

Stan Zhong

A TREE & LOVE

一棵树 —— 爱情

钟墅子 / 著
莫雨可 / 译



ZHEJIANG UNIVERSITY PRESS

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The Sky Blue Love

By Wang Xufeng

Stan Zhong will be 18 in three and a half months. He writes love poems now and makes them a print. It's not unusual, I ever wrote poems when I was 18, but no print.

I tell everybody I do not write poem now, actually, like Stan Zhong, I did write poems at 18, even the state is almost the same, no certain love object, but mass of love poems.

As Stan Zhong says: "Inspirations for my poems could range from the simplistic of objects such as a tree to a complex and abstract idea like love... the environment is filled with ideas that you can easily Randpick out if you put somethings into what you are observing or seeing of your surroundings. If I happen to be stuck and not able to find a plausible inspiration from my surroundings, I tend to think deeper into the object or idea and eventually find links between ideas."

It sounds abstruse, yet simple, 18-year-old Stan Zhong falls in love with love, not with any figurative object. And love, as a conception, is certainly abstractive. So, Stan Zhong's poem is a song of abstractive love.

So his love poem is as pure as distilled water, no carnality, indeed almost no spirit. Approximately his poem is a muse on rational love of a juvenile.

I enjoy this poem very much: Nothing can change my love for you/ Even if you love me as a/ Stranger/ Acquaintance/ Buddy/ Friend/ Ally/ Lover/ I am still in love with you...

This is the love way of a juvenile who never experiences real love: in his eyes, stranger, acquaintance, buddy, friend and ally, they're all in the same field as lovers. They're on an equal footing. To Stan Zhong, this is God's truth.

It's impossible, for love is unique and unexampled in their understanding of those in my age. Whenever comes to love, I'll think of what Pasternak said: "I dare not call your name, for fearing your soul brought away from my heart."

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Something strange in Stan Zhong's poem didn't happen in my 18-year-old love poem. In the poem "Win the Love," "I" experienced blistering cold, tornadoes, burning hell, life and death, strange attacks of monsters, powerful thunderstorms, the wrath of gods, crossfire in wars, the treacherous landslides, the bumpy roads, the alligator filled swamps, the mystical dragons, battles with witches and wizards, the dreadful diseases, the crashing meteor showers, the forest conflagrations...

This is Harry Potter's love, and I'm told Stan Zhong's fan of Harry Potter.

Love particularity is certainly showed out in Stan Zhong's love poems, like the poem "With You": When you felt lonely/I came to sit with you/When you cried continuously/I came to soothe you/When you felt lost/I held your hands in mine/From the serene morning to/The bustling afternoon and to/The eventful evenings/I am always with you/Wherever you go...

When I read it, I saw a juvenile walking following his lover, whenever in the morning, afternoon or evening. He is unchangeable, but the object he follows is always changing, maybe elder or younger sister, maybe mom.

What I want to express is: Stan Zhong starts rational awakening on love. Love is the break point of his affection. So what Stan Zhong expresses in his poems is quiet different from the majority in his age. You can find the character of philosophic thinking of ancient Greece Plato garden in his sky love poems. In the far Socrates time, so many Adonis care sheer things, what we say Plato's love is just born in such sky blue civilization.

Stan Zhong's poem is color sky blue just like the civilization of Aegean Sea. This is the color of our treasurable youth which will immediately pass away.

When we missed the color of sky in 18's because of the disordered time, there's no reason not to be gratified for the sky blue love poems of today's Stan Zhong.

蔚蓝色的爱情

王旭峰

再有三个半月钟墅子就十八岁了，他在写爱情诗，并且集结出版。这没有什么特殊。我十八岁的时候也写诗，只不过没有集结出版罢了。

现在我对所有的人都讲：我不会写诗。实际上十八岁时，我是会写诗的，和钟墅子一样。甚至写诗的状态也几乎一样，没有爱情的具体对象，却写了一大堆爱情诗。

钟墅子说：“我的诗的灵感来自不同的地方，来自单纯而具体的物体，比如说一棵树；或者来自复杂而抽象的概念，比如说爱情……如果你对周围环境中的一切加以关注，你就很容易产生好的理念和想法。如果我思维一时堵塞，或者说很难从环境中寻找到灵感，我会更深入思索一些具象和抽象的东西，最后能够在各种抽象的概念中寻找出关联。”

听上去很深刻，其实很单纯，十八岁的钟墅子，爱上了爱情，而非爱上了某一个具体的对象。而爱情，作为一个概念，当然是抽象的。因此，钟墅子的诗是对抽象的爱情的歌唱。

这就使他的爱情诗有了一种类似于蒸馏水般品质的纯粹，不但没有肉欲的，甚至也几乎没有精神的，他的诗是近乎于理性的“爱”的少年沉思。

这首诗我很喜欢：

“没有什么能改变我对你的爱/即使你对我如：/陌生人/熟人/兄弟/朋友/同盟/或者情人/我依然深深地爱着你……”

这就是一位没有真正亲历爱情的少年的爱的方式：在他眼里，陌生人、熟人、兄弟、朋友、同盟与情人是一个领域里的，他们放在一块儿，他们平起平坐，钟墅子感觉天经地义。

这在我这个年龄的人就做不到了。爱情是独一无二的，是无可比拟的。当我想起爱情时，我想起了帕斯捷尔纳克的话：“我舍不得呼唤你的名字，怕把你的灵魂从我的心里吐出来。”

钟墅子的爱情诗里还有一些奇怪的事物，是我十八岁时的爱情诗中所没有的，在那一首《赢得你的爱》的诗中，“我”经历的艰难险阻，包括了严寒、飓风、地狱、生死、妖魔、雷电、上帝的愤怒、战场的困境、山崩、道路颠簸、鳄鱼的沼泽、神话中的龙、

与魔法师的战争、绝症、流星雨的袭击、森林火灾……

这是哈利波特的爱情，一打听，钟墅子果然是哈利波特迷。

钟墅子的爱情诗当然并非没有爱情的特质，比如这一首《陪伴你》：当你感到孤单/我同你并肩而坐/当你不停哭泣/我给你心灵慰藉/当你感到失落/我紧握你的双手/从宁静的清晨/到喧闹的下午/到繁华的夜晚/无论你去哪里/我永远与你在一起。

当我读这首诗的时候，我看到了一个少年跟在他爱的人后面，清晨，下午，夜晚，他是不变的，而他跟着的对象却千变万化，可以是姐姐，是妹妹，也可以是妈妈……

我想说，钟墅子开始了爱的理性的觉醒，爱情，不过是他“爱”的突破口罢了。因此，钟墅子的这些爱情诗，与他同年龄的绝大多数人不同。他的爱情诗带着古希腊柏拉图花园中的哲理的沉思品格。在那个遥远的苏格拉底时代，有许多美少年关注纯粹的事物。所谓柏拉图式的爱情一说，正是在这样蔚蓝色的文明里诞生的。

钟墅子的诗也带着蔚蓝的色调。那是爱琴海文明的色调，那是瞬息即逝的色调，那是我们无比珍惜的青春的色调。

当我们的十八岁因为时代的错乱而错过了天空的颜色之后，我们有什么理由不为今天钟墅子的蔚蓝色的爱情诗而感到欣慰呢？

2005年11月13日深夜于北京

（王旭峰为中国著名女作家，浙江省作家协会常务副主席，全国茅盾文学奖获得者）

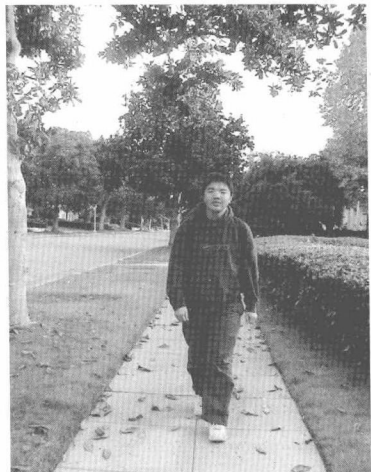
Preface

Inspirations for my poems could range from the simplistic of objects such as a tree to a complex and abstract idea like love.

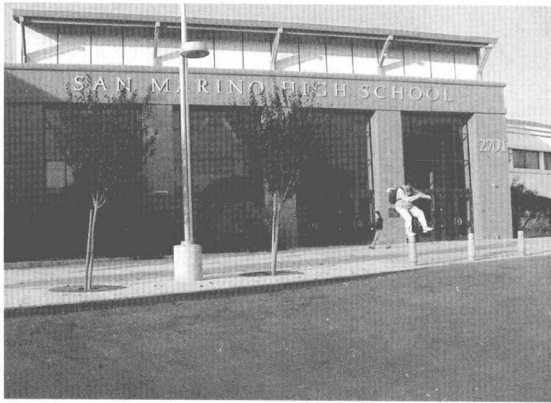
But where would I get the thoughts for these inspirations? First of all, the environment is filled with ideas that you can easily handpick out if you put some thoughts into what you are observing or seeing of your surroundings. If I happen to be stuck and not able to find a plausible inspiration from my surroundings, I tend to think deeper into the object or idea and eventually find links between ideas, but sometimes I will just end up with a vague idea and not able to compose a poem. With a basic idea thought of and carefully planned out, I choose different words to create the poem. The use of imagery and other literary techniques greatly emphasizes the artistic touch and originality of the poems.

But through all the poem writing, many have asked me, are you writing this for someone? My answer was always no. This doesn't mean I am keeping all the greatness to myself; it is because there is never a particular someone in mind. My poetry, in my view, is to promote happiness and joy in others since sometimes my poetry did that.

Backtracking my concept of poetry equal happiness, I must tell you what poetry really means. Poetry is not just words put together for a nice fit. Poetry is an art, in which the writers paint the words on the paper



A TREE & LOVE



instead of just writing them on the paper. Painting the words suggests of a more artistic, original and poetic approach, instead of the plain way of writing the words. As the writer paints word by word and phrases by phrases, the writer should achieve an image of the poem, but if the writer can't create an image, it is considered a failed

poem. But don't falter and despair at my words about the art of poetry, everyone can try and write poetry; all that takes to improve is to observe and to practice continuously.

Besides the imagery in the writing of the poem, I still have to clue into everyone my definition of poetry and the general definition of poetry. The general definition of poetry is the art or work of the poet. Simple definition? No. There is a lot more to just the work of the poet. My understanding or expanded definition of poetry is a poet's work or art that brings the essence of the image, emotions, and descriptions in front of the reader like a plate of food, waiting for the person to choose which to eat or to absorb first.

Although it can be looked as that I superficially defined poetry, I believe the true meaning behind poetry can be found in everyone's reactions and feelings toward it.

自序

我的诗的灵感来自不同的地方,来自单纯而具体的物体,比如说一棵树,或者来自复杂而抽象的概念,比如说爱情。

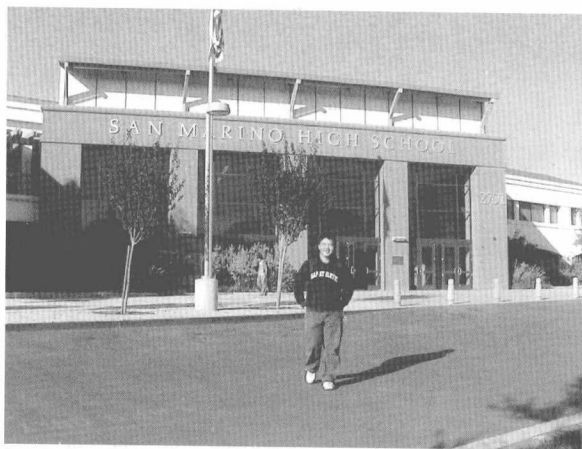
但是从这些灵感当中我怎样才能得到具体的想法呢?首先,如果你对周围环境中的一切加以关注,你就很容易产生好的理念和想法。当我的思维一时堵塞,或者说很难从环境中寻找到灵感,我



会更深入思索一些具象和抽象的东西,最后能够在各种抽象的概念中寻找关联。但是有时我的想法也是盲目的,不能写成一首诗。只有当基本想法定型,我才开始选词语写诗。在写诗过程中比喻和其他文学手法恰当运用加强了诗的艺术性和创新性。

在写诗的过程中,不断有人问我,这些诗都是写给一个人的吗?我的回答是否定的。这样回答并不是标榜自己,只是因为我的脑海中至今并不存在一个特定而具体的倾诉对象。在我看来,我的诗只是为了能带给他人幸福与快乐,现实证明它们做到过。

回过头来,我不得不向你们阐明“诗”的真正含义。“诗”并不是华丽辞藻的堆砌和拼凑,它是一门艺术,作家在纸上描绘他们的想法而不仅仅是记录。因为描绘需要更多艺术性的、创新性的和富有诗情的表达方式,而不能平铺直叙。同时诗人在遣词造句过程中,必须创造一个诗歌形象,如果诗人不能创造出形象,那么这样的诗是不成功的。在我谈完了对于诗的理解以后,请不要灰心和绝望,每个人都可以



尝试写诗。写作进步的唯一途径是加强观察并不断练习。

除开这些比喻外,我还想告诉大家我对“诗”的定义和“诗”最常见的定义。最常见的定义:诗歌是一门艺术,是诗人的一种创作。这是简单的定义吗?不是。对于诗人的创作有更多的标准来评判,我所理解的广义的诗的定义是:诗是诗人的作品或者诗人的

艺术结晶,他们把艺术形象、情感、内容的本质这一丰盛大餐呈现在读者面前,每一个人都可以从中得到不同的收获。

虽然我对诗歌内涵领会浅薄,但我相信诗歌的真正含义来自于读者的反应和感知。

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delicate [delɪkət] 易碎的, 脆弱的

The eye is one of the most delicate organs of the body

Love

A delicate thing,

Love can be easily broken.

Falling in love takes but a moment

Losing oneself in love, another.

Love is a beautiful thing,

Like our sixth sense to the world

Though able to bring warmth to our hearts,

Love can also break our hearts to pieces.

Love is a complicated affair.





爱 情

爱情

就像一件精美易碎的器皿

甜美的爱情

虽然容易让人迷失方向

但却令人向往

就像我们的第六感

它带给我们心中无限温暖

它也可以让我们为之心碎

爱情是多么捉摸不定

A TREE & LOVE