

# 秋天的麦场

The Thrashing Floor for Wheat  
in The Autumn

愚勤 著

*Yu Qin*

李正栓 译

*Translated by Li Zhengshuan*

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译 者：李正栓  
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## 目 录

## C O N T E N T S

- 02      桂花的谦虚  
*The Modesty of the Osmanthus*
- 04      寂静  
*Quietude*
- 08      秋天里的慌张  
*Hurry in Autumn*
- 12      装修灵魂的巢穴  
*To Decorate Soul's Nest*
- 16      篱笆拦不住花香  
*A Fence Cannot Bar Flowers' Fragrance*
- 18      果实  
*Fruit*
- 20      我亲眼看见  
*I See in Person*
- 22      雪  
*Snow*
- 26      清晨清爽  
*It's Cool at Morn*
- 28      卖玉兰花的婆婆  
*The Old Woman Selling Yulan Magnolia*
- 30      山路  
*Mountain Road*
- 32      绿叶和黄叶  
*The Green Leaf and the Yellow Leaf*

34	纯净 <i>Purity</i>
36	家在哪里 <i>Where Is Home?</i>
38	白天与黑夜相遇 <i>Day and Night Meet</i>
42	生于山顶 <i>Born on the Peak</i>
46	灵魂不生白发 <i>The Soul Does not Yield White Hair</i>
50	母亲是帆，父亲是锚 <i>Mother Is Sail; Father Is Anchor</i>
54	清晨又见红叶 <i>I Saw the Red Leaves Again This Morning</i>
58	另一半 <i>The Other Half</i>
62	那片森林 <i>That Forest</i>
66	死神花园的秘密 <i>The Secret About the Garden of God of Death</i>
70	莫扎特敲门 <i>Mozart Knocked at the Door</i>
74	冲洗过，就不会复原 <i>Once Washed, Never Restored</i>
78	山里人想醉，醉不成 <i>People in Mountains Wish to Be Drunk, But Could Not Be</i>

82	没有孤独 <i>There Is No Solitude</i>
86	秋果之恋 <i>The Love of Autumn Fruit</i>
90	长江边的陪伴 <i>The Riverside Companion</i>
94	丰收不愿意倒下 <i>Bumper Harvest Is Not Willing to Fall Down</i>
98	春雨打开季节的门 <i>The Vernal Rain Opens the Season's Gate</i>
102	清醒的风 <i>Sober Breeze</i>
104	灵魂的软件 <i>Software of Souls</i>
108	幸福就像花朵 <i>Happiness Is like a Flower</i>
112	死亡属于生命 <i>Death Belongs to Life</i>
116	诗人的条件 <i>The Qualifications to Be a Poet</i>
120	山中，千年银杏 <i>The Millennium Ginkgo in the Mountain</i>
124	清水去了北方 <i>Clean Water Has Gone to the North</i>
128	春天里的对话 <i>Dialogue in Spring</i>

- 132 我们需要嫦娥  
*We Need Chang E*
- 136 树根没有苦衷  
*Tree Roots Do Not Complain*
- 142 心在前方  
*The Heart Is Ahead*
- 146 青竹林中得智慧  
*I Got Wisdom in the Green Bamboo Forest*
- 150 喜鹊的墓歌  
*The Magpie's Graveyard Song*
- 154 伴随月亮西沉  
*Sink with the Moon*
- 158 英雄  
*Hero*
- 162 望见墓碑  
*The Sight of Tombstone*
- 166 耕种  
*Plow and Sow*
- 170 不能承受心灵之轻  
*I Cannot Bear the Lightness of Soul*
- 172 秋雨拍打门窗  
*The Autumn Rain Patted on the Door and Window Pane*
- 176 冬天里的开放  
*Blooming in Winter*
- 180 秋天的麦场  
*The Thrashing Floor for Wheat in Autumn*

- 184      北方的风  
*The Wind of the North*
- 188      墓碑与青草  
*Tombstone and Green Grass*
- 194      宁静是加工厂  
*Tranquility Is a Processing Plant*
- 198      灵魂的驿站  
*The Souls' Post House*
- 204      惶恐使我青绿——青草的对话  
*Fear Makes Me Green—A dialogue between grasses*
- 206      没有埋怨  
*No Complaint*
- 210      麻醉剂的宣言  
*The Manifesto of Anesthetic*
- 214      没有嘴巴，只有眼睛  
*No Mouths but Eyes*
- 218      灵魂和信仰是兄弟  
*Soul and Belief Are Brothers*
- 220      颤抖的灵魂  
*Souls That Tremble*
- 224      灵魂的产房  
*Delivery Room of the Soul*
- 228      只有春季  
*There Is Only Spring*
- 234      血性青藤  
*Courageous Vines*



238	歇息，在冬季 <i>Rest in Winter</i>
242	落花是伴侣 <i>Fallen Petals Are Companions</i>
246	林语 <i>Forest Language</i>
250	车辙 <i>Track of Cart</i>
254	等待真理 <i>Waiting for Truth</i>
258	渡口 <i>The Ferry</i>
264	燃烧之后才能回归 <i>Only After Being Burned Can They Return</i>
270	人生是场酷刑 <i>Life Is a Cruel Torture</i>
276	享受孤独 <i>Enjoy Solitude</i>
280	乡魂 <i>The Rural Soul</i>
284	清明时分 <i>The Time of Qing Ming</i>
288	早晨，艰难来到 <i>Morning Hard to Come</i>
292	热血 <i>Warm Blood</i>

294	通行证 <i>Passport</i>
300	绽放之前，准备凋谢 <i>Prepare to Wither Before Blooming</i>
306	灵魂之悔 <i>The Regret of Souls</i>
310	黄昏 <i>Dusk</i>
314	时光，总在欺骗 <i>Time Always Deceives</i>
318	谁发明了梦 <i>Who Invented Dream?</i>
324	灵魂的首领 <i>The Chieftain of Souls</i>
328	绿叶的遗言 <i>The Last Words of Green Leaves</i>
334	沉重的肉身 <i>The Heavy Body of Flesh</i>
338	守住火种 <i>Protecting the Kindling</i>
342	灵魂也多彩 <i>The Soul Is Also Colorful</i>
346	守城的卫兵 <i>The Guard of the Town</i>
350	书是一艘船 <i>A Book Is a Ship</i>



## 秋天的麦场

*The Thrashing Floor for Wheat in Autumn*

## 桂花的谦虚

因为秋时开放  
就特别浓香  
极力表达着  
对花期晚的补偿

因为花朵太小  
小成米粒一样  
就挤出春夏秋的  
全部酝酿  
是对模样不佳的补偿

躲在绿叶后面  
半隐半藏  
欣赏她就要努力端详  
作为对人们费眼神的补偿  
就香得更久更长

桂花的谦虚  
倒让我的心里慌张

*The Modesty of the Osmanthus*

*The* osmanthus blooms in autumn.  
So it is especially sweet  
And does its utmost to express  
A compensation for the late flower season.

The flower is very small,  
As small as a millet.  
So it squeezes out all its brewing  
Of all the spring, summer and autumn  
To compensate for being plain-looking.

Behind the green leaf,  
Half hidden and half concealed,  
It takes one a great effort to examine it.

To compensate for people's overuse of eyes,  
It must last long and remain sweet.  
The modesty of the osmanthus  
Fills me with bewilderment.

## 寂 静

那启始的宫殿  
装满了寂静  
才孕育了生命  
出生，就跌进了  
喧闹嘈杂的涡流  
从此，寂静贵如金子  
一路挣扎，恋母  
贪恋的是寂静安宁  
母亲就是  
筋舒神怡的窝巢

太空里最寂静  
那是什么味道  
高不可攀，享受它  
是宇航员的专利

大森林里有寂静  
太深沉  
是安宁的海洋  
担心返回时  
容易迷失

戈壁滩上有寂静  
寂静是无法形容的凝重  
走近了又犹豫  
那寂静太靠近死亡

我去找陶先生讨寂静  
他猜透了我的心思  
只是微笑  
给我一把枯萎的东菊  
却不传授  
在东菊的叶片上  
我发现了陶先生的秘方  
一片讲  
寂静是感觉  
就在你的心房  
自作自享  
另一片讲  
寂静的最后归宿地  
是坟墓  
坟墓，是寂静的殿堂

## *Quietude*

*That* beginning palace

*Filled with quietude*

*And breeds life*

*And at its birth, it falls into*

*The noisy and hustling whirlpool.*

*From then on, quietude is as dear as gold,*

*Struggling all the way, with deep love for mother,*

*Greedy for quietude and peace.*

*Mother is just*

*The nide where babybirds relax and enjoy.*

*The deep space is most quiet.*

*What flavor is that?*

*Too high to be reached. To enjoy it*

*Is the monopolized right of astronauts.*

*There is quietude in the forests,*

*But too deep and dark.*

*The ocean and sea are peaceful,*

*But on the way to return*

*It is easy to be lost.*



*There is quietude on the Gobi desert,  
Where quietude is unspeakable and imposing,  
Where we hesitate to be near,  
Where quietude is very close to death.*

*I went to Mr. Tao for quietude.  
He read my thought  
But only smiled  
And gave me a withered chrysanthemum  
Yet said nothing.  
On the leaves of the chrysanthemum  
I found his secret recipe.  
One leaf says:  
Quietude is feeling  
Within your heart.  
Enjoy it by yourself.  
Another leaf says:  
Quietude is the final resting place.  
It is the tomb.  
The tomb is the palace of quietude.*