

红狐丛书·南半球卷
南十字星之下

Egret in a Ploughed Field

Mark Tredinnick

犁田白鹭

[澳] 马克·卓狄尼

宋子江、郑政恒 译



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ART PUBLISHING, LTD

中國當代小說名著叢書

第三輯 第五種

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（美國）馬克·吐溫

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Egret in a Ploughed Field

At the close of day I watch an egret
 nail a soft landing in a ploughed field and earth
The shallow sky. The ground is scoured where she falls, a soul
Turned, like a pocket, inside out, and the bird wanders
 the black rows, scoring them loosely with its one bright
note.

She makes an inverse music, it seems to me,
 plucking the furrows
For what they may yield, an improvised notation
That erases itself writing itself down, singing the earth back
 silently
 into the belly of a bird, a reverie

In negative, which wakes the dawning dark
all the way back to its beginning again. The bird's random
 waltz
Down unwall'd streets goes on—this little
Night music, these white field notes that pull up day's ends
 by the roots
 and leaf out the night—

Until the darker music, furloughed
here by day, swells and the bird fades, swallowed
By what she'd divined. And she leaves the darkness more
luminously dark
Around the hole she cuts in it, flying blind
the ploughed field home to roost.

犁田白鹭

白天将尽，我看着一只白鹭

轻轻降落，钉在犁田和泥土上
天空浅浅的。她降落的地面都抹刷干净了，一具灵魂
反转，犹如一个口袋，里朝外。白鹭游荡在
黑色田畦上，用疏落亮白的音符来谱曲

在我看来，她在创造背反的音乐

钩拨着犁沟
为了它们的产出。这种即兴的记谱法
抹去自己书写的自己，歌唱着大地，默默地把它
唱回白鹭的腹腔里，一次梦幻

在负片里唤醒破晓时分的黑暗

又把它送回原初。白鹭随意跳着华尔兹
跳进没有围墙的街道上——一段短短的
夜曲，一串白色的音符，把白天的尽头连根拔起
让叶子开出黑夜——

直到更暗的音乐，让白天暂时解雇

到这里，直到它膨胀。鸟儿褪色

被吞没在神圣化之中。她把黑暗留在切开的洞口
留下更有亮泽的黑暗，盲盲飞过

犁田家巢。

（宋子江译）

**Catullus, at dusk,
heartbroken and lustful, tries
his hand at haiku**

You crashed my house. You
Smashed my household gods. So where
Am I now you've gone?

卡图鲁斯，黄昏
心碎了，色心起
生手写俳句

你拆了我的房子。你
摔了我家的神主牌。那么
你已离去，我在何方？

（宋子江译）

House of Thieves

I live in a house of thieves.

They steal my toast. They steal

My time. They steal my mornings

And they steal my nights. They steal the best of me,

And they steal the worst,

until I do not know how much is left of me

And what it's any good for. But I'd be no other man than this.

This looted self, blessed by theft,

this harbour for love's worst scoundrels.

贼窝

我住在一个贼窝里。

他们偷走我的吐司。他们偷走
我的时间。他们偷走我的早晨
他们偷走我的夜晚。他们偷走最好的我，

他们偷走最坏的我，

直到我不知道自己还剩下几多
剩下的用处几何。但是我只做自己，不要做别人。
这个被洗劫一空的我，得到偷窃的保佑，
这个港湾，爱之最不堪。

（宋子江译）

The Kingfisher

For Maureen Harris

And so each bird throws the idea of herself
 ahead of herself, up the river—
A line of spiritual thought without a sinker—
And flies after it. As if the actual could ever hope to reel
 the ideal in. But so it is
That awareness of the Azure Kingfisher—a dark electricity,
 a plump
Trim elegance of intent—reaches you on the riverbank
 that last warm Sunday of autumn, split seconds
Before the bird; so that when she passes you at light
 speed, her name
 is already a bright blue phrase on your tongue, is already
 the unresolved cadence of your second self.

蓝翠鸟

给毛林·哈里斯

每一只鸟儿都把自我的意念
投向自我的前方，河上
一列心灵思绪，无一下沉
飞虫尾随。仿佛真实有望卷收空想。而这就是
那只蓝翠鸟的意识——一道黑电，一次飞堕
意向有种修束的优雅——触及河岸上的你
秋天最后一个暖和的周日，倏忽
于鸟儿跟前；当她以光速飞过你跟前，她的名字
早已是舌头上亮蓝色的词组，早已是
第二个自我悬而未决的顿挫。

（宋子江译）

Lotus Pond

For Sarah

If you want heaven, start in mud.

Begin transfiguration

Where you're stuck. Take your pilgrimage standing

Up to your ankles in sludge. And if the ground binds

and if your boots stick, and if you step

Out of them when you set off; if the odour

On a summer's day, when the water ebbs, is noisome

where you begin, so much more pure

Your thoughts will be when they flower,

so much sweeter the garden's scent when

You breathe it in, so much more like birdsong

Your voice when you begin at last to speak. Start underwater

if you want the sky. Start in the abject

Underworld, if you want the lighted Earth; start among

The throng of ears that cannot hear. Sink in detritus, seed in

the strife that your life, and every life,

Falls into now and then: Serenity

springs from squalor; love is only love if it

Can bear the badlands out. These wastes—good for nothing

more substantial—