

美国现当代诗歌赏析

Poetica Arts

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胡开杰 编写

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编者的话

本书共选录自惠特曼至今的美国现代和当代诗人三十九人的诗歌作品共计五十五首。在诗人和诗歌作品的选择方面,坚持以下原则:选择的诗人和诗歌作品在美国文学现当代各个发展时期、不同流派方面具有一定的代表性;选择一定数量的黑人诗人及其诗作;少数在小说创作方面成就丰硕的作家如有不俗的诗歌作品也适当收录,如斯蒂芬·克莱恩等。一般说来,每位诗人选诗一至二首,个别诗人选诗三至四首。此外,本书的编写参考了近年来美国著名大学出版社出版的相关的文学课程和文学写作课程中作家作品选择的倾向,本书所选录的诗人及诗歌作品多为美国目前大学有关教材中收录的,少数诗作的收录则根据具体诗歌的内容做出选择。每位诗人诗作的选择首先考虑其代表性,所选录的诗歌作品大多为诗人的主要作品;其次也考虑本书所收录内容尽量不与国内已经出版的英语诗歌选集或教材的收录内容重复。因此,其中所收录的部分诗歌作品可能在国内介绍较少或未见。如玛吉·皮尔西的 *The Secretary Chant*, 莎伦·奥尔兹的 *The Death of Marilyn Monroe*, 丽塔·达芙的 *Used* 以及兰德尔·贾雷尔的 *The Woman at the Washington Zoo* 等诗作反映的都是当代美国社会的女性在方方面面的思考和反应以及男性诗人对女性社会现状的关注;而保罗·劳伦斯·邓巴的 *We Wear the Mask*, 达德利·兰德尔的 *Ballad of Birmingham*, 梅雅·安吉洛的 *These Yet To Be United States* 及其他黑人诗人的作品则从不同的方面和角度,就不同的社会事件或问题抒发自己对美国社会、民权斗争及种族平等问题的看法;卡尔·夏皮洛的 *Auto Wreck* 和詹姆斯·迪基的 *The Leap* 等诗作则由对日常生活中具体事件的描写转向有关生与死的抽象思考,抒发了当代人对生活原有意义的看法。所选的诗作不但涉及的题材多样,覆盖面广,紧密联系社会现象,而且其表现手法新颖独特,富有创造性,有助学习者了解美国现当代诗歌的发展轨迹和美国文学的多元特征,使学习者得以从不同视角来观察美国社会现象,认识美国社会、文化和文学。

本书在编排上有以下特点:

1. 诗人与诗作原则上按诗人生活的年代先后为序编排,每位诗人的介绍分为诗人简介,诗歌选读、问题讨论和诗歌评析四个部分。诗人简介涉及其生平、主要作品、诗歌创作特点、风格等。
2. 所选诗歌所附的问题供学习者用以讨论或自行回答,旨在帮助学习者较为深入详尽地理解诗歌的创作背景、诗歌所表现的主题和意义、诗歌的风格和表现手法。
3. 每首诗歌附有一段简洁的诗歌评析,长度为 200—800 英语单词不等,学习者可以在独立回答诗歌后所附的问题以后,参考诗歌评析,提高自己对诗歌的理解能力和欣赏能力,增进对英语诗歌的兴趣和爱好。
4. 编者诗人简介或诗歌评析附上语言较为简易通俗的汉语译文,以利学习者进一步加深对英语诗歌的理解和欣赏。

本书的编写参考了近年美国大学使用的文学教材和美国权威的文学选集如 NORTON;

HEATH; BEDFORD INTRODUCTION TO LITERATURE 等的较新版本,适当加以编辑调整,力争保持原文的准确性,以帮助学习者较为深入地理解和欣赏美国诗歌,了解美国大学专业教材中诗歌批评的做法和方法,提高学习者对诗歌的理解和欣赏能力,增进对英语诗歌的兴趣和爱好。因此,本书可供本科院校英语专业用做英语诗歌选修课程的教材或供英语专业学生自学,也可供具有一定英语基础的广大英语爱好者使用。

本书的编写一是出自编者对英语诗歌的兴趣和爱好,二是为本校英语系开设英语诗歌选修课程之需。编者深知英语诗歌的学习不易,美国现当代诗歌更是一个异彩纷呈却又不易探索的领域。本书的编写只是一种学习和尝试,错误和不够之处在所难免,还望方家指正和读者朋友见谅。

编者在本书的整个编写过程中得到南京理工大学有关部门的支持和鼓励,复旦大学出版社的同志们给予热情的帮助和指教,特别是倪琴芬老师在本书的修改、审校过程中费尽心力,在此谨向他们表示衷心的感谢。

编者

2004年6月于南京

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Walt Whitman (1819—1892)

Walt Whitman was born in West Hills, Long Island, to a British father and a Dutch mother. He attended the newly founded Brooklyn public schools for six years, sharing his classes with students of a variety of ages and backgrounds. He worked as a printer, and became a reporter and editor, most notably of *the Brooklyn Eagle*, before leaving New York to live in Washington, D. C., and finally Camden, New Jersey. In 1838, he left journalism to work on his most famous work *Leaves of Grass* (1855), which was first published with twelve poems and systematically enlarged until 1891, shortly before his death.

Whitman's poetry created tension between the self-conscious and political, the romantic and realistic, the mundane and mystical, and the collective and individual. His apparently formless free-verse departures from poetic convention, his incarnations and boasts, his sexuality, and his exotic and vulgar language caused conservative critics of the nineteenth century to label his work a "poetry of barbarism" and warn that it was "not to be read aloud to a mixed audience."

By the appearance of the fifth edition of *Leaves of Grass* (1871), Whitman's poetry had begun to receive increasing critical recog-

nition in both England and America. He had come to see his work as a single "poem" to be revised and improved through a lifetime. The more than four hundred poems that had appeared in the nine editions of *Leaves of Grass* were unprecedented in American literature. They were a compound of commonplaces, of disorganized and raw experience, of sentimentalism, and of true poetic inspiration. They had ecstatic perceptions of humans and nature, united and divine. Whitman had an expensive oceanic vision, an urgent desire to incorporate the entire American experience into his life and into poetry. He aspired to be a cosmic consciousness, to experience and glorify all humanity and all human qualities.

He had yearned to be the "bard of democracy," a public poet celebrated by democratic men and women. He had been a radically new poet, had made his own rhythms, created his own mythic world, and in writing his sprawling epic of American democracy he helped make possible the free-verse unorthodoxies and the private literary intensities of a twentieth-century world that would one day come to honor him as one of the great poets of all time.

诗人简介:

瓦尔特·惠特曼(1819—1892)

瓦尔特·惠特曼生于纽约市长岛的西山,父亲为英国移民,母亲为荷兰移民的后裔。在

他离开纽约去华盛顿居住,最后定居在新泽西州的坎姆顿以前,曾在纽约市布鲁克林区新建立的公立学校就读六年。先后当过印刷工人、记者和编辑。他在《布鲁克林鹰报》的工作卓有成效。1838年,他辞去记者的工作,专心致力于其著名的诗集《草叶集》(1855)的创作。首次出版的这部诗集只收录了12首诗歌,随后逐步收入新创作的诗歌。直到1891年,在他去世前不久,该诗集才最后形成现在的规模。

惠特曼的诗歌创作在自我意识与政治、浪漫与现实、世俗与神秘、集体与个人之间碰撞。他的自由体诗歌明显形式松散,有别于传统诗歌形式。他的人性化与自负,对性的议论以及粗俗的语言使得19世纪保守的文学批评家将其作品贴上“野蛮,未开化”的标签,并警告这样的诗歌“不宜在男女听众面前朗读。”

在《草叶集》第五版出版之前,惠特曼的诗歌已经开始在英国和美国获得文学界越来越多的关注。惠特曼逐步将其作品视作一首单一的诗歌,终其一生的时间进行修改和提高。《草叶集》第九版中收进的诗歌多达400余首,这在美国文学史上是前所未有的。诗集以似为杂乱无章的原材料,表现了普通人的情感和真实的诗歌灵感,尽情讴歌了对人类和神圣自然的感受。惠特曼以大海一般的视野和襟怀,迫切渴望将美国人民的全部经历融入其生活和诗作之中加以表述。

惠特曼向往成为“民主诗人”,成为具有民主思想的人们热爱的诗人。他是一个具有激进思想的新诗人,以其特有的节奏创造出虚构的诗歌世界。在谱写出讴歌美国民主的鸿篇巨制般史诗的同时,他使得自由体诗形式更为随意,开创了具有诗人强烈个性特征的20世纪美国诗歌风格,这些使得他最终得以成为历史上最伟大的诗人之一。

When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd

1

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star¹ early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

2

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

10

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings,

Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
 With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
 With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard,
 With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
 A sprig with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
 A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush, 20
 The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
 Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
 Death's outlet song of life, (for well dear brother I know,
 If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die.)

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
 Amis lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peep'd
 from the ground, spotting the gray debris,
 Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the
 endless grass,
 Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the
 dark-brown fields uprisen,
 Passing the apple-tree blows² of white and pink in the orchards, 30
 Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
 Night and day journeys a coffin³.

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
 Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
 With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped in black,
 With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veil'd women
 Standing,
 With processions long and winding and the flambeaus⁴ of the night,
 With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the
 unbarred heads,

With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the sombre faces,
 With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong
 and solemn,
 With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd around the coffin,
 The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs—there amid
 these you journey,
 With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
 Here, coffin that slowly passes,
 I give you my sprig of lilac.

40

7

(Not for you, for one alone,
 Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,
 For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song for you O sane
 and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
 O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
 But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
 Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
 With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
 For you and the coffins all of you O death.)

50

8

O western orb sailing the heaven,
 Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walk'd,
 As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
 As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after
 night,
 As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to my side, (while the
 other stars all look'd on,)
 As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for something I know
 not what kept me from sleep,)
 As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how full
 you were of woe,
 As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cool transparent
 night,
 As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the netherward black
 of the night,

60

As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

9

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

70

10

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I love?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has
gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western sea, till
there on the prairies meeting,
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love.

80

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
With the Fourth-month⁵ eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid
and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun,
burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves
of the trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-
dapple here and there,
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky,
and shadows,
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,

And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen
homeward returning.

12

Lo, body and soul—this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and
ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light, Ohio's
shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass and corn.

90

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird,
Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your charm from the
bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

100

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul—O wondrous singer!
You only I hear—yet the star holds me, (but will soon depart,)
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

14

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,
In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and
the farmers preparing their crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and
forests,
In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the perturb'd winds and the

110

storms,)

Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the
 voices of children and women,
 The many moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sail'd,
 And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy
 with labor,
 And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each
 with its meals and minutia of daily usages,
 And the streets how their throbbings throb'd, and the cities pent—
 lo, then and there,
 Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me with the
 rest,
 Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail,
 And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
 And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
 And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of
 companions,
 I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
 Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
 To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

120

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
 The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,
 And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
 From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
 Came the carol of the bird.

130

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
 As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
 And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

*Come lovely and soothing death,
 Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
 In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
 Sooner or later dedicate death.*

*Prais'd be the fathomless universe ,
 For life and joy , and for objects and knowledge curious ,
 And for love , sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
 For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.*

140

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet ,
 Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
 Then I chant it for thee , I glorify thee above all ,
 I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come , come unfalteringly.*

*Approach strong deliveress ,
 When it is so , when thou hast taken them I joyously sing the dead ,
 Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee ,
 Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.*

150

*From me to thee glad serenades ,
 Dances for thee I propose saluting thee , adornments and feastings for thee ,
 And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting ,
 And life and the fields , and the huge and thoughtful night.*

*The night in silence under many a star ,
 The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know ,
 And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death ,
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song ,
 Over the rising and sinking waves , over the myriad fields and the prairies
 wide ,
 Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways ,
 I float this carol with joy , with joy to thee O death.*

160

15

*To the tally of my soul ,
 Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird ,
 With pure deliberate notes spreading filling the night.
 Loud in the pines and cedars dim ,
 Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume ,
 And I with my comrades there in the night.*