

# Three Poems

SHI ZHI

冬日的阳光

——给寒乐

你可感受到了冬日的阳光  
我可已经嗅到了她的芬芳  
在经烘晒变暖的新鲜空气里  
在吸足了阳光后略带糊香的衣被上

你可注意到冬天阳光的颜色  
浅浅白白地略微加点金黄  
哈气成冰的季节里就这点暖色调  
透着严寒中人们心中的祈望

可得好好珍惜这暖暖的冬阳  
外出走走，愉快地享受好时光  
让阳光翻晒的好心情随鸽群放飞  
鸽铃声牵带出心中的笑声朗朗

淡淡的冬日的阳光不躁动不张狂  
静坐在家中品杯茶是乐事一桩  
悠闲清静中不妨读上几页书  
累了便合上书本闭目遐想

“冬天到了，春天还会远吗？”  
品味着诗句微微睁开双眼  
发觉那暖暖的，淡淡的冬日的阳光  
已经悄悄地移出了朝南的门窗

Sunlight of Winter

*for Han Le*

Have you felt the winter sunlight?  
I can already smell her fragrance,  
In this fresh, sun-warmed air  
Sun-soaked clothes smell scorched

Have you noticed the color of winter sunlight?  
white water with a golden hue,  
The only warm color in the season of frozen breath  
passes through the cold to fulfill everyone's desires

Please hold onto the warm winter sun  
Walk outside, take pleasure in this sunlight  
Let your sun-soaked mind follow the pigeons released into the sky  
Where their bells string together the sounds of laughter

The pale winter sun isn't restless or arrogant  
Still the mind at home with a cup of tea  
The pure clarity of the mind pauses on a few pages of a book  
Tired, close the book, then the eyes, and leave the body behind

"If winter comes, can spring be far behind?"  
Savor the verse, then open, dimly, both eyes.  
Notice the winter's pale warm light  
has already migrated, soundless, beyond the southern window

(2003)

你可感受到了冬日的阳光

## 春 雪?

天气预报：立春已过十多日，但今夜可能还有一次降雪过程，雪量不大。

天黑黑的很阴，  
夜风不冷但湿漉漉的  
想必是细碎的春雪已悄然降临  
屋内暖气很热  
便敞开了窗子  
潮润润的空气便立刻浸漫了身心

关上灯，漆黑一片，什么都看不见  
但外面在落雪却分明感到很真  
有了，这正是艺术追寻的“感觉”  
说不清道不明的，让人回味无穷

冥冥中突然觉得二千多年来  
生命力极强的中国诗学的须根  
正沿血脉在我被春雪裹着的  
暖暖的心中缓缓地向外延伸

没有一点痛苦的感觉  
倒有点从未有过的亢奋  
有点酒后微醉的得意  
心境却大海般平静又深沉……

随着这根须的伸展，我仿佛听到  
从远古传来的讲授诗学的声音……  
赶紧把几天来纷杂的所思所悟  
整理成诗句记在这午夜时分

之后可能是两种结果：  
第二天早晨醒来，忙起身  
昨夜下了雪，外面窗台上  
薄薄一层，白白的，很均匀……

还有一种可能：  
第二天醒来，忙起身  
昨夜无雪，天很阴……

## Spring Snow?

Weather forecast: Spring began more than ten days ago,  
Tonight there may be some snow, but not heavy.

Dark, an overcast sky,  
night winds blow, not cold, but damp,  
Spring's light snow is already falling  
Open the window,  
it's too warm inside,  
The moist air quickly floods body and mind.

Turn off the lights, pitch black, can't see anything,  
But the snowfall outside feels very real,  
Here, right now, this is what art pursues, "this feeling,"  
It lingers unexplainable, beyond cognition, an aftertaste without end

In the dark, I suddenly feel the two-thousand-year-old  
Vitality and strength of Chinese poetry, its fibrous root  
Slowly spreads through my veins, wrapped in spring snow  
A warm spirit slowly extends outward

Not feeling any pain,  
I have never been so excited,  
As if intoxicated  
this sense as deep and dark as an ocean . . .

As the root hairs stretch, I seem to hear  
From history, a voice offers an ancient poetics . . .  
Hurry, it will take days to untangle these ideas  
Concentrate, develop these night thoughts into a verse

Afterward, there are only two possibilities  
Rush to wake in the morning,  
Last night's snow lies on the windowsill,  
A thin layer, white and even . . .

Or, perhaps, the other possibility:  
rush to wake in the morning,  
Last night no snow fell, only an overcast sky . . .

(2006)

*Translations from the Chinese*  
By Jonathan Stalling & Yongan Wu

# 说不清道不明的，

## Oh, Nietzsche

It was cold on the last Christmas Eve of the nineteenth  
century,  
Raging storm squeezed from the cracks,  
The philosophy professors gathered in the golden hall—  
The nonsense and crap were winning applause.

The cold air wrinkled professors' brows,  
Subconsciously the ladies pulled up their collars,  
Nobody paid attention, nobody reacted further,  
But the roaring sound was sweeping across Europe.

Outside, Nietzsche was rambling in the expanse,  
His thoughts danced with the storm and the wolves,  
In the icy world his thoughts metamorphosed again and again,  
As they kept trying to break the spiritual shackles.

He never stopped questioning in his life,  
No one understood his arrogance and loneliness  
Nobody answered his scorn to the world either,  
Only his drafts stayed with him, like the snowflakes.

The torturous diseases made him older,  
In the loneliness Nietzsche painfully pondered,  
Rebellious thoughts were like the gale rolling with snow,  
Stomping across the universe, so ferocious and abusive—  
For a pure and ruthless world.

Then the bell of the New Year rang,  
The heroes Nietzsche called "Supermen,"  
From *Martin Eden*, Jack London's novel,  
To Hemingway's old fisherman,  
Now the whole world has been shaken.

After so many sleepless nights plagued by disease,  
The poetic dreams nestling alone and cold,  
Like a newborn baby going through the pain of delivery,  
Finally cried out, shocking all people on earth.

Nietzsche, before the sun rises to change the world,  
The stars in the sky are the flames of your thought.  
Your last passion is just like the guttering candle,  
Wake with us Nietzsche, let us walk together.

(2003)

*Translation from the Chinese*  
By Yongan Wu

inside china

SHI ZHI (b. 1948) worked in the Chinese countryside as an "Educated Youth," joined the army in 1972, and then developed schizophrenia. After convalescing in the No. 3 Welfare Hospital for years, he now lives at home. He is one of the most famous writers of the influential and avant-garde group of "Misty" poets.

JONATHAN STALLING, Assistant Professor of English at the University of Oklahoma, specializes in twentieth-century American poetry and East-West poetics. His publications include articles, translations, poems, and reviews in the *Boston Review*, *CLEAR (Chinese Literature: Essays, Articles, Reviews)*, *Chain*, and *Verdure* as well as several book chapters on American poetry, translation studies, and poetics. He is the co-editor of a forthcoming book entitled *The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry: A Critical Edition* and is working on a book project entitled "Poetics of Emptiness," which traces the contributions and transformations of East Asian philosophy, religion, and poetics in twentieth-century American poetry.

YONGAN WU teaches Chinese at the University of Oklahoma and studies English education as a doctoral student. His research interests include Chinese-English literacy, Chinese history and literature, and educational technology.

让人回味无穷