

娜夜翻译诗歌 (21 poems translated into English by Ouyang Yu)

An important and representative poet of contemporary Chinese women's poetry, Na Ye, female, graduated from the Department of Chinese Language, Nanjing University. She is now based in Chongqing. She began writing in 1985 and has worked as a journalist for a long time and is now a professional writer and a member of China Writers Association. Her poetry publications include *The Wind Was Rising, Written before I went to Sleep, C.V.*, and *God within the Things that We Like*. She has won The Third Lu Xun Literary Award (2005), People's Literature Prize (2007), October Literature Prize (2014) and Tian Wen Poets Prize (2011), as well as such titles as the One of the Top Ten Young Women Poets in the New Century and One of the Talented People in the 'Four Batches', awarded by the Ministry of Propaganda of China (2018). Her work has been translated into English, French, Japanese, Russian, German and Swedish. Na Ye's poetry is tinged by a sadness that originates from living itself. Her poetry is brave enough to stare at human limitations while reflecting the significance that the brevity of beauty could increase the value of beauty.

生活

我珍爱过你
像小时候珍爱一颗黑糖球
舔一口
马上用糖纸包上
再舔一口
舔得越来越慢
包得越来越快
现在 只剩下我和糖纸了
我必须忍住：忧伤

Life

I have treasured you
The way I treasured a black candy ball when I was little
Licking it
And wrapped it up with candy paper at once
I licked it again
But at a lower, and still lower speed
As I wrapped it up faster
Now nothing is left except me and my candy paper
I have to bear it: sadness

起风了

起风了 我爱你 芦苇

野茫茫的一片
顺着风

在这遥远的地方 不需要
思想
只需要芦苇
顺着风

野茫茫的一片
像我们的爱 没有内容

The wind was rising

The wind was rising I love you the reeds
A vast wilderness
Along the wind

In such a faraway place no need
For thoughts
All one needs is the reeds
Along the wind

A vast wilderness
Like our love no contents

酒吧之歌

我静静地坐着 来的人
静静地
坐着

抽烟
品茶
偶尔 望望窗外
望一望我们置身其中的生活

——我们都没有把它过好!

她是她弹断的那根琴弦
我是自己诗歌里不能发表的一句话

两个女人 静静地 坐着

The song of the bar

Quietly, I am sitting the one who came
Is
Quietly sitting

Smoking
Sipping the tea
And, occasionally looking outside the window
Looking at the life in which we were located

—neither of us has lived it well!

She is the string of the instrument that she has broken
And I, a remark unpublishable in my own poetry

Two women quietly sitting

幸福

大雪落着 土地幸福
相爱的人走着
道路幸福

一个老人 用谷粒和网
得到了一只鸟
小鸟也幸福

光秃秃的树 光秃秃的
树叶飞成了蝴蝶
花朵变成了果实
光秃秃地
幸福

一个孩子 我看不见他
——还在母亲的身体里
母亲的笑
多幸福

——吹过雪花的风啊
你要把天下的孩子都吹得漂亮些

Happiness

A big snow falling happy earth

People in love walking
Happy road

An old man got a bird
With grains and a net
The little bird also happy

Bare trees bare
Leaves turned into butterflies
Flowers turned into fruit
Barely
Happy

A child I can't see him
—still inside his mother's body
Mother's smile
So happy

—the wind blowing across the snow-flowers
Please blow so all the kids under heaven are pretty

从酒吧出来

从酒吧出来
我点了一支烟
沿着黄河
一个人
我边走边抽
水向东去
风往北吹
我左脚的错误并没有得到右脚的及时纠正
腰 在飘
我知道
我已经醉了
这一天
我醉得山高水远
忽明忽暗
我以为我还会想起一个人
和其中的宿命
像从前那样
但 没有
一个人
边走边抽
我在想——

肉体比思想更诚实

Coming out of the bar

Coming out of the bar
I lit up a cigarette
Along the Yellow River
I, alone
Walked and smoked
The water ran east
The wind blew north
The mistakes made by my left foot were not corrected by my right foot in time
My waist was drifting
I knew
I was drunk
That day
I got drunk like tall mountains and far waters
Light and dark
I thought I'd recall someone
And the fate within
Like before
But no
Alone
I walked and smoked
And I was thinking—
Flesh was more honest than thought

在这苍茫的人世上

寒冷点燃什么
什么就是篝火

脆弱抓住什么
什么就破碎

女人宽恕什么
什么就是孩子

孩子的错误可以原谅
孩子可以再错

我爱什么——在这苍茫的人世啊
什么就是我的宝贝

In this boundless world

Whatever coldness sets fire to
It is the bonfire

Whatever fragility grabs hold of
It breaks up

Whatever a woman forgives
It is a child

Mistakes by the child can be forgiven
The child can keep making mistakes

Whatever I love—in this boundless world
It is my treasure

合影

不是你！是你身体里消失的少年在搂着我
是他白衬衫下那颗骄傲而纯洁的心
写在日记里的爱情
掉在图书馆阶梯上的书

在搂着我！是波罗的海弥漫的蔚蓝和波涛
被雨淋湿的落日 无顶教堂
隐秘的钟声

和祈祷……是我日渐衰竭的想象力所能企及的
那些美好事物的神圣之光

当我叹息 甚至是你身体里拒绝来到这个世界的婴儿
他的哭声
——对生和死的双重蔑视
在搂着我

——这里 这叫做人世间的地方
孤独的人类
相互买卖
彼此忏悔

肉体的亲密并未使他们的精神相爱
这就是你写诗的理由？

一切艺术的源头.....仿佛时间恢复了它的记忆
我看见我闭上的眼睛里
有一滴大海
在流淌

是它的波澜在搂着我！不是你
我拒绝的是这个时代
不是你和我

“无论我们谁先离开这个世界
对方都要写一首悼亡诗”

听我说：我来到这个世界就是为了向自己道歉的

A group photo

Not you! It's the disappearing teenager in your body that's holding me
It's his proud and pure heart underneath his white shirt
The love entered in a diary
The book dropped on the steps leading to the library

Holding me! It's the blueness and the waves permeating in the Baltic Sea
The setting sun wetted by the rain the topless church
The mysterious sounds of the bells

And prayers...things that my gradually withering imagination could reach
And the sacred light of things beautiful

When I sigh it's even the baby in your body that refuses to come to this world
His crying
—his double contempt for life and death
That is holding me

—here in this place that is called the world
The solitary people
Are buying and selling
And mutually repenting

The intimacy of flesh has not made their spirits love
Or is that the reason for you to write poetry?

The source of all art as if time had recovered its memory
I see in my closed eyes
A drop of ocean

Dripping

It's its wave that is holding me! Not you
What I have rejected is this age
Not you, not me

'Whoever first leaves this world
Must write an elegiac poem'

Listen: I've come to this world to apologize for myself

点赞

我为灵魂的存在和量子纠缠点赞
为暗物质和瓦楞上的无名草
为我书房里两只毛茸茸的鸟
在一幅画的山水中获得了永生
为空荡的监狱
成为被大地遗忘的石头
风沙变成芝麻
为我们这一代人
所经历的……
银杏叶飞舞着来世
成为金色蝴蝶的愿望
为重庆的太阳
但我有时又站在大雾一边
为这样的上帝：
要善待儿童和诗人
因为他们是我的使者……
在美国哈佛艺术馆
我为家乡的王道士
和流落在世界各博物馆的敦煌文物点赞
——在 就是好！

Praise

Praise the existence of soul and the entanglement of quantum
Praise dark matter and the nameless grass on the rooftiles
Praise the two fluffy birds in my study
that have acquired eternity in the mountains and waters of a painting
Praise an empty jail
for having turned into a stone, forgotten by the earth
the way wind and sands have turned into sesames
Praise this generation for what it has experienced...

the ginkgo leaves flying and dancing next life
and for their wish to become golden butterflies
Praise the sun in Chongqing
although I sometimes side with the big fog
Praise such a God:
Please treat kids and poets well
because they are my messengers...
in the Harvard Art Museums in America
I praised Monk Wang from my hometown
And the Dunhuang cultural relics, dispersed around world museums
—it's good as long as they are there

睡前书

我舍不得睡去
我舍不得这音乐 这摇椅 这荡漾的天光
佛教的蓝
我舍不得一个理想主义者
为之倾身的：虚无
这一阵一阵的微风 并不切实的
吹拂 仿佛杭州
仿佛正午的阿姆斯特丹 这一阵一阵的
恍惚
空
事实上
或者假设的：手——

第二个扣子解成需要 过来人
都懂
不懂的 解不开

Written before I went to sleep

I couldn't tear myself away and go to bed
Couldn't, from this music this rocking chair this ripply skylight
The Buddhist blue
Couldn't tear myself away from the nothingness
An idealist leans to
The breeze, ripple after ripple is not real
Blowing like Hangzhou
Like noon in Amsterdam ripple after ripple
Trance-like
Empty
In fact

Or hypothetical: hands—

To be unbuttoned, the second button needs someone in the know
All understandable
Those who don't understand can't unbutton it

一首诗

它在那儿
它一直在那儿
在诗人没写出它之前 在人类黎明的
第一个早晨

而此刻
它选择了我的笔

它选择了忧郁 为少数人写作
以少
和慢
抵达的我

一首诗能干什么
成为谎言本身？

它放弃了谁
和谁 伟大的
或者即将伟大的 而署上了我——孤零零的
名字

A poem

It is there
It's been there
Before it's written by a poet before the dawn of humanity
In the first morning

And at this moment
It has chosen my pen

It's chosen melancholy to write for the few
The me
That can only be reached by few
By slow

What can a poem do?
To become the lie itself?

Who has it given up on?
And who the great
Or the to-be great with me signed on it instead—such a lonely
Name

青海青海

我们走了
天还在那儿蓝着

鹰 还在那儿飞着

油菜花还在那儿开着——
藏语大地上摇曳的黄金
佛光里的蜜

记忆还在那儿躺着——
明月几时有
你和我 缺氧 睡袋挨着睡袋

你递来一支沙龙：历史不能假设
我递去一支雪茄：时间不会重来

百年之后
人生的意义还在那儿躺着——
如果人生
有什么意义的话

Qinghai, Qinghai

We are gone
The sky still bluing there

The eagle still flying there
The canola flowers still opening there—
The gold swaying in the land of Tibetan language
Honey in the light of Buddha

Memory still lying there—
When will we have the bright moon
You and I a lack of oxygen sleeping bag to sleeping bag

You passed a Salem to me: History is not hypothetical
I passed a cigar to you: Time won't return

In a century
Life's meaning still lies there—
If there is any meaning
In life at all

手语

两个哑孩子
在交谈 在正午的山坡上

多么美 太阳下他们已经开始发育的脸
空气中舞蹈着的：手
缠绕在指间的阳光 风 山涧溪水的回声
突然的
停顿
和
跳动
多么美

——如果 没有脸上一直流淌的泪水……

Hand language

Two mute kids
Were talking on the mountain slope at noon

So beautiful their faces beginning to develop under the sun
Dancing in the air: the hands
The sunlight the wind the echoes of the mountain creeks, entwining the
fingers

A sudden
Pause
And
Jump
So beautiful

—if there aren't tears that have been running nonstop down their faces...

十九楼

一根丝瓜藤从邻居的阳台向她午后的空虚伸来
它已经攀过铁条间的隔离带
抓紧了可靠的墙壁
二十一世纪 植物们依然保持着大自然赋予的
美妙热情
而人心板结
荒漠化
厌世者也厌倦了自己
和生活教会她的……
十九楼
她俯身接住一根丝瓜藤带来的雨珠和黄昏时
有些哽咽：
你反对的
就是我反对的

On the nineteenth floor

A loofah vine extends itself from the neighbour's balcony to the emptiness of her
afternoon
having climbed over the belt of separation between the iron bars
and taking a tight grab of the reliable wall
in the twenty-first century the plants still hold onto the beautiful enthusiasm
Nature bestows on them
while the human hearts harden
becoming deserts
the misanthropist has grown weary of herself
and of what life has taught her...
on the nineteenth floor
when she leans to take the raindrops brought by the loofah vine and the evening
she's choking up:
what you are against
is also what I'm against

没有比书房更好的去处

没有比书房更好的去处

猫咪享受着午睡
我享受着阅读带来的停顿

和书房里渐渐老去的人生

有时候 我也会读一本自己的书
都留在了纸上……

一些光留在了它的阴影里
另一些在它照亮的事物里

纸和笔
陡峭的内心与黎明前的霜……回答的
勇气
——只有这些时刻才是有价值的

我最好的诗篇都来自冬天的北方
最爱的人来自想象

No place better than the study

There's no place better than the study

Where my kitten is enjoying a nap
And I, enjoying a pause brought by my reading

And there is also the life that is ageing

Sometimes I may also read a book of my own
All left on the paper...

Some lights are left in their own shadows
And others, in the things they are lighting up

Pen and paper
The steep heart and the pre-dawn frost...the courage
To reply
——only these moments are of value

My best poems come from the north in winter
And my best-loved people, from my imagination

喜悦

这古老的火焰多么值得信赖
这些有根带泥的土豆 白菜
这馒头上的热气
萝卜上的霜

在它们中间
我不再是自己的陌生人

生活也不在别处

我体验着佛经上说的：喜悦

围裙上的向日葵爱情般扭转着我的身体：
老太阳 你好吗？

像农耕时代一样好？
一缕炊烟的伤感涌出了谁的眼眶

老太阳
我不爱一个猛烈加速的时代
这些与世界接轨的房间……

朝露与汗水与呼啸山风的回声——我爱
一间农耕气息的厨房 和它
黄昏时的空酒瓶

小板凳上的我

Pleasure

The ancient flame is so trustworthy
These potatoes bok choy with mud and roots
The steam on this steamed bread
The frost on the turnip

Among them
I'm no longer a stranger to myself
And I no longer live elsewhere

I experience what is said in the Buddhist scriptures: pleasure

The sunflower on my apron, like love, twists my body:
Old sun how are you going?
As good as in an agricultural era?
Sadness, like a wisp of chimney smoke, comes surging out of whose eyes

The old sun
I do not love a violently speeding age
These rooms that are connected, like rails, with the world...

Morning dew and sweat and echoes of the roaring mountain wind—I love
A kitchen smelling of farming and its

Empty bottles at dusk

Me on a small stool

想兰州

想兰州
边走边想
一起写诗的朋友

想我们年轻时的酒量 热血 高原之上
那被时间之光擦亮的：庄重的欢乐
经久不息

痛苦是一只向天空解释着大地的鹰
保持一颗为美忧伤的心

入城的羊群
低矮的灯火

那颗让我写出了生活的黑糖球
想兰州

陪都 借你一段历史问候阳邕 人邻
重庆 借你一程风雨问候古马 叶舟
阿信 你在甘南还好吗!

谁在大雾中面朝故乡
谁就披着闪电越走越慢 老泪纵横

Missing Lanzhou

Missing Lanzhou
As I walk I miss
Friends who used to write poetry together with me

I miss our capacity for liquor when young hot blood on the plateau
Things polished bright by the light of time: solemn pleasure
Everlasting

Pain is an eagle that explains the earth to the sky
Keeping a heart sad for beauty

Sheep that have entered into the city

Lights that are low

The black candy ball that induced me to write about life
Missing Lanzhou

Peidu I'll greet Yang Yang and Ren Lin by borrowing a section of your history
Chongqing I'll greet Gu Ma and Ye Zhou by borrowing a trip of your wind and
rain

Ah Xin are you okay in south Gansu?!

Whoever faces his or her home in the big fog
Will walk the slower, shrouded in a lightning tears running down the face

这里……

没弄丢过我的小人书
没补过我的自行车胎
没给过我一张青春期的纸条
没缝合过我熟得开裂的身体……这里
我对着灰蒙蒙的天空发呆 上面
什么都没有 什么都没有的天空
鹰会突然害怕起来 低下头
有时我想哭 我想念高原之上搬动着巨石般
大块云朵的天空 强烈的紫外光
烘烤着敦煌的太阳 也烘烤着辽阔的贫瘠与荒凉
我想念它的贫瘠！
我想念它的荒凉！
我又梦见了那只鹰 当我梦见它
它就低下翅膀 驮起我坠入深渊的噩梦
向上飞翔 它就驮着我颤抖的尖叫
飞在平坦的天上——当我
梦见他！
这个城市不是我的呓语 冷汗 乳腺增生
镜片上的雾也不是 它不是我渴望的：
同一条河流 一个诗人床前的
地上霜 我抬头想什么
它永远不知道 它渐渐发白的黎明
从未看见我将手中沉默的烟灰弹进一张说谎的
嘴——它有着麦克风的形状
我更愿意想起：一朵朵喇叭花的山岗
和怀抱小羊的卓玛 神的微笑
在继续……那一天
我醉得江山动摇 那一天的草原
心中只有牛羊 躺在它怀里

我伸出舌头舔着天上的星星：
在愿望还可以成为现实的古代……
黎明的视网膜上
一块又似烙铁的疤
当它开始愈合 多么痒
它反复提醒着一个现场：人生如梦
你又能和谁相拥而泣
汉娜·阿伦特将一场道德审判变成了一堂哲学课
将她自己遗忘成一把倾听的椅子
失去故乡的拐杖……
人类忘记疼痛只需九秒钟
比一只企鹅更短
那颤抖的
已经停下
永不再来
只有遗忘的人生才能继续……这里
我栽种骆驼刺 芨芨草 栽种故乡这个词
抓起弥漫的雨雾
一把给阳关
一把被大风吹向河西走廊
而此刻 我疲倦于这漫长的
永无休止的热浪 和每天被它白白消耗掉的身体的激情

Here...

I've never lost my little-people books
I've never got my bicycle tires repaired
I've never received a slip of paper for my puberty period
I've never sewn together my body, ripe for ripping apart...here
I blankly stare at the grey sky in it
There is nothing in a sky with nothing
An eagle takes a sudden flight and lowers its head
Sometimes I feel like crying I miss the sky over the plateau that seems
To be moving rock-like clouds strong ultraviolet light
The sun that is toasting Dunhuang and the vast poverty and desolation
I miss its barrenness!
I miss its desolation!
I dream again of the eagle when I dream of it
It lowers its wings and carries me downwards into the nightmare of the abyss
Flying upwards it carries my shivering shrieks
To fly over the plain sky—when I
Dream of him!
This city is not my raving cold sweat breast hyperplasia
Nor is the fog on the mirror not the one I'm after:

The same river before a poet's bed
The frost on the ground it'll never know
What I'm thinking of when I raise my head the whitening dawn
Has never seen me flip the silent ash in my hand into a lying
Mouth—it's got the shape of a microphone
I prefer to think of: a hill of morning glories
And Zhuoma holding a lamb in her arms the smile of a god
Continuing the other day
I was so drunk the rivers and the mountains shook the grassland that day
There were only cows and sheep in my heart lying in their arms
I stuck out my tongue to lick the stars in the sky:
In the ancient times when wishes could turn into realities...
On the retina of dawn
Another scar that looked like an iron
When it began healing so itchy
It kept reminding of a scene: life like a dream
Who can you hold and cry together
Hannah Arendt turned a moral trial into a class of philosophy
Forgetting herself till she turned into a listening chair
Losing the stick of home
It takes humanity nine seconds to forget the pain
Shorter than a penguin
The trembling
Has stopped
Never to return
Only the forgetful life can continue...here
I plant the camel thorn *Achyranthes splendens* planting the word of home
I grab hold of the pervasive rain fog
I'll give a handful to Yangguan
With another handful blown by the big wind to the Hexi Corridor
And, at the moment, I'm weary of this prolonged
Ceaseless heat wave the passion of my body wasted by it in vain

移居重庆

越来越远……

好吧重庆
让我干燥的皮肤爱上你的潮湿
我习惯了荒凉与风沙的眼睛习惯你的青山绿水
法国梧桐
银杏树
你突然的电闪雷鸣

滴水的喧嚣
与起伏的平静
历史在这里高一脚低一脚的命运——它和我们人类
都没有明天的经验
和你大雾弥漫
天地混沌时
我抱紧双肩茫然四顾的自言自语：越来越远啊……

Migrating to Chongqing

Getting further away now...

All right, Chongqing
Let my dry skin fall in love with your moisture
My eyes, used to the desolation and wind and sand, have grown used to your green
mountains and waters

The French plane-trees
The ginkgo trees
Your sudden flashes of lightning and thunder
Commotion of dripping water
And the heaving quietness
The fate of history, one step higher, one step lower here—it with us mankind
Having no experience of tomorrow
When together with your heavy fog
With heaven and earth merged in a chaos
I hold my shoulders, looking about me and talking to myself: getting further away...

写作

让我继续这样的写作：
一条殉情的鱼的快乐
是钩给它的疼

继续这样的交谈：
必须靠身体的介入
才能完成话语无力抵达的……

让我继续信赖一只猫的嗅觉：
当它把一些诗从我的书桌上
叼进废纸篓
把另一些
叼回我的书桌上

让我亲吻这句话：

我爱自己流泪时的双唇
因为它说过 我爱你
让我继续

女人的 肉体的 但是诗歌的：
我一面梳妆
一面感恩上苍
那些让我爱着时生出了贞操的爱情

让我继续这样的写作：
“我们是诗人——和贱民们押韵”
——茨维塔耶娃在她的时代
让我说出：
惊人的相似

啊呀——你来 你来
为这些文字压惊
压住纸页的抖

Writing

Let me carry on with writing like this:
The pleasure of a fish that has committed suicide for love
Is the pain the hook gives it

With talking like this:
One must reach what discourse can't
By the intervention of body...

Let me continue to trust the smell of a cat:
Let it take a number of poems from my desk
To the wastepaper basket
And bring another number of them
Back to my desk

Let me kiss this remark:
I love my lips in tears
Because they have said I love you
Let me continue

The woman's the body's but the poetry's
As I make myself up
I thank God
And love that breeds chastity when I am in love

Let me carry on with writing like this:
'We are the poets—rhyming with the subalterns'
—Tsvetaeva in her age
Let me say it:
Amazing similarities

Ah—come, you, come
Help these words get over the shock
And press down the trembling paper

所有的

所有突然发生的……我都认定是你
一条空荡的大街
脸上的风
镜子里晃动的阳光
突然的白发
连续两天在上午九点飞进书房的蜜蜂
掉在地上的披肩
要走的人
和要走的神
心前区刺痛
划破我手指的利刃
包裹它的白纱布
继续渗出纱布的鲜血
所有发生在我身上的
都有你

All

All that has suddenly happened I identify as you
An empty street
The wind on the face
The sun swaying in a mirror
The sudden white hair
The bee that flew into my study at 9 a.m. two days in a row
A shawl that has dropped onto the ground
The one who is leaving
And the god who is leaving
A piercing pain in the precordial area
The sharp blade that cuts my finger
The white gauze that wraps it up
The fresh blood that keeps seeping out of the gauze

All that has happened on me
Has you in it

西北风就酒

西北风就酒
没有迷途的羔羊前来问路

我们谈论一条河的宽阔清澈之于整个山河的意义
彼岸之于心灵

中年之后
我们克制着对人生长吁短叹的恶习

不再朝别人手指的方向望去
摆放神像的位置当然可以摆放木偶

你鼓掌
仅仅为了健身

真理与谬误是一场无穷无尽的诉讼
而你只有一生

时代在加速 我们不急
自斟自饮 偶尔也自言自语

远处的灯火有了公义的姿态却缺乏慈悲之心
我们也没有了一醉方休的豪情

浮生聚散云相似
唯有天知道

每次我赞美旅途的青山绿水
我都在想念西北高原辽阔的荒凉

To wash down the north-western wind with liquor, like the dishes

To wash down the north-western wind with liquor, like the dishes
With no stray lambs coming up to ask for directions

We are talking about the width and cleanness of a river and its meaning to all the
mountains and rivers

And the meaning of the other shore to the heart and soul

After the middle age
We refrain ourselves from the bad habit of sighing about life

And we have stopped looking in the direction that others point
Wooden effigies, of course, can also be placed where God's images are placed

You clap your hands
Only for the purpose of improving your health

True and falsehood are an endless litigation
But you only have one life

Times are speeding up we are in no hurry
We pour ourselves a drink and drink it and, occasionally, we talk to ourselves

Lights in the distance strike a righteous attitude but lack a kind heart
And we no longer have the passion for getting drunk, once and for all

In a floating life, gatherings and departures are like the clouds
Only heavens know

Every time I sing praise of the green mountains and waters on my journey
I miss the vast desolation of the plateau in the northwest