

## Selected Poems of Shihab Ghanem

# 谢哈布·加尼姆诗选

I centered the coin on my left palm



并对汉娜说：“跟我念‘巴克布克’！”

Poems by Shihab Ghanem [UAE]

Translated by Yan Haifeng [CHINA]

[阿联酋]谢哈布·加尼姆 著

[中国]颜海峰 译

环球文化出版社

THE EARTH CULTURE PRESS

英汉对照诗集  
English-Chinese Bilingual Poetry Anthology

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## About the author



Shihab Ghanem, born in Aden on 16<sup>th</sup> October 1940, is a famous poet, writer and translator in contemporary UAE. He is a United Arab Emirates citizen living in Dubai. He obtained a double degree in Mechanical and Electrical Engineering from Aberdeen in 1964, a Master degree in Engineering from Roorkee in 1975 and a Doctorate in Economics from Cardiff in 1989. He is a retired Managing director of Mohammed bin Rashed Technology Park. He started writing while at high school and was Editor of Aden College Magazine 1958-60. His first book of Arabic verse was published in 1982. Now he has to his credit 61 books including 14 books of verse in Arabic and 2 in English, 24 volumes of verse translated from Arabic to English, and from various languages to Arabic via English, and various books in prose. His book “Industrialization in the United Arab Emirates” published by Gower House in 1992 is still a main reference on its subject. He was also Chief Editor of World of Engineering in UAE 1996-99. He has received various awards including: 1st prize for poetry in the UAE (1984), Rashid Award for Scientific Excellence (1989), Book prize from the Ruler of Sharjah for poetry translation (2003 and 2007), Tagore Peace Award (2012/2013), GALA Award (2013), Cultural Personality of the Year Al-Owais Creativity Awards (2013), World Poetry Society Intercontinental Award, Chennai (2013), Abdul Maqsood Khoja Ithnainiyah Honouring, Jeddah 2013, Honorary Doctorate in Literature, Soka University, Japan 2015, etc. In 2014 he won the annual “International Best Translator” Award issued by International Poetry Translation and Research Center (IPTRC).

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## Selected Poems of Shihab Ghanem

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### **Bakhbookh\***

(To my granddaughter Hanouf)

I centered the coin on my left palm  
And blew on it  
Then covered it with my other palm  
And said to her: "Say bakhbookh!"  
She said: "Bah booh"  
I opened my hands  
Where is the coin? ..Where?..  
It vanished in a wink..  
She laughed .. astonishment gleamed in her eyes.  
She was – may Allah protect her – less than two years old.  
"Bakhbookh"  
And our blown coin vanished.  
She went and fetched her big doll,  
with the velvet dress..  
She put it in my hands and said: "Bah booh"  
I said with a hoarse voice :  
"This doll is too beautiful to be made disappear,  
O soul of my soul!"

Dubai, 2004

\* Bakhbookh is a word used in some Arab countries in a make-believe game of making things vanish, like abracadabra.



## 巴克布克

(给孙女汉诺芙)

我将硬币置于左手掌心  
然后吹了一口气  
接着覆以另一只手  
并对汉娜说：“跟我念‘巴克布克’！”  
只听她说“巴——布”  
我摊开手  
硬币去了哪里？  
它一眨眼就消失了  
汉娜笑了，眼睛里闪耀着惊奇  
愿真主保佑我的汉娜，她才不到两岁  
“巴克布克”  
硬币就这么一吹不见了  
汉娜跑去拿她那只穿着  
天鹅绒裙子的玩偶  
然后把它放到我手里，说“巴——布”  
我的声音沙哑：  
“啊，我的小心肝！  
这个娃娃太漂亮，不能让它消失”

2004年迪拜

注：“巴克布克”见于阿拉伯某些国家儿童“过家家”游戏中“使某物消失”而用的“咒语”，又如“阿布拉卡达布拉”。



## By the Lake

(To my son Wajd)

Each time my car passes the lake  
Where the ducks swim in the water  
Amidst the verdure,  
And I see children playing on swings  
Amongst the flowers  
Or running happily on the grass,  
Feelings of longing engulf me  
The film of memories plays back before my eyes  
All over again ....  
Your eager face, brimming with joy,  
Comes to me from all directions,  
And I see your tiny fist full of pieces of bread  
As it flinges them into the water.  
And as the ducks race to catch them,  
Your sweet voice calls with childlike excitement  
“Papa .... kuko.... Papa .... kuko....”  
And the echo of your lisp sings happily,  
In unintelligible words, like the dialogue of birds..  
Suddenly you are running at full speed  
Towards the water  
Towards the ducks ....  
I run ....  
And clutch your precious little body,  
And when it is firmly in my arms  
I hug it fiercely,  
And shower it with burning kisses,  
Whilst you protest with pleas about the “kuko”,



## 湖边

(致爱子瓦伊达)

每当我开车经过那片湖  
都能透过葱茏看到一群  
在湖里游弋的鸭子  
还有孩子们在花丛的秋千上  
摇荡 或者在草地上  
欢快地追逐嬉戏  
这时一股浓浓的思念把我吞没  
过去的影像又一次  
在眼前浮现出来  
你那热切的小脸上挂满欢乐  
从四面八方涌入我的脑海  
我还看到你攥着面包屑的小手  
扬起来丢向湖里  
引来鸭子们争相扑食  
你就兴奋地朝我喊着  
“爸爸，嘎嘎……爸爸，嘎嘎……”  
你快乐的咿呀学语回响  
在无言的语言里，就像鸟儿的对话  
突然你全速跑向  
那片湖水  
和那群鸭子  
我也跑过去  
用我张开的双手  
紧紧地  
把你搂在怀里  
然后不住地吻你  
你还是嘎嘎地叫着，一边讨饶

## Selected Poems of Shihab Ghanem

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With finger pointing to the ducks

\* \* \* \*

O Wajd, if only you knew the longing

You would have realised that separation from loved ones

Was fire .... nay madness.

Cardiff, 1986



## 谢哈布·加尼姆诗选

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一边用手指着那群鸭子

啊，瓦伊德，我的儿子，你若知道我的思念  
你就会明白远离深爱的人  
是一团烈火……还有疯狂

1986年卡迪夫



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### Wiaam

(To my daughter Wiaam)

Wiaam! Oh most beautiful of my dreams!  
A palliative for my bleeding heart.  
You emerged, radiant in my life  
Like a bright moon in my darkest hours  
When the burden of life seemed unbearable  
And the years dragged on.  
Yet now it is only death I fear  
And pain is happily endured  
Because I want to live,  
To drink inspiration from the magic of your eyes,  
To behold you and nurture you,  
Protect you from unhappiness,  
A delicate, growing, smiling sapling.  
Combined in you is the brilliance of a flower  
Shining like colours in the impressionist's art,  
And the sweet fragrance wafting from a blossom,  
Carried at dawn in the tender arms of the breeze.  
You possess the lightness and the music of birds.  
You run and play, and in my latent thoughts:  
It is my heart running and playing.  
Ah! The sweet innocence of children!  
It is a harmony composed in heaven.  
Dear Lord! Shield this child from the winds of sorrow,  
And preserve through her my heart, and my dreams.

Aden, 1971



## 薇娅姆

(致爱女薇娅姆)

薇娅姆！我最美丽的梦！  
你让我流血的心不再生疼  
你的出现，照耀了我的人生  
就像在我最黯郁时刻出现的一弯明月  
在人生的重负难以承受的时候  
在日子仍然轮转不息之际  
而现在我唯一惧怕的只有死亡  
痛苦倒让我乐于担承  
因为我想活着  
在你魔力的眸子里汲取灵感  
守望着你，养育着你  
保护你不受一切苦痛  
你是一株微笑着成长的娇小的树苗  
散发着鲜花才有的光泽  
熠熠如同印象派画家画卷上的颜色  
从花瓣上飘下来的甜蜜清香  
在清晨的微风柔软的臂弯里摇曳  
你有鸟儿宛转的嗓音和飞翔的轻捷  
你在我潜隐的思绪里奔跑玩耍  
我的心也在奔跑玩耍  
啊！儿童的天真无邪！  
只有天堂才有的和谐  
主啊！愿你能一直庇佑这个孩子不受凄苦之风  
愿你通过她永葆我的心，还有我的梦

1971年亚丁



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### Waddah

(To my son Waddah)

My child, your face is like the moon,  
Dictating music to my guitar,  
A tune to which the nymphs dance.  
I see you after a hard day's toil  
With worries gripping me  
And they vanish in a flash,  
For your smiling face is like the sun  
That showers me with rays,  
And then my heart is filled with radiance ...  
Purity flows from your innocent, sparkling eyes  
In a world full of treachery and lies  
And the music sings in my heart  
As if my breast is full of branches on which nightingales sing  
Tunes that fill my cup.  
And I become drunk with the nectar of the poems  
That fill my world with colours and shapes.

Dubai, 1976



## 瓦达

(致爱子瓦达)

我的孩子，你的脸庞就像那月亮  
在向我的吉他口授美妙的乐音  
连仙女听到了也婆娑起衣裳  
一日的繁忙之后，我身累神伤  
但看到了你，疲倦一扫而光  
你的笑容可不就像那太阳  
沐浴我以光芒万道  
接着我的心也盛满了辉煌  
在这个充满背叛和谎言的世界  
你那双无邪的眼睛闪耀着纯洁的光  
音乐也开始在我的心里奏响  
好似我的胸膛满是树枝，夜莺们  
正在上面歌唱  
那美妙的旋律斟满我的酒杯  
诗歌的甘醴将我迷醉  
而世界也因此变得绚烂多样

1976年迪拜

