

Per gli studenti cinesi



Questa è la poesia da scaricare

Poesia di HE QIFANG

1912.02.05 - 1977.07.24

<https://paper-republic.org/authors/he-qifang/>

Prophecy

何其芳

He Qifang

预言

It has finally arrived—that heart-throbbing day.
The sound of your footsteps, like the sighs of the
night,

这一个心跳的日子终于来临！
呵，你夜的叹息似的渐近的足音

I can hear clearly. They are not leaves
whispering in the winds

我听得清本是林叶和夜风私语，
麋鹿驰过苔径的细碎的蹄声！

Nor the fawns darting across a lichened pass.

告诉我，用你银铃的歌声告诉我，

Tell me, tell me in your singing voice of a silver
bell,

你是不是预言中的年轻的神？

Are you not the youthful god I heard about in a
prophecy?

你一定来自那温郁的南方！

You must have come from the warm and
exuberant south,

告诉我那里的月色，那里的日光！

Tell me about the sun there, and the moonlight,

告诉我春风是怎样吹开百花，

Tell me how the spring air blows open the
hundreds of flowers,

燕子是怎样痴恋着绿杨？

And how the swallow lovingly clings to the
window twigs.

我将合眼睡在你如梦的歌声里，

I shall close my eyes to sleep in your dreamy
songs—

那温暖我似乎记得，又似乎遗忘。

Such comfort I seem to remember, and yet seem
to have forgotten.

请停下，请停下你疲劳的奔波，

Stop please, pause in the middle of your long journey
进来，这儿有虎皮的褥，你坐！
让我烧起每一个秋天拾来的落叶

To come in. Here is a tiger-skin rug for you to sit on.
听我低低地唱起我自己的歌。

Let me light up every leaf I have gathered in autumn,
那歌声将火光一样沉郁又高扬，
火光一样将我的一生诉说。

Listen to me singing my own song.

Like the flame, my song will dip and rise in the turn, again

Like the flame, will tell the story of the fallen leaves.
不要前行！前面是无边的森林，
古老的树现着野兽身上的斑纹，
半生半死的藤，鳞一样交缠着，
密叶里漏不下一颗星星。

Don't go forward, the forest ahead is boundless,
你将怯怯地不敢放下第二步，
当你听见了第一步空寥的回声。

The trunks of old trees show stripes and spots of the animals.

The serpentine vines intertwine, half dead and half living,

Not a single star can fall through the dense foliage above.

You won't dare to put your foot down a second time, when you

Have heard the empty and lonely echo of your first step.
一定要走吗？请等我和你同行！
我的脚步知道每一条平安的路径，
我可以不停地唱着忘倦的歌，
再给你，再给你手的温存！
当夜的浓黑遮断了我们，
你可以不转眼地望着我的眼睛。

Must you go? Then, let me go with you.

My feet know every safe trail there is.

I shall sing my songs without stop,

And offer you the comfort of my hand.

When the thick darkness of the night separates us,
我激动的歌声你竟不听，
你的脚竟不为我的颤抖暂停！
象静穆的微风飘过这黄昏里，

You may fix your eyes on mine.

You pay no heed to my excited songs,	消失了，消失了你骄傲的足音！
Your footsteps halt not for a moment at my trembling self.	呵，你终于如预言中所说的 无语而来，无语而去了吗？
Like a breeze, soft and serene, passing through the dusk...	年轻的神？
It vanishes, and vanished are your proud footsteps.	
Ah, have you really silently come, as in the prophecy,	
And silently gone, my youthful god?	

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Last update: **2020/06/05 08:32**

