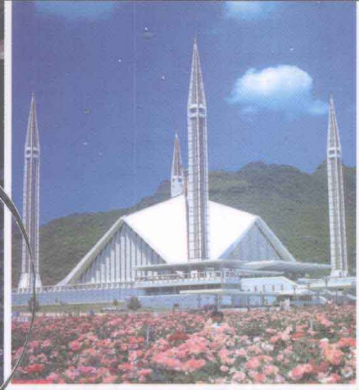


木  
夕  
星  
花  
开  
圣  
洁  
之  
书



素眉萍生 著 / Peggy Wang Ping

Poetic Dreams of  
Pakistan

诗意般的心灵旅程  
喧嚣中的智慧秘语



世界出版社



梦里花开  
圣洁之邦

秦眉萍生 著 / Peggy Wang Ping

Poetic Dreams of  
Pakistan

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在波斯语和乌尔都语中，“巴基（pak）”是圣洁纯净之意，“斯坦（stan）”意为地方，巴基斯坦即为“圣洁之邦”。

心怀圣洁，因而启程……

Pak means “pure” in Urdu and “stan” adopted into the language from Persian means “land” or “place”. Thus, Pakistan is “land of the pure”.

Longing for purity, I set off ...

# F 序 orword

我祝贺王小姐写了这样一本内涵丰富的书。她通过独特的写作手法，将那些著名的巴基斯坦和中国诗歌共同呈现给大家，从中反映出两国伟大诗人们的精神实质，也反映出两国之间深厚的文化渊源。王小姐为促进中巴两国间的文化交流做出了自己的贡献。此书必将引起广大读者的浓厚兴趣，特别是年轻一代，去更多地了解中巴两国之间深厚并历经考验的友谊。它也是一座联结两国文化的桥梁。

巴基斯坦驻华大使

马苏德·汗

2011年12月30日

I wish to compliment Peggy Wang for writing a well researched book. The title *Poetic Dreams of Pakistan* says all. Most importantly, through her creative writing skills, Peggy has succeeded in bringing the works of great poets from Pakistan and China together. The themes have been articulated brilliantly. It brings the richness of the poetries from our two countries to light and fully reflects the true spirit of the writings of our great poets. The book captures the essence of the close and deep cultural ties between Pakistan and China. The author through her work has made an intense effort to further strengthen and promote mutual understanding of our cultures. The book would have an abiding interest for all readers, especially, the younger generation which is keen to learn more about the all weather and time tested friendship between Pakistan and China. The book would serve as a bridge in forging closer connections between the peoples of Pakistan and China and be a timely addition to the cultural heritage of both countries.

Masood Khan



The Ambassador of Pakistan in China



# P 自序 Preface

## 梦里花开

## Blooming at Midnight

听说我要去巴基斯坦，亲友们多多少少会流露出某些异样的神情。我想，这一方面是出于安全的考虑，因为近年来极端恐怖主义的阴影笼罩着这片古老而神奇的土地，尽管实际情况并不像大家想象的那么糟；另一方面，也许就是所谓“现代文明”的价值观在起作用了。与那些令国人神往的发达国家相比，巴基斯坦既不是令人目眩神迷的购物天堂，也没有什么灯红酒绿的娱乐场所，却有不少与故宫、长城、金字塔相媲美的世界文化遗产，以及世外桃源般的自然美景。我完全理解一个迅速崛起的民族对于物质的追求和“发达”的渴望，但又怎能忽视那些伟大历史和灿烂文化所蕴含的精神力量呢？这种力量正是我们在这个日趋浮躁的世界中不断创造并获取智慧的源泉。这也就是为什么在拉合尔的老城区漫步时，看到那些保存完好的街巷和雕刻着精美花纹的老木门的时候，我会感到无比的骄傲，尽管那里并不是我的故乡，我能深深感受到一种对历史和文化的尊重，这样的生活理念，值得那些奋力追求“现代文明”的朋友们借鉴和思考。在我的故乡北京，也有灵气十足的老宅、布局齐整的胡同和历经风雨的木石雕饰，看着他们逐渐隐迹于崭新的高楼大厦中，心里总有一种说不出的滋味。

本书记录了我2008年和2010年春天两度到巴基斯坦旅行的经历和感受，确切来说是自己数年来的感受。在很长一段时间里，我都在不停地

寻找，在茫茫人海中，在渐渐退色的记忆中，在世界各个角落，在不同颜色的眼睛里，用我喜爱的相机捕捉某种瞬间的安慰。也许，没有什么比诗歌更能表达内心深处的瞬间了，无论是巴基斯坦诗歌，中国的唐诗宋词，古代印度、波斯和阿拉伯诗歌，经典的欧美名篇，还是夜深人静时自己信手涂鸦的拙作，全世界的诗都是一样的，都是人类宝贵的精神财富，每个人也都是自己生命的诗人，只要你愿意用心去聆听。因此，当我在拉合尔古堡看到那历经尘劫而依然璀璨的镜宫时，首先联想到的是白居易《长恨歌》里的浪漫诗句，是杨贵妃与唐明皇的爱情故事，以及某种亘古不变的精神实质。当我看到都市的灯红酒绿在夜色中的北京什刹海湖面上轻轻颤动时，不禁想起了费兹的那首《城市之光》，这也是我期待与你分享的一种感受吧。

不过，我也会时常陷入一种自我怀疑的苦恼中，我只懂中文和英文，只能从英文的译作里寻找那些乌尔都语、波斯语和阿拉伯语原创诗文的精髓。于是，英文成了最好的媒介。在翻译和写作的过程中，我越来越体会到，那些流传千古的名篇佳句，从未在任何语言的翻转过渡中丧失灵魂，而在浩瀚的历史长河中，在不同地域和文化思想的碰撞中光芒四射。每一次翻译都是一次爱的诠释，每一位译者都倾注了自己深厚的情感，那些伟大的作品才得以广为传颂、生生不息，有一种语言是人类共通的，就是心灵深处的语言。譬如苏菲派的诗歌，感人之处就是那种至真至爱的境界，至于歌颂的对象是人还是神，其实并不影响我们内心深处那种美好的感受。

一直相信世间有某种不可理喻的存在——缘分，而缘分也不仅仅是人与人之间的。在这大千世界中，天地何其寂寥，生命何其壮阔，一草一木皆有缘，万水千山总是情。小到一粒砂石，大到一个国家、民族，冥冥中自有期许。于是就有了与巴基斯坦的缘分，她的自然奇景，她的多元文化，她的博大精深，她的纯朴民风……2008年的春天，当我第一

次踏上这片位于南亚次大陆的神奇之地，就有一种似曾相识的感觉，因为那些大树上盛开的红彤彤的花朵，曾经出现在我的梦里！曾经在某个午夜的梦境中倾情绽放。或许，每当夜深人静的时候，也有一些人和我一样因为脑海里浮现的某些新奇思绪，因为白天设定好的某个情节的延续而无法入睡，或者完全是为那些来自灵魂深处的不安，与其看着它们

在世俗的阳光下难以觅得栖息的土壤，并被日趋功利的浮躁渐渐同化、淹没，不如在沉静的午夜与之共舞、随之绽放。

现在，这些盛开于午夜的花朵，就在你的手中。

很欣慰。

When heard about my plan of traveling to Pakistan, my friends somehow responded with some surprising looks. I think, on one hand, they were worried about the safety issue because terrorism has been shadowing on this charming and ancient land in recent years, despite the actual situation is not as bad as we have imagined. And on the other hand, they might have been affected by the so-called “modern civilization” value standard. Compared with those attractive and developed countries, Pakistan is neither a dazzling paradise for shopping, nor a place for the lap of entertainment. But it is rich with so many world cultural heritages compared with those world-famous attractions as The Forbidden City, The Great Wall, The Pyramids and numerous other natural attractions. I can totally understand the pursuit toward materials and the thirst for “prosperity” of a rapid growing nation, but how can we ignore the spiritual



wealth brought by those great history and brilliant culture? This kind of power is the fountain for us to create and obtain wisdom in this uncertain world. This is the reason why I felt proud when I observed those well maintained streets, alleys, and the old wooden doors carved with exquisite patterns while I was roaming in the old walled city of Lahore. I can deeply sense the historical and culture-respecting spirit, though it is not my own hometown. This kind of living attitude is worthy thinking over by those who are striving for “modern civilization”. In my hometown, Beijing, there are also numerous adroit old buildings, Hutongs with neat layout carrying wooden or stone decorations. I felt so depressed when witnessing them gradually immersed in the new modern surroundings.

This book recorded my experience and feelings of my two trips to Pakistan in the springs of 2008 and 2010 respectively, especially the feelings of recent years. I have been seeking for something for a long time throughout the world, in the crowds, in my fading memories, in eyes of different colors, using my favorite camera to capture some sorts of instant comforts. Maybe there is nothing but poems can express my feelings deep inside. No matter Pakistani poems, Chinese classical poems of Tang and Song Dynasties, poems of ancient India, Persia and Arab, or classical European and English masterpieces and my own works written at midnight, they are all spiritual wealth of mankind. Everyone is a poet in oneself, as long as you are willing to listen. Therefore, when I saw the Mirror Palace in Lahore Fort which was still dazzling through years, I suddenly thought of the romantic lines written by Bai Juyi, a famous poet in Chinese Tang Dynasty in his “Song of Eternal Sorrow” which tells about the love story of Concubine Yang and Emperor Xuanzong in Tang Dynasty and some sort of immortal spirits. When I saw the glittering lights

slightly waving on the rippling lake of Houhai in a quiet night in Beijing, I couldn't help thinking of *City of Lights* written by Faiz Ahmad Faiz. This is also what I expected to share with you in the book.

However I would usually feel confused as I only know English and Chinese and I have to search for the original meanings of Urdu, Persian and Arabic poetries from their English translations, which has become the best medium language. It is also in this process that I gradually understand those ancient famous quotes never lose their spirit after being translated into other languages, and moreover, they are still unblemished after different cultural collisions because every translation is an interpretation of love and every translator has devoted his or her deep feelings into this work. As a result these great works are able to be widely spread and prosperous. There is a language which belongs to all mankind and deep inside our soul. Take Sufi poetry as an example. It is touching the true and beloved state. As for the love object, whether the theme is man or God, it does not affect our wonderful feelings inside.

I always believe the existence of some mysterious things in the world - chemistry, which doesn't only exist among people but among all the creatures of nature. Everything is solitude in our wonderful world; life is magnificent; every small grass is growing with love; mountains are fascinating and charming. As small as gravel and as large as a country or a nation, each one has its own expectation somewhere. Therefore, there comes the chemistry with Pakistan with her natural wonders, her colorful multi-cultures, her profound history and her featured folk arts. When I first stepped on this magical soil which is located in the subcontinent of South Asia in spring of 2008, I found it was so familiar to me because the

bright and red flowers blooming on those big trees used to appear in my dream in the midnight! Perhaps, when deep night falls and everything becomes quiet, there are some people like me who can't fall asleep well because of some new intuition coming and setting a good continuation of some plot during the day. Those thoughts are difficult to find a bit under the sun.

Some of the flowers blooming at midnights are presented here.

Peggy Wang

July 2012, Beijing

# 缘起 Inspiration

我终于完成了这次灵魂的修行  
念自飞雪寒冬  
获于十月金秋  
仿佛孕育一个生命  
充满了爱的觉悟，好奇的期待，回归的自省  
以及  
平静的感恩——

感谢父母  
给我生命的血脉  
感谢神  
给我冥冥中的指引  
感谢所有关注此书成长的朋友  
所给予的  
无私和真诚

感谢  
那些默默无闻的长夜  
和  
所有旅途中的邂逅与离散  
美好的，伤感的，无奈的，迷惘的  
诗意的……  
使我逐渐清晰  
所思  
所在

在落日熔金的卡拉奇海边随骆驼漫步  
在云雾缭绕的穆里山上迎风起舞  
在塔克西拉的残垣断壁中寻觅玄奘的足迹  
在拉合尔厚重的老墙下倾听历史的呼吸  
抑或  
在伊斯兰堡随风飘落的花瓣雨中  
在杜帕塔丝巾亦真亦幻的朦胧里  
品味那一缕缕  
爱与哀愁……

Finally I concluded this pilgrimage of my soul  
Conceived in the snowy winter  
Delivered in the golden october  
Like gestating a baby  
Full of awakening love  
Curious expectations  
Sober introspections and  
Sincere thanks -

Thanks to my parents  
Who brought me to life  
Thanks to God  
Who guided me in bewilderment  
Thanks to all the friends  
Who gave me selfless concern on the book  
Thanks to those quiet nights and  
All the encounters and separations of my life

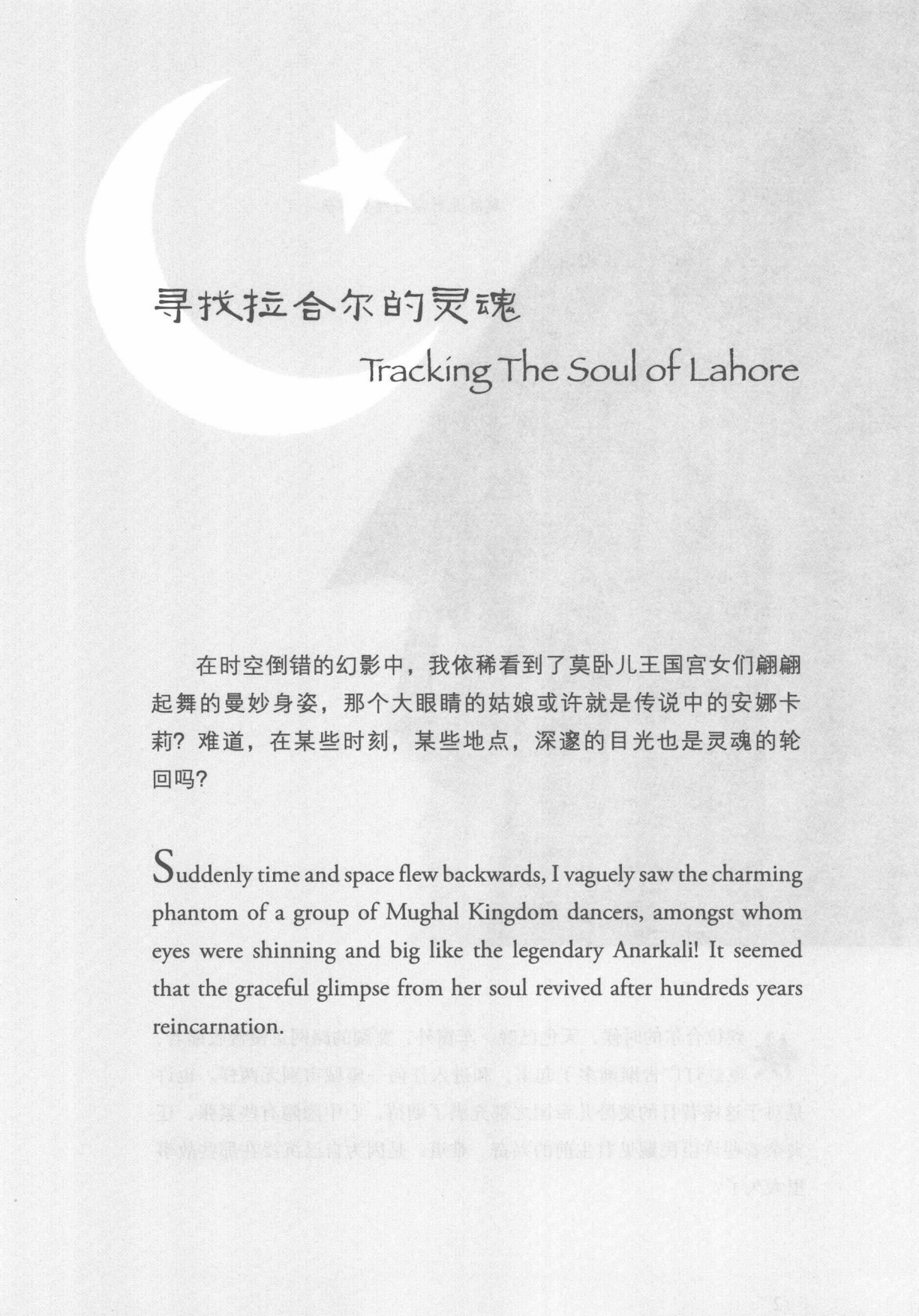
No matter pleasant or painful, firm or hesitating  
That made me more and more clear of  
What I think and where I am

I am  
Strolling on Karachi beach with camels in the golden twilight  
Wandering on the clouds-clad Murree Mountain  
Tracing footprints of Xuan Zang in ruins of Taxila  
Listening to echo of history under old wall of Lahore or just  
Immersed in the rose petals' breeze in Islamabad  
Feeling the elegant wave of Dupatta and  
The ebb and flow of love and sorrow ...



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## 寻找拉合尔的灵魂

## Tracking The Soul of Lahore

在时空倒错的幻影中，我依稀看到了莫卧儿王国宫女们翩翩起舞的曼妙身姿，那个大眼睛的姑娘或许就是传说中的安娜卡莉？难道，在某些时刻，某些地点，深邃的目光也是灵魂的轮回吗？

Suddenly time and space flew backwards, I vaguely saw the charming phantom of a group of Mughal Kingdom dancers, amongst whom eyes were shining and big like the legendary Anarkali! It seemed that the graceful glimpse from her soul revived after hundreds years reincarnation.





莫卧儿时期的经典建筑

**快**到拉合尔的时候，天色已晚。车窗外，宽阔的路网正慢慢收缩着，霓虹灯广告渐渐多了起来，和进入任何一座城市别无两样。也许对于这座昔日的莫卧儿帝国之都充满了期待，心中隐隐有些紧张，还夹杂着些许臣民觐见君主前的兴奋。难道，是因为自己沉浸在那些故事里太久了？

始建于公元1世纪的拉合尔已经有两千年历史了，在水草丰盛、土地肥沃的旁遮普平原滋养下，在盛极一时的莫卧儿帝国光辉映射下，在能工巧匠们的精雕细琢下，她所散发出的内涵之美实在是令人品味不尽。据说拉合尔是由印度教罗摩神之子Lo所建，称为“Loh Awar”，后来逐渐演变为今天的“Lahore”。据《大唐西域记》记载，约公元629年，玄奘曾经访问过这里，史称“磤迦国”。公元1152—1186年拉



莫卧儿王朝的首位君主  
巴布尔画像

合尔成为伽色尼王朝的首都，1524年被来自中亚的莫卧儿人占领并定为都城。作为莫卧儿帝国的首都，拉合尔迎来了历史上最辉煌的时期，莫卧儿人在此大兴土木，修建宫殿、花园、宅院、清真寺等，“花园之城”的美誉由此而来。

谈到莫卧儿帝国，和中国历史上的元代颇有渊源。16世纪初，在南亚次大陆建立这个统一新王朝的巴布尔，属于中亚蒙古地区的察合台蒙古一突厥人，父系铁木尔，母亲是成吉思汗的后裔，故自称莫卧儿人，因为“莫卧儿”其实就是“蒙古”一词的谐音。1526年，巴布尔从中亚入侵印度大陆，并在第一次帕尼巴特战役中战胜日趋没落的苏丹国，宣布为印度斯坦皇帝，标志着莫卧儿王朝统治整个南亚次大陆的开始。1530年，巴布尔的长子胡马雍继位。1540年，胡马雍在曲女城战役中被阿富汗酋长舍尔沙击败，被迫流亡波斯，莫卧儿王朝在印度的统治