

诺贝尔文学奖获奖作者作品

「智利」  
聂鲁达  
Pablo Neruda  
著

中英文对照

# 二十首情诗与

# 绝望的歌

李宗荣译  
红胶囊图

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红胶囊  
绘本

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Body of A Woman

---

The Light Wraps You

---

Ah Vastness of Pines

---

The Morning Is Full

---

So That You Will Hear Me

---

I Remember You As You Were

---

Leaning Into The Afternoons

---

White Bee

---

Drunk With Pines

---

We Have Lost Even

---

Almost Out of Sky.

---

Your Breast Is Enough

---

I Have Gone Marking

---

...  
Every Day You Play

---

I Like For You To Be Still

---

In My Sky As Twilight

---

Thinking, Tangling Shadows

---

Here I Love You

---

Girl Lithe and Tawny

---

Tonight I Can Write

---

The Song of Despair

---

1904-1973

20 “ ”  
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1973

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# Body of A Woman

Body of a woman, white hills, white thighs, you look like a world,  
lying in surrender.

My rough peasant's body digs into you and makes the son leap from  
the depth of the earth.

I was alone like a tunnel. The birds fled from me, and night swamped  
me with its crushing invasion.

To survive myself I forged you like a weapon, like an arrow in my  
bow, a stone in my sling.

But the hour of vengeance falls, and I love you.

Body of skin, of moss, of eager and firm milk.

Oh the goblets of the breast! Oh the eyes of absence!

Oh the pink roses of the pubis! Oh your voice, slow and sad!

Body of my woman, I will persist in your grace.

My thirst, my boundless desire, my shifting road!

Dark River-beds where the eternal thirst flows and weariness follows,  
and the infinite ache.





# The Light Wraps You

The light wraps you in its mortal flame.

Abstracted pale mourner, standing that way against the old propellers  
of twilight that revolves around you.

Speechless, my friend,

alone in the loneliness of this hour of the dead and filled with lives of  
fire,

and pure heir of the ruined day.

A bough of fruit falls from the sun on your dark garment.

The great roots of night  
grow suddenly from your soul,  
and the things that hide in you come out again so that a blue and pallid  
people,  
your newly born, takes nourishment.  
Oh magnificent and fecund and magnetic slave of the circle that moves  
in turn through black and gold: rise, lead and possess a creation  
so rich in life that its flowers perish and it is full of sadness.



# Ah Vastness of Pines

Ah vastness of pines, murmur of waves breaking, slow play of lights, solitary bell, twilight falling in your eyes, toy doll, earth-shell, in whom the earth sings!

In you the rivers sing and my soul flees in them as you desire, and you send it where you will.

Aim my road on your bow of hope  
a frenzy I will flee my flock of arrows.

On all sides I see your waist of fog, and your silence hunts down my afflicted hours; my kisses anchor, and my moist desire nests in your arms of transparent stone.

Ah your mysterious voice that love tolls and darkens in the resonant and dying evening!

Thus in the deep hours I have seen, over the fields, the ears of wheat tolling in the mouth of the wind.



# The Morning Is Full

The morning is full of storm  
in the heart of summer.

The clouds travel like white handkerchiefs of goodbye, the wind,  
traveling, waving them in its hands.

The numberless heart of the wind  
beating above our loving silence.

Orchestral and divine, resounding among the trees like a language full  
of wars and songs.

Wind that bears off the dead leaves with a quick raid and deflects the  
pulsing arrows of the birds.

Wind that topples her in a wave without spray and substance without  
weight, and leaning fires.

Her mass of kisses breaks and sinks, assailed in the door of the  
summer's wind.

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# **So That You Will Hear Me**

So that you will hear me

my words

sometimes grow thin  
as the tracks of the gulls on the beaches.  
Necklace, drunken bell  
for your hands as smooth as grapes.  
And I watch my words from a long way They are more yours than  
mine.

They climb on my old suffering like ivy.  
It climbs the same way on damp walls.  
You are to blame for this cruel sport.  
They are fleeing from my dark lair.  
You fill everything, you fill everything.  
Before you they are peopled in the solitude that you occupy, and they  
are more used to my sadness than you are.

Now I want them to say what I want to say to you and to make you  
hear as I want you to hear me.

The winds of anguish still hauls on them as usual.  
Sometimes hurricanes of dreams still knock them over.  
You listen to other voices in my painful voice Lament of old mouths,  
blood of old supplications.

Love me, companion. Don't forsake me. Follow me.  
Follow me, companion, on this wave of anguish.  
But my words become stained with your love.  
You occupy everything, you occupy everything.  
I am making them into an endless necklace for your white hands,  
smooth as grapes.



# **I Remember You As You Were**

I remember you as you were last autumn.  
You were the grey beret and the still heart.  
In your eyes the flames of twilight fought on.  
And the leaves fell on the water of your soul.  
Clasping my arms like a climbing plant the leaves garnered your voice,  
that was slow and at peace.  
Bonfire of awe in which my thirst was burning.  
Sweet blue hyacinth twisted over my soul.  
I feel your eyes traveling, and the autumn is far off: grey beret, voice  
of bird, heart like a house, towards which my deep longings migrated and  
my kisses fell, happy as embers.  
Sky from a ship, Field from the hills: Your memory is made of light, of  
smoke, of a still pond!  
Beyond your eyes, farther on, the evenings were blazing.  
Dry autumn leaves revolved in your soul.



# Leaning Into The Afternoons

Leaning into the afternoons I cast my sad nets towards your oceanic eyes.

There in the highest blaze my solitude lengthens and flames, its arms turning like a drowning man's.

I sent out red signals across your absent eyes that move like the sea near a lighthouse.

You keep only darkness, my distant female, from your regard sometimes the coast of dread emerges.

Leaning into the afternoons I fling my sad nets to the sea that beats on your marine eyes.

The birds peck at the first stars  
that flash like my soul when I love you.

The night on its shadowy mare  
shedding blue tassels over the land.

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# White Bee

White bee, you buzz in my soul, drunk with honey, and your flight winds in slow spirals of smoke.

I am the one without hope, the word without echoes, he who lost everything and he who had everything.

Last hawser, in you creaks my last longing.

In my barren land you are the final rose.

Ah you who are silent!

Let your deep eyes close. There the night flutters.

Ah your body, a frightened statue, naked.

You have deep eyes in which the night flails.

Cool arms of flowers and a lap of rose.

Your breasts seem like white snails.

A butterfly of shadow has come to sleep in your belly.

Ah you who are silent!

Here is the solitude from which you are absent.

It is raining. The sea wind is hunting stray gulls.

The water walks barefoot in the wet streets.

From that tree the leaves complain as though they were sick.

White bee, even when you are gone you buzz in my soul You live again in time, slender and silent.

Ah you who are silent!



# Drunk With Pines

Drunk with pines and long kisses,  
like summer I steer the fast sail of roses, bent towards the death of the  
thin day, stuck into my solid marine madness.

Pale and lashed to my ravenous water, I cruise in the sour smell of the  
naked climate, still dressed in grey and bitter sounds and a sad crest of  
abandoned spray.

Hardened by passions, I go mounted on my one wave, lunar, solar,  
burning and cold, all at once, becalmed in the throat of fortunate isles that  
are white and sweet as cool hips.

In the moist night my garment of kisses trembles charged to insanity  
with electric currents, heroically dividing into dreams  
and intoxicating roses practising on me.

Upstream, in the midst of the outer waves, your parallel body yields to  
my arms like a fish infinitely fastened to my soul, quick and slow, in the  
energy under the sky.



# **We Have Lost Even**

We have lost even this twilight.

No one saw us this evening hand in hand while the blue night dropped  
out of the world.

I have seen from my window

the fiesta of sunset in the distant mountain tops.

Sometimes a piece of sun  
burned like a coin between my hands.

I remembered you with my soul clenched in the sadness of mine that  
you know.

Where were you then?

Who else was there?

Saying what?

Why will the whole of love come on me suddenly when I have sad and  
feel you are far away?

The book fell that is always turned to at twilight and my cape rolled  
like a hurt dog at my feet.

Always, always you recede through the evenings towards where the  
twilight goes erasing statues.



# Almost Out of Sky

Almost out of the sky, half of the moon anchors between two mountains.

Turning, wandering night, the digger of eyes.

Let's see how many stars are smashed in the pool.

It makes a cross of mourning between my eyes, and runs away.

Forge of blue metals, nights of stilled combats, my heart revolves like a crazy wheel.

Girl who have from so far, brought me so far, sometimes you glance flashes out under the sky.

Rumbling, storm, cyclone of fury,  
you cross above my heart without stopping.

Wind from the tombs carries off, wrecks, scatters your sleepy root.

The big trees on the other side of her, uprooted.

But you, cloudless girl, question of smoke, corn tassel.

You were what the wind was making with illuminated leaves.

Behind the nocturnal mountains, white lily of conflagration, ah, I can say nothing! You were made of everything.

Longing that sliced my breast into pieces, it is time to take another road, on which she does not smile.

Storm that buried the bells, muddy swirl of torments, why touch her now, why make her sad.

Oh to follow the road that leads away from everything, without anguish, death, winter waiting along it with their eyes open through the dew.





# Your Breast Is Enough

Your breast is enough for my heart, and my wings for your freedom.  
What was sleeping above your soul will rise out of my mouth to  
heaven.

In you is the illusion of each day.  
You arrive like the dew to the cupped flowers.  
You undermine the horizon with your absence.  
Eternally in flight like the wave.  
I have said that you sang in the wind like the pines and like the masts.  
Like them you are tall and taciturn, and you are sad, all at once, like a  
voyage.

You gather things to you like an old road.  
You are peopled with echoes and nostalgic voices.  
I awoke and at times the birds fled and migrated that had been sleeping  
in your soul.



# I Have Gone Marking

I have gone marking the atlas of your body with crosses of fire.  
My mouth went across: a spider trying to hide.  
In you, behind you, timid, driven by thirst.  
Stories to tell you on the shore of the evening, sad and gentle doll, so  
that you should not be sad.  
A swan, a tree, something far away and happy.  
The season of grapes, the ripe and fruitful season.  
I who lived in a harbor from which I loved you.  
The solitude crossed with dream and with silence.  
Penned up between the sea and sadness.  
Soundless, delirious, between two motionless gondoliers.  
Between the lips and the voice something goes dying.  
Something with the wings of a bird, something of anguish and  
oblivion.  
The way nets cannot hold water.  
My toy doll, only a few drops are left trembling.  
Even so, something sings in these fugitive words.  
Something sings, something climbs to my ravenous mouth.  
Oh to be able to celebrate you with all the words of joy.  
Sing, burn, flee, like a belfry at the hands of a madman.  
My sad tenderness, what comes over you all at once?  
When I have reached the most awesome and the coldest summit my  
heart closes like a nocturnal flower.

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# Every Day You Play

Every day you play with the light of the universe.

Subtle visitor, you arrive in the flower and the water.

You are more than this white head that I hold tightly as a cluster of fruit, every day, between my hands.

You are like nobody since I love you.

Let me spread you out among the yellow garlands.

Who writes your name in letters of smoke among the stars of the south?

Oh let me remember you as you were before you existed.

Suddenly the wind howls and bangs my shut window.

The sky is a net crammed with shadowy fish.

Here all the winds will let go sooner or later, all of them.

The rain takes off her clothes.

The birds go by, fleeing.

The wind. The wind.

I can contend only against the power of men.

The storm whirls dark leaves  
and turns loose all the boats that were moored last night to the sky.  
You are here. Oh you do not run away.  
You will answer me to the last cry.  
Cling to me as though you were frightened.  
Even so, at one time a strange shadow ran through your eyes.  
Now, now too, little one, you bring me honeysuckle, and even your  
breasts smell of it.

While the sad wind goes slaughtering butterflies I love you, and my  
happiness bites the plum of your mouth.

How you must have suffered against getting accustomed to me, my  
savage, solitary soul, my name that sends them all running.

So many times have we seen the morning star burn, kissing our eyes,  
and over our heads the grey light unwind in turning fans.

My words rained over you, stroking you.

A long time I have loved the sunned mother-of-pearl of your body.

I go so far as to think you own the universe.

I will bring you happy flowers from the mountains, bluebells, dark  
hazels, and rustic baskets of kisses.

I want to do with you what spring does with the cherry trees.



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# **I Like For You To Be Still**

I like for you to be still: I as though you were absent, and you do not hear me far away and my voice does not touch you.

It seems as though your eyes had flown away and it seems that a kiss had sealed your mouth As all things are filled with my soul you emerge from the things, filled with my soul.

You are like my soul, a butterfly of dream, and you are like the word Melancholy.

I like for you to be still, and you are still far away, It sounds as though you were lamenting, a butterfly cooing like a dove.

And you hear me from far away, and my voice does not reach you: Let me come to be still in you silence.

And let me talk to you with your silence that is bright as a lamp, simple as a ring.

You are like the night, with its stillness and constellations.

Your silence is that of a star, as remote and candid.

I like for you to be still: it is though you were absent, distant and full of sorrow as though you had died.

One word then, one smile, is enough.

And I am happy, happy that it's not true.

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# In My Sky As Twilight

In my sky at twilight you are like a cloud and your form and color are the way I love them.

You are mine, mine, woman with sweet lips and in your life my infinite dreams live.

The lamp of my soul dyes your feet, My sour wine is sweeter than your lips, oh reaper of my evening song,

how solitary dreams believe you to be mine!

You are mine, mine, I go shouting it to the afternoon's wind, and the wind hauls on my widowed voice.

Huntress of the depths of my eyes, your plunder stills your nocturnal regard as though it were water.

You are taken in the net of my music, my love, and my nets of music are wide as the sky.

My soul is borne on the shore of your eyes of mourning.

In your eyes of mourning the land of dreams begins.

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# Thinking, Tangling Shadows

Thinking , tangling shadows in the deep solitude.  
You are far away too, oh farther than anyone.  
Thinking, freeing birds, dissolving images, burying lamps.  
Belfry of fogs, how far away, up there!  
Stifling laments, milling shadowy hopes, taciturn miller,  
night falls on you face downward, far from the city.  
Your presence is foreign, as strange as a thing.  
I think, I explore great tracts of my life before you.  
My life before anyone, my harsh life.  
The shout facing the sea, among the rocks, running free, mad, in the  
sea-spray.  
The sad rage, the shout, the solitude of the sea.  
Headlong, violent, stretched towards the sky.  
You, woman, what were you there, what ray, what vane of that  
immense fan? You were as far as you are now.  
Fire in the forest! Burn in blue crosses.  
Burn, burn, flame up, sparkle in trees of light.  
It collapses, crackling. Fire. Fire.  
And my soul dances, seared with curls of fire.  
Who calls? What silence peopled with echoes?  
Hour of nostalgia, hour of happiness, hour of solitude, hour that is  
mine from among them all!  
Hunting horn through which the wind passes singing.  
Such a passion of weeping tied to my body.  
Shaking of all the roots,  
attack of all the waves!  
My soul wandered, happy, sad, unending.  
Thinking, burying lamps in the deep solitude.  
Who are you, who are you?



# Here I Love You

Here I love you.  
In the dark pines the wind disentangles itself.  
The moon glows like phosphorus on the vagrant waters.  
Days, all one kind, go chasing each other.  
The snow unfurls in dancing figures.  
A silver gull slips down from the west.  
Sometimes a sail. High, high stars.  
Oh the black cross of a ship.  
Alone.  
Sometimes I get up early and my soul is wet.  
Far away the sea sounds and resounds.  
This is a port.  
Here I love you.  
Here I love you and the horizon hides you in vain.  
I love you still among these cold things.  
Sometimes my kisses go on those heavy vessels that cross the sea  
towards no arrival.  
I see myself forgotten like those old anchors.  
The piers sadden when the afternoon moors there.  
My life grows tired, hungry to no purpose.  
I love what I do not have. You are so far.  
My loathing wrestles with the slow twilights.  
But night comes on and starts to sing to me.  
The moon turns its clockwork dream.  
The biggest stars look at me with your eyes.  
And as I love you, the pines in the wind want to sing your name with  
their leaves of wire.





# Girl Lithe and Tawny

Girl lithe and tawny, the sun that forms the fruits, that plumps the grains, that curls seaweeds filled your body with joy, and your luminous eyes and your mouth that has the smile of water.

A black yearning sun is braided into the strands of your black mane, when you stretch your arms.

You play with the sun as with a little brook and it leaves two dark pools in your eyes.

Girl lithe and tawny, nothing draws me towards you.

Everything bears me farther away, as though you were noon.

You are the frenzied youth of the bee, the drunkenness of the wave, the power of the wheat-ear.

My somber heart searches for you, nevertheless, and I love your joyful body, your slender and flowing voice.

Dark butterfly, sweet and definitive like the wheat-field and the sun, the poppy and the water.

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# Tonight I Can Write

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

Write, for example, the night is starry and the stars are blue and shiver in the distance.

The night wind revolves in the sky and sings.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

I loved her, and sometimes she loved me too.

Through nights like this one I held her in my arms.

I kissed her again and again under the endless sky.

She loved me, and sometimes I loved her too.

How could I not have loved her great still eyes?

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

To think that I do not have her. To feel that I have lost her.

To hear the immense night, still more immense without her.

And the verse falls to the soul like dew to the pasture.

What does it matter that my love could not keep her?

The night is starry and she is not with me.

This is all. In the distance someone is singing. In the distance.

My soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

My sight tries to find her as though to bring her closer My heart looks for her, and she is not with me.

The same night whitening the same trees.

We, of that time, are no longer the same.

I no longer love her, that's for certain, but how I loved her.

My voice tried to find the wind to touch her hearing.

Another's. She will be another's. As she was before my kisses.

Her voice, her bright body. Her infinite eyes.

I am no longer in love with her, that's certain, but maybe I love her.

Love is so short, forgetting is so long.

Because through nights like this one I held her in my arms my soul is not satisfied that it has lost her.

Though this be the last pain she makes me suffer and these the last verses that I write for her.





# The Song of Despair

The memory of you emerges from the night around me.  
The river mingles in its stubborn lament with the sea.  
Deserted like the wharves at dawn.  
It is the hour of departure, oh deserted one!  
Cold flower heads are raining in my heart.  
Oh pit of debris, fierce cave of the shipwrecked.  
In you the wars and the flights accumulated From you the wings of the  
song birds rose.  
You swallowed everything, like distance.  
Like the sea, like time. In you everything sank!  
It was the happy hour of assault and the kiss.  
The hour of the spell that blazed like a lighthouse.  
Pilots dread, fury of a blind driver, turbulent drunkenness of love, in  
you everything sank.  
In the childhood of mist my soul, winged and wounded.  
Lost discoverer, in you everything sank!  
You girdled sorrow, you clung to desire, sadness stunned you, in you  
everything sank!  
I made the wall of shadow draw back, beyond desire and act, I walked  
on.  
Oh flesh, my own flesh, woman that I loved and lost, I summon you in  
the moist hour, I raise my song to you.  
Like a jar you housed the infinite tenderness and the infinite oblivion  
shattered you like a jar.  
There was the black solitude of the islands, and there, woman of love,  
your arms took me in.  
There were thirst and hunger, and you were the fruit.  
There were grief and ruins, and you were the miracle.  
Ah woman, I do not know how you could contain me in the earth of  
your soul, in the cross of your arms!  
How horrible and brief was my desire of you!  
How difficult and drunken, how tensed and avid.  
Cemetery of kisses, there is still fire in your tombs, still the fruited  
boughs burn, pecked at by birds.

Oh the bitter mouth, oh the kissed limbs, oh the hungering teeth, oh the entwined bodies.

Oh the mad coupling of hope and force in which we merged and despaired.

And the tenderness, light as water and as flour.

And the word scarcely begun on the lips.

This was my destiny and in it was the voyage of my longing, and in it my longing fell, in you everything sank.

Oh pit of debris, everything fell into you, what sorrow did you not express, in what sorrow are you not drowned!

From billow to billow you still called and sang.

Standing like a sailor on the prow of the vessel.

You still flowered in songs, you still broke in currents.

Oh pit of debris, open and bitter well.

Pale blind diver, luckless slinger, lost discoverer, in you everything sank!

It is the hour of departure, the hard cold hour in which the night fastens to all timetables.

The rustling belt of the sea girdles the shore.

Cold stars heave up, black birds migrate.

Deserted like the wharves at dawn.

Only the tremulous shadow twists in my hands.

Oh farther than everything. Oh farther than everything.

It is the hour of departure. Oh abandoned one!



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Pablo Neruda

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# Table of Contents

---

---

---

[Body of A Woman](#)

---

[The Light Wraps You](#)

---

[Ah Vastness of Pines](#)

---

[The Morning Is Full](#)

---

[So That You Will Hear Me](#)

---

[I Remember You As You Were](#)

---

[Leaning Into The Afternoons](#)

---

[White Bee](#)

---

[Drunk With Pines](#)

---

[We Have Lost Even](#)

---

[Almost Out of Sky](#)

---

[Your Breast Is Enough](#)

---

[I Have Gone Marking](#)

---

[...  
Every Day You Play](#)

---

[I Like For You To Be Still](#)

---

In My Sky As Twilight

---

Thinking, Tangling Shadows

---

Here I Love You

---

Girl Lithe and Tawny

---

Tonight I Can Write

---

The Song of Despair

---