



非马
汉英诗选

The Selected Chinese/English
Poems of
William Marr

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Poems of
William Marr**

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横跨两个文化的喜悦

— 序「非马双语诗选粹」

谢勳

常年居住美国，写中文现代诗的华裔作家还算不少。可是，同时又能以英文写诗，并活跃於当地诗坛的却属凤毛麟角。知名度跨越台湾、中国大陆、香港及其他华文地区的诗人非马，正是这样一位代表性的人物。

我曾在《速写当代美国诗坛》（酿出版，2014）一书里，深入访问诗人非马，畅谈他的诗观，以及写诗和翻译诗的心路历程。理工的训练给了非马观察入微的能力，使他的诗简洁精炼，意象鲜明。他的诗节奏明快，表达含蓄，时而夹带着幽默。他一贯采用表面上浅显简单的文字来表达深刻隽永的内容，而且涵盖多面向的主题，包括「温室效应」、「雾霾世界」及「川普墙」这类新近的社会现象。对他来说，诗即是生活，生活即是诗。读他的诗往往感受到俯拾皆是的惊讶和感动。

非马从年轻时留学美国后，翻译了一千多首英美及其他国家的诗作。这种从事不同文化沟通的桥梁角色，很自然引发他写双语诗的兴趣。他强调，诗的翻译不应该是字面上一对一的刻板转换，而往往是一种深入内里的再创作。在这本集子里，同样题目的诗作成对，中英文对照。不论灵感的原点是来自中文或英文，这一对不同语文的诗稿同时互相激荡，来回修润，直到各就其位为止。

我相信，以非马长年勤於写诗和译诗所积累的功力和洞察力，这本双语诗选粹将为读者带来一种横跨两个文化的喜悦。

Joy of Poetry across Two Cultures

H. Philip Hsieh

There are quite a few Chinese American writers who can write modern Chinese poetry, but those who are also capable of writing poems in English and staying active in local poetry communities are very few in number. Well known across Taiwan, Mainland China, Hong Kong and other regions where Chinese language is popular, the gifted poet William Marr stands out as a good example.

I had the pleasure of doing an in-depth interview with William Marr in my book “Poets about Poetry” (EGW Publishing Inc., 2016) in which he articulates his views on poetry and his approaches to writing and translating poems. With his scientific training, Marr is well equipped with the abilities for keen observations, concise language and specific and vivid imageries. His poems are full of lucid rhythms, metaphors and often a touch of humor. Beneath his seemingly simple spoken words are profound and deeply meaningful contents. His poems are diverse in scope including very contemporary subjects such as the greenhouse effects, smog and Trump wall. To him, poetry is life and life is poetry. His poems often bring the readers surprises and deep emotions.

After having immigrated to the United States as a young researcher, William Marr has translated more than a thousand poems from the U.S., the U.K. and other countries. It is not surprising then that he has been quite interested in writing bilingual poems. He once emphasized that translating poems should not be just a one-to-one literal conversion, but rather another form of creativity based on the same universal core feeling or ideas. The poems in this book all were composed in pairs, in Chinese and in English. No matter which language the original idea came from, both versions of the same poem inspire and feed each other, with revisions back and forth, until both were considered perfect.

I believe, with William Marr’s experiences and insights from his many years of writing and translating poems, this book of his bilingual poems will help mindful readers benefit from the joy of poetry across two cultures.

非马诗评论摘录

下面是从 500 多篇来自台湾，香港，大陆，东南亚及北美洲等地的诗人、评论家及学者对非马诗的评论文章的部分摘录：

【美国及海外】

这位从中国优美简洁的传统里走出来的多层次的抒情名家，吸取了美国的自然力与风韵，使他的技巧更登高峰。他的幽默、洞达及温柔是世界性的；他对这些丰富材料的控制熟练而自如。

—格兰娜·豪乐威(Glenna Holloway)，伊利诺州诗人协会创始会长，
诗集《从未远离水及其它的爱情故事》等作者。

每一首是一面开向美丽与流畅的窗。....从奇思妙想到动荡骚乱，都是些可爱的诗。外表单纯而不装腔作势，它们使人联想到既光明又黑暗的敏锐感觉。

—李立扬，美国著名诗人，诗集《玫瑰》及《在那个我爱你的城市》作者。

奇特陌生的腔调与神韵 — 令我耳目一新。

—布鲁克斯，伊利诺州前任桂冠诗人

我们发现，值得收藏的芝加哥诗人，从费尔德，桑德堡，马斯特，曼罗，布鲁克斯，克斯提罗，荷南德兹，李立扬，非马到一批更近代的诗人...

—海斯(Kenan Heise)〈收藏芝加哥的诗〉

有时候越简单的东西越深刻。这在国际知名的诗人/翻译家非马的作品里显得特别真确。

—苏珊·笛博，杂志主编，美国

他流畅明确地使用一般人的语言。。。给平常事物以深刻的意义。

—张错，《喧哗的岛屿--台湾现代诗选》，哥伦比亚大学出版社

诗人非马作品「鸟笼」一首，使我读了钦佩之至，赞叹不已。像这样一种可一而不可再的「神来之笔」，我越看越喜欢，不只是万分的羡慕，而且还带点儿妒忌，简直恨不得据为己有那才好哩。

—纪弦〈读非马的「鸟笼」〉

非马的诗用字十分简炼，没有难懂的语言。他喜欢用口语，又不流于俚俗。日常所见的简单事物，在他笔下化为神奇。他以冷静而不失感性，讽刺却常带幽默的手法创出微妙的诗境，冲击读者的思想，激发读者去思考，因而读他的诗，常能获得意想不到的愉悦。……非马的诗易读，易懂，又不易懂。易读、易懂是因为他的诗口语化，意象鲜明。不易懂，是因为他的诗象征性强，往往有好几重层次。

—王渝《海外华人作家诗选》

我觉得他在研究能源之余，从语言矿石中提炼出来的诗的镞，产生着足以温暖读者心灵的能量。如果说，七、八十年前，美国人有幸听到从芝加哥传出的「工业美国的桂冠诗人」卡尔·桑德堡自弹吉他的动人歌唱，那么，今天各地的华人也有幸听到从芝加哥传出一位华裔能源研究员感人的诗的吟诵。

—安晨〈笃笃有声的马蹄〉

非马的诗多是知性的短章，社会性异常强烈。他善用反讽对比与突变的手法，每在矛盾的语法中孕育深刻的意义，使人读后心中惊诧，回味无穷。

—和权〈试析非马的诗〉

对于许多诗人与诗论家来说是尖锐对立的诗与科学，在非马那里却得到了和谐与统一。

—李黎〈独特的诗路—谈非马的诗集《路》〉

非马以平易却精纯至一字不可更易的语言，在普通习见的众多事物中发掘出玲珑剔透的诗情，充满了机智、讽刺和幽默。

—刘荒田〈海外学艺录〉

纵观中美文学史，能同时在中文英文这两种语言中畅游的优秀诗人实不多见。英文诗集《秋窗》的成绩也得到了美国诗坛同行的肯定和赞许。《芝加哥论坛报》对非马的诗歌艺术从形式到内容做了准确的概括和综述，它称赞《秋窗》「再自由不过的句式，而且同时具备自律力」，其中「清晰可见的人性光谱会让读者点头、微笑甚至擦拭泪眼。」

—雪绒〈在两种语言中游走的诗人〉

非马的相当部分的诗的语言非常机智幽默，这类诗写得才气横溢，恣肆灵动，富有深意。……非马诗的语言的冷峻深沉给人留下深刻的印象。所谓冷峻，并不是冷漠，恰恰相反，在冷的表面隐含着热。诗人往往不直接站出来表态，作价值判断，而是通过诗本身，通过诗所揭示的事物本质，由读者自己来作出价值判断。

—竹叶清〈诗的结构和表达方式〉

运用现代派手法，尤其是象征主义手法来反映生活，表现社会，是非马诗歌创作既有别于写实派，又不同于现代派的艺术特色。

—陈熙〈独特的创作实践〉

非马的诗吸引人处在于彰显了创作的趣味无穷这一现象，从而激发更多的创作灵感，对他自己或对读者。我在诗人精致洗炼的文字意象中，经验到“别有洞天”的说法。当你穿过低矮狭窄的穴口，进入洞内，惊见里面的宽敞与辉煌，悦耳的音调，斑斓的色彩，光影从四面八方投射而来，疑似无路处，却又迂回而下，来到潺湲流水旁，习习凉风中。

—观心〈处处大化城〉

众所周知，非马先生是蜚声海内外的杰出诗人，他的诗涉及的题材范围之广，可涵盖自然，社会，经济，政治，宗教，战争，人类甚至宇宙万物。可我却发现人们忽略了一点，那就是非马先生还是写情诗的高手。

—冰花〈浅谈非马先生的爱情诗〉

非马的诗多用对比，也善用对比。作者似乎是淡淡写来，不露声色、但读了却令人感到有种心灵上的震撼，有种“于无声处听惊雷”的惊心动魄！

—远方〈浅谈非马诗中的对比〉

这些是一个到处旅游、观察入微、言简意赅的人写的诗，因为这世上有那么多的东西可看，而就是这世界里的琐片碎屑——在存在与不存在的粗边中间的空隙，需要好好检视体验，以便在我们诞生的星球间空旷的回音里找到人类生存的定义。

—史密斯（Jared Smith）〈诗集《在天地之间》序〉

非马永远予人满足、惊奇并激发灵感。他为他自然的想象带来了一种几乎是神秘的敏感。作为一个双语诗人（法语及英语），我能了解从翻译所得到的东西。虽然我只能读他的英文诗，但我知道他具有作为诗人的特殊天分。

—玛丽安·艾乐（Mary Ann Eiler）

非马的诗把读者带入一个崭新的感知世界：惊奇、分歧、甚至动乱。他的诗用微妙的形象呈现真理，形式简洁而说不教。单纯的现象中隐藏着深刻的不是一眼便能看穿的真理。生与死被混合在一个富有讽刺意味的媒介中。读非马的书是一种乐趣，让心灵闪闪发光。

—玛德欧·佛提尔（Mardelle Fortier）

【台湾】

我所看到的诗，要抄出以直接的、很白的、口语化、明朗、浅近、机智的诗，莫过于这首诗（『下雪的日子』）了。这就是诗，最好、最真的诗。

—林亨泰

非马的「夜笛」这首诗....把这许多复杂的意义，用了不到三十字交待出来，换成单向直线运动或时间性的散文，非百字莫办，这正是文字密度的发挥。这种精炼的写实诗，绝对是白话诗初期的写实作品，如刘半农的《相隔一层纸》（民国六年）与三十年代后期左派的普罗诗，如臧克家的《泥土的歌》所无法企及的。

—张汉良

看非马的诗，从题目一开始便忍不住被某种引力诱惑，一直想要看到最后一行为止，看完有时会不自禁地发笑，或得到冲击性的感动。这种感动，是纯粹的知性感动，或可以说是科学化的感动，绝无伤感性的渣滓夹在里面，清静而干脆。我喜欢非马的诗有这么可贵的特性。

—陈千武

说到诗的精炼，在现代诗人群中，我们不得不常常拿非马的诗来作示例。读他的诗，不是搔到了你的痒处，就是顶到了你的痛处，一发中的，强而有力。

—向明

非马的诗，短小精简，意向明确，眼光一打照，整首诗便尽收眼帘，诗意如墨滴落纸，刹那间即渲染开来。速度之快，文字之惊，诗意之强，却令人在一翻之际，怵心瞠目。

—乔林

刚开始注意到非马的诗，并不觉得有强烈的震撼。慢慢随年岁增长及诗观的改变，觉得非马运用了很精简的诗，给了我们很多的震撼。

—向阳

在我们的诗坛上，非马是一个异数，一个短诗的健将。他用字经济，意象新鲜，结构浓缩，使我们在欣赏咀嚼的时候，常常不经意地露出会意的微笑。

—赵天仪

非马的诗风潇洒，独树一帜，意象鲜明，干净俐落。他的招数是点到为止，令人有拨云见月，而犹抱琵琶半遮面的感觉，因此而余味无穷。.... 非马的诗正如他自己所要求的，具有社会性、新奇性、象征性及精确性的特质。他的努力已经把自己塑造成为相当成功的一位意象诗人。

—李魁贤

非马是经过现代科技训练的一个诗人，所以他的诗，在我看起来有如图画诗，他往往将语言像机械零件般组合排列起来，而后使它变成一个有色彩、有空间形态的画面，这画面不是积木游戏，却能很尖锐地表现出现代人的一种感受和观念，使一些我们平时看起来平淡无奇的人、事、物，有一个新鲜的意念。

—曾贵海

非马的诗，表现了他作品中一贯的简洁俐落的风格，他是当代诗人中，少数善于把握单纯鲜明意象，切中锐利强烈主题的诗人们之一。非马诗的结构，安定完整，以最简单的形式演出严肃的主题。

—李敏勇

非马的诗，正如「非马」的这个笔名一样，是非常特殊的，带着强烈的反俗意味。也是我们的诗坛上，少数你一眼就能认出的作品之一。他所特具的那种精简短小的形式，独特的断句法，以及独树一帜的思考方式，在在都予人以一种「商标」式的强烈印象。……不是白马的非马，是七十年代的诗坛上，昂首扬蹄纵横飞驰，一匹真正矫健的黑马。……非马的诗是非马以想像力贯穿现实所获得的深刻而真实的产物，这种赋有活性的诗的真实，往往令读者为之震撼而低徊不已。

—杨杰美

读非马的诗，我有极高的兴趣；因为他的诗短，取材平常，诗想特别自然，节奏明快，意象突出，表现含蓄，又有深远的意境。

—林焕彰

非马写诗表现手法非常冷静，以知性的笔触写出有动感的美，语言中蕴藏深刻的意义，令人感到惊讶、震撼。

—庄金国

非马是理论与实际相配合的诗人。诗的结构精简完美、用字平实、社会性强烈，意境思想深远，诗的风格别具一格，是现代诗坛的一个异数。

—康原

非马诗的语言平实、口语化，但不俚俗，用字精省，篇章短小，不做无谓的浪费。写诗取材的角度，不仅异于非马所属「笠诗社」的其他同仁，而且也与现阶段的其它诗人不同，往往以最平凡的事物去寻求意义的突破，令人惊喜。

—萧萧

非马的诗，意新而传神，极轻盈隽美，致力于追求一种高贵与诗意的情操，呈现出敏锐灵跃的感受力的特质。

—林明理

大家普遍认知的非马，是擅长精炼短诗的一位魔术师，随手甩舞，指掌中即出现一首美妙密致的小诗，博得人群惊艳。

—莫渝

【大陆】

非马的诗，以对社会人生的热切关怀和冷静的哲理思考见长，是反映现实和超越现实的统一，……非马是一位将乡土诗歌的精神本质与现代诗歌的表现手法结合起来的诗人。

—李元洛〈此马非凡马〉

我以为在当代台湾著名的诗人中，非马作品的国际主义精神表现得最为强烈……非马的诗的艺术特色：(1)科学与文学的紧密结合，(2)强劲的爆发力，(3)深沉的主题，(4)有力的讽刺。非马诗的世界是非常浩瀚和丰富的。

—古继堂〈平地喷泉—谈非马的诗〉

非马是台湾诗坛上一个具有独特风格的诗人。他的诗简洁、凝练、短小，意象鲜明突出，富于历史感和批判意识。这些突出的因素汇聚，溶合在一起，即使不署名，甚至去掉诗的题目，人们也能准确无误地认出：这是非马的诗。

—古继堂《台湾新诗发展史》

非马的诗具有极为独特的艺术风貌，使人一见就认得出，一读就难以忘怀。平白简短的几行，却似蕴藏无穷的韵味，耐人咀嚼，给人美的享受。

—朱双一〈论非马的诗〉

非马诗意象营造的特点是单纯性与多义性。他极注重「由一生多」，从意象的单纯与透明中照射出无垠与永恒……非马是一位在诗艺上具探索性的诗人。他从来不惯走众人踩平的大路。他写诗就是力图为人们重构一个新的宇宙。他的强烈的现代意识以及多样化的现代手法使他的诗成为台湾也为全国新诗带来了一些新的美学元素，开拓了诗坛的又一景观。

—金钦俊〈人类情结及变奏：非马诗的现代意识及手法〉

对社会众生相以及恶劣习俗的讽刺，早在五四时期的鲁迅先生就用他犀利如匕首的杂文作过成功的尝试，诗人非马又用他的诗成功地作了又一次尝试。诗人用令人忍俊不禁而又辛辣的笔，给人以愉快，给人以警醒。这不能不说是他独特的一大贡献。……诗人非马以他对故国乡土的深厚系念，欲从海峡两岸分裂中走出一条跨越融汇之路，一方面从古典与现代中寻找契合点，一方面以开放的眼光从西方诗中吸取精华，他的诗成功地为台湾，乃至大陆诗坛提供了一个可以借鉴之路。

—冒焘、北鸿〈非马诗论〉

非马诗....是「可塑性」的，可以由观赏者「见仁见智」，可以让读者充分进行有自己品性和经验加入的「二度创作」。

—刘强〈诗的意蕴的可塑性—初读非马诗作〉

非马的『黄河』乃是一首大气磅礴的象征诗，....一首大诗，撼天撼地撼人魂魄！....其象征构思的巧妙，....足够令此诗为不朽之篇！....非马诗风的雄放，带来诗的洒脱。

—刘强〈1983年的雄放〉

非马从主体意识到文本的思想内容与艺术技巧，都已实现着对两个主要流派的超越：既是现代派的，也是写实派的；既非现代派的，也非写实派的。他确是一个有自己特色的现代诗神。

—喻大翔〈现代诗神的独舞—非马诗歌论〉

非马的诗歌极其清纯，颇有中国水墨画的精神情韵。....感性的形式，理性的意蕴，在非马诗歌创作中完美地结合在了一起。

—邵德怀〈非马的感受方式和表现方式〉

对现代主义诸种表现技巧的兼容并蓄，广博的人道主义精神和深刻的哲理性共同构成了非马诗歌独特而丰富的世界。

—陈贤茂等《海外华文文学史初编》

非马的诗歌创作....形成了一种「比写实更写实，比现代更现代」的艺术风格...他的「写实」与「现代」是交融为一体的，他的贴近现实人生，关注四时民事的诗思始终是与现代诗人的自我意识和犀利目光相关联的。

—朱立立〈置身于阳光与苦难之间—非马诗歌的意象世界〉

新奇的想像力，是非马诗的一个很突出的艺术特色。....是以他细腻的感受力、敏锐的观察力和独到的审辨力为基石的，是一种知性的透视。....在读者的心灵中造成了一种惊讶，一阵震颤，一片沉思。这是非马诗的艺术魅力所在。

—孟祥生〈冷峻深邃的知性透视—略论非马诗的想像力〉

非马是从台湾当代诗坛走出来又走进去的诗人。....非马的诗思和诗艺将对我国当代诗坛的发展，对祖国文化传统的积累增添积极健康的因素，必将与我国当代诗坛追求的既深沉而又清朗、既现代而又传统的理想诗风相汇流，从而产生具有积极意义的影响。

—武治纯〈他站在多元文化的交汇点上—非马诗探赏之一〉

读非马先生的诗给我一个特别的感觉，就是惊奇和新锐。这就使我获得巨大的阅读快感。就以他的新著诗集《非马的诗》而言，其中绝大多数的诗的题材都很普通，都是人所共知，或屡见不鲜，或耳熟能详的人与事物。然而，就是在这些毫不新鲜

的题材中，诗人却独具慧眼，偏有独特的审美发现，给读者以惊出意表的新鲜感，从而获得审美的享受和满足。他的诗的语言显得非常纯熟、灵动、活泼，极富表现力。

—刘士杰〈独特的审美发现 别致的结构方式—读非马的诗〉

非马是一位忠实于现实生活而又以明睿的哲思阐释人生和社会的诗人，是一位以坚实的步子追求真正的诗歌艺术的诗人，是一位写出“清冷透明”诗的诗人。他引起我们对他诗中意象的惊讶和赞叹，顿觉诗的领域的无穷和美妙：他的诗，扩大了人们的心灵世界，使读者感受到生活里许多视而不见、听而不闻，甚至连梦都没有梦到的东西。他的诗，不单单属于自己，也属于世界。

—唐玲玲、周伟民〈诗艺的现代重构〉

非马是当代诗坛“超重量级”的讽刺诗大家。他的讽刺诗，量之多，层次之高，变化之美，蔚为大观。

—刘强《非马诗创造》，中国文联出版社，2001.5

非马的诗取材广泛，政治、经济、宗教、文化、历史、民族都汇于笔端，对台湾、美国、中国大陆及其他国家和地区均有涉猎。他的诗文大都以“自我”为座标，强调诗人的主体感觉，努力将诗的瞳孔聚缩到生活的细微处，寻求感情的触发点和凝聚点。非马的诗没有西方现代派诗人的反理性倾向。对于社会，非马有一种责任感，正是这种责任感，为他的诗打上了较强的理性加工的痕迹，他几乎所有的诗都具有鲜明的实感。

—《海外华文文学名家》，潘亚墩、汪义生著，暨南大学出版社，1994

非马先生的诗，自由轻快，绝不做作，读来亲切有趣。诗人不怕深入红尘，把世上的快乐与幸福一一细数，也把心中的积郁尽情倾吐。同时，他具有很高的捕捉生动细节的能力，把日常生活片断，剪裁入诗，这是一种很特别的白描功夫。

—李元胜《重庆文学》网页

非马是个笑嘻嘻的诗人—不像洛夫等，比较自由，很纯，没有诗以外的意识与文本，使我想起芒克，也同我相近—生命的体验（不仅经验），爆发出灵慧的火花。作品朴素而富人生哲理。

—牛汉，非马诗研讨会，北京，2001年9月5日

非马先生学贯中西外，心通古今。他的诗，兼具中外文化之长，而又深深植根于中华优秀传统文化之中，特色突出，个性鲜明，具有独特的艺术风格，我很喜爱。尤其是他那熔铸爱憎情感的意象艺术，丰富多彩，令人眼花缭乱，心醉魂迷。

—丁国成，非马诗研讨会，北京，2001年9月5日

这是一本颇具特色、少见的诗集，题材开阔，大千世界，中外古今，取材角度别致、新颖，意象纷呈，语言高度凝炼、风趣、机智，富有哲理，并在科学与诗的结合上，开辟新的领域。好诗、妙句俯拾皆是。

—纪鹏，非马诗研讨会，北京，2001年9月5日

非马的诗创造，十分讲究形式。他在诗的形式上，有诸多独创。把自由体发挥到最自由的程度。...他从诗中寻找到了自己的精神家园。他的成功和成就，也正因为

他异常地贴近了自己的民族！

—刘强，非马诗研讨会，北京，2001年9月5日

非马的中文诗就是中文诗，正是他的诗句保留了汉语的纯净，在大多是十来行的短小的篇幅里写出不“小”的小诗—走的完全是条自己的路—。在文字本身，没有任何在别人笔下完全可能是省不了的修饰，以思想的智慧，用精炼、精当的语言，延伸思想的张力。可以说，他将新诗中的“小诗”写到一个新的境界，为此，“小诗”不“小”。

—周良沛，书面发言，非马诗研讨会，北京，2001年9月5日

非马现象是一个令人惊喜的奇观，科学家与诗人同步。

—谢冕，非马诗研讨会，北京，2001年9月5日

他的特点是无意对物象作大量细致的感性描述，而是对其某一属性特征进行哲思性“演绎”，在正向方位上常有深化之掘进，在反向方位上常挖出与众不同的新见，且由于构思巧妙，切入角度“狡黠”，篇幅短小而有相当的爆破力。

—陈仲义〈意念：也是入诗的一种方式〉

他的作品除了继承了古典诗词的提炼(炼字、炼意)和注重意境美的创造外，比之某些古典诗又增多了诗意的警示性和跳跃式的感情逆转。而比之西方现代诗的深奥和难为人理解，而只是更多地采用其某些表现手法，诗的思想内涵虽很丰富和深邃，但却易被读者理解和接受。由于他的广泛吸收和具有艺术上的独创性，便给人一种“熟悉的陌生感”，似曾相识，但又引起新的惊奇和激动，从而在诗界使人们认识的非马成为独特的“这一个”。

—吴开晋〈非马诗歌的美学风格〉

非马诗中所流露出来的对人的爱，对自然和对生命的爱，同我国古代先哲所追求的“仁人爱物”的境界是完全一致的。这是非马以人类发展至今的先进思想为武器去识别社会现实和自然万象的结果，这是非马诗的现代性的本质所在。

—云逢鹤〈中国现代诗的奇葩〉

非马的作品，都生动表现了他对自然万物的关怀和对生态环境的关注，表达了他对维护生态平衡与保护自然环境的严重关切和深远思考。堪称当今环境保护题材作品的代表之作。

—江天〈非马的自然情结与生态意识〉

七十年代时，无缘读到非马先生那时发表的诗作。现在读来，新鲜依然，亲切依然。说亲切，是仿佛又回到了那个不好忘却的时代。说新鲜，是诗人良知的坚持，修辞的流转，风格的简明而深邃。

—山城子〈良知、修辞，与简明而深邃的诗风〉

他对“矛盾语修辞法”的成功运用，既表达了自己对生活的独特观察和见解，又巧妙地带给读者“不意的惊奇”和有力的头脑激荡，启迪人们去挖掘日常生活中所遮盖的更深邃更新颖的本质意义。诗的“机智”与“惊喜”在非马笔下相得益彰。

“矛盾语修辞法”因此获得了一箭双雕的特殊审美意义。

—黄蓉/赵成林〈创造诗的机智与惊喜〉

非马在对日常生活的细小观照中，挖掘出人类生存的大命题，将自我独立的思考与独特情绪表达出来，给同样在人生路上前行的读者做一个指路参考，树立一个人性的路牌。唯有作者用良知写作才能支撑起这个路牌。

—陈卫〈非马诗歌修辞〉

非马的诗所以令人钦羨，所以可以进入历史，非马所以非凡马，我认为除了他个人天赋的诗才之外，最主要的原因是他有独特的诗观，他自觉要求自己的诗“比现实更现实，比现代更现代”。。。说实在的，在现代诗的范围里，以现代观念对如此众多的时代课题进行思考与反映而超过非马的，实不多见。

—陆士清〈现实与现代的诗情升华〉

每一个字，都是心灵的体现，是“艺术与灵魂”的映照。

—迪拜〈《越战纪念碑》，使非马先生进入“历史诗人”的行列〉

非马擅长使用自己的新技法。以意象隐示思想趋向，客观地勾勒时代现实的典型侧影。不留任何主观论断的痕迹。非马的诗，恰似福楼拜的小说，唯让形象说话，借此表达作品的主题，泄漏对时代的看法。所不同的是，福楼拜像一台沉重的钢琴，弹奏着现实社会的悲歌。而非马却像一支轻巧的竹笛，吹奏着时代生活的牧歌。

—吴修利〈阅读美丽〉

Excerpts From Reviews And Comments

There have been more than five hundred review articles on William Marr's poetry written by poets, critics and scholars from Taiwan, Hong Kong, China Mainland, Southeast Asia and North America. The following is a list of brief quotes from some of these articles:

U.S.A.

A master of lyrical layers along with the beauty and brevity of his Chinese heritage, he enhances his skill with the spontaneity and flavor of his adopted American homeland. His humor, insight and tenderness are universal. His control of such rich ingredients is sure-handed.

— Glenna Holloway, founding president of the Illinois State Poetry Society,
author of *Never Far from Water and Other Love Stories*

Each (poem) is a window opening onto beauty and fluency. There is every shade of happiness and sadness, anger and peace.... Their effortless renderings of a civilized mind in touch with an often mad world are part of their mystery.

— Li-Young Lee, author of *Rose* and *The City in Which I Love You*

Verse has never been freer, yet strong discipline is at work.... The human spectrum visible in *Autumn Window* will make readers nod, smile and perhaps wipe an eye.

—*Chicago Tribune*

Collectible Chicago poets, one finds, start with Eugene Field, Carl Sandburg, Edgar, Lee Masters, Harriet Monroe, Gwendolyn Brooks, Ana Castillo, David Hernandez, Li-Young Lee, William Wei-Yi Marr, and a raft of more recent poets....

— *Collecting Chicago Poetry* by Kenan Heise, *AB BOOKMAN'S WEEKLY*

He uses the language of the common people fluently and clearly... [and] gives profound meaning to common objects and events.

— Dominic Cheung, *The Isle Full of Noises*
Modern Chinese Poetry from Taiwan, Columbia University Press

I was really impressed and full of extreme admiration upon reading William Marr's poem Bird Cage. In fact I was a bit jealous and wished I could have owned it.

—Ji Xian, poet

The accents and nuances are strange to me -- and refreshing.

—Gwendolyn Brooks, former Poet Laureate of Illinois

Sometimes what is simple is most profound. That is true of the writings of Downers Grove resident, William Marr, an engineer retired from Argonne National Laboratory and internationally known poet and translator.

—Susan Dibble, *West Suburban Living*

William Marr never fails to satisfy, surprise, and inspire. He brings an almost mystical sensitivity to his vision of nature. As a bilingual poet myself (French and English) I understand what is gained in translation. Though I can read only the English versions of his poems, I know he has a special gift as a poet.

—Mary Ann Eiler

Marr's poems take the reader into a new world of perceptions: surprising, divergent, even violent. Marr's poems teach us with delicate images that convey truths in economical style without being preachy. Simple phenomenon mask a deeper reality not easily seen at first. Life and death are combined in an ironic mixture. The poems in Marr's book are a pleasure to read, leaving mind and soul in illumination.

—Mardelle Fortier

TAIWAN

“From so many poems I’ve read, I would pick this one (William Marr’s *A Snowy Day*) as the most direct, pure, colloquial, clear, simple and witty. This is poetry, the best and the truest kind of poetry.”

— Lin Heng-Tai, poet and critic

“With fewer than 30 words, William Marr was able to pack so many complex meanings into his poem, *Night Flute*, giving full play to the density of modern Chinese word usage. For a linear or sequential essay, it would require at least 100 words.”

— Chang Han Liang, professor and critic

“It has always been a pleasant surprise to see William Marr’s usage of the most ordinary objects to seek the breakthrough of meaning in his poetry.”

— Hsiao Hsiao, professor and critic

“You will be absorbed in his poetry from the title to the last line. You will smile unknowingly, or be greatly touched. The feeling is pure intellectual, or even scientific, without a trace of sentimentalism. I love his poetry with such admirable characteristics.”

— Chen Chien Wu, poet

“Talking about the conciseness in Chinese modern poetry, very often we have to use William Marr as an example. His poetry either scratches your itchy spots or touches your sore points. Powerfully strong, it never misses its target.”

— Hsiang Ming, poet

“Most of William Marr's poems are short, condensed, and precise. With one glance, the entire poem enters your eyes. It then spreads like a drop of ink upon a sheet of paper. You will be amazed at the speed of its propagation, the shocking quality of its language, and the strength of its poetic flavor.”

— Chiao Lin, poet

“When I first noticed William Marr's poetry, it did not give me too much of a shock. As I grew older and my perception of poetry evolved, I found that his concise poems amazed me more and more.”

— Hsiang Yang, poet

“In Taiwan's poetry circle, William Marr is a black horse, a master poet who writes short poems. His sparing usage of words, his fresh images, and concentrated structure, often make us smile unknowingly in approval.”

—Chao Tien-I, poet and critic

“With a natural and unrestrained style, distinctive imageries, and efficient treatment of his materials, William Marr's poetry is unique. His trick is to stop upon touching. It leaves us a lasting and pleasant impression.... Similar to what he demands of himself, his poetry consists of characteristics of social conscience, novelty, symbolism, and precision. Through his efforts, he has made himself a successful imagist poet.”

— Lee Kuei-Hsien, poet and engineer

“William Marr is a poet with modern technical background. This is why his poems look like pictorial works to me. He assembles his words as if they were mechanical parts and turns them into colorful, dimensional pictures. It is not a building block game. Rather, it expresses pointedly modern man's feeling and perception. It gives fresh conceptions to ordinary people and objects.”

—Tseng Kuei-Hai, physician and poet

“William Marr's poetry, like his pen name, Fei Ma (literally, “*not a horse*”), is very unique and has a strong sense of anti-vulgarity. He belongs to the minority group of poets whose works can be recognized immediately. The special short form, the distinctive way of line breaks, and the unmistakably original way of thinking, all give rise to a trademark impression. Fei Ma is not a white horse, galloping with head raised. He is a real, robust black horse.... William Marr's poetry is the profound product of his reality-penetrating imagination. Such lively poetic reality often gives the reader a jolt and entices him or her to linger.”

—Yang Chieh-Mei, poet

“I have great interest in reading William Marr's poetry. His poems are short. Their subjects are from everyday life. The poetic thoughts are natural; tempos are lucid and lively. In addition, the images he uses are striking; the expressions are implicit; and the artistic conceptions are profound. “

—Lin Huan-Chang, poet and editor

“William Marr's poetry always shows his terse and lively style. He is one of the few contemporary poets who can master simple yet clear-cut images and can cut right into sharp and intensive subjects. The structure of his poetry, stable and complete, performs serious themes with the simplest form.”

—Li Min-Yung, poet

“The technique employed by William Marr is very calm and cool. With a touch of intellect, he produces works that are full of the beauty of motion. Containing profound meanings, his language surprises and shocks many readers.”

—Chuang Jin-Kuo, poet

“William Marr is a poet who unifies his theory with his work. The structure of his poetry is simple, yet perfect. And his usage of words is natural and unadorned. Imbued with rich social connotations and deep thoughts, his works possess an unusual quality and becomes an oddity in the poetic arena.”

—Kang Yuan, poet and critic

“The language in William Marr's poetry is common, yet unvulgar, and is lean, short, and refined. He never generates waste unnecessarily in his poems. The angle from which he draws his material is so different from other contemporary poets that it always gives a pleasant surprise to its reader.”

—Hsiao Hsiao, professor and critic

“William Marr's poetry is vivid, graceful, beautiful and full of new meanings. It seeks a noble and poetic sentiment, and expresses keen and lively perceptions.”

—Lin Ming-Li, poet and critic

“William Marr, the poet we know, is a magician who is an expert in writing short poems. A casual waving of his hands and a beautiful short poem appears at his finger tips amid the cheering of the audience.”

—Mo Yu, poet and editor

CHINA

“His concise yet highly symbolic poetry, with a deep sense of humanity, adds a new dimension to the rich tradition of Chinese poetry.... He bridges the gap between new and old, and between East and West.”

— *Hong Kong Literature Monthly*

“Unquestionably among the best contemporary Chinese poets.... He is unique and without peer in the arena of short poems.”

— *Huaxia Poetry*

“William Marr's poetry expresses deep concern towards society and life through cool philosophical thoughts. [Through] the unification of reality and trans-reality, ...he is able to integrate the spirit of provincialism with modern poetic techniques.”

—Li Yuan-Luo, critic

“Among the works of contemporary well-known Taiwanese poets, I feel that William Marr's poetry possesses the strongest internationalism.... His work has unique artistic features -- a good combination of science and literature, powerful explosiveness, deep and profound themes, and forceful satire. The poetry of William Marr is exceptionally rich and grand.”

—Gu Ji-Tang, scholar and critic

“William Marr's poetry possesses many artistic features which are immediately recognizable and become unforgettable upon reading. Infinite charm is stored in his few simple lines which, after being mulled over, gives out endless aesthetic enjoyment.”

—Zhu Shuang Yi, critic

“The distinguishing features of William Marr's poetry are its simplicity and its ambiguity. He places special emphasis on "the generation of multiplicity from a singularity", seeking lasting values from simple yet transparent images.... He is an explorer in the land of poetry. He is not used to taking the road flattened by the crowd. He writes poetry for the sake of creating a new universe. The keen sense of modernity and the various modern techniques found in his works bring new aesthetical elements to Taiwanese and Chinese poetry and creates a new poetic landscape.”

—Jin Qin-Jun, professor and critic

“Aiming at the bad customs of society, Mr. Lu Xun of the May-Fourth Era used his knife-sharp essays, while, today, William Marr uses his poems. Both are successful attempts. With his sharp pen, William Marr writes poetry which gives readers pleasure as well as sober messages. This is undoubtedly his unique contribution.... Because of his deep feeling towards his motherland, he tries to bridge the gap between Taiwan and China. On one hand, he tries to find compatibility between classicalism and modernism. On the other hand, he absorbs the essence of Western poetry with an open mind. His poetry has successfully suggested a road for the Taiwanese and Chinese poetic circles to explore.”

—Mao Xin · Bei Hong, professor and critic

“From subject consciousness to ideological texture to artistic technique, William Marr has been able to surpass two major schools of thought: he is both a modernist and a realist; yet, he is neither a modernist nor a realist. He is indeed a contemporary idol in poetry with his own unique approach.”

—Yu Da-Xiang, professor and critic

“William Marr's poetry has the characteristics of “moldability”. It can give different perceptions to different viewers, thus letting readers with various backgrounds and personalities participate in its re-creation.” ;

“William Marr's Yellow River is a majestic poem..., a grand piece which can shake heaven and earth and the souls.... Its ingenious symbolic conception make it a lasting poem!” ;

“William Marr is a super-heavyweight, ironic poet in our contemporary poetry arena. His ironic poetry, with its large quantity, high intensity, and great variety is indeed a poetic spectacular.”

—Liu Qiang, writer and critic

“William Marr's poetry is extremely pure, having the spirit and sentiment of Chinese wash painting.... Sensational form and rational content unite perfectly in William Marr's poetic works.”

—Shao De-Huai, professor and critic

“In Taiwan's poetry circle, William Marr is an outstanding poet with a distinctive style. His poems are concise and focused, full of crystal clear and striking images, and rich in historical significance and critical consciousness. These factors all combine to make his poetry unique. Even without a title or the author's name, people can identify his work without any difficulty.”

—Gu Ji-Tang, scholar and critic

“The inclusion of various modern techniques, a broad spirit of humanity, and profound philosophical thoughts all combine to make William Marr's poetry unique and rich.”

—Chen Xian-Mao, professor and editor

“William Marr's creative poetry forms an artistic style that is more realistic than realism, more modernistic than modernism.... He blends together realism and modernism. His close association with reality and his concerns of the lives of ordinary people, are always closely connected with the self-consciousness and sharp vision of a modern poet.”

—Zhu Li-Li, professor and critic

“Novel imagination is a very distinctive trait of William Marr's poetry.... He has an intellectual perspective which is based on his exquisite feeling, sharp observations, and unique appreciation..., thus producing an amazement, a tremor, a meditation in a reader's mind. This is the artistic charm of William Marr's poetry.”

—Meng Xiang-Sheng, critic

“William Marr is a poet who came from, and returned to the Taiwanese poetry arena.... His poetic thoughts and techniques add healthy elements to the development of Chinese

contemporary poetry and Chinese cultural heritage. His work positively impacts our search for a deep yet clear, modern yet traditional, idealized poetic atmosphere.”

—Wu Zhi-Chun, scholar and critic

William Marr is a smiling poet-- unlike Lo Fu and the like, he is freer, very pure, without any mentality or textuality that are not related to poetry. He reminded me of Mang Ke, and myself --his experience of life (not merely experience) bursts out sparks of wisdom. His works are simple and rich in the philosophy of life.

—Niu Han, poet and scholar

The phenomena of William Marr is a marvelous spectacle, the synchronization of scientist and poet.

—Xie Mian, professor

“I always get a special feeling whenever I read William Marr's poetry, namely, surprise. This gives me great reading pleasure. The topics of most of the poems in his new book, *Selected Poems of William Marr*, are all very common -- things or people from everyday life. Yet, even in these ordinary subjects, our poet is always able to find something new and beautiful, and to give us unexpected, fresh enjoyment and satisfaction.... His language is very skillful, spirited, lively, and expressive.”

—Liu Shi-Jie, critic

“William Marr is a poet who not only is faithful to real life but also uses his intelligence and thoughts to interpret life and society. With steady firm steps, he pursues real poetic art and writes cool and lucid poetry. He uses his poetic images to evoke surprise and admiration and makes us feel the vast and wonderful domain of poetry. His poetry expands our inner world, lets us feel many things which we would otherwise ignore or even not dream of.... His poetry belongs not only to himself, but to the world as well.”

—Tang Ling-Ling、 Zhou Wei-Min, professors and writers

“William Marr's poetry covers many territories: politics, economics, religion, culture, history, and people. It also involves many countries: Taiwan, America, Mainland China and other lands. He presents himself as the origin of his writing, emphasizing the subject consciousness, focusing on the minute details of life, and seeking his emotional trigger point. His poetry does not have the anti-rationalism of the Western modern world. He feels that he has a social responsibility. It is this responsibility that causes his poetry to possess a sense of reality.”

—Pan Ya-Dun, professor and critic

星群

星群

星群

我一个名字都叫不出来的星群

从懂得数字起便数到现在都数不清的星群

夜夜我躺在露水很重的草地上仰望你们

希望从你们那里得一点消息

关于另一个世界 —

一个为最大口径的望远镜

所窥不到的世界

STARS

O stars stars

numberless ever since I learned to count

I don't know any of your names

yet night after night

I lie on the grass wet with dew

looking up at you

hoping to find something

about another world—a world beyond the range

of the most powerful scope

(1957)

阿哥哥舞

抖落抖落抖落
你的臂她的发我的寂寞
急促的脚跟红肿
好长呀生之旅程
而战鼓癫狂
灵魂突围之战正酣
而号角争鸣
呼你呼你呼你
以一长串黑色的名字

侣伴，你为何战栗

*20 世纪 60 年代在美国流行的热舞

GO-GO DANCING

Shedding shedding shedding
your arms her hair my loneliness
Restless heels are red and swollen
the journey of life is long and never ending

Desperate are the besieged souls
sallying forth at every beat of the war drums
and the horns are stretching their long necks
calling you calling you calling you
a string of ominous names

Darling
why are you shivering?

(1966.6.15)

从窗里看雪

1

黑人
的
牙齿
不再好
脾气地
咧著

2

被冻住歌声的
鸟
飞走时
掀落了
枝头
一片雪

3

雪上的脚印
总是
越踩越
深
越踩越
不知所
云

4

下著下著
在想家的脸上
竟成了
亚热带
滚烫的
阵雨

5

冷漠使我们独立
互不相属
小心翼翼
连大气都不敢一呼
只要太阳不露面
将有个白色圣诞

6

枯树的手
微颤著张开
向上
老农脸上
龟裂的土地
绽出
新芽

7

突然鸣响的钟声
撼落
高耸塔尖
十字架上的
雪

WATCHING SNOW FROM THE WINDOW

1

black men's
white teeth
no longer showing
good tempers

2

a piece of snow on the branch
suddenly falls
when the bird with a frozen song
flies away

3

as the footprints in the snow
get deeper and deeper
they become harder and harder
to comprehend

4

falling on the feverish face of
a homesick boy
the snow melts and turns into
a warm tropical shower

5

coldness makes us independent
we carefully hold our breath
as long as the sun won't show its face
we are certain to have a white Christmas

6

in the wind
the trembling hands of a withered tree
raise upward
the dormant seeds in the cracked soil
are ready to sprout

7

a sudden toll
of the steeple bell
shakes down
the snow
from the Cross

(1970.1.7)

晨雾

吞食了司晨的雄鸡
一条口喷毒气嗤嗤作响的蟒蛇
流水般从容地
向树林深处逸去

此刻在烟幕弹的掩护下
一排染血的刺刀正在轮奸
一朵含泪的花

另一个角落
猛抽烟斗的老头们
窃窃计议如何收购
世界的初夜权

而站在楼台高处舒展双臂的诗人
在深深吸进了一口湿软的空气之后
忍不住呼出
『多美的清晨呀！』

MORNING FOG

after gobbling up a dawn-announcing rooster
the hissing python leisurely slipped into the deep woods
spraying poisonous mist on its way

right at this moment
under the cover of smoke bombs
a group of bayonets are violating in turn
a tearful flower

at another corner
a bunch of pipe-smoking old men
are plotting in secret on how to purchase
the virginity of the world

after inhaling a mouthful of soft, moist air
the poet standing at the top of a high-rise building
exclaims in delight
"what a beautiful morning!"

(1970.3)

黄昏烟囱

在摇摇欲灭的
灯火前
猛吸烟斗的
老头

只想再吐
一个
完整的
烟圈

EVENING SMOKESTACK

the old man
frantically puffs
his pipe
under the dying sky

trying desperately
to make another ring
of smoke

(1970.3.19)

一女人

为一顶帽子
教唆男人
去扼杀七只
羽毛艳丽的孔雀

她永远快乐
永远像开屏的孔雀
在七面镜子里
追觅自己的
尾巴

A WOMAN

for a hat
she tempts men to kill
seven beautiful peacocks

in full pride
before seven mirrors
joyfully
she chases her own
tail

(1970.4.16)

构成

不给海鸥一个歇脚的地方
海定必寂寞

冒险的船于是离岸出发了
竖著高高的桅

COMPOSITION

If seagulls were not given a resting place
the sea would surely be lonesome

So daring boats leave port and sail
with high masts

(1970.10)

香烟

烧到手指头的时候
烟灰缸的乱坟堆又多添了一具尸首

注定被点燃吸尽捻熄的生命
犹在不甘心地呼最后一口气

CIGARETTE

when the fingers are burnt
another corpse is crowded
onto the ashtray

destined to be lit, puffed
and put out
it still gasps
for the last breath

(1970.11.8)

废纸篓

张著嘴
随时准备
把吞咽下太多的
生命渣滓
喷你个
满头满脸

WASTEBASKET

with mouth wide open
it's now ready
to spew in your face
the trash of life
it has long
swallowed

(1970.11.8)

我知蓝天

蓝天是一个钟形的玻璃罩
人的眼睛看不穿它的透明

于是我有被囚的难堪感觉
虽我无翅

I KNOW THE BLUE SKY

I know the blue sky
a glass dome
that no human sight can penetrate

I thus have the terrible feeling
of being imprisoned
though I am wingless

(1970.11)

流浪者

握紧拳头猛对自己鼻梁一击
便有了满天的繁星

甚至对这样升起来的灿烂夜空
他也已感到厌倦

A TIRED DRIFTER

stars fly
when he hits his nose
with his own clenched fist

even the rise of such a brilliant sky
can no longer excite him

(1971.1.1)

鳥

這鳥
飛向天邊
竟是這這般
悠逸

吊著
一
顆
塵
心

BIRD

this bird
flying leisurely
toward the horizon

pulling along
an
earthly
heart

(1971.2.19)

失眠

被午夜
阳光
炙瞎
双眼的
那个人
发誓
要扭断
这地上
每一株
向日葵
的脖
子

INSOMNIA

Blinded by the burning
midnight sun
he vows
to break the neck
of
every sunflower
on earth

(1971.2.20)

门

老处女的
双唇

童贞
在它里面

DOOR

the lips
of an old maiden

locking her virginity
in

(1971.2.20)

画

用现实的笔尖
把你蝴蝶般活活
钉牢在纸上
看你
笑不笑得出

蒙娜丽莎

PAINTING

pin you down like a butterfly
on a sheet of paper
with the tip of the pen
of reality

see if you can still smile
Mona Lisa

(1971.2)

暴风雨前

紧紧撑著
坍塌下来
的天空
树
突然
松出双手
抓住了
一只
惊
惶
的
鸟

STORM APPROACHING

holding up the falling sky
a tree
suddenly let go
of its hands
and caught
a
fleeing
bird

(1971.4.13)

三月作品

1

如何戳穿如何挑拨
一张鼓皮一个孕妇的
肚皮

一声脆响一声哀号
一只性饥渴的
刺刀

2

往外看
往外看
往外看

金鱼缸的凸眼
寂寞公寓的窗

3

不停息地
飞
为
两片
翅膀

风中的
一只
倦
鸟

MARCH POEMS

1

how to pierce how to rouse
a drumhead a pregnant woman's
belly

a pop a wail
a horny
bayonet

2

looking out
 looking out
looking out

the bulging eyes of fish bowls
windows of lonely apartments

3

 struggling to
 follow
his wings

in the wind
 a tired
 bird

(1971.2.28)

长城谣

迎面抖来
一条
一万里长的
脐带

孟姜女扭曲的
嘴
吸尘器般
吸走了
一串
无声的
哭

THE GREAT WALL LEGEND

hurling towards you
a ten-thousand-mile-long
umbilical cord

Meng Jiangnu's twisted
mouth
sucks away
a string of hushed cries
like a vacuum
cleaner

- According to the legend, a section of Great Wall crumbled as Meng Jiangnu cried over the death of her husband who had been drafted to build the Wall.

(1971.7.1)

返乡

收拾行李时我对妻说
把乡愁留下吧，要超重了

在海关他们把箱子翻了又翻
用X光器照了又照
终于放我们行

坐上回家的计程车
我想这下子可轻松了
不再。。。

却看到乡愁同它的新伙伴
等在家门口
如一对石狮

HOMELAND REVISITED

while packing I said to my wife
leave out homesickness, the luggage
is already overweight

at customs they searched our belongings
using all kinds of electronic devices
finally they let us go

in the taxi I said to myself
well what a relief
to leave behind the...
but was startled to see
new homesickness with its old pal
waiting at the door
like a pair of stone lions

(1972.3.14)

电视

一个手指头
轻轻便能关掉的
世界

却关不掉

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

TELEVISION

The world
is easily
switched off

yet not quite

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

(1972.12.26)

照相

镁光灯才一闪
便急急收起你的笑容

然后在一个发霉的黄昏
你对著发霉的相簿悲叹

唉快乐的日子不再

PHOTOGRAPH

The shutter flashes
your instant smile

In a mildewed evening years later
you stare at the yellowed album
and sigh

Happy days are gone

(1973.2.7)

鱼与诗人

跃出水面
挣扎著
而又回到水里的

鱼

对
跃进水里
挣扎著
却回不到水面的

诗人

说
你们的现实确实使人
活不了

FISH AND THE POET

The fish

which jumped out of the water
struggled
and returned to the water

said to

the poet
who jumped in the water
struggled
but failed to return

Your world is indeed not livable

(1973.2.11)

停电的晚上

黑暗中
人们才突然发现
月亮
与星星的
存在

BLACKOUT

a powerless night
when people suddenly noticed
the existence
of the moon
and stars

(1973.2.11)

通货膨胀

一把钞票
从前可买
一个笑

一把钞票
现在可买
不只
一个笑

INFLATION

A bundle of bills
could buy
a flattering
smile
not long ago

Now
a bundle of bills
can buy
more than

one flattering
smile

(1973.2.12)

鸟笼

打开
鸟笼的
门
让鸟飞

走

把自由
还给
鸟
笼

BIRD CAGE

open the cage
let the bird
fly

away

give
freedom back
to the
bird
cage

(1973.3.17)

笼鸟

好心的
他们
把它关进
牢笼
好让它
唱出的
自由之歌

嘹亮
而
动心

A CAGED BIRD

they
put him
in the cage
to hear
his song
of freedom

LOUD
and
CLEAR

(1973.4.24)

鸟 · 鸟笼 · 天空

打开鸟笼的
门
让鸟自由飞
出
又飞
入

鸟笼
从此成了
天空

BIRD * BIRDCAGE * SKY

open the door
of the birdcage
let the bird fly freely
out
and
in

the cage
thus becomes
the sky

(1995.2.2)

静物 #1

枪眼
与
鸟眼

冷冷
对视

看谁
更能
保持
现状

STILL LIFE #1

the bird
and
the gun

stare at
each other

see who's
the first
to blink

(1973.4.3)

沉思者

支著腮

思索

如何

支著腮

看电脑

思索

THE THINKER

Holding his chin

thinking

how to

hold the chin

and watch the computer

do

the thinking

(1973.4.3)

老妇

沙哑唱片
深深的
纹沟
在额上
一遍
又一遍
唱著

我要活
我要活
我要

OLD WOMAN

Like a worn-out record
the deep grooves
on her forehead
repeat and repeat

I want to live
I want to live
I want to

(1973.4.20)

今天上午毕加索死了

静静把多余的午后消磨掉
好几次走近窗口
看天上
是否出现最后一个惊奇

那颗太阳在邻居的屋顶上
久久落不下去几乎使我想起
永恒。今天上午毕加索死了
不知那三个乐师
要奏些什么曲调
不知那只灰鸽
要往哪个方向飞

这双顽皮的手
伸进来显示
这世界还柔软得可捏可塑
现在却悄悄缩回去了
我下意识地伸出双手想挽留它们
却猛觉这举动的幼稚可笑
便顺势为它们热烈鼓起掌来

PICASSO DIED THIS MORNING

After frittering away the remaining afternoon
I walk up to the window many times
to see if the sky holds any last surprise

As it hangs over my neighbor's roof
the sun seems almost
immortal. Picasso died this morning
I wonder what tunes the three musicians
are going to play
which way the dove
is going to fly

Having shown us the world is still
soft and kneadable
the master hands are now withdrawing
I reach out unconsciously
but realizing how childish it must be
I turn my grasping hands to clapping

(1973.4.8)

裸奔

如何
以最短的时间
冲过他们
张开的嘴巴
那段长长的距离

脱光衣服减轻重量
当然是
好办法之一

可没想到
会引起伤风
化以及
诸如此类的
严重问题

A STREAKER

how to dash
in the shortest time
across the great expanse
of the onlookers' wide open mouths

taking off the clothes
is of course
one of the best ways

no time to worry
about catching cold
or getting caught
in a storm
of morality

(1974.4.20)

黑夜里的勾当

仰天长啸
旷野里的
一匹
狼

低头时
嗅到了
篱笆里
一枚
含毒的
肉饼

便夹起尾巴
变成
一条
狗

UNDER THE NIGHT SKY

A wolf
howling at the sky

smells
the bait
inside his fence

drops his tail
and becomes
a dog

(1975.1.8)

黄河 #1

把
一个苦难
两个苦难
百十个苦难
亿万个苦难
一古脑儿倾入
这古老的河

让它浑浊
让它氾滥
让它在午夜与黎明间
辽阔的枕面版图上
改道又改道
改道又改道

YELLOW RIVER #1

Dump
into this old river
the sufferings of one
the sufferings of two
the sufferings of hundreds
the sufferings of millions

Let it swell
and flood
over the vast territory
of the sleepless pillow
and change its course
a thousand times
between midnight
and dawn

(1975.1.12)

夜笛

用竹林里
越刮越紧的
风声
导引
一双不眠的眼
向黑夜的弄尾
按摩过去

NIGHT FLUTE

Let the ever-rising pitch
of the wind
from the bamboo grove
lead
a pair of sleepless eyes
massaging
towards the dark end
of the alley

*Years ago in Taiwan, blind masseuses used to roam the city alleys, playing flutes made of bamboo in search of customers.

(1975.1.14)

人与神

他们总在罕有人烟的峰顶
造庙宇给神住

然后藉口神太孤单
把整个山头占据

MEN AND GOD

Men like to build temples
on unpopulated mountaintops

And to keep the lonely god company
they would move in and occupy all the mountains

(1975.1.16)

今天的阳光很好

我支起画架
兴致勃勃开始写生

我才把画布涂成天蓝
一只小鸟便飞进我的风景
我说好，好，你来得正是时候
请再往上飞一点点。对！就是这样
接著一棵绿树摇曳著自左下角升起
迎住一朵冉冉飘过的白云
而蹦跳的松鼠同金色的阳光
都不难捕捉
不久我便有了一幅颇为像样的图画

但我总觉得它缺少了什么
这明亮快活的世界
需要一种深沉而不和谐的颜色
来衬出它的天真无邪

就在我忙著调配苦灰色的时候
一个孤独的老人踉踉走进我的画面
用一个茫然的眼神
轻易地为我完成了我的杰作

THIS MORNING'S SUNSHINE WAS SO WONDERFUL

I set up the easel
enthusiastically started my painting

As soon as I finished covering the canvas with blue sky
a bird flew into the scene
I said, good, good, you came at the right time
please move up a little. Yes, that's it!
then a green tree rose from the lower left corner
just in time to meet a passing white cloud
and the squirrels chasing each other
were not hard to catch
soon I had a presentable painting at hand

Yet I felt something was missing
something deep and inharmonious
to bring out its purity and innocence

As I was busily mixing
some harsh and bleak color
a lonesome old man staggered into the picture
and finished my masterwork
with a blank stare

(1975.2.2)

那天我们用高脚杯对饮

笑声
使一只高高缩起的
脚影
跌落
醇酒里

夕阳下
一只白鹭飞起
自故乡的水稻田

导引眼睛
穿过烟雾
在摩天楼挤塞的天边
久久流连

THAT DAY WE DRANK TO EACH OTHER WITH STEM GLASSES

laughters
startled a retracted
foot
and caused its shadow to drop
into my mellow wine glass

under the setting sun
an egret flew up
from hometown's rice field

leading the eyes
through the mist
and wandering for a long time
in the horizon crowded
with skyscrapers

(1975.5.10)

生命的指纹

绘在我地图上
这条曲折
回旋的道路
带我
来到这里

每个我记得或淡忘了的城镇
每位与我擦肩而过或结伴同行的人
路边一朵小花的眼泪
天上一只小鸟的欢叫
都深深刻入
我生命的指纹

成了
我的印记

LIFE'S FINGERPRINT

this turning and twisting road
on my map
has brought me here

every town I have remembered or forgotten
everyone who has passed by or walked with me
the tear of a violet at the roadside
a joyous cry of a lark in the sky
all etched onto the fingers of my life

to become
my signature

(1975.11.2)

照片

—《在风城》出版后记

你喜欢就拿去吧
这张不会被摆进橱窗的照片
没有梦般柔和的光线
没有梳得滑亮的头发
嘴角没挂著甜笑
眼睛也不定定地看着镜头

但你可以从背景里
看到沿途多变的天气
你可以在嘲弄的眼色中
找到爱情

一双戏谑的手
捧给你
一颗
仍敢变卦的
心

PORTRAIT

— afterword to In the Windy City

keep it if you like
this photo
that won't be displayed
in the studio window

no dreamy light
no sleek stylish hair
the unsteady eyes never looking directly
into the camera
and you won't find in the corner of the mouth
a sweet smile

but from the background you can see
the ever-moving scenery
you can even find love
in a sneer

a pair of playful hands
present you with a heart
that still dares
to change

(1975.11.3)

悼

没有月亮的天空
每颗星
是回忆鞋中的
一粒砂
确证你的
存在

IN MEMORY

On the moonless sky
each star
is a grain of sand
in my shoes of memory
to confirm
your existence

(1975.11.11)

静物 #2

白瓷观音
微笑着
看一粒尘埃
在晨光里
堕落

STILL LIFE #2

The Goddess of Mercy
of white porcelain
stands there with a smile
watching
in the bright morning light
a dust mote
fall

(1976.3.29)

共伞

共用一把伞
才发觉彼此的差距

但这样我俯身吻你
因你努力踮起脚尖
而倍感欣喜

SHARING AN UMBRELLA

Sharing an umbrella
I suddenly realize the difference between us

Yet bending over to kiss you
gives me such joy
as you try to meet me halfway
on tiptoe

(1976.4.14)

天上人间

为了射杀
一只入犯的
小鸟
他们用探照灯
在天上
划定领空

为了射杀
一个逃亡的
同胞
他们用铁丝网
在地上
围建乐园

HEAVEN AND EARTH

In order to shoot
an invading bird
they define an air space
with searchlights

In order to shoot
a fleeing compatriot
they erect a paradise on earth
with tall walls

(1976.5.18)

台北雨季

1

被雨水泡肿了的
假期
喘著气
在窄小的客舍里
艰难地
转身

2

看窗外斜雨
在寒流里
一竿长一竿短
打捞
失落的春天

3

忘了冬天
曾是这样冷
这样风湿
每个记忆关节
都在
隐隐作疼

RAINY SEASON, TAIPEI

1

The drenched
vacation
turns languorously
in the stuffy
hotel room

2

Outside the window
the slanting poles
of rain
are fishing in the cold waves
for the lost
spring

3

Once something reminds me
that winter here is cold
and damp
every joint
of my memory
starts aching

(1976.5.16)

创世纪

当初
人照自己的形象
造神

这样
上帝是白人
下帝是黑人

至於那许多
不上不下帝
则都是些
不黑不白人

GENESIS

in the beginning
men used their own images
to create god

so
the highest god is white
the lowest god is black

as for those in-between gods
they are neither black
nor white

(1977.2.7)

都市即景 #1

壮志凌云
自窗口
一只白鸟飞起

只一掠
便没入了
灰连连的
屋脊

CITYSCAPE #1

from the windowsill
a white bird
soars toward the sky

in a single flap
it disappears
into the endless
gray rooftops

(1977.4.26)

醉汉

把短短的直巷
走成一条
曲折
回荡的
万里愁肠

左一脚
十年
右一脚
十年
母亲啊
我正努力
向您
走
来

THE HOMESICK DRUNK

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

One step left
ten years
one step right
ten years
O Mother
I am struggling
toward
you

(1977.6.5)

游纽约大都会美术馆

1

一只古铜断臂

猛然拦住
一群下班的脚
让时间列车
轰隆轰隆
驰过

2

请勿触摸！
这冷冷的铜肤下
燃着
最原始的
太阳

NEW YORK METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

1

A broken arm
of ancient brass
halts the rush-hour traffic
for the passing
Time Express

2

Please do not touch!
Underneath this cool-looking brassy skin
a sun from the Big Bang
still burns fiercely

(1977.6.14)

微雨初晴

头一次惊见你哭
那么豪爽的天空
竟也儿女情长

你一边擦拭眼睛
一边不好意思地笑着说
都是那片云…

AFTER A DRIZZLE

It's the first time I really saw you cry
such a display of emotion
from so manly a sky

You murmured with a blush
while wiping away the remaining tears
it's all because of that cloud ...

(1977.11.13)

喜怒哀乐

• 喜 •

气泡

追吻

气泡

百事可乐

• 怒 •

交抱的双臂

铁条般锁住

满腔黑暗

只咯咯作响的牙齿

透露几声

压抑的

怒吼

• 哀 •

哀
莫大於
心
不
死

对
一朵
溺斃了
的
云

• 乐 •

重重
一巴掌
打在
我的背上

你
仰天
笑
了

EMOTIONS

Joy

bubbles
 chasing
 bubbles

Coca Cola

Anger

like iron bars
his folded arms
lock the thrusting beast
in his pitch-dark bosom

only his chattering teeth
leak out
a few smothered
roars

Sorrow

to see an unwavering
heart
attach itself
to a cloud
that has been
drowned
in tears

Delight

a heavy slap
on my back

you raise your head
and give out
a hearty
laugh

(1977.12.23)

雨季

翻来覆去
总是那几句话

滴滴答答
叽叽喳喳

而我们多巴望
一个暴雷
一声断喝

闭嘴！

RAINY SEASON

Over and over
repeating always the same old stuff

drip drip drip
chip chip chip

O how desperately we long for
a deafening thunder
or an overwhelming shout

SHUT UP!

(1978.1.22)

在火车上想你

越抹越模糊的风景
多雾气的天空
多雾气的原野
多雾气的窗

而你
却用那么清明的眼光
看我
自另一片风景
自另一个世界

THINKING OF YOU ON THE TRAIN

the more I wipe
the more it becomes blurry
the foggy skies
the foggy fields
the foggy windows

yet you
are looking at me
with such clear eyes
from another scenery
from another world

(1978.2.8)

有时候你

有时候你故意把脸
拉成一个帘幔深垂
高高在上的长窗
挡住阳光
挡住欢笑
挡住焦急关切的眼神

而早已超过恋爱年龄的我
依然满怀酸楚
整夜徘徊在你窗下
希望在千百次的抬头里
会有那么幸运的一次
看到你的眼睛在帘缝间
如云后的星星闪烁

SOMETIMES YOU

Sometimes you pull down the curtains
and make your face a tall window
aloof
far from the ground
shutting out the sunshine
shutting out laughter
shutting out all concerned gazes

Though my courting days are long past
all night I wander beneath your window
hoping to catch, in the thick of the curtains
a glimpse of your eyes
like the flickering stars
behind heavy clouds

(1978.2.21)

马年

任尘沙滚滚
强劲的
马蹄
永远迈在
前头

一个马年
总要扎扎实实
踹它
三百六十五个
笃笃

YEAR OF THE HORSE

A dashing horse
is always one step
ahead
of the rolling dust

In the Year of the Horse
one ought to make
365
hoofbeats

(1978.2.23)

雪仗

随着一声欢呼
一个滚圆的雪球
琅琅向妳
飞去

竟不偏不倚
落在妳
含苞待放的
笑靥上

SNOWFIGHT

carrying a cry of joy
a snowball
whizzes toward you

it lands right on the bud
waiting to bloom
on your beaming cheek

(1978.2.23)

这只小鸟

感冒啦太阳太大啦同太太吵架啦
理由多的是

这只小鸟
不去寻找藉口
却把个早晨
唱成金色

THE LITTLE BIRD

Having a cold
fighting with the wife
blinded by the sun
excuses are abundant

Yet this little bird
sings the morning
into gold

(1978.4.2)

风向针

不知该指
哪一个方向
这么多张嘴
这么多的意见

整个下午
它在邻居的屋顶上
不停地摇摆
不停地呻吟

整个下午
我在等它立定脚跟
等它把愤怒的矛头
直指风暴的心脏

WEATHER VANE

it does not know
which direction to point
so many mouths
so many opinions

the whole afternoon
sitting on my neighbor's roof
it just keeps vacillating
and whining

the whole afternoon
I have been waiting
for it to find a foothold
and to point its spearhead of anger
directly at the heart
of the storm

(1978.5.13)

爱情的密度

你眼里炽烈的
阳光
把本来已经够瘦的我
照得更瘦了

这样也好
我可以夸称
我拥有一个
密度最大的
影子

DENSITY OF LOVE

the intense sunbeam
from your eyes
shines on my thin body
making it even thinner

that's fine with me
I can claim I possess
the densest shadow
in the world

(1978.7.6)

四季 #1

•春•

只有从冰雪里来的生命
才能这么不存戒心
把最鲜艳最脆弱的花蕊
五彩缤纷地
向这世界开放

•夏•

向焦渴的大地
奉献我们的汗滴

滚圆晶莹的露珠
源自生命的大海
带着咸味

•秋•

妻儿在你头上
找到一根白发时
的惊呼
竟带有拾穗者
压抑不住的
欢喜

•冬•

越冷的日子
希望的炉火越旺

我们心中
没有能源危机这回事

FOUR SEASONS #1

Spring

Only the survivors of the deep snow
can open up without hesitation
their most delicate and colorful inner selves
to the world

Summer

To the scorched earth
we offer our humble sweat

These sparkling dewdrops
coming from the sea of life
have a salty taste

Autumn

When his wife and children
comb and find a gray hair
on his head
he can detect in their exclamations
an insuppressible joy
of the gleaners

Winter

The colder the day is
the brighter the furnace burns

There is no energy crisis
in our hearts

(1978.9.23)

饭后一神仙

吞进，吐出
吞进，吐出
眯着眼的神仙
斜躺在沙发上
听念小学的儿子
在灯下，琅琅诵读
鸦片战争的历史

香烟缭绕里
一段即将成正果的烟灰
突然被灸烫的一声
「割肺赔肠」
震落凡尘

AN AFTER-DINNER IMMORTAL

*“one cigarette after dinner,
happy as an immortal”*
— a Chinese saying

sucking in, blowing out
sucking in, blowing out
comfortably reclining on the couch
with eyes half closed
the immortal was listening to his young son
reciting under the dim light
the history of the Opium War

in the thick of the swirling smoke
a section of ash that had been cultivated to attain divinity
was shaken abruptly by the burning words
“to cede lungs and pay indemnity with intestines”
and fell to the ground

(1978.10.16)

都市的窗

窗口越高
面孔越小
越苍白

每次从下面走过
总会头皮发麻
宿命地等待
一口痰
一个烟蒂
一只花钵
或一个
把双臂张得开开
学鸟飞的
人

CITY WINDOWS

the higher a window
the smaller
and paler
the face

every time I pass underneath
I always have a funny feeling
something is going to land on my head
a spit
a cigarette butt
a flower pot
or a man
spreading his arms
trying to fly
like a bird

(1978.12.6)

下雪的日子

伸个懒腰
抖一抖

小咪
你要死了
把地毯
搞得
到处是
毛

A SNOWY DAY

The white cat
stretches
and shakes

You little devil
shedding hair
all over the carpet

(1978.12.7)

广寒无灯的夜晚

"个人一小步；人类一大跃"

—尼尔·阿姆斯壮, 1969.7.20

一脚踩下去
便惊动
急急再度出奔

一脚踩下去
却激起如许尘沙
把人类的梦
撒向更遥远
更神秘的
星球

MOON-WALK

*That's one small step for a man,
one giant leap for mankind.*

— Neil Armstrong

Man had hardly set foot on the moon
when the startled Chang-e
hastily began another long flight

One small human step kicked up so much dust
that it scattered man's dreams
to the more distant and mysterious stars

*Chang-e, according to Chinese legend, ascended the moon after secretly taking her husband's immortality pill.

(1979.1.19)

怀旧

西出阳关无故人
更何况绕了大半个地球

今夜的天空
挤满了
大大小小的人造卫星
却没有一个
载得起
我要给你的信息

NOSTALGIA

It's said that there won't be any old acquaintance
to the west of the border gate Yang Guan
I am now more than half the world away

tonight's sky is crowded
with man-made satellites
big and small
but I can't even find one
to carry my messages
to you

(1979.1.19)

可怜的路

风尘仆仆的
路
央求着
歇一歇吧

但年轻的一群
气都不让它喘一口
便嘻嘻哈哈
拖着它
直奔下山去

THE POOR OLD ROAD

dusty and exhausted
the poor old road
keeps pleading for some rest

but the boys
keep laughing and shouting
and drag him down the hill

(1979.2.15)

芝加哥

在原始森林
就在毕加索的
怪兽下
假寐

混沌里
一声拖得长长的
TIM---BER---
把我惊醒

抬头
瞥见参天的
大厦
在漏下的夕阳里
似乎又倾斜了几度

CHICAGO

dozing off
in the virgin forest
beneath the feet
of Picasso's strange animal
when suddenly a long yell
TIM --- BER ---
awakens me

I raise my head
and in the sunlight that leaks through
I see the skyscrapers
all slanting towards me

(1979.3.24)

树

日日夜夜
我听到
心中的
年轮
在通往
蛮荒天空
崎岖的
路上
辘辘转动

TREE

Day and night
I hear
the annual rings
inside my heart
rumbling
and wheeling
on the rugged road
toward the sky

(1979.4.29)

中秋夜

冰箱里
冰了
整整十三个
钟头的
故乡月
饼（唐人街
买来的）
尝起来
就是
不对
劲

MID-AUTUMN NIGHT

having been sitting in the
fridge for a whole
thirteen hours
the Chinese moon
cakes (bought
from Chinatown)
somehow taste
a bit
strange

* China is 13 hours ahead of Chicago.

(1979.10.5)

颱風季

每年這時候
我體內的女人
總會無緣無故
大吵大鬧幾場

而每次過後
我總聽到她
用極其溫存的舌頭
咧咧
舔我滴血的
心

TYPHOON SEASON

Every year at this time
the woman within me
rages violently
with no provocation

And when it's over
I always hear her licking
my bleeding heart
with her tender tongue

(1979.10.17)

树·四季

•春•

把时间的皱纹
深深藏在心底

好久不见
你还是一样年青

•夏•

高瞻远瞩的季节
一只羽毛丰满的鸟
在枝头
凛凛顾盼

该绿的都绿了

•秋•

这般嘹亮
是不甘寂寞
的虫声
抑是
热闹过后
空洞的耳鸣

•冬•

捉襟
却捉下来
最后一片落叶

呼啸的北风里
老人
苦笑着将手一扬
去，去，都去
去远走高飞

TREES * FOUR SEASONS

SPRING

Bury the wrinkles of time
deep in the bottom of your heart

Every time I see you
you're as young as ever

SUMMER

Lofty season
A thick-plumed bird
on a branch
looks about perkily

Just as it should be
green, everything green

AUTUMN

Loud and clear
Is it a screech of an insect
frightened at the sudden solitude
or a ringing in the hollow ears
after the noisy festival?

WINTER

When he grasps
there's nothing left
but the last leaf

In the howling north wind
the old man laughing bitterly
releases the leaf and mutters
go, go, all of you go
fly high and go far away

(1979.10.10)

今夜凶险的海面

今夜凶险的海面
必有破烂的难民船
鬼魂般出现
在欲睡未睡的
眼皮上颠簸
向越来越窄小的
人类良知的港口
向一盏接一盏
熄灭了灯火
的脑门
死命划去

ON THE TREACHEROUS NIGHT SEA

a broken refugee boat appears
like a ghost
on the tired sleepless eyelids
jolting and rolling
toward the ever-narrowing harbor
of humanity
toward the shore
where lights die out
one after another

(1979.10.18)

鼓声

毛茸茸的
拳头
一下下
扎实地
落在
一个
欲辩无力
文明的
胸膛上

DRUM BEATS

A hairy
fist
bangs relentlessly
on a civilized
chest
that tries in vain
to make some flimsy
arguments

(1979.10.24)

猎小海豹图

它不知木棍举上去是干什么的
它不知木棍落下来是干什么的
同头一次见到
那红红的太阳
冉冉升起又冉冉沉下
海鸥飞起又悠悠降下
波浪涌起又匆匆退下
一样自然一样新鲜
一样使它快活

仰起的头
纯白
垂下的头
不再纯白
在冰雪的海滩上

HUNTING BABY SEALS

she doesn't know why a club is raised
she doesn't know why a club is lowered
as seeing for the first time
the rising and setting of the sun
the soaring and swooping of gulls
the rushing and retreating of waves
all natural
all make her happy

a raised head
pure white
a lowered head
no longer white
on the ice-covered beach

(1979.11.8)

浮士德

还来不及找律师过目
便迷迷糊糊在她的唇上盖了章

待看到她脸上隐隐约约的笑纹
才猛然想起
所有契约背后
都印有密密麻麻的细节

FAUST

before he could consult a lawyer
he absentmindedly put his seal
on her lips

then he saw her equivocal smile
and suddenly realized
on the back of every contract
there's always the fine print

(1980.1.13)

除夕

对三百多个没发芽的日子
也只有这样狠下心来
爆米花般把它们爆掉

而经历过枪林弹雨的手
引燃这么一串无害的鞭炮
却仍战战兢兢
如临大敌

CHINESE NEW YEAR

Maybe it's the only way
to pop the dud days of the gone year
like popcorns

yet in lighting a string of firecrackers
hands that survived bullets and shells
still tremble uncontrollably
as if facing a fierce enemy

(1980.2.15)

日出日落

• 日出

毕竟
为宇宙的事
烦恼得
睡不着觉的
不止我一个
看你的眼睛
也布满
血丝

• 日落

红彤彤
挂在枝头
是大得有点出奇

但满怀兴奋的树
却胀红着脸坚持
这是他一天
结出的
果

THE SUN

- Rising

The sleepless
worrying about the universe
wasn't me alone

Look at your eyes
they too
are bloodshot

- Setting

a glowing red ball
hangs on the branches
it is indeed somewhat out of proportion

but the tree
flushed with excitement
insists
that it is his day's work
the fruit he produces

(1980.3.14)

花开花落

• 花开

天空
竟是这般
辽阔

惊喜的小花们
争着
把每一片花瓣
都伸展到
极
限

• 花落

没有一次
我能平静地
听你数

忘我
毋忘我
忘我
毋忘我…

到最后一瓣

FLOWERS BLOOMING AND WITHERING

- Blooming

What a vast sky

The inspired little flowers
joyfully stretch each and every petal
to t h e f u l l e s t

e
x
t
e
n
t

- Withering

Never
can I listen calmly
to you counting

forget me
forget me not
forget me
forget me not ...

to the last petal

(1980.3.19)

1980 年圣海仑山火山爆发

自称是太阳血亲
这个流浪汉
在一个不知名的酒店里
喝得泥醉

仰着头哇哇呕吐
一边喃喃
母亲，这是我的心
我无法投寄的爱情

1980 ERUPTION OF MOUNT ST. HELENS

at an unknown tavern
the drunken hobo
claiming to be the blood relation
of the sun
murmurs
while vomiting violently

O mother this is my heart
the love I could never deliver

(1980.6.21)

端午

照例

一只只龙舟

争先恐后

出去

照例

一只只龙舟

垂头丧气

回来

找遍了

所有的大江小河

湖沼沟渠

找遍了

那水花一溅后

一下子便过去了两千多年

且看样子还会绵绵下去的

时间之流

就是不见踪影

或许

我们该

循江入海

或许

我们并不真的知道

屈原的模样

DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL

Routinely
dragon boats
dart out
one after another

Routinely
dragon boats
drag themselves back
one after another

They have been searching
large rivers, small waterways
lakes, ponds, and even ditches
They have been searching
the stream of time
from the instant of splash
that occurred over two thousand years ago
to the foreseeable future
There is just no trace of him

Perhaps
we should follow the river
into the ocean
Perhaps
we don't really know
what does Qu Yuan look like

(1980.6.29)

重逢

— 返乡组曲之四

深怕冲淡了重逢的欢乐
亲友们彼此提醒
「过去的就让它们过去吧！」
然后别过头去
偷偷揩掉
到了眼角的泪水
然后在脸上
用力撑开
一副绉摺的笑容
像撑开
久置不用的一把阳伞

HOME COMING

— after 30 long years

lest it dilute the joy of reunion
kinsfolk remind each other
let bygones be bygones
while turning their heads
and furtively wiping off
the tears at the corner of their eyes
then forcefully putting on
a wrinkled smile
as if opening a parasol
that has been put aside
for a long time

(1980.10.18)

阴天

一肚子悲哀
却怎么也哭不出来

欲振无力的黑伞
遂沉沉成了累赘

A CLOUDY DAY

Even with a gutful of sorrow
he is unable to cry

The listless, unopened umbrella
becomes increasingly
a burden

(1981.2.1)

罗湖车站

—返乡组曲之八

我知道
那不是我的母亲
我的母亲
她老人家在澄海城
十个钟头前我同她含泪道别
但这手挽包袱的老太太
像极了我的母亲

我知道
那不是我的父亲
我的父亲
他老人家在台北市
这两天我要去探望他
但这拄着拐杖的老先生
像极了我的父亲

他们在月台上相遇
彼此看了一眼
果然并不相识

离别了三十多年
我的母亲手挽包袱
在月台上遇到
拄着拐杖的我的父亲
彼此看了一眼
可怜竟相见不相识

AT LUOHU BORDER STATION, SUMMER 1980

I know she is not my mother
my mother is in Chenghai
I bade her a tearful goodbye ten hours ago
but this old woman with a cloth bundle in her hand
looks so much like my mother

I know he is not my father
my father is in Taipei
I am going to visit him in a couple of days
but this old man staggering with a cane
looks so much like my father

they meet on the platform
glancing at each other
and are indeed strangers

having been separated for over thirty years
my mother with a cloth bundle in her hand
encounters my father staggering with a cane
on the platform of this border station
they exchange glances
and, alas! don't even recognize each other

*Like so many Chinese families, my family was split by the Chinese civil war. My father with my elder brother and myself lived in Taiwan, while my mother with the rest of the family remained in China Mainland. During the summer of 1980, I visited my mother for the first time in more than 30 years. This poem was conceived on the train waiting to depart for Hong Kong at Luohu (Lo Wu) Station which was then China's only door opening to the outside world.

(1980.10.18)

虎

你一皱眉
所有的耳边
便呼呼响起风声

蓄势待扑—
吓呆了的眼睛们
对着越张越大的
血盆大口
竟视若无睹不知走避
如受催眠

而你只不过
张嘴打了个哈欠
伸一下懒腰
在铁栅栏里

TIGER

when you frown
all ears hear
a roaring gust

the instance you strike a pose
to pounce
all eyes freeze
at the approaching
blood-thirsty mouth

while you merely
stretch
and yawn
inside the cage

(1981.2.17)

鸡

闻闹钟起舞
一只早起的
鸡

在鸡栏里

ROOSTER

awakened by the alarm clock
he starts dancing

an early-rising rooster
in the chicken coop

(1981.2.24)

狗

虚张声势追得鸡飞猫跳
以便安安稳稳做人类的最好朋友

这还不说，夜夜
它竖起耳朵
把每个过路的轻微脚步
都渲染成
鬼号神哭

DOG

to be man's best friend
he ruthlessly chases away
chickens and cats

what's more, every night
he props up his ears
for the slightest, most innocent footsteps
and amplifies them with terrifying howls

(1981.2.26)

猫

温柔体贴
在脚边摩挲的
驯猫
总爱咪咪跟着你
把天真无邪的尾巴
摆在你不提防的鞋底

好让你看看
狂牙怒背
一吼而山河变色的
猛虎本色

CAT

gentle and affectionate
she loves to rub herself
against your feet
then follows you meow meow everywhere
and slips her innocent tail
underneath your unwary sole

just to show you
her raging back and fierce teeth
a roar that shakes mountains and rivers
the true color of a ferocious tiger

(1981.2.27)

马颂

不像退休的将军们
牠从未把枯焦的战场
幻想为可供驰骋的青青草原
更从未把高高堆起的人体
当成可一跃而过的栅栏

ODE TO A RETIRED WAR-HORSE

unlike a retired general
it never envisions the battlefield
a prairie for galloping
nor mistakes the piles of corpses
for fences to be jumped over

(1981.3.1)

牛

牛的悲哀
是不能拖着犁
在柏油的街上耕耘
让城市的孩子
了解收获的意义

牛的悲哀
是明明知道
它憨直的眼睛
无法把原属星星月亮的少年
从霓虹的媚眼里引开

COWS

for the cows
the saddest thing is
that they cannot plough
and cultivate the asphalt roads
to make the city kids understand
the meaning of harvest

for the cows
the saddest thing is
they know too well
that their honest and straight-looking eyes
cannot lure away
the youths of moon and stars
from the seductive eyes
of the neon lights

(1981.3.1)

蛇

出了伊甸园
再直的路
也走得曲折蜿蜒
艰难痛苦

偶而也会停下来
昂首
对着无止无尽的救赎之路
嗤嗤
吐几下舌头

OUT OF EDEN

The snake finds even a straight way
becomes torturous twists
and turns

Sometimes it would pause
and raise its head
to hiss at the endless road
to salvation

(1981.3.5)

囚狮

把目光从遥远的绿梦收回
才惊觉
参天的原始林已枯萎
成一排森严的铁栏

虚张的大口
再也呼不出
横扫原野的千军万马
除了喉间
喀喀的几声
闷雷

A CAGED LION

upon withdrawing his gaze
from distant green dreams
he suddenly realizes
the skyscraping forest has withered
into cold iron bars

mouth wide open
yet he can no longer summon
troops thumping across the wilderness
only a few suppressed thunderclaps
deep in his throat

(1981.4.3)

小草

被烤得死去活来的小草
再怎么平反
都是一样枯焦

卑微的心
只希望
阿谀的向日葵们
别再捧出
一个又红又专的
大太阳

THE LITTLE GRASS

the grass that has been scorched
will remain withered and dry
regardless of redress and reparations

a humble heart can only hope
the fawning sunflowers
will not create another big sun
red and ruthless

(1981.4.22)

鸟·四季

• 春

你若想知道
在这明媚的日子里
树林与树林间
最短的距离
任何有轻盈翅膀的小鸟
都会叽叽喳喳告诉你

不是直线

• 夏

正午
为一颗燃烧的流弹击中
一只小鸟
直直跌入
浓密的阴影

待它悠悠醒来
发现正站在
一棵枝叶繁茂的树上

能绿的都绿了

• 秋

什么时候起
眼前
竟是一片模糊

越飞越高的鸟
发现
池塘里自己的影子
越小越清晰

• 冬

游离空中的最后一丝水汽
终于也归附
檐下的冰柱

在这样的天气里
我怎忍苛责
小鸟的歌声
短促而闪烁

BIRDS * FOUR SEASONS

- Spring

If you wish to know
the shortest distance
between two woods
on this bright, enchanting day
any of the small, swift birds
can tell you with their twitter

It's not a straight line

- Summer

At noon
struck by a flaming bullet
a small bird
plummeted through
dense leafy shade

Until slowly awakening
to discover himself
standing on a tree
lush and luxuriant

All that can be green
is green

- Autumn

When did the eyes
become so blurry

A bird flying higher and higher
discovers
its own reflection in a pond
the smaller the clearer

- Winter

The last thread of mist drifting in the air
finally joins
the icicles beneath the eaves

In this weather
how can I criticize
a small bird's song
brief and evasive

(1981.6.26)

都市即景 #2

欲望
同
摩天楼
比高

钢筋水泥的
摩天楼
一下子便甘拜
下风
对着
自它阴影里
袅袅升起的人类欲望

CITYSCAPE #2

when
skyscrapers
try to compete
with human desires

they find even with steel and concrete
they are no match for materialistic cravings
breeding and rising without end in their shadows

(1981.9.24)

吻 #1

1

猛力
想從對方口中
吸出一句
誰都不敢先說的
話

2

你的唇吻暖我的唇
或我的唇吻暖你的
都无关紧要

重要的是
我们仍有话要说
并试着把它说
好

KISSING #1

1

both trying so hard
to suck out
the words
that neither dares
to utter

first

2

It makes no difference
your lips kissing my lips
or my lips kissing yours

What is important
is that we still have something to say
to each other
and try to say it
well

(1981.10.1)

读书

打开书
字带头
句跟随
一下子跑得精光

只剩下
一个畅销的书名
以及人人谈论的
作者的名字

果然好书

READING

Upon opening the book
words lead the way
sentences follow
All disappear in a flash

Only the best-selling title
and the hot name
of the author
remain
What a great book

(1981.12.19)

龙

没有人见过
真的龙颜
即使
恕卿无罪
抬起头来

但在高耸的屋脊
人们塑造龙的形象
绘声绘影
连几根胡须
都不放过

DRAGONS

no one has ever seen
a real dragon
even with imperial permission
to raise one's head

yet on numerous towering rooftops
people sculpted the images of dragons
omitting not even such a minute detail
as the scanty whiskers

*Emperors were regarded in old China
as divine manifestations of dragons

(1982.1.11)

马

有时他们不得不
狠下心来
把跛了脚的
心爱的马
射杀

挺直腰杆
英姿勃勃的
骑士形象
不容破坏

HORSE

sometimes they shoot
mercilessly
a limping horse

just to keep
the cavalier's image
proud
and
erect

(1982.1.14)

卖艺者

卖艺的猴子
学人的动作
伸手向人
要铜板

卖艺的人
学猴子的动作
伸手向猴子
要铜板

PERFORMERS

The performing monkey
stretches out its hand
like a man
asking the spectators
for money

The performing man
stretches out his hand
like a monkey
asking the monkey
for money

(1982.1.17)

脚与沙

知道脚
历史感深重
想留下痕迹

沙
在茫茫大漠上
等它们

FEET AND SANDS

Knowing feet
with a deep sense
of history
want to leave behind
some of their marks

Sands
wait for them
in the desert

(1982.2.18)

映像

我在镜子前面
对着影子龇龇牙
吐吐舌头
影子也对我龇龇牙
吐吐舌头

我在匆忙的街上
对一个踩了我一脚的行人
狠狠瞪了一眼
他也狠狠瞪了我一眼

我在宁静的夜里
向天上的星星眨眼
星星也向我眨眼

我在露水的田野上
对着一朵小小的蓝花
微微点头
小蓝花也在风中
频频对我点头

今天我起了个大早
心情愉快地
对着窗外的一只小鸟吹口哨
小鸟也愉快地对我吹口哨

我此刻甜蜜地回想
昨夜梦中
那个不知名的小女孩
却怎么也想不起来
是她还是我
先开始的微笑

REFLECTIONS

before the mirror
I gnashed my teeth and stuck out
my tongue at the shadow
the shadow gnashed its teeth
and stuck out its tongue at me

on the busy street
I glared at a passerby
who stepped on my foot
instantly he glared back

on a quiet night
I blinked at the stars
and the stars blinked at me

on the dewy field
I nodded my head slightly
at a little blue flower
the little blue flower
nodded back

getting up early this morning
with a pleasant mood
I whistled at a little bird outside my window
the little bird happily whistled back

at this moment I am thinking
of the unknown little girl
in my sweet dream last night
I can't seem to recall
who was the first to smile
she or I

(1982.3.14)

秋窗

进入中年的妻
这些日子
总爱站在窗前梳妆
有如它是一面镜子

洗尽铅华的脸
淡云薄施
却雍容大方
如镜中
成熟的风景

AUTUMN WINDOW

Now that she is middle-aged, my wife
likes to stand before the window
and comb her hair

Her only makeup a trace of cloud
the landscape of a graceful
poised maturity

(1983.1.7)

砖

叠罗汉
看牆外面
是什么

BRICKS

to
build
a wall
and see what's out there

(1983.2.6)

有一句话

有一句话
想对花说
却迟迟没有出口

在我窗前
她用盛开的生命
为我带来春天

今天早晨
感激温润的我
终于鼓足勇气
对含露脉脉的她说
你真.....

斜侧里却闪出一把利剪
把她同我的话
一齐拦腰剪断

WORDS NOT SAID

there was something
I wanted to tell the flower
blooming before my window
she brought me spring

this morning
full of warm gratitude
I finally gathered up courage
and began
"you sure are ..."

when suddenly a pair of scissors
snipped both my words
and her

(1983.3.13)

山

小时候
爬上又滑下的
父亲的背
仍在那里

仰之弥高

MOUNTAIN

It's still there
for me to
climb

Looming from the childhood
my father's
back

(1983.4.4)

黄河 #2

溯
挟泥沙而来的
滚滚浊流
你会找到
地理书上说
青海巴颜喀喇山

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

YELLOW RIVER #2

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

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

(1983.4.5)

霧

摘掉眼鏡

赤裸

看

世界

FOG

take off your glasses

and look the world

nakedly

in the eye

(1983.4.7)

瀑布

—黄石公园游记之一

吼声

撼天震地

林间的小涧不会听不到

山巅的积雪不会听不到

但它们并没有

因此乱了

脚步

你可以看到

潺潺的涓流

悠然地

向着指定的地点集合

你可以听到

融雪脱胎换骨的声音

永远是那么

一点一滴

不徐不急

**THE LOWER FALLS
OF THE YELLOWSTONE**

without a doubt
the roaring sound
that shakes the sky and the earth
is heard by the creeks in the woods
and the snow at the mountaintop

but it does not seem to disturb
their steady paces

you can see
all the murmuring streams
are converging leisurely
towards the destined location
you can hear
the sound of melting
and transformation of the snow
so deliberate
speck by speck
drip by drip

(1983.7.4)

命运交响曲

碰疼砰痛 ----

是命运那老鼓手
用一个不肯走后门的
骄傲的额头
在前门紧闭的
现实墙上
定音

SYMPHONY OF FATE

ta-ta-ta-daaaa ----

it's Fate the old drummer
setting the tune
by beating a proud head
which refuses to use the back door
when the front door is tightly
shut

(1983.10.18)

看划龙船

如果鼓声是龙的心跳
那几十支桨该是龙脚吧

鼓，越敲越响
心，越跳越急
脚，点着水
越走越快越轻盈

而岸上小小的心啊
便也一个个
咚咚咚咚咚咚
一起一落
一起一落

爸爸们！请牵牢你们孩子的小手
说不定什么时候
他们当中会有人
随着龙的一声呼啸
腾空而起

DRAGON BOAT RACING

if those drumbeats are the heartbeats
of the dragons
then the wooden paddles must be their feet

the drums, banging louder and louder
the hearts, pounding faster and faster
the pace of the feet, tapping on the water
becomes quicker and more graceful

and the little hearts on the shores too
boom boom
 rise and fall
boom boom
 rise and fall

O fathers! Please hold on to the little hands
of your children
not sure when some of them
will soar to the sky
following the roar of a dragon

(1983.12.2)

领带

在镜前
精心为自己
打一个
牢牢的圈套

乖乖
让文明多毛的手
牵着脖子走

NECKTIE

Before the mirror
he carefully makes himself
a tight knot

to let the hairy hand
of civilization
drag him
on

(1983.12.18)

国殇日

在阿灵顿国家公墓
他们用隆重的军礼
安葬自越战归来
这位无名的兵士

但我们将如何安葬
那千千万万
在战争里消逝
却拒绝从亲人的心中
永远死去的名字

MEMORIAL DAY

At Arlington, someone
Unknown goes down

The thousands, the thousands
Who have gone down in faraway fields
But who won't die in the heart—
How do we bury
The thousands

(1984.5.28)

功夫茶

一仰而尽
三十多年的苦涩
不堪细啜

您却笑着说
好茶
该慢慢品尝

DRINKING TEA AT A FAMILY REUNION AFTER THIRTY LONG YEARS OF SEPARATION

Down at one gulp
how unbearable it would have been
to taste drop by drop
the cup of thirty bitter years

You smile and say to me
good tea
should be sipped
and savored

(1984.7.5)

非洲小孩

一个大得出奇的

胃

日日夜夜

在他鼓起的腹内

蠕吸着

吸走了

犹未绽开的笑容

吸走了

滋润母亲心灵的泪水

吸走了

乾皱皮下仅有的一点点肉

终於吸起

他眼睛的漠然

以及张开的嘴里

我们以为无声

其实是超音域的

一个

惨绝人寰的呼叫

AFRICAN BOY

Day and night
a monstrous stomach
wriggles in his bloated belly

sucking up
the unblossomed laughter
sucking up
the teardrops that moisten a mother's heart
sucking up
the meager flesh under his wrinkled skin
sucking up
the indifference in his eyes
and eventually sucking up
from his open mouth a ghastly cry
which we take for soundless
but is in fact at a pitch
well beyond the limit
of our comprehension

(1984.11.4)

外星人

外星人！
晚间新闻的电视上
出现了
好多外星人

额头突出
黑黝黝
皮包骨
两只大眼睛
从深陷的眼眶里
直直瞪视

什么？
快饿死了的非洲人？
怪不得
那绝望漠然的眼神
似曾相识

EXTRATERRESTRIALS

The evening newscast
is swarming with images
of extraterrestrials

Protruding foreheads
dark and skinny
and big eyes
staring straight out
from sunken sockets

What?
Starving Africans?
no wonder they look
so familiar

(1984.11.9)

路

再曲折
总是引人
向前

从不自以为是
唯一的正途
在每个交叉口
都有牌子标示

往何地去
几里

ROAD

Twisting and turning
yet the road
constantly draws people
forward

It never considers itself
the only right way—
at every crossing
there's always a big sign pointing

TO WHAT TOWN
HOW MANY MILES

(1985.1.30)

越战纪念碑

一截大理石墙
二十六个字母
便把这么多年青的名字
嵌入历史

万人冢中
一个踽踽独行的老妪
终于找到了
她的爱子
此刻她正紧闭双眼
用颤悠悠的手指
沿着他冰冷的额头
找那致命的伤口

VIETNAM VETERANS MEMORIAL

A block of marble
and twenty six letters of the alphabet
etch so many young names
onto history

Wandering alone
amid the mass grave
an old woman has at last found
her only child
and with her eyes tightly shut
her trembling fingers now feel
for the mortal wound
on his ice-cold forehead

(1985.2.9)

芝加哥小夜曲

黄昏冷清的街头
蛮荒地带

一辆门窗紧闭的汽车
在红灯前缓停了下来

突然
后视镜里
一个黑人的身影
庞然出现

先生，买…

受惊的白人司机
猛踩油门
疾冲过红灯
如野兔逃命

…买把花吧
今天是情人节

CHICAGO SERENADE

Evening
a desolate street

A car with its windows tightly rolled up
stops for a red light

Suddenly
in the rear-view mirror
a dark figure
looming

Sir, buy ...

The ashen driver
steps in fright on the pedal
and rushes through the red light
like a rabbit running for its life

... buy some flowers
today's Valentine's Day

(1985.2.14)

一千零一夜

听一个故事，杀一个妻
杀一个妻，听一个故事
这样的天方夜谭
幼小的我
竟深信不疑

人，总有长大的时候

诵一段经，杀一批异教徒
杀一批异教徒，诵一段经
这样的天方夜谭
现在的我
才深信不疑

人，总有长大的时候

1001 NIGHTS

Hear a story, kill a wife
kill a wife, hear a story
this sort of *Arabian Nights'* fairy tale
I actually took as the gospel truth
when I was little

Sooner or later one grows up

Recite some scripture, kill some infidels
kill some infidels, recite some scripture
this sort of *Arabian Nights'* fairy tale
only now do I take
as the gospel truth

Sooner or later one grows up

(1985.3.11)

春雷

1

半夜里把我吵醒
还理直气壮
说

你的心
不也蠢蠢欲动？

2

半夜里把我叫醒
说
听
我蠢蠢欲动的心

SPRING THUNDER

1

waking me up at midnight
it asks
self-righteously

isn't your heart too
restless and itching for action?

2

Waking me up
in the middle of the night
just to tell me

listen
my rumbling heart

(1985.3.30)

对话

你在逃什么，老太太？

军队！

什么样的军队？红军？白军？

军队！

你在躲什么，年轻的母亲？

炮弹！

哪来的炮弹？东方？西方？

炮弹！

你在哭什么，小妹妹？

血！

谁的血？人？动物？

血！

DIALOGUE

What are you running away from, old woman?

ARMY!

What kind of army? Red Army or White Army?

ARMY!

What are you hiding from, young mother?

BOMBS!

Which way are the bombs from? East or West?

BOMBS!

What are you crying about, little girl?

BLOOD!

Whose blood? Human or animal?

BLOOD!

(1985.12.19)

蓬松的午后

轻手轻脚
怕惊动
树下一只松鼠
在啃嚼
早春鲜嫩的
阳光

却仍引起
一声告警的鸟叫

但松鼠急急爬上树梢
显然不是为了惊恐
在它纵跃过的枝桠上
灿然迸出
春风得意的
绿

A LOOSE AFTERNOON

Light-footed
lest I should startle the squirrel
at the foot of a tree
nibbling at a tender piece
of the early spring sun

Still there's the warning cry of a bird

Yet what makes the squirrel climb to the treetop
is apparently not fear
for in its rushing path through the branches
green buds burst out gaily
one after another
in the spring breeze
of April

(1986.4.19)

长城

1
文明与
野蛮的争斗
何其艰烈

你看这长城
蜿蜒起伏
无止无休

2
是什么样的浪漫豪情
使我们争先攀登
高耸嶙峋的背脊
去瞻望
自动调距的镜头里
萋萋的岁月
蜿蜒万里的
龙的残骸

THE GREAT WALL

1
The struggle between civilization
and barbarism
must be ferocious

See this Great Wall
it twists and turns
with no end in sight

2
What valor
to climb the ragged ridge
and to look long and hard
through a self-adjusting lens
at the skeleton of the dragon
that sprawls miles and miles
in the wasteland
of time

(1986.8.23)

天安门

作为一个
世界和平的大广场
必须设法
吸引成群的鸽子
自天外飞来

让它们在广场上踱方步
让它们在游客手上啄食
让它们毫无忌惮地咕咕
在铜像的头肩上拉屎

TIANANMEN

as a grand plaza
of heavenly peace
it must somehow attract
flocks of pigeons
from the sky

and let them walk leisurely in the square
let them peck food out of tourists' hands
let them coo coo
and shit all over the heads and shoulders of the statues
without any fear

(1986.9.2)

北海公园

笑一笑！
风霜侵蚀的脸还在犹豫挣扎
满池塘的荷花
早盈盈笑开了

多年以后
当笑容在相簿里褪色僵化
我仍能清晰地看到
粉红的荷花
在团团绿叶之上
明亮地笑着

BEIHAI PARK, BEIJING

smile!
as the frosty faces still hesitate and struggle
the lotuses in the pond
already break into joyful smiles

many years later
when the stiff faces in the photo album
become faded
I can still see clearly
the pinkish lotuses smile brightly
atop clusters of green leaves

(1986.9.11)

紫禁城

何等残酷的刑罚
被推出午门斩首的老臣
必须踉跄走过
一条长廊又一条长廊
一个宫院又一个宫院
一道宫门又一道宫门

曲折的宦途
迢遥的绝路
谗言镣铐的沉重脚步
在凹凸不平的砖地上
依稀仍可辨识

FORBIDDEN CITY

how cruel a punishment
being pushed out to be decapitated
at the Meridian Gate
the poor old official must stumble through
one long corridor after another long corridor
one huge mansion after another huge mansion
one tall threshold after another tall threshold

after a treacherous road to power
an endless road to the dead end
on the uneven brick floors
one can still see his indistinct footprints
markings of calumnies and heavy chains

(1986.9.17)

秦俑

捏来捏去
还是泥巴做的东西
最听话可靠

你看万世之后
这些泥人泥马
仍雄赳赳气昂昂
（虽然也有几个经不起考验
断头折腿仆倒）
仍忠心耿耿捍卫
腐朽不堪的地下王朝

THE TERRACOTTA WARRIORS

kneaded and moulded
these figures of clay
without any doubt
are the most reliable and loyal creatures

for thousands of years
they gallantly stand
(though a few were unable to stand the test
and crumbled with broken limbs or
missing heads)
guarding the utterly decadent
underground dynasty

(1986.9.18)

被挤出风景的树

被挤出焦距
树
眼睁睁
看又一批
咧嘴露齿的游客
在它的面前
霸占风景

SCENE

off the view
a tree stands in mute amazement
watching before him
another group of tourists
devour the scenery
with flashy teeth

(1987.2.7)

蒲公英

天边太遥远
蒲公英
把原始的遨游梦
分成一代代
去
 接力
 飞扬

DANDELIONS

The horizon is so far away
that the dandelions make their roaming dream
a relay event

from
 generation
 to
 generation

(1987.4.1)

萤火虫

不声不响
把个遥远的仲夏夜梦
一下子点亮了起来

没有霓虹的迷幻
也不广告什么

FIREFLIES

quietly
you light up
a brilliant summer night

not the illusion of neon lights
nor advertising anything

(1987.6.22)

钟表店

什么时候了

还各

走

各

AT A CLOCK SHOP

Oblivious of time

the clocks on the wall

just keep ticking

busily going

their own

way

(1987.10.14)

雨中铜像

高高在上的铜将军
总喜欢摆出
一副悬崖勒马的姿势
好显示他
存亡绝续的历史地位

马的前蹄
因此不得不
悬空挣扎
当横飞的箭雨
纷纷射向
它最最柔弱的肚腹

IN THE RAIN A BRONZE STATUE

the lofty general in bronze
always likes to maintain the posture
of reining in his horse at the edge of a cliff
just to show
his critically important position
in history

thus the horse's front hooves
are constantly up in the air
exposing its vulnerable belly
to the flying arrows
of rain

(1988.1.21)

学画记

不是每一抹晚霞
都燃烧着熊熊的欲火
忧郁的原色
并不构成天空的每一片蓝

所有阳光蹦跳的绿叶
都有一个枯黄飘零的身世
每一朵流浪的白云
都有一张苍白的小脸在窗口痴望

在斑斓的世界大色板上
你调了又调
知道迟早会调出
一种连上帝都眼红的颜色

PAINTING LESSONS

not every evening glow
is ablaze with desire
not every melancholy patch of sky
is a primary color

each glittering leaf in the sun
has its withered yellow life story
each roaming cloud
is watched by a tiny pallid face in the window

on the resplendent palette of the world
he mixes and mixes
knowing sooner or later
he will come up with a color
even God will envy

(1988.7.18)

有希望的早晨

不管天气预报员怎么说
这是个有希望的早晨

我已经看到
此呼彼应的尖锐鸟鸣
在漆黑的天空上
划出一道道
长长短短粗粗细细的弧线
透露天光

A PROMISING MORNING

I don't care what the weatherman says
this is a promising morning

here and there
I see piercing birdcalls
making slits
long and short, wide and narrow
on the black sky
to let light in

(1988.8.17)

温室效应

自从在温室里
培养出不朽的塑胶花
使春天过敏的鼻腔不再发痒
自命为上帝的人类
便处心积虑
要用不锈钢
打造一个
空前绝后的崭新世界

你看呼呼作响的火炉
正越烧越旺

GREENHOUSE EFFECT

Ever since producing successfully in a greenhouse
the everlasting plastic flowers
that would make no allergic nose itch
man, the self-proclaimed Creator
has undertaken to build
a brand-new world
of stainless steel

Look at that blast furnace
it's burning wild

(1988.8.22)

夕阳

终于平易可亲
连凡夫俗子
都敢张目以对

满布血丝的眼睛
要等最后一只归鸟平安入林
才恬然闭上

THE SETTING SUN

finally his fierce gaze becomes so mellow
that even an ordinary man like me
dares to stare

his bloodshot eye
will not close completely
till the last bird
returns safely
to the woods

(1988.9.21)

他们用怪手挖树

连根带泥

他们把树一棵棵挖走

使本来已够暗淡的天空

更加失明

明天他们将在这块草地上

造一栋钢筋水泥的大楼

用闪闪烁烁的玻璃

装饰深沉空洞的眼穴

EXCAVATION

along with gravel and soil

they removed the trees

with an excavator

making the dark sky

even darker

tomorrow they will build a skyscraper

right here on this grassland

and decorate the hollow eyes

with twinkling glass

(1988.12.21)

故事

狗闭着眼
但老人知道它在倾听

温情的背
正越挨越近

STORY

The dog has her eyes closed
but the old man knows she's listening

Her warm back is moving
closer and closer

(1989.3.18)

性急的小狗

猛跑几步
又折回头
猛跑几步
又折回头

兴奋的小狗
频频催促
摇摇晃晃刚学会走路的小主人

前面
一片平坦亮丽

AN IMPATIENT LITTLE DOG

dashing forth a few steps
and dashing back
dashing forth a few steps
and dashing back

the excited little dog
keeps urging his wobbly little master
who has just started learning
how to walk

a bright smooth ground
lies right ahead

(1989.3.19)

再看鸟笼

打开
鸟笼的
门
让鸟飞

走

把自由
还给
天
空

BIRD CAGE AGAIN

open
the
cage
let the bird fly

away

and give
freedom back
to the sky

(1989.4.27)

底片世界

敲锣打鼓
他们在一个
黑白颠倒的
世界里
庆祝光明

THE NEGATIVE WORLD

Beating gongs and drums
they celebrate light
in a world
where black
is white

(1989.10.1)

入秋以后

入秋以后
虫咬鸟啄的
小小病害
在所难免

但他不可能呻吟
每个裂开的伤口
都顷刻间溢满了
蜜汁

NOW THAT AUTUMN IS HERE

now that autumn is here
it's hard to avoid
biting insects and pecking birds

but he finds it impossible to moan
no sooner has a wound opened up
than it's filled with sweet juice

(1989.10.7)

柏林墙贩

历史大贱卖
一块才美金二十元！

看这一块
上面布满了追命的弹痕
这一块染有逃亡者的血
这一块被焦灼的眼光烧出了两个洞
残存在这一块上面的冷战
仍令人不冷而颤
哈这一块上面有年轻人跳舞的脚印
这一块有粗粗的链条
拉倒时涌起的掌声与欢叫

我们的货源充足
柏林墙卖光之后
我们将拆
那一堵堵
分隔贫富
贵贱
主奴之间的墙

当然我们还有
取之不尽用之不竭
绵绵漠漠的
心墙

BERLIN WALL PEDDLERS

History on sale
One chunk for only twenty dollars

Look at this one
it's full of bullet holes
this one is stained with deserters' blood
and see these two dark holes
they were burned by an anxious gaze
the remains of cold war on this one
still make you tremble
and what we have here
are the dancing footprints of youth
and the shouting and clapping
when a heavy chain tore it down

Our supply is abundant
after the Berlin Wall
we'll tear down the walls
between
the rich and the poor
the fortunate and the unfortunate
the oppressors and the oppressed

and of course we can always find
walls
between indifferent hearts

(1989.12.16)

超级杯

礼拜天下午没球赛
这个国家一大半的男人
他们的脸
将比关掉的电视机
还阴暗

会动脑筋的节目制作者
因此搬出飞机导弹坦克与大炮
把家家户户的萤光幕
都渲染成七月四日
缤纷灿烂的夜空

卫星现场转播
战争的电玩
电玩的战争
超级杯
在中东沙漠

SUPER BOWL

Sunday afternoon without any ball game
most of the faces in this country
would be as dark as the TV screens

so the smart producers pull out
bombers and missiles and tanks and cannons
to light up every screen
splendid as the night sky
on the fourth of July

satellite broadcasts
electronic games of war
war of electronic games
Super Bowl
played in the desert
of the Middle East

(1991.3.23)

影子

阳光下载歌载舞的影子们
一看到老天绉起眉头变脸
便纷纷销声匿迹

藏污纳垢的黑暗
留给那些傻瓜诗人
去揭露挖掘

SHADOWS

noticing the sky has raised its eyebrows
and darkened its face
the shadows stop
their singing and dancing
and vanish
without a trace

leaving the dark dirty business
to poets and fools
to explore
and expose

(1991.6.6)

夜游密西根湖

从摩天楼的顶层伸手摘星
应该不会太难
但多半，我猜
是星星们自己走下来
为这华丽的一哩
锦上添花

在巧夺天工的玻璃窗口欣欣炫耀
或在无人一顾的天空默默暗淡
没有比这更现实的选择

船到马康密克场便掉头了
再过去是黑人区
黑黝黝
没什么看头

附注：华丽的一哩(The Magnificent Mile 或称 The Miracle Mile)为芝加哥湖滨的黄金地带，世界上最壮观的高楼大厦在此林立。马康密克场(McCormick Place)为工业品展览所。

NIGHT CRUISE ON LAKE MICHIGAN

Standing on top of a skyscraper
one can no doubt pick the stars with ease
yet from here it seems more likely
that the stars descend from the sky themselves
to decorate the Magnificent Mile

Shining bright in the fabulous windows
or growing pale in the darkening sky—
what a choice

Near McCormick Place the ship turns around
farther down are ghettos
pitch-dark
not much to see

(1991.9.10)

白茫茫的雪地上一只黑鸟

就是这一只怕冷的
鸟
使昨夜的那场大雪
没有
白
下

就是这一点不妥协的
黑
使冷漠呆滞的眼睛
迸出
万
紫
千
红

IN THE WHITE SNOW A BLACK BIRD

It is because of this bird
chin up and chest out in the cold
that last night's snow did not fall
in vain

It is this uncompromising
black dot
that induces the burst
of dazzling colors
of spring
from all dull and vacant
eyes

(1992.1.30)

罗马特拉威喷泉

根据电影『罗马之恋』的情节
每个希望重游罗马的旅客
必须背对这喷水池默祷
并抛掷三枚铜板

池子比电影里看到的小得多
又刚好碰上礼拜一喷泉同管理员一起休假
看不到海神驾海马车驱波逐浪的雄姿
我们仍急急用力抛出
三枚面值五百里拉的硬币

但愿它们在落水前没太贬值

TREVI FOUNTAIN

I saw you in Roman Holiday years ago
but you are much thinner now
today is Monday
both you and your master have a day off
the sea horses make no waves
nor the Triton and the chariot

Wishing for a happy return
I stand with my back toward you
as done in the movie
and quickly toss
three five-hundred-lira coins

Hoping they won't devalue too badly
before they hit bottom

(1992.5.16)

罗马凯旋门

条条大路
都通向
霓虹闪烁车水马龙的
商业区

在一截野草丛生的废道上
我看到左右跨开巨人般双腿的
凯旋门
默默站在暮色苍茫里
想不起当年
凯旋的队伍究竟从哪一头
旌旗蔽天鼓角动地而来

只有顽皮的风
在它宽容的裤裆下
钻来钻去
不停地钻来又钻去

ARCH OF TRIUMPH, ROME

all roads lead to
the business district
of high rises and neon lights

on the stretch of a deserted road
overgrown with wild grass
I see the arch standing astride
squinting in the evening light
as if trying to recall from which side
the returning triumphant troops approached
flags covered the sky
drums shook the earth

but there is only the wind now
mischievously playing between its legs
back and forth
tirelessly back and forth

(1992.5.21)

皮萨斜塔

一下游览车我们便看出了局势
同大地较劲
天空显然已渐居下风

为了让这精彩绝伦的竞赛
能够永远继续下去
我们纷纷选取
各种有利的角度
在镜头前作出
努力托塔的姿势

当地的导游却气急败坏地大叫
别太用力
这是一棵
不能倒塌更不能扶正的
摇钱树

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA

descending from the tour bus
we knew right away
that the earth was gaining
in its wrestling match
with the sky

to help maintain the balance
we all raised our hands
in front of the lenses
strenuously trying to prop up
the tower

but the local guide shouted at us
our exertion threatened his Money Tree—
it must neither be allowed to fall down
nor be straightened up

(1992.7.2)

生与死之歌

—给濒死的索马利亚小孩

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

庆祝他的生日
庆祝他的死日

SONG OF BIRTH AND DEATH

—for a starving Somali child

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

on this birthday of his
on this deathday of his

(1992.8.15)

蚱蜢世界

1.

奋力一
跃
发现头顶上
还有一大截自由的空间

顿时
郁绿的世界
明亮开阔

压抑不住的
 生之欢愉
此起彼落
 弹性十足

2.

奋力一
跃
惊喜发现

天空仍高不可及
大地仍辽阔无边
夏绿仍溶溶漫漫
生命还没有定义

A GRASSHOPPER'S WORLD

1.

leaping upward
it finds plenty of room
in the world above

smothering lush green
opens up
and brightens

the irrepressible joy of life
 bouncing up
and down
 like a spring

2.

leaping upward
it is pleasantly surprised
to find

the sky is still so immense
the earth is still so vast
the summer is still so green

life is still undefined

(1992.8.18)

海上晨景

从一动不动的红点里曳出
一条耀眼的
白线

一只小海鸥
穿梭盘旋
把蓝天与绿海
缀得
天衣无缝

MORNING AT THE SEA

a little seagull
drawing a white thread
out of a motionless red dot

up and down to and fro
weaves the blue sky and the green sea
into a seamless splendor

(1992.12.15)

同一位前红卫兵在旧金山看海

又一个波浪涌上来
我还来不及开口发问
那年头你有没有想到诗
哗啦一声它已在黑岩上摔得粉碎
叹一口白气又悄然退了下去

我们隔着雾互看了一眼
然后望开去
灰蒙蒙的海湾上空
这时候太阳突然冒出了脸
白亮庄严恍如奇迹

但我们都
知道
它一直就在那里

WATCHING THE OCEAN IN SAN FRANCISCO WITH A FORMER RED GUARD

Another wave rushed in
As I was about to ask
“Did you think of poetry in those days?”
it crashed on the black rocks
and retreated with a white sigh

We looked away at the bay
through a thick fog
Suddenly the sun appeared
brilliant and solemn
as if it were a miracle

But we both knew
it had been there all the time

(1992.11.10)

秋叶 #1

叶落
乃为了增加
地毯的
厚度

让
直
直
坠
下
的
秋

不致
跌得太重

AUTUMN LEAVES #1

Every leaf
helps
thicken
the carpet
&
soften

(
)
(
the
)
(
fall

(1993.3.20)

留诗

我在冰箱里
留了几首
诗

你到家的时候
它们一定
又冰
又甜

A POST-IT NOTE

I've put some
poems
in the icebox

They'll be cold
and sweet
when you get home

(1993.7.9)

跳房子

-- 给芝加哥黑人区的一个女孩

又一个小女孩
挡住了
子弹漫游的方向

血泊的人行道上
围观者清楚看到
小女孩嘴边
压抑不住的胜利微笑
她的双脚
终于成功地跳入
粉笔涂画的
两个方格

HOPSCOTCH

-- for a girl in a Chicago ghetto

Standing in the way
of a bullet's joyflight
another little girl fell
on a blood-stained pavement

A triumphant smile
crossed her twisted face
as she finally managed
to plant both feet
neatly
in the chalked squares

(1993.9.26)

初潮

—给芝加哥黑人区的一个女孩

小女孩在路上被崎岖绊了一跤
正巧碰上一颗呼啸而过的流弹

红色的血潮汨汨自她尚未成熟的身体
涌出
渐僵的嘴还有话要问呼天抢地而来的
母亲

MENARCHE

—for a girl in a Chicago ghetto

Stumbling on a bumpy sidewalk
a little girl was hit by a stray bullet

Blood gushed from her immature body
Her stiffening mouth had yet to ask girlish questions
of her wailing mother

(1993.9.26)

失乐园

—巴哈马游记之一

它们无法不美
每个角落
都澄澈透明
万物无所遁形

（要不当年上帝
如何能一眼看穿
人类心里的鬼胎）

没有导游喋喋的指点
没有断柱残垣
我们的思古幽情
原始而真切

水原来这么绿
云原来这么白
天原来这么青…

PARADISE LOST

— At the Bahamas

they can't help being so beautiful
every corner
is bright and transparent
nowhere to hide

(otherwise how could God
see through the human mind
at a glance)

no talkative tour guides
no broken-column ruins
our nostalgia
is true and original

the water so green
the cloud so white
the sky so blue

(1994.1.9)

明星世界

自编自导自演
真人真事的
肥皂剧
每天
从每个角落
血淋淋
抢着演给
好莱坞
看

A STAR-STUDED WORLD

Soap operas
of real people and real events
every day
from every corner of the earth
fight ferociously
for a bloody
Hollywood
shot

(1994.1.12)

吻 #2

你的唇吻暖我的唇
或我的唇吻暖你的
都无关紧要

重要的是
我们仍有话要说
并试着把它说
好

KISSING #2

It makes no difference
your lips kissing my lips
or my lips kissing yours

What is important
is that we still have something to say
to each other
and try to say it
well

(1994.2.14)

时装

一走出百货公司的旋门
她便发现
刚刚买来的时装
已过了时

从迷你到迷地到美兮到丑兮再
回过头去
每年她总要忙得团团转
拉长缩短小腿
有如它们是一副三脚
不，双脚架

而她怎么也想不通
为什么一件好好的时装
一离开模特儿的身上
便缩小变形
走了模样

FASHION

Whirling through the revolving door
she finds the fashion she just bought
already out of style

From mini to midi to maxi and back again
every year she adjusts her legs
as if they were a tripod, or
should we say, bipod

And she can never understand
how a dress shrinks and loses its shape
once it leaves
the model on display

(1994.5.25)

黄山挑夫

每一步
都使整座黄山
哗哗倾侧晃动

侧身站在陡峭的石级边沿
我们让他们粗重的担子
以及呼吸
缓缓擦脸而过
然后听被压弯了的脚干
向更深更陡的山中
一路摇响过去

苦力
苦哩

苦力
苦哩

苦力
苦哩…

PORTERS ON MOUNT HUANGSHAN

Every step
makes the whole mountain shake
and tilt

We turn sideways at the edge
of the steep stone steps
to let their heavy burden
and panting breath
press by
then listen to their bent legs
rattling on

coolie
clog

coolie
clog

coolie
clog ...

(1994.10.15)

化装舞会

走在街头
他突然发现
昨晚的化装舞会
仍在进行

每个他遇到的人
都有一张
高深莫测的面具
紧紧套在脸上
如第二层皮

MASQUERADE

Walking in the streets
he suddenly realizes
last night's masquerade
is still going on

Everywhere he turns
he sees a mask
fastened to a face
like a second skin

(1995.2.2)

愚人节

四月来临
在我办公桌上留了张条子
『打电话给施先生—
紧急!!!』

我连忙照着号码拨通了电话
对方说
『很抱歉狮先生不能来听电话
他被关在笼子里呢!』

我还来不及撂下话筒
她压抑不住的笑声已从电话里
跳了出来
一口咬下我的耳朵
溅了我一脸的血

然后它扑向我那无辜的办公室伙伴
我无能为力只有眼睁睁看着他
翻腾打滚终于，天可怜见，活活
笑死

APRIL FOOLS DAY

April arrived
with a message on my desk
“Call Mr. Lyon —
Urgent !!!”

I dialed the number
“Sorry Mr. Lion can’t come to the phone right now
He is in the CAGE!”

Before I could put down my phone
her irrepressible laugh jumped out of the line
and bit off my ear, splashing blood
all over my face

It then attacked my innocent officemate
I stood by helplessly and watched him
roll about and eventually die
of laughter

(1995.3.25)

加拿大洛矶山

不怕冷的请站出来

唰地一声
漫山遍谷
顿时站满了
抬头挺胸的
青松

CANADIAN ROCKIES

Those unafraid of the cold
please step up

Immediately
the whole valley fills with pines
standing tall and erect

(1995.8.19)

露易丝湖

这般柔媚
这般娇嫩
独处
深山中的
闺房

该有一个牌示
保护
这上帝的
小女儿

*粗鲁的恐龙不许来
熙熙攘攘的观光客不许来*

LAKE LOUISE

so delicate
so vulnerable
in a chamber
deep in the high mountains

alone

there's got to be a sign
guarding
this little girl
of God

*NO DINOSAURS ALLOWED
NO NOISY TOURISTS ALLOWED*

(1995.8.21)

缄默

一旦诗般美丽的语言
被用来引爆
新仇旧恨的
炮弹
人类需要
另一种全新的
弃绝音节的
缄默

面对这荒谬绝伦的世界
他们其实也真的
无话可说

*在波士尼亚战火里生长的小孩，有不少因心灵受创而失去说话能力。
而一位引发战火的塞尔维亚人领袖，据说还是位诗人呢

SILENCE

When poetic language
is used to ignite
hatred
and bombs
it's time to abandon
words
syllables
and sounds

To this absurd world
they really have nothing to say
anyway

Note: Many children born and raised in warring Bosnia were so traumatized that they lost the ability to speak. Ironically, one of the Serbian leaders was said to be a poet.
(1995.10.18)

日蚀

童心未泯喜欢开开玩笑的
老太阳
又搬出那副黑面具
想吓唬吓唬
迷信胆小的
影子们

全没想到
万能的新人类
早把幻影化成
声色犬马的现实
日日夜夜在电脑上
大做其爱

根本不需要
什么鬼太阳

ECLIPSE

Young at heart
the old sun
once in a while
likes to put on
his mischievous black mask
just to scare
the superstitious jittery
shadows

He doesn't know
we now keep shadows
safely in a world of virtual reality
where we eat and drink
make love
all without benefit
of a single ray
of sunlight

(1995.10.25)

流星

向漆黑的宇宙
掷出一颗
探测的石子

亿万光年后
或许会有人听到
琅璫传来
撞底的声音

METEOR

throw a shiny stone
at the dark universe

millions of light years later
someone might hear
a clang
when it hits bottom

(1997.11.19)

装置艺术

—迎冬天来访芝加哥的友人

这样庞大的装置工程
当然不是
区区如我的艺术家
所能为力

铺在广大草地上的雪
必须又厚又轻又柔又白
引诱一双天真的脚
去踩去没膝去惊呼去笑成一团
作为灯光的太阳必须照亮
面对面的坦荡心眼
无需墨镜遮羞
气温要调节到
风吹在脸上你只感到温存
有如我的呼吸
而檐角几根零落的冰垂
晶莹玲珑好让你梦幻的眼睛
灿然惊喜

在席尔斯塔上望远
或凝近
都一样清明
（极目处那一抹淡紫可能是污染
更可能是这钢铁城市难得流露的
朦胧之情）

密西根湖面的浮冰正好承受
几只日光浴的海鸥
（全世界的热带鱼都挤在水族馆里
为你编织
一个万紫千红的童话）

这样的装置艺术
自然必须
在一夜之间拆除
当你离去

INSTALLATION ART

—for a visitor who has never seen snow before

Such a gigantic undertaking
needless to say is far beyond
the capability of an artist
like me

The snow on the grass
must be thick and soft and pure
tempting your innocent feet
to tread to sink to burst out laughing
The sun should make the icicles sparkle
in your dreaming eyes
and the breeze caressing your face
has to ripple your memory pond

On the top of Sears Tower
everything far and near
must be clear
The distant purple haze should not be
a blush of pollution but the flushed air
of this bustling city of steel

The floating ice on Lake Michigan needs to support
a flock of sun-bathing gulls
The tropical fish in the aquarium
should weave a colorful fairy tale
just for you

And of course
this masterful installation art
must be dismantled
right after you leave

(1997.1.30)

无性繁殖恋歌

我
爱
你

我我
爱爱
你你

我我我我
爱爱爱爱
你你你你你你你你你你。。。

你别繁殖得那么快好不好

CLONE LOVE SONG

I
love
you

II
love love
you you

III
love love love love
you you you you you you you...

Would you please slow down a bit

(1997.3.9)

无性繁殖政歌

野心的政客
将大量繁殖自己
好多多为自己
投上神圣的一票

一旦大权在握
当然也必须
六亲，不，基因不认
大量屠杀血脉相连
每个细胞都同自己一样
野心勃勃的
自己

以免自己
向自己夺权

A POLITICALLY-CORRECT CLONE SONG

Ambitious politicians
will mass reproduce themselves
to gather votes

And once in power
they will without doubt eliminate
their blood replicas
knowing full well
that they are every cell
as power-hungry
as themselves

(1997.3.10)

春雪

爱做梦的你
此刻想必嘴边漾着甜笑
我临窗伫立
看白雪
在你梦中飞舞回旋

真想拨通越洋电话
把话筒举向窗外的天空
让梦中的你也听听
氤氲氤氲
雪花飘荡的声音

SPRING SNOW

I know you love to dream

Standing in front of my window
I watch the snow
swirling in your dream
a sweet smile rippling
on your mouth

How I'd love to place an overseas call
raise the receiver towards the sky
and let you listen in your dream
to the sound of the snow
wafting and drifting

(1997.4.11)

无梦之夜

透过心眼
我自各个角度捕捉
你的一颦一笑
营造一个璀灿的梦

却没料到
底片感光过度
影像重叠
一夜甜黑到天亮

A DREAMLESS NIGHT

From every angle
I tried to capture your bright smiles
for a colorful dream

Overexposed
the images overlapped
and I had a sweet dark sleep
till dawn

(1997.5.23)

思乡病

害一场思乡病

回一趟家

回一趟家

害一场思乡病

这是无可奈何的事

这是无可奈何的事

HOMESICKNESS

suffering from homesickness

he returns to his homeland

returning to his homeland

he suffers from homesickness

there's nothing he can do about it

there's nothing he can do about it

(1997.5.26)

万有引力

终于想通了
树上的苹果
从容潇洒
让自己
坠落

砰地一声
不偏不倚
正好打在
树下瞌睡的
牛顿头上

GRAVITY

after thinking the matter through
the apple gracefully let itself
go

Oops
it landed right on the head
of Mr. Newton
dozing under the tree

(1998.7.24)

嗅觉

你曾在风中小立
面对着我凝视的方向

这样敏锐的嗅觉
慈悲的上帝
把它赐给
每一只
黑暗中的
饿兽

SCENT

A short while ago
thousands of miles away
you were standing in the wind
facing me

Such keen sense
God bestows upon all animals
hungry
in cold dark nights

(1998.9.15)

积木游戏

就在这片
心的废墟上
他们曾亲手
用坚实多彩的
方块
搭建起一座
巍峨辉煌的神庙

至於它后来
究竟是被一只玩厌了的手
轻率无聊地一下子推倒
或因其中一个负重的方块
禁不起风风雨雨的侵蚀
而颓然塌陷
年代久远
已湮灭不可辨析

THE GAME OF BLOCKS

It was right here
on this ruin of hearts
they built with their own hands
using sturdy colorful blocks
a magnificent lofty temple

As to what happened later
whether it was carelessly pushed over
by a bored hand
or one of the blocks
was so eroded by the elements
that it crumbled under its weight...
since it was such a long time ago
nobody could really tell

(1998.9.16)

秋叶 #2

生命中最初
也可能是最后的一次旅行
当然必须又高又远
又潇洒平滑

强抑满怀的兴奋
它们便在枝头
耐心地等待
一阵风过

AUTUMN LEAVES #2

Their first journey
quite possibly their last
of course it has to be
high and far
with chilling speed
and grace

on branches
the leaves patiently
wait
for a gust of wind

(1998.11.30)

天有二日或更多

终于传来了消息
在一百多亿年前那场大爆炸中
被冲散的同胞骨肉
已在四十四光年之外
落了户

兴奋得睡不着觉的
当然是地球上的人类
想到在那遥远的地方
可能繁殖的一群可爱的远亲
和平文明彬彬有礼

但愿他们信仰的
是同一个上帝

TWO SUNS OR MORE

Finally came the news
the flesh and blood scattered
during the Big Bang
may have settled another solar system
44 light-years away

The possibility of having relatives
as cultured and peaceful as the human race
aroused intense excitement throughout the world
Now just let us pray
they and we worship
the same God

(1999.4.20)

烟囱

触目惊心

纵欲过度的大地

仍这般雄勃勃

威而刚

SMOKESTACK

How shocking

the overindulgent earth

still carries on

with such an erection

(1999.7.11)

在天地之间

苹果
突然停在半空中
不知该继续往下降
或回到树上去
当教育委员们
面红耳赤辩论
重力的问题

附注：美国近年保守派的宗教势力抬头，迫使有些州的教育委员会通过不再把进化论列入学校课程，引起争论。

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH

A falling apple
suddenly stops midair
unsure of whether to continue its course
or to return to the treetop
while the Kansas State Board of Education
argues over the weighty question
of gravity

Note: Under the pressure of some American religious groups, Kansas State Board of Education decided to remove the Theory of Evolution from high school curriculum.

(1999.8.24)

四季 #2

•春

千真万确
是初恋

我从未见过
这样新鲜的
绿

•夏

说你的微笑
点亮了整座花园
自然有点夸张

但我明明看到
路边一朵小花
因你的走近
而灿烂辉煌

•秋

收获的季节
没有非结不可的
果

•冬

若非一夜大雪
爱冒险的脚
如何去踩去没膝去惊呼去笑成一团

或者如何去
伫望茫茫

FOUR SEASONS #2

- Spring

Such commotion
it can only be
first love

I don't recall ever seeing
so fresh a green

- Summer

To say that your smile
lights up the whole garden
is of course an exaggeration

but I did indeed see
a flower bloom
at your approach

- Autumn

Harvest season
not all flowers
need to bear
fruit

- Winter

If not for the night's snow
how are the venturesome feet to find
knee-deep shouts and laughter

or to look beyond
the vast white

(1998.8.30)

余震

被大怪手
从瓦砾中挖出的
血肉横飞的
惊痛
仍在那里
扑扑抽搐颤动

它们的震幅
远远超出里克特级数
震央
就在我们的心窝上

AFTERSHOCK

The bloody mutilated
terror
dug up from the ruins
by an excavator
still lies there
trembling

with intensity
exceeding the Richter scale
its epicenter
right in our heart

(1999.10.3)

蒙娜丽莎的微笑 #1

一定有什么
不可告人的秘密

在她面前
一个男人歪着头左右打量
他的身傍
一个打扮入时的女人
正咧嘴而笑

MONA LISA #1

There must be some d-e--e---p
secret

Staring at her smile
a man tilts his head left and right
Beside him a painted woman
wears a wide grin

(1999.12.24)

塞尚的静物

在一个托盘上
一只桔子
与一根香蕉
背对着背
各做各的梦

塞尚走了过来
把它们翻转个身
让香蕉优雅的内弧
温柔搂住
桔子的浑圆

顿时
空气软化澄明
色彩丰沛
且流动了起来

CÉZANNE'S STILL LIFE

Lying back to back on a plate
an orange
and a banana
each dream
its own dream

Cézanne comes over
gives the banana
a half turn
Its graceful inner curve now
embraces the orange's plumpness

Instantly the air softens
the color fluid
and rich

(1999.12.25)

呼气

这阵温柔的风
想必来自你
一个甜蜜的叹息
此刻正诱使花儿
纷纷吐露芳香
并激发阵阵幸福的微颤
在叶子同我身上
沙沙掠过

BREATH

A puff of air
from your sweet sigh
must have caused this breeze
that entices the flowers
to release their fragrance
and sends a shudder
through the leaves
and me

(2000.3.14)

你该停在那里的

起先我看到字句从你张开的嘴里冲出
都是些又粗又大的黑体字
接着它们越变越黑越稠密有如子弹
慢着是真的子弹正冒着烟呼啸着
朝我们飞射过来哪

我们四散奔躲等待事情发生
却意外地听到突来的静寂
在我们的耳边爆响
我抬头看到你正一动不动地站在那里
嘴巴张得大大
看样子是耗光了子弹只是你扭曲的
脸部以及伸长的舌头都在摆明
你里头还有许多东西要出来

有好几秒钟的时间你就这样僵在那里
然后在我们的注视下你的身体突然裂痕斑斑
劈劈啪啪碎落了一地
我们徐徐站起围拢过来想捡起碎片
没料到它们都被烧过了头
手指轻轻一碰便散成灰烬

你真该停在那里的
在你开口之前

YOU SHOULD'VE STOPPED THERE

first I see words coming out of your mouth
black words all UPPERCASE and **bold**
they become so dark and dense that I think they are bullets
wait a second they ARE bullets now all streaming hissing
smoking burning toward us

we scatter and run for cover waiting for something
to happen but are surprised to hear a sudden silence
explode in our ears

I look up and find you just standing there
with your mouth wide open
as if you are running out of ammunition
but from the expression on your twisted face
and out-stretched tongue there must still be
something inside that wants to come out

for a few seconds you remain in your frozen posture
then right before our eyes your body shatters and breaks up
we slowly rise and gather around
trying to pick up the pieces but find they are so badly burned
that they crumble at a touch

you should've stopped there really
before you opened your mouth

(2000.1.24)

911

双子塔可以倒塌
五角大厦不妨炸成四角
但当两千多个无辜的
血肉之躯
在烈焰中煎熬哀号
我们不得不狂拨紧急求救电话
给真主阿拉或任何上帝

却突然迟疑停顿了下来
或许根本没有谁
在那一头

附注：911 是美国各地专用的紧急求救电话号码。

911

We really didn't care much about
the collapse of the Twin Towers
nor the Pentagon turning into a Tetragon
but when thousands of innocent lives
were agonizing in the flames
we frantically tried to dial for help
from Allah or whichever God

yet somehow we hesitated—
there might not be anyone
on the other end

(2001.10.10)

桥

隔著岸
紧密相握

我们根本不知道
也不在乎
是谁
先伸出了
手

BRIDGE

Clasped together
intimate and tight

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

(2002.2.2)

玉坠项链

亿万年
密密封存的
火种

你用指尖轻轻撩拨
胸前微温的
绿焰
然后微笑着
直直向我走来

JADE NECKLACE

A live cinder
from the Creation

Stroking with your finger tips
you stir up the green flame
that flickers on your breast
then smile
and walk straight towards me

(2002.8.18)

來自故乡的歌

掠过黑暗的旷野
 一只萤火虫
两只三只.....

终于引发
 一阵眩目的闪电
 霍霍照亮
 山重水复
 沟壑纵横的
脸庞

LISTENING TO A CHILDHOOD SONG

Flickering across the dark open space
a firefly...
 then two...
 then three...
soon they multiply
 become flashes of lightning
reveal ragged hills
 and mountains
overflowing rivers
 and ravines
of a face

(2002.8.18)

初秋游杜甫草堂

风和日丽
你那被秋风所破的茅屋
早已修葺一新
成为镜头争睹的圣迹
屋内宽敞乾净
不可能漏雨

但他们还是为你
铸造了一座
瘦骨嶙峋的塑像
知道
风雨飘摇的诗国
永远有一股狂风
在那里窥伺

VISITING TU FU'S HUT ON AN EARLY AUTUMN DAY

the breeze is gentle and the sun is bright
the hut that was once blown down
has already been rebuilt
into a shrine
spatial and clean
it is unlikely the roof will ever leak again

still
they erected in front of the hut
your emaciated statue
just to remind us
there's always a strong gale
in the realm of poetry
lying in wait

(2002.10.3)

在李白故里向诗人问好

几天前在杜甫草堂
我们还谈起您
杜老要我见到您
千万问您好

他还是那么瘦
但他对您的福态
只有高兴没有丝毫妒意
他还说
诗仙诗圣的称号太无聊
写诗又不是小学生作文
争什么第一

至於您的身世
究竟出生何地
或姓不姓李
他说就交付给明月
让那些自以为清醒的家伙
去水中捞吧

**PAYING RESPECTS TO THE POET
AT THE LI PO HOUSE**

several days ago I was at the Du Fu Thatched Cottage
and we were talking about you
old Du Fu wanted me to convey his regards to you

he still stayed very thin
but he was happy and not at all jealous
that you were blessed with a body, plump and healthy
he also said
the names of Poet Immortal and Poet Saint are meaningless
poetry is not elementary school student composition
why worry about who is the number one writer

as for your life and background
where were you actually born
was Li really your last name
he said just leave them to the moon
and let those self-claimed clear-headed guys
to fish in the water

(2002.10.4)

邻居的盆花

多年邻居的老先生几天前去世了
他们阳台上开得正茂的几盆花
今早都垂下了头

爱花的老太太想必没听昨晚的新闻
不知道夜里有一场早来的霜

NEIGHBOR'S FLOWERS

A week ago our neighbor Eddie passed away
This morning I saw the potted flowers on their patio
all drooped and withered

His wife Helen who loves flowers so much
must not have heard the weather report
warning of an early frost

(2002.10.23)

轮回

野地里
一朵小蓝花
在晚风中摇曳

目光迷离的诗人走过
突然回头深深看了她一眼

几个世纪后的黄昏
一个阴暗的书架上
摆着一本褪了色的
蓝皮诗集

野地里一朵小蓝花
在晚风中摇曳

TRANSMIGRATION

Swaying alone in the evening wind
a little blue flower in the wilderness

a passing poet with misty eyes
suddenly turns his head
and gazes upon her

One evening centuries later
a faded blue book of poetry
stands at the corner of a dusty bookshelf

a little blue flower in the wilderness
swaying alone in the evening wind

(2003.4.1)

醒来

你当然没见过
从鸟鸣中升起
这个属于今天的
鲜活世界

每道光
都明亮灿烂
每次爱
都是初恋

AWAKENING

you have never seen
 such a fresh world
rising from bird songs
 in such a fine morning

every ray of light
 brilliant and bright
each love
 the first love

(2008.6.5)

变奏曲

1

我放走了
那只你关在笼里
想听它唱歌的
鸟

原谅我
我相信辽阔的天穹下
众树搭成的舞台
音效更佳

2

我把你昨夜写的
那首热情缠绵的诗
撕成片片撒入了河中

你将永远无法
修改
或收回

3

我把你那盏亮着的灯
吹熄了

你也许好心
要给飞蛾照路

但我想它们在黑暗里
看得更清
更远

PARTITA

1

I let
the bird
in your cage
go

I know you want
to hear her
sing

but I believe
the acoustics are much better
in the woods

2

I ripped up the passionate poem
you wrote for me last night
and threw the pieces
in the river

now you can never
change it
nor take it back

3

I put out
your lamp

It was kind of you
to try to illuminate
the way
for the moths

but I believe they can see
far better
in the dark

(2004.6.2)

一定有人哭泣

— 悼作家张纯如

一定有人哭泣
在这样的黄昏
风从西边来
雨从西边来

而她就是忍不住
头一个哭泣的那个人
对着一堆堆
历史的白骨
人间的 不义与缄默

而她就是一开了头
便止不住哭泣的那个人
人类的罪恶
冰峰般矗立在她四周
把她笼罩在重重阴影里
使她窒息

一定有人哭泣
在这样的黄昏
风从西边来
雨从西边来

附注：1997 年在美国出版《南京大屠杀》一书的华裔作家张纯如，因不堪忧郁症的折磨，於 2004 年自杀身亡。

SOMEONE MUST BE CRYING

— for Iris Chang

Someone must be crying
in such an evening
wind coming from the west
rain coming from the west

She was the first one
who could not hold her tears
facing piles and piles
of white bones in history
the injustice the dead silence

She was the one who started crying
and was unable to stop
the evil deeds of humanity
towering around her
like ice mountains
casting the heavy shadows
that eventually choked her

Someone must be crying
in such an evening
wind coming from the west
rain coming from the west

*Iris Chang was a Chinese-American writer who in 1997 published a book entitled, "The Rape of Nanking: The Forgotten Holocaust of World War II" telling the story of the murder of more than 250,000 defenseless civilians by the invading Japanese army. She later committed suicide due to severe depression.

(2004.11.13)

黑天鹅

波光流荡的舞台上
从古典悲剧中走出的
一位雍容华贵
穿黑礼服的皇后

所有的眼睛
（着魔的男人们以及
既羨且妒的女人们）
都紧紧盯着她
那黑得发亮
不戴首饰却优美无比的脖子

当她轻轻把弧形的脖子向前伸——直
整个世界仿佛也被拉长了一大截
而豁然明亮

BLACK SWAN

on the stage
of glistening light of waves
a graceful queen in black gown
emerges
from some classic play

eyes
of possessed men
and envious women
all stare at her unadorned yet exquisite
shiny black neck

when she gently straightens the arc of her neck
the world seems to be stretching with her
and suddenly brightens

(2008.7.2)

海啊海

—丹麦法罗岛民在海滩上集体
屠杀巨头鲸

屠杀过后的平静
血海
不再沸腾

很快夜幕将落下
遮蔽这刺目的红
让它静静隐入
黑暗的人类记忆

海啊海

SEA O SEA

— the slaughter of pilot whales
in the Faroe Islands, Denmark

Calm after carnage
the bloody sea
finally ceases boiling

Soon the night curtain will fall
to conceal the savage scene
letting the glaring red fade
into the deep dark corner
of unhumankind's memory

(2009.11.23)

中秋月

知道
所有
回不了家的
暗淡的眼睛
将彻夜不眠地凝望着她

她把自己
打扮得
又圆
又亮

MID-AUTUMN MOON

knowing
those who can't go home tonight
will all stare at her
with sleepless eyes

she fancies herself up
plump
and brilliant

*The Mid-Autumn Festival or the Moon Festival
is a Chinese holiday for family reunion

(2010.9.14)

万圣节

群魔乱舞—
这一天
天真无瑕的孩子们
纷纷戴上
狰狞凶恶的面具

群魔乱舞—
每一天
狰狞凶恶的大人们
纷纷戴上
天真无瑕的面具

HALLOWEEN

All hell breaks loose—
on this day
children wear hideous masks
to hide
their innocent faces

All hell breaks loose—
every day
adults wear innocent masks
to hide
their hideous faces

(2010.10.10)

月下少女

不忍看她那双眼睛
彻夜不眠地
痴望着
天空
他用画笔
轻轻把它们涂掉

然后在原处
点开两口无形的小井
让她激荡的情思
汨汨冒出
漫过脸颊
融入
今夜温柔如水的
月光

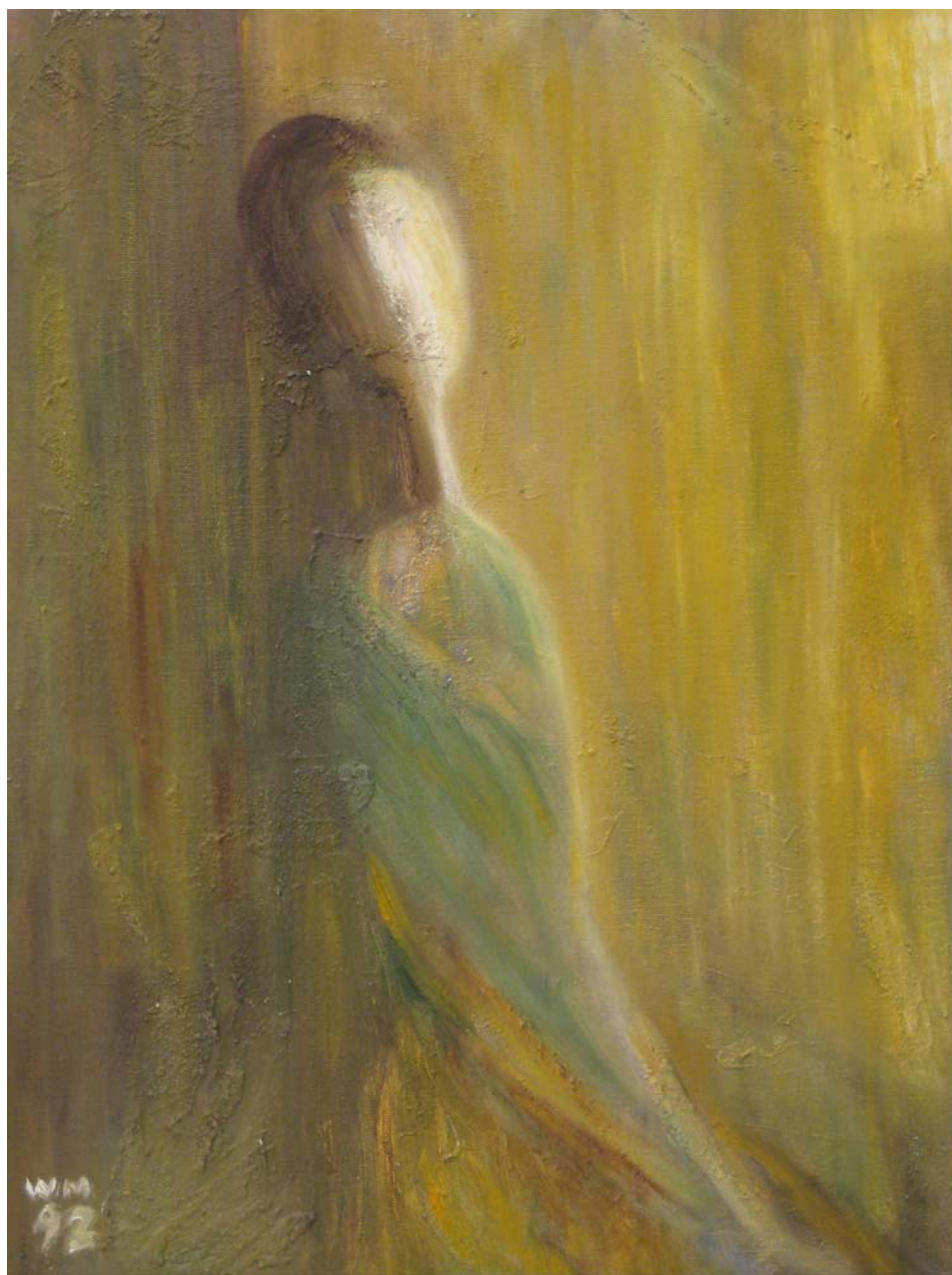
GIRL IN MOONLIGHT

unable to bear the sight
of her staring
at the sky all night
he blotted out her lovelorn eyes
with a paintbrush

then dabbed two imperceptible holes
to let the surging emotions
ooze out
run down her cheeks

blending
into tonight's tender
moonlight

(2010.12.28)



非马画作：月下少女，41x51 cm，混合材料，1992
William Marr's painting: Girl in moonlight, 16"x20",
mixed media, 1992

树与诗人的对话

树说

我们比人类幸运
不必花一生的时间
去等待轮回——
在冬天里死去
在春天里活来

诗人说

冬天与春天
黑夜与白昼
每个心跳
每回呼吸
每次眨眼
都是我的轮回——
在一首陈腐的诗中死去
在一首崭新的诗中活来

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A TREE AND A POET

A tree says

we are more fortunate than humans
Without having to wait a lifetime
for the chance of transmigration—
we die in winter
and rejuvenate in spring

A poet says

winter and spring
night and day
every heartbeat
every breath
every blink
all are my transigrations—
I die in an obsolete verse
and am reborn in a brand-new poem

(2011.11.24)

活来死去

— 给佛山车祸的小悦悦

面包车前轮重重碾过
面包车后轮重重碾过
卡车前后轮重重碾过
她还轻轻活着

视而不见的眼轻轻掠过
冷漠的心轻轻飘过
风言风语轻轻拂过
她才重重死去

LIVING AND DYING

— for a little girl in Foshan,
Guangdong, China

heavily the front wheels of a van ran over her
heavily the rear wheels of the van ran over her
heavily the front and rear wheels of a truck ran over her
lightly she kept herself alive

lightly eyes of passers-by glanced over her
lightly indifferent hearts brushed by her
lightly gossips swept around her
heavily she let herself die

(2011.10.25)

晨起

拉开窗帘
惊喜发现
阳光漫天灿烂
后院我手植的那棵枫树
仍一身青绿

世界
仍好好地
站在那里

MORNING

drawing open the curtains
he pleasantly discovers
in the bright sunshine
the maple he planted years ago
dressed in splendid green
standing erect
the world is still alive
and well

(2011.10.25)

黑

黑夜給了我黑色的眼睛
我卻用它尋找光明

— 顧城

他深深相信
眼睛越黑
越容易找到光明

他讓眼睫毛
灑滿了
烏鴉

BLACK

*Dark night has given me my dark eyes
yet I use them to search for light*
— Gu Cheng

he deeply believes
the darker the eyes
the easier to find the light

he lets a flock of
crows
perch on his eyelashes

(2011.11.25)

在蓝绿之间

海平线知道
全心全意拥抱
天空与大海
才能让自己
开阔

何况这是它
存在的
唯一理由

BETWEEN BLUE AND GREEN

the horizon knows
embracing the sky and sea
is the only way
to broaden itself

the sole reason
for being

(2011.11.29)

同大海辩论

同大海辩论是徒然的
你不可能有那么多口水
更不可能有那么大的肺活量

最好的办法
是把自己躺成沙滩
引诱他
一次又一次
热情澎湃地冲上来
吻你
 拥抱你
 企图占有你

而你只躺着
带着恶作剧的微笑
消遣他
 消磨他
 消耗他
看他一次又一次
徒劳无功
终于精疲力竭
叹一口长气
 颓然退下

心服口服

TO ARGUE WITH THE OCEAN

it makes no sense to argue with the ocean
you have neither the limitless supply of saliva
nor the enormous lung capacity

the best thing you can do
is to lie down and become a beach
entice him to rush passionately toward you
over and over again
desperately trying to kiss you
 embrace you
 possess you

while you just lie there with a mischievous smile
toying with him
 wasting him
 exhausting him
watching him let out a long sigh
and retreat in the end

convinced and speechless

(2012. 2.8)

春暖花开

面朝——
不，身处
越来越热
情澎湃的大海
你怎能怪它们
春情发动

纷纷追逐同类
甚至异类
纯交杂交
迫不及待地生下一大堆
纯种或
杂种

希望在海水沸腾起来之前
在它们被煮熟了端上桌子
成为最后的晚餐之前
能有几条漏网之鱼
去传宗接代

附注：由于近来的气候异常，海水比往常暖和，导致某些鱼类
“性”情大变，纷纷交配繁殖，甚至产生杂种。

BURNING PASSION

immersed in the ocean water
of increasingly warmer temperatures
how can one blame these fishes
for their rousing desire
to chase their own kind
or different kinds
copulating or cross breeding
producing in haste
shoals of purebreds
and hybrids

hoping
before the ocean water boils over
before being cooked and brought to the table
of the Last Supper
a lucky few would escape
to carry on their family lines

* According to a news report, due to climate change in recent years, ocean water has become increasingly warmer, causing some fish species to change their sexual behavior and increase their breeding and crossbreeding.

(2012. 3.19)

富贵病社会

为我们敞开大门的
是天堂般舒适的戒疗中心
不是地狱般黑暗的牢房

我们信仰上帝
更信仰黄金

附注: 美国德州 16 岁“富二代”库奇因醉后驾车撞死 4 名路人，他的律师竟以“富贵病”(AFFLUENZA) 为由，说服法官，最终判他因被父母宠坏，不知道自己行为的后果，免去监禁，改为进入昂贵的戒疗中心的缓刑，引发美国社会的猛烈抨击。

『我們信仰上帝』(In God We Trust) 是印在美國鈔票上的國家格言。

THE AFFLUENZA SOCIETY

For us
the door is always wide open
to a heavenly rehab center
not a hellish prison cell

IN GOD WE TRUST
but
IN GOLD WE TRUST
even more

* Accepting the defense's claim that “affluenza,” or the defective parenting by wealthy parents whose nurturing deprives their children of a sense of accountability for their misbehavior, a Texas judge sentenced a wealthy 16-year-old boy to 10 years of probation and a "time" of treatment in a \$450,000 a year facility for his drunk driving spree that caused four deaths and additional injuries.

(2013.12.17)

曼德拉

在白人的天底下
度过了那么多个暗无天日的
白天
他决心要让最黑的黑夜
都布满
微笑的星星

NELSON MANDELA

after spending so many dark days
under the White Man's sky
he decides to besprinkle
even the darkest night
with starry smiles

(2013.12.18)

雾霾世界

从飞机的小窗口下望
他努力调整焦距
却怎么也读不懂
这首没有丝毫诗意的
朦胧诗

直到被一阵咳嗽声吵醒
他才发现
原来是一个八岁的小女孩
用充斥肺腔的黑雾
喷染成的
一幅晦涩的
后现代画

附注：据 2013 年 12 月 29 日《芝加哥论坛报》
驻北京记者的报道，江苏省一个住在工业区附
近的 8 岁小女孩成为中国最年轻的肺癌罹患者。

THE WORLD OF SMOG

from the small window of the plane
he tried really hard
to adjust his focus
but was unable to make any sense
of the hazy poetry

until he was awakened
by the cough of an eight-year-old girl
and realized
it was in fact obscure postmodern art
painted with the black mist
spewed from her lung

* Due to air pollution, an 8-year-old girl
has become the youngest known lung
cancer patient in eastern China.

-- Chicago Tribune, 2013.12.29

风筝

分不清
谁
 在
 扯
 谁

只知道
一旦断了线
随风而去的
必是一个
远走高飞的
 梦

FLYING KITES

it's hard to tell
who's
 pulling
 who

all we know is
once a string
breaks
what goes with the wind
is a dream
 of flying far
 and high

(2014.1.18)

同时间辩论

同时间其实没什么好辩论的
即使你把所有的时针都往反时钟方向拨
他还是自顾自地猛往前冲
让你赶得上气不接下气

然后在某个午夜
在一个空无一人的陌生城镇
你看到他高高蹲坐在发光的塔尖上
自鸣得意地

铛--铛--
 铛--铛--
 铛--铛--
铛--铛--
 铛--铛--
 铛--铛--

一声声
重重敲在你的心房上
接着是一片死
寂

此刻是你辩论的好机会
如果你还能开口

TO ARGUE WITH TIME

there is no way you can argue with time
even if you turn all his hands counterclockwise
he will just keep ticking rushing forward
leaving you way behind and breathless

then at a certain midnight
in a desolate little town
you see him sitting atop a luminous tower
with stars in his eyes

clang... clang...
 clang... clang...
 clang... clang...
clang... clang...
 clang... clang...
 clang... clang...

one after another
pounding heavily on your heart
followed by a dead
silence

now is your perfect chance to argue
if you can still open your mouth

(2014.2.28)

同天空辩论

别想同天空辩论

当它阴沉着脸雷电交加
你根本不可能同他辩论
但一旦雨过天晴
风清云淡
你也随之心平气和
这时候你会想

有什么好辩论的呢

TO ARGUE WITH THE SKY

don't ever think of arguing with the sky

when he darkens his face
amidst thunder and lightning
you have no chance of winning
but when the rain stops and his face brightens
the clouds are pale and a light breeze is blowing
you too are calm and light of heart
then you'd wonder

what's there to argue about

(2014.3.3)

乡愁

离家太远
便都成了

孤儿

附注：天文学家们最近发现了几个没有轨道的星球，据他们揣测，有可能它们是绕着一个非常遥远的星球在运行。

HOMESICKNESS

too far from home
eventually all become

orphans

* astronomers recently found some stars without any orbit. They speculated that It was possible that they were revolving around some very distant stars.

(2014.4.27)

赌城之恋

一个输得精光的老人
从烟雾弥漫的赌场钻了出来
满眼血丝
抬头喜见天边
还剩有一个
红彤彤圆滚滚的
夕阳

便孤注一掷
将它投入
张着老虎般大口的
宇宙黑洞

A LAS VEGAS STORY

Coming out from the smoky casino
after losing his shirt
the old man with bloodshot eyes
was thrilled to find
the setting sun
brilliant and round
on the horizon

eagerly he grasped his last chip
and threw it
into the black hole
of the universe

(2014.5.12)

冰岛之夜

1

这里
连梦都
透明

只消一小步
便从今天
跨入了
明天

2

当今天的激情
仍在西方的海面上炽燃

明天
早在东方的天空上
露出它的鱼肚白

附注：六月中旬的冰岛，昼长夜短，
清晨两点多才日落，四点多便日出。

A NIGHT IN ICELAND

1.

here
even dreams
are transparent

one small step
and you walk
right onto
tomorrow

2.

your eyes still burn
with today's passion
lingering on the western sky

in the east
tomorrow
already shows its white belly

* on the day of our visit, sunset was at
around 2 a.m. while sunrise around 4 a.m.

(2014.7.9)

我为什么写诗

我不知道自己为什么写诗
只知道写诗使我富裕
享有——不是占有——
整个
没有通货
却不断膨胀的宇宙

天空上——
飘逸恬静的白云
轻盈欢叫的云雀
低吟的清风
温柔的月亮与数不胜数的星星

大地上——
高山小丘平原沟壑
葱葱郁郁
大海小溪湖泊池塘
淙淙涓涓
灿烂盛开的花朵
摇曳生姿的绿叶
小孩纯真的笑声
小猫小狗小鸡小鸭小鸟的蹦跳与鸣叫
都是我生命的财富

当然还有
狰狞的黑云
霸道的老鹰
咆哮的狂风暴雨
默默凋谢的花朵
隆隆的炮声
凄厉的哭声与嚎叫
这些使生命更立体更真实的
阴影
丰富了诗
也坚定了我

其实不是我在写诗
是诗在写我

WHY I WRITE POETRY

I don't know why I write poetry
all I know is that writing poetry makes me rich
enjoying — not possessing
the ever-expanding universe
without fear of inflation

in the sky —
white clouds
singing larks
whispering wind
the tender moon and twinkling stars

on the ground —
mountains hills plains gullies
lush green red brown yellow
oceans streams lakes ponds
splashing gurgling burbling
the blooming flowers
the vacillating leaves
children's innocent laughter
cats dogs chickens ducks birds
jumping chasing croaking singing
all are parts of my life's fortune

of course, there too are
ferocious dark clouds
harrying eagles
howling storms
withering flowers
roaring guns
and piercing screams
the shadows that lend dimension
to poetry and life

In fact, I don't write poetry
poetry writes me

(2014.8.30)

广告

情人节过后的
清仓大贱卖
买一送一

你微笑了
把电视广告关掉

我们的爱情无价
经久耐用
无需备品

AFTER VALENTINE'S DAY

**CLEARANCE SALES
BUY ONE GET ONE FREE**

you smiled
and turned off the TV Ad

our love is priceless
and wears well
no need for spares

(2015.3.16)

窗

再大的窗
也容纳不下
这五光十色的
大千世界

聪明的人类
干脆把风景压缩
成为幻影

从此大街小巷海边山巅旷野上
只剩下了一道活风景——
或站或走或坐或蹲或躺的人类
眼睛直直瞪着
他们手上的一方
小窗

WINDOWS

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

so smart human beings
convert all sceneries
into virtual images

on the streets
 at the beaches
 on the mountains
 in the wilderness
the only scenery that remains —

people standing
 walking
 sitting
 squatting
 reclining
all stare at the tiny windows
in their hands

(2015.4.2)

管道的白日梦

大白天
它梦见自己
一伸腰一踢腿
便唰的一声蹦了起来
把满肚子污七八糟的
原油
 地沟油
阴沟水
 阳沟水。。。
统统泻光
 排净

然后幻化成
千千万万根
细致透明的管子
把每个人类的心房
都连接上
宇宙的提炼厂

然后舒一口大气
躺下去
继续做它的
白日梦

A PIPE DREAM

in the deep of day
a pipe
lets out a yell
jumps to its feet
drains and shakes off
all crude oil
and sewage sludge
before turning itself
into millions of tiny translucent tubes
that connect all human hearts
to the universal refinery

drawing a long breath
of relief
it lies down
and continues
its pipe dream

(2015.6.5)

同月亮辩论

同月亮辩论是一种挑战
你不能像同太阳辩论那样
慷慨激昂
甚至面红耳赤
必须温柔
再温柔
如同面对自己的母亲

知道无论辩论的结果如何
她都会微笑着伸出温柔的手来
轻抚你的头

好好睡吧
孩子
明天还得早起

TO ARGUE WITH THE MOON

it's a challenge to argue with the moon
unlike arguing with the sun
you must control your temper
not to flare up easily
be gentle
more gentle
as if you are arguing with your own mother

knowing
no matter how it turns out
she will always smile
stretch out a hand
and gently stroke your head

sleep well my child
you have to get up early in the morning

(2015.7.12)

血月

原来月亮同我们一样
都是血肉之躯
都来自母亲
充满痛苦与欢乐的
子宫

但她得天独厚
每隔几年便回到
宇宙母亲的肚子里
哇哇重生

血的洗礼
让她在亿万年之后
仍明亮如初

注：今年中秋夜恰逢超级月食（所谓的血月。要看下一个血月得等到 2033 年）。
半夜里被从窗口射入的明亮月光叫醒，起来写诗。

BLOOD MOON

it turns out the moon is just like us
flesh and blood
all coming from Mother's womb
full of pain
and joy

what makes her different
is that every few years
she goes back to the womb
of the Cosmic Mother
to be reborn

after the baptism of blood
billions of years later
she is as bright
as new

* This year's Mid-Autumn Festival and Supermoon Lunar Eclipse (Blood Moon) both occurred on the same day. (2015.9.27)

时间之外

诗人在时间之外
捡拾了一大堆被丢弃的破铜烂铁
抱回到时间里来

都是些不登大雅之堂的玩意儿
不曾被收入正史
更不用说获什么诺贝尔奖之类的了

但他知道
当年上帝创造宇宙
用的就是这些
毫不起眼的材料

BEYOND THE REALM OF TIME

the poet hauled back
a bunch of scrap metal
from beyond the realm of time

leftover junk
that won't be mentioned in human
 history
nor winning anything like the Nobel
 Prize

but he knows well
these unremarkable materials were used
when God created the universe

(2015.11.12)

川普墙

在 21 世纪
沿着我们心的边界
筑起的这道墙
在黑暗人性的滋润灌溉下
无疑将分裂繁殖
成为伟大的
美国长城

等一等
你是想
进来
还是要
出去

注：美国共和党总统候选人川普建议在美国及墨西哥边界筑造一道高牆

THE TRUMP WALL

Built at the border of our hearts
this wall of the 21st century will grow
drawing nourishment from all dark corners
of human nature
to become the Great Wall
of America

Hold it!
are you trying to come in
or get out

(2016.2.29)

婴啼

拉着
从仇恨的硝烟里响起的
一声长长的凄厉警笛
救护车
载着血肉模糊的人类
向宇宙的急救站
疾驰过去

但愿在抵达前
还没太断气

A SHRIEKING BABY

— at the scene of Brussels'
terrorist attack, 2016.3.22

rising from the smoke and rubble
of hatred
a siren wails
leads the ambulance
that carries wounded humanity
toward
the emergency station
of the universe

hopefully
it will arrive
in time

(2016.3.28)

拳王阿里

重重一击
整个地球又左右摇晃了一阵

他不是患帕金森症吗
怎么又出赛了？

原来是垂死的他
竭尽全力
对人类冥顽的纷争与不义
挥出了

最后的一拳

MUHAMMAD ALI

a heavy blow
the whole earth shook violently once again

isn't he suffering from Parkinson's disease?
how could he be back in the ring?

it was the dying man
throwing all his weight
at human conflict and social injustice

his last punch

(2016.6.4)

从这里开始

80 圈诗的年轮
80 个人生驿站

每一站有每一站的风景
每一站有每一站的人物
每一站有每一站的爱情与故事
每一站是一个崭新的起点与方向
每一站都在频频招手

来吧！来吧！
从这里开始

附注：我一向不注重过生日，今年两个儿子及媳妇相约来家为我庆祝八十岁生日，还给了我一个惊喜，在我及大儿子的母校威斯康辛大学以我的名义设立了一个文学创作奖学金，每年颁发一千美元给该校一名创作班的学生。我答应写一首诗作为纪念。

START FROM HERE

81 annual rings of poetry
81 roadhouses

each stop has its scenery
each stop has its characters
each stop has its love stories
each stop is a new starting point with a new direction
now all are waving and calling

come! come!
start from here

*To celebrate my 80th birthday, my sons, Dennis and Alvin, along with their wives, Pamela and Susan, set up a permanent literary creative scholarship, at my Alma Mater, the University of Wisconsin in Madison. (2016.6.17)

五朵昙花齐开

五朵昙花
把短短的今夜
开成了永恒

它们不独领风骚
更不彼此嫉妒
只专心经营
一首属于自己生命的
绚烂的
小诗

FIVE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS

five cereus
bloom the short night
into eternity

no time to monopolize the limelight
no time to envy each other
they all concentrate on the creation
of a splendid little poem
in their short life

(2016.7.30)

诗谊

—悼念近日去世的文友

你挥挥手
头也不回地
向天边走去
渐渐成为一个微点
消隐

我怅然回首
却看到你
就站在我的身边

POETIC AFFINITY

— in memory of my poet friends

you waved your hand
without glancing back
walked toward the horizon
becoming a tiny dot
and disappeared

with a heavy heart I turned around
and found you right there
by my side

(2016.8.8)

单行道

无止无尽的路上
一部接一部的车辆
各有各的负载与终点

陷身车阵中
不能超车
更不能回头
眼巴巴瞪视着前方
期待一条岔路
灿然亮起

我们快到了吗

A ONE-WAY ROAD

on the seemingly endless road
one car after another
each carries its own load toward some destination

trapped in the traffic
there's no way of passing
or turning back
he stares straight ahead
waiting for a glistening crossroad
to rise up

are we there yet?

(2016.8.31)

元旦

他们把绵绵的时间之流
分割成

年
月
日
时
分
秒

然后把它们串成长可及地的鞭炮
霹雳啪啦
燃放

NEW YEAR

divide the endless stream of time
into

years
months
days
hours
minutes
seconds

put them into a long string of firecrackers
light it
and watch it flare up

(2016.11.30)

草原

一望无际
心的原野

没有神秘的黑森林
也很少标奇立异的树
在这里
草与花与兔与鼠都知道
越接近地面
越生机蓬勃

连一向自命清高的风
都懂得
要轻抚大地情人的发丝
只有放低身段

温柔又温柔
体贴再体贴

PRAIRIE

the boundless open field
of mind

no dark forest
only scattered trees
here
grasses flowers rabbits mice all know well
the closer to the ground
the more vigorous the vitality

even the aloof wind knows
in order to be able to stroke the hair
of his lover the earth
he must bend down

gentle and more gentle
tender and more tender

(2016.12.7)

蒙娜丽莎的微笑 #2

我知道你为什么

微笑

我知道你为什么永远对我

微笑

妳要看我

永远对你

微笑

MONA LISA #2

I know why you smile

I know why you always smile

at me

you want to see me

always smile

at you

(2017.1.1)

笼鸟

在这网络时代
他知道
自由这字眼
已没多少意义

此刻他正用眼睛
打开
那虚拟的笼门
调整身上
那对虚拟的翅膀
随时准备一冲上
天

那无风无雨无霜无雪
无边无际
虚拟的
天

THE CAGED BIRD

in this Internet Age
he realizes
the word "freedom"
is meaningless and irrelevant

at this moment
he uses his eyes
to open the virtual door of the cage
adjusts his pair of virtual wings
ready to shoot up into
the sky

the limitless boundless everlasting perpetual virtual sky
that has neither wind nor rain nor snow nor fire nor ...

(2017.1.29)

良药

良药苦口
是中医的说法

做为诗人
我却发现

一阵清风
一声鸟鸣
一朵花
一片叶
一个微笑
一段好曲
特别是

一天一首好诗
会让医生无所事事

GOOD MEDICINE

in herbal medicine
the bitterer the better

yet as a poet
I find it's just the opposite

a gentle breeze
a sweet chirp
a blooming flower
a green leaf
an innocent smile
a lively melody
especially

a good poem a day
keeps the doctor away

(2017.2.1)

风与爱

风是无形的
但我们能清楚看到它的行踪
飘逸的白云
微微颤动的花草
猛烈摇撼的树木
格格作响的玻璃窗
或飞墙走壁的招牌

爱也是无形的
但我们能清楚知道它的存在
咪咪的猫叫
轻轻摆动的小狗尾巴
小孩欢快的笑
邻居亲切的招呼
路人友好的眼光
特别是
情人们砰砰的心跳

WIND AND LOVE

wind is invisible
yet one can see clearly its whereabouts
ethereal clouds
trembling flowers and grass
bouncing branches of trees
rattling windows
or signs tumbling on the streets

love too is invisible
yet one can find its existence
in a kitten's meow meow
the wagging tail of a little dog
the joyous laughs of children
a warm greeting from a neighbor
or a friendly glance of a stranger
and above all
in a lover's pounding heart

(2017.6.10)

雷阵雨

从

阳光灿烂微风轻拂

到

天空阴沉的脸

到

轰隆轰隆

到

噼里啪啦

到

淅淅沥沥

到

雨过天晴鸟鸣清脆

又一次

老天爷

试着用各种音响

撼醒冥顽的人心

或震聋

轻信的耳朵

THUNDERSTORM

from
sunshine and gentle wind
to
darkening sky
to
crashing and cracking
to
banging and booming
to
pattering and drizzling
to
clear sky
to
sunshine and birdsong

once again
God tried every sound
to awaken stubborn human minds
and
deafen credulous ears

(2017.7.11)

晨间新闻

打开电视
堆积了整整一夜的
人祸天灾
一下子都破屏而出
顿时把原本充满阳光朝气的房间
搞得乌烟瘴气

赶紧揪下按钮
把世界关在外头

却怎么也关不掉
狂吼的风声
霹雳的雷声
轰隆呼啸的枪炮声
哀哀的婴啼
一双双沉默绝望的眼神。。。

MORNING NEWS

turning on the TV
immediately
all natural disasters and human tragedies
that have accumulated overnight
rush out
and darken the sunlit room

in a panic he presses the button
to shut out the world

but is unable to turn off
the howling gale
the roaring thunder
the booming bombs and explosions
the shrilling cries of babies
the dead silent blank stares

(2017.10.12)

爷爷，请坐

在开往鼓浪屿的渡轮上

你争我夺的喧嚣中

一声清脆的

“爷爷，请坐”

是一个玩手机的年轻母亲

从她专心玩新玩具的小孩身边站起来

给我让座

踌躇了一下

没资格当爷爷的我

还是坐了下来

以便好好欣赏

她微笑的脸上

那片比我们连日来所看到的

名山秀水

更美好的风景

还有她背后

那越来越亮丽的

远景

GRANDPA, PLEASE SIT HERE

among the hustle and bustle
on the ferry to Gulang Island
I hear a sweet voice
"Grandpa, please sit here"
I look around
a young mother standing next to her little boy
who is playing with his new toy
asks me to take her seat

not a grandpa
nevertheless I sit down with thanks
and find the smile on her face
more beautiful
than the famous mountains and great waters
on our sightseeing tour

outside the windows
the distant view brightens
second by second

(2017.11.13)

关于作者

非马，本名马为义，英文名 William Marr，出版有 23 本中英文诗集，3 本散文集及多种翻译诗文集。曾获吴浊流文学奖、笠诗创作奖、笠诗翻译奖，大陆的诗潮翻译奖、第三届韩江诗歌节诗歌大赛现代诗一等奖，美国的伊利诺州诗赛奖、诗人与赞助者诗奖及世界诗人大会诗赛奖等。主编《朦胧诗选》、《顾城诗集》、《台湾现代诗四十家》及《台湾现代诗选》等。他的诗被收入上百种选集及台湾、中国、英国及德国等地的教科书并被翻译成十多种语言。词条被收入《国际诗人名录及百科全书》《国际作者及作家名录》《国际诗人名录》及《21 世纪名人录》等。曾任美国伊利诺州诗人协会会长。近年并从事绘画及雕塑等艺术创作，在美国及中国举办过多次艺术个展与合展。现居美国芝加哥。

About The Author

William Marr has published 23 volumes of poetry (two in English and the rest in his native Chinese language), 3 books of essays, several books of translations, and 10 eBooks. His most recent published work, *Chicago Serenade*, is a trilingual (Chinese/English/French) anthology of poems published in Paris in 2015. His poetry has been translated into more than ten languages and included in over one hundred anthologies. Some of his poems are used in high school and college textbooks in Taiwan, China, England, and Germany. In addition to writing poetry, he has also engaged in translating Western modern poetry into Chinese and has edited several anthologies of Chinese and Taiwanese modern poetry. He is a former president of the Illinois State Poetry Society and has received numerous honors, including several awards from Taiwan and China for his poetry and translations. A PhD recipient and a scientific researcher by profession, he has been in recent years pursuing other artistic interests including painting and sculpting and has held several solo as well as group exhibits in the U.S. and China. His Website, *The Art World of William Marr* (<http://feima.yidian.org/bmz.htm>) displays some of his literary and artistic works.

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生活即诗

张智中

年纪轻轻之时，即知道非马先生，因其《醉汉》：“把短短的直巷/走成一条曲折/回荡的/万里愁肠//左一脚/十年/右一脚/十年/母亲啊/我正努力/向您/走/来”。

短短的40个汉字，却成了我的“催泪剂”，尤其在我浪迹南方的岁月里。后来，读到非马先生的文字：写完《醉汉》，我舒畅地哭了。

于是，觉得自己的泪水，并非孤独地滑落；于是，觉得自己的内心，与自己所敬仰的诗人，有所戚戚焉。

后来，我与非马先生在新浪博客邂逅，打招呼，非马先生热情回应。在博客开辟专栏：“非马双语短诗鉴赏”，得到了非马先生的热情鼓励和支持。

后来，非马先生来北京，在宋庄举办个人画展。非马先生请我去参加晚上的开幕式，如约而至，首次相见，畅谈甚欢。

于是，感到诗如其人，人如其诗：平易近人，静水流深。

“对我来说，诗即生活，生活即诗，只要活水潺潺在我心头流动，对生活及身边的事物以及人类宇宙不失去好奇与兴趣，那么经常保持新鲜敏锐的触角，让诗思源源不绝，应该不是太大的难事。”（郭紫琪《一个有诗的社会是一个祥和的社会——访著名华裔诗人、核能科学专家非马》，载2012年2月24日《贵州民族报·民族文学周刊》头版高端访问）非马先生如是说。

非马先生道出了他写诗的秘诀：保持一颗好奇之心，生活里，便无处不诗。

于是，器物如《香烟》、《电视》、《烟囱》、《鸟笼》、《风筝》《废纸篓》等，诗人都做了《静物》的速写；动物如《虎》、《鸡》、《狗》、《猫》、《牛》、《蛇》、《龙》、《马》等，诗人都绘之以精神；人物如《老妇》、《卖艺者》、《黄山挑夫》、《非洲小孩》，甚至《外星人》，都成为诗人笔下的《照片》；

于是，每天《晨起》《醒来》之后，诗人关注《晨间新闻》，开始《树与诗人的对话》；同时，也忘不了《一女人》的《玉坠项链》；

于是，诗人念念不忘：大约在《雨季》，或童年的《台北雨季》，《晨雾》弥漫之后，《暴风雨前》的《这只小鸟》，终于成为迷途之鸟，倦飞盘旋于《黄昏烟囱》之上；

于是，在《中秋夜》，一个《停电的晚上》，也是《广寒无灯的夜晚》，面对《可怜的路》，《怀旧》的诗人不能《返乡》，但他似乎听见来自故乡的《鼓声》，《失眠》总是难免的——《乡愁》，总是产生《万有引力》；

于是，无论《超级杯》，还是《性急的小狗》，还是《白茫茫的雪地上一只黑鸟》，还是《下雪的日子》里的《小草》，亦或是细琐之物如《邻居的盆花》，诗人都赋予其诗意的关照；

于是，这究竟是《鸟笼》，还是《笼鸟》，囿于《鸟·鸟笼·天空》之三维，诗人想着《今天上午毕加索死了》，想着《浮士德》还在，想着《人与神》的问题；

于是，面对《都市的窗》，面对《通货膨胀》，诗人变成《沉思者》，沉吟着《都市即景》；

于是，在《今夜凶险的海面》，诗人似乎看到了一副《猎小海豹图》；

于是，诗人在《越战纪念碑》前沉思，在《一千零一夜》里，有多少个《无梦之夜》，心里吹奏着《夜笛》，弹奏着《芝加哥小夜曲》；

于是，诗人定居《芝加哥》，从《秋窗》看《山》，《在火车上想你》，在《星群》之下跳一曲《阿哥哥舞》，在《下雪的日子》《从窗里看雪》，在《窗》外在《桥》上打《雪仗》；即便在《冰岛之夜》，诗人仍然怀着《赌城之恋》，渴望着在《端午》或《微雨初晴》之时，与《月下少女》《重逢》拥《吻》，从而增进《爱情的密度》；

于是，诗人喜《春雪》，爱《流星》，观《日蚀》，看《化装舞会》。在《在蓝绿之间》，虽然有《黑》，虽然有《黑夜里的勾当》，虽然《一定有人哭泣》，但是，《阴天》总会过去，因为诗人带给我们的，是心灵的安慰——他说：《我知蓝天》。别忘记噢，《那天我们用高脚杯对饮》，《今天的阳光很好》，只要我们依然可以《共伞》，我们生活的世界，便是《天上人间》；

于是，诗人时而《缄默》，时而谱《黄河》曲，时而唱《长城谣》；

于是，《在天地之间》，诗人静观《塞尚的静物》，做着《管道的白日梦》，始终唱着《来自故乡的歌》，弹奏着《命运交响曲》；

于是，每个早晨，都是《有希望的早晨》；每扇门，都是《凯旋门》；每个微笑，都是《蒙娜丽莎的微笑》。

噢，非马先生，《端午》、《除夕》或《愚人节》，我看见《有时候你》踩着脚下的《路》，步履匆匆于《罗湖车站》，游览于《长城》、《天安门》；《夕阳》下你的《影子》，定格成《秋窗》上的《映像》；

你曾在《北海公园》《看划龙船》，曾在《紫禁城》饮《功夫茶》，曾《初秋游杜甫草堂》，曾《在李白故里向诗人问好》，曾《游纽约大都会美术馆》，曾《夜游密西根湖》，曾《同一位前红卫兵在旧金山看海》，曾见证《1980年圣海仑山火山爆发》……

你曾慨叹：《海啊海》！你曾《同大海辩论》，《同时间辩论》，《同天空辩论》，《同月亮辩论》：一年《四季》当中《春暖花开》的《故事》，都是人世间的《生与死之歌》；

——你静观《花开花落》，惯看《日出日落》。

于是，你有了《三月作品》：生活的《风向针》，演绎着你的《喜怒哀乐》；

于是，这一切的一切，《构成》你《生命的指纹》，成为《非马双语诗选粹》中的美丽风景；

于是，你由一名《流浪者》，成为一名《醉汉》。《醉汉》不仅醉了《醉汉》的作者，更醉了《醉汉》的读者——醉倒在《天安门》，还是《凯旋门》？

谈起好的诗作，非马先生说：“它可能是生活中的一个片段，一个人物剪影，一段对话或一个心灵风景的素描。不说理，不自以为是地作阐释或下结论。读者可

根据各自不同的经验与当时的心情，去获得不同的感受。……《醉汉》、《鸟笼》、《电视》、《夜笛》、《共伞》……等。每次再读这些诗，仍能让自己感动甚至震撼。”（出处同上）

非马先生的诗歌，在我看来，特征有四：首先是白话入诗，诗语平易凝练；第二，体制短小，常几十个汉字，如同古代汉语诗歌之五言或七言绝句，却令人回味无穷；第三，善于分行分节，这也是诗人善于运用空白艺术的一个表现；第四，意象日常化，如废纸篓、香烟之类，本无诗意之物，诗人却独具慧眼，从中发现蕴含的诗意或灵性，展示给读者，令读者感到某种震撼。因其鲜明的个性，非马先生的诗歌，一读便知是非马先生的佳构，即便诗作没有署名。

既然是《非马双语诗选粹》，就不能不说一下汉语之外的另一语言：英语。在本书的《编后记》里，非马先生说：“不管有多少收获，双语诗的创作所给予我的乐趣与满足，远远超过中文诗或英文诗的单创作，这是可断言的。我深深珍惜这独特的经验。”

请注意，非马先生说“双语诗的创作”，说的并非“翻译”。同时，非马先生说：通常在翻译别人的诗作时，尽可能地忠于原作，包括标点符号。但写自己的双语诗，不必像译诗那么拘谨，可放开手脚从事再创作。非马先生曾担任美国伊利诺州诗歌协会会长多年，并在美国出版多部英文诗集。那么，他用英文表达自己诗思的能力，我们自然可以放心——就像对美国诗人的英文放心那样。诗人雪绒盛赞非马先生的双语能力：“纵观中美文学史，能同时在中文英文这两种语言中畅游的优秀诗人实不多见。”来看一例：

<p>山 非马</p> <p>小时候 爬上又滑下的 父亲的背 仍在那里</p> <p>仰之弥高</p>	<p>MOUNTAIN William Marr</p> <p>It's still there for me to climb</p> <p>Looming from my childhood my father's back</p>
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汉诗散读之时，可将诗题纳入内容之内：“山：小时候爬上又滑下的父亲的背，仍在那里，仰之弥高。”

英诗散读：Mountain: it's still there for me to climb, looming from my childhood, my father's back.”再回译成汉语：“山：仍屹立在那儿，似乎等我攀爬——父亲的脊背，隐约自我的童年时代。”若将之与汉诗散读比较，可知情韵相仿相佛。

察其诗行诗节，汉诗5行2节，英诗6行2节；虽同为2节，行数却不相同。

若回观汉诗英诗，可知其间形貌差别，何其巨大。从翻译的角度而言，正典型地体现了译者的创造性。若细加品味，可知译文的味道：何其醇厚，何其地道，简直不逊于汉诗。

这首译诗，虽然汉英之间差别巨大，但是双诗之审美内涵，却达到了同一高度。这样的译文是我们应该学习的——当然，不是学习所谓字面上的不忠实，而是学习其精神或审美上的忠实。但是，反过来说，一般人是学都学不来的。因为这不是翻译匠的机械翻译，而是作为英语诗人的“英文原创”。这首译诗给诗歌译者所带来的，当是一种反思，以及一个前进的方向。

最后，在我们所处的《雾霾世界》里，《富贵病社会》似乎愈演愈烈，不知不觉地，我们已经被带入了《失乐园》。

怎么办？诗人《有一句话》，不是《广告》，只是号召我们《读书》——《从这里开始》。

你懂的，就是读《非马双语诗选粹》。

这就回答了诗人只问不答的问题：《我为什么写诗》？

非马先生的诗，是一剂《良药》，是《时间之外》的杰构，是诗人的《创世纪》。诗人《留诗》于我们，用心之良苦，即在于此。

况且，诗人给我们的《留诗》，是汉英双语的呢。

于是，爱诗的读者，有福了；爱诗的译者，更有福了；

于是，我们读着，我们品着，我们愉悦着，我们陶醉着；

于是，我们成为《醉汉》，不知人生之烦恼苦难。

是的，诗即生活，生活即诗——非马先生说得对呀。

套用非马先生的话：双语诗的阅读所给予我们的乐趣与满足，远远超过中文诗或英文诗的单次阅读，这是可断言的。我们深深珍惜这独特的经验。

于是，我们感谢非马先生，感谢他在中英两种语言中畅游，带给我们中英双璧的诗歌珍品；

于是，我们祝福非马先生：祝愿独一无二的非马先生，在自己诗歌的《单行道》上，继续前行，绵延逶迤，日月昌明。

2018年1月21日凌晨

津门成一统书斋

编后记

上个世纪六十年代末，我在美国取得学位开始工作以后，受当时台湾《笠诗刊》主编白萩的邀约，译介当代美国诗，并重拾诗笔，开始认真写起自己的诗来。那时候我虽有野心想用英文写作打进美国诗坛，有几首诗还被收入了全国性的选集，但后来想，用不是母语的英文写诗，无论如何总有隔靴搔痒的感觉，不如集中精力写我的中文诗。1993年一个偶然的机，我加入了伊利诺州诗人协会，不久被推选为会长，之后便积极地把自己历年来所写的诗翻译成英文，并在1995年出版了一本书名叫《秋窗》的英文诗集，同时也在互联网上制作了一个名叫《非马艺术世界》的双语网站，把自己的中英文诗选，译诗选，散文，还有别人对我的诗评摘要等资料，再加上我后来从事的另一个创作的成果——绘画及雕塑等，都搬了上去。后来我的译诗范围扩展到加拿大、拉丁美洲以及英国、还有透过英译的北欧、土耳其、意大利、希腊及俄国等地。不同的文化与文字所呈现的五彩缤纷的作品，大大地引起了我对双语诗写作的兴趣。

通常在翻译别人的诗作时，因为顾虑到作者在结构及字句间所可能隐藏或暗示的意义，我都尽可能地忠于原作，包括标点符号。但写自己的双语诗，知道自己想表达的是什么，我不必像译诗那么拘谨，可放开手脚从事再创作。无论是由中文或英文写成的初稿，我都立刻将它翻译成另一种语言，然后根据语言习惯及文化的背景加以修改。我发现反复翻译的过程对修改工作很有帮助。当我对两种语言的版本都感到满意了，这首诗才算完成。

在美国，同时精通中英文的美国诗人或评论家不多，所以我只听到一些对我的英文诗的评论。倒是精通中英两种语言并对现代诗及古典诗都有相当研究的天津大学的张智中教授以及同我有类似背景的美国华裔诗人谢勳先生，多年来持续对我的双语诗加以鉴赏肯定，给了我不少的鼓励与信心。在这里我要特别感谢他们。

不管有多少收获，双语诗的创作所给予我的乐趣与满足，远远超过中文诗或英文诗的单创作，这是可断言的。我深深珍惜这独特的经验。

Afterword

At the end of the 1960s, after receiving my advanced degree in engineering and starting my scientific research work in the U.S., I was asked by Pai Chiu, my friend and the editor of *Li Poetry Bimonthly* in Taiwan, to translate contemporary American poetry into Chinese for his magazine. This request reignited my interest in writing. At that time, I had an ambition to write in English and, in fact, already had several of my poems published in English anthologies. However, I felt that writing poetry in a second language could prove to be a challenging endeavor and, therefore, decided that I should concentrate on writing in my native Chinese language.

When I joined the Illinois State Poetry Society in 1993 and became its president, I began to translate more of my poems into English. This led to the publication of my first English poetry book, *Autumn Window*, in 1995. I also created my personal, bilingual website, *The Art World of William Marr*, displaying some of my selected poems and essays, translated poetry, quotations from critiques, published reviews of my poetry, and also my artwork - painting and sculpture. Since that time, the scope of my Chinese translation has expanded to include Canada, Latin America, England, and, through English-translated works, Turkey, Italy, Greece, Russia, and other Northern European countries. The differing poetic expressions of the various cultures and languages greatly aroused my interest in writing bilingual poetry.

In translating other people's poems, I often feel an obligation to pay close attention to the possible hidden intentions in their structure and words. I try to be as faithful as possible in conveying and preserving their original meaning, even down to their use of punctuation. But when I write my own bilingual poems, I know exactly what I want to express, and thus have more freedom in choosing my own structure and words. In the end, it is my belief that writing a bilingual poem is not simply an act of direct translation. Rather, it is an interesting re-creation process for a unique poet who happens to live in two different cultures, each having its own distinct way of thinking, and who uses two different languages to capture and express the same subject matter. Quite often, the interplay between these contrasting domains enriches the poetic thinking process and results in an amazing and intriguing new product.

Writing bilingual poetry has brought me joy and satisfaction that I do not believe I could get from writing poetry in any single language. I truly treasure this unique artistic experience.



非马
汉英诗选

**The Selected Chinese/English
Poems of
William Marr**