

红狐丛书·西北欧卷
语言丛林的游戏

Like a Black Bird

George Szirtes

犹如一只黑鸟

[英] 乔治·泽提斯

宋子江 译



江苏凤凰文艺出版社
JIANGSU PHOENIX LITERATURE AND
ART PUBLISHING, LTD

1978年9月 - 1982年11月

美国加州大学伯克利分校

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北京十月文艺出版社
BEIJING OCTOBER LITERATURE & ART PUBLISHING HOUSE

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图书在版编目 (CIP) 数据

犹如一只黑鸟: 英汉对照 / (英) 乔治·泽提斯
(George Szirtes) 著; 宋子江译. — 南京: 江苏凤凰
文艺出版社, 2018.1
(红狐丛书. 语言丛林的游戏)
ISBN 978-7-5594-1382-6

I. ①犹… II. ①乔… ②宋… III. ①诗集—
英国现代—英、汉 IV. ①I561.25

中国版本图书馆 CIP 数据核字(2017)第 272941 号

书 名	红狐丛书·语言丛林的游戏: 犹如一只黑鸟
主 编	北 岛
著 者	(英) 乔治·泽提斯
译 者	宋子江
责任编辑	于奎潮 王娱瑶
特约编辑	薛 倩 傅春晖
装帧设计	周安迪
出版发行	江苏凤凰文艺出版社
出版社地址	南京市中央路 165 号, 邮编: 210009
出版社网址	http://www.jswenyi.com
印 刷	江苏凤凰通达印刷有限公司
开 本	787×1092 毫米 1/32
印 张	1.5
字 数	20 千字
版 次	2018 年 1 月第 1 版 2018 年 1 月第 1 次印刷
标准书号	ISBN 978-7-5594-1382-6
定 价	60.00 元 (全十册)

(江苏凤凰文艺版图书凡印刷、装订错误可随时向承印厂调换)

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Lilac

Early morning the lilac
quivered, threw out a track
of fragrance to the street,
pervasive, watery-sweet.

The choreography of water,
the drift of scent caught at,
swirling away and blown back,
was the cunning of the lilac.

She bristled sweetness arched
like a girl. A bullfinch perched
on her crown, immaculate
in his feathers. His weight

bothered the lilac, she bent
a little, her small tent
of pleasure collapsing
inward with the swaying.

from Short Wave (1984)

紫丁香

晨早一枝紫丁香
在发抖，抖出一飘清香
在街道上
倾泻如水芬芳

香味的流散
自行旋开又被吹返
编进水的舞蹈
这是紫丁香的巧黠

她的甜香拱身飘立
犹若少女。红腹灰雀依栖
在花冠上，羽毛里
一片纯洁。他的重量

打扰了紫丁香
于是她略略弯身
快乐的小营帐
随着摇摆凹陷

(宋子江译)

Like a Black Bird

Like a black bird against snow, he flapped
Over the path, his overcoat billowing
In the cold wind as if he had trapped

The whole sky in it. We watched trees swing
Behind him, lurching drunkenly, blurred
Bare twigs and branches, scrawny bits of string,

And as we gazed ahead the snowflakes purred
In our ears, whispering the afternoon
Which grew steadily darker and more furred.

His face was in shadow, but we'd see it soon.
As he approached it slowly gathered shape:
His nose, in profile, was a broken moon,

His hat a soft black hill bound round with tape,
His raised lapels held his enormous eyes
Between them. The winter seemed to drape

Itself about him as if to apologise
For its own fierceness, hoping to grow warm
Through physical contact, and we, likewise,

Ran towards him, against a grainy storm
Of light and damp. It was so long ago
And life was then in quite another form,

When there were blacker days and thicker snow.

from Reel (2004)

犹如一只黑鸟

犹如一只黑鸟于雪上，拍翅
穿过小径，他的大衣在冷风中
翻滚，仿佛他把整个天空

都捕在怀里。我们看树木
在他身后晃动，朦胧秃枝
如线头瘦削，踉跄醉步

我们向前凝望，雪片咕啾
耳边，细诉这个下午
逐渐暗淡，逐渐蓬绒

他的脸仍在阴影里，但很快就能看见
他慢慢接近，渐渐拾掇形态
鼻子的剪影轮廓是一轮裂开的月亮

他的帽子是松垮的黑色丘陵，捆绑着胶带
他的翻领竖起，托着巨大的眼睛
冬天似乎展开四肢躺在

他身边，仿佛在为自己的冷冽
致歉，希望通过身体接触
暖和起来，而我们，也一样

向他跑过去，顶着光芒
和濡湿的风暴。那已是往事了
生活完全是另一副模样

日子更黑，雪也更厚

（宋子江译）

No Sooner Can a Child

No sooner can a child walk and make out his letters
Than he is surrendered to the hard pavement
Of any ill-built street where others are skipping
In squares among grids that are numbered
Or leaping through ropes, screaming incoherencies,
Under systems of stars that are inexplicable,
Past policemen with batons and revolvers in their holsters,
In the stern light of midday between short hard-edged shadows
That cut them in two so that half is invisible
Or else dazzled and no one can make out the letters
Of street signs, of names on shop windows, of notices in
the park
Or even begin to discriminate between delicate shades
Of small print in the sheet of newspaper blown along the gutter.
No sooner can a child walk than he has to start running
And bones that are brittle get broken so that he must read
The harsh rules of the body, its blood, flesh and skin,
The codes inscribed in the nerve-cells he has inherited
From nameless uncles, from fly-by-night affairs
That establish the book of his being, the fool's idiolect
He must speak all his life. Ideas are eternal

And even the match I hold to this page is impotent
Because this very moment someone is remembering
The syntax and rhythm of phrases that have detached themselves
From flammable editions, and the grammar keeps reforming
Hurling down the street where the child plays
And stumbles, blowing in his face like a paper bag
Adhering to his features, so when he peels it away
The face remains there, its features encrypted
Then flies past him into libraries, into volumes of speech
No one can hear or pronounce.

from The Burning of the Books (2009)

孩子刚一开始……

孩子刚一开始走路和认字
就在劣质的街道上败倒于
坚硬的地面。他人跨过
方格阵中带有号码的方砖
或跳过绳子，大呼小叫，步调紊乱
在无法解释的宇宙繁星系统之下。
过去的警察，警棍和手枪在皮套里
正午严峻的日光里，短小鲜明的影子
把它们切成两半，所以不是看不见
就是太刺眼。没有人看得清街道上的字
街道名、店铺橱窗上的牌子、公园告示
甚至根本看不出沿着水沟翻飞的报纸上
细小字粒之间精致的阴影
孩子刚一开始走路就不得不跑起来
就会摔断脆弱的骨头，所以他必须读懂
严苛的身体规律，它的血、肉和皮肤
镌刻在神经细胞上的法典，遗传自
无名无姓的大叔，夜逃的偷情
缔造他的存在之书，傻瓜的用语
他必须言说一生。意念是永恒的

即使我把火柴拿到纸上也无能为力
因为就在此刻，有人正在记起
词组的句法和节奏从可燃的版本中
脱离，语法不断改良
飞快冲落孩子玩耍
和摔倒的街道上，吹到他的脸上
像一个纸袋盖着容貌。把它剥下来
脸依旧存在，容貌加密
穿过他飞进图书馆化作卷卷言语
无人听见，无人宣讲

(宋子江译)

Sudek: Tree

The visionary moment comes
just as it is raining, just as bombs
are falling, just as atoms

burst like a sneeze in a city park
and enter the dark
as if it were the waiting ark.

You open your hand and blow
the dust. You pick and throw
the stone. You make the round O

of your mouth perfect as light
and the tree bends and stands upright
in the stolid night.

from The Burning of the Books (2009)