




马丁·哈里森 著
张少扬 田甜 译

袋鼠 农场

马丁·哈里森诗选

A KANGAROO FARM


英汉对照本

凤凰出版传媒集团
 江苏文艺出版社
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Many of these poems have appeared previously in my Australian collections *The Distribution of Voice* (University of Queensland Press), *The Kangaroo Farm* (Paper Bark Press), *Summer* (Paper Bark Press) and a limited edition, *Music: Prose and Poems* (Vagabond Press). These translations also contain selections from a limited edition collection published in New Zealand, *Truce*, which Hawk Press brought out. I am very grateful to the publishers of these books.

Poems in this volume have appeared in *Age Monthly Review*, *Aspect*, *Chautauqua Literary Journal* (NY State), *Cultural Studies Review*, *Heat*, *Island*, *Manoa* (Hawai'i), *Meanjin*, *Overland*, *Poetry* (Chicago), *Poetry International* (San Diego), *Poetry International* (<http://international.poetryinternationalweb.org>), *Poetry Review* (London), *Poets on Writing* (ed. Denise Riley), *Scripti*, *Southerly*, *Sydney Morning Herald*, *The Australian Newspaper*, *The Best Australian Poems 2006* (ed Dorothy Porter), *The Best Australian Poetry 2006* (ed Judith Beveridge), *The New World Tattoo*, *The Newcastle Poetry Prize Anthology 1996*, *The Moment Made Marvellous* (ed Tom Shapcott), *The Prague Review*, *Time's Collision with the Tongue: The Newcastle Poetry Prize Anthology 2001*, *Ulitarra* and *The Warwick Review* (UK). Various poems have been broadcast on ABC Radio National.

Over the last few years I have been greatly assisted by an award of the Myer Foundation's Alan Marshall Fellowship, a residency at Yaddo (New York State), an Australia Council funded residency at the B. R. Whiting Library in Rome and by other fellowships from the Literature

Board of the Australia Council. My sincere thanks to these organizations for the vital assistance they have offered.

My thanks, however, also go to translator and literary critic, Dr. Shaoyang Zhang. Did he know what he was embarking on when he proposed translating a selection of my poems? I tried to explain, before he began, that my work challenges translators because of the use of everyday phrases, often of local Australian idioms hard to render in another language. Likewise, the immediacy of sensations and of images which capture sensory experience in local ways—a feature common to the poems—presents another level of problem to the translator. For that local touch is unusually hard where Australia is concerned, the Australian environment being unique and still not yet well known internationally. Watching Shaoyang Zhang patiently seek the feeling, the exact touch and the meaning of my lines over the last two years has been a truly enlivening experience. “Being translated” has been for me a chance to re-visit and re-read a range of themes and motives in my work with the best of companions. As he continues to translate and make Australian poetry available to the Chinese reader, I thank him for his devotion to contemporary Australian poetry generally and, from the depth of my heart, I thank him for his engagement with my own work. —M. H.

Earlier Poems

早期诗歌

1 Sun on a Brass Plate

This brief and brilliant point,
pink light falling on a brass plate.

Dusk-light ends everywhere. . . Cold beer,
bare wood. The fridge-door gleams

icy, like a snow-field without edge,
shining in the mind. So, call it

a day: let things be. It's enough
for the crow to drift along outside,

mocking the cloud-frilled line
of land, and the trees still shimmering

on their silver lid of water.
Car-cawr, goes its prolix voice,

a rusty hinge transmitted down
to vacant hummocks, in fading blue.

Shadow gathers in a bush of wind,

铜盘上的阳光

这一短暂、闪烁的亮点，
落在铜盘上的粉红光线。

洒遍的暮光……冰镇的啤酒，
光秃的树木。冰箱门隐现

冰的光芒，像无边的雪地，
闪光在脑海。于是，今天

就到这儿：一切听凭自然。
外有乌鸦飘飞，讪笑

云朵镶边的田原，
依傍着银色水面

闪光的树木，这便足矣。
哇——哇，发出它那长哑的声音，

在蓝色渐褪的天穹，一根
生锈的链条伸向空旷的山冈。

影子聚集在一阵风中，

water smears into a sheet of pearl—

there's a wire strung between two posts,
a trodden space, a kind of gate.

Car-cawr, the crow says,
sweeping back, like a fighter jet,
out of a just-formed band of white.
Fleck of dark, it swims along the hill.

Close-up, clumped grasses swarm in paddocks,
now that it's news-time at the wallaby-hour.

And a sort of collision happens here:
between the crow and the humped-up ground,

between the bronze-leaved, flickering dam,
and this house, glancing, on its slope.

As if a line is stretched between these things,
a voice starts telling every mark—

or a path is tracked from bush to shade,
from water-glow to absent bird,

measuring the time each movement takes,
where the mind follows and anticipates.

Again, it's taking place, this time
in the kitchen, the backdoor open:

水面涂成一片珍珠色——

一根电线系在两根柱间，
被踩的空间，一种门廊。

哇——哇，乌鸦鸣叫、
掠回，像一架喷气战机，
冲出刚形成的白色缎带；
飘游山间，宛如黑色斑点。

近看，杂草丛生的围场，
现在是橄榄球队出场时的新闻播报时间。

这里发生某种碰撞：
在乌鸦和隆起的土地之间，

在铜色叶片覆盖、隐现的水坝，
和斜坡上这一倾斜的房屋之间。

一条线仿佛延伸其间，
一种声音开始叙述每个印记——

或者从树丛到树荫、从粼粼波光
到飞离的鸟儿去追踪一条小路

测试着每个动作的时间，
大脑将它们紧随和憧憬。

再一次，正在发生，这次
是在厨房进行，后门开敞：

fistlike, an orange scoop on duller trees—
dissolves behind the light-fleshed cows——

the crow hangs in grey-pink air,
plateglass sun starts glimmering in a lake

which floods, furnace-white, beyond the ridge.
It leaves its blood-star on the wall's brass tray,

momentary as night's crickets coming through.
In mind, sound's afterthought is like a rippling fish.

拳头似的柑橘挂在阴沉的枝头，
消失在光照躯魁的母牛背后。

乌鸦悬浮在灰红的半空，
平板玻璃般的太阳开始闪耀在湖中，

火焰白的湖水溢过山峦。
瞬间将血红之星留在墙上的铜盘，

犹如夜晚的蟋蟀闪过。脑中，
声音的追忆好似荡起涟漪的鱼儿。

2 Wattlebirds in Severe Drought

Mottled brown birds, with
yellowish underbellies,

nesting habits, feeding habits,
their eggs' pink-spotted colour
say nothing of their music

which is more a rustling
and snapping of leaves than their
clonking three-note calls——

having flown so many miles
through April's ghost-laden light
out of the drought's edge,

escaping that salty barrier
between good and bad lands,
murky water low in farm dams.

Here, shingly sure-footed,
the effect is turbulence,
blueness, snowy prescience,



大旱中的食蜜雀

鸟羽深浅斑驳，
浅黄的腹部，

筑巢和吃食的习惯，
其卵呈点状粉红色——
这些与它们的啼鸣无关——

它们瓮声瓮气的三音
啼叫更像树叶
瑟瑟和劈啪声响——

飞越里程千万
穿越四月远在于旱
边缘的灵光，

逃离那良田与荒地之间
苦涩的屏障，
农场水库中的浊水几近千涸。

在此，它们靓丽、稳健，
因此，大气磅礴，
天空的蔚蓝，雪白的预见，



as they land, scavenging visitants,
pin-pointing the mallee red-gum's
solitary crimson nebulas

near the shed. To one
shielding his eyes against
the intense, late sun, they're

things picked out of blindness,
or silhouettes, hopping
down to jab, wry-necked, at

last wet's darkest nectars,
hard to identify
solely by ear-lobe, orange wattles.

Against whispered, lengthening sky,
they jump through shade and brilliance,
their noise etched in freeze-framed air.

Sleek foragers, solo instance
of droughty horizons
now captured in this firebrand tree,

you see them, as if back of the mind on waking,
or re-envisioned
through another person's eyes——

two sets of tracks winging it together
out of nowhere,
a fulcrum fluttering, a human face——

它们落下，食腐候鸟，
以货棚旁的红桉树上空的
红色孤云为目标。

罩住眼睛
遮住夕阳
耀眼的光线，

它们是盲目挑选的东西
或是侧面影像，
跳下猛啄，歪着脖子，

品尝雨季最后的黑色琼浆滋味，
仅靠耳垂
和橘黄肉垂，难以品味。

低语、无垠的天空下，
它们在明暗相间处跳跃，
他们的声音镌刻在寒风中。

油亮的觅食者，干燥
地平线上的独奏
现吸引在这火焰树中，

你看见它们仿佛下意识地醒来
或者经另外一人的视角
重新被展望——

两条轨道并行，
出自空虚，
支点飘动，一张人脸——