爱的苦痛,

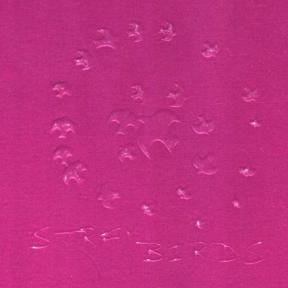
像澎湃的大海,

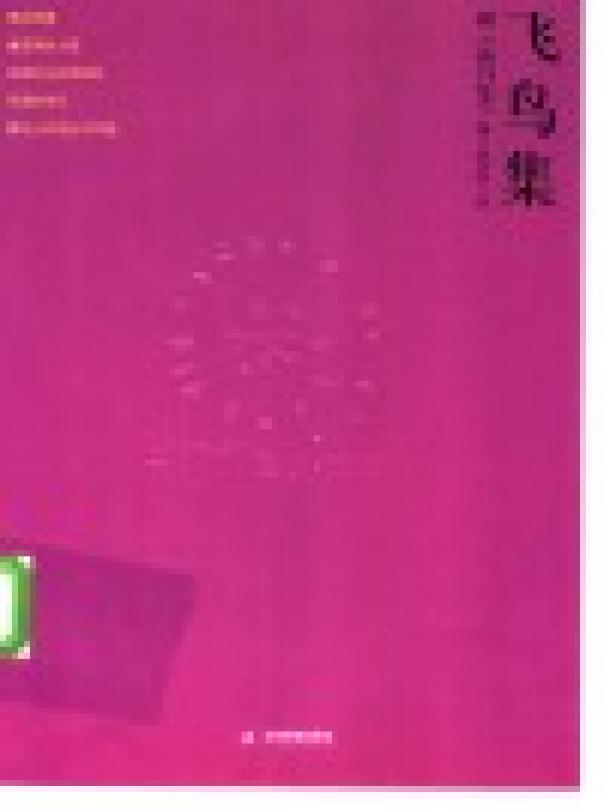
在我的生命里放歌;

而爱的快乐,

像鸟儿在花丛中吟唱。

化 鸟 集





RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(1861.5.7-1941.8.7)





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导读

"夏天的飞鸟,来到我的窗前,歌唱,又飞走了。

"秋天的黄叶,他们没有什么曲子可唱,一声叹息,飘落在地上。" 小巧秀气的封面上掠过一群展翅高飞的群雁,这就是泰戈尔的经典诗集 ——《飞鸟集》。

读泰戈尔的《飞鸟集》不同于读那些阳光中带着忧伤和彷徨的青春故事,也有别于读华丽中透着沧桑的古老爱情。泰戈尔的文字有一种独特的清新,读这些小诗就像在暴雨后初夏的早晨,推开窗户,看到一个淡泊清亮的晨:阳光撒落在挂着水珠的树叶上,那水珠显得格外明亮,这明亮把树叶衬托成一种透明的色彩;平坦的草地像是吸足了油彩,让人当心跳跃着的小松鼠是否也会染上这明亮的油彩,天边有几朵白云在徜徉,似乎在回味昨夜的狂欢;一切都是那样的清新、亮丽……

三百余首清丽的小诗,取材不外乎小草、流萤、落叶、飞鸟、山水、河流……然而,泰戈尔将自然界中的一切拟人化,并赋予它们灵性,说微风中的树叶像思绪的断片,说鸟儿的鸣唱是晨曦来自大地的回音,他让天空与大海对话,让鸟儿与云朵谈情……世界是人性化的,自然也是人性化的,泰戈尔因这种人性化而整理思想的碎片,这也便是"思想掠过我的心头,仿佛群

群野鸭飞过天空, 我听到了它们振翅高飞的声音……"的意蕴所在。

读泰戈尔的《飞鸟集》,让我们感受最多的是一种对生活的热爱、对爱的思索。包括青年男女间纯真的爱情、母亲对孩子永存的亲情、朋友之间真挚的友情、人与自然间难以言喻的千丝万缕的情……都是用简短的几行字对爱做着隽永的诠释,美好又浪漫,深沉又伟大。

"世界凝视着它的爱人,扯下它巨大的面具。它变小了,小得宛如一首歌, 小得宛如一个永恒的吻。"

"黑夜对太阳说:'在月光下,你把你的情书送给我,在草地上,我已带着斑斑泪痕回答你了。'……

在泰戈尔眼中,世界需要爱,人生更需要爱,正如他在《飞鸟集》中所写的一样:"我相信你的爱,就让这句话做我最后的话。"

合上书卷,闭上双眼,细心咀嚼其中的每一个字,每一段情,每一个微 妙的瞬间,原来爱是这样的……

STRAY BIRDS 飞鸟集 夏天的飞鸟,来到我的窗前,歌唱,又飞走了。

秋天的黄叶,它们没有什么曲子可唱,一声叹息,飘落在地上。

Stray birds of summer come to my window to sing and fly away. And yellow leaves of autumn, which have no songs, flutter and fall there with a sign.

世界上一队小小的流浪者啊,在我的字里行间留下你们的足迹吧! O troupe of little vagrants of the world, leave your footprints in my words.

世界对着它的爱人、扯下它那庞大的面具。

它变小了,小得宛如一首歌,小得宛如一个永恒的吻。

The world puts off its mask of vastness to its lover. It becomes small as one song, as one kiss of the eternal.

大地的泪珠,使她的微笑如鲜花般盛开。

It is the tears of the earth that keep here smiles in bloom.

广袤的沙漠, 狂热追求一叶绿草的爱,

但她笑着摇摇头,飞走了。

N

The mighty desert is burning for the love of a blade of grass who shakes her head and laughs and flies away.

如果你因错过太阳而哭泣,那么你也会错过群星了。

If you shed tears when you miss the sun, you also miss the stars.

舞动着的流水啊,在你途中的泥沙,正乞求你的歌声,你的舞蹈呢!你是否肯背负跛足的泥沙向前奔腾?

The sands in your way beg for your song and your movement, dancing water. Will you carry the burden of their lameness?

她热切的脸,如夜晚的雨水,萦绕在我的梦中。 Her wishful face haunts my dreams like the rain at night.

有一次,我们梦见彼此竟是陌生人。

醒来时,才发现我们本是亲密无间。

Once we dreamt that we were strangers.

We wake up to find that we were dear to each other.

忧伤在我心中沉静下来,宛如降临在寂静山林中的夜色。 Sorrow is hushed into peace in my heart like the evening among the silent trees.

一些看不见的手指,

如慵懒的微风,

在我心上奏着潺潺的乐章。

Some unseen fingers, like an idle breeze, are playing upon my heart the music of the ripples.

- "大海啊,你说的是什么?"
- "是永恒的质疑。"
- "天空啊,你回答的是什么?"
- "是永恒的沉默。"
- "What language is thine, O sea?"
- "The language of eternal question."
- "What language is thy answer, O sky?"
- "The language of eternal silence."

听,我的心啊,

听那世界的呢喃,这是它对你爱的召唤!

Listen, my heart,

to the whispers of the world with which it makes love to you!

创造的神秘,有如夜的黑暗——它是伟大的,

而知识的幻影却如清晨之雾。

The mystery of creation is like the darkness of night-it is great.

Delusions of knowledge are like the fog of the morning.

不要因为峭壁的高耸,而让你的爱情坐在上面。

Do not seat your love upon a precipice because it is high.

今天早晨,我坐在窗前,世界就如一个过客,

稍歇片刻,向我点点头,便走了。

I sit at my window this morning where the world like a passer-by stops for a moment, nods to me and goes.



飞鸟集 泰戈尔

此为试读,需要完整PDF请访问: www.ertongbook.com

这些零碎的思想,是树叶沙沙之声;

它们在我的心里,欢快地低语着。

There little thoughts are the rustle of leaves; they have their whisper of joy in my mind.

你看不见自己、你所见到的只是自己的影子。

What you are you do not see, what you see is your shadow.

主啊,我的那些愿望真是傻透了,它们喧闹着穿越你的歌声。

只让我聆听吧。

My wishes are fools, they shout across thy song, my Master. Let me but listen.

我不能选择最好的。

是那最好的来选择我。

I cannot choose the best.

The best chooses me.

那些背着灯的人,他们的影子投到了前面。

They throw their shadows before them who carry their lantern on their back.

我的存在,是一个永恒的惊奇,这就是人生。

That I exist is a perpetual surprise which is life.

"我们,簌簌的树叶,都应和着暴风雪。

而你又是谁,如此沉默着?"

"我只是一朵花。"

"We, the rustling leaves, have a voice that answers the storms, but who are you so silent?"

"I am a mere flower."

休憩之于工作, 正如眼睑之于眼睛。

Rest belongs to the work as the eyelids to the eyes.

人是一个初生的孩子,成长是他的力量。

Man is a born child, his power is the power of growth.

上帝企盼着我们的回答, 乃是因为他送给了我们花朵,

而不是阳光和大地。

God expects answers for the flowers he sends us, not for the sun the earth.

光明游玩于绿叶丛中,好似一个赤裸的孩子,不知道人是可以撒谎的。 The light that plays, like a naked child, among the green leaves happily knows not that man can lie.

美啊,在爱中寻找你自己吧,别到你镜子的恭维里去寻觅。

O beauty, find thyself in love, not in the flattery of thy mirror.

在世界之岸,我的心随着她的涟漪搏动,

我用热泪写就了她的名字:"我爱你。"

My heart beats her waves at the shore of the world and writes upon it her signature in tears with the words, "I love thee."

"月儿啊,你在等候什么?"

"等待向太阳致敬,因为我得给它让路。"

"Moon, for what do you wait?"

"To salute the sun for whom I must make way."

绿树长到了我的窗前,仿佛是无言的大地发出饥渴的声音。

The trees come up to my window like the yearning voice of the dumb earth.

上帝感到自己的清晨无比新奇。

His own mornings are new surprises to God.

世界的需求使生命富裕起来,爱情的需求使之价值连城。

Life finds its wealth by the claims of the world, and its worth by the claims of love.

干涸的河床,并不感谢它的往昔。

he dry river-bed finds no thanks for its past.

鸟儿愿为一朵云;

云儿愿为一只鸟。

The bird wishes it were a cloud. The cloud wishes it were a bird.

瀑布歌唱着:"我得到自由时,也就有了歌声。"

The waterfall sing, "I find my song, when I find my freedom."

我不懂这心为何静默地忍受煎熬。

它是为了那不曾要求、不曾知晓、不曾记得的小小需求。

I cannot tell why this heart languishes in silence. It is for small needs it never asks, or knows or remembers.

女人, 你在料理家务的时候, 你的手脚歌唱着,

宛如山涧溪流歌唱着从卵石中流过。

Woman, when you move about in your household service your limbs sing like a hill stream among its pebbles.

当太阳横穿西海时,

在东方留下他最后的致意。

The sun goes to cross the Western sea, leaving its last salutation to the East.

当你没胃口时,不要抱怨食物。

Do not blame your food because you have no appetite.

绿树仿佛在表示对大地的渴望,

踮起脚尖,窥视天空。

The trees, like the longings of the earth, stand a tiptoe to peep at the heaven.

你对我微笑着,沉默不语。

我觉得,为了这个,我已等候很久。

You smiled and talked to me of nothing and I felt that for this I had been waiting long.

水里的鱼儿沉默着,陆上的野兽喧哗着,天上的鸟儿歌唱着。

然而,人类却兼有大海的沉默、大地的喧闹和天空的乐曲。

The fish in the water is silent, the animal on the earth is noisy, the bird in the air is singing.

But Man has in him the silence of the sea, the noise of the earth and the music of the air.

世界在缠绵的心弦上跑过,奏出忧伤的音乐。

The world rushes on over the strings of the lingering heart making the music of sadness.

他把自己的武器当做他的上帝。

当武器胜利之时,他自己却失败了。

He has made his weapons his gods.

When his weapons win he is defeated himself.

上帝从创造中找到了自己。

God finds himself by creating.

影子蒙上她的面纱,悄悄地,温柔地,

用她沉默的爱的脚步,跟在"光"之后。

Shadow, with her veil drawn, follows Light in secret meekness, with her silent steps of love.

群星毫不畏惧自己看似萤火虫。

The stars are not afraid to appear like fireflies.

感谢上帝,我不是一个权力的车轮,而是被压在它下面的一个生灵。 I thank thee that I am none of the wheels of power but I am one with the living creatures that are crushed by it.

这意念是犀利的,不是开阔的,它执著于每一点,却并不动弹。 The mind, sharp but not broad, sticks at every point but does not move.

你的偶像消散在尘埃中,

这足以证明神的尘埃比你的偶像还伟大。

You idol is shattered in the dust to prove that God's dust is greater than your idol.

人类不能在他的历史中表现自我,只能在这中间挣扎着向前。 Man does not reveal himself in his history, he struggles up through it.

玻璃灯责备瓦灯叫他表兄。

但月亮出来时,玻璃灯却温柔一笑,叫月亮: "我亲爱的,亲爱的姐姐。" While the glass lamp rebukes the earthen for calling it cousin the moon rises, and the glass lamp, with a bland smile, calls her, "My dear, dear sister."

如海鸥与波涛相遇一般,我们邂逅了,靠近了。

海鸥飞散,波涛滚滚而逝,我们也分别了。

Like the meeting of the seagulls and the waves we meet and come near. The seagulls fly off, the waves roll away and we depart.

|飞鸟集 泰戈尔