



朝圣者日记

Diary of a Pilgrim

張子操 著

外语教学与研究出版社

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朱 渊 译

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张子扬情诗初探（代序）

洛夫

现实中的张子扬是一个大胡子，外貌粗犷刚毅，而诗中的张子扬却直如青衫少年，柔情似水，内外落差甚大。现在我只读他的诗，一个情真意切而又难以捉摸的内心世界。一接触他的诗，便不由叫人想起元好问的“问世间情是何物，直教生死相许”之句，其中不仅鼓荡着一种读来令人透不过气来的激情，更有一种藏得很深的缠绵，感觉得到，却说不清楚。譬如当你读到这样的句子：

你向我回眸，笑的闪电
击落了我手中的弩弓

你能不有触电的感觉？千载以来，我们的诗歌都是情的载体，抒情诗是中国文学永恒的传统，也是历代千万读者永恒的爱。这种抒情诗其实涵盖面甚广，不仅涉及男女之私，也包括亲情友情，甚至扩及宇宙万物，

“天若有情天亦老”是也。在抒情诗这一类型之下，又有一种写到骨髓里去的情诗，读来特别令人回肠荡气，如醉如痴，情诗写到痴处始见真。但情诗又可分为狭义与广义两种，前者是男女双方私相授受、暗通款曲的媒介，仅适于对方在夏天的花架下或冬天的暖被中独自欣赏；后者则为有情人的耳语，不过诗中的情已普遍化了，其形式已成了艺术品，已提升为广大读者共同欣赏的对象。《诗经》可说是我国最早的情诗，所写的固然是桑间濮上的男女私情，所抒的却是超越时空和某一特

定对象之情，李商隐、李清照、杜牧、陆游等都是写这类情诗的高手。张子扬的情诗可说是介于这两者之间，狭义、广义各参其半，而《朝圣者日记》这个集中承载的正是他那只热如火而又深邃莫测的情。情是他生命中最初的源泉，也是他最后的归宿；情是他的宗教，是他虔诚膜拜的神。不过他的抒情手法特殊，有时触及了眼前的现实，有时笔下又浮现着如梦的虚幻，这种疑真似幻、扑朔迷离的诗境，或许正是他情诗的魅力所在。

第一次让我痴望你渐渐远去的背影
这长长的铁轨是我挽留护佑你的手臂
盼你归来的眼睛化成了
枕木上的颗颗道钉……

这四句诗不但意境美，同时也提供了丰富的想象空间，其中的情节介于虚与实、现实与超现实之间。更重要的是诗的语言层面，由于张力充沛，使得整首诗的意象系统顿然生动灵活起来。

张子扬有一颗赤子之心，赤诚发挥到极端便成了痴，这是人的性情中最真实、最宝贵的东西。在细读他的诗时，你或许会发现一些时不时就会撞到的诸如“梦”、“泪”、“真诚”之类的词汇。对诗人而言，诗是一种大自由、一种全面的开放，而爱则是一种负荷、一种束缚，只有通过

梦，爱才得以释放。泪则是经过痛苦磨砺而成的珍珠。之后，从梦与泪中提炼出的真诚，就是张子扬的诗。

最后，我要特别向读者推荐这首《失而复得》，标题虽嫌浅白，但其中的情却含蓄蕴藉、深浅有致，表现手法相当高明，尤其是第二节：

失而复得

都是那杯绝望的苦酒
让我醉后遗忘了许多故事
也丢失了开启家门的钥匙
于是，我夜夜在你的窗下徘徊
羞怯竟又使我不敢借宿你的屋檐下

今晚，我在失恋的垃圾箱里
竟又找到了这枚钥匙
我把它擦得如一弯月亮
再次走过你的窗前
你来吗？
让如银的纯净涌进
空寂了许久的房间……

这是一首以象征手法写的诗，更准确地说，一首失恋的诗。失恋诗通常不免一腔悲情，满纸凄楚，读来叫人唏嘘不已，甚至催人泪下。如这份恋情失而复得，重续前缘，情感必然是由一个极端摆荡到另一个极端，由大悲而狂喜了。然而，张子扬这首《失而复得》中的情却是含蓄的、暗示的，其妙处就在使激情化为冷隽的意象，如此一来，情感便有了深度。这首诗的关键词是“钥匙”，一把开启爱情的钥匙，诗人把它转化为“一弯新月”。按王国维的说法，这个“擦”字是诗眼，有了它，诗中的意象世界就亮了。这种化腐朽为神奇的手法，主要表现在“爱又从此开始充塞和温润这空寂了许久的心房”这一潜台词，所以最后两行仍婉转地折射出一种难以言说的心理补偿和精神满足。

2004年仲夏于温哥华

On Poems by Zhang Ziyang

Luofu

With a beard, Zhang Ziyang looks crude and intrepid, but his poems are delicate and sentimental, displaying a fathomless inner world full of sincere feelings. Reading his poems cannot but remind one of a line of the Yuan Dynasty poet Yuan Haowen: "What does love means on earth?/ Many give their lives for it." You just feel a breathless adoration for the emotions expressed in Ziyang's words. Buried under the emotions expressed is a delicacy one feels but can hardly touch.

Take the following lines, for instance: "You glanced back at me,/ the lightning in your smile shooting down the bow from my hand." Don't you feel electrified? For thousands of years, poems have been a vehicle of feelings and emotions. Lyrics have been a tradition of Chinese literature and loved by readers for generations. They cover a wide range of topics, not only involving love affairs, but also concerning kinship, heaven... indeed the universe as well. Of lyrics, there are those that emotionally touch the heart. There are two types of poems about love and sentiment. One is about the love affairs written for specific person, which can be appreciated only by lovers while the other kind is about generalized love. The latter has become a work of art, which is appreciated by an extensive range of readers. *The Book of Songs* was the earliest collection of lyrics in Chinese history. Although most of them were about love affairs, the tenderness and feelings they express are beyond the specific people involved. Well-known poets Li Shangyin, Li Qingzhao, Du Mu and Lu You were all good at writing such poems.

The poems by Zhang Ziyang are something between the two. What his poem collection, *Diary of a Pilgrim* conveys, is just his fathomless and flaming love and affection, which is the original source and destination of his life. Love is his religion and his God. However, his way of conveying affection is special. Sometimes, his lines touch on immediate reality, while a dream-like illusion appears between the lines on other occasions. The poetic scene of both reality and illusion is probably where the charm of his poetry lies.

“For the first time staring at your back disappearing in the distance,
the long railroad tracks are my arms keeping you with me and blessing you.
My eyes looking forward to your return
are the spikes in the sleepers...”

These four lines not only present a beautiful scene, but also provide a lot of room for imagination. The plots are between the general and specific, and between the real and surreal. In addition, the language Ziyang uses is quite active, which makes the images presented active as well.

Ziyang is nearly too sincere and head over heels in his honesty, which is most precious in human nature. When scrutinizing his poems, words like “dream”, “tears” and “sincerity” often appear before one’s eyes. A poet can only seek complete freedom in his poems. Love is a burden and a restraint, and it can only have a way out in dreams. Tears can turn into pearls after the endurance of suffering.

The sincerity distilled from dreams and tears is what Ziyang's poems convey. Finally, I would like to recommend the poem "Lost, then found again". The title is quite plain, but the feeling it expresses is pretty deep and the way the feeling is displayed is quite unusual, its second part in particular.

Lost, then found again

It was that cup of bitter wine of desperation
that made me drunk and forget about a lot of things.
I lost the key to my house as well.
I walked back and forth outside your window,
feeling too shamed to stay under the eaves.

Tonight, in this dustbin of disappointment in love,
I have recovered that key.
I have cleaned it as bright as the moonlight.
I pass by your window again.
Do you want to come?
Let the pureness of silver pour into
that room that has been empty too long...

This is a lyric written in symbolism. To be exact, it is a poem about a disappointed love, which is usually full of sadness and sorrow and sometimes even reduces readers to tears. But if the lost love is regained, the person involved must be in ecstasy. However, the feeling described in this poem by Ziyang is quite contained when the love lost is regained. In this poem, love is compared to a key, which is once lost and is now regained. The line: "I have cleaned it as bright as the moonlight" presents a beautiful image. The last two lines: "Let the pureness of silver pour into/ that room that has been empty too long", in a contained manner, reflect the satisfaction the person feels when he has regained his love.

Written in Vancouver in the summer of 2004

生命的记忆

——中英文版诗集《朝圣者日记》自序

因为写了诗，所以对文字的认识与理解又有了一种感悟，诗可否算是最接近作者内心与生命的文字形态——是敏感生命的记忆？

我的诗大部分创作于20世纪末叶，几年的时间竟也积累了近千首。它们与我，该是一段难得的人生邂逅。在写诗的日子里，我体会到了生命的疼痛、欢愉、期待、茫然、无奈、感伤、绝望——于今回首，才知道，这些诗都已成为我生命中的疤痕，以它特有的凸显，记录了作为诗人的我的个体生命存在的某种状态。

我曾为写诗产生过一种罕见的狂热：在飞机上、火车上，亦或旅馆的桌前、床头——灵感急急地催促我用各种方式迅速记下我的所思所悟。同时，一夜夜的失眠也逼使我为了诗的尊严努力地遣词造句、分段折行，让诗的节奏更符合自己所理解的阅读习惯。更有一段时间，对于诗的写作前景，我曾产生过恍惚甚至恐慌。还要写下去吗？终生写诗为生吗？——论才情与毅力，我都不会让这种状态长久下去的；但，万一某一天诗神突然抛弃了我，让我在生命感悟的漂泊中无筏可乘、无舟可渡的话，真无法想象，还有什么样的文字形态会像暗夜中的启明星，为我这孤寂流浪的灵魂在思虑的夜里开启一线希望与自信之光。

我喜欢本土的古典诗词，特别偏爱诗的铿锵与词的顿挫。即便是清丽委婉的题材与内容，也因其韵律与节奏，让读者感觉到生命的呼吸与脉动的真切。特别是那些锥心刺骨、荡胸激怀的名段佳句，诵咏之余，常令人发出“古人未死、今人未生”的无尽感慨。

域外的古今诗歌也曾给我影响，但由于文字转译的缘故，许多佳作也应算上翻译家的辛劳。然而，无论如何，许多异国诗人的作品，其哲思与技巧还是开启了我对诗的理解与思考的另一扇智慧的窗口。同时，我也感悟到：在文字的世界中，诗是最能让人在短时间内发现自己、了解朋友、剖析心灵的……

生命是一种流动的状态。逝者如斯，然岁月留痕——诗可以算是生命的特殊记忆。如此，我把昨天生命的部分记忆，留在了这本书中……

張子格

甲申年夏曰
朝陽庵偶數常齋

PREFACE

Writing poems gives me a different understanding of words. Is it right to say that only through the art of poetry can words truly penetrate the inner world of the poet? Or is it that poetry simply records this deeper, inner world?

I have written nearly 1,000 poems, most of them in the last few years of the last century. They represent the unforgettable experiences in my life. In writing these lines, I experienced pain, happiness, expectation, numbness, helplessness, melancholy, desperation... all the feelings a poet would have. Reading them now, I find they have already left deep imprints on my life, and have become testament to the particular state of my existence as an individual.

I became so obsessed with writing poems that for some time my inspiration pushed me to write down whatever I felt, no matter where I was—on an aeroplane, on a train or in a hotel. I forced myself to rack my brains for the most accurate words or expressions for a particular poem, and that made me suffer from insomnia. For some time, I doubted the prospects for my poem writing, wondering whether I should continue or just give up. “Is it necessary for me to write poems all my life?” I asked myself several times.

I know I do not have enough talent and perseverance to sustain my poem writing forever. But I cannot imagine what kind of life I will face should the goddess of Muse throw me out of this artistic realm. Would I be able to find any other form of words to guide my lonely soul in this helpless world?

I love the classic poems of my own country, those beautiful lines with strong cadences in particular. Famous verses about landscapes take you to the mountains and rivers. Reading aloud those well-known lines, we wonder if we modern people can ever reach their heights.

I was also influenced by poems written by foreigners. But what I read are their Chinese translations, to which translators have contributed a great deal. After all, the philosophy of these poems and the techniques those poets used in writing them have lent me something for my comprehension of poetry itself. At the same time, I have come to understand that of all literature forms, poetry is the only one that can lead one to a true discovery of oneself, to tell a true friend and read the inner world of another person.

Life is on the move. Those that have gone have gone forever, but they leave traces behind. If poetry can be considered a special memory of one's life, I hope I have left some memory of my own in this book.

Zhang Ziyang
In the summer of 2004

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