MEDITATION

By Wei Li Bo

The evening rain has quenched the swirling dust

Raised in the heat of day by summer wind.

The yellow moon emerged from shadowy clouds

And through the plane trees cast her peaceful beams.

Through silence of the night from leaf and tree

Rings faint the reverent chime of silver drops.

冥想

文/魏立波

晚雨浇灭了夏日的风

在炎炎夏日扬起的尘土。

黄色的月亮从阴暗的云层中出现，

透过梧桐树洒下她宁静的光芒。

在寂静的夜色中，

树叶和树梢上隐约传来银色雨滴虔诚的叮当声。

AFTER THE RAIN

By Wei Li Bo

No sound is heard

But drops falling

From leaf to leaf.

That speck of light

Upon the shrub?

A butterfly.

雨后

文/魏立波

没有任何声音

但是雨滴滴落

从一片叶子到另一片叶子。

那点光

在灌木上?

一只蝴蝶。