三十年代詩選

Selected Poems of the Thirties

Translated by Rebecca Mok

To Build A Road

By Lun Guan

With the sound of hoes digging
without the sound of man
Twenty-eight-pound hammers
keep pounding
Ten tonnes of heavy roller
Flatten the shadows
of hundreds, thousands of builders

Merciless, the man on the horse points ahead at the road to be built
Shouting, howling: the deadline three more days to the deadline
This time we've escaped flogging
But not the pain in our hearts
worse than flogging

We hammer and even out
the rugged surface of the road
While our feelings of resentment
surge
When the man on the horse leaves us
We will work out a way
our way

1934

開闢大道

倫哥

只有鋤響 沒有人聲 廿八磅鐵錘 斷續不停 十噸重壓機 壓着千百個開拓者的背影

暴戾的騎者指着未開闢的路線 叱咤着期限 期限只有三天 這回可算沒有鞭撻 可是心頭却比鞭撻還痛

我們鋤平不平的大道 贏得我們心裏的不平 等到騎者跑開以後 我們再來商榷我們的路線

1934

In the City, the Month of May

By Li Yuzhong

Leather shoes Upheld gently by the asphalt road Feet tired with long hours of walking

The sun burns
On exposed human nests
Shifts to the white Panama hats

Hot wind closes upon The electric fan, weak, exhausted

Cubes of ice float and sink in the liquid That touches upon red, warm lips And reaches down to soothe her dry, parched heart

Rest, rest
Put off the two-hundred-pound load
The two apprentices gulp down a bowl of water
sweet, yet sour
The better to form large beads of sweat

1934

都市的五月 李育中

皮革的鞋 瀝青路溫柔地承着 艱辛跋涉的行脚

火熱的太陽 照上孤露的人巢 又落在白巴拿馬帽簷

烘熱的風包圍着 倦怠了的電風扇

浮沉冰塊的流質 駁上一枚腥紅的溫唇 該要進去撫她枯焦了的心

歇歇吧 卸下二百斤的重負 兩個學徒灌了碗酸的糖漿 好去製他如豆的大汗

Returning Regiments in the Twilight

By Yin Lang

Red and gold Beyond the heavens Sunset Stains the cheering, lively waves With drops of red

Pale green
Vast and empty
The wide sky
Covers itself in fiery gauze
Smiles earnestly, gladly

Hidden in the dusky light In the distance Returning sails One, then another Their tired, lean outlines picking up force Move quietly ahead, towards the shore

From the cabins
Weighed down by
The stuffy air
Darkened bodies creep
One cabin, then another
One troop, then another
Soot, grease, mud
Have moulded them into soldiers of iron

黃昏裏的歸隊

隱郎

赤金的 天外 夕陽 把歡呼活躍的波濤 染上點點殷紅的顏色

粉綠的 廣漠 長空 披上火樣的輕綃 露出歡欣熾烈的微笑

葬在蒼茫暮色的 遠處 歸舟 一艘 一艘 抖擻起疲勞的瘦影 沉靜地向着堤岸邁進

鬱悶空氣 緊壓下的 艙中 爬上許多全身黝黑的人們 一艙 一艙 一羣 一羣 煤屑 油漿 汚泥 把他們造成了鐵的隊伍 Among the soldiers Protrude Long spades Short hammers Thick poles of bamboo Sparkle dark red They dazzle the eye, lift the spirit CH CHE CH CHE As to a tune The troops march Wave on wave High pitched sounds rush forth Filling the vast space Together, they make up The harmony of power and strength A symphony of the troops

Forward forward forward
Their hearts are one
Their voices are one
Gone, all gone
Swallowed by the demon of darkness
Yet when the troops of power and strength
Soldiers of iron
Are remobilized
It will be dawn, when the sun shines over the land

隊中 突出了 長的鍬 短的鎚 粗大的竹槓 閃爍着殷紅的光輝 壯起炫人的行色 CH CHE CH CHE 旋律似的 羣的步武 一陣 一陣 湧動着高度的音波 散播到廣汎的空間 凑成了 力的諧和 羣的交響樂

進 進 是一致的心情 是集體的呼聲 逝了 逝了 給黑暗之魔吞去了 然而當力的 鐵的隊伍 重新出動的時候 許是陽光普惠大地的黎明

1934

End of Year

By Lu Di

Notes from a flute of reed
Startle a whole fence of yellow birds
Autumn days, winter days
how fast they come and go
The cock, strutting on the roof,
stares into the sky
Time brings with it
year-end sorrows and fears

1935

歲暮

蘆荻

一枝蘆管吹出笛聲 籬笆下的黄雀驚起了 秋冬的日子是快過的 屋脊的雄雞望着天 時間帶來了歲暮的憂戚

1935

Song on a Rainy Day

By Lu Yishi

Hearing the pedlar's cry from the small lane I know Dragon Boat Day is near I think of the taste of loquats of rice dumplings

Of Xionghuang wine

The clock yawns at three Drowsiness, like infecting germs From the eyes of the little black cat Spreads over my body

Gently swaying, in a small boat, amid the rain I drift out of the harbour Lost in the depths of the thick, thick fog In comfort I repose on the couch

The rain stops and I wake up Again, I hear the pedlar's cry from the small lane But the cat with amber-coloured eyes That little black cat has left

1936

梅雨天的詩

路易士

聽見小巷裏飃來的叫賣, 知是近端午了。 我想起枇杷的糟糧子的味, 和雄黃酒的味。

當三點鐘打完了呵欠, 疲倦的病菌, 遂從小黑貓的眼睛裏 傳染到我的身上。

啊,暴雨來了—— 有着馬賽曲的旋律感的。 而碎在院子裏,碎在屋上的, 是誰自雲端裏撒下來的眞珠啊?

人却在雨聲中蕩着輕舟, 悠徐地蕩出了港口, 迷失在重重的海霧裏了; 在舒適地躺着的沙發上。

待到雨住人醒時, 又聽見小巷裏的叫賣了。 而有着一對黃綠色的眼睛的 小黑貓已離開了我。

To the Mute

By Liu Huozi

You objected
Writing on a piece of paper:
"To be silent is to be in agony"
For I said to you
The silent are wise
And you are the wisest of the wise

Now I regret it
I shouldn't have touched upon
the wound in your heart
Yet to this day I still hold back these words:
He who can talk must pretend to be mute
His silence is wisdom
His wisdom, agony

You are a volcano, gagged
When your face turns red, then pale white
Your feelings through gestures
sighs and tears show
I swear, I will never mention unhappy things
to you, ever again

Let me, in your presence Be a mute

給啞者

劉火子

你曾經反對我, 用一張紙寫着: 「沉默的人是最悲痛的!」 因為我對你說過: 沉默的人聰明, 而你更是聰明的聰明!

1941

如今我已後悔: 不該觸着你心中的創傷。 但我始終沒有對你詳言, 會講話的人也要裝成啞子, 他的沉默是聰明 他的聰明也即是悲痛!

你是一座給堵塞着口的火山, 當你臉色紅了又慘白的時候, 用手勢, 嘆息和眼淚去表示你的心, 我發誓不再向你提及不快意的事情了!

讓我在你的面前 也作一個啞子。