

余光中 著·译

有这么一个人：像我像他像你
Such as myself and you and him.

守夜人

The Night Watchman

余光中诗歌自选集
中 | 英

编者按

我想作者一定不会介意我编写此书的。

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西螺大桥

Hsilo Bridge

矗^{chù}然，钢的灵魂醒着
严肃的静铿^{kēng}锵^{qiāng}着

西螺平原的海风猛撼着这座
意志之塔的每一根神经
猛撼着，而且绝望地啸着
而铁钉的齿紧紧咬着，铁臂的手紧紧握着
严肃的静
于是，我的灵魂也醒了，我知道
既渡的我将异于
未渡的我，我知道
彼岸的我不能复原为
此岸的我
但命运自神秘的一点伸过来
一千条欢迎的臂，我必须渡河

面临通向另一个世界的
走廊，我微微地颤抖
但西螺平原壮阔的风
迎面扑来，告我以海在彼端
我微微地颤抖，但是我
必须渡河

矗立着，庞大的沉默
醒着，钢的灵魂

Hsilo Bridge

西螺大桥

Loomingly, the soul of steel remains awake.
Serious silence clangs.

Over the Hsilo Plain sea winds wildly shake
This design of strength, this scheme of beauty; they shake
Every nerve of this tower of will,
Howling and yelling desperately.
Still the teeth of nails bite, the claws of iron rails clench
A serious silence.

Then my soul awakes; I know
I shall be different once across
From what on this side I am; I know
The man across can never come back
To the man before the crossing.
Yet Fate from a mysterious center radiates
A thousand arms to greet me; I must cross the bridge.

Facing the corridor to another world,
I tremble a little.
But the raw wind over the Hsilo Plain
Blows against me with the tidings
That on the other side is the sea.
I tremble a little, but I
must cross the bridge.

And tall looms the massive silence,
And awake is the soul of steel.

七层下

Seven Layers Beneath

一时松风退涛，落日在内战以西
残雪兀自封锁着边界
秃柯瘦成听觉的神经
肃然的寒气中，灌木丛在倾听

日落时，坏脾气的乌鸦
在那边的桦树林中咒骂
骂米德将军断剑的雕像
百里内，惊动多少耳朵

怪石如颜，鬼面之后有鬼面
不久冷雾泛起，夜空下
露滴侵蚀铁炮的骨髓
锈青了的寂灭中，爬着霉绿

内战之后，血斑皆酣然
酣然，铜号，酣然，失蹄的嘶马
内战之后，一整幅战场
在静听一只迟归的鸦

天狼在雉堞^{zhì dié}的齿隙升起
累积的时间感，全部的重量
向肩胛骨最酸处压下
夜色泻下，沿着谁的冰颊

踏。踏七层死去的秋
七层枯脆在履底悲泣
踏碎一些心形的图案
一些多情的执着，一些徒然

太上无情。古战场的浪子啊
你没什么往事，没有一星星
新大陆太新，没有你的往事
往事在落日以西，唉，以西

—— 盖提斯堡战场魔鬼穴

Seven Layers Beneath

七层下

The wind now ebbs among the pines. The sun sets
West of the Civil War. Only snow garrisons the frontier.
Thin are the bald branches, like starved nerves of the ear.
In the chilled hush the shrubs are listening.

At sunset, the ill-tempered crow in the birch trees
Begins to curse, in dissonant blasphemies,
General Sedgwick with the broken sword.
Startled and strained are the statues ears.

Featured are the rocks; masks hide behind masks.
Soon the cold fog will rise, and under the biotite sky
The dews will nibble the marrow of the guns
In the rusted silence where mildew creeps.

After the war asleep are the stains of blood.
Mute are the bugles, must the neighing horses that shied.
After the war the vastness of a battlefield
Is listening to a lone, last crow.

Then Sirius rises from between teeth of battlements.
The weighty sense of Time cumulated falls
On my fatigued collar bone. Also falls
The night, slippery down my icy face.

Softly I tread. Softly, on seven autumn dead,
Seven layers of leaves, crisp and sobbing beneath the shoes,
Till trod and broken lie all the heart-shaped designs,
All the insistence and futilities.

WISDOM SURVIVES PASSION. Ah, exile roaming the battlefield,
There is no past for you, no, not a bit.
New Continent is still too new, past there's none for you.
Your past is west of the sunset, west of it.

— *Devil's Den, Gettysburg*

钟乳岩

Smoke Hole Cavern

史前的童贞夜咽下了我们
无首无尾的黑暗
生之前，死之后
冰润漱着细细的地下水

扪到冥川上游
山的盲肠不通向何方
日月都留在洞外
谁的手中一枝电筒

拔也拔不开的深邃
仿佛凝固的梦境
脚下是珊瑚丛
千盏琳琅是吊灯

石乳下降，石笋上升
盘古的白须缓缓地长着
千载以厘，万载一分
升降之间虚悬着永恒

永恒，永恒！缓降的石乳
对更缓的石笋耳语：
“何必如此匆匆地相约
我们又何必要终于相遇
在这石椁神秘的世纪？”

百年前，南军在洞里藏金
向导说，更早更早以前
戴羽绘面的红酋长
在洞口熏炙鹿肉

岩石也有音乐啊，他说
且扬杖击石
向琳琳珑珑的雕塑敲起
石器时代的流行乐

——西弗吉尼亚·烟洞岩

Smoke Hole Cavern

钟乳岩

Pre-historic virgin night devours us,
Such a headless, tailless darkness
Before our life and after our death,
Where, subterranean, blind, cold,
Gargles the trickle of a stream.

We grope upstream along the Lethe
To find the mountain's appendix lead
Nowhere, vaguely aware the sun
 and moon
Are left revolving somewhere outside.
In whose hand a flashlight

In vain tries to push aside
The impenetrability of it all,
Where a whim-dream has fossilized
Reefs of coral under our feet
And candelabra overhead.

So stalactites fall and stalagmites rise:
So slowly grow Creation's breads.
An inch's fall, an inch's rise
While outside, rise and fall
 the dynasties.
Eternity's where they never meet.

Eternity, eternity! The [stalactites]¹
Whisper to the stalagmites below:
"No hurry for us to grow and meet,
Who knows how many centuries
 will pass
In this mystery of a sarcophagus?"

A century ago the Confederates,
The guide says, here hid their gold.
And much, much earlier than that,
A feathered and painted
 Indian chief
Roasted his venison in the cave.

Rocks have their music too, he says
And beats them up and down
And beats them left and right
And upon such a subtle sculpture
Strikes up a pop tune of the
 Stone Age.

— *Smoke Hole Cavern, West Virginia*

¹原文为“stalagtites”

当我死时

When I Am Dead

当我死时，葬我，在长江与黄河
之间，枕我的头颅，白发盖着黑土
在中国，最美母亲的国度
我便坦然睡去，睡整张大陆
听两侧，安魂曲起自长江，黄河
两管永生的音乐，滔滔，朝东
这是最纵容最宽阔的床
让一颗心满足地睡去，满足地想
从前，一个中国的青年曾经
在冰冻的密西根向西瞭望
想望透黑夜看中国的黎明
用十七年未^{yàn}餍中国的眼睛
饕餮地图，从西湖到太湖
到多鹳^{gū}的重庆，代替回乡

When I Am Dead

当我死时

When I am dead, lay me down between the Yangtze
And the Yellow River and pillow my head
On China, white hair against black soil,
Most beautiful O most maternal of lands,
And I will sleep my soundest taking
The whole mainland of my cradle lulled
By the mother-hum that rises on both sides
From the two great rivers, two long, long songs
That on and on flow forever to the East.
This the world's most indulgent roomiest bed
Where, content, a heart pauses to rest
And recalls how, of a Michigan winter night,
A youth from China used to keep
Intense watch towards the East, trying
To pierce his look through darkness for the dawn
Of China. So with hungry eyes he devoured
The map, eyes for seventeen years starved
For a glimpse of home, and like a new weaned child
He drank with one wild gulp rivers and lakes
From the mouth of Yangtze all the way up
To Poyang² and Tungt'ing³ and to Koko Nor⁴

²鄱阳湖

³洞庭湖

⁴青海湖

灰鸽子

Gray Pigeons

废炮怔怔地望着远方
灰鸽子在草地上散步
含含糊糊的一种
诉苦，嘀咕嘀咕嘀咕
一整个下午的念珠
数来数去未数清
海的那边一定
有一个人在念我
有一片唇在惦我
有一张嘴在呵我
呵痒下午的耳朵
下午敏感的耳朵
仰起，在玉蜀黍田里
盛好几英里的寂寞
向晚的日色，冰冰
弥满珍珠色的云层
灰鸽子在废炮下散步
一种含含糊糊的诉苦
含含糊糊在延续

Gray Pigeons

灰鸽子

The old guns muse and look afar.
Gray pigeons saunter on the lawn;
An obscure, subdued complaint
Now and then is heard to coo and croon.
On and on through the afternoon
A rosary's told and told and told,
The secrets of beads still unknown.
I have a hunch across the sea
There's someone murmuring my name,
Some unseen lips tickling my ear.
Itchy's the ear of afternoon;
The sensitive ear of early dusk
Turns up, with fields full of corn,
And holds a loneliness for miles.
The slow sun does more to chill than cheer,
Dimmed further by pearly clouds.
Under the old guns gray pigeons moan,
A complaint most inarticulate,
Which seems to stammer and hesitate
Off and on through the afternoon.

单人床

The Single Bed

月是盲人的一只眼睛
怒瞰着夜，透过蓬松的云
^{yīn}狺狺的风追过去
这黑穹！比绝望更远，比梦更高
要冻成爱斯基摩的冰屋
中国比太阳更陌生，更陌生，今夜
家人无信，朋友皆远离
没有谁记得谁的地址
寂寞是一张单人床
向夜的四垠无限地延伸
我睡在月之下，草之上，枕着空无，枕着
一种渺渺茫茫的悲辛，而风
依然在吹着，吹黑暗成冰
吹胃中的激昂成灰烬，于是
有畸形的鸦，一只丑于一只
自我的眼中，口中，^{chuáng}幢幢然飞起

The Single Bed

单人床

The moon is a blind man's eye that glowers
At the night through shaggy, unkempt clouds,
Hounded by packs of growling winds.
Look, look up at the firmament
That's freezing into an igloo roof,
Farther than despair, loftier than a dream!
China is more remote than the sun tonight,
When family is remote and friends apart,
And addresses, once so dear, are all forgot.
Loneliness is a single bed
That endlessly extends and extends
Towards the four horizons of the night.
Between the moon and grass I sleep, pillowed
Upon a sorrow undefined, while the wind
Is blowing darkness into a block of ice
And into ashes the passion in my guts,
From which deformed crows, one uglier than the other,
Arise, winging and squawking from my mouth and eyes.

黑天使

The Black Angel

黑天使从夜的脐孔里
飞至，从月落乌啼
的天空，当狼群咀嚼
落月，鼠群窸窣啮尽

满天的星屑，我就是
不详天使，迅疾
扑至，一封死亡电报
猛然捶打你闭门不醒

的恶魔，我就是黑天使
白天使中我已被
除籍，翻开任何
黑名单，赫然，你不会看不见

我的名字，叫黑天使，我就是
夜巡的黑鹰
最黑最暗的
夜里，我瞥见最善伪装的

罪恶，且在他头顶盘旋
等垂毙的前夕
作俯冲的一击
我就是黑天使，我永远

独羽逆航，在雨上，电上
向成人说童话
是白天使们
的职业，我是头颅悬价

的刺客，来自黑帷以外，来自
夜的盲哑的深处
来自黢黢的帝国
的墨墨京都，黑天使，我就是

自注：写成后，才发现这首《黑天使》是首尾相衔的联锁体，段与段之间不可能读断。Emily Dickinson 的 *I Like to See It Lap the Miles* 近于此体。

The Black Angel

黑天使

Swift swoops down the Black Angel
From night's innermost navel,
From a sky of setting moon and crows
When wolves are tearing the crescent
And swarms of rats are nibbling at

The remaining star-crumbs. I am
The Angel of Ill Omen
Who descends at the worst moment
With an obituary telegram
To bang your door and call you up

From amidst your
 nightmares and sweat.
Among all angels alone I'm black,
An outlaw to every angel white,
And on every black list, long or short,
Most conspicuous you never miss

My name, marked
 BLACK ANGEL. I am
The black angel cruising at night
Through the darkest, the most opaque
Blindness of a moonless,
 dawnless night
I never discovered
 the best camouflaged

Of evils but will circle over its head
To watch for its last breath of sin
And rush all of a sudden down
Upon its death long overdue,
For I am the Black Angel
 who never flies

But by himself through
 lightnings and rain.
To tell the grown-ups fairy tales,
To tell them that God never fails,
The white angels are
 more than well-paid.
But I am, with a high price
 on my head,

The Arch-Assassin none can stop
From breaking through the draperies
And rings of guards,
 from where the night
Is at its most deaf and blind,
 from outside
The Dark Tower overhanging
 the Dark Lord:

Where the Black Angel strikes, I strike.