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二十首情诗和一首绝望的歌

**Twenty Love Poems and a Song of  
Despair**

[智利] 巴勃罗·聂鲁达

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## 聂鲁达简介

巴勃罗·聂鲁达（Pablo Neruda 1904～1973）智利诗人。原名内夫塔利·里卡多·雷耶斯·巴索阿尔托。生于铁路工人家庭。圣地亚哥智利教育学院法语专业毕业。曾任驻外大使。1945年当选国会议员，同年加入智利共产党，1946年后被迫流亡国外。1952年回国，1957年任智利作家协会主席。

聂鲁达的诗作继承了智利民族诗歌的传统，又借鉴了西班牙民族诗歌的特色。并受到了波特莱尔、韩波等法国现代派诗人的影响，甚而追求惠特曼的自由诗形式。他的早期诗作，如诗集《霞光》（1923）、《二十首情诗和一支绝望的歌》（1924）带有浓厚的浪漫主义色彩。其后，运用隐喻象征手法创作的诗集《地球上的居所》（1933）又带有孤独痛苦情绪。西班牙人民反法西斯斗争开始后，他的诗作进入明快、进步而多产的第三创作阶段。著名长诗《西班牙在我心中》（1937）讴歌西班牙人民和国际纵队的英勇战斗，谴责法西斯匪徒的非人暴行，被译成多国文字在反法西斯前线广泛流传。收入1950年出版的《诗歌总集》中的组诗《伐木者醒来吧》（1948），以奔放豪迈的笔触赞美被压迫被奴役

民族和人民的反抗斗争，通篇用无韵的自由诗体和排比句法激起读者感情上的起伏，成为拉丁美洲文学史上具有高度思想性和艺术性的诗歌杰作。其著名作品还有诗集《葡萄和风》（1954）、《逃亡者》、《英雄事业的赞歌》等，对拉丁美洲的诗歌产生了深远影响。

聂鲁达于1971年获诺贝尔文学奖。

## 第一首 女人的身体

女人的身体，洁白的丘陵，洁白的大腿，

你看上去像一个世界，温顺地躺着。

我这粗俗的农夫之躯将你开垦，

进而从大地深处跃出子嗣。

我孤单如隧道。众鸟离我而去，

夜色以它致命的侵袭将我淹没。

为了拯救自我，我锻造你如一件武器，

如我弩上之箭，如我弓上弹丸。

而复仇的时刻来临，且我爱你。

肌肤之躯，苔藓之躯，焦灼而坚挺的乳液之躯。

噢，酒盅般的酥胸！噢，迷离的双眸！

噢，玫瑰般的耻骨！噢，你的声息，舒缓而哀伤！

我的女人的身体，我将执迷于你的风姿。

我的渴望，我那无边的情欲，我那不知所终的去向！

晦暗的河床流淌着永恒的渴求，

伴随着疲倦，以及无垠的痛楚。



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 in 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.



你看上去像一个世界，温顺地躺着

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 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.

## 第二首 光芒笼罩着你

阳光用它即将消逝的光芒笼罩着你。  
失魂而黯然的悼亡者，就此伫立。  
背对着的薄暮中古老的风车，  
在你的周遭旋转。  
缄默吧，我的伴侣，  
伶仃着这死亡时刻的孤寂，  
而充满生机的焰火，  
将湮灭的日子纯粹地继承。

阳光透过果实的枝桠倾泻在你深色的衣  
衫上。

夜那粗壮的根须  
从你的心田骤然生长，  
隐匿在你体内的事物重新裸露出来，  
以便忧郁而苍白的民族，  
一降生就从你身上获得滋养。  
噢，伟大、丰盈而引人的奴婢，  
在黑色与金色的交替涡旋中：  
崛起，引导并支配万物，  
生命如此富饶以致鲜花凋零，  
而且满是伤悲。

The Light Wraps You

The light wraps you in its mortal flame.

Abstracted pale mourner, standing that way  
against the old propellers of the twilight  
that revolves around you.  
Speechless, my friend  
alone in the lonlieness of this hour of the  
dead  
and filled with the lives of fire,  
pure heir of the ruined day.



阳光用它即将消逝的光芒笼罩着你

A bough of fruit falls from the sun on you  
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.

### 第三首 啊，广袤的松林

啊，广袤的松林，波涛道破私语，  
光线低缓地游弋，钟声孤寂，  
暮色落入你的眼眸，小美人儿，  
地壳中，大地在你体内歌唱！  
河流在你体内欢歌，我的灵魂逃匿其  
中，  
如你所愿，被你差遣到期望之处。  
你的希望之弦指明我的路程，  
一阵迷乱中，我射出我的所有箭簇。  
我随处可见你雾岚般的腰肢，  
你无言地猎取我那恼人的时光；  
留驻我的亲吻，藉着我潮湿的欲望，  
在你玉石般剔透的双臂间营巢。

啊，你神秘的声音是爱情的钟响，  
让充满回声的死亡之夜更加幽暗！  
在时间的深渊里我看到，旷野的  
麦穗在风口低鸣。

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 rives 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  
and in a frenzy I will free my flock of  
arrows.



旷野的麦穗在风口低鸣

On all sides I see your waist of fog.  
and youe silence hunts down my afflicted  
hours;

my kisses anchor, and my moist desire nests  
in you with your arms of transparent stone  
Ah your mysterious voice that love tolls and



darkens

in the resonant and dying evening!

Thus in deep hours I have seen, over the  
fields,

the ears of wheat tolling in the mouth of the  
wind

#### 第四首 盈满的早晨

充满风暴的早晨

在夏日的心中。

漫游的云朵，仿佛道别时的白手帕，

迁徙的风用双手挥舞着它们。

无数颗风的心脏

跃动在我们爱的静谧之上。

神圣的管弦之音，在丛林间回荡，

如同充满战争与歌吟的咏叹。

风迅速席卷走枯叶，

迫使箭镞般的鸟群偏离了方向。

风将她倾覆，在没有飞沫的波涛中，

在失重的物体中，在失衡的焰火中。

在密匝的亲吻中，崩溃而沦陷，

在夏日之风的门口遇袭。

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, travelling, 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.



漫游的云朵，仿佛道别时的白手帕

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 learning  
fires.

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

## 第五首 为了你能听见我

为了你能听见我  
我的话语  
时而纤细  
如沙滩上水鸥的足迹。  
项链，沉醉的钟声  
献给你葡萄般光润的双手。  
我凝望我的话语扬长而去。  
它们更像是你的，而不是我的。  
他们如同常青藤攀援上我旧日的苦难。  
以同样的路径攀上潮湿的墙壁。  
这残忍的戏谑将归咎于你。  
它们从我昏暗的巢穴中逃逸。  
你充满一切，你充满一切。  
在你之前，它们占有了你所占据的孤独，  
它们比你更习惯于我的悲伤。  
而今我要它们说出我想对你诉说的，  
让你听见我想让你聆听的。  
悻悻的风一如既往的摇曳着它们。  
间或被梦中的飓风将它们掀翻。  
从我悲恸的声音中，你听到了另外的声

音。

衰老的嘴巴在叹息，古老的祈求在沥血。

爱我吧，伴侣。别抛弃我，追随我。  
追随我，伴侣，在这个苦恼的涟漪中。  
但是我的言语已浸淫着你的爱恋。  
你占有一切，你占有一切。  
我将它们衍变成一条无尽的项链，  
献给你白皙而光润如葡萄的双手。



悱恻的风一如既往的摇曳着它们

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 smooth as grapes.  
And I watch my words from a long way off.  
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 peopled 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  
to make you hear as I want you to hear me.  
The wind 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 the 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.

## 第六首 我铭记着你的样子

我铭记着你去年秋天的样子。  
你戴着灰色的贝雷帽，心神宁静。  
薄暮的光芒在你眼里搏斗。  
树叶飘零在你心灵的水面。  
藤蔓般偎依在我的臂弯，  
树叶贮藏你的声音，低缓而安详。  
惊怵的篝火中燃烧着我的欲望。  
甜美的蓝色风信子蜷居着我的灵魂。  
我感到你双眼迷离，而秋天杳然：  
灰色的贝雷帽，鸟语呢喃，心若门庭，  
那是我殷切希望迁居的地方，  
印上我的吻唇，欢愉如灰烬。



从航船上仰望天际，从山岗上俯瞰田野：

你的回忆是光，是云烟，是沉寂的池塘！

暮色在你眼眸更深处燃烧。

秋天的枯叶在你的灵魂里盘旋。

I Remember You As You Were

I remember you as you were in the last autumn.

You were the grey beret and the still heart.

In your eyes the flames of the twilight fought on.

And the leaves fell in 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.



你的回忆是光，是云烟，是沉寂的池塘

I feel your eyes travelling, and the autumn is  
far off:

grey beret, voice of a 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.

## 第七首 倚身于午后

倚身于午后，我撒下忧伤的网  
朝着你海洋般的眼眸。

在那烈火中，我的孤独延绵而灼烧，  
如溺水者一般挥舞着手臂。

越过你失神的眼睛，我发出红色的讯  
号，

它汹涌如灯塔附近的海洋。

你空余幽暗，我那远方的女人，  
在你的视线中时而浮现出可怕的礁岸。

倚身于午后，我撒下悲伤的网  
向着拍击你海洋般眼眸的洋面。

夜晚的鸟群啄食初升的繁星，  
闪烁如我恋你之时的魂灵。

夜色在晦暗的马背上驰骋，  
在大地上撒下蓝色的缨穗。

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



你空余幽暗，我那远方的女人

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 that sea that beats on your marine eyes.

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

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

## 第八首 白色的蜜蜂

白色的蜜蜂，你在我的灵魂中嗡鸣，沉  
醉于甜蜜，

你在缓缓的烟雾中盘旋飞翔。

我是个绝望的人，是没有回声的话语，  
丧失一切，又拥有一切。

最后的缆绳，我最后的祈望为你啾呀而  
歌。

在我这贫瘠的土地上，你是最后的玫  
瑰。

啊，你这个沉默的人！

请闭上你深邃的双眼。夜色正在飘散。

啊，你的身体，惊惶如雕塑，一丝不  
挂。

你深邃的双眼中夜色振荡。  
冷艳如花的臂弯，玫瑰般的足膝。  
你的乳房仿佛白色的蜗牛。  
蝴蝶如影飞来，安睡在你的腹部。  
啊，你这个沉默的人！  
这是你隐身而去的孤独。  
雨中，海风席卷着迷路的海鸥。  
流水赤脚涉过潮湿的街道。  
树上的叶子犯病似的喋喋不休。  
白色的蜜蜂，即便你已离去，你仍在我的灵魂中嗡鸣。  
你在时光中重生，纤弱而静谧。  
啊，你这个沉默的人！



在我这贫瘠的土地上，你是最后的玫瑰

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 on 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!

## 第九首 沉醉在松林间

沉醉在松林与缠绵的亲吻中，  
如同夏日，我驾着玫瑰的疾帆，  
驶向那纤弱白昼的毁灭，  
坠入我坚固之海的癫狂里。  
惨淡下锚于我贪婪的水面，  
我在空旷气候的酸味中巡弋，  
以黯淡而苦涩的声音  
以及哀怨的洪峰中被遗弃的浪花来伪  
装。

冷凝激情，我驾驭着自己的潮涌，  
月亮，太阳，焦灼而凜然，倏忽间  
停泊在幸运群岛的咽喉处  
在洁白而甜美的清凉尻尾之间  
潮湿的夜晚我亲吻的衣衫在摆动  
充满电流而意乱情迷  
决然破碎成为梦幻  
醉人的玫瑰在我身上逐一涌现。  
逆流而上，在外围的浪花中央，  
你那并躺的身体委身于我的臂弯。  
犹如一条鱼，无休止地缚住我的灵魂，  
忽快忽慢，在活力四射的天空下。

Drunk With Pines

Drunk with pines and long kisses,  
like summer I steer the fast sail of the 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 passion, I go mounted on my  
one wave,  
lunar,solar,burning and cold, all at once,  
becalmed in the throat of the 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 divided into dreams  
and intoxicating roses practising on me.



醉人的玫瑰在我身上逐一涌现

Upstream, in the midst of 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.

## 第十首 我们甚至遗失了

我们甚至遗失了这个黄昏。  
今晚无人看到我俩手挽着手，  
当蓝色之夜降临世间。  
我透过我的窗户看见  
远山之巅落日的祭典。  
有时，一枚夕阳  
如同硬币在我双手间焚烧  
我忆及了你，我的灵魂紧攥于  
你所熟悉的我的哀伤中。  
彼时，你在哪里？  
与谁同在？  
私语些什么？  
为何当我悲伤而感到你遥不可及，  
全部的爱情会突然降临？  
惯于在暮色中打开的书简掉在地上，  
我的披肩蜷缩在脚下，像只受伤的小  
狗。

向来，你向来借助夜色隐没  
向着暮色抹去雕像的方向。

We Have Lost Even

We have lost even this twilight..

No one saw us this evening hand in hand.

while the blue night dropped on the world.

I have seen from my window  
the fiesta of sunset in the distant mountain  
tops.



我透过我的窗户看见，远山之巅落日的祭典

Sometimes a piece of sun  
burned like a coin between my hands.  
I remembered you with my soul clenched  
in that 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 am 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.

## 第十一首 几乎在天之外

几乎在天之外，半个月亮  
下碇在两山之间。  
旋洄着，漂泊之夜，眼眸的采掘者。  
且看有几多星星陨碎于池塘。  
它在我的瞬间划下哀悼的十字，又隐  
匿。

蓝色金属的淬炼，沉寂的搏斗之夜，  
我的心旋转如疯狂的车轮。  
自远方来的姑娘，又被带往远方，  
你自天际倏尔的闪烁一瞥。  
雷鸣震震，暴风骤雨，狂风怒号，  
你不加停歇地穿越我的心田。  
墓地吹来的风挟裹、损毁、散落你的酣  
睡之根。  
她身旁的大树，被连根拔起。

而你，明朗的女子，如烟云的问讯，玉米的缨穗。

你由风用明亮的叶子制成。

夜幕下的群山背后，白色的百合怒放如盛焰，

啊，我无言以对，你由一切衍生。

渴望将我的胸膛切成碎片，

另择道路的时刻到了，她在那儿不复微笑。

风雨掩埋钟声，恼人的泥泞漩涡，  
为何现在触及她，为何令她伤悲。

唉，沿着这条远离一切的道路，  
没有伤痛、死亡，以及寒冬的守候，  
她们的双眼藉着露水睁开。



另择道路的时刻到了，她在那儿不复微笑

Almost Out Of The 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 come from so far, been brought from so far,

sometimes your 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 buries 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.

## 第十二首 你的胸脯已经足够

对于我的心灵，你的胸脯已经足够，  
恰如我的翅膀对于你的自由。

沉睡于你灵魂上方的事物

将从我的口中升向天堂。

在你之中存有每一日的幻想。

你如瓶花上的露珠般降临。

你隐匿如消逝的地平线。

永远逃避如同波浪。

我曾说过你在风中放歌，

仿佛松树，宛若樯桅。

你像它们一样挺拔而寡言，

你的伤感，须臾而来，像一次远航。

你屯聚万物如同一条古道。

你充斥着回音和乡愁的絮语。

我醒来，间或栖息于你灵魂中的鸟群  
便纷纷逃离并且迁徙。



你如瓶花上的露珠般降临

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 birds fled and migrated  
that had been sleeping in your soul.

### 第十三首 我已烙下

我已在你身体的地图上烙下火的十字。  
我的嘴巴横议：像一只蜘蛛，试图隐蔽。

在你体内，在你身后，羞怯又被渴求驱使。

夜晚的沙滩上，太多故事要对你讲，  
伤心而温顺的孩子，好使你不再伤心。

一只天鹅，一棵树，那些遥远而欢愉的事物。

葡萄的季节，成熟而丰收的季节。

爱恋着你的我，寄居于一方港湾。

孤独中交织着梦想与沉默。

禁锢于大海与哀愁之中。

默不作声，神情恍惚，处在两个静穆的船夫间。

嘴唇与声音之间某些事物正在消亡。

有些插上了鸟的翅膀，有些隶属于痛苦与遗忘。

如同渔网网不住水一样。

我的宝贝，仅剩少许水滴在颤晃。

即便如此，仍有某些事物在转瞬即逝的话语中歌唱。

某些在歌唱，某些攀至我那贪婪的嘴上。

哦，畅尽欢言来把你颂扬。

讴歌，焚烧，逃亡，像疯子手中的钟楼。

我那哀伤的柔情，是什么突然将你淹没？

当我抵达可怕无比而寒冷至极的天顶，  
我的心扉紧掩，如暗夜中的花朵。



孤独中交织着梦想与沉默

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 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 harbour 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.

#### 第十四首 每日你嬉戏着

你每天与宇宙之光嬉戏。

灵巧的访客，你造访鲜花与流水。

你比诸我紧攥的银白花冠，

更像每日我掌间的一簇果实。

你与众不同，因而我爱你。

让我将你安放在黄色花环之中。

是谁用烟霞的字体，写你的名字于南方的群星间？

啊，让我铭记你，在你存在之先。

突然间狂风怒号，敲打我紧闭的窗扉。

天空是一张网，挂满了隐约的鱼。

所有的风先后被流放，所有的风。

雨水褪去了她的衣裳。



众鸟纷飞，逝去。

风呵，风呵。

我唯有倚靠男人的威仪来抗争。

暴风雨卷起黑色的树叶，

吹散了昨夜停泊在天空的所有船只。

你在这里，噢，你不曾离开。

你会回答我，直至最后的呜咽。

偎着我，似乎你陷入了惶恐。

纵然如此，诡异的阴影依然掠过你的眼眸。

现在，就是现在，小宝贝，你为我带来了忍冬花，

连你的乳房都能嗅到它的芳香。

当凄厉的风扑杀蝴蝶，

我爱你，我的欢愉噬啮你青梅般的嘴。

你何以委曲求全来迎合我？

我那狂野而孤独的灵魂，我那令大家避讳的名字。

我们曾多次目睹晨星燃烧，亲吻我们的眼睛，

我们头顶灰暗的光芒被旋转的扇翼驱散。

我的话雨点般落向你，轻抚着你。

许久以来，我恋着你日晒过的珠母般的玉体。

我甚至相信你拥有整个宇宙。

我从群山中为你采来幸福的花朵，风信子，

黑榛果，以及满篮淳朴的亲吻。

我愿像春天呵护樱桃树那样呵护你。



你与众不同，因而我爱你

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 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 at my shut window.

The sky is a net crammed with shadowy fish.

Here all the winds 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 getting accustomed to me,

my savage, solitary soul, my name that sends them all running.

So many times we have seen the morning star burn, kissing our eyes,

and over our heads the gray 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 that 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.

## 第十五首 我喜欢你沉默不语

我喜欢你沉默不语，就像你消失了一  
般，

你远远倾听着我，而我的声音却捉摸不  
到你。

似乎你的眼神已经游离，

如同一个亲吻封缄了你的嘴。

如同万物充实了我的灵魂，

你从万物中浮现，充实了我的灵魂。

梦中的蝴蝶，你宛如我的灵魂，

你谐同“忧郁”这个词汇。

我喜欢你沉默不语，就像你已走远。

听起来你似乎在咏叹，一如鸽哨般啾啾  
蜜語的蝴蝶。

你远远倾听着我，而我的声音却无法企  
及你：

让我在你的沉默中陷入寂静。

且让我藉着你的沉默向你表白，  
你的沉默明亮如灯盏，简洁如指环。  
你宛如夜晚，寂静无声且群星密布。  
你的沉默有如星星，遥远而纯洁。  
我喜欢你沉默不语，就像你消失了一  
般，

遥远且满怀忧伤，仿佛你已逝去。  
此时一句话，一丝微笑，就已足够。  
而我很欣慰，庆幸那并非事实。



你远远倾听着我，而我的声音却无法企及你

I Like For You To Be Still

I like for you to be still: it is as though you  
were absent,

and you hear me from 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 seem 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 your 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 as 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.

## 第十六首 在我向晚的天空中

——此诗意译自罗宾德拉纳特·泰戈尔之《园丁集》第30首诗篇

在我向晚的天空中，你如一片云，  
你的形形色色为我所爱。

你是我的，我的，双唇甜蜜的女人，  
在你的生命中留存着我无尽梦想。

我的灵魂之灯浸染你的双脚，，  
我的酸醅在你的唇间变甜，

噢，我夜曲的刈者，

何以让孤寂的梦相信你是我的！

你是我的，我的，我临着晚风高喊，  
而风却悠长了我孤寡的声音。

我眼眸深处的女猎手，你的掳掠，  
宁静了夜间的逡视，宛若水面。

你坠入了我的音律之网，我的爱人，  
我的音律之网辽阔如天空。

我的灵魂降生在你楚楚眼眸的岸边。  
你的楚楚眼眸，是梦境的起点。



你的楚楚眼眸，是梦境的起点

## In My Sky At Twilight

This poem is a paraphrase of the 30th poem  
in Rabindranath tagore's The Gardener

In my sky at twilight you are like a cloud  
and your form and colour 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 on 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 born on the shore of your eyes of  
mourning.

In your eyes of mourning the land of dreams  
begins.

## 第十七首 沉思而纠结的阴影

沉思而纠结的阴影陷入深邃的孤寂中。  
你离得太远，呵，比任何人都遥远。  
沉思着，群鸟自在，影像消溶，  
灯盏熄掩。

雾中的钟楼，那么遥远，矗立在那里！  
窒闷的叹息，碾磨着黯淡的希望，  
沉默寡言的磨工，

夜色在你的面前降临，远离了都市。  
你异域般呈现，如他物般陌生。

我沉思，在你面前我探索我生命的广  
袤。

我的生命置于任何人之前，我那艰辛的  
生命。

面对大海长啸，在礁石之间，  
自由奔放，狂野，在大海的飞沫中。  
那悲伤的怒潮，那嘶吼，那海的沉寂。  
昂然而粗暴地伸向天际。

你，女人，你是什么？是什么样的光？  
什么样的

巨大扇翼？你总是像现在这般遥远。  
森林之火，呈蓝色的十字燃烧。

烧吧，烧吧，火苗喷薄，在光的丛林中  
熠熠生辉。

轰然崩塌，劈啪作响。火呵，火。  
我心飞舞，灼烙于火苗的卷焰中。  
谁在呼唤？怎样的寂静充满回声？  
怀乡的时刻，欢愉的时刻，孤独的时刻，  
刻，

一切时刻中的我那一刻！  
狩猎的号角藉着风儿来传来歌声。  
令人垂泪的激情束缚着我的躯体。  
撼动所有根脉，  
侵袭所有浪荡！  
我心徘徊，欢愉，悲伤，延绵不息。  
沉思着，将灯盏掩埋在深邃的孤寂中。  
你是谁？你是谁？



夜色在你的面前降临，远离了都市

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?

## 第十八首 我在这儿爱你

我在这儿爱你。

在幽暗的松林里，风解缚了自己。

月亮在荡漾的水面上像磷火一样闪光。

白昼，日复一日，彼此追逐。

雪花舞姿招展。

银白的水鸥在西边滑翔。

间或有一片帆，高高的星宿。

哦，船的黑色十字架。

孑然。

有时我从清晨醒来，甚至我的灵魂也是

湿的。

远处海在呜呜，伴着回响。

这是一个港湾。

我在这儿爱你。

我在这儿爱你，地平线徒然将你隐藏。

在这些冰冷事物中，我依然爱你。

有时我的亲吻乘上沉重的船舶。

漂洋过海，无从停靠。

我目睹自己如那些旧锚一般遭到遗忘。

当午后停泊在那里，码头变得凄凉。

我的生命变得疲倦，了无旨意的渴求。

我爱着我无从拥有的，你是如此遥远。

我的憎恨与迟缓的暮色争斗。

而夜幕降临，并开始为我歌唱。

月亮上紧了它梦的发条。

最大的星星藉着你的眼睛凝望着我。

当我爱你时，风中的松树

便用它们丝丝针叶吟唱你的名字。

Here I Love You

Here I love you.

In the dark pines the wind disentangles itself.

The moon glows like phosphorous on the  
vagrant waters.

Days, all one kind, go chasing each other.



我爱着我无从拥有的，你是如此遥远

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 even 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 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.

## 第十九首 轻柔而黄褐的姑娘

轻柔而黄褐的姑娘，那使果实成形、  
谷物饱满，海藻缠卷的太阳，  
让欢愉洋溢你的身体，你明媚的眼睛，  
以及你那笑意漾然的嘴。  
当你舒展双臂，乌黑的相思骄阳，  
穗饰着你的缕缕黑发。  
你和太阳嬉闹，像一条小溪，  
它在你的眼里留下两泓幽深的潭水。

轻柔而黄褐的姑娘，没有什么能让我靠近你。

一切都将我推得更远，仿佛你是正午。

你是群蜂狂乱的青春，  
浪潮的沉醉，麦穗的能量。

然而，我忧郁的心仍寻觅着你，  
我爱你欢愉的身体，你细柔而流畅的声音。

黝黑的蝴蝶，甜美而真切，  
如同麦田与太阳，罌粟与流水。



它在你的眼里留下两泓幽深的潭水

Girl Lithe and Tawny

Girl lithe and tawny, the sun that forms  
the fruits, that plumps the grains, that curls  
sea-weeds.

filled your body with joy, and your luminous

eyes

and your mouth that has the smiles of the  
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 bee,  
the drunkenness of the wave, the power of the  
wheat-ear.

My sombre heart search 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.

今夜我可以写下最哀伤的诗行。

诸如写下：“夜晚星光灿烂，  
幽蓝的星星在远方颤动。”

晚风在空中回旋吟唱。

今夜我可以写下最哀伤的诗行。

我爱过她，而有时她也爱我。

那些如同今夜的晚上，我曾将她拥入怀  
抱。

在无垠的天空下，我一遍又一遍地吻  
她。

她爱过我，有时我也爱她。

怎能不爱上她那双澄净的大眼睛？

今夜我可以写下最哀伤的诗行。

想到我已没有了她，觉得我已失去了  
她。

去谛听浩瀚的夜晚，因没有她而更加浩  
瀚。

诗句坠入心田，如同露珠落在牧场上。

我的爱未能挽留住她又何妨？

夜晚星光灿烂，而她不在我身旁。

尽是如此，远方有人唱着歌，在远方。

我的内心不甘于就此失去她。

我的目光试图找到她，好似要将她靠  
近，

我的心在找寻她，而她不在我身旁。



同样的夜色漂白着同样的树林。

彼时，我们已不复如初。

我不再爱她，的确，但我曾多么爱她！

我的声音试图寻着风来触及她的听闻。

别人的，她将属于别人的，宛如她从前属于我的亲吻。

她的声音，她那明净的身体，她那深邃的眼睛。

我不再爱她，的确，但我也许还爱她。

爱情太短，遗忘太长。

因为如同今夜的晚上，我曾将她拥入怀抱。

我的内心不甘于就此失去她。

即便这是她让我遭受的最后的痛苦。

而这些也是我写给她的最后的诗行。

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'.



爱情太短，遗忘太长

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, sometimes I loved her too.

How could one 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 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 no longer love 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 that she makes  
me suffer

and these the last verses that I write for her.

## 第二十一首 绝望的歌

对你的记忆浮现自我周遭的夜色。

河流将它冥顽的哀叹织入大海。

如同拂晓时的码头一样被抛弃。

是别离的时刻了，哦，被抛弃的人！

冰冷的花冠雨点般落在我的心田。

哦，碎石的深坑，罹难的凶残巢穴。

在你身上集结着战火与飞翔。

歌唱的鸟儿从你身上舒展羽翼。

你吞噬一切，宛如远方。

宛如大海，宛如光阴，你将一切湮没！  
这是侵犯与亲吻的欢快时刻。

这迷魅时刻炫燃如灯塔。

领航员的惊恐，盲目潜水员的愤怒，  
汹涌的爱的沉醉，你将一切湮没！

在雾霭的童年，我心生羽翼以致受了  
伤。

迷路的探险者，你将一切湮没！

你缠绕着忧伤，你粘附于愿望，

悲伤令你木然，你将一切湮没！

我令阴暗的墙壁退缩，

越过欲望与举动，我向前行进。

哦，血肉，我的血肉，我爱过又失去的  
女人，

在这潮湿时刻，我呼唤你，我为你放声  
歌唱。

你如同一只瓮瓶贮盛着无限的柔情。

而无尽的遗忘将你如瓮瓶般打破。

那是岛屿黝黑的孤寂。

在那，恋爱的女人，你的双臂拥抱了  
我。

那是焦渴与饥饿，而你是水果。

那是悲恸与毁灭，而你是奇迹。

啊，女人，我不知道你何以包容了我，

在你的心田里，在你双臂的交抱中！

我对你的欲求是如此生畏而短暂！  
如此艰难而沉醉，如此紧张而贪婪。  
亲吻的墓地，你的坟茔仍有火苗，  
仍有结果的枝桠在燃烧，任由鸟儿啄食。

哦，被咬噬的嘴巴，哦，被亲吻的四肢，

哦，饥馑的牙齿，哦，交缠的身体。

哦，希望与暴力的疯狂交媾，

我们在其中融合并陷入绝望。

而柔情，轻柔似水，似粉尘。

那话儿在唇间欲语还休。

我的命运如此，我的愿望随之启航。

我的愿望随之落空，你将一切湮没！

哦，碎石的深坑，一切沦陷于你，

什么忧伤你未尝诉说，什么忧伤你未尝  
淹滞！

浪涛汹涌间，你依旧在欢呼与歌唱。

屹立于船头犹如一名水手。

你依旧如花绽放在歌声里，你依旧破浪  
于激流中。

哦，碎石的深坑，敞开的苦涩之井。

苍白而盲目的潜水员，不幸的投石工，

迷路的探险者，你将一切湮没！

是别离的时刻了，严酷而寒冷的时刻，

黑夜掌控一切的时刻。  
大海的腰带窸窣地环绕着海岸。  
寒星涌现，黑色的鸟群在迁徙。  
如同拂晓时的码头一样被抛弃。  
唯有颤动的影子在我的手中扭曲。  
哦，一切都已遥远，哦，一切都已遥  
远。

是别离的时刻了，哦，被抛弃的人！

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### The Song of Despair

The memory of you emerges from the  
night around me.

The river mingles 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 over my  
heart.

Oh pit of debris, fierce cave of the  
shipwrecked.



你如同一只瓮瓶贮盛着无限的柔情

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.

Pilot's dread, fury of 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 whom I  
loved and lost,

I summon you in the moist hour, I raise  
my song to you.

Like a jar you housed 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 the 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 terrible and brief was my desire  
was to 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 bitten 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 my  
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 in the prow of a  
vessel.

You still flowered in songs, you still  
broke the 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

which the night fastens to all the timetables.

The rustling belt of the sea girdles the shore.

Cold stars heave up, black birds migrate.

Deserted like the wharves at dawn.

Only 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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