

繁星選譯

## Selections from *A Maze of Stars*

Translated by John Cayley

In the winter of 1919, I sat near the stove as my younger brother Bingzhong read from Rabindranath Tagore's *Stray Birds*. He said to me: "Don't you sometimes complain that your thoughts are too scattered and fragmentary, too difficult to set out in writing? Couldn't they be collected like these?" From then on I recorded such thoughts in a little notebook.

On a summer's day in 1920 my second younger brother Bingshu turned up my little notebook from a pile of other books. When he'd looked it over again he inscribed the words "A Maze of Stars" on the first page.

One day in the autumn of 1921 my youngest brother Bingji asked, "Couldn't these little stories of yours be printed?" So I finished the last stanza and had them published.

Two years' worth of scattered, fragmentary thoughts have passed under the critical gaze of three small children. This will serve as preface to *A Maze of Stars*.

9 January 1921

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3

A shimmering expanse,  
deep darkness near the island –  
the old Moon rises.  
The source of life,  
is there,  
where death is.

5

How to describe  
the darkness?  
The depths of heart and mind,  
the depths of time and space,  
where the light's glory finds its rest.

19

My heart –  
A lonely vessel  
cuts through the ebb and swell of time.

三

萬頃的顫動  
深黑的島邊，  
月亮上來了。  
生之源，  
死之所！

五

黑暗，  
怎樣的描寫呢？  
心靈的深深處，  
燦爛光中的休息處。

十九

我的心，  
孤舟似的，  
穿過了起伏不定的時間的海。

21

Outside, the strings are swept and sing:  
My heart,  
why dwell so deep within that fading sound,  
the endless sougning of trees  
and limitless moonlight.

27

Poet –  
dearest favourite of the world's illusions,  
action's deepest disappointment.

28

The waves which beat against the coasts of home –  
white caps and flying spray –  
used to strike our granite shoreline, wave on wave.  
Now, wave on wave, they beat against my heart.

二十一

窗外的琴弦撥動了，  
我的心呵！  
怎只深深的繞在餘音裏？  
是無限的月明。

二十七

詩人，  
是世界幻想上最大的快樂，  
也是事實中最深的失望。

二十八

故鄉的海波呵！  
你那飛濺的浪花，  
從前怎樣一滴一滴的敲我的磐石，  
現在也怎樣一滴一滴的敲我的心弦。

32

The thorn of the rose –  
bitterness for the gatherer,  
comfort for the flower.

34

That which creates the new shoreline  
is not the rolling wave  
but the tiny grains of sand beneath it.

35

Numberless angels  
will rise to sing the praises of a child.  
A child –  
This fragile flesh  
Enfolds a great spirit.

三十二

玫瑰花的刺，  
是攀摘的人的嗔恨，  
是他自己的慰樂。

三十四

創造新陸地的，  
不是那滾滾的波浪，  
却是他底下的泥沙。

三十五

萬千的天使，  
要起來歌頌小孩子；  
小孩子！  
他細小的身軀裏，  
含着偉大的靈魂。

37

Artist –  
between yourself and others,  
must there always be this haze of light?

42

Bright clouds in the sky,  
man on the earth –  
Thought tyrannized by facts,  
the source of bitterness.

44

Nature,  
allow me just one question,  
one serious question:  
“Haven’t I mistaken you?”

## 三十七

藝術家呵！  
你和世人，  
難道終久隔着一重光明之霧？

## 四十二

雲彩在天空中，  
人在地面上  
思想被事實禁錮住，  
便是一切苦痛的根源。

## 四十四

自然呵！  
請你容我只問一句話，  
一句鄭重的話：  
“我不會錯誤了解麼？”

49

Fragmented lines,  
a little spray on the sea of learning.  
Yet the lights in them gleam and sparkle:  
a maze of stars set into the heavens of the heart.

51

Most judges and critics  
are like a crowd of blind men  
guessing at the brightness of the moon behind the clouds.

53

My heart –  
awakening –  
Not to lose it in the whirlpools of emptiness.

四十九

零碎的詩句，  
是學海中的一點浪花罷；  
然而它們是光明閃爍的，  
繁星般嵌在心靈的天空裏。

五十一

常人的批評和斷定，  
好像一羣瞎子，  
在雲外推測著月明。

五十三

我的心呵！  
警醒着，  
不要捲在虛無旋渦裏！

61

Wind –  
 Don't blow out the candle in my hand.  
 Home is at the end of this long dark road.

六十一

風呵！  
 不要吹滅我手中的蠟燭，  
 我的家還在這夜長途的盡處。

65

Maker –  
 Who can trace your meaning, follow your strokes?  
 Countless images  
 framed in the window – each evening's setting sun.

六十五

造物者呀！  
 誰能追蹤你的筆意呢？  
 百千萬幅圖畫，  
 每晚窗外的落日。

73

Worthless words,  
 thrown on the fire,  
 transformed into worthless light.

七十三

無聊的文字，  
 拋在爐裏，  
 也化作無聊的火光。

74

The child  
is a great poet,  
with an imperfect tongue,  
lispings perfect verses.

81

Deep night –  
I am tired, let me  
lay down my pen  
and share a brief quiet moment with you.

96

Shadows falling on the water,  
words cast into the heart:  
neither leaving the slightest trace.

七十四

嬰兒，  
是偉大的詩人，  
在不完全的言語中，  
吐出最完全的詩句。

八十一

深夜！  
請你容疲乏的我，  
放下筆來，  
和你有小時寂靜的接觸。

九十六

影兒落在水裏，  
句兒落在心裏，  
都一般無痕迹。



97

Is it true?  
The heart is just a music box,  
always churning out the same old song.

105

Lamp –  
Thank you for suddenly going out  
in the midst of this ill-considered writing,  
for giving me a little time to think.

111

Too monotonous?  
My lute,  
I forgive you –  
I cannot make your strings,  
sound like woodwinds.

## 九十七

是真的麼？  
人的心只是一個琴匣，  
不住的唱着反覆的音調！

## 一〇五

燈呵！  
感謝你忽然滅了：  
在不思索的撰寫裏，  
替我勻出了思索的時間。

———  
太單調了麼？

琴兒，  
我原諒你！  
你的弦，  
本彈不出笛兒的聲音。

116

The waves constantly press the cliff.  
The rocks are always silent, never answer,  
yet this silence,  
has been pondered down the ages.

135

My friend –  
Have you scaled a high cliff?  
Have you overlooked the ocean?  
Up there,  
Isn't it desolate,  
alone with wordless "nature"?  
Your heart,  
was it full of joy or was it bowed?

145

Strings of the heart –  
strike up –  
Ask the goddess of memory  
to dance to your tunes.

164

My friend –  
Let's part.  
The last leaf,  
I leave you.

一一六

海波不住的向着岩石，  
岩石永遠沉默着不會回答；  
然而它這沉默，  
已經過百千萬回的思索。

一三五

我的朋友！  
你會登過高山麼？  
你會臨過大海麼？  
在那裏，  
是否只有寂寥？  
只有“自然”無語？  
你的心目中  
是歡愉還是淒楚？

一四五

心弦呵！  
彈起來罷——  
讓記憶的女神，  
和着你調兒跳舞。

一六四

我的朋友！  
別了，  
我把最後一頁，  
留與你們！