

# Readings

Xu Zhimo 徐志摩 1897-1931



## Second Farewell to Cambridge

I am leaving  
as quietly as I came;  
I gently wave farewell  
to the rose-colored clouds in the west.

The willow on the riverbank  
is like a bride standing in the sunset;  
Her golden reflection on the water  
shimmers in my heart.

Water poppies in the soft mud  
sway and wave;  
How I'd rather be that reedy sweet-grass  
in the lapping waves of the River Cam!





The pool of water in the elm shade  
is not a clear spring but a rainbow in the sky.  
The ruffling colors among the duckweed  
sink into a rainbow dream.

Searching for a dream? Push with a long pole  
to guide your punt upstream for greener banks;  
Overflowing with starlight, your small boat  
will sing a carefree song in the radiant night.

But for me, I cannot sing without cares,  
as the song of my farewell is the silence;  
Even summer insects have hushed for me,  
silent is the Cambridge night.

I am leaving,  
as quietly as I came.  
Raising my sleeve, I wave farewell,  
taking with me not even a wisp of cloud.



## 再別康橋

輕輕的我走了，  
正如我輕輕的來；  
我輕輕的招手，  
作別西天的雲彩。

那河畔的金柳，  
是夕陽中的新娘；  
波光的豔影，  
在我的心頭蕩漾。

軟泥上的青荇，  
油油的在水底招搖：  
在康河的柔波裏，  
我甘心做一條水草！







那榆蔭下的一潭，  
不是清泉，是天上虹  
揉碎在浮藻間，  
沉澱着彩虹似的夢。

尋夢？撐一支長篙，  
向青草更青處漫溯，  
滿載一船星輝，  
在星輝斑斕裏放歌。

但我不能放歌，  
悄悄是別離的笙簫；  
夏蟲也為我沉默，  
沉默是今晚的康橋！

悄悄的我走了，  
正如我悄悄的來；  
我揮一揮衣袖，  
不帶走一片雲彩。

## Dai Wangshu 戴望舒 1905-1950

I think, therefore I am a butterfly . . .  
Ten thousand years from now, a little flower's gentle call—  
Through misty clouds of no dreams and no awakenings—  
Will flutter my splendid colorful wings.

我思想，故我是蝴蝶……  
萬年後小花的輕呼，  
透過無夢無醒的雲霧，  
來震撼我斑斕的彩翼。





Chang Yao 昌耀 1936-2000





## A Field of Fragrant Grass

We agree not to mention the painful past,  
To only make small talk, only admire the fragrant grass,  
To accept that the rest is empty relics.  
Time no longer pollinates the present;  
Moths no longer light a weeping candle.  
We've no need for sunlight to mull it over,  
We still have "The Hungry Horse Shakes Its Bell."  
What truly belongs to this moment  
Is this endless field of fragrant, emerald grass.  
The rest is just the ancient, well-worn paths,  
The rest is just abandoned, hometown wells.

## 一片芳草

我们商定不触痛往事，  
只作寒暄。只赏芳草。  
因此其余都是遗迹。  
时光不再变作花粉。  
飞蛾不必点燃烛泪。  
无需阳光寻度。  
尚有饿马摇铃。  
属于即刻  
唯是一片芳草无穷碧。  
其余都是故道。  
其余都是乡井。

Ping-kwan Leung 梁秉鈞 1949-2013





You wrote down what you wanted to say and gave the paper to me  
I had nothing to give you in return, so I wrote:

“Papaya!” When I sliced it open, there were so many  
black, uncertain things inside

You once told me you liked eating papaya, but I don’t know  
if since then you’ve changed your mind

Every time I buy a papaya and put it in the fridge  
it just so happens that you aren’t here. Is it a language problem

or a papaya problem? I can only  
pick a good one out by examining its greenish yellow skin

I can only answer at a greenish yellow  
level; I have no idea what lies below the surface

What is inside? I’m positive it’s sweet papaya flesh  
Common sense tells me that. When I slice one open

你把說話寫在紙上送給我  
我沒有什麼可送，寫下：

“木瓜！”切開來，那麼多  
點點黑色的不確定的東西

你說過喜歡吃，但我不知道  
話說出以後有沒有改變了主意

我每次買了木瓜放在冰箱裡  
總碰上你不在，是言語的問題

還是木瓜的問題？我只能從  
眼見的青黃色的瓜皮上去挑選

我只能在那個青黃色的層次上  
回答，並不知道你裡面還有什麼

裡面是什麼？認定是甜甜的瓜肉  
依普通常識都知道了，剖開來

there are a lot of seeds, which you don't  
like. You say it would be best if there were nothing inside

nothing to cling to, nothing so sticky that you couldn't get rid of it  
or so slippery you couldn't hold onto it if you wanted

Don't get hung up on so many commitments, don't  
talk so much, let's just eat a wordless papaya

Fine, fine! But there is always something  
to chew on before spitting out a word: Papaya

Now you are protesting. You say I talk too much  
The mottled skin, the pulp filled with symbols

No, really, I just want to share a papaya  
with you, but all the papayas that you and I

have shared are in this one papaya in front of us  
When I slice it open, I see there are still many seeds

卻總出現了累累的種籽，你不  
喜歡，你說最好什麼也沒有

不要牽連了什麼，黏著了揮不去  
有時又捉摸不住不知滑往何方

不要有那麼多糾纏，不要說  
那麼多話，我們吃無言的木瓜

好，好！但總有什麼在嘴裡  
咀嚼，吐出一個詞：木瓜

你抗議了，說我說了太多話  
表皮斑駁，瓢裡充滿象徵

不，真的，我只是想與你  
好好的吃個木瓜，但你我過去

吃過的木瓜在眼前這個木瓜裡  
剖開來又看見了許多新的種籽



Zhu Zhu 朱朱 1969-



# September, Madrid

Standing in the cool shade of the crowded train station,  
Suddenly I am weary of traveling and just want to stay,  
Want to switch on a table lamp with a green shade  
In a small apartment; shirts hanging up to dry on the balcony,  
Their moisture evaporating like a manic episode; the roads I've traveled  
Have become silky-white contrails in the sky.  
Kindnesses can finally be collected little by little,  
And exchanged with other people for basic dignity . . .  
Make all things from the past cross the Atlantic to find me,  
For I love the beach at low tide more than the concerns of the present.  
Even if self-reproach makes me a deserter, even if my regret is like  
That of a young girl who has married an old widower, to return  
Would be exile.