At West Lake, Morning Postcard, After Visiting Tiantai Mountain

Alan Soldofsky

San Jose State University, alan.soldofsky@sjsu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.sjsu.edu/eng_complit_pub

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

目录  Contents

新作・新译  
New Poems - New Translations

005/ 韩博  Han Bo
009/ 肖水  Xiao Shui
012/ 伊万・赫策格  Ivan Herceg
017/ 阿西  A Xi
022/ 莫非  Mo Fei
025/ 王家新  Wang Jiaxin
031/ 桑克  Wolfgang Kubin
040/ 桑克  Sang Ke
043/ 尤兰达・卡斯塔诺  Yolanda Castano
045/ 李成恩  Li Cheng-en
047/ 安吉・高娜  Angye Gaona
049/ 刘翔  Liu Xiang
051/ 艾伦・索道夫斯基  Alan Soldofsky

中英对照

当代中国诗人英译  Chinese Poets in English translation

054/ 蓝蓝  Lan Lan (tr. Fiona Sze-Lorrain)
060/ 周瓒  Zhu Zan (tr. Eleanor Goodman & Wang Ao)
064/ 马兰  Ma Lan (tr. Charles A. Laughlin)
066/ 成婴  Cheng Ying (tr. Fan Jinghua)
070/ 郑小琼  Zheng Xiaoqiong (tr. by Jonathan Stalling & Xian Liqiang)
International Poets in Chinese Translation

074/ 马婷•拜勒恩 Martine Bellen （张耳 译）
079/ 克拉莉萨•C.伯特 Clarissa C. Burt （沈睿 译）
082/ 弗朗索瓦丝•罗伊（范晔 译）
086/ 丹妮尔•勒格罗•乔治 Danielle Legros Georges（麦芒 译）

诗人互译 Poets Translating Each Other

089/ 蔡天新与印度诗人苏迪普•森互译

诗人自译 Bilingual Poems

104/ 麦芒
110/ 范静哗

小专辑：东西和音

114/ East-West in Resonance
- 京都诗会作品选登
  Selected work from Kyoto Poetry Reading
- 竹笛与小提琴二重奏
  Flute-Violin Duet by Taro Kishimoto & Yoko Kumazawa
- 诗歌翻译讨论会选载：温茨洛瓦访谈
  Selected work from JUMPA Symposium on Petry Translation
  —— Interview with Thomas Venclova

诗论

Essay on Poetry Translation

140/ 西渡：汉语中的弗罗斯特
Xi Du: Robert Frost in Chinese
有时美丽如琴声
遮住那半张脸的不是头发
而是远方的云朵
风把头发吹开
那目光明亮而坚定
这时，缝隙便如大陆一般辽阔
而我，而我
只是一只徒劳的蜘蛛
勉强站在只能承受自己的蛛丝之上

Alan Soldofsky（美国）

加州大学圣荷西分校英语教授。《浙江明信片》组诗写于中国。

AT WEST LAKE

A small breeze shakes the leaves
beneath a tea-colored sky.
Boats bobbing on empty water.

A man lives only inside the face
 of his language.
Words are the air and the grass.

Evening looms in his eyes.
 It comes always later,
after the lines of mountains have blurred.

And the smell of rain drifts
 across the strange pock-marked
bellies of rocks that out-last

poetry, which is what cannot
 be named, a breath
coming up off soon-to-be-wet
sidewalks where no one is walking.
MORNING POSTCARD

6 a.m.  I feel the gray lips of the wind  
on my skin.
Most of the old frogs that sang last night  
have jumped back in the pond.

A man knows that his words are like  
a candle factory, a flickering façade.
A row of windows glistening across the road  
through the mist.

The path uphill to the temple is slippery  
smeared with streams of mud.
But can be negotiated.

When I get up I stoop over, my beard  
rough as old newspaper.
My tongue blank,

The past tense of the rain,  
writing its musty taste inside my mouth.

AFTER VISITING TIANTAI MOUNTAIN

What do the old monks remember of the old places?  
The sheen of plum leaves against an ochre wall,

wells of green shadow?  Can anyone doubt the body  
is engineered for suffering?

The trees seem foreign beyond the haze of rhododendron,  
spikes of bamboo and ginko, interwoven.
The surrounding peaks like lotuses unfolded  
according to Zhi Yi who in the sixth century noticed

the planes of existence are contained  
not only in stones and trees, or in the many streaks  
of water dribbling down the rocks into jade pools,  
or in the electric hum of cicadas,

or in the shifting fleece of the sun,  
but in the light that cannot be seen  
except in darkness, and not even in darkness.  
The sky a lagoon of milk, curdled.

Everything is a distraction; everything I wanted  
impossible.  The robes of evening descending  
over the cities of moss, over the cobbled courtyard.  
So much time spent trying to know the outcome  
before it happens.  Figuring the odds  
for happiness, as if the rain itself were a calculation  
falling in lacy cables from the suddenly roiled undercarriage of  
clouds,

These words only able to describe themselves.