

中英对照 Chinese-English Bilingual

林青诗文选

SELECTED POETRY AND PROSE BY LIN QING

My heart
With swallows and egrets
Go through the rain and the smog
What is flying in the rain?
Swallows
What is flying in the rain?
Egrets
What is flying in the rain?
My heart...

林 青 著

颜海峰 译

Writing by Lin Qing

Translated by Yan Haifeng

环球文化出版社
THE EARTH CULTURE PRESS

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作者：林 青

AUTHOR: Lin Qing

译者：颜海峰

TRANSLATOR: Yan Haifeng

主编：张智

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: ZHANG ZHI

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通讯处：中国重庆市江北区观音桥邮局031邮箱 邮政编码：400020

Add: P.O.Box 031, Guanyinqiao, Jiangbei District, Chongqing City 400020, P.R.CHINA

E-mail: iptrc1995@126.com

作者简介

林青，本名李欣君。中国当代女诗人。1965年12月出生于云南腾冲县。祖籍甘肃，祖先卫边至腾冲。大专文化。先后在商业、农业、文化单位工作。曾进行农民行为研究，并发表《农业推广中的农民行为研究》一文。1991年开始发表诗歌作品。部分作品被翻译成英文、日文、法文、俄文、希腊文等发表在国内外报刊。部分诗作被收入《20世纪中国新诗选》（中英对照）、《世界当代诗人大辞典》（混语版）等多种重要选本。曾多次荣获全国性诗歌奖。2005年被国际诗歌翻译研究中心评选为“2005年度国际最佳诗人”，2007年被希腊国际文学艺术学院评选为“2007年度最佳诗人”。主要作品集有《发现》、《林青诗选》（中英对照）、《空白》（中英对照）等。

About the author

Lin Qing, originally named Li Xinjun, is a contemporary poetess, born in Tengchong county, Yunnan province, in December, 1965. Her forefathers migrated to Tengchong as a frontier guard, thus her ancestral home is actually Gansu. After graduating from junior college, she worked successively in governmental organizations of business, agriculture and literature. She once studied the behaviors of peasants and published an article "Study on Peasants Behaviors During the Process of Agricultural Extension". Since 1991, she started to publish poems and then part of her works were translated into English, Japanese, French, Russian and Greek on newspapers at home and abroad. Some of her poems are compiled in *Selected New Chinese Poems of 20th Century (Chinese-English)* and *A Dictionary of Contemporary International Poets (Multilingual)* as well as other anthologies. What's more, Lin had been awarded poetry prizes for several times. In 2005, Lin was elected by the IPTRC as the annual best international poet and chosen by the GILAS as the annual best poet of 2007. Her major anthologies include *Findings*, *Selected Poems of Lin Qing (Chinese-English)*, and *Void (Chinese-English)*, etc.

目 录

CONTENTS

上辑 行走着

Volume 1 W alking

绿之韵（代序）

Rhythm of the Green (In Lieu of a Preface)

绿之韵（八首）

Green Rhyme (eight poems)

小溪

The Stream

落花

Fallen Flowers

生命的意义

Meaning of Life

平凡

Be Ordinary

翡翠吟

Ode to the Emerald

荷

Lotus

在菜市场看见藕

Seeing the Lotus at a Food Market

蚂蚁

Ants

满足

Satisfaction

感恩的心

Grateful Heart

这样的天

Such a Sky

雨中

In the Rain

深渊

Abyss



虎头兰
Cymbidium Hookerianum
进入一株花的内部
To Enter the Inside of a Flower
腾冲的春天
Spring of Tengchong
大树杜鹃王
Queen Azaleas
屈光，我要征服你
Ametropia, I Will Conquer You
头发的战争
War of Hair
好好爱自己
Love Yourself More
阳台上的童话
Fairy Tale on the Balcony
冬天的路上
On the Road of a Winter Day
腾冲美
Beautiful Tengchong
腾冲
Tengchong
腾冲和顺
Heshun of Tengchong
腾冲新城
New City of Tengchong
生活小记（五首）
Notes on Life (five poems)
镶嵌在腾越大地上的十二块翡翠（十二首）
The Twelve Emeralds Framed on the Land

下辑 往事不如烟

Volume 2 Not Transient As Fleeting Clouds

缅桂
Michelia
琴里有学问
Learning in a Piano
有感我的糟糠之妻
Thoughts on *My Wife*
兰的中国
Orchid and China
寒友
Friends in Cold Weather

又是春天
Spring Again
红柳
Red Willow
茶花
Camellia
永远的春天
Everlasting Spring
门对千竿竹，家有万年松
“Thousands poles of bamboo outside, long life pines stand inside my yard.”
鹤去留香
Gone is the Crane, but the Aroma Remains
母亲河
Mother River
桂花
Osmanthus Flowers
鹭
Egret
说说住房
Comments on Housing
遇见征婚
Encounter with Marriage-seeking
叠水河
Dieshui River
兰
Orchid
山茶
Camellia
三角梅
Bougainvillea Speetabilis
鸟鸣声里话鸟鸣
Birds Singing
爱的使者
An Envoy of Love
夏日随想
Random Thoughts in Summer
淡定对高考
Be Calm with it-the College Entrance Examination
植物园里欢乐多
Happiness Abounds in Botany Garden
天堂
Paradise
我愿（代后记）
I Wish (In Lieu of an Afterword)

译者简介
About the translator



绿之韵（代序）

我来了，我是自然之子
彩霞为衣，云霓为裳
我乘时光之舟
遨游岁月之长河
遨游绿树之繁荫

我来了，我是自然之子
清泉为容，碧水为貌
我乘清风之羽
草尖上舞蹈
叶针上吹奏
那滴滴清亮的水珠
是我小小的舞鞋和洞箫

我来了，我是自然之子
高黎贡山是我家
这碧空里飞翔的小鸟
这碧野里奔跑的小兽
这碧溪里戏水的小虾
这碧潭里静养的小鱼
它们都是我的亲人和朋友

我来了，我是自然之子
腾越大地飞彩虹
中华神州添锦绣
这是我，最开心的

笑 容

Rhythm of the Green (In Lieu of a Preface)

I, the son of nature, am coming
With the burning clouds as my clothes
I sail in the boat of time
To cruise about the long river of history
To wander under the leafy shade of trees

I am coming, I am the son of nature
The cool spring and crystal water adorn me
I ride on the wing of the cool breeze
To dance on the tip of grass
To sing on the blade of every leaf
And the cool dew drops
Are the tiny dancing shoes and flute of mine

I am coming, I am the son of nature
Mount. Gaoligong is my home
Where little birds fly in the azure sky
Cubs run and dash in the green field
Shrimps jump and play in the stream
Fish rest quietly and leisurely in the deep pool
All of them are my friends and my family

I am coming, I am the son of nature
Above the land flies a rainbow
To add glory to the great land of China
Which is actually my happiest

Smile



上辑 行走着
Volume 1 Walking

绿之韵（八首）

一

在高原
在距离太阳最近的地方
在白云深处
插根木棍也成荫啊
丢粒种子连成片
赤道的热情
火山的奔放
江河缠绵
雨雪温柔
石头水灵灵

二

山的梦想
长在叶子上
山有多高 树有多高 天空有多高
碧波滚滚的绿叶啊
天空飞翔的翅膀

彩云之南，有仙境
人间天堂，高黎贡

三

这是杜鹃盛开的高原
这是山茶怒放的高原
这是马樱吐蕊的高原
这是金桂银桂缅桂绽芳的高原

这是碧草芊芊的高原
这是绿树成荫的高原
这是白鹭逐水的高原
这是石头流翠的高原

这是亿万年前的大海啊
这是人类始祖的发源地
这是温泉的盛宴啊
这是世界的大氧吧

这是彩云之南的大美人
红土地上的明珠

高 黎 贡 山

四

这里有过战争
这里有过硝烟
这里有过饥寒
这里有过死亡

战争锻造过的脊梁
像高黎贡山一样挺拔
硝烟磨砺过的灵魂
像白云一样纯洁
饥寒和死亡
被踩在了高黎贡山的脚下
生命的避难所啊，高黎贡山
从不拒绝哪怕是一只蚂蚁的投奔

这里有着丰沛的溪流
这里有着肥沃的土地
这里有着充足的阳光
这里有着温暖的天气

丰沛的溪流绕山走
肥沃的土地铺锦绣
阳光雨露哺育着高黎贡
生命的图腾啊，在

山 水 间

五

九十九座火山 九十九座神祇
九十九座神祇云集的高原
高过天堂
九十九座神祇诞生的冰川
亘古未见
第四纪是九十九座神祇的母亲啊
分娩的阵痛憾天震地
九十九座火山是她的儿女啊
个个碧血丹心神勇无比
九十九座神祇喷薄而出的刹那
天空彤红彤红
九十九座神祇啊，在母亲
滚烫滚烫的宫腔里

急不可待
九十九座神祇喷薄而出的刹那
母亲的鲜血彤红彤红
和天空的颜色融为一体
九十九座神祇诞生了
高原上弥漫着浓浓的血腥
久久不能散去
九十九座神祇喷薄而出，迅速成长
转眼就出落得俊俏神勇
母亲分娩时流出的血液
渐渐冷却
覆盖在高原上，化做了
黑黑的泥土
九十九座火山啊，九十九座神祇
在母亲的血液化做的泥土上
播下了信念的种子
从此，高原上长满了葱郁的树木
葱郁的树木无边无际
母亲的血液啊，化做绿浪
朝起夕涌，阵阵波涛
都是生命的礼赞

六

兰香的高原啊，一定蕴藏着宝藏
这宝藏不是金，不是银
金和银只是世俗的贪欲
散发的只是铜锈的气味
这宝藏不是尊贵，不是荣耀
尊贵和荣耀只是烟花一缕
粲然过后的灰烬也带着硝烟的气息
这宝藏深藏于高原的胸膛
是一颗跳动着的心脏，造血的器官
它造出的血液能将岩石熔化
这颗心脏啊，是五千年的中华文化
是儒道释糅合孕育而生的精灵
它来自于大海，又高出大海
它孕育于高原又孕育高原
兰香的高原啊，有着一颗博爱的心
众生因此得以在这里安生
众生因此得以在这里自由地歌唱
众生因此得以将自己的灵魂绽放
兰香的高原啊，这颗博爱的心
就是高原蕴藏着的宝藏

只有善良、谦和、脱俗、飘逸
淡远、婉丽、灵性的心灵
才能感悟

七

当你穿行清晨的微风
当你驻足清凉的薄霜
当曦光刚刚吐出银丝
大地还在酣睡
一株山茶
一片山茶
傲然 爆出火花
曙光就从这里升起
这一树的花朵
这成片的花朵
这熊熊燃烧的花朵
这傲霜的花朵
不正是高原的太阳吗？
它燃烧生命的绿
它点亮生命的绿
它照耀生命的绿
这是绿之韵律汇成的花朵
这是生命之波涛汹涌澎湃
这是高黎贡山的黎明
大地还在酣睡
薄霜还闪着银光
山茶静静地燃烧……

八

水绵绵啊，水悠悠
绵绵悠悠绕山走
山上清泉山下溪
绿油油的原野
绿油油的心田
种上白云飞上天
种上彩虹架桥梁
南来北往原是客
落地生根是家乡

Green Rhyme (eight poems)

1.

On a plateau
in a place nearest to the sun
in the depth of the clouds
Just a stick would flourish
a single seed would make a forest
The zest of the equator
the vigor of the volcano
Lingering are the lakes and rivers
gentle are the rain and the snow
and the stones are fresh and juicy

2.

The dream of the mountain
is growing on the leaves
The higher the mountain the taller the trees the loftier the sky
Oh, the green waves of leaves
are the soaring wings of the sky

South of the colored clouds, there is a fairyland
a paradise in the earthly world, Gaoligong

3.

This is a plateau where the azaleas bloom
This is a plateau where the camellias burst
This is a plateau where the Maying flowers blaze
This is a plateau where laurels of all kinds brim over with fragrance

This is a plateau where the green grass grows
This is a plateau where the trees give leafy shade
This is a plateau where the egrets paddle and play on the water
This is a plateau where the stones glitter like emerald

This is an ocean of hundreds of millions of years
This is the land where human civilization originated
This is a grand banquet of springs
This is an oxygen-bar of the world

This is a great beauty in the south of the clouds
And a bright pearl on the land of red dirt



This is Mount. Gaoligong

4.

Here there was war.

Here there was smoke.

Here there was hunger and cold.

Here there was death.

War forged backbones,

Straight like Gaoligong Mountain.

smoke sharpened souls,

Pure like the white clouds.

Hunger and cold

Were trampled down under the foot of Gaoligong Mountain.

Like the refuge of life, Gaoligong Mountain

Never refuses even an ant that comes for its shelter.

Here there is rich stream.

Here there is fertile field.

Here there is sufficient sunshine.

Here there is warm weather.

The rich stream goes round the mountain.

The fertile field is covered with brocade.

Sunlight and rain and dew nurture Gaoligong Mountain.

Ah, the totem of life is among

Mountains and water.

5.

Ninety-nine volcanoes and ninety-nine gods

The plateaus of ninety-nine gods gathered together

It was higher than heaven.

The glacier of ninety-nine gods were born there

Never seen from days of old

Oh, the fourth century was the mother of ninety-nine gods

Whose terrible pain of giving birth caused a great sensation

Oh, the ninety-nine volcanoes were her sons and daughters

Everyone was loyal unto death and extremely brave

The moment when the ninety-nine gods emerged in all its splendor

The sky was red and red

Oh, ninety-nine gods, in your mother's

Steaming hot womb

Too impatient to wait

The moment when the ninety-nine gods spurted out in splendor

Their mother's blood was fresh and red

To have melted into one with heaven

Ninety-nine gods were born

The plateaus filled with thick bloody thing
Which could not disappear for long
Ninety-nine gods emerged in all its splendor, grew up quickly
For a moment they became smart and brave with divine
The bleeding blood when mother gave birth
Gradually turned into coldness
It covered the plateau and turned into
The dark earth
Oh, the ninety-nine volcanoes, ninety-nine gods
On the earth with mother's blood
To plant the seed of confidence
From then on, the plateau spread with verdant trees
The green trees were boundless
Oh, the mother's blood turned into green wave
From morning and evening, every moment of waving
Which is the respect and praise of life.

6.

Oh, the plateau of Lan Xiang must be enriched with treasure
Which is neither gold nor silver
Gold and silver are just worldly lust,
Emitting the smell of patina
This treasure is neither dignity nor glory
Which are merely a wisp of fireworks
After the sparkle, its ashes smell like the smoke of war
This treasure is deeply hide in the bosom of the plateau
It is a beating heart, a hematogenic organ
It produces blood to melt the rocks
This heart is the Chinese culture of five thousand years
the spirit borne by the trinity of Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism.
It is originated from the ocean and tower above the ocean
It is gestated from the plateau and gestate the plateau
Oh, the plateau of Lan Xiang has a caritative heart
For which all flesh can live peacefully here
All flesh can sing freely here
All flesh can flower their spirits here
Oh, the plateau of Lan Xiang! This caritative heart
Is the treasure contained in the plateau
Only the kind, humble, refined, elegant,
light, gentle and clever heart
can appreciate

7.

When you go through the morning air
When you stop in the refreshing thin mist
When the first silver ray of the morning sun appears
And the earth is still fast asleep
A camellia

