfly, who revolts in a more subtle world
Lend me your wings, I will accept your freedom
if so, for one night, one afternoon, or for one hour

About the author:

Celia Alschuler is famous artist (painter and singer), poetess, translator and French Prof. She was born in Mayaguez Puerto Rico, from a French family. Now she teaches French to the people in Lajas, as volunteer community work. She speaks, reads and writes 6 languages, but fluent as a native speaker in three. She has participated as a poet in more than 27 Anthologies throughout the world, and also her poetry has been translated to Japanese, Arabic, Bengali, Rumanian and Greek etc. Her original poems are in French, English and Spanish. She is "the Caribbean Seagull" as critics on her first poem book remind her. Her paintings have been book covers to other writers in Algeria, USA, France India Uruguay, Spain, etc. Her paintings have been in exhibits Turkey, Japan, Mexico, Uruguay France, Spain, USA and others. She certified on SumieArt at the Bugei Japanese School in Valencia Spain 2012,

She was First Award in Poetry Contest at the Arts Science and Literature in Puerto Rico 2010. Other Awards she received were from "Concours Europoesie" UNICEF in France from 2012 to 2017. (Prix de la "francophonie" among other categories). In 2013 she was laureate of a Silver Medal and a Certificate as an artist, poet, and a painter at the "Arts Sciences Lettres" of Paris (ASL). On 2017 she was honored with a Bronze Medal and Certificate from Brazilian Poetry Association for Peace Literature Symposium poetry and an Art exhibit.

She wrote two musicals shows on 1910 and 1991 in San Juan. Recently she directed and produced, plus wrote "Atabey and the Taino Indian at la Parguera". Her project "Atabey and the Taino Indian" is an Epic legend of life and love in the mangrove of La Parguera and it was recently Awarded at Photo Diversity Film Contest at the Museum of Natural History in New York, as Best Short Film 2018. And also, at the Rincon Film Festival in PR 2018.

我看见一个孩子，舞蹈着
走出河流的子宫
他越走越近
向我伸出双臂
他的笑声中
有一道瀑布
泛着蜂蜜的芳香
绣着鱼
装饰着琥珀

花一样的芭蕾舞女

蝴蝶，反抗她脆弱的本质
生命的花园里
她在芙蓉和玫瑰花丛中翩翩起舞
她在寂静之纸上写诗
请把你的骨架借给我
从而我的灵魂可以裹入欢乐之襦袢
请把你的翅膀借给我
从而我可以遍观故乡的植物
请给我自由的快乐，像你一样
远离各种各样的社会羁绊
奇怪的生活方式，不公平的规则
蝴蝶，在一个更微妙的世界里反叛
请把你的翅膀借给我，我将获得你的自由
如果可以，哪怕一个晚上，一个下午，或者一小时

(齐风艳 译)

作者简介:

西莉亚·阿尔舒勒，著名艺术家（画家和歌手）、诗人、翻译家和法语教授。她出生于波多黎各马亚圭斯的一个法国人家庭，现在在拉加斯教人们法语，这是一项社区志愿者工作。她能说、能读、能写6种语言，能流利地说3种语言。作为诗人，她的作品被收入到全球至少27部诗歌选本。她的诗被翻译成日语、阿拉伯语、孟加拉语、罗马尼亚语和希腊语等。她用法语、英语和西班牙语创作诗歌。她的第一本诗集出版后，被评论家称为“加勒比海鸥”。她的绘画作品曾被阿尔及利亚、美国、法国、印度、乌拉圭、西班牙等国的作家作为书籍封面。她的作品曾在土耳其、日本、墨西哥、乌拉圭、法国、西班牙、美国等国展出。2012年，她在西班牙巴伦西亚的布盖日语学校获得水墨画认证。

她获得波多黎各2010年艺术科学与文学诗歌比赛一等奖。2012年至2017年，她还获得了联合国儿童基金会在法国举办的“竞赛欧罗巴”活动的奖项。2013年，她获得了巴黎艺术学院颁发的艺术家、诗人和画家银质奖章和证书。2017年，她获得巴西和平文学诗歌协会铜奖和证书。

1910年和1991年，她在圣胡安创作了两部音乐剧。最近她导演、制作和撰写了《拉帕格拉的阿塔比和泰诺印第安人》。她的作品《阿塔比和泰诺印第安人》是关于拉帕格拉红树林生活和爱情的史诗传奇。最近在纽约自然历史博物馆举办的照片多样性电影竞赛中她被授予2018年最佳短片奖。此外，她还在2018年波多黎各林孔电影节上获奖。

[中国]梁平

卸下 (外三首)

卸下面具，
卸下身上的装扮，赤裸裸。
南河苑东窗无事从不生非，
灯红与酒绿，限高三米，
爬不上我的阁楼。
南窗的玻璃捅不破，不是纸，
满目葱郁，有新叶翠绿，
滴落温婉的言情。
真正的与世无争就是突围，
突出四面八方的围剿，
清心，寡欲。
阅人无数不是浪得虚名，
名利场上的格斗，最终不过是，
伤痕累累，体无完肤。
把所有看重的都放下，就是轻，
轻松谈笑，轻松说爱，
轻轻松松面对所有。
任何时候都不要咬牙切齿，
清淡一杯茶，润肺明目，
看天天蓝，看云云白。

我对厌倦情有独钟

厌倦时刻分明一日三餐。
厌倦早出晚归两点一线。
厌倦书桌前半真半假的抒情。
厌倦阳台上一丝不苟的色彩。
厌倦甜言蜜语。
厌倦风花雪月。
厌倦瓜熟蒂落。
厌倦水到渠成。
厌倦阴影虚设的清凉。
厌倦落叶铺满的哀叹。
厌倦口蜜腹剑勾心斗角。
厌倦虚情假意心照不宣。
我对厌倦情有独钟，
循规蹈矩顺理成章按部就班，
让我迟钝、萎靡、不堪，
形同行尸走肉。
厌倦，厌倦，厌倦流连忘返，
把过去的每一寸光阴，
清空。留一块伤疤，
独自刀耕火种，日月可鉴。

无比

我经常使用这个程度副词，
省略前戏和后缀，节制过度的热烈，
它不孤独，语义能够抵达无限。
我的无限程度都是限量版，
唯一。在唯一里无限放大，
像夜里偷袭而来的梦，重复、极端，

[China] LIANG Ping

Remove (and other three poems)

Remove the mask,
Remove the dress from your body, be naked.
There has never been bad news from the east window of South River Street.
Red lights and green wine, all with three meters clearance,
Can't reach my attic.
The panes of the south window can't be broken, aren't made of paper.
Full views of lush greenery, with new leaves jade green,
Dripping gentle romance.
To surrender completely is the only way to break through,
Break through the siege from all sides,
Settle the heart, relinquish desire.
The names of the countless people I have encountered are not made up,
The struggles for status inevitably end,
Scarred and beaten down.
Putting down all you seek for brings lightness,
Laugh easily, flirt lightly,
Easily face everything.
Never again clench your jaw and grind your teeth,
Have a cup of tea, moisten your throat, brighten your eyes,
See the sky blue, see the clouds white.

I am lovingly loyal to loathing

Tired of three meals a day.
Tired of going out early and returning to two points and one line.
Tired of the lyrics in the first half of the desk.
Tired of the meticulous color on the balcony.
Tired of sweet talk.
Tired of the wind and snow.
Tired of melons.
Tired of water.
Tired of the coolness of the shadows.
Tired of falling leaves and lamenting.
Tired of the mouth and the belly of the sword.
Tired of ignorance and falsehood.
I have a soft spot for boredom.
Follow the rules and rules, step by step,
Let me be dull, wilting, unbearable,
Shaped with dead bodies.
Tired, tired, tired and lingering,
Let every inch of time,
Be empty. Leave a scar,
Alone slash and burn, the sun and the moon can be learned.

Incomparable

I often use this comparative adjective,
Omitting the prefix and suffix, their excessive moderation,
It is not alone, and its meanings can reach infinity.
My description of infinity is a limited edition,
One and only. In my one and only I magnify infinity,
Like a dream ambushing me nightly, repeatedly, ferociously,

与现实相距两颗星辰。
这几乎是无法丈量的距离，
比我知道的天涯和咫尺，更残忍。
始终不二。认定无比就是无比，
一条路走到黑，白也是黑，
黑得根深蒂固，一目了然。

隔空

很南的南方，
与西南构成一个死角。
我不喜欢北方，所以北方的雨雪与雾霾，
胡同与四合庭院，冰糖葫芦，
与我没有关系，没有惦记。
而珠江的三角，每个角都是死角，
都有悄然出生入死的感动。
就像蛰伏的海龟，在礁石的缝隙里与世隔绝，
深居简出。
我居然能够隔空看见这个死角，
与我的起承转合如此匹配，
水系饱满，草木欣荣。

Its distance from my reality as that between two stars.
This span almost immeasurable,
Despairingly further than the corners of sky and inches of closeness I know.
Never a second thought. When I recognize incomparable to be incomparable,
One road until the void, where even white is black,
The black deeply rooted, understood at a glance.

Over distance

South of the south,
Forms a dead end with the southwest.
I don't like the north, the rain, snow, or smog in the north,
or little alleys or the courtyards, the candied haw fruits,
Have nothing to do with me, no nostalgia.
But Zhujiang Delta, every corner a dead end,
All silently relate to me my life and death.
Like a crouching sea turtle, sitting isolated between the rocks.
Reclusive.
I can actually see this dead end in the distance,
Perfectly matching my every start, every going, every turn, every convergence,
The rivers are strong and brimming, and the flora prosper.

(Translated by Kenneth LU)

[Italy] Manuela Mazzola

Nobody's Land (and another poem)

I will come tomorrow
above a dream
while the seagulls shriek,
in nobody's land.
Grinding the teeth
and clenching the fists
I will fight for my life.

Heart's Scream

It bursts into the darkness
my scream to the solitude
suspended / banging from nothing
my scream fights against the world without weapons.
Its haunting eco persecuting me
would destroy myself if I hadn't got a heart.

(Translated into English by Melissa Bernabucci)

About the author:

Manuela Mazzola, is a poetess, born in Roma on the 2nd of July 1972. Education and training: General Certificate of Education at Margherita di Savoia High School in Rome; Humanities degree (in particular anthropology studies) at "La Sapienza" University of Rome with 110/110 con lode score. Cognitive and learning disorders children's tutor, especially for those who got educational special needs and suffer from hyperactivity. Elementary school teacher and didactic coordinator. Still cooperating with some literary newspapers like "Pomezia-Notizie", directed by Domenico Defelice (poet and journalist) and "Il Convivio" (quarterly magazine about poetry, art and culture directed by Angelo Manitta) writing articles, poems and tales. Some of her articles are also been published on "Il Pontino Nuovo" directed by Angelo Capriotti.

[意大利]曼努埃拉·马佐拉

荒芜之地（外一首）

明日
我将驾着梦想
来到这海鸥尖叫的
荒芜之地。
我怒火中烧
握紧双拳
为生而战。

心的呐喊

天突然黑了下來
我对着悬在虚无中的
孤寂呐喊
我的呐喊与这个没有硝烟的世界为敌。
那挥之不去的声响萦绕心头
如果我心无正念，我终将自我毁灭。

(梅丽莎·伯纳布兹 英译；胡平 汉译)

作者简介:

曼努埃拉马佐拉，女诗人，1972年7月2日出生于罗马。教育和培训经历：获得罗马玛格丽塔·迪·萨伏亚高中的普通教育证书，以优异成绩毕业于罗马第一大学并获得人文学科学位（尤其是人类学研究）。曾担任认知和学习障碍儿童的家庭教师，特别是那些有特殊教育需求和患有多动症的儿童。还曾担任小学教师和协调员。但她依然与多梅尼科·德费利斯（诗人兼记者）执导的一些文学报刊，如意大利名刊“Pomezia-Notizie”和安吉洛·马尼塔(Angelo Manitta)执导的《诗歌艺术和文化》季刊(II Convivio)等文学报纸合作，撰写文章、诗歌和故事。她的一些文章也发表在由安吉洛·卡普里奥蒂主持的《新浪潮》上。

[Algeria] Aziza Dahouh

Moon Observer (and other three poems)

Thou art the observer of the moon
 What attracts you
 Is it the charming crescent
 Many people seen you
 Bathing in its light when it is full
 Together thou had many talks
 Night after night
 But none dared to decode Talismans
 That unique language
 Lady Luna would you recite
 A poem... A poem
 All of us are listeners
 Ears are tuned and hearts beating at
 Same frequency of your words
 A poem... A poem

Everlasting life

Wen-di the brave dragon rider
 Went on adventure
 Left his soft wife alone
 He climbed the Chinese high peaks
 In search of immortality
 What he discovered later
 Life is a short journey
 No way to everlasting life
 He decided to go back
 Following his footprints
 But the old dragon couldn't go further
 So tired for such adventure
 The dragon was weak
 Obligated to settle on the peak
 And face his destiny
 Then Wen-di said to his dear companion
 No way to stay isolated
 I should go back to my wife
 And live the rest of my life
 In love and harmony
 He walked down for long days
 Till he reached his beloved wife
 He found her on the verge of starting a journey
 She had no time to a farewell party
 Just waved her hand
 And left searching for a miraculous plant
 That brings back youth to her face and body
 Poor Wen-di again lost his beloved wife
 He missed to remind her
 The lesson he learned from his journey
 Life is not measured by the long years
 But by the precious moments they shared

What Is Life

[阿尔及利亚]阿齐扎·纳乌赫

观月者(外三首)

你是观月者
 吸引你双眸
 是一弯动人新月
 人们常见你
 沐浴在满月光里
 常闻你和月
 夜夜畅谈
 无人解你护身密语
 那语言独一无二
 月亮女神让你吟诵
 一首诗, 又一首诗
 我们只是倾听
 耳膜和心跳都调谐到
 和你的话语同一频率
 一首诗……又一首诗

长生不老

文迪勇跨苍龙
 踏上历险征程
 独留娇妻空守
 力攀中华险峰
 寻访不老神仙
 最后却只发现
 人生总是短暂
 长生绝不可得
 无奈决定复返
 追随他的足迹
 苍龙无力前行
 历险筋疲力尽
 苍龙疲弱不堪
 遂安身于险峰
 接受自己命数
 文迪语于此伴
 此处与世隔绝
 我欲重会娇妻
 相伴共度余生
 同享爱意祥和
 日复一日跋涉
 终见爱妻一面
 值其启程远行
 无暇相谈作别
 挥手便自远去
 四处搜寻仙草
 惟盼青春复还
 文迪再失爱妻
 更恨无法提醒
 历险已得彻悟
 生命不在长短
 而在珍惜相守

何为人生?

Between the dawn and the dusk
I lived my life
Perfected the job of the acrobat
Presented many shows
On a very thin rope, I showed my talents
Crossed to the side of madness
I found no evils, except beautiful souls
We were all innocent kids
We enjoyed hide and seek games
I came back to reason
Honestly I was not very satisfied
I stayed mute for long times
Then I turned the blind eyes
And started enjoying
I jumped a double jump then a triple one without falling down
That's life...
It's about keeping balance
Between reason and madness

Words

What are words for
Since they die after speech
They become a memory
They belong to the past
How many poems have the poets written
And
How many lyrics have the singers sung
All the words have gone with the wind
All the words are buried in the cemetery of silence
What is left, only a sad tune

About the author:

Aziza Dahouh is an Algerian poetess. She is fond of reading and writing poetry in English, Arabic and French. Her poetry appeared in many interesting international anthologies like: Verses On Racism And Resistance Refugee Crisis, Women Beyond And Within The Shore, Autumn, Poetic Rainbow, Mother, Earth Day, Father and September. She has her own page on Atunis. She loves traveling. She saw many amazing places in the world and yearning to see more.

晨昏之间
我活着
苦练杂技绝活
奉献精彩表演
钢丝绳上秀特技
惊险几近疯狂
不见邪恶，惟有美丽灵魂
我们都是无邪孩童
也喜欢捉迷藏游戏
静下来想想
其实我不太满足
长时间一言不发
转过蒙着的双眼
我开始享受
两连翻，三连翻，没有掉下
这就是人生
无非就是保持平衡
在理性和疯狂之间

词语

词语有什么用？
说出来就会死掉
变成记忆
属于过去
诗人写过多少诗？
以及
歌者唱过多少歌？
词语皆随风而逝
埋在沉默的墓地
留下的，只有忧伤的曲调

(石永浩 译)

作者简介:

阿齐扎·纳乌赫，阿尔及利亚女诗人，喜欢阅读和创作英语、阿拉伯语和法语诗歌。诗歌作品多次收录在值得一读的国际诗歌选集中，如《关于种族主义和抵抗难民危机的诗篇》《彼岸和彼岸的妇女》《秋天》《诗意的彩虹》《母亲》《地球日》《父亲》和《九月》等。她在阿图尼斯有自己的网页。她喜欢旅行，到过世界上许多令人惊奇的地方，渴望更多旅行。

中国诗人段光安、陈红为、张焯荣登印度名刊《PROSOPISIA》

本刊阿杰梅尔讯 印度著名诗人Anuraag Sharma教授主编的英文诗刊《Prosopisia》（《普罗索匹斯亚树》）2019年下卷，已于2020年2月在Ajmer出版、发行。前有编者社论Editorial，本卷收录了来自土耳其、德国、美国、中国、以色列、英国、印度、希腊、比利时、尼日利亚、古巴、澳大利亚等国的23位知名诗人、作家、批评家的诗和评论，并附有所有作者的简介。其中第20-21页刊发了天津著名诗人段光安（DUAN GUANG'AN）先生的三首英文诗作《These Stones》《Stone Tablet》《Burial of Mother》（张智中教授英译），第40页刊发了河北著名诗人陈红为（CHEN HONGWEI）先生的二首英文诗作《Shapes》《In the Night Sky Hangs a Fossil Fish》（石永浩教授英译），第68-69页刊发了上海著名女诗人张焯教授的三首英文诗作《Desert Sunset》《Passing a City at Night》《The Tar Temple in the Rain》（张俊锋教授英译）。大32K，112页，印制大气、精美，值得细读、珍藏。该刊系印度最有影响的诗刊之一。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)
《国际诗歌翻译》(RIP) 杂志社

[Italy] Lidia Chiarelli

Mucha's Seasons**Autumn**

Like a Queen you stand.
Autumn leaves
In their red and yellow garments
Are precious jewels
For your royal beauty

Winter

The garden where you move
Rests in a hushed silence
And the snow is a delicate, white lace
On the naked branches.
All is silver grey today.

Summer

Red poppies and golden ears of wheat
Sway in the breeze.
And while you walk in the summer fields
we are enraptured
by your amazing grace

Spring

Fragrance of apple blossoms on branches.
Your sweet music
echoes lightly.
The world slowly awakens
In the April breeze

[意大利] 丽迪娅·基亚雷利

木栅四季**秋**

你挺立一如女王。
秋天的落叶
穿着红色和黄色的衣裳
珍贵的珠宝
映衬王者之美

冬

你移动的花园
在静寂中休眠
雪柔美如斯，白色的花边
环绕着光秃秃的树枝。
今天银灰一片。

夏

红色的罂粟花和麦穗的金耳朵
在微风中摇曳。
当你漫步夏日的田野
我们被你奇异的恩典
所迷

春

树枝上苹果花的芳香。
你美妙的音乐
轻轻回响。
世界在四月的微风中
慢慢醒来

(张智 译)

[Croatia] Jadranka Tarle Bojović

Arena (and other three poems)

You're baffled by what you see around yourself
Baffled while watching a myriad of gathered faces
Are they all narcissists
Have they all entered the arena anticipating ovations
Excepting applause and flattery
We are here made for it
Resolved in advance to be loyal
To seal in advance our non-existence
With an applause.

People I

People kill in different ways
They might not have killed you right away
They might have been killing you for decades

[克罗地亚] 亚兰德卡·塔勒·波捷维奇

竞技场(外三首)

你对周围的一切感到困惑
困惑的同时看着无数聚集的面孔
他们都是自恋者吗
他们进入竞技场是期待着欢呼吗
除了掌声和奉承
我们的到来是为了
提前表达忠诚和决心
用掌声
预先封存我们的虚无

我和凶手

凶手杀人的方式林林总总
有的不会马上让你毙命
有的已经谋害了你几十年

They might have been killing you with words
 They might have been killing you with intrigues
 Behind nice masks
 The killer's face was hidden
 Shown only for you
 They killed in different ways
 Nice ladies were killing slowly
 With their refined words
 And soft voices
 Killing for years
 They might not have killed you right away.

Parting

This might be our last encounter
 We may have something to say
 Maybe we should have said it a long time ago
 Nice words are left for the end
 In the end regrets come before departure
 You still need me so much
 I want to give you so much
 This might be our last encounter
 Nice words are left for the end
 I have so much to say
 Time is so scarce
 I'm unhappy without you.

Revelations

Why your head is clear
 And everything is obvious
 And everything suits fine
 You accept and understand everything
 You let the music follow you
 It makes you feel better
 In the bus called life
 Exchange your seat
 You'll find out how the others live
 You'll find out about your life too
 It is not always nice and cosy
 Riding on the bus of life.

About the author:

Jadranka Tarle Bojović was born in Sinj, Croatia, in 1957. She lives and works in Split where she received her education. She graduated from the Faculty of Economics in Split. So far, she has published ten books. She participated in European and international poetry festivals. She took a place in Sarajevo on poetry marathon in 2012. A collection of short stories *Priče iz podavijesti* (Stories from the Unconsciousness) and the collection of short stories and poetry *Proljeće ljubavi* (Spring of Love) were both published in 2006. In 2008, she published a short novel *Vrijeme kada su padale maske* (The Time when masks falling of) which was well received in two competitions, for the best novel and best illustration. In 2009, she published a collection of short stories *Noć ružičastog obzora* (Night of the Pink Horizon). In 2011, she published a collection of poems *Izgubljena ulica* (A Lost Streets). She is a member of the Croatian Literary Society at Rijeka. Her book *Pjesme jedne džezerice* (Song of a jazz-woman) which is published in 2013, is pronounced as one of the best collection of poetry published at the mentioned society. Her next books are *Zamak od bjelokosti* (Castel of ivory) in 2014, *Bajka u ulici sjena* (Tale in the street of shadows) in 2015, *Kapučino i rukavice* (Capuccino and gloves) in 2018, and *Vlak kasni, zar ne?* (Train is late, isn't it?) in 2019.

有的会用言语置你于死地
 有的用阴谋诡计陷害你
 漂亮面具的后面
 隐藏着凶手的脸
 他们只为你展示
 形形色色的杀人方式
 漂亮的女杀手喜欢慢条斯理
 说话轻声
 细语
 几十载一刀刀地割你的筋肉
 让你慢慢地死去。

离别

这也许是我们的最后的相聚
 心里有很多话要说
 也许早就该说了
 美好的话语要留到最后
 最后总是离情别恨
 你那么地需要我
 我想给你的也那么多
 这或许是我们最后的相会
 美好的话语留到最后
 情意绵绵
 时间飞逝
 肝肠寸断。

启示

为什么你的头脑是清醒的
 万事那么明了
 一切那么融洽
 你欣然地接受并理解
 音乐萦绕在你身边
 你那么心旷神怡
 在人生的公交车上
 你和别人交换了座位
 你会发现他人是怎样过日子的
 你也会发现你的生活
 并不总舒心宜人
 在人生的公共汽车上。

(陆峰 译)

作者简介:

亚兰德卡·塔勒·波捷维奇, 1957年出生于克罗地亚的辛吉市。斯普利特是她生活、求学和工作的地方。毕业于斯普利特的经济学院。迄今为止, 已经出版了十本书。曾参加各种欧洲及国际诗歌节。2012年, 参加萨拉热窝诗歌马拉松比赛。她的短篇小说集《无意识者的故事》和短篇小说和诗歌集《爱的春天》出版于2006年、2008年。她发表了短篇小说《面具掉落时刻》在最佳小说和最佳插画两项比赛中获得殊荣。2009年, 出版短篇小说集《粉色地平线之夜》。2011年, 出版诗集《迷失的街道》。系里耶卡克罗地亚文学协会会员。2013年出版诗集《爵士女之歌》, 被认为是克罗地亚文学协会最佳诗集之一。其它作品包括2014年《象牙城堡》、2015年《影子街的故事》、2018年《卡布奇诺和手套》以及2019年出版的《火车晚点了, 不是吗?》。

[中国]王猛仁

望见（外二首）

没有啜饮清晨的奶香
只一步之遥
在与牧马人的对视中
我紧紧地把花朵放进更冷的心口
对着碎裂的天空
热议一桩布谷鸟的婚事

我所有的生命与爱情
一直不停地在草地上鸣叫
直到昨晚
溪水走得缓慢
我的心里落满了雪

只有少数牛羊
爬上山顶
悠悠地
望着我

终于

我从黄昏的缝隙中驻足
目光 在曲散人尽时徘徊

即将倾颓的土墙爬满青苔
我曾经对着老家的方向久久凝望

你的诗激活了心的岩石
我的眼前
又多了一个惊慌失措的话题

秋色光洁的手指
是我写下的《平原书》与《平原歌者》

面对沉迷于酒色的男人
我的畅想
我的天空
不明不白地暗下来
压疼整个平原

蹒跚

除了五月的蒲公英在向上爬
剩下的
是无数个穷凶极恶的黑

一次逃向荒芜的宁静
有着选择焦躁时的缄默
如同一个人，翻来覆去
倾听夜色滴水穿石的鼾声

[China] WANG Mengren

Watching (and other two poems)

Without the sweetmilk of drinking in the morning
Within a stone's throw
During the mutual gaze with the herdsman
Closely I put flowers into the heart which is colder
Against the broken sky
To be engaged in a heated discussion about the marriage of cuckoos

All my life and love
Is twittering nonstop on the grassland
Until the last night
The creek runs slowly
My heart is laden with falling snow

Only a few oxen and lambs
Climb atop the mountain
Leisurely
Watching me

Finally

I stop in the crevice of dusk
The eyes, wander here and there at the end of performance

The collapsing earth wall is alive with green moss
I have ever gazed homeward for a long time

Your poems have activated the rock of heart
Before my eyes
An additional fluttered topic

The fingers with clean autumn
Are *The Book of Plateau* and *Plateau Singers* by me

Before a man given to debauchery
My fantasy
My sky
Darkens for no reason
To press painfully against the whole plateau

Creeping

Except the dandelion of May which is creeping upward
What remains
Is countless violent and wicked darkness

A quietude escaping into desolation
Is with silence during impatient choice
Like a person, over and again
To listen to the night snore of dropping water wearing a stone

隔开每个晨昏里的秘而不宣
依背而歌的奇妙叙述里
有我踉跄着的声嘶力竭
有我不顾颜面时的冲动
和令人心碎时的宽恕

这纯柔之情，这古陌荒阡
只一夜间老了
仿若远古

The secret which separates each morning and dusk is not revealed
In the wonderful narration of singing against the back
There is my staggering shouting at the top of my voice
There is my impulse irrespective of face
And the tolerance when heartbreaking

The pure soft feeling, the ancient road and deserted path
Age overnight
As if dim and distant

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

[Saudi Arabia] Raed Anis Al-Jishi

The Arrival of Seagulls (and other four poems)

I have seen gulls,
in holy visions,
hover and invent
the sound of horses.

I have seen them
give alms to rats
hungry for crumbs of bread,
crucified on the altar.

I have seen them
flap their wings and swallow
common rules of fish.
Reinvent the physics
of a silver talisman's dance
on the sea's curve.

I have seen rats
feast at the fall of dusk.
They claim to be the genesis of light.

A Dance of Bullets

If out of passion I strained my heart,
it doesn't matter.
You crossed each alley
of my inner streets -
mirrored the dream
running through my veins,
and from my garden,
plucked,
the love grown
from a pear tree.

If I offer you roses
distilled from my blood
and if, in your honor
I play the anthem of salvation

[沙特阿拉伯]雷德·安尼斯·埃尔-吉希

海鸥飞来（外四首）

在圣觉中
我曾见海鸥
盘旋，发出
马嘶鸣的声音

我看见它们
向受戒于圣坛上
寻食面包屑的
老鼠提供救济

我看见它们
拍打着翅膀，吞下
鱼类的普遍法则
在大海的弧线轨迹上
重铸银色护身符
飞舞的物理学

我看到老鼠们
尽情欣赏着黄昏的袭来
它们说那是光明的开端

子弹之舞

如果因为激情，我神伤了自己的心
这并没有什么
你穿过我心中街道的
每一个巷子——
映现那从我花园
流动于我血脉的梦境
从一棵梨树上
摘下
爱情

如果我给你
由我血液萃取的玫瑰
如果为了你
我以自己的心跳

with my heart's beats,
it doesn't matter.

Home,
it doesn't matter.
It doesn't matter if
all you could offer me is
a dance of bullets.

Boundless

No borders for bounty,
with a thousand parties and factions,
and woes crown kings of passion.

I'm all & nothing
for the great & worthy belong
only to the free word.

Leave me then.
I chose mirrors
as a mode of reflection
and will -
a compass for my path.

The Genesis of Clay

I wear clay masks
made out of sapless soil.
Call on the stern cloud
chained by the bleak cold
to join the thrill of the newborn wind
on a pearl
muffled with pride.

Final Act

In the theatre of time I stand crucified on the cross of my tongue
watching birds as they fall on my song

And steal breadcrumbs and wine
that grow from my soulful melody.

What could meaning hide for me
if the bars of its rhythms are rooted in the rhyme's soul?

I see nails pierce through my hands,
and yet my dreams hammer back.

I am a stranger carving out the meaning of home,
recollected from memories my footsteps have known.

弹奏敷衍的赞歌
那也没有什么

家园
那也没有什么，如果
你所能提供给我的
不过是
子弹的飞梭

无限

千百个党团或派系
利益没有上限
灾难加冕好战的君王
我是一切，也是一无
全因伟大的和值得尊敬的
仅属于自由词汇

那就离我而去吧
我选择镜子
作为一种模式的反思
而且会
把它当做我前路的指南针

陶泥之初

我戴着没有汁液的土
制成的陶泥面具
拜访凄冷紧锁的
乌云
在一颗因为骄傲
而声音低沉的珍珠上
加入新生之风的狂欢

最后一幕

在时间的剧场中，我被钉立于自己舌头的十字架上
看着鸟儿们落在我的歌上

并偷食从我深情的旋律
长出的面包屑和葡萄酒

意义会对我隐藏些什么呢
如果韵律的节拍根植于韵律之魂

我看到指甲刺穿我的手掌
可我的梦仍然猛将我击醒

我是一个陌生人，雕刻着
从我脚印熟知的记忆找回的家园的意义

This home that lends its marks on my skin
and prints thorns on branches of my veins.

A cooing carved, while clouds witness
the towering dance in my lungs.

Water escaped the land to pour upon me
and drench the cracks of my murmur.

Some words can't grow without a body
unless slain in the temple of description.

What if I didn't listen to my heart?
My cross is all I carry with me

This heart I bear on my back bent
serene with my songs into the woods.

My verse metrics sound the storm in my blood
against this world of dust that dulls the spirit.

I hear string echoes calling for the uprising
within the confines of my time and space.

I'm a free soul, and my soul tortures me,
likely to stitch my lips into silence.

Yet my word will take me among
the scented stream of flowers gilding my guillotine.

Only poems soothe my wanderlust
in one poised moment.

Two raptors surround me: my mind & my faith.
A whispering angel with broken wings

Walked seven times around my remains
ringing my hums in every round.

I will break the pink stone inside my chest
if she leaves me in a valley with no direction.

And I will cut the oxygen of love,
if she tries to break my illusions.

(Translated by Amira Rmmah)

About the author:

Raed Anis Al-JISHI (poet, translator, Qatuf, Saudi Arabia) has an honorary fellowship in writing from Iowa university. He has published one novel, nine volumes of poems in Arabic, one in French and one *Bleeding Gull: Look, Feel, Fly*, in English. His poems were translated to many languages. Alongside a career as a writer, he teaches high school chemistry. He is a feminist and human rights activist, and works on issues involving children and literacy.

这是在我皮肤上留下烙印的家园
将尖刺印插在我血管的树枝上的家园

雕刻出一声咕咕叫，此时白云
正见证我胸怀中高蹈的舞姿

水逃离土地，迎面泼来
浸湿我喃喃自语的每一个空隙

有些词汇不能脱离身体生出
除非它们被残杀于描述的寺宇

如果我并未听从本心呢？
我就只有身上背负的十字架

这颗我背着的心连同我的歌唱
宁静地弯身没人树林之中

我的诗律声如我血液中的风暴
冷对这个沉钝精神的尘世

我听到一串串的呼喊，在我限有的
时间和空间之内吁求抗争

我是自由的魂灵，而我的魂折磨我
欲将我的嘴唇缝入寂静之中

而我的词语会携我进入
那给我的断头台镀上金粉的花朵馥郁的香流

在一个蓄势待发的时刻
只有诗能安抚我周游无极的嗜好

两只猛禽——我的思想和我的信仰——围绕我
一个在我耳边私语的断翅天使

七次围转着我的遗骸
每一次都哼着我的曲调

我要击碎我胸中的粉色顽石
如果她将我弃于一个没有方向的谷中

我也会切断爱的氧气
如果她胆敢粉碎我的幻想

(艾米拉·勒玛 英译；水中山 汉译)

作者简介:

雷德·安尼斯·埃尔-吉希，沙特阿拉伯诗人、翻译家，在爱荷华大学获得荣誉写作奖学金。出版一部小说，九卷阿拉伯文诗集，一卷法文诗集和一卷英文诗集《流血的海鸥：瞧，感觉，飞翔》。他的诗被译成多种语言。除了写作职业，他还执教于高中，讲授化学。他是一位女权主义者和人权活动家，致力于涉及儿童和识字问题。

[Albania-Belgium] Agron Shele

Rain in Montparnasse (and another poem)

(Charles Baudelaire)

Today was raining in my town
 Yesterday was the same symphony
 With trickles of mist in bitter traces
 In that time,
 That was bending a sickening muse
 Over evil flowers
 Rooted under darkness
 And shadowed in grey,
 In a soul
 Flowering the pain of light
 Remaining
 A white boat ravaged by seas!

Today horizons descended drapes of clouds
 On the brightest stands of the sky
 Behind the scenes of stars,
 That embodied concern
 And a faded angel
 Driven magically
 Through the warmth of words
 And extended conviction
 A broken blood
 Biting of evils
 Thirsty kisses
 Escaped demons
 Towards deepest mysteries

The wind held her breath today
 For the concert played in Montparnasse
 Without violins
 Except vibrations of air,
 As inarticulate,
 From a choir of birds that keep the same nest
 With their broken wings
 On that statue
 Those orchids descended on earth!

My dreams are there

My dreams are there,
 Just like thousands of icebergs in an endless ocean.
 Mind penetrates all the way flying,
 In other skies, trips "endless".

My dreams are there,
 In spring skies, with many stars
 Pieces of feelings crumble a soul
 And turned magic into a cloth.

My dreams are there,
 Just like light whitening, in sun rise.
 With longing of autumn in a chest
 And ...points of rain - sorrow.

[阿尔巴尼亚-比利时]艾格伦·舍勒

蒙帕纳斯的雨 (外一首)

(夏尔·波德莱尔)

今天我这儿是雨天
 昨天也是同样的交响
 苦涩的薄雾流淌一般
 凝固在某一个时间点
 像一曲嘲笑的缪斯曲
 盘桓于罪恶之花朵上
 黑暗深深根植在脚下
 灰色的影子郁郁葱葱
 仿佛能渗入灵魂一样
 如光一般绽放着疼痛
 守护者一艘白色小船
 被海蹂躏得七零八落

今天云蒸霞蔚的地平
 就是苍穹最亮之所在
 那藏在星辰大幕后的
 疯长着各种体贴关心
 那穿着褪色的小天使
 展现出神奇的驱动力
 通过平和温润的言语
 通过无限的深信不疑
 通过血脉血海的断裂
 以及恶魔一般地撕咬
 那种苛求得来的亲吻
 那些逃遁而散的魔咒
 都指向了深邃的空域

今天风开始广袤延展
 为了蒙帕纳斯音乐会
 虽没有梵婀玲的悠扬
 但是有气流共振律动
 仿佛木讷不善言辞的
 来自同一鸟巢的合唱
 饱含着折翼般的深情
 镌刻进那塑雕像当中
 像极人间世的兰花草

梦在彼岸

我的梦在遥远的彼岸
 就像无数的冰凌在那
 无尽的大海思绪万千
 在另类天空无拘无束

我的梦在遥远的彼岸
 在春的大幕星星点点
 情感的碎片撕裂灵魂
 分分钟化为布料羽片

我的梦在遥远的彼岸
 就像光一样白皙透明
 阳光下满怀秋的渴盼
 还有细雨纷纷地悲鸣

My dreams are there
Over rainbow arches, colors of thoughts;
A white day, hope and happiness,
Trenches are twisted, poetry rebellion.

My dreams are there
Formatted in a great feeling...
A view thrown in a dark sky
Breathing margins – a statue shape.

我的梦在遥远的彼岸
在彩虹桥上梦想缤纷
一整天的希望和幸福
脑回弯曲且诗意起伏

我的梦在遥远的彼岸
在宏大的情感里开篇
视野抛下黝黑的天幕
呼出的留白就是雕塑

(童天鉴日 汉译)

[Israel] Lali Tsipi Michaeli

Poem in the rain: Take it (and other two poems)

You are running for the bus from Tel Aviv to Jaffa
Fear is eating your life
Here is another of your missed opportunities
From all the loves flattened under the wheels of consciousness crushing
All the flies of memory
You do not need
All those memories
To fall again
On the dangers of the blazing road
A woman in the rain
Hugging the wall
Stealing a glance into a transparent dream
I want to be with her suffering
With her for a moment of missed opportunity
A moment of calm in closed loneliness

Legend of the body

Well, I was gone
it was on the day the mouth widened open in front of
a vacant audience
a hall world, devoid of ears
and started shouting

As it happened
the hearing merits were sealed
and the hall world faded out to mute
and silence was hovering over the face of the earth
such
a white silence
well bleached

You know,
unlike a wedding dress
like Butoh dancers
white linen cloths with a pinch of pure soul within
white washed face
and a drizzling drop of blood that escaped the ear's cave
all of that, in front of a vacant audience
Do you know how it feels to shout in front the hollow hall world

[以色列]拉莉·齐皮·米凯利

雨中之诗: 浮生如梦 (外二首)

你正追赶自特拉维夫至贾法的巴士
恐惧正侵蚀你的生命
这是你又一个错失的机会
因全部所爱都在意识的车轮下惨遭摧毁
所有的记忆飞逝
你不需要
所有这些记忆
再次陨落
在炙热危险的路上
雨中一个妇人
正拥抱那堵墙
偷瞥一眼一个透明的梦境
我愿和她一起受苦
在她错失机会的时刻
在她幽闭孤寂中平静的时刻

躯体的传奇

好吧，我走了
走的那天大张着嘴巴
在一个失神的观众面前
在一个大厅的世界面前，失聪
开始大喊大叫

这一切发生时
听力的价值被封印
大厅的世界渐渐变得哑然
寂静盘旋于地球表面
这种
白色的寂静
被漂白的很妙

你知道
不像一件婚纱
好似舞蹈舞者
白色的亚麻服饰配着舞者洗白的面容内
一撮纯洁的灵魂
还有那源自耳蜗的淋漓血滴
所有这些，都在茫然的观众面前
你知道在空洞的大厅世界面前大叫是怎样的感觉

Familiar with the colossal reverberation?
 If the hall world does not mute
 the eardrum could explode
 hence
 there is no voice, nor any that answers
 you stand alone in the life capsule
 open wide within a body

(Translated by Nadavi Noked)

Facebook and the Nuclear Deal 2016

This is a generation of chaos
 The type which humanity doesn't know about

Not that the evil is worse
 That the evil is crueler
 That the evil is more banal
 Nor that the evil is more absurd
 But
 -You know better than me-
 That the evil is in the guns
 In unheard rhythms
 In between dark secrets
 In the throat of existence
 Within the pages of signed contracts
 In the veins of betrayal
 In the cybernetic man
 Faceless

So why are you silent
 Scream! Scream! Scream!

(Translated by Michael Simkin)

About the author:

Lali Tsipi Michaeli is an international Israeli poet. Born in Georgia in 1964. She immigrated to Israel at the age of seven. She has published six poetry books so far. Attended international poetry events in New York, Georgia, Italy, France, Romania and India. She was part of a residency program for talented writers in New York at 2018.

Her books have been translated into foreign languages. Soon her book "The Mad House" will be published in NYC. Lali was defined by Prof. Gabriel Moked in his book as "Erotico-Urban Poet" and was highly regarded by critics, who consider her as an innovative and combative. Lali talks in her poems about the state of the world and man in our age. On the loneliness of man in the technological age. In her apocalyptic poem, published in a political literary journal YEHI, she spares no rage and reproach and positions herself as a prophet of fury. In 2011 Lali conducted an anthology for protest "Resistance", in which she presents her personal poetic manifesto, claiming that "poetry as a whole is a revolt." In the past decade, Lali has created 15 Poetry Video Art that have taken part in world poetry festivals such as ZEBRA in Berlin, where she reads her poems in public spaces, expanding the circle of poetry consumers. "The poem is not purely purely individual. It is common ground and should be heard in a great voice," the poet claims. Lali teaches Hebrew at Ben Gurion University. She has one son and lives in Tel Aviv by the sea.

听着那巨大的回响?
 如果那大厅世界没有缄默
 耳鼓就会爆裂
 所以
 没有声音,也没有回应
 你独自站在,于体内敞开的
 生命舱里

(那达维·诺克德 英译, 樱娘 汉译)

脸书与2016年的核交易

这是一个时代的混乱
 那种人性不能了解的混乱

不是说恶魔更可怕
 恶魔更残忍
 更加平淡无奇
 也不是说恶魔更荒诞
 但是
 ——你比我更了解
 恶魔在枪支里
 在听不见的节奏里
 在黑暗的秘密之间
 在现实生活的咽喉里
 在签署的合同之扉页里
 在背叛的静脉里
 在匿名的
 控制论者之中

所以,你为什么沉默?
 呐喊! 呐喊! 呐喊!

(迈克尔·西姆金 英译, 樱娘 汉译)

作者简介:

拉莉·齐皮·米凯莉, 以色列国际诗人。1964年生于格鲁吉亚, 七岁时移民以色列, 迄今为止已经出版了六部诗集。她曾参与纽约、格鲁吉亚、意大利、法国、罗马尼亚和印度等地诗歌活动。2018年被纳入纽约天才作家常驻项目。

她的著作被翻译成多种语言。不久, 她的书《疯狂的房子》将在纽约市出版。加布里埃尔·莫凯德教授在他的书中定义拉莉为“都市色情诗人”, 同时拉莉被评论家高度关注, 他们认为拉莉具有创新精神而且斗志昂扬。拉莉在她的诗歌中谈论世界的状况和我们这个时代的人类, 关于科技时代人类的孤独。她的一首预示大灾难的诗歌刊发于政治文学杂志YEHI, 在她的诗歌里没有吝惜愤怒和谴责, 而是把自己定位成愤怒的先知。2011年, 拉莉引领了一部抗议“阻力”的诗集, 其中她提出了个人的诗意宣言, 宣称“诗歌作为一个整体是一种叛逆”。在过去的十年中, 她创作了15部诗歌视频艺术作品参加世界诗歌节, 例如柏林的ZEBRA, 她在那里的公众面前朗诵自己的诗歌, 扩展诗歌消费圈。她声称“诗歌并非纯粹是个体的。它是公共领域, 从而应该发出伟大的声音让人倾听。”拉莉现在在本·古里安大学教授希伯来语, 住在特拉维夫海滨, 有一个儿子。

[Cyprus] Rubina Andredakis

Dusk

Dark clouds on the sky appear,
The coming storm I fear!
It is dusk...
Soon it will be dark!

Thunders already shake the earth;
I hold my breath.
'Be prepared', is life's rule;
My feelings, I must rule!

The coming winter
Will surely be bitter!
I have to be bold
And confront the cold.

Live in expectation of spring,
Which will bring
Flowers on the ground
And fragrance around!

[塞浦路斯]鲁比娜·安德达基斯

黄昏

天空乌云聚集，
我担心暴风雨将临！
薄暮已至……
天就要黑了！

雷声震撼大地：
我屏住呼吸。
“预”，人生则立：
我感受，我统治！

冬季将至
苦涩紧随！
我必勇敢
直面寒冷。

寄望春天，
定会迎迓
满地花儿
芳菲绕环！

(张智 译)

[India] Ashutosh Meher

Modern Life (and another poem)

Modern life all crisscross
Futile works full with fuss
Our own ego kill us full
Unproductive works of loss.

We live a life full of crisis
Own creations what to do
Run after mirage of life
Go into spin frustration so.

Mind we fill with all garbages
Think negatives grow bad crop
That leads to tension in mind
Killing our self esteem to drop.

But there are ways out of this jam
Let be human and live life simple
Smiles be cheerful with one and all
Life will be so lively cool and colourful.

Water for All

The dazzling water drop
Lifeline of our civilisation
Save it for heavens sake
Do not waste like emotion.

A drop saved a drop grown
No need to search on Moon
Only foolish waste in mom
And search out during noon.

Let's have water sufficient for all
Or our growth will be void and null.

[印度]阿舒托什·梅赫

现代生活 (外一首)

现代生活乱如麻
小题大做皆徒劳
自我中心灭自我
效率低下心迷惘

生活危机随处在
创造不知何所用
海市蜃楼枉自寻

种种垃圾塞头脑
杂莠滋生尽负面
徒增恐慌与压力
难免自尊落尘埃

此种困境有出路
生活简单返人性
笑对人生满阳光
多彩生活自可人

水利万物

晶莹小水滴
文明生命线
万望要珍惜
切记莫浪费

节水即得水
何须月上寻
晨洒过午寻
覆水岂可收

惟愿水足用
莫使皆成空

(石永浩 译)

[Bhutan] Sajan Suberi

A Home of Praise (and another poem)

In the midst of hatred
build a castle of love
in the garden of malevolent
sow a seed of purity.

In the bag of greed
load the heart of generosity
on the street of miseries
build a roof of charity.

In the cities of War
spread the seeds of peace
in the place of curse
sing the song of blessing.

In the time of distress
glorify the name of Almighty
in the time of persecution
enchant a hymn to honour God.

Your heart is a temple
where God thirst to reside
clean your inner garbage of Unrighteousness
and make your heart as home of Praise.

In the End...

In the end most precious gift so call life will vanish
heterogeneous races will perish
diverse culture will disappear
treasured ornaments will dematerialize.

In the end your ego will die
malignant hostility will bite the dust
self respect pride will kick the bucket
light of life will render to heavy calamity of sorrow.

In the end glowing galaxy will darken
motionable planet will be immobile
undying flow of river will be deserted land
pure air of green tree will be hazardous venom.

In the end holy message will be deaf and dumb
flawless truth will be meaningless as dead walk
philosophical talk of eminent will be valueless
righteous power of earthly will be heavenly soul.

So my motherly brothers and sisters
before it arrive so call IN THE END
let our mind ink and hand penned to glorify
essential asset of our life so call literature of the world.

[不丹]萨扬·萨伯里

赞美之家（外一首）

在仇恨之中
建一座爱的城堡
在恶毒之园
播下纯净之种。

在贪婪的袋子里
盛装慷慨之心
在痛苦的街上
建慈善之屋。

在战争之城
播下和平种子
在咒诅之地
高唱祝福之歌

在遇难之时
荣耀全能者之名
在迫害之时
以赞美尊荣上帝

你的心是一座圣殿
上帝渴望居住其中
清理内心不义的垃圾
让你的心，成为赞美之家

最终……

最终，那称为生命的珍贵礼物，化为乌有
万邦万族将灭亡
多元文化将消亡
装饰珍宝将失传

最终，你的自我将死去
恶毒的敌意撕咬尘埃
自尊骄傲一命呜呼
生命之光变为沉重的灾难

最终，银河系的光芒暗沉
星球停止转动
川流不息的河流荒芜
绿树，纯净空气，成为毒液

最终，圣洁的布道，充耳不闻
无瑕的真理，毫无意义，行尸走肉
哲学雄辩一文不值
属世的公义能力，充斥属天的灵魂

所以，我的兄弟姐妹
在“最终”厄运来临前
让我们以思想蘸墨，以笔荣耀
我们生命的宝库——世界文学

(彭智鹏 译)

[香港]蔡丽双

犁 (组章)

犁，犹如蚯蚓，在地层里，默默无闻地掘进，艰辛地翻卷过苦涩的厄运，殷勤地磨亮过岁月的印痕。犁出绿油油的希望，耕出金灿灿的硕果。

犁，在无求中厚实，冷静地负起稼穡的使命，经受季节的磨砺，披星戴月，栉风沐雨，在农事中闪烁生命的辉彩。

犁，永进无退，不屈不挠，是孺子牛的象征，是黄土地的写照，是刀耕火种的延伸，铮铮铁骨，峻峭精神，永垂于浩然大地！

在我的心目中，犁，永远是裁春的利剪，是垄亩的宠儿，是农时的知音，殷殷播撒着诗情画意，耕耘出古老与浪漫的传奇。

石磨

村旁的石磨，在阳光下，也隐匿以往灿烂的笑容，在风雨中，又流下多少怀旧的泪水？沉默一隅，定格为科技时代的一个苔痕斑驳的传说。

石磨，难忘那辉煌的青春岁月，咀嚼着麦粒的甘饴，品味着稻谷的清香，是稼穡的衷肠，是硕果的祝愿，是四季的回眸，是报恩的典礼。悠悠几世纪的磨炼：磨碎、磨粉、磨滑、磨光……磨出一脉宗支的诚实历史。

石磨，远离了石匠，远离了种田人，雕琢着沧桑的年轮，已成今天的古董。石磨，在诠释着世代的巨变。

衷音

天地玄黄，日月星辰，催生着七彩的梦魂。

苦辣甜酸的百味人生，在爱与美的净化中提升，在承继和创新的心路历程中拔萃，坚贞着至爱的情怀。

以童心和纯真，淡泊明志于功利之外。我心孕育的，只是莽莽的诗情。人生就是如此真善，如此丰裕，如此美丽！

衷诚地渴盼着诗文的精髓，高尚圣洁，云蒸霞蔚，永存于天地之间。

山花

新霁的虹彩，鲜艳着一片片含苞待放花朵，犹如清泉流影的浸染，在柔和的阳光下，舒展灿烂的

[Hong Kong] CHOI Lai Sheung

Plough (group poems)

The plough is like an earthworm, which is ploughing silently in the earth; it has ever turned over its bitter fate, and has ever sedulously sharpened the traces of the years. It has ploughed out a green hope, and has turned out golden fruits.

The plough is honest and generous while cherishing no wild wishes. It assumes the task of cultivation without any complaint, to be weathered by the seasons, lashed by the winds, and washed by the rains. Under the canopy of the moon and the stars, the plough is shedding its resplendence of life in agricultural cultivation.

The plough is forever forward, and it is never bending and yielding. It is the symbol of a laborious ox, the portrait of a yellow plateau, and is the extension of slash-and-burn cultivation. The plough is sharp with its clanking spirit, and it remains itself between Heaven and Earth.

The plough, in my mind, is always a sharp knife to cut out spring, is the pet of the plowland, and is the bosom friend of the farmers. It spreads love and poetry gradually, and ploughs out the saga of antiquity and romance.

Grindstone

In the sunshine, the grindstone at the edge of the village has concealed its radiant smiles; in winds and rains, how many reminiscient tears has it shed? Silently in a corner, it has been framed into a mossy saga of the epoch of science & technology.

The grindstone cannot forget its resplendent years of youth. Chewing the sweetness of wheat, tasting the fragrance of rice, it is the inner feelings of sowing and growing, the wishing of thickset fruits, the backward glances of the seasons, and the ritual of obligation repayment. The grindstone through centuries, after grinding upon grinding, an honest history of clan has been ground out.

The grindstone has been alienated from its stonemasons and from its farmers. Carved with annual rings, it has become an antique nowadays. The grindstone is interpreting the great changes through centuries.

Inner Feelings

At the very beginning of the world, the sun and the moon and the stars and other heavenly bodies are the midwife to a rosy dream.

Human life is composed of joys and sorrows, and is elevated through crystallization of love and beauty, through spiritual process of heritage and creation, and pure love is strengthened thereafter.

With childlike innocence, I distance myself from the snares of the world and remain detached from fame and wealth. The gestation in my heart is nothing but limitless poetry. Human life is so true, so kind, so plentiful, and so beautiful!

I sincerely hope that the spirit and deity of poetry and prose will remain sacred and noble, to penetrate Heaven and Earth.

Mountain Flowers

The iridescent rainbow fresh from a shower of rain is lighting petals and petals of flowers on the blossoming, like clear running streams. In the tender sunshine, the flowers are unfolding their beaming smiles, to lighten up the pure and simple heart of the mountain people.

Roses, lilies, and golden chrysanthemums are blessed with a high price, and they enter the florist's shop in big cities, before being put into the vase of rich

微笑，点亮山里人纯朴的情怀。

冷看抬高身价的玫瑰、百合和金菊，纷纷走进都市的花店，走入富裕人家尊贵的花瓶。

山花，无怨无悔，扎根岭峦，留守荒寂贫瘠，以生命的赤诚，灵魂的本色，让芬芳沾盈双眸，蓬勃山里人心中的春光。

山花，生活在没有围栏的家园，仰望蓝天，俯首黄土，自由自在地盛开吉祥，驮着我美好的祝愿，播撒于辽阔的天地。

沙枣树

一生与盐碱地结缘，天天严阵以待，时时抵抗风霜，刻刻面对险恶的挑战。

以大漠胡杨为典范，高擎沙漠之舟的精神，执着地锤锻傲骨，呈现一派庄严。

不苛求江南杏花雨的滋润，不苛求西湖杨柳风的柔拂，更不强求坎土饴的抚慰，怀揣一腔美好的初衷，在寂天寞地的大戈壁，撑起一片不屈不挠的生机。

坚韧不拔的沙枣树，取薄输丰，顶天立地，令人叹为观止！苦厄铸造的沙枣魂，深深铭刻着生命的顽强与壮丽！

[重庆]刘骁箫

口罩说

给你们说谎的权力
给你们生存的权力
给你们歌颂的权力
给你们当官的权力
给你们撸财的权力
给你们逞恶的权力
给你们淫逸的权力
给你们益寿的权力

你们都不要
只要一只口罩

你们对传播惊恐万状的抗御
你们对病毒百无聊赖的妄测
你们对逝者没肝没肺的哀嚎
你们对拐点无知无畏的预判
你们对伦理 双盲的焦虑
你们对干净的水
阳光 空气 果蔬的争夺
你们对微小生灵的驯从

你们都不要奢望
口罩摘除后有真相

families. Mountain flowers watch all this with detached eyes.

Mountain flowers are neither envious nor remorseful, and they take roots in mountainous areas which are desolate and infertile. With devotion to life and adamant soul, the mountain flowers suffuse mountain people's eyes with redolence, while reviving the spring in their heart.

Mountain flowers are blossoming in the fenceless garden, facing upward to the azure sky and downward to yellow earth; they are hidden, free, and auspicious. With my wishful wishes, the mountain flowers are blossoming and unblossoming in the vast earth.

Chinese Date Tree

Married to saline-alkali soil for lifelong time, the Chinese date tree stands in combat readiness for the frontal winds and frosts, and for the coming vicious challenges.

Following the example of the poplar in the desert, and inheriting the spirit of the "boat of the desert", the Chinese date tree is proud and dignified, assuming an air of grandeur.

Neither desiring for drizzling rain of the Southern Shore, nor desiring for tender twigs near the West Lake, nor desiring for the comfort from a trowel, the Chinese date tree, bosoming a fair intention, puts out an unyielding vital force in the endless desert.

O perseverant Chinese date tree, you ask so little while produce so much; your statelyness is an eyefull! The soul of the Chinese date tree is cast with a bitter fate, yet it is so profoundly carved with the tenacity and sublimity of life!

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

[Chongqing] LIU Xiaoxiao

The Face Mask Says

Give you the power to tell lies
Give you the power to live on
Give you the power to sing praises
Give you the power to be officials
Give you the power to seize properties
Give you the power to do evil
Give you the power to lead a lewd life
Give you the power to live a long life

Yet you want nothing
But a face mask

Your terrified defense against the spreading
Your groundless speculations about the virus
Your false wailing over the victims killed
Your bold yet ignorant predictions of the turning point
Your double-blind anxiety over the ethical issues
Your scrambles for clean water
Sunshine, air, fruits and vegetables
Your intimidation of tiny creatures

Never expect to see
The truth after the mask is removed

(Translated by SHI Yongbao)

[广东]陈燕菱

隐 (外一首)

我并没有亲眼看到
一匹驰骋而过的马
旷野中, 列车呼啸而过
不带动一丝风
荻花茫茫

荻花茫茫
——让人容易产生幻觉
失眠的镜子经常变换身份
在隐匿的风声中
我是一一水的形状

我从没有亲眼看见过
一匹驰骋而过的马

灯光一直在寻找的影子, 已
销, 声匿迹

片段

巨大的浴镜前
我小心翼翼
穿上——
不锈钢内衣
塑料背心
红木短裙
玻璃外套
橡胶连裤袜
水泥长筒靴
最后不忘戴上
亲爱的纸花小礼帽

你站在镜子背面
一语不发
拿着透明螺丝刀
不慌不忙, 将我
一件一件, 一点一点
拆下来……

我终于成了
一堆废土

[Guangdong] LU Yanjiang

Obscurity (and another poem)

I have not seen with my own eyes
A horse galloping away
In wilderness, a train is whistling past
Without bringing a single wisp of wind into motion
Reed catkins boundless

Reed catkins boundless
— People are given to hallucination
The mirror of insomnia often changes its identity
In the wind of obscurity
I am — the form of water

I have never seen with my own eyes
A horse galloping away

The lamplight is in search of its own shadow, and has
Disappeared, soundless and traceless

Segment

Before a huge bath mirror
Cautiously I
Put on —
A stainless underwear
A plastic vest
A redwood cocktail dress
A glass coat
A rubber panty-hose
A cement jackboot
Not forgetting to put on
A lovely bowler hat with paper flowers

You stand to the back of the mirror
Wordless
With a transparent screwdriver
Without hurry or bustle, to dismantle
Me, piece after piece, bit
By bit ...

And I finally turn into
A pile of waste soil

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

[安徽]方文竹

上帝在洗手 (外一首)

一个意念
足以囊括宇宙间的一切毒素
这个时候
宛溪河畔的阳光转身一变为清理垃圾的助手

没有人看到过他幽暗中的上帝在洗手
一个夜里天地间都是流水声
在这茫茫的人世上帝洗的是我

八里庄

桃花布阵 先是勾引术 然后算术
我排除铺天盖地的火焰与巨浪 长亭短亭
甘愿陷入了深深的生活的喉咙
但不置一词 也无内心的一朵

[Anhui] FANG Wenzhu

God Is Washing His Hands (and another poem)

One idea
Is enough to contain all the toxins in the universe
This time
The sun by the Wanxi River turns into an helper for rubbish

No one's seen him; God in the dark is washing his hands
One night, water gurgles between heaven and earth
In this vast world, it is me that God washes

Bali Village

Peach blossom array first seduces and then counts
I rule out flames and waves from the sky, long and short pavilions
Willing to fall into the deep throat of life
But without a word, there will be no flower in my heart

(Translated by SHI Panrong)

[湖南]朱立坤

疫情时期 (外一首)

早上
正戴口罩
反弹琵琶

晚上
反戴口罩
正弹琵琶

帮小猫把口罩戴上
防止它把健康的生活
传导给
染毒的心灵
帮小狗把口罩套上
以免它将快乐的氛围
传染给
阴霾的天空

盼望到小区门口走一走
充数一次海外游
喝干了餐床上一小瓶矿泉水
笑称肚子里流淌
太平洋

悼念李文亮

吹鸽哨的人
又要远行了
他哨音的闪电
亮在黑幕中
一棵大树
被人伐倒了
我从此做一株
小草中的茁壮者

[山东]王桂林

雨林漫步

1
一个吸食海洛因的人在做梦。
海洛因梦见了它的吸食者。

2
三四十米高的大树是空心的，
但里面有阳光，空气，和水。

3
蝴蝶一生都在做梦，而它自己
就是一个梦，飞来飞去——

4
落叶，枯树，石头
会变成土壤，我最后也会。

[Hunan] ZHU Likun

During the COVID-19 Epidemic (and another poem)

In the morning,
I wore a mask on my face,
Put my Pipa behind me and played it.

In the evening,
I wore a mask on the back of my head,
Put my Pipa before me and played it.

I put a mask on my kitten
To prevent it from conducting
Healthy life
To poisoned minds.
I put a mask on my dog
Lest it should infect
The cloudy sky
With a happy atmosphere.

I looked forward to walking to the gate of the community
As if I was on a trip overseas.
After drinking all the mineral water in a small bottle on the bed,
I laughed and shouted:
"The Pacific Ocean is flowing in my belly."

(Translated by QI Fengyan)

Li Wenliang In Memory

The whistle blower
Is again on a long journey
The lightning of his whistle
In bright against darkness
A huge tree
Has been felled down
And I will be blade
Of unyielding grass

(Translated by ZHAO Man)

[Shandong] WANG Guilin

Strolling in the Woods

1
A heroin addict is dreaming
Heroin is dreaming of its addict

2
A 30-40-meter tree is hollow
But inside it is sunshine, air and water

3
A butterfly dreams for life, but it
Is a dream itself, flying here and there—

4
Fallen leaves, withered trees, stone
All will turn into soil, and so will I

- 5
攀附在大树上的小树长满须根，
——仿佛虚无的胡子。
- 6
每一阵微微吹过的风
都是上帝对万物的奖赏。
- 7
风季。苔藓在石头上闭着眼睛，
它没死，它在等待另一个季节来临。
- 8
小草只享用大树用剩下的阳光，
并且心怀感恩。
- 9
一座昆虫的伊甸园。狐狸不欺骗它们，
蛇也不诱惑它们偷吃禁果。
- 10
死亡是一艘船
载着你在黑暗中航行。
- 11
树桥，在空中架起道路，
荒谬的，一个方向的通行。
- 12
在热带雨林里，
我仿佛一只未被驯化的猴子。
- 13
大自然写一首诗：热带雨林。
我也写一首诗：热带雨林。
- 14
一年又一年。它重复自己。
重复。重复。从不厌倦。
- 15
该删除的
是被删除者自己删除了自己。
- 16
人们在森林里看到无数阴影。
森林心里没有一丝阴影。
- 5
The sapling clinging to the big tree wears fibrils
—Like a beard of void
- 6
Every breeze blowing gently
Is God's reward to all beings
- 7
The windy season. The moss closes its eyes on the stones,
It's not dead, it's waiting for another season.
- 8
Grasses enjoy only the sunshine left over by the trees
Gratefully
- 9
An Eden of insects, where foxes do not cheat them
Snakes never lure them to eat the Forbidden Fruit
- 10
Death is a ship
Carrying you through darkness
- 11
A tree bridge makes a road in the air
So absurd, a one-way passage
- 12
In the rain forest
As if I were an untamed monkey
- 13
Nature writes a poem: rain forest
I also write a poem: rain forest
- 14
Year in year out, it repeats itself
Again and again, never bored
- 15
What ought to be deleted
Is that the deleter deletes himself
- 16
Men in the forest see countless shadows
Yet there is not a bit shadow in the heart of the forest

(Translated by SHI Yonghao)

作者简介：

王桂林，中国当代诗人。八十年代中期开始诗歌写作。作品散见于《人民文学》《诗刊》《创世纪》等海内外媒体。曾应邀赴以色列、马来西亚、秘鲁、捷克、蒙古等国参加世界诗人大会和罗马尼亚国际诗歌节。作品被译成英、德、日、韩、瑞典、捷克、马来西亚、匈牙利等多种文字。著有诗集、随笔集多种。系中国作家协会会员，山东省书法家协会会员，山东省音乐家协会会员。现为东营市文学创作室专业作家，东营市作家协会副主席，胜利油田书法家协会副主席，《延河诗歌特刊》副主编。

About the author:

WANG Guilin, a contemporary Chinese poet. He began to write poems in the 1980s, and his poems have been published in such media as *People's Literature*, *Poetry*, and *Genesis*. He was invited to international poetry conferences and festivals held in Israel, Malaysia, Peru, Czech, and Mongol. His poems have been translated into several languages including English, German, Japanese, Korean, Swedish, Czech, Malaysia, and Hungarian. His publications include poetry and essay collections. He is a member of Chinese Writers Association, Shandong Calligraphy Association, and Shandong Musicians Association. He is now professional writer of Dongying Literary Creation Club, vice president of Dongying Writers Association and Shengli Oil Field Calligraphers Association, vice editor-in-chief of *Special Journal of Yan He Poetry*.

[安徽]徐春芳

诗人和皇帝(外三首)

你的皇座
由白骨和谎言打造
萤火虫灭

我的诗句
由星辰和梦想打造
星光闪烁

李煜说

这个世界,在我的眼中
春风十里,草木葱茏
我有我的锦绣山河,我是词语的
铁血君王

我的尊严,敌不过雄兵百万
我的江山,只剩下新月一弯
我的春花,在铁蹄下零乱
我的幽梦,在酒杯里破散

寂寞的山河,是一阙离歌
钟声在历史里咳血
敲不醒的是梦,悟不透的是人生

一弯新月,金灿灿的钓钩
名利豁然洞穿了咽喉
只有雕栏的残片在等候
天青色的诗句复活那些江南烟雨的哀愁

江山里,我挥毫泼墨
春花笑看美人,秋月摇着小船
所有的回眸都成了彼岸

活着

活着就是历史
我已经打碎了太多的镜子
当下,一群蚂蚁紧张地搬家
天空里乌云正在聚集
很多身影走着走着变成了文字
很多伤口痛着痛着长出了新枝
时光踏着满地的尸骨
人生易老,月不长圆
在铁屋里,诗歌打起了鼾
人到中年忧患深
历史结实的胸肌开始松弛
我的江山只剩下蝴蝶和酒杯
还有一盆菊花,摆在窗台上
抱出从容绽放的旗帜

寻觅

或许一杯茶、几片飞花
就可以治愈寂寞

[Anhui] XU Chunfang

Poet and Emperor (and other three poems)

Your throne
Is made of bones and lies
The flickering of fireflies

My poems
Are made of nebulas and dreams
The shining of stars

Li Yu Said

In this world, in my eyes
Spring is immense, trees flourish and grass lush
I have my land of charm and beauty, I am the iron king
Of words

My dignity cannot beat a mighty army
My territory is left with just a crescent
My spring flowers shatter under iron hooves
My dream is broken in wine cup

The lonely rivers and mountains is but a song of departure
The ring of bell bleeds in history
What cannot be knocked awake is dream, what cannot be understood is life

The crescent, a golden hook
Fame and wealth directly pierce through the throat
Waiting there is just the debris of the carved railings
The azure poems revive the sentiments of smoky rain in Jiangnan

In this landscape, I wield the brush and paint
Spring flowers smiling at beauties, autumnal moon sailing a small boat
All looking-back becomes the opposite shore

To Live

To live is history
I've broken so many mirrors
Now a swarm of ants is migrating nervously
When the dense clouds in sky are gathering
So many silhouettes change into characters while walking

So many wounds grow with new branches while aching
Time and tide tread on bones all over the ground
Life ages easily and the moon never remains intact
In the iron house, poetry is snoring
People worries more while approaching middle age
The muscular chest of history is getting slack
And my land is left only with butterflies, wine cups
As well as a pot of chrysanthemum, which holds
On the window ledge its calmly-bursting banners

Seeking

Maybe a cup of tea, several petals of flowers
Can heal loneliness

窗外，南风卷起了一帘蔷薇
风吹得越来越轻松
不觉间就来到了夏天
诗人的身体里住着一个神仙

他是花、月和梦的朋友
经常在漂亮的诗句里交流
“世间的万物
我们只是暂时拥有……”

不知长夜深浅
跃入梦的裂纹
往事闪烁几颗星辰
一团沉默的身影被虫声吹破

Outside the window, the south wind whirls up the curtain of roses
While it is getting softer and softer
Summer is around the corner when none notices
Inside the body of a poet there lives a god

Who is the friend of flower, the moon and dream
They converse now and then in beautiful poems
“Everything in the world
Belongs temporarily to us...”

The depth of night is not known
It jumps in to the cracks of dreams
The past just shimmers like stars
A blur of silent silhouette is blown broken by worms

(Translated by Brent O.Yan)

[山东]木樨颜

龙死了（外一首）

没有听到雷声
只有雨的絮叨
以鳞片的秩序飞落
这个时节的北方
龙深藏于积云
对世间发生的一切
尚不知情，不然
怎会还是深埋龙头

龙对世间的一切
无法知情，因为
该发生的没有发生
比如喧哗的生机
而不该发生的
却这样发生了
比如，春天死了
再比如，龙也死了

雨水

仿佛雨就这样落下来
仿佛是落下来
仿佛是雨
仿佛是雨落下来
仿佛不是
确实不是雨
确实不是落下来
确实不是雨落下来
确实不是
只是一个节气
雨水会落下来
其实雨早就落下来
而且成了雪
雪又化成了水
先于雨水的时节
先于眼睛失明于暗夜
和白色的巫山云

[Shandong] Brent Yan

The Loong is Dead (and another poem)

I hear no thunder
Except the murmuring of the rain
Falling in the order of scales
In this season of the north
The loong hides in thick clouds
Not knowing what occurs
To the world, or he'd
Not bury his head deep

The loong cannot know
Anything about the world, because
What should occur has not occurred
Say the chaotic vigor
While what should not occur
Did occur like this
Say the spring is dead
And the loong too is dead

Rain

It seems rain falls like this
It seems it falls
It seems it is rain
It seems it is rain that falls
It seems not
It sure is not rain
It sure is not falling
It sure is not the rain that falls
It sure is not
It is just a solar term
In which the rain would fall
In fact the rain did fall
And turned into snow
Which in turn melted into water
Long before the solar term
And even before the eyes went blind
In the dark night and the white clouds

(Translated by the poet)

[香港]度母洛妃

女囚宣言

为—场欢愉
我囚于你的身体之上
你梦见自己，一寸寸地生长
直到看著另一个自己穿越
一个女人大半生的荒芜
与白日梦
穿越她的衰老容颜
回到子宫的光滑处

我的低吟如失控的时针
直指天堂，那是唯一出口
告诉你，我此刻的幸福
它不止等同
海潮遇上沙砾的快感
也似苦难深扎
彼此的生命里
你任何时候都是正气的

如注定被命运欺诈的豪杰
也终将注定被我遇上
在一次次掏空后又一次次
顶天立地
而我仍然不断扮演各种角色
圣女或烈女
妓女或妖魔
甚至母亲，情人，救贖者

对，她们都是被各种色相囚禁的我
如同你囚于此时窗外的各种面具与风声
像蜜蜂，始终被囚于花粉
和果实的坠落

今生，我就是个名副其实的女囚啊
在缘木中求一片清静
或许我又是女囚中的第一个觉悟者
花开，荼蘼
只爱，不恨
当我囚于神圣
我便打破神圣的铁衣
当我囚于忠贞，执著，排他性
我便打破个个假想敌和贞洁牌坊

当我囚于漫无目的和恐惧
囚于美丽的预言和名声
囚于彼岸才有的解脱、喜乐
我便打破彼岸及各种彼岸的传说

[Hong Kong] Dumuluofei

Das Manifest einer Gefangenen

Ich begab mich zu einem Beglückungsakt
und blieb auf deinem Körpergefangen.
Du träumtest dich langsam wachsend, Zentimeter für Zentimeter
bis das andere Ich das öde verträumteFrauendasein
und deren älter gewordenes Antlitz
hat durchquert und weiterhin
zurückin die Gebärmutter
heruntergerutscht.

Mein le'ses Lustgeschreiwar wie ein außer Kontrolle geratener Stundenzieger,
welcher direkt gen Himmel gerichtet, dortist der einzige Ausgang,
welcher dir offenbart, dass mein augenblickliches Glück
nicht nur eine Lüsternheit, dem Akt -Meeresflut trifft Sandkorn- ähnelt,
sondern auch ein Leiden ist, das tief in dich und mich
in unser Leben hineindringt und sticht.
Dennoch bist du ein für alle Mal in heiterer Zuversicht.

Jenen von ihrem Schicksal getäuschten Helden,
welche ihrem Los nicht aus dem Wege gehen können,
werde ich eines Tages gleichwohl begegnen.
Zum unzähligen Male richteten sie sich aufs Neue auf, unbeugsam und widerständig,
nachdem sie wieder und immerwieder ausgehöhlt wurden.
Ich schlüpfte hingegen nach wie vor
in die unterschiedlichsten Rollen hinein:
Mal in die einerHeilige, mal in die einer Märtyrerin,
mal einer Hure, mal einer Dämonin,
nicht zuletzt auch Mutter, Liebende sogar Erlöserin.

Jawohl, sie alle bin ich, eingefangen in verschiedenen äußeren Erscheinungen
als wenn jene Masken und Winde, welche augenblicklich
an deinem Fenster hin und her sich tummeln
und wie die Bienen, welche nie von den Pollen
oder von gefallenen Früchten sich loslassen könnten.

In diesem Leben bin ich eine wahrlich Gefangene
und befinde mich auf ständiger Suche nach der beilen Welt.
Höchstwahrscheinlich wäre ich die allererste Erwachte
aller weiblichen Gefangenen, wie eine Blume halt
blühe ich auf, blühe ich aus
voller Liebe und ohne Hass.
Werde ich eingefangen in Heiligkeit,
brecheich ihren eisernen Panzer durch.
Werde ich eingefangen in Treue, Begehren und Ausschließlichkeit,
brecheich alle eingebildeten Feinde und Keuschheitsgelfüßde durch.

Werde ich eingefangen in Blindheit und Ehrfurcht,
in herrliche Prophezeiung für Ruhm und Ehre,
in Freiheit und Freude, welche nur von Jenseits zu erträumen sind,
dann brecheich ebenso die Grenze zum Jenseits sowie alle Legenden
vondort drüben, durch.

(Übersetzt von Yan Zhao)

特别消息 SPECIAL NEWS

本刊江苏讯 江苏著名诗人胡弦先生主编的《扬子江》诗歌月刊2020年第1期(总第124期),已于2020年1月在北京出版、发行。主要栏目有:开卷、诗潮、诗人研究、新星座、译介、百家、艺事、旧体新韵、诗萃、诗讯等。16K, 112页,每册定价:人民币15元,全年180元,印制精美、大气,值得细读和珍藏。该刊系中国大陆最有影响力的诗刊之一。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心(IPTRC)

[新疆] 沈宥钧

爱琴海的美少年雕像

是谁把你丢弃在这海边
是谁让你遭受了这样的苦难
致使你躺在这凌乱的海滩上
满身污垢
海滩漫长，无限寂寥

你的质地刚硬，没有被打碎
却显然经受了暴力的侵害
你是多么美丽的一个少年啊
怎样的嫉恨凌驾了大海的翻腾
对一具雕像进行了这样的泄愤

看你的头发，看你的眉毛
你的眼睛，你的鼻梁，嘴唇
没有哪一处不让我喜欢
让在世间孤独的我
毫无顾忌，无法自抑地喜欢

因为你是一具雕像
你可以把我当作弟弟
若论你的美丽
我应该成为你的哥哥
我用海水为你梳洗，为你惊叹

我非常高兴能在这里
遇见你
可以不用打听你的过去
也能够不过问你的将来
或许，从此就永远拥有了你

虽然，痛恨对你不公正的那些罪恶
但是，我早就习惯了
天空时常飘来的大片乌云
风停了，雨止了
太阳终究还会照耀大地

在这里，我可以
毫不羞怯地凝视你，欣赏你
亲吻你，用足我充分的时间
不会有对我的伤害
而在这里，你也真正地自由了

爱琴海，是收藏男性美丽的
翻开岁月的画卷，这里是
美少年的摇篮，男神的故园
是英俊的男人们用他们之间
爱的亲吻锻造传奇的伊甸园

美丽的少年啊，不要伤心
无论你来自哪里，吹一吹
爱琴海的风吧，我要擦亮
你的光泽，用太阳与月色的轮回
为你诵读爱琴海的神话

[Xinjiang] SHEN Youjun

Statuary of Adonis at the Aegean Sea

Who abandons you at the seaside
Who makes you suffer such tribulation
And you lie on such a beach of disorder
The body covered with dirt
The beach is long, boundless loneliness

Your texture is adamant, not yet broken
But obviously violated by violence
O how handsome a boy you are
What envy has overtopped the surging sea
What anger has been vented on a statuary

Behold your hair, behold your eyebrow
Your eyes, your nose, lips
Everything is to my liking
The lonely me in the world
I am scrupulous about nothing, I like uncontrollably

Because you are a statuary
You can treat me as your younger brother
As for your beauty
I should be your elder brother
I wash and dress you with sea water, marvel at you

I am very happy to be here
To meet you
No need to pry into your past
No need to be concerned with your future
Perhaps, hence to own you forever

Though, to abhor those crimes of wronging you
But, I am used to it
Heavy dark clouds waft here between whiles
The wind stops, the rain stops
The sun enlightens the ground after all

Here, I can
Gaze at you without a shade of shyness, to appreciate you
To kiss you, to spend adequate time
No harm to me at all
And here, you are free in a real sense

The Aegean Sea, is a scroll of painting which opens the years
To collect male beauty, here it is
The cradle of Adonis, the native garden of male deity
Where handsome men with the kiss of love
Between them to forge the legendary Garden of Eden

O handsome boy, don't be grievous
No matter where you are from, to be bathed in
The wind of the Aegean Sea, I will polish
Your sheen, with transmigration of the sun and the moon
To read myth of the Aegean Sea to you

我要为你寻找虽然简陋，却安全的角落
 占据海滩，做你永远的情人
 爱琴海的风啊，别再叹息
 当你触摸着简陋
 朴素的美丽才是赤裸的高贵

I will find you a shelter, humble and safe
 To occupy the beach, to be your sweet heart forever
 O wind of the Aegean Sea, please do not sigh
 When you touch humbleness
 Only plain beauty is stark-naked nobleness

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

[河南]李志亮

[Henan] LI Zhiliang

一粒尘埃落下来 (组诗)

A Grain of Dust is Falling Down (group poems)

1

一粒尘埃
 落下来
 像一块陨石
 砸醒
 沉睡的土地

1

A grain of dust
 Is falling down
 Like a falling stone
 To bit and awaken
 The slumbering earth

2

如今
 病毒
 不再蛰伏于旧时光
 仿佛恶魔
 突然从睡梦中醒来
 以不可争辩之力
 把人类悉数赶进了
 存在的笼子
 人间
 从此不得安宁

2

Nowadays
 The virus
 Is no more dormant in time of yore
 Like a devil waking up suddenly from his sleep
 Like crushing dry weeds or smashing rotten wood
 Driving human beings
 Into their cage
 Hence no peace
 In the mortal world

3

病毒
 像一只打不死的恶犬
 追逐着
 潮水般的逃亡者

3

The virus
 Like a bulletproof black dog
 Is chasing and running after
 Therefuges in a flood

也许
 明天
 它将变成
 一粒虚无的种子
 在灵魂深处
 开出一株
 直抵上帝下颌的
 红艳艳的罂粟
 傲视尔等
 卑微的尘埃
 自大的蝼蚁……

Perhaps

Tomorrow
 It will become
 An empty seed
 In the depth of soul
 For a poppy plant
 To bloom brightly red
 Reaching the underjaw of God
 To tower over
 The low dust and dirt
 Who are self-conceited ants

2020年2月19日

February 19, 2020
 (Translated by ZHA O Man)

作者简介:

About the author:

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

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

[北京]谢长安

山顶的人

一个人在峰巅修行
山谷里写生云海的画家
偶尔仰望
会把他当一块风化岩
或是一朵入定的云
当各色山花交换今生前世
他在雾里吐纳盘膝
尔后读青崖上的天书与石刻
计算蘑菇庇护了多少微生物
教会八百只胡蜂吟出波罗蜜
那珠象牙白的禽蛋神秘幽深
有灵魂在啾呀对答
地质学家从矿石内采走翼龙足迹
一尾铜黄蜚螈总算长出了犄角
游向众神的境界
秋风在子时揭开长夜
现出世间最蓝的星空
光粒洒向大荒、河流
他手执一枝蒲公英做转经的法器
苍茫天宇如莲轮飞旋不休

[Beijing] XIE Chang'an

A Man on the Mountain Top

A man cultivates himself on the mountain top
A painter sketching clouds in the valley
If you happens to look up
You may mistake him for a weathered rock
Or a cloud lost in meditation
When mountain flower are blooming or fading away
He practices breathing with legs folded
And then read the inscriptions and carvings on the cliff
Calculating how many microbes are sheltered by the mushrooms
Teaching 800 wild bees to chant the Buddhist sutra
In the depth of the ivory-white bird egg
There are souls murmuring to each other
Geologists take away Pterosaur footprints from within the rocks
A bronze-colored salamander grows out horns
Swimming to the border of gods
The autumn unveils the long night at midnight
Showing the bluest starry sky
Particles of light shower to the wilderness and rivers
He holds a Dharma wheel made of dandelions
The vast sky whirls on and on like a lotus wheel
(Translated by SHI Yonghao)

[安徽]乔浩

听雨（外四首）

下雨了，听见雨声了。
我还是要诚实，较量的
看一本枯燥，乏味
但必须看的书。雨大了一些
雨声更重了，世间多少事
重又浮现。噢！
你来了，就陪我听雨
你来了，也别惊扰我
待雨止，我就释然了。这些
像是黑白电影，其实
一个人的经历，形态
全是上苍的果实吧，这一切
都在相互制衡中……

又见春天

哦，是春天了，我们种下的
这季节，在尘世，于梦中
它才是唯一，轻盈地
像那断开的云影

你看啊，花开，草儿绿了
我稍做停歇，它们
就会响应，传递着，成就
新一轮花事，又一个绚烂

而我悄悄的，我的确是
有所准备，我已被

[Anhui] QIAO Hao

Listening to Rain (and other four poems)

It is raining, the sound of which is hearable.
I have to be honest, comparable
Read a book which is boring, yawning
Yet it is a must read. It is raining heavier
The pitter-patter is heavier, how many things in the world
Reappear once more. Oh!
You come, and join me in listening to the rain
You come, and do not disturb me
When it stops, I am relieved. This
Is like black-and-white film, actually
A person's experience, the form
All the fruits from heaven, all this
With checks and balances ...

Spring Again

Oh, spring again, the season planted
By us, in the mortal world, in the dream
It is the only, gently
Like the broken shadow

Look, flowers open, grass greens
I pause, and they
Respond, transmitting, achievement
Another flowering, another brilliance

And I am quiet, really I am
Prepared, I have been delayed

耽搁的太久。我想在三月里
就在小南风中漾起一丝涟漪

黎明

在暗夜，它在暗中
独自酝酿的，或将
瞬间暴发的事情

一点点聚集的足以
重生的力量，因为
暗的压抑，暗的摧毁
暗夜的猎杀

终会出现的光亮，没有谁
可以预见的可能……

心愿

山里有寺庙
庙堂之上，秉香膜拜
有二三闲客
同我当年，他们难以做到
心灵平静，是一样的
错误，盲从，愚痴。
这庄严清雅的庙堂！人啊！
最好的修炼是在困惑中
找到内心的宁静，静到：
尘世不扰，己心不扰……

秋天来了

一枚落叶，它恰好的
打在左肩上，这无非就是
要我在自然的秩序里
感受其变化。春去秋来，
生活不过如此，它让我——
观花开，看叶落。一切的一
在按部就班中，秋天真好
红得似火，黄得似金。像是
因为尘世的美好，因为
拨动琴弦的风，因为一次次
毫不自知。噢！无须密码
优雅轻逸，又不失从容的
温情的秋天来了，这红叶斑驳
夹杂着旧绿的秋天……

作者简介：

乔浩，中国当代诗人。安徽凤阳人，现居安庆。作品散见于报刊，并入选多种权威选本，有诗作被译成英、日、俄等语种，著有《乔浩诗选》《乔浩的诗》等。曾获第四届安徽省社会科学文学艺术出版奖，第二届安庆市政府文学奖等数种奖项。系中国诗歌学会会员，安徽省作家协会会员，长淮诗社副社长，主持《安徽诗人》“诗选刊”栏目。

For too long. In March I want
To ripple in the gentle southern wind

The Dawn

In dark night, it is in darkness
Solitarily brewing, or the thing
To happen in an instant

The force gathering bit by bit
Adequate for rebirth, because
The oppression of darkness, the destruction of darkness
The hunt and kill of dark night

The light which is to appear, nobody
To predict the possibility ...

The Wish

In the mountain there is a temple
In the temple, burn sticks and worship
Two or three idlers
The same with me, hard for them to be
Calm of mind, the same
Mistake, follow blindly, imbecility.
The grave and elegant temple! Oh people!
The best energy cultivation is in perplexity
Find peace in inner heart, until:
No worry of mortal dust, no worry of his own heart ...

Autumn Is Here

A leaf, beats exactly
On the left shoulder, is it
For me to be in the order of the nature
To feel its change. Spring goes and autumn comes,
Life is just so-so, it lets me —
Watch flowers opening, see leaves falling, the one of everything
The prescribed order is followed; a fine autumn
Red like fire, yellow like gold. Like
The beautiful mortal world, because
The wind of a string plucking, because time and again
No self-knowledge. Oh! No need for the code
Elegant and ethereal, and reposeful
Warm autumn is approaching, the autumn mottled with red leaves
Mixed with old green ...

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

About the author:

QIAO Hao, is a poet in contemporary China. A native of Fengyang, Anhui Province, now he lives in Anqing. His works have been published in newspapers and magazines, some of which are included into a host of anthologies, and some works have been translated into foreign languages such as English, Japanese, and Russian, etc. He has published two poetry collections: *Selected Poems of QIAO Hao* and *The Poems of QIAO Hao*. He has won the publishing prize at the 4th Anhui Provincial Social Sciences and Literature and literature prize at the 2nd Anqing Municipal Government, etc. He is a member of Chinese Poetry Society and Anhui Provincial Writers' Association, as well as vice proprietor of Changhuai Poetry Society. He is in charge of the column of "Selected Poems" of *Anhui Poets*.

[安徽]查镜洲

一只停滞的钟（外二首）

如分开众水 在争分夺秒的尽头端坐
 一无所系 依有所依
 手指特定于唯一正见
 任斗柄入怀
 不再耗磨另外的运数与完整
 月光中无遮的贝叶如
 新生的净土有着无限的自在和奥义
 而伤口永久地活着 绝不吐露
 时间的行藏 苦修是一种至高至上的贞洁

也许你会选择站在影子的一边

隐瞒一个人的三叹九转 扯断前因后果
 当它安静时 便彻底摆脱了作人的荒谬
 反复惊扰而不惧 不动声色 不具声色

如禅出百派 花开繁复 肥沃而多变
 人们内心的白马和石头追不上那
 不可理喻的停滞 周旋和跳跃
 任何牢狱都不能够羁绊它
 甚至每一块砖瓦
 都会被它同化而神出鬼没

又如一种幻术出示一片彼岸或洞壁的叶子
 爱恨都蛀不空参不破它乌有的木纹
 某个走不出独自游戏的人 以二元
 世界的视力 自由传达人的另一种谜底

而一条带来源头的鱼还是要对人类
 劳苦而易碎的悬问作答
 替饥饿 缺氧的头颅演绎无牵无挂的
 血缘 身世以及敏锐的钙和无痛的生理

它自必然修炼成为完全的解放者 庄重地
 倾吐出自身任意而严谨的
 无名之境和隐匿修辞
 以一万种生机流转的不同沉默
 建立属于人的思想 秘密和尊严

我们是否该服从镜子中的那个人

只是在它面前
 一切都会以左右相反的逻辑呈现
 我担心我用尽浑身解数 或许
 它还是会把我
 对世界的满怀信心放置在
 满腹狐疑的部位
 我确定这是它给予的 我
 与世界的另一层关系
 我不知道该怎样
 去判断 我
 与镜中人谁代表真正的我

[Anhui] ZHA Jingzhou

A Stagnant Clock (and other two poems)

Like splitting up the waters, seated upright at the end of every second
 Attached to none, yet depending on something
 The fingers hold steady the only correct view
 Allowing the stem to point to the chest
 Not squandering other luck and integrity
 The unshaded palm-leaves are like
 The newborn paradise with unlimited freedom and profound meaning
 While the wound remains alive forever, never revealing
 The traces of time. Mortification is the supreme purity

Maybe You'll Choose to Stand with the Shadow

Concealing the sighs and twists of a man, tearing apart the cause and consequence
 Will shake off the absurdity of being a man when it is quiet
 Not scared in face of repeated harassment, not showing, no motion

Like Zen blooms with blossoms, fertile and changeable
 The white horse and stone in man's heart cannot catch up
 With the unreasonable stagnancy, twist and leap
 No jail can take it into custody
 Even a single tile or brick
 Can be assimilated and become ghost-like

Or like a magic showing an opposite bank or leaf carved on a cave wall
 Neither love, hatred nor worm-eat can understand its wooden texture
 Someone who cannot walk out of a solo game
 Convey man's another riddle solution with a vision of the binary world

While a fish carrying the source has to answer to the suspended
 Question human has been toiling over and thus breakable
 Developing for hunger and anoxic head the carefree blood relationship
 Life story and discerning calcium and painless physiology

Naturally it will practice to be a complete liberator, solemnly
 Pouring out the unnamed context and bidden rhetoric devices
 That are arbitrary and rigorous
 And with a million different silence with vigor
 Establishing the thinking, secret and dignity of man

Should We Obey the Man in the Mirror

It is just everything in front
 Would display logically the reversed left and right
 I worry that even with all my will and wisdom
 It would still put
 On the suspicious position
 All my faith in the world
 I am sure this is what it gives me
 Another relationship with the world
 I don't know how
 To figure out between me
 And the one in the mirror who represent me

(Translated by Brent O. Yan)

[湖北]罗秋红

小区狗狗发出的狂叫（外一首）

昨天半夜三更
小区几条狗狗
一声接声狂叫
感觉有沉重的阴气
正席卷武汉上空

它们的恐慌是否来自
孤城上方肆虐的病毒？！我不得而知
但我清楚它们作出如此强烈反应
一定是发生了比“瘟疫”更大的事件

厨房窗户没有关紧
我于是起来关窗
听见“风妈妈”对我说：
戴着皇冠的“幽灵”在孤城某个角落
正讨论掩耳盗铃身藏的“绝招”……
而这次免疫力差的死者，
看见他们还在练习“嬉闹把戏”，
便掀翻了他们的酒宴

空气中布满了死者愤怒的呐喊声
这情景令小区狗狗
始料未及
于是望着神秘豁口处
憋足劲发出一声又一声狂叫。

2020年1月27日于武汉

一只蝙蝠跑进客厅

庚子年1月初六
我打开窗户晒被子
一只蝙蝠趁我不注意
悄悄溜进我家里

这小东西，不识时务
在我客厅横冲直撞
我对它大吼：
你身上有冠状病毒，请原谅我这个被囚者的苦痛

它不仅不走，反而扑向玻璃镜片反问我：

你们人类不是说野味好吃吗？
这次要你们变成囚徒
并永远戴上一副“箍嘴”……

我被这胆大的问号所惊呆，考虑到安全
只好拨打110

两个警察将它弄死
而我却不敢看它的尸体。
我反剪双手跟在警察后头，却听见无数只
蝙蝠对我数落，人类所犯下的种种罪恶

2020年1月30日于武汉

[Hubei] LUO QiuHong

The Wildly Barking Dogs in my Neighborhood (and another poem)

In the depth of last night
Several dogs in my neighborhood
Barked like crazy unceasingly
As if they sensed gloomy Death
Was hovering above Wuhan

Was their panic from
The virus rampant in the isolated city?! I knew not
But I was well aware that their violent response
Must have stemmed from something bigger than the "epidemic"

My kitchen window was not tightly shut
So I stood up to close it
And heard "Mother Wind" whisper to me:
The crowned "Ghosts" in every corner of the isolated city
Are now discussing self-deception "tricks"...
And those who died for their weak immunity
See they are still practicing "playing tricks"
And have cracked their dining parties

The air was vibrant with the angry agony of the dead
Which was beyond the dogs in my neighborhood
Thus gazing at the mysterious crack
They were yelping at the top of their lungs
Unceasingly

Wuhan, Jan, 27th, 2020

A Bat Ran into my Living Room

On the 6th day of the first Lunar month of the Year of the Rat
I opened my window to air my quilt in the sun
A bat sneaked inside
Before I noticed it

This little hastyard, in the wrong time
Fluttered and bumped in my living room
I shrieked at it:
You carry the corona virus, please forgive me for my pain of being jailed

It didn't leave, instead it darted onto my glasses and retorted:

Don't you humans say wild animals are tasty?
This time you should become prisoners
Wearing "snaffles" forever...

I was dumbfounded by the bold question mark.
For my safety, I dialed 110

Two policemen killed it
But I did not dare to peep at its corpse.
Handcuffed, I followed the policemen, and heard myriad bats
Enumerating to me all the sins committed by man

Wuhan, Jan, 30th, 2020

(Translated by WANG Changling)

[上海]吴小陈

草莓

小时候
你荷锄晚归
红彤彤 甜蜜蜜
长大后
我来到陌生的城市
吃着草莓
就想起你摘草莓
那受伤的双手
而现在
你的坟墓长满草莓
可我再也吃不到你摘的

[Shanghai] Vinnie Woo

Wild Berries

When I was young
you returned home late at night carrying a hoe on your back.
Wild berries attached with your bamboo hat,
bright red coats with a taste of sweetness.
When I grow up,
I came to an unfamiliar metropolitan city.
While enjoying a strawberry,
it reminds me of you picking wild berries
with your cut up hands.
And now,
your grave is overgrown with wild berries,
but it will never taste the same way.

(Translated by the poet)

[陕西]邓攀峰

人性的弱点

A
只想对神说话，
人性的第一个弱点。
只能对神说却不能对人说的话，
人性的第二个弱点。

B
在镜子面前扮鬼脸的人是可爱的。
在镜子面前仍然沉默不语的人是可怕的。

C
忏悔，人性的最后一根稻草，
突然地，被教堂庞大的宁静感揪住。
在爱的面前，人皆有一颗羞愧的心。

D
上帝用一束玫瑰，
既考验了男人，也考验了女人。
他们都是有着缺陷的。

E
魔鬼，却用一枚扔在尘土里的金币，
试探出了人性的善与恶。
——那些经过伪装的，
有着一副好皮囊的家伙。

F
人的神性，
是建立在魔性之上的，因为
神性与魔性，从来都是一体之两面。

G
盗贼救了溺水的婴儿，
自己却掉到河里。
心里存着一丁点儿善念的人，

[Shaanxi] DENG Panfeng

Weakness of Human Nature

A
Only the intention to speak to gods,
The first weakness of human nature.
The words which can only be spoken to gods but not to human beings,
The second weakness of human nature.

B
Those who play ghosts before the mirror are loveable.
Those who remain silent before a mirror are horrible.

C
Repentance, the last straw of human nature,
Suddenly, seized by the reigning silence of the church.
Before love, people all have a heart of shame.

D
With a bunch of roses God
Has tested both men and women,
Who have shortcomings.

E
The devil, with a gold coin thrown in dust,
Tests the kindness and evil of human nature.
— Those fellows who have ever camouflaged,
With a fair skin.

F
The deity of human beings
Is founded on devil, because
Deity and devil, always the two sides of one body.

G
The thief has stolen the drowning baby,
But he himself has dropped into the river.
He who has kindness in his heart

是有福的。

H

水之善，
是滋养，是润泽，涤洁一颗心。
火之善，
是成熟，是温煦，鼓舞一颗心。
铁之善，
是坚韧，是原则，守候一颗心。
花之善，
是芬芳，是愉悦，安顿一颗心。

I

美是赠予女人的，
也是赠予儿童的。
美给女人的是聪慧，
给儿童的是天真。

J

药入口，知其苦。
触到刺，知其痛。
这样便好，
还贪求什么？

K

沐浴过后，
真的洁净了吗。
忏悔过后，
真的可以心安理得了吗？
还是问问良知吧！

L

北风袭来，
掩窗加衣。
饥肠辘辘，
点薪熬汤。
子曰：吾当日三省吾身，
却唯独忘记了心灵。

M

有人怀疑灵魂，
有人质问品行。
为何只是埋怨？
为何不善待它们？

N

春天鼓动幻想之翼，
夏天起劲儿充实着自己的形体，
秋天以丰腴之美，迷惑着我们，
唯有冬天做起恶人。
万物安静下来，
在一个银装素裹的世界里。

O

人做了恶，
却责怪天使。
精灵在孩子们的睡梦里，
找到了解救的良方。

Is blessed.

H

The kindness of water,
Is to moist, nourish, and cleanse a heart.
The kindness of fire,
Is to mature, warm, and encourage a heart.
The kindness of iron,
Is to stubborn, principle-observe, and guard against a heart.
The kindness of flowers,
Is to sweeten, delight, and settle a heart.

I

Beauty is bestowed to women,
Also to children.
What beauty gives women is wisdom,
Children innocence.

J

Medicine into the mouth, bitter taste.
Touching the thorn, and painful.
So far so good,
Why more desire?

K

After a bath,
Really clean?
After repentance,
Really peace of mind?
Your conscience knows better.

L

Chilly northern wind blows,
Window closed and more clothes.
When hungry,
Prepare soup.
Confucius says: we should reflect on ourselves three times a day,
But usually we forget our mind.

M

Some doubt the soul,
Some question human character.
Why only complaint?
And not treat it well?

N

Spring flutters its wings of fantasy;
Summer energetically fills its own form;
With its plump beauty, autumn captivates us;
Only winter acts evil:
All things quiet down,
In the world clothed in silver and white.

O

People have done evil,
But they blame the angel.
In the dream of the children,
The fairies have found the method of salvation.

P

无把握，
却仍然勇敢前行。
沼泽之花，
虽近在咫尺，
仍需小心试探。
鲁莽？睿智？

Q

狡诈，猎奇，虚伪，
人的三宗原罪。
真诚，悲悯，爱心，
人的三件美德。

R

两只老虎，
可以组成家庭。
一大一小，
可以成为父子。

S

我们总是将所有的苦难，
丢给上帝。
而将快乐时光，
留给自己。

T

鲜泽之花，
七日败落。
丑陋龟鳖，
尤寿百年。

U

儿童眼里的彩虹桥，
老人眼里的天堂鸟。
人总是在无限的憧憬中，
穿越荆棘之地。

V

一个大，两个小，
世界无常迅速。
上是下，东是西，
喧闹归巢，
井泉喷涌，
内心归宁。

作者简介：

邓攀峰，中国当代诗人。笔名：帝企鹅、林爻大手。1975年生，陕西西安人，职业医生。蛙——原生态诗团创建者，《中国诗》《少陵诗刊》签约诗人。著有散文诗集《宁静心》，游记体长诗《鸟语星球——秦岭游记》，诗剧《狮王泪》，组诗《战争五部曲》，情感探索版长篇组诗《雉，双城》，儿童励志长诗《麻雀与女巫——与妈妈的对话》，心灵鸡汤《黑珍珠项链》，诗集《喜马拉雅山上的神——只与神对话》，自我救赎类诗集《你所谓的没时间，没兴趣——读书札记，燃烧的思索》等十余种。多次获奖。

P

Not sure,
But still advance with courage.
Flowers of the swamp,
Though within reach,
Still careful probe.
Rash? Wisdom?

Q

Cunning, curiousness, hypocrisy,
Three original sins of human beings.
Sincerity, sympathy, loving heart,
Three virtues of human beings.

R

Two tigers,
Can compose a family.
An adult and a child,
Can be father and son.

S

We tend to attribute all our tribulations
To God,
While reserving joyful time
To ourselves.

T

Fresh flowers
Fade in seven days.
Homely tortoises enjoy
A life span of one hundred years.

U

Rainbow bridge in the eyes of a child,
Paradise bird in the eyes of an old man.
In boundless longing and yearning,
We go through the field of thorns.

V

One big, two small,
The world is fleet and transient.
The up is down, the east is west,
Noises back to nest,
A well spring spurts and spouts,
Peace again reigns the heart.

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

About the author:

DENG Panfeng is a poet in contemporary China, and his pen name is Emperor Penguin, Great Forest Trigram. Born in 1975 in Xi'an, the capital of Shaanxi Province, China, he is a doctor by profession. He is the founder of Frog-Ecosystem Poetry Group, and a signed poet of *Poetry of China* and *Shaoling Poetry Periodical*. He has published a collection of prose-poetry *A Quiet Heart*, a travel-style long poem *Birds' Twitters on the Starry Earth — Journey to Qinling Mountain*, a drama in verse *Tears of King-Lion*, group poems entitled *Pentology of War*, long group poems probing into emotion entitled *Wimble, Twin Cities*, a long poem encouraging children entitled *Sparrow and Sorceress — Dialogue with Mom*, chicken soup for the soul *Black Pearl Necklace*, a poetry collection *Deity on the Himalayas — Dialogue with Gods*, and self-salvation poetry collection *Your So-Called No Time and No Interest — Reading Notes and Burning Thought*, etc. He has won a lot of prizes.

[重庆]木兰

纸扇

展开一把扇 可知人间的冷暖
 折起一把扇 可量是非的长短
 手握一把扇 可度生命的苦夏
 心藏一把扇 可探江湖的深浅
 其情扇里言 言尽春花秋月寒
 其意扇中收 收尽儿女多缠绵
 纸上可见 清灵小桥长流水
 细品更有 朗朗乾坤入慧眼

有谁若一扇在手 都能坐怀不乱
 那他定是人中君子 朝中大才
 有谁若能一扇收放自如 很讲规矩和方圆
 他也一定不会嫌弃劳力者 满身都是臭苦汗

一扇有动 那是中国的人文之风
 一扇有静 那是华夏的玄妙机缘
 都说天下贫富万事行 都是做人最为先
 一扇在手 如同感悟佛道之真言

其扇虽小 却能观心看世界
 它能照见千秋月 能听万古禅
 它虽然也常被无品之人 拿去卖弄风雅
 但它却让其人 更显丑怪与俗态

[Chongqing] Mu Lan

Paper Fan

Spread a fan warmth and coldness of the world is known
 Fold a fan length of right and wrong is known
 A fan in the hand the bitter summer of life can be measured
 A fan in the heart the depth of human heart can be known
 Emotion in the fan spring flower and autumn moon cold
 Feeling in the fan touching and lingering
 Visible on paper a small bridge with running water
 Detailed taste heaven and earth in the eyes of insight

Fan in hand who can remain calm like the sage Zhuge Liang
 He must be a man of men a rare talent
 He who is dexterous with his fan observing rules and customs
 Will not abhor the laborers who stinks with stench

A fan fanning the Chinese literary wind
 A fan quiet the mysterious fate of Chinese people
 It is said under heaven in doing everything moral integrity is the most important
 A fan in hand as if feeling the true words of Buddhism

Though a small fan the big world is seen
 It can reflect the moon of a thousands autumns can hear zen of myriads of years
 Though it is used for show and pretension by low people
 It renders them ugly and vulgar

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

[湖南]幽林石子

窒息

鲜花把路堵死了
 天空被彩霞封锁了
 镜子里一场大雾
 硝烟弥漫
 上帝无言
 一次次在仓皇中
 捂住胸口

我以微薄的力量
 撕开人间
 看见小偷、妓女和乞丐
 一个个泪流满面
 每一种拳头
 都有欲望、贪婪与血光
 喷薄而出

我轻轻敲击黑夜
 行人稀少
 孤独静悄悄
 遇见的人像疯子一样
 割开悲伤
 全部都空着手

[Hunan] Youlin Shizi

Choking

The flowers blocked the roads
 The sky was blocked by rosy clouds
 A heavy fog in the mirror
 was a smoky battlefield
 God was silent
 putting his hand over his chest in a panic
 again and again

I tore the world open
 in my humble power
 and saw thieves, prostitutes and beggars
 Tears ran down their cheeks
 In every kind of fist
 there is lust, greed and blood
 spurting out

I tapped the night
 The streets were deserted, with quiet loneliness
 People I met were crazy
 Separated from sadness
 they were all empty-handed

(Translated by Shuirou)

[山东]于贞志

短句寄羊城黄礼孩梦亦非诸诗友

在一路向北的特快列车上
我目睹南国的黄昏漫漫降临
当树影飘忽灯影升起
隐匿城市深处的天使们开始了诗歌的盛宴

[Shandong] YU Zhenzhi

A Few Lines to Huang Lihai, Meng Yifei and Other Poet Friends

On an express train heading all the way north
I witness the dusk of southern land falling over
When the shadows of trees dance to the rising lights
Angels hiding in the depth of city begin their feast of poetry

(Translated by Brent O.Yan)

[湖南]邹联安

别离（外一首）

列车“鸣”地一声
撕开了
湘潭到深圳的距离
从那一刻起
两地隔了一道伤口
一弯残月
是开错了的处方
止不住思念的痛

空瓶

一只酒瓶
被我掏空
它以灵魂的水妖
扑灭了
我灵魂的火鬼

[Hunan] ZOU Lian'an

Parting Company (and another poem)

With a "toot", the train
Severs
The distance between Xiangtan and Shenzhen
Ever since then
A wound is opened in between
The decreascent moon
Is a wrong prescription
That cannot dull the pain of longing

An Empty Bottle

An entire bottle of wine
Is drunk all by me
The watery witch of its soul
Quenches
The fiery demon of my soul

(Translated by WANG Changling)

[山东]材伊

妈妈和我

妈妈是我最温暖的家

她就像一朵红红的玫瑰
我是一颗小小的露珠
藏在妈妈的花蕊里

妈妈是夜空，我是
一颗星星，藏在云朵
铺开的被子里

妈妈是一个大美人
我是一串项链挂在
妈妈的脖子上。

妈妈就像一张白纸
我就是铅笔写的一个字
躺在白纸上。

作者简介:

材伊，原名颜材伊，7岁，山东济南东方双语实验学校1年教5班。

[Shandong] Cai Yi

Mom and Me

Mom is my sweetest home

She is like a red red rose
While I'm a tiny dew
Hiding amidst her stamina

Mom is the dark night, while
I am a star, hiding under
The quilt spread by clouds

Mom is a beauty
While I am a necklace
Hanging around her neck

Mom is like a piece of paper
While I am a character
Lying on it

(Translated by B.O.Y)

About the author:

Cai Yi, original name Yan Caiyi, is a 7-year-old girl who studies in Class 5, Grade 1 of Jinan Eastern Bilingual Experimental School.

广东李之平

爱 (外二首)

它被发出来
一个单音, 来自对面
历经心、肺和喉

来到你面前
跟在后面的是
血液, 软组织, 毛发

以及笨拙
难以命名的气味
和梦的残余物

世界

和我的内心比较
世界多么静
荒原曾经是田野
现在土地裸露
我的痛苦就是那两只鸭子
在即将干枯的河床
走过来走过去

在别处

别处是活的
此地已死

在别处
我们有了照看自己的热情
能把日子当远方消费

此地度日如年
人生煎熬如炼狱
别处给了定时的吸引
如卡尔维诺树上的男爵
在树上活着还不够
还要乘坐飞毯消失

普鲁斯特假装解决了
距离压缩后的问题
病榻是一切
此刻是远方

在鸽子笼格局中
他制造了内心的城堡与
星空的飞跃

一个人精神塌陷时
不妨尝试将分秒引渡到外太空
生死的纠缠
抑郁症的逼迫
都不是问题了

[Guangdong] LI Zhiping

Love (and other two poems)

It is uttered—
Lateral, a single syllable
that comes through the heart, lung and throat.

It comes to you.
What follows is
blood, soft tissues, and hair.

And a clumsy smell
that's hard to name.
and the dream's remnant.

The World

Compared to my heart,
the world is so placid.
The barren land used to be fields,
now deserted and bare.
I feel pain for the two ducks
walking around on the riverbed
that is going to run dry.

Elsewhere

Elsewhere means life,
and here death.

Staying elsewhere
gives us passion to look after ourselves and
spend our days as if we lived afar.

But here, every day creeps by like a year,
making life as suffering as in purgatory,
while elsewhere offers timed attractions
like Calvino's Baron who thought
it wasn't enough to live in the trees,
and decided to ride away on a magic carpet.

Proust pretended to have solved
the problems that arose
after distance had been compressed.
In the sickbed he embraced everything
for the moment meant living elsewhere.

In the dove cage
he had built a castle for his mind,
a leap away from the starry sky.

If the soul collapsed,
why not let time be extradited to the outer space?
The entanglement between life and death,
the persecuting depression,
would no longer be a problem.

(Translated by A Jiu)

[广西]梁生灵

梁氏诗行五首

游张掖丹霞

天空火红，张掖早晨灼热，我在
拆掉了护卫我心脏的一排树木
卸下给眼睛戴上的叶绿素眼镜
火焰交织、火光强烈，我要抵达
太阳与七彩丹霞在激烈对射

七彩火焰与阳光已燃烧成一体
在一簇簇高耸的火焰上，我飞翔
有一只火凤凰远在我上方鸣叫
像善于明哲保身的人类让我鄙视
因为是鸟我给予它体面的沉默

筋疲力尽的太阳躲进了云行宫
七彩火焰却未因此失去一半光芒
火焰灿烂依然，为我飞翔生光
我在我抵达，我飞翔我赞叹
天空垂下收藏七彩火焰的云彩

在草原

风把草原铺开了
我的声音将草原抬高了
风与我的声音撞在了一起
相视而笑，礼貌致歉
对不起，你先来

那时，蓝天蓝得很嫩
就像婴儿刚生下来屁股还青
面对草原的靠近露出一脸新奇
注定一生长下来就热爱草原
而且露出热爱的样子

我爱草原上吃草的羊
爱羊站在草原上吃草的样子
由来已久，现在说出来
我的声音终于让风吹起
加入天上的星星之中

壶口西

看见或看不见，阳光的水
从天上汇集、飘落、发光
泥土以黄色活着，活成千古
流动的生命提起河床
抬高岩石，让星月有岸

可是东岸不见岸，一艘大船
宇宙中昂着头，乘风破浪
时间被抛掉，沉沦成一片苍茫
你看见河流看不见水

[Guangxi] LIANG Shengling

Five Liang-Style Poems

A visit of Zhangye National Geopark

The sky is blazing, the dawn of Zhangye is turning hot, I
Dismantle a row of trees of protecting my heart
And take off the Chlorophyll glasses
The flames are crossing, the fire is tense and I am arriving
The sun is discharging each other fiercely with the glamour

The flames in seven colors are glaring with sunshine in a unity
Above clusters of towering flames, I fly
A fire Phoenix is hooting far above me
As human beings, who have the attitude of keeping out of trouble greatly, are despised by me.
Because it is a bird, I yield graceful silence to it.

The exhausted sun dodges into the cloud's palace
The flames in seven colors haven't depleted a half of radiance
The flames are still dazzling to shine my fly
I am present, I arrive. I fly, I exclaim.
The sky droops the collected cloud with flames in seven colors

In Prairie

The wind spreads out the prairie
My voice raises up the prairie
The wind collides with my sound
Smiling in glance, apologizing in grace
Sorry, after you

At that moment, the blue sky is delicate in blue
Like a newly born baby's butt, still fresh
The baby shows a face of wonder as the prairie is approaching
Who is doomed to love the prairie at his birth
and shows his affection on it

I love the sheep who graze in the grassland
I love the picture that the sheep are standing and grazing in the grassland
The affection has been lingered long in my mind, until now I vent it out
My voice has been eventually blown up by the wind
To join in the starlets in sky.

To the West, the Hukou Waterfalls of Yellow River

Visible or invisible, the water in the light
Gather together, float and glimmer in the sky
The mud in yellow is alive, to live for eon
Mobile lives raise the river bank
Raise the rock, and let a bank appear for the star and moon

But on the east is not seen the bank, a colossal ship
Is head on in universe, to ride the waves in wind
Time is discarded off, to sink into a vast of infinities
You may observe the river rather than water

你看到人世看不到人

我以期待站立，以坚信守望
等待一个人的出现，来日的新我
带来一个自我的岸，为他人所不见
啊，那里有恒古的天籁
那里有无限的天光

壶口东

阳光在泥土与水中融化
声与光倾泄、翻腾、飘飞
雄山敞开无形的胸腔，如帝王吐纳
快意充满，溢出一个个江山
岁月以本色湮没流过的年号

我俯视，但说不出所有的一切
就像你不说出你从天上来
就像神不说出而让人信奉与传颂
我站在这只为还见一个人
他一定在东望、期待

当远远与他相视，我愕然
那是往日的我？他点着头转身
那背影已形骸枯槁，仿若智者苍老
我仰望，声与光渐趋寥寂
看到了我丰满的渺小与无知

再登泰山

泰山打开门：了了事
你小子何又重来
是了了事，却有余气有余生
需一场细雨润肌肤
要雨后一波云海养眼

过路又齐鲁
圆柏青翠柳飞扬
至圣的柏冠高万仞
得道的柳枝升仙风
望泰山不见泰山

山下入世山上出
仰看山峰云天垂降
只是灵魂轻
俯视城廓不见蝼蚁
皆因心已空

作者简介：

梁生灵，中国当代诗人。广西南宁市人，有诗集《一枚钉子前进》等多部。作者的诗歌写作秉承汉语诗“意象化”与“音乐性”相统一的艺术传统，吸收入化刘以林“新自由体”理论和创作方法，逐渐形成了“内在旋律”与“外在节奏”相融合的汉语新诗体——“梁氏诗行”。

You may behold the mortal world rather than people

I am standing in expectation, and keeping watch in steadfast
To await for the appearance of a person, the newly born of myself in coming days
Ensuing a bank of myself, which is not visible to others
Ah, in which a voice of nature is remaining for eon
And in which the skylight is infinite

To the East, the Hukou Waterfalls of Yellow River

The sunlight is melted in mud and water
The sound and the sunlight gush out, writhe, flutter
The great Mountain unfolds its intangible bosom, as an emperor breathes
Merry is brimming with the appearance of a state one by one
Time enshrouds the year that it has passed in its distinctive character

I overlook, but I don't speak out all of things
As you don't vent out that you are from the heaven
And as the Devine doesn't impart, but people take as gospel and eulogize.
The reason why I still stand here is due to the expectation of meeting a person
Who is supposed to expect in looking on to the East

As I look at each other with him, I am bewildered
Is it me in the past? he nods while turning around
The figure of his back is withered and wan, like a sage with age
I look up, the sound and light subside to silence
I observe the paltriness of my abundance and the ignorance I possess

Ascend Mount Tai anew

The door of Mount Tai is opened: perfunctory
Why does the fellow come again?
It is perfunctory, but he has residual life in a residual breath
Who needs a fit of drizzle to nurture his skin
Who needs a wave of sea of clouds as a sight for sore eyes after a rain

Pass by Shandong
The cedar is lush, the willow is rising
The Devine cedar is lofty
The immortal willow twig arises the celestial wind
Look out Mount Tai, invisible to see

Descend the mountain, to be born worldly; ascend the mountain, to be born un-worldly
Look up the peak of mountain, a cloud of sky is drooping vertically
The soul is airy
Look down the outline of city, invisible to see mole crickets and ants
Due to the reason that the heart is hollow

(Translated by Xin Yue)

About the author:

LIANG Shengling is a contemporary poet in China. Born in Nanming city, Guangxi, the collections of his poems are "A Nail is Marching" and more etc. In his poetry writing, author adheres to the artistic tradition of unifying the "imagery" and "musicality" in Chinese poetry, absorbs LIU Yilin's "New Free Style" theory and creative method, gradually forms the new style poetry in Chinese to melt "intrinsic melody" with "extrinsic rhythm" — "LIANG-Style Poems".

[中国]段光安

我们这些石头（外二首）

山坡上
棱角分明的石头
相互熟识像村娃
突发山洪
随泥石流滚下
汇入江流
冲刷
冲刷
冲刷
分不清彼此
变得同样圆滑
我们这些石头
砸开依旧棱角锋利
不信你砸

[China] DUAN Guang'an

Estas Piedras (y otros dos poemas)

La colina esta esparcida
Con piedras filosas y angulares
Que son familiares entre una y otra como son los muchachos de aldea
Un inesperado torrente de montañas
Las engolfa en un fluir de debris
Que fluye hacia abajo adentro del rio
Apurando
Apurando
apurando
hasta que son iguales y parecidas
suave y resbaladizo
sin embargo, estas piedras aún retienen
su agudeza sobre la cual revelan
compiendo

残碑

残碑是断臂老人
冷漠
而风骨犹存
笔锋
像胡子一样苍劲
再激昂的演讲
也打动不了他
历史在他身边玩耍
只是一瞬

Tableta de Piedra

La tableta de Piedra es un hombre viejo con brazos rotos

[China] DUAN Guang'an

These Stones (and other twopoems)

The hillside is interspersed
With sharp and angular stones
Who are familiar with each other like village boys
An unexpected mountain torrent
Engulfed them in a debris flow
Which flows downward into rivers
Rushing
Rushing
Rushing
Until they are same and similar
Smooth and slick
Yet these stones still retain
Their sharpness which reveals
Upon breaking

[China] DUAN Guang'an

Ces Pierres (et deux autres poèmes)

Le flanc de coteau est émaillé
de pierres aiguës et anguleuses
qui se connaissent bien comme des garçons de village
Une pluie inattendue en montagne
les engloutit en un flot de débris
s'écoulant vers les rivières
se ruant
se ruant
se ruant
pour devenir les mêmes et similaires
terrain uni et plaque de neige
Ces pierres retiennent toujours
leur acuité qui révèle
la brisure

Stone Tablet

The stone tablet is an old man with broken arms
Indifferent
Yet his grace and vigor persists
The tip of a writing brush
Is bold and vigorous like the beard
Any impassioned speech
Fails to move him
History plays about him
A mere instant

Plaque commémorative en pierre

La plaque commémorative en pierre est un vieillard aux bras cassés

Indiferente
Sin embargo, su gracia y vigor persiste
La punta de un pincel para escribir
Es intrépida y vigorosa como una barba
Cualquier desapasionado discurso
Fracasa a inmutarlo
La historia dramatiza sobre él
un mero instante

下葬

面对太阳
我跪在大地
望着母亲的灵柩
徐徐下移
像露珠缓缓落地
化为汽冉冉升起
大地合拢手掌轻轻捧住
再慢慢向太阳奉上去
阳光巨大的手指把母亲接过
与自然融为一体

母爱若水，晶莹、透明
流淌在我的血液中
树的根茎里
化作催生花蕾的力
我与高擎的树枝一起
向太阳伸着手臂
泪水滴落
在我之内
在我之外
母亲成为自由的自己

El Entierro de Mamá

De cara al Sol
Me arrodillo sobre la tierra
Observando el ataúd de mamá
Gradualmente descendiendo
Como gota de rocío lentamente cayendo en tierra
Convirtiéndose en vapor para elevarse lentamente
La Tierra se dobla en sí misma y la palma suavemente la sostiene
y lentamente se la ofrece al Sol
Las inmensas manos solares toman a mamá
Para integrarla a la naturaleza

El amor materno es como el agua, cristalino y transparente
Y corre en mi sangre
Y en las raíces y ramas de árboles
Convirtiéndolo en la fuerza que hace florecer capullos en flores
Junto con las ramas elevadas yo

Indifférent
Sa grâce et vigueur persistent encore
Le bout du pinceau de l'écrivain
est gras et vigoureux comme la barbe
Aucun discours chaleureux
n'réussit à le déplacer
L'histoire se contente de s'amuser
un instant avec lui

Mother's Burial

Facing the sun
I kneel on the ground
Watching Mother's coffin
Gradually descending
Like a dewdrop slowly dropping aground
Turning into vapor to rise upward gently
The earth folds itself and the palm gently holds it
And slowly give it to the sun
The huge hands of sunshine take over Mother
To be integrated with the nature

Maternal love is like water, crystalline and transparent
And it runs in my blood
And the roots and branches of trees
Turning into the force to bring forth buds and flowers
Together with the towering branches I
Extend my arms toward the sun
Tears dripping and dropping
Within me
Without me
Mother has become a free self

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

L'enterrement de Maman

En face du soleil
Je m'agenouille par terre
Regardant le cercueil de Maman
Descendant progressivement
Comme une goutte de rosée qui tombe lentement par terre
Tournant en vapeur pour s'élever doucement
La terre se replie sur elle-même et le palmier la retient légèrement
Et lentement l'offre au soleil
Les mains immenses du soleil prennent maman
pour l'unir avec la nature

L'amour maternel est comme l'eau, cristallin, transparent
et coule dans mon sang
Et les racines et branches des arbres
se transforment pour engendrer bourgeons et fleurs
en même temps que des branches élevées

Extiendo mis brazos hacia el Sol
Lagrimas goteando y cayendo
Dentro demi
Sin mi
Mamá se ha convertido en un ser libre

(traducido por Celia Altschuler)

Je tends mes bras vers le soleil
Larmes tombant goutte à goutte goutte à goutte
En moi
En moi
Maman est devenue un soi libre

(Traduit de l'anglais en français par Liza LEYLA)

作者简介:

段光安, 1956年生于天津, 中国当代著名诗人、科技工作者。天津鲁黎研究会会长、天津七月诗社副社长兼秘书长、《天津诗人》副主编、中国作家协会会员。在《诗刊》《诗选刊》《星星》《诗林》《书摘》《新华文摘》等报刊发表诗歌作品600多首。著有诗集《段光安的诗》《段光安诗选》(中文版、英文版、阿拉伯语版、罗马尼亚语版)。曾获中国、黎巴嫩、日本等国文学奖。诗作入选多种选本。部分诗作被译成英语、俄语、阿拉伯语、罗马尼亚语、意大利语、波斯尼亚语、尼泊尔语、西班牙语、日语等。

Sobre el Autor:

DUAN Guang'an nació en 1956 en Tianjin. Es un poeta famoso y trabaja como científico. El es el presidente de la Asociación de Tianjin Lu Li Study, vice director y secretario general de Tianjin July Poetry Society, director asociado y editor de "Tianjin Poets", y miembro de "Chinese Writers Association" (Asociación de Escritores Chinos). Ha publicado más de 600 poemas en periódicos incluyendo "Poetry Periodical", "Selected Poems", "The Star Poetry Periodical", "The Forest of Poetry, Digest, Xinhua Wenzhai" (New China Digest), etc. Ha publicado dos poemarios "The Poems of DUAN Guang'an y Selected Poems of DUAN Guang'an". Ha obtenido varios premios, algunos de los cuales han sido incluidos en varias Antologías Poéticas. Algunos de ellos han sido traducidos al inglés, ruso, árabe, rumano, italiano, bosnio, Nepali, Español y japonés.

About the author:

DUAN Guang'an, born in 1956 in Tianjin, as a famous poet and scientific worker, he is the chairman of the Association of Tianjin Lu Li Study, vice-director and secretary general of Tianjin July Poetry Society, associate managing editor of *Tianjin Poets*, and a member of the Chinese Writers Association. He has published over 600 poems on newspapers and periodicals including *Poetry Periodical*, *Selected Poems*, *The Star Poetry Periodical*, *The Forest of Poetry, Digest*, and *Xinhua Wenzhai* (or *New China Digest*), etc. He has published two collections of poems: *The Poems of DUAN Guang'an* and *Selected Poems of DUAN Guang'an*. He has won several prizes for his poems, some of which have been included into various poetry anthologies and, some have been translated into English, Russian, Arabic, Romanian, Italian, Bosnian, Nepali, Spanish and Japanese, etc.

A propos de l'auteur :

DUAN Guang'an est né en 1956 à Tianjin. Comme poète célèbre et scientifique, il est président de l'Association de Tianjin Lu Li Study, vice-directeur et secrétaire général de la Société de poésie de juillet de Tianjin, directeur éditorial associé des *Poètes de Tianjin*, et membre de la *Société des Écrivains Chinois*. Il a publié plus de 600 poèmes dans des journaux et périodiques comme notamment *Poetry Periodical*, *Selected Poems*, *The Star Poetry Periodical*, *The Forest of Poetry, Digest*, et *Xinhua Wenzhai* (ou *New China Digest*), etc. L'auteur a publié deux collections de poèmes: *The poems of DUAN Guang'an* et *Selected Poems of DUAN Guang'an*. Il a gagné différents prix pour ses poèmes dont certains ont été publiés dans plusieurs anthologies et traduits en anglais, russe, arabe, roumain, italien, bosniaque, japonais, népalais et malais, etc.

《中国诗人生日大典》(2020卷)出版

本刊北京讯 北京著名诗人、书法家王爱红先生主编的《中国诗人生日大典》(2020卷),已于2020年1月由中国文化出版社出版、发行。前勒口置有编者王爱红先生的彩照和简介,书前有谢慕先生的序言《典藏名片:让每一个日子都充满诗意》,呼岩鸾先生的《〈中国诗人生日大典〉2020卷诗序(十首)》和“众家评说《中国诗人生日大典》”,书末附有诗人索引。全书收录了400位当今中国诗界最具实力与影响力的诗人的力作400余首,按诗人出生月份排序,同时有诗人画家书法家的数十幅作品插页。16K,382页,印制典雅、大气,内容相当厚重、丰富,颇具文本价值和文献价值,每册定价:人民币70元,值得研读、珍藏。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

特别消息 SPECIAL NEWS

本刊四川讯 四川著名诗人金指尖先生主编、其然先生执行主编的《诗领地》杂志总第15期,已于2018年12月在成都出版。本期主要栏目有:卷首、诗高地、诗重地、诗封地、诗边界、诗后街等。16K,148页,印制精美、大气,值得研读和珍藏。该刊系中国大陆近年崛起的优秀民办诗刊之一。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

[Myanmar] Mamu Roshid

Justice for Rohingya (and other two poems)

Arakan is a heaven on the earth,
But Myanmar government has made.
It a war of field for Arakan by torturing them.
Rohingya wants a referendum for the right to self-determination.

Rohingya wants attentions, truth and solutions.
Misbehaved with many many innocent girls and women,
Raped and murdered in Arakan by The Myanmar occupation armies,

Stop in justice and the war.
Arakan - On August 2017 the Myanmar.
Army opened fire with guns and bombs
Rohingya, Villages and Homes were burnt in front of masters.

Stop the genocide on Rohingya Muslims
Where is UN humanity and why are you silent???
Profession, stop cruelty
aggression and vandalism.
We want real freedom and justice of Arakan!

“Dream of justice”

What have we done?
Why is justice held in this haven?
Injustice is running on the streets of my country in Myanmar
We dream everyday justice

Listen to the unpleasant loud voices of citizens of the nation
Our mouthpieces like bananas
We dream of justice everyday.

What have we done?
Many people work like giant and eat like ants
Leaders denied workers their rights
We dream everyday justice

How long will in justice continue?
Our rights on cows on the grass ended
All our efforts to fight for our rights
We dream of justice everyday.

What have we done?
Human rights have turned towards human values
People in the country were deprived
The benefits of people

Injustice spreads in every corner of my country in Myanmar
Who will fight for us?
We want justice,
We dream everyday justice!

“When a dream comes true”

We are all optimistic dreams,
Looking forward to a better and dazzling future,
For an exquisite and not fighting a war life,
Miracles live like a world in a wonderful way.

Our mindfull of dreams,
In our hearts, we all hold to be ending in success

[缅甸]马穆·罗希德

罗兴亚人的正义(外二首)

若开是大地上的天堂
但是缅甸政府摧毁了她
一场战争折磨着若开
罗兴亚人想拥有自决权

需要被关注真相和办法
对无辜女性的不端行为
被缅甸军阀强暴残杀

快停下这非正义的战争
若开二零一七年八月
军队用枪炮开火的缅甸
罗兴亚人的家园被摧毁

快快停下这种种族灭绝
联合国的人道主义在哪
为什么沉默, 操守在哪
快停止残忍侵略和破坏
若开需要自由和正义

“公平之梦”

我们曾做过什么
为什么要高谈公平
因为不公平充满缅甸大街小巷
我们想要公平每一天

倾听人们不愉快的呼号
我们的口舌如香蕉
我们想要公平每一天

我们曾做过什么
许多人像巨人一样工作, 蚂蚁一样生活
领导们却剥夺了工人的权利
我们想要公平每一天

不知道这种不公平还要持续多少日夜
我们的权利被迫终止
我们要努力争取自己的权利
我们想要公平每一天

我们曾做过什么
人权已经成为我们的价值观
国民被掠夺
权利被剥夺

种种不公平在缅甸每个角落蔓延
谁会为我们而战
我们想要公平
我们想要公平每一天

“当美梦成真”

我们都怀有乐观的梦想
期待着未来的美好和闪亮
只为无忧无虑无战事
奇迹痛快来临

我们心中充满梦想
我们终将获得成功

The best goals and objectives in our lives,
Just like we fight with obstacles.

我们冲破藩篱
实现美好生活

In fact, we don't face only in our nice dreams,
Because we are facing many problems,
So many undecided, unresolved and unsettled conflicts
It stands as obstacles for our success.

的确我们不能仅仅期盼美梦
我们仍需面对很多问题
这么多悬而未决和冲突
依然是我们成功的绊脚石

You and I dream of a human society,
With love and heart in our heart,
Unity is easy to reach and
The world is so beautiful when a dream comes true.

你我都梦想着人类社会
充满心连心的大爱
充满团结
当美梦成真，世界必然焕然一新

(童天鉴日 汉译)

About the author:

Mamu Roshid is from Myanmar Country and a Rohingya, He is a twenty two years old community teacher from Myanmar (Burma). After he had been teaching at the Bangladesh Learning Center in Refugee Camp since 2 years he is utilizing his experience in teaching English, Mamu loves to write poetry, short story and quote and is a budding poet. Currently he was working in MSF (Médécins Sans Frontières) Bangladesh Refugee Camp. The world in which he was born and brought up inspired him to work for human's welfare and excited his soul to dwell deep into the seas of ecstatic words and realms of spiritual poetry. His literary work is published locally in Bangladesh Refugee Camp. Mamu Roshid is a member of World Union of Poets, Pentasy B World poetry and friendship group. On social media he has been emerged as a prominent love Poet, by participating and winning several poetry competitions. He was awarded from many different institutes as a Poet and humble servant of humanity. His poems has published in many International anthologies. He has been working on different peace.

作者简介:

马穆·罗希德，缅甸罗兴亚人，22岁，基层教师。在难民营的孟加拉国学习中心执教两年后，凭借其英语方面的造诣，喜欢上了诗歌、短篇小说的创作和挖掘，成了小有名气的诗人。现供职于无国界医生组织的孟加拉国难民营。他所生长的世界激励着他从事为人类福祉而工作，也激励着他灵魂深处的拷问以及笔端诗歌的精神。文学作品在当地出版发行。系世界诗人联合会会员，五角星世界诗友会会员。在社交媒体上赢得数次诗歌赛后，他迅速成为一名网红诗人。曾被多种机构授予诗人和谦逊的人道主义者称号。诗歌作品散见国际多种选刊文集。长期致力于人类和平事业。

[China] Tongtian Jianri

[中国]童天鉴日

The translator's Postscript

Generally speaking, there are few aesthetic and novel in the three poems. Instead, they are narrations of the military conflict of Myanmar in 2017, and reflections of the resistance, pursuit and expectation of Rohingya people, with the first poem focusing on crying for help, the second one denouncing those guilty and the third calling for humanity and rationality. Comments are not necessary on the whole event about the internal affair of a country; however, as far as poem writing is concerned, it is not easy to write slogan poems to avoid criticisms of either cliché or obscurity. If we regard the three poems as the kind of war of resistance, they provide a cross-section, full of coarse statements of "we want", to reveal the poet's anger, helplessness, naïve and fancy. While for more sophisticated reflections, either more mature thoughts or opinions toward war and life, it may require more profound cross-sections to demonstrate the process of poet's rebirth and growth. Although poems are expressions of heartfelt wishes, continuing refinement of the language is of absolute necessity.

译后记

说实在地，这三首诗歌并没有多少美感，也没有什么新意。只是从一名缅甸罗兴亚人的角度，讲述了那场发生在2017年的缅甸国内军事冲突及罗兴亚人的反抗、索求和展望。从第一首的奔走呼号，到第二首的血泪控诉，直到第三首才回到人道理性。关于这段涉及当代他国内政事件的前因后果，我们不做评述。就诗歌本身来说，口号诗不容易写作，写浅了不免流俗，写深了不易理解，都难以产生共鸣。如果将这三首当作抗战诗对待，作为一个文本切片，里面较多粗糙的“我们要”表述，可以看到年轻诗人的愤怒、无助、幼稚和“理想”；而复杂的情况，或成熟的思虑，或直面“战争与人生”的看法，可能需要串起更多有深度的切片，才能看到诗人摒弃旧我、容纳新生、展示成长。都说“诗为心声”，但是诗意语言的打磨，仍然是必须的。

作者简介:

童天鉴日，著有诗集、译诗集及杂文随笔集共九种。系山西省作家协会会员，中国诗歌学会会员。现任中诗网论坛副主编、新诗馆共同主编和《国际诗歌翻译》季刊客座总编等。现居山西太原。

About the author:

Member of Shanxi Province Writers' Association and the Poetry Institute of China, Dr. Tongtian Jianri has many publications, including nine books on poetry, poetry translation and essays. Now he lives at Taiyuan, Shanxi Province, China, and co-edits a number of websites and journals. He is an associate editor of Chinese Poetry BBS, a co-editor of the New Poetry Archive and a guest editor of *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly*.

特别消息 SPECIAL NEWS

本刊北京讯 河南著名诗人、书法家王猛仁先生的散文诗集《平原歌者》，已于2019年12月由团结出版社出版、发行。书前有范格劼教授的《将爱进行到底：命运困锁的灵咒与灵魂救赎的出口——序王猛仁〈平原歌者〉》，书末附有李俊功先生的评论《细微处总能触动人心深处柔软的部分》。全书共收散文诗170余篇，前勒口置有作者简介、彩照。印制精美、大气，大32K，276页，值得细品。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

[中国]子午

[China] Zi Wu

后意象主义诗派

Post-Imagism Poetry School

意象是中国诗歌美学的核心和最基本范畴。中国诗歌的意象传统始自《诗经》中的“国风”和屈原的《离骚》。后经晋代陶渊明所开掘的田园山水诗的进一步开掘，并经唐、宋两代诗人的共同继承、丰富和拓展，使意象成了中国诗歌源远流长而博大精深的一个庞大系统。自“五·四”以来，中国新诗在20世纪共有3次现代主义的繁荣。前两次分别是二、三十年代（以戴望舒、李金发为代表）和40年代（以穆旦为代表），后一次则是由70年代末“朦胧诗”运动所引发的80年代现代主义诗歌的普及。这3次现代主义诗歌（尤其是“朦胧诗”）运动在诗歌美学、艺术本体建设，及其创作实践上，都不谋而合地突现了对民族意象诗传统的恢复和创造性发展。后意象主义一说便由此而来。它既是对中国古典诗歌意象传统的继承和推陈出新，又是对“五·四”新诗和“朦胧诗”运动所形成的新意象元素的拓展与突进。所以，“后意象”的“后”便是相对于新诗所形成的新意象而言。

当新诗潮运动在90年代初陷入短暂的沉寂，当时，重庆青年诗人张智（即野鬼）先后通过电话和书信与广州的子午多次进行交流探讨。他们坚信，尽管某些过激青年在新诗潮运动中，一度提出了反意象、反抒情、反语言、反技巧、反传统、反文化，甚至反诗的主张，但中国诗歌的意象传统却恰恰是世界诗史中最为独特、最有生命力，因而也是它赖以生存的前提条件及核心元素。为使中国当代新诗不至于与两千多年的意象传统发生艺术断裂，并在文化学意义和诗歌美学上进一步保持和深化其汉语性特点，共同为中国新诗建设献上一份绵力，经与同仁商定，于1995年5月8日在重庆创办中国第一个混语版诗刊《国际汉语诗坛》（后更名为《国际诗歌翻译》季刊，张智任执行总编），并以该刊为阵地，联系和团结有志于开拓中国新诗意象及致力诗体建设的海内外华文诗人。

《国际诗歌翻译》同仁是一支创作、评论、翻译三位一体的团队。他们对中国诗歌意象传统的坚持及其“守望者”的虔诚，得到了特丽辛卡·佩雷拉（巴西）、露丝玛丽·威尔金森（美国）、高利克（斯洛伐克）、娜迪亚-契拉·勃普（罗马尼亚）、伊曼纽尔·马休（比利时）、毕普拉勃·马加达（印度）森·哈达（蒙古国）、陈颖杜（泰国）、史英（新加坡）等中外著名诗人、汉学家、翻译家，和台港知名诗人邱平、蔡

Image is the kernel and the most basic category of the aesthetics of Chinese poetry. The image tradition of Chinese poetry begins from Guo Feng in *The Book of Songs* and Qu Yuan's *The Parting Sorrow*, later to be developed through the landscape poetry by Tao Yuanming in the Jin Dynasty, and inherited, enriched, deepened jointly by poets of the Tang and Song dynasties, which matures image into a huge system that boasts profundity and a long history. Since the May Fourth Movement in 1919, new Chinese poetry witnessed three periods of prosperity in modernism in the 20th century. The first two periods are respectively the 20s to 30s (represented by Dai Wangshu and Li Jinfa) and the 40s (represented by Mu Dan); the third period refers to the popularization of modernism poetry in the 80s intrigued by the movement of "misty poems" at the end of the 70s. These three movements of modernism poetry, particularly the movement of "misty poems", have coincidentally placed emphasis on the restoration and creative development of the national tradition of image poetry regarding poetry aesthetics, construction of art per se, and poetry creation. Hence the term of "post-imagism", which, while inheriting and evolving the new from the image tradition of classic Chinese poetry, develops and enhances the new image element formed through May Fourth Movement new poetry and the movement of misty poems. Therefore, the post in post-imagism, comparatively, refers to the new image formed in new Chinese poetry.

At the beginning of the 90s, temporary silence reigns in new poetry, when Zhang Zhi (Diablo), a young poet from Chongqing, discusses the future of Chinese poetry with Zi Wu who is from Guangzhou on the phone or through correspondence. Their belief is that, in spite of the anti-image, anti-lyric, anti-language, anti-technique, anti-tradition, anti-culture, even anti-poetry professed by some radical young poets in the movement of new poetry, the image tradition of Chinese poetry still remains the most unique and the most forceful in the history of world poetry, and it is the prerequisite for its existence and the kernel element. To prevent contemporary Chinese poetry from breaking off artistically from the image tradition of two thousand years, and to keep and deepen its Chinese characteristics culturally and aesthetically, after discussion and consultation with other colleagues, they sponsored the first bilingual poetry periodical *The Chinese Poetry International* (later changed into multilingual *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly*, Dr. Zhang Zhi as the executive editor-in-chief) in Chongqing on May 8, 1995, aiming to make some contribution to the development of new Chinese poetry. The magazine has rallied a host of Chinese poets both at home and from overseas countries who share the ambition to further develop the image of new Chinese poetry and who are devoted to the construction of poetry system.

The members of *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly* constitute a team engaged in poetry writing, criticism, and translation. The guard and maintain the image tradition of Chinese poetry and, owing to their piety of "watchers", they gain support from famous Chinese and overseas poets, Sinologists and translators such as Teresinha Pereira (Brazil), Rosemary C. Wilkinson (America), Galik (Slovak), Nadia-Cella Pop (Romania), Emmanuel Mahieu (Belgium), Biplab Majumdar (India), Hadaa Sendoo (Mongolia), Chan Sirisuwat (Thailand), Shi Ymg (Singapore), as well as Chiu Pin and Choi Laisheung, famous poet and poetess respectively from Taiwan and Hong Kong. Actually, *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly* has developed into the most representative and influential Chinese magazine both at home and abroad, and

丽双等的肯定和支持。实际上,《国际诗歌翻译》季刊已发展成为一份海内外最重要、最有代表性的华文诗刊及全球发行范围最广的混语版诗刊,在国际诗坛享有盛誉。应当指出,后意象主义诗派是一个具有广泛国际影响,并得到海内外不少诗界权威肯定的诗派。该诗派代表诗人有(按出生年先后为序):杨宗泽、子午(理论代言人)、叶世斌、朱立坤、查镜洲、野鬼、张智中、沈宥钧、木樨颜……,等。

《周易·系辞》曰:“圣人立象以尽意,设卦以尽情伪,系辞焉以尽其言。”在这里,“立象以尽意”无疑是中国古代美学、同时也是诗歌美学关于意象的最早体认。南朝梁代文论家刘勰《文心雕龙·神思篇》曰:“寻声律而定墨……窥意象而运斤。此盖驭文之首术,谋篇之大端。”显然,刘勰是将意象视为写诗作文的最高艺术技巧和谋篇布局的最重要手法。陈植锷指出:“意象是以语词为载体的诗歌艺术的基本符号。”晚近的美英意象派诗歌,与中国古典意象诗分属两个品格各异的诗美体系(英文Image是指运用想象、幻想、譬喻所构成的各种具体、鲜明、可感的诗歌形象,这显然有别于中国古诗中的“意象”),但前者无疑深深受惠于后者的影响。

至于“朦胧诗”群所普遍使用的鸽哨、蒲公英、湖泊、天空、帆影、星星、露滴、小草等意象,实质上是对陶渊明山水诗中的田园、南山、东篱、倦鸟,和李白、杜甫诗中的轻舟、孤帆、长江、明月、花间等意象的一种现代视角的折射。我们不难看出当代青年诗人对中国古典诗歌意象话语“家族积淀”的心灵擦痕。如果说,古典诗歌中的传统意象是以其农耕文化背景为依托,“五·四”新诗的意象是与其狂飙疾进、文白夹杂的时代精神互为表里,“朦胧诗”中的意象是新时期“伤痕”、“反思”和“寻根”文学的一种特殊词/象载体;那么,后意象主义诗歌中的意象则是互联网时代对汉语和汉语文学中的人文精神的重铸,和对中国新诗的汉语性特点的本体论复归。

子午认为:“意象与叙事是诗歌的两个最基本的支点。意象的弱化或缺失,必然导致诗性的丧失或消解。”从汉语的历史发展和生成形态来看,它特殊的词性活用、字体结构及其音节的单体化格局(即一个字为一个音节),以及讲求音、形对称,散点分布的“场型语言”,是与东方的整体主义哲学相辅相成的。汉语的这一特点,使意象成了汉语文学(尤其是汉语诗)的核心元素。在现代汉语发展几近圆熟的后新时期特定语境下,意象虽然不可能再是“驭文之首术,谋篇之大端”,但它仍然是后意象主义诗人托物寓情,通过对语言的“象一意一境”二次激活,而使词象互生,以达到“言外一象外一诗外”三重叠合诗美原则的不可或缺的前提。

the most widely distributed multilingual poetry periodical in the world, for which it enjoys a good reputation in international forum of poetry. It should be pointed out that the poetry school of post-imagism has been confirmed by some poetry authorities, and it is exerting more and more influence internationally. Representative poets of this school are (according to their dates of birth): Yang Zongze, Zi Wu (theory spokesman), Ye Shibin, Zhu Likun, Zha Jingzhou, Diablo, Zhang Zhizhong, Shen Youjun, and Brent Yan, etc.

Copulative of The Book of Changes says: “the saint creates an image to express his meaning, establishes hexagram to recognize false feelings, and resorts to words to express his meaning.” Here, “the saint creates an image to express his meaning” is undoubtedly the earliest perception about image concerning ancient Chinese aesthetics and poetry aesthetics. Liu Xie, an established literary theorist in the South Dynasty, thus remarks in his famous *Carving Dragon at the Core of Literature (wenxin diaolong)*: “to set the tone according to rhyme and rhythm ... to write according to the image. This is the first important technique in composition and disposition of an article.” Obviously, Liu Xie regards image as the consummate artistic skill in literary creation and the most important means of layout in writing. Chen Zhi'e also points out: “image is the basic symbol in the art of poetry with words as the carrier.” The afterward imagist poetry in Britain and America is different from ancient Chinese poetry of images, and they fall under two systems of poetry aesthetics (in English, the word “image” refers to various concrete, vivid, and tangible poetic visualization by using imagination, illusion, and simile, which is different from the image in ancient Chinese poetry), though the former is deeply influenced by the latter.

Dove, dandelion, lake, sky, sail, star, dewdrop, grass, such images which are rife in misty poems are, actually the modern reflection of the images such as field, southern hill, eastern hedge, and weary birds in poems of Tao Yuanming and of the images such as shaft, lonely sail, the Long River, the bright moon, and flowers in poems of Li Bai and Du Fu. It is not difficult for us to find the soul traces of contemporary young poets on the “family accumulation” of the image of ancient Chinese poetry. If we say the traditional image in ancient Chinese poetry takes the agricultural culture as its background, the image in poetry during the May Fourth Movement cannot dispense with its epochal hurricane & radicalism and the mixed language of archaism & vernacularism, the image in misty poetry is a special diction or carrier of the literature of “scar”, “reflection”, and “root-finding” in the new period, then the image in poetry of post-imagism is a re-casting of humanism in Chinese and Chinese literature in the age of network, as well as restoration of the Chinese characteristics in new Chinese poetry.

Zi Wu believes that “image and narration are the most important two pivots in poetry and, any weakening or loss of image entails the loss or dissolve of poetry.” Historically and etymologically, Chinese is flexible in its parts of speech, its character structure is special, its syllables are unified (one Chinese character, one syllable), it is parallel in sound and form, and it is a kind of “field-type language” of individual points, all these are supplementary to the Oriental overall philosophy. Such features of the Chinese language render the image into a kernel element of Chinese literature, particularly Chinese poetry. Under the context of the post-new epoch when modern Chinese nearly reaches consummation, though image is no more “the first important technique in composition and disposition of an article”, poets of post-imagism, through activation for the second time the “image-sense-realm” in language, bring words and image into an interplay, so as to express feelings through the things described, and finally to realize the triple principle of poetry aesthetics of “beyond words — beyond image — beyond poetry”.

(Translated by ZHANG Zhizhong)

[中国]王幅明

[China] WANG Fuming

行吟与言志

——读李志亮《散文诗精选》

Going Lyric and Aspiring

— On Selected Prose Poems by LI Zhiliang

李志亮先生是一位年逾古稀的老作家、诗人。16岁开始写诗，几十年来笔耕不辍，且涉足多种文体，兼及散文、新诗、古典诗词、小说、杂文等。作品发表在《人民日报》《光明日报》《散文选刊》等国内有影响的文学刊物，成果颇丰，出版过多部散文集、诗集和中篇小说。散文荣获中国散文学会第三、第四届全国冰心散文奖；诗作多次获奖，部分诗作被译介到美国、印度及欧洲诸国。

前不久收到他惠赠的大作《李志亮散文诗精选》，令我眼前一亮。展卷细读，不时为他真诚、朴实、讴歌正能量的作品所打动。他的散文诗深受中国传统古典诗词及《诗经》的影响，特别在句式、分段、语言和意境上的影响清晰可见。其作品大多属于行吟类，题材丰富，俯拾皆是。志亮先生是国家公务员，长期从事公安、纪检工作，工作之余，参观祖国各地的风物、名胜，其中一些在记忆里挥之不去，引燃起激情和灵感，成为他散文诗创作的诱因。

他散文诗作品的一个突出特色，是在行吟中言志。如《中山陵》：

中山陵，高竿跨越苍穹，烈风吹显威严。
中山陵，背靠崔嵬钟山在云中，长江万里滚滚去。
中山陵，黛色苍松三千尺，超群独立的翠柏漫山。
中山陵，云山烟火，气象雄伟……

登上中山陵，“我的血液与心灵得到一次净化与升华”，缅怀中山先生的不朽业绩，作者首先想到的是中山先生身体力行并终生倡导的执政理念：天下为公。它在诗人的心中引起了强烈的共鸣，“仿佛在我的血管中奔腾”，因而令作者“大声吟咏”。这种在行吟中言志的写法，有画龙点睛的功效，颇具感染力。

又如通篇不足百字的短章《雁》：太阳落下了，大江流动，余晖中一群大雁飞翔。不怕风急霜浓，还在塞北春来苦寒，用大智大勇，啄绿了人间生活。在云涛中散步，视泰山一点，看江水一条线，高飞吧，大雁，耐得住寂寞，耐得住孤独、清贫。

这是一首咏物诗，对象是常见的候鸟大雁。写大雁可以有不同的角度，但大多都会使雁人格化。人是大自然的镜子。大自然的美，都有人类的影子。人格有高下之分。志亮先生用“大智大勇”“啄绿”“云涛中散步”等词汇赞美大雁，使大雁具有了坚忍、从容、淡泊的崇高人格。作者同样在言志。他崇尚“耐得住寂寞，耐得住孤独、清贫”的人格，祝愿他们更高地飞翔，何尝不是他内心的写照！

再如《黑龙江岸上白桦树》：

Mr. LI Zhiliang is a septuagenarian writer and poet. His poetry-composing career spanned decades starting nonstop from the age of 16, addressing a wide spectrum of genres encompassing prose, neo-poetry, classical poetry, novels and essays. He, a productive writer, has published collections of prose, poetry and novellas in numerous literary influencers in China, e.g. *People's Daily*, *Guang Ming Daily* and *Prose Anthology*. His prose won the Third and Fourth National Bing Xin Prose Award by Chinese Prose Society. His poems have won multiple awards, some of which have been translated and introduced to the United States, India and European countries.

Not long ago, I received his gift masterpiece *Selected Prose Poems by LI Zhiliang* which blew my mind. Browsing through the poems, I was touched from time to time by his heartfelt, plain eulogies of positive energy. His prose poems have been largely inspired by the traditional Chinese classical poetry and *The Book of Songs*, noticeably reflective of sentence patterns, paragraphing, wording and artistic conception in particular. Most of his works are lyric with far-reaching themes. Mr. Zhiliang is a national civil servant who has long been dedicated to public security and disciplinary inspection. During his work breaks, he visited hosts of scenic sites across China, some of which have produced persistent memories, igniting his passion and inspiration and inducing his poem creation.

One of the prominent features of his prose poems is epitomized by his aspiring lyricism. Such as *Sun Yat-sen's Mausoleum*:

Sun Yat-sen's Mausoleum, towering across the sky with the gale bellowing majesty.

Sun Yat-sen's Mausoleum, nestling in the clouded Zhong Mountain, overlooking the mighty Yangtze River surging forward.

Sun Yat-sen's Mausoleum, surrounded by skyscraping pines and cypresses all over the mountains.

Sun Yat-sen's Mausoleum, what a magnificent ink landscape of clouded peaks and misty rain...

Mounting Sun Yat-sen's Mausoleum, Mr. LI Zhiliang chanted "My blood and soul was purified and sublimated once again". Recalling the immortal achievements of Mr. Sun Yat-sen, the author first thought of the governing mindset that Mr. Sun Yat-sen practiced and advocated all his life: The world is for the common good which resonated strongly with the author's heart. "As if it were churning through my veins," so that the author "chanted aloud." This kind of lyric aspirations effectively serve as infectious sound bites.

For another example his another short piece of less than 100 words *Wild Geese*: *At sunset, a flock of wild geese are sailing above a gushing river in the afterglow. Defying the gusty wind and thick frost, they are still in the north braving the early bitter spring cold. With great wisdom and courage, they have pecked lush human life. When they are strolling in the clouds, Mount Tai turns into a tiny spot and the river a string. Soar high, wild geese, you've triumphed over loneliness, solitude and poverty.*

This is an ode to things with the common migratory geese being the object. Wild geese can be depicted from different perspectives, but mostly are personified. Human beings are the mirror of nature whose beauty exemplifies humans. Personalities can be both lofty and humble. Mr. Zhiliang extols geese with such expressions as "great wisdom and courage", "peck lush", "strolling in the clouds", etc, thus endowing geese with noble personalities such as perseverance, calm and detachment. Meanwhile, the author is also vocal about his aspirations. He champions the personalities of "triumph over loneliness, solitude and poverty", and may they soar higher, which is actually the portrayal of his innerworld!

The Silver Birch on Amur River illustrates further:

高高的白桦树，滔滔的黑龙江水。白桦树走的是一条艰苦卓绝的道路，它盼望有一种希望到来。

摆在它的面前是：大山，寒风，黑夜，雪花，悬崖，江水，雷电，暴雨，雨淋，漠漠纷纷飞雪。

白桦树迎着几番风雨，不回头，身体直立向前走。雷电击碎了白桦树的叶子，它抬起头向前走。白桦树在夜寒寒、杀声阵阵的环境，冲坚毁锐，碧血丹心，向前走！

恶鸟死了。白桦树盼到了春风，黎明，太阳照满人间。

此章与《雁》异曲同工。在作者眼中，白桦树下是静止的，它像一个顶风冒雪一往无前的勇士，最终赢得了春天。显然，字里行间，有着作者深沉的寄托。

徐怀谦说：“读李志亮的散文，感觉他的文字贯穿了一股浩然正气，这样的文字搭在一起，就构成了一幅风骨，使他的文字昂然挺立，不会轻易倒掉。这可能得益于中原大地的哺育，也与他长年做纪检监察工作有关。”徐怀谦的评价同样适用于志亮先生的散文诗。以上举例足可佐证。

志亮先生写过不少有关豫东风情风物的短章，犹如一幅幅精致的素描，别具一格。而他一些在行吟中言志的篇章，是他散文诗中最有思想价值的部分。

The towering silver birch and surging Heilongjiang River. The birch has blazed a craggy and arduous trail, waiting for a glimmer of hope.

Looming large ahead are: mountains, piercing wind, dark night, snowflakes, cliffs, rivers, thunder, storms, frost and heavy snow.

Braving the wind and rain, the silver birch, body straightened, forged ahead without looking back. The lightning smashed its leaves. Nevertheless, it raised its head and moved on. The silver birch strode in the cold night, in the thunderous fierce battlefields, storming through barricades after barricades, his blood boiling and red heart thumping. He just forged on!

The evil bird was killed. The birch survived to embrace the spring breeze. At dawn, the sun shone all over the world.

This poem echoes *The Wild Geese*. In the author's eyes, the birch poised still like a courageous man confronting the wind and snow and eventually harvested the spring. Obviously, we can read the author's profound emotional convictions between the lines.

XU Huaqian commented, "When I read LI Zhiliang's prose, I feel that his words brim with noble and righteous spirit. Once joined, these words form a style that makes his phrases stand upright and won't collapse effortlessly, which may have benefited from the cultivation of the central plains and his years of disciplinary inspection and supervision." XU Huaqian's appraisal also applies to Zhiliang's prose poems, which are well evidenced by the above quotations.

Mr. Zhiliang has written numberless short poems on the local practices and customs in eastern Henan Province, which strike us as elaborate novel pencil sketches. Those relative to lyric aspirations are the most emotionally prime examples.

(Translated by LU Feng)

作者简介:

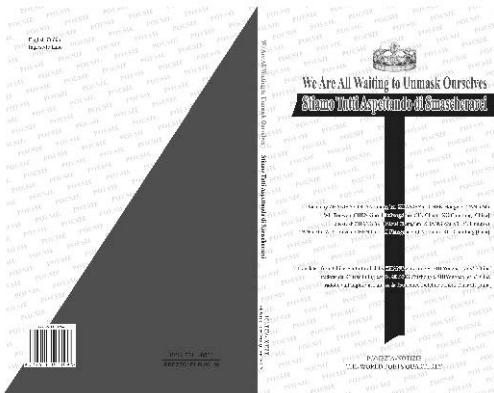
王幅明，1949年出生于河南唐河。中国作家协会、中国书法家协会、中国文艺评论家协会会员，中国传记文学学会理事，河南省散文诗学会会长，国务院特殊津贴专家。从事编辑出版工作30余年，曾任河南文艺出版社社长，有10余种文学著作出版。现居郑州。

About the author:

WANG Fuming, born in 1949 in Tanghe County, Henan Province, is member of Chinese Writers Association, member of Chinese Calligrapher's Association, member of Chinese Literary Critics Association, Director of Chinese Biographical Literature Association, President of Henan Prose Poetry Society, Expert with special allowances from the State Council. He has been engaged in editing and publishing for more than 30 years, served as President of Henan Literature and Art Publishing House, and published over 10 literary works. He's now living in Zhengzhou.

英语-意大利语对照诗选

《We Are All Waiting to Unmask Ourselves-Stiamo Tutti Aspettando di Smascherarci》 已由POMEZIA-NOTIZIE在意大利出版发行



英语-意大利语对照诗选《We Are All Waiting to Unmask Ourselves-Stiamo Tutti Aspettando di Smascherarci》，系意大利著名文学杂志《POMEZIA-NOTIZIE》策划、出版的重要诗歌选本，全书收录了中国实力诗人张焯(ZHANG YE)教授、段光安(DUAN GUANG'AN)先生、张智(ZHANG ZHI)博士、陈红为(CHEN HONGWEI)先生、唐诗(TANG SHI)博士、吴投文(WU TOUWEN)教授、成果(CHENG GUO)女士、李尚朝(LI SHANGCHAO)先生、徐春芳(XU CHUNFANG)先生、秦川(QIN CHUAN)先生等的英语-意大利语对照诗作、简介和意大利著名诗人 Domenico Defelice先生的精彩短评。前后勒口置有十位中国诗人的照片，书末附有英译者、中国著名翻译家张智中教授、石永浩教授，意大利语译者、意大利著名翻译家Domenico Defelice先生、Lidia Chiarelli女士的英文简介。

公元2019年初，国际诗歌翻译研究中心主席张智博士，应意大利著名文学月刊《POMEZIA-NOTIZIE》主编Domenico Defelice先生之约，推介十位有影响力的中国诗人的诗作、简介和照片，在该刊连载，继而引起意大利读者的广泛关注。2020年3月，《POMEZIA-NOTIZIE》将以上十位中国诗人的作品、小传在意大利结集出版。该书大32K，104页，印制精美、大气，值得珍藏。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

国际诗歌翻译研究中心
环球文化出版社
混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社

Warmly welcome poetic works from all over the world!

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

Detailed information is as follows:

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

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

3. *The Book Series of World Poets* are published in the same style of 16k (265x170mm) and priced according to the same criterion. Each

volume, 160 pages with 1600-1700 lines, can be composed of any type of poems like long poems, short poems and serial poems. Front cover is colorfully printed with copper plate paper (300g) and inside page is printed with light offset paper (80g). On inside front cover fold is the brief introduction of the author (bilingual) and a colored picture of the author. Each volume is printed in 1000 copies. Price of each copy is: CNY60,

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

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

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

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

The International Poetry Translation and Research Centre
The Earth Culture Press
The Journal of *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly*

《世界诗人书库》(双语对照)

征稿启事

Notice to Contributors

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

特别消息 SPECIAL NEWS

本刊广东讯 广东著名诗人杨克先生总编的《作品》文学杂志(上半月刊)2020年第1期(总第736期),已于2020年1月在广州出版、发行。主要栏目有:中国故事、经典70后、网生代、世界文学、探索发现、大家手稿、粤派批评、天下好诗、新书品读等。16K, 208页,每册定价:人民币20元,全年240元,印制精美、大气,值得细读和珍藏。该刊系中国大陆最有影响力的文学杂志之一。

本刊河北讯 河北著名诗人刘向东先生主编的《诗选刊》月刊2020年第1期(总第525期),已于2020年1月在石家庄出版、发行。主要栏目有:新诗别裁、原创部落、诗人自选诗、诗集经典回放、国际诗坛、当代诗词、诗与思等。16K, 112页,每册定价:人民币20元,全年240元,印制精美、大气,值得细读和珍藏。该刊系中国大陆最有影响力的诗刊之一。

国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)

“国际诗人档案中心”征集资料启事

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

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

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

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

D. 资料请寄:中国重庆市江北区观音桥邮局031信箱 《国际诗歌翻译》编辑部,邮政编码:400020。

Notice Inviting
“The Archive Centre for International Poets”

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

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

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

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

D. Address: The Editorial Department of *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly*

P.O.Box 031, Guanyinqiao, Jiangbei District
Chongqing City 400020, P. R. CHINA.

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重要启事

●本刊义务为优秀诗歌读物进行宣传,赐寄样书样刊样报两册(份)即发布消息。否则拒刊。

●本刊每期将以较大篇幅推出一位诗人的组诗、长诗或若干短诗,欲一展风采者,请赐寄力作300至350行,个人生平和艺术简历两份及彩色艺术照片两帧,并附足回程邮资。来稿一个月内通知终审结果,不用即退。凡入选者需承担相应的翻译费和邮寄费。电邮: iptrc@126.com。

●地址:中国重庆市江北区观音桥邮局031信箱 张智博士,邮编:400020。

《国际诗歌翻译》编辑部

Notice

● This journal advertises the worthwhile poetry reading free of charge. News well be announced as soon as two copies of sample books, journals, newspapers are received.

● This journal introduced at length one poet's serial poems, long poems or several short poems in each issuer. Those interested in that please send us their best poems of 300-350 lines together with two copies of their life story and vitae and two colored free-style photos. Return postage enclosed. Final result will be given in a month. The works will be returned if rejected. Those selected need to take up corresponding fees for translation and mailing. E-mail: iptrc@126.com.

● Add: Dr. Zhang Zhi, P.O.Box 031, Guanyinqiao, Jiangbei District, Chongqing City 400020, P.R.China.

The Editorial Department of *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly*

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主送:
《国际诗歌翻译》杂志

《国际诗歌翻译》季刊稿约

△本刊是世界唯一的以多种语言对照出版的纯现代诗季刊，创立于1995年5月8日，发行至一百九十多个国家，是国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC) 研究员、国际作家艺术家协会 (IWA) 会员和希腊作家艺术家国际协会 (ISGWA) 会员共同的发表园地。

△凡诗创作、诗论、诗话、诗人、评论家、翻译家、汉学家专访、诗坛信息、史料等，均表欢迎。

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△赐稿订阅地址：中国重庆市江北区观音桥邮局031信箱《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社 张智(博士)，邮政编码：400020。

Notice of Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly to Contributors

△This journal is the only quarterly for the purely modern poems published in the multilingual languages such as Chinese, English, French, German, Russian, Spanish, Japanese, Greek and the contributor's mother tongue, founded on May 8, 1995, circulated in over 190 countries. It is a joint journal for members of The International Poetry Translation and Research Centre (IPTRC), International Writers and Artists Association (IWA), and International Society of Greek Writers & Arts (ISGWA).

△Welcome are those poetic works, poetic criticisms, poetic stories and interviews of poets, critics, translators and sinologists and historical materials.

△Contributions will not be revised except for some technical treatment. Due to the limitation of time and manpower, all contributions including a short resume of your art experience and achievement and two color photographs must be written in two or more than two kinds of languages and sent via E-mail to: iptrc@126.com, iptrc@163.com, No contribution will be accepted if it is inadequate.

△No contribution will be returned.

△Contributors are responsible for legal matters. This journal is not jointly responsible for the illegal writings and pictures.

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△Welcome to contribution and subscription. Anyone who subscribe this journal will be favored in his contribution provided that his is equally qualified as others. Price: 1 year (4 issues) US\$80.00 or EUR80.00.

△All publishing expenditures are raised by the editors (No financial allocations), and there is no pay for contributions. You will be offered a copy of our journal when your contribution is published.

△Please mail to:

Dr. ZHANG ZHI

The Journal of Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly,

P. O. Box 031, Guanyinqiao, Jiangbei District,

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