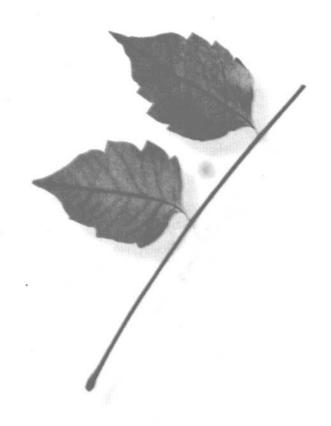
爱与美的生命诗篇



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译/卓加真



Stray birds of summer come to my window to sing and fly away. And yellow leaves of autumn, which have no songs, flutter and fall there with a sigh.

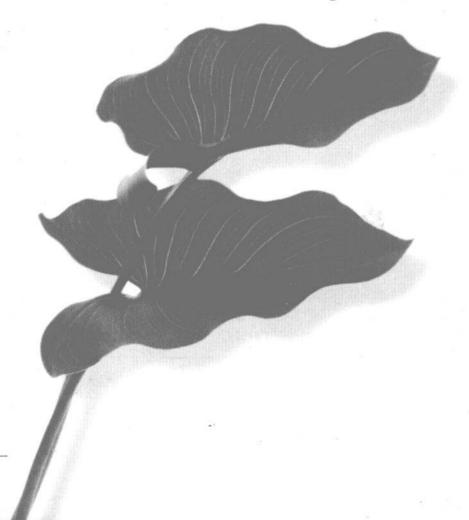
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O troupe of little vagrants of the world, leave your footprints in my words.

The world puts off its mask of vastness to its lover. It becomes small as one song, as one kiss of the eternal.

It is the tears of the earth that keep her smiles in bloom.



鸟

夏日的飞鸟,来到我的窗前, 发出啁啾歌声,然后翩然而去。 秋日的黄叶,没有歌唱,只一声叹息, 便飘落而下。

啊!世上那最卑微的流浪者,留下你的足印在我的诗中。

世界卸下其浩瀚的面具,交给它的爱人。 于是它马上变得渺小有如一首歌, 或如一个永恒的吻。

正是大地的眼泪,常保她笑容灿烂。

The mighty desert is burning for the love of a blade of grass who shakes her head and laughs and flies away.

If you shed tears when you miss the sun, you also miss the stars.

The sands in your way beg for your song and your movement, dancing water.

Will you carry the burden of their lameness?

Her wistful face haunts my dreams like the rain at night.



广阔的沙漠因为爱上那一叶青草而燃烧,但草儿摇摇头,笑着飞逃而去。





若你因错过太阳而落泪,你也将错过星辰。



舞动的水啊,当路途上的沙恳求你的歌声和旋律时,你可愿负荷这些跛足的沙?

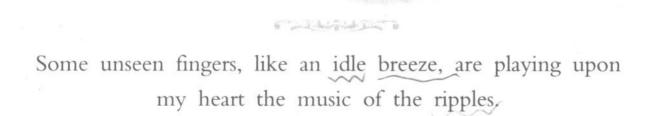
她那忧愁的面容,像夜里的雨,萦绕在我的梦中。

Once we dreamt that we were strangers.

We wake up to find
that we were dear to each other.

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Sorrow is hushed into peace in my heart like the evening among the silent trees.



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"What language is thine, O sea?"

"The language of eternal question."

"What language is thy answer, O sky?"

"The language of eternal silence."

曾经, 在梦中, 我们素不相识。 梦醒, 却发现彼此相亲。

> 悲伤在我心中已归向平静, 就像寂静树林中的黄昏。



- "是永恒的疑惑。"
- "蓝天啊,你回答的是什么话呀?"
- "是永恒的缄默。"

Listen, my heart, to the whispers of the world with which it makes love to you.

The mystery of creation is like the darkness of night-it is great. Delusions of knowledge are like the fog of the morning.

Do not seat your love upon a precipice because it is high.

I sit at my window this morning where the world like a passer-by stops for a moment, nods to me and goes.



听啊! 我心,

世界正喃喃细语向你示爱。

造化的神妙,像暗夜之深邃如此伟大。

知识的迷惑,如清晨的云雾。



今晨,我坐在窗边,世界像过客般 停留片刻,向我点个头, 便离去了。

飞鸟集

These little thoughts are the <u>rustle</u> of leaves; they have their whisper of joy in my mind.

Charles and a little

What you are you do not see, what you see is your shadow.

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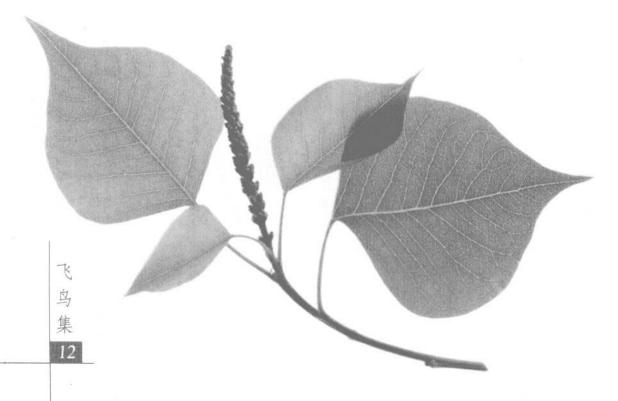
My wishes are fools, they shout across thy songs, my Master. Let me but listen.

I cannot choose the best.

The best chooses me.

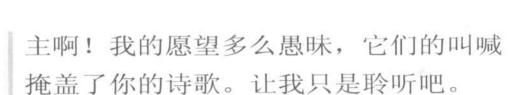
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They throw their shadows before them who carry their lantern on their back.



这些琐碎的想法,是树叶间的风声;它们喜悦的细语,留在我的心底。

你看不见你自己, 你只看得见自己的影子。



我无法选择卓越,是卓越选择了我。

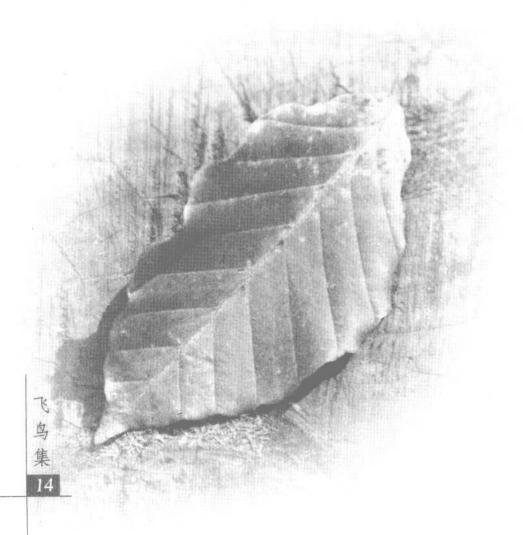
把灯笼提在身后的人,将影子投射在身前。

That I exist is a perpetual surprise which is life.

"We, the rustling leaves,
have a voice that answers the storms,
but who are you, so silent" "I am a mere flower."

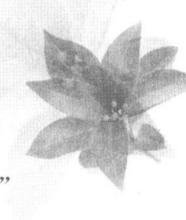
Rest belongs to the work as the eyelids to the eyes.

Man is a born child, his power is the power of growth.



存在,是永恒的惊喜,而这也就是人生。

"我们这些窸窣的叶子, 自有回应风雨的声音, 但你是谁?为何如此沉默?" "我只是一朵花。"



休息属于劳动, 犹如眼睑属于双眼。

人是初生的小孩,他的力量是 成长的力量。

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God expects answers for the flowers he sends us, not for the sun and the earth.

The light that plays, like a naked child, among the green leaves happily knows not that man can lie.

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O beauty, find thyself in love, not in the flattery of thy mirror.

My heart beats her waves at the shore of the world and writes upon it her signature in tears with the words, "I love thee."



上帝期望人们对他所赐予的小花有所回应而非太阳和大地。

阳光像个赤裸的小孩, 穿梭在绿叶间快乐地玩耍, 而不知人间有谎言。

美啊,在爱中发现自己,别在镜子的谄媚中寻觅。

我的心,她拍打着世界的海岸 激起阵阵波涛, 并在岸边含泪写下她的名字, "我爱你"。

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