

黃國彬：詩八首

## Eight Selected Poems

By Huang Kuo-pin

Translated by the Poet

### Free Associations on a Serenade

1

The strings sound like water.  
I drift with the ripples  
Beyond time,  
Like the celestial boat<sup>1</sup>  
Sailing into the Silver River.<sup>2</sup>

2

Tenderly,  
Petal upon petal,  
A lily opens to me  
On a summer night,  
Until its jade pistil is revealed.

7 May 1973

### 小夜曲的聯想

一

弦聲如水；  
我隨波而去，  
漂過時間，  
像一葉星槎，  
航入了銀河。

二

夏夜的百合，  
細細的，  
一瓣一瓣  
向我開啓，  
直至玉蕊。

1973年5月7日

<sup>1</sup>In Chinese mythology, the celestial boat is a raft which sails between the stars in the heavens.

<sup>2</sup>Silver River is the Chinese name for the Milky Way.

**Lily of the Valley**

Like a lake or a mountain never visited by man,  
Espying a lily of the valley at dawn,  
Dewy on a high ridge,  
Denied to the eyes of mortals since the beginning of time.

I saw you from a distance.

1 March 1977

**鈴蘭**

像沒有人迹的湖山，  
破曉時發現一株鈴蘭，  
在高嶺之上沾着露水，  
亙古以來，無人得窺，

遠遠，我看見了你。

1977年3月1日

I Fear I May Grow Old Before Frost Fall<sup>1</sup>

Why do my thoughts, like water,  
 Before White Dew<sup>2</sup> has ever come,  
 Flow into the vast emptiness?  
 Beyond the emptiness  
     my long-open eyes,  
 Weary, perplexed, like two ancient wells  
 Beneath the evil wings of bats, fearful of nightfall,  
 In the hour before sunset,  
 Amidst broken walls and the *lalang* grass,  
 Await a distant dawn.

Across the wide river, the southern bank looks  
     north in silence.  
 In silence the northern bank awaits a small boat  
 Bringing home the scattered clansmen,  
 Scrutinizing through the sheen of tears  
     faces long missed;  
 Awaits a bridge, even if roughly built,  
 To span the heart-breaking divide,  
 So that after the storm the unworthy son, long exiled,  
 Can hasten home by the light of the moon:  
 Trembling, push open the creaking door,  
 Gaze into the house, and, with a long sigh,  
 Try to know again through tears the ruined courtyard;  
 Then, kneeling down, lips quivering,  
 Stretch out his trembling hands, close his eyes,  
 And touch the shrine of his ancestors in the moon . . . .

But, looking north, I fear I may grow old before  
     Frost Fall,  
 Standing atop the mountain like a stone figure,  
 Alone with the vastness and solitude  
     of heaven and earth,  
 Fearful of the storms  
 That sweep darkly across the myriad mountains,  
 Bringing with them from the distance the bleak despair of  
     dusk.

31 August 1978

<sup>1</sup>Frost Fall: the eighteenth solar term in the traditional Chinese calendar.

<sup>2</sup>White Dew: the fifteenth solar term.

## 我怕霜降前就老去

怎麼我的心事如水，  
未到白露就流入蒼茫？  
蒼茫外有我久張的眼睛，  
疲倦，惶惑，像兩口古井，  
在蝙蝠崇人的翼下害怕天黑，  
日落前在斷垣和白茅間  
等一個遙遠的黎明。

隔着大河，南岸無聲向北；  
北岸無聲等一葉小舟  
載失散的族人歸來，  
淚光中細辨久遠的容貌；  
等一道橋，即使簡陋，  
接通令人傷心的天塹；  
讓一個久被流放的孽子  
風雨後趁月色趕路回家，  
戰兢着，呀的一聲推門，  
探首屋內，一聲長嘆後  
透過淚光重認荒蕪的院落；  
然後跪下，嘴唇哆嗦，  
伸出震顫的雙手，在月光裏  
閉目撫摩祖先的神位……

但面北，我怕霜降前就老去，  
一尊石像那樣，立在山巔，  
獨對天地的空闊和寂寥；  
更怕冥冥越過千山的風雨  
從遠處帶來暮色的淒絕。

1978年8月31日

## Rhapsody on a Rainy Night

The rain drips from the eaves,  
 Drips, till the world sleeps;  
 Drips, till all sound dies;  
 Quenching every star in the sky.  
 And then, the universe resembles a shell,  
 Ethereal chamber wherein echo only  
 The raindrops dripping from the dark eaves.

8 August 1980

## 雨夜狂想

簷前的雨水在滴，  
 滴到所有的人都入睡，  
 滴到一切聲音結束，  
 把一天的星光滴熄。  
 那時，宇宙就會像個空靈的貝殼，  
 只有黑簷下的淅瀝在裏面迴盪。

1980年8月8日

## Tropical Fish

The velvet-leaved hetaeria in the garden:  
 Like a creamy jade cup with curled lips,  
 Suffused with delicate pink,  
 The fragrance of its flower-heart brimming like a vintage in the dark.  
 In the starlight, I dive beneath the summer night sea,  
 And, flushed with drink, brush aside the soft waves and fine ripples,  
 Which shine black and sleek.  
 Forward along a familiar route, the warm currents  
 Wash silent past my brow, until at last I find two celestial shells,  
 Exquisite, ingeniously wrought,  
 Lying quietly hid in the depths of the warm currents,  
 Waiting for passionate tropical fish to swim forward  
 and gently kiss them.

10 June 1982

## 熱帶魚

園裏的天鵝絨翻唇蘭  
 如奶白的玉杯泛着嫩紅，  
 蕊內的香氣如醇酒在黑暗中滿溢。  
 星光下，我潛游於夏夜的海洋，  
 酩然撥開烏亮而柔滑的軟浪和細漪，  
 循熟悉的方向前進，讓無聲的暖流  
 漂過我的前額，最後發現兩枚仙貝，  
 靜藏在暖流深處，精巧玲瓏，  
 等一尾多情的熱帶魚游過來輕吻。

1982年6月10日

### When My Dream Spreads Like Some Boundless Land

At night,  
When my dream spreads like some boundless land,  
I wish for it a long coastline of gleaming sand  
Gently washed by warm waves in the moonlight,  
And strewn with lilac shells, picked by one delicate hand.

And then, you sail into my domain,  
Quietly moor your boat in a cove, wade barefoot through the water.  
Under the moon, you no longer hesitate or restrain,  
But your steps, your beautiful ankles, tread my dreamland's border.

31 March 1983

### 當我的夢如無際的疆土展開

夜裏，當我的夢如無際的疆土展開，  
我只希望它有一條長長的岸綫  
和一個發光的沙灘在月下任暖浪輕拍，  
上面的紫貝只讓一隻纖手去挑撿。

那時，你就會航入我的海域，  
把小船靜泊灣中，赤足涉水，  
在月色之下不再矜持，不再越趨，  
讓秀美的足踝踐落我夢土的邊陲。

1983年3月31日

### The Great Bell of Yongle

*The Great Bell of Yongle, traditionally known as the King of Bells, is one of the largest bronze bells in the world. Cast during the Yongle period of the Ming dynasty, it is 6.75 metres high, and weighs more than 23,300 kilograms. The outer diameter of its base measures 3.3 metres. On its surface are inscribed the texts of scriptures, made up of more than 227,000 characters in the regular script. Its sound can be heard over 45 kilometres away. It is still black and shiny, as though newly cast. It is kept in the Temple of the Great Bell in Peking.*

Small gongs and cymbals may vie with each other,  
But you are the River of Heaven, a still flow,  
Quiet in the night sky of time.  
Like the Tanggula Mountains,  
Gathering the roar of the Qutang Gorge  
Into the glaciers of Geladandong;  
Like a mighty river, frozen in its thundering surge,  
Its billows abruptly checked, like a cavalry charge  
Of six hundred years ago suddenly reined to a halt;  
Like a coral-pink shell in the starlight  
Drawing in the soft waves and ripples that lap upon the sand.  
For six hundred years, your voice  
Has been a dark wave  
Lying a thousand fathoms below the sea.  
More silent than the warm current that slips between the seaweed.  
When the small gongs and cymbals have tired themselves out,  
And every ear is weary of noise,  
Then will you wake like a giant,  
Wiping the moss from his curly whiskers,  
Stretching himself, and lifting his head.  
At each breath  
Every ear will hear a cataract from the River of Heaven,  
Dark thunderbolts stampeding in a myriad valleys.

## 永樂大鐘 並序

永樂大鐘，素有鐘王之稱，為世界上數一數二的大鐘。明永樂年間鑄造，高六·七五米，底口外徑三·三米，重四萬六千六百餘斤，鐘面刻有楷書經文二十二萬七千多字，聲音可傳至四十五公里外，目前仍烏亮如新。現存於北京大鐘寺。

當小鑼和小鈸爭鳴，  
你是靜止的天河，  
沉默於時間的夜空。  
你像唐古拉山脈，  
把瞿塘峽的咆哮  
收入各拉丹冬的冰川。  
像一條大江，澎湃奔湧間凝結，  
波聲驟停如出擊的騎兵  
六百年前突然勒馬。  
又如珊瑚紅的貝殼，星光下  
收起沙灘的軟浪和細漪。  
六百年來，你的聲音  
是蟄伏在萬尋之下的黑濤，  
比海藻間的暖流還要寂靜。  
到小鑼和小鈸一一力竭，  
所有的耳朵厭倦了噪音，  
你才像個巨人醒轉，  
拂去虬髯上的青苔，  
伸腰，仰首，一吐一納間，  
所有的耳朵聽見了天河下瀉，  
聽見黑雷在萬壑竄逐奔騰。



In the highest firmament  
The billowing firs will roar, echoing the surging tide of  
the moonlit night.  
Hurling headlong into the Qutang Gorge, the Tuotuo River  
Will echo the cavalry charging across the vast plain.  
The thunder will gradually die away,  
Will fade; the waves and the rumbling of hoofs will fade.  
The billowing of the firs, wafted by the north wind,  
Will pass into the Yan Mountains.  
The tide will slowly, slowly ebb.  
And in the starlight, a coral-pink shell on a gleaming strand  
Will gently pour the warm ripples of a summer night.

20 January 1982

在一萬尺的高空，  
冷杉濤回應着月夜的潮湧。  
沱沱河直撲瞿塘的大水  
回應着大平原疾馳的鐵騎。  
然後，雷聲漸去  
漸遠；波聲和蹄聲消失；  
冷杉濤隨北風逝入燕山；  
海潮緩緩，緩緩地退減；  
星光下，一枚珊瑚紅的貝殼，  
在發光的沙灘  
細細斟出夏夜的暖漪。

1982年1月20日

**Light**

I hail the latent aura of your coming.  
And when you come, you do not exult,  
You never create a din.  
But silently, well above the horizon,  
Like red agate melting, streaming over  
Cool blue crystal;  
Streaming into thickets of reed, waking fishermen from slumber,  
Urging them to row out into the misty waters of the east.  
I hail you when with full majesty  
You stride across a myriad dewy mountains before earth wakes.  
In the dimness of dawn, your dazzling golden cape  
Trails over inland lakes that have never seen swan,  
Across vast prairies, where flocks have not grazed,  
Touches the fearless chest of the skylark  
At heights where slings and arrows reach not.  
I hail you when you shine white upon the threshing floors in silent night,  
White on brooks and cliffs deep in the mountains;  
And when you travel in the night sky, alone and proud.  
I hail you when you sparkle on the banks of the River of Heaven,  
Tinkling like the ear-rings of a beautiful woman,  
Or, flashing green like an arrow loosed from the bow,  
Shoot into the utmost wilderness of the universe.  
Yet, most of all I hail  
Your roaring in the night,  
Standing alone, unshaken in the very heart of darkness,  
Midst howling wolves and ravening tigers,  
Comforting every fearful eye.  
In the long-drawn night, when the strongest bastion  
Yields, surrenders in the dark,  
Its sharp features melting into shadow;  
When spectres and ghouls go haunting;  
When daylight heroes, like weeds on the seashore,  
Lie prostrate, huddle during the rising of tides;  
When grey-clad strangers  
Flash past and hurl themselves into the night?  
Leaving no trace;  
You are left alone, between heaven and earth,  
A stance most sharply defined.  
Then, between heaven and earth, you are the one blaze roaring,  
For, between heaven and earth,  
You are the only true hero.

## 光

我欣賞你將現未現時的神采：  
來時從不張揚，更不必喧囂；  
只是靜靜地溢出，自水平綫下，  
像紅瑪瑙融化，流過濕涼的藍水晶；  
流入蘆葦叢裏，喚醒酣睡的漁人，  
催他們鼓棹衝入東方的煙水。  
我欣賞你在大地未醒時  
踏着萬山的濕嶺赫然而來，  
味爽中奪目的金披肩  
拂過還沒有天鵝踪影的內陸湖，  
拂過羊羣還未出現的大草原，  
在矢石升不到的高空  
觸着雲雀無忌的胸膛。  
我欣賞你夜靜時照白打穀場；  
在深山照白澗水和石壁；  
也欣賞你傲然在夜空獨行。  
我欣賞你像美人的耳墜，  
在天河兩岸丁丁東東地輕搖；  
或像脫弦的利矢閃着青芒  
霍霍霍射入宇宙的曠絕。  
然而，我最欣賞的，  
是你在黑夜的咆哮。  
欣賞你狼嗥虎嘯時  
屹然獨立在黑夜的中央，  
安慰所有驚惶的瞳孔。  
長夜漫漫，當堅固的堡壘  
在黑暗中妥協、投降，  
稜稜的輪廓溶入暗影；  
當幽靈和鬼魅四出祟人，  
日間的英雄像海邊的野草，  
潮漲時紛紛俯伏隱身；  
當灰衣客身子一晃，  
紛紛投入了夜色，無踪無影；  
天地間剩下你，立場最分明；  
天地間，唯有你，熊熊在長嘯；  
因為，天地間，只有你  
才是真正的勇士。

1982年6月8日