

朱湘詩

Thirteen Lyric Poems by Chu Hsiang

Translated by Bonnie S. McDougall

Chu Hsiang 朱湘 (1904-1933), also known as Chu Tzu-yüan 子沅, was born in Anhui province. After his graduation from Tsinghua University he received his further education in the United States, where he studied Western literature at Lawrence University and the University of Chicago. In 1930 he returned to China and took up a teaching post at Anhui University. Two years later he resigned his post and began a wandering life. He drowned himself in the Yang-tse River on December 5, 1933.

While an undergraduate Chu Hsiang began writing poetry in the vernacular. His works were mostly published in Literary Magazine 文藝雜誌, Short Story Magazine 小說月報 and the literary supplement of Ch'en Pao 晨報. His poems and other writings were published in various collections including Summer 夏天, The Wilderness 草莽, The Stone Gate 石門, Essays 永言集, and Letters To Ni-chün From Overseas 海外寄霓君.

Besides being a poet of some renown, Chu Hsiang was also known as a critic. His studies of literature and his own experience as a practising poet enabled him to write sensitive criticisms of poetical works by Hsü Chih-mo and Wen I-to.

Chu Hsiang was also a pioneer in the translation of Western literature into Chinese. His translations include: Contemporary English Short Stories, The Songs of Dambovita (a collection of Rumanian folksongs), and Myrtles (a collection of translated poems by Western poets).

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A. FIVE POEMS FROM *SUMMER* (1925)

Enjoying the Cool on a Dark Night

A pity I'm not a young girl,
Unworthy of this veil of breezes and flower fragrance.

Recalling the Western Garrison

The crimson sunset gleams on the tips of the autumn *wu-t'ung*,
The wall's shadow under the *wu-t'ung* darkens the lonely hut;
The crows wrangling on the branch lower their weary caw,
The spinning wheel in the window whirs in a weary monotone.

Happiness

The clouds in the evening sky
 Turn from golden to purple;
And would, it seems, turn further,
 Unprepared for engulfment by the Dark.

Morning

Morning:
A ten-foot shadow on a golden road.

The Bird Leaves the Wood

The bird leaves the wood,
The still, empty wood;
Joy quits my heart,
O desolate, my heart.

夏天

黑夜納涼

可惜我不是少女，
辜負了輕風花香織成的面紗。

憶西戍

赤的夕陽映秋梧之尖，
梧下城陰隱着淒零的小屋，
爭枝的鴉啼倦的低下去了，
窗裏織機單調而困倦的響着。

快樂

晚空的雲
自金黃轉到深紫；
似欲再轉，
不提防黑暗吞起。

早晨

早晨：
黃金路上的丈長人影。

鳥辭林

鳥辭林，
虛悄的林；
樂離心，
寂寥呵我的心。

B. EIGHT POEMS FROM *THE WILDERNESS* (1927)

A Life of Light

Light and I go into the world together,
When light goes I also close my eyes:
Light always shines on me.

When the sun rises I also awaken,
I sink into the waves of sleep with it as well:
The sun shines in the centre of my movements.

The full moon steals through my night window,
The crescent moon brightens the weeds on my grave:
Moonlight shines on my life's repose.

29 March 1926

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Bury Me

Bury me in a lotus pond,
Where waterworms trail by my ears,
And fireflies glow and darken
On emerald lotus-leaf lanterns—

Bury me under lantanas,
Where dreams are ever filled with fragrance—
Bury me under the peak at Mount T'ai,
Where the wind sobs past lonely pines—

Else burn me into ashes,
To scatter o'er the river at spring tide,
Where I shall drift with fallen flowers
To a land that no one knows.

2 February 1925

草莽集

光明的一生

我與光明一同到人間，
光明去了時我也閉眼：
光明常照在我的身邊。

太陽升上時我已起牀，
我跟牠落進睡眠的浪：
太陽照我在生動中央。

圓月在夜裏窺於窗隙，
缺月映着墳上草迷離：
月光照我一生的休息。

1926年3月29日

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葬我

葬我在荷花池內，
耳邊有水蚓拖髻，
在綠荷葉的燈上
螢火蟲時暗時明——

葬我在馬纓花下，
永作着芬芳的夢——
葬我在泰山之巔，
風聲嗚咽過孤松——

不然，就燒我成灰，
投入泛濫的春江，
與落花一同漂去
無人知道的地方。

1925年2月2日

Nocturne

Moon, do not shine so bright,
 On my half-empty nest;
 I crave the darkness of the night
 To hide my loneliness.

Wind, do not freshen,
 Stirring a sigh through the grass;
 I fear that the cold will beckon
 Memories of warmth from the past.

Dew soaks my nest,
 I am seized with trembling;
 Hunter, do not rest,
 I long for an ending!

30 May 1925

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Spring Breeze

Spring breeze, O, spring breeze,
 Here is what you should do:
 Be like a mother
 Caressing her child.

Spring breeze, O, spring breeze,
 Here is what you would do:
 Cover with kisses
 The maiden's smiling face.

Spring breeze, O, spring breeze,
 Here is what you mayn't do:
 Bring tears to the eyes
 Of a poor old man.

30 March 1926

雌夜啼

月呀，你莫明，
莫明於半虛的巢上；
我情願黑夜
來把我的孤獨遮藏。

風呀，你莫吹，
莫吹起如歎的葉聲：
我怕因了冷
迴憶到昔日的溫存。

露水滴進巢，
我的身上一陣寒慄。
獵人呀，再來：
我的生趣已經終畢！

1925年5月30日

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春風

春風呀春風，
這是你當作的：
母親樣
摩撫着兒童；

春風呀春風，
這是你喜歡作的：
輕吻着
女郎的笑容；

春風呀春風，
這是你不該作的：
催出淚
到老人眼中。

1926年3月30日

There is a grave

There is a grave,
 Weeds cluster in front of the grave,
 There is a grave,
 Wind crawls through the weeds like a snake.

There is a glow-worm,
 Darkness surrounds on all sides,
 There is a glow-worm,
 Blinking its bean-like fires.

There is a strange bird,
 Hidden in a huge tree,
 There is a strange bird,
 Whose cry is wild and free.

There is a yellow moon,
 Peeping behind the dark clouds,
 There is a yellow moon,
 Sinking behind the deep hills.

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17 August 1925

Rainscapes

Many are the rainscapes that I love:
 The trickles down the window in a spring night's dream;
 The patter of urgent drops on plantain leaves;
 Threads that caress my cheeks like fog;
 The storm that pours from lightning flashes—
 But the sky before the rain comes I love best of all.
 Despite the grey it glows with transparent light,
 Pregnant with a silent expectation.
 And from the clouds, I know not where,
 Drifts a bird's shrill cry.

22 November 1924

有一座墳墓

有一座墳墓，
墳墓前野草叢生，
有一座墳墓，
風過草像蛇爬行。

有一點螢火，
黑暗從四面包圍，
有一點螢火，
映着如豆的光輝。

有一隻怪鳥，
藏在巨靈的樹陰，
有一隻怪鳥，
作非人間的哭聲。

有一鈎黃月，
在黑雲之後偷窺，
有一鈎黃月，
忽然落下了山隈。

1925年8月17日

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雨景

我心愛的雨景也多着呀：
春夜夢回時窗前的淅瀝；
急雨點打上蕉葉的聲音；
霧一般拂着人臉的雨絲；
從電光中潑下來的雷雨——
但將雨時的天我最愛了。
牠雖然是灰色的卻透明；
牠蘊着一種無聲的期待。
並且從雲氣中，不知那裏，
飄來了一聲清脆的鳥啼。

1924年11月22日

Memories

The pale sunset glow
 Disappears at the blink of an eye.
 All disturbance is stilled,
 All commotion quiet.

Deep in dreams a crow
 Croaks as the wind passes;
 The silent evening tide of Peace
 Has submerged the town.

Street lamps shed a rosy light,
 An eagle sweeps down from the ramparts,
 Mount Chung drowns, violet,
 In a blanket of twilight mist.

Along silent streets and lanes,
 In the shade of mansion walls,
 Comes the clack of a bamboo tube:
 It's the New Year sweetmeats seller.

15 May 1925

The Pawnshop

Beauty has opened a pawnshop
 Specialising in hearts;
 When the owners come for redemption
 The doors are closed fast.

15 October 1925

有憶

淡黃色的斜暉
轉眼中不留餘跡。
一切的擾攘皆停，
一切的喧囂皆息。

入了夢的烏鴉
風來時偶發喉音；
和平的無聲晚汐，
已經淹沒了全城。

路燈亮着微紅，
蒼鷹飛下了城堞，
在暮煙的白被中
紫色的鍾山安歇。

寂寥的街巷內，
王侯大第的牆陰，
嚙的一聲竹筒響，
是賣元宵的老人。

1925年5月15日

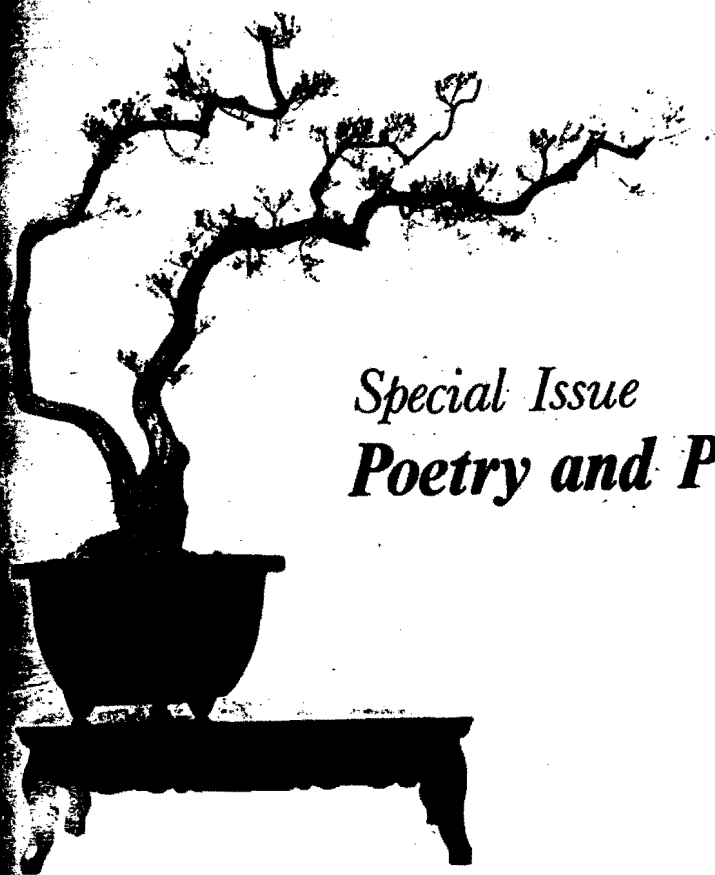
當舖

美開了一家當舖，
專收的人心；
到期人拏票去贖，
牠已經關門！

1925年10月15日

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