

2023 英美抒情詩朗誦競賽

- 一. 競賽主題：詩，很有戲！
- 二. 詩選 6 篇（附中譯文）

1. Blackberry-Picking by Seamus Heaney

Late August, given heavy rain and sun
For a full week, the blackberries would ripen.
At first, just one, a glossy purple clot
Among others, red, green, hard as a knot.
You ate that first one and its flesh was sweet
Like thickened wine: summer's blood was in it
Leaving stains upon the tongue and lust for
Picking. Then red ones inked up and that hunger
Sent us out with milk cans, pea tins, jam-pots
Where briars scratched and wet grass bleached our boots.
Round hayfields, cornfields and potato-drills
We trekked and picked until the cans were full,
Until the tinkling bottom had been covered
With green ones, and on top big dark blobs burned
Like a plate of eyes. Our hands were peppered
With thorn pricks, our palms sticky as Bluebeard's.

We hoarded the fresh berries in the byre.
But when the bath was filled we found a fur,
A rat-grey fungus, glutting on our cache.
The juice was stinking too. Once off the bush
The fruit fermented, the sweet flesh would turn sour.
I always felt like crying. It wasn't fair
That all the lovely canfuls smelt of rot.
Each year I hoped they'd keep, knew they would not.

1. 【摘黑莓】 試譯，參考黃燦然與王立伏之翻譯

八月末，要是有豪雨與艷陽
只消一個星期，就會把黑莓果催熟了。

起初，只是一顆，晶瑩的紫凝塊
在其餘的，紅果與青果之間，堅硬如結。
你吃下那第一顆，果肉甜似
醇厚的葡萄酒：夏天的血在裏頭，
血漬留在舌頭上，也留下貪慾去
採摘。爾後紅果色如硃砂，而那種渴望
驅使我們帶著牛奶筒、豆子罐、果醬瓶出去，
那兒的野玫瑰叢勾抓刺劃，連同濕草侵襲我們的靴子。
我們在牧草地、玉米田和馬鈴薯園四處
徒步翻越和採擷，直到把罐子都裝滿，
直到叮噹響的罐底滿是
青果，而堆在上頭的大團黑莓果發光
像是一盤子的眼睛。我們的雙手隨處可見
荊棘的扎痕，我們的手心黏乎乎，像藍鬍子的一般。*

我們用澡盆把新鮮的黑莓果收進牛棚，
但澡盆一滿，我們發現了一撮毛，
一撮鼠灰色的黴菌，飽食我們的貯藏物。
漿汁也發臭起來。一旦離開樹籬
果實就開始發酵，甜果肉變酸。
總是讓我想哭。不公平啊
所有可愛的成罐果實味道腐敗了。
年年我都巴望黑莓果能夠保鮮，知道就是無法。

*註 1：藍鬍子，法國民間故事人物，他殺了六個妻子；這裡是指他雙掌沾滿了血。

註 2：原詩抑揚格五音步，兩句一韻的 *couplet*，翻譯時沒法顧及音韻。

2. The Portrait by Stanley Kunitz

My mother never forgave my father
for killing himself,
especially at such an awkward time
and in a public park,
that spring
when I was waiting to be born.
She locked his name

in her deepest cabinet
and would not let him out,
though I could hear him thumping.
When I came down from the attic
with the pastel portrait in my hand
of a long-lipped stranger
with a brave moustache
and deep brown level eyes,
she ripped it into shreds
without a single word
and slapped me hard.
In my sixty-fourth year
I can feel my cheek
still burning.

2. 【畫像】 非馬 譯

我母親從未饒恕過我父親
的自殺，
特別是在那樣尷尬的時候
在一個公園裡，
那春天
當我等著出世。
她把他的名字鎖
在她最深的櫃子裡
不讓他出來，
雖然我能聽到他砰砰捶響。
當我從閣樓下來
手裡拿著一幀蠟筆畫像
一個寬唇的陌生人
鬍子耀武揚威
眼睛深褐而鎮定，
她把它撕成片片
沒說一句話
且重重擱我。
今年六十四歲了
我還能感到
頰上的灼痛。

3. Aunt Jennifer's Tigers by Adrienne Rich

Aunt Jennifer's tigers prance across a screen,
Bright topaz denizens of a world of green.
They do not fear the men beneath the tree;
They pace in sleek chivalric certainty.
Aunt Jennifer's finger fluttering through her wool
Find even the ivory needle hard to pull.
The massive weight of Uncle's wedding band
Sits heavily upon Aunt Jennifer's hand.
When Aunt is dead, her terrified hands will lie
Still ringed with ordeals she was mastered by.
The tigers in the panel that she made
Will go on prancing, proud and unafraid.

3. 【珍妮佛姑媽的老虎】 試譯，參考網路資訊

珍妮佛姑媽的老虎在屏風上昂首闊步
黃玉般晶亮，安居在綠世界。
牠們毫不畏懼樹下的人類；
步伐穩健一如騎士般孔武。

珍妮佛姑媽的手指發顫，穿不了線
甚至那象牙色針頭也難以穿過。
跟姑爹成婚的婚戒又大又重
將珍妮佛姑媽的手緊緊套牢。

當姑媽死去，她危危顫顫的雙手垂下
依然戴著主宰她磨難一生的指環。
那些她織就鑲邊的老虎
繼續昂首闊步，傲岸且無懼。

4. Acting by R. S. Thomas

Being unwise enough to have married her

I never knew when she was not acting.
'I love you' she would say; I heard the audiences
Sigh. 'I hate you'; I could never be sure
They were still there. She was lovely. I
Was only the looking-glass she made up in.
I husbanded the rippling meadow
Of her body. Their eyes grazed nightly upon it.

Alone now on the brittle platform
Of herself she is playing her last rôle.
It is perfect. Never in all her career
Was she so good. And yet the curtain
Has fallen. My charmer, come out from behind
It to take the applause. Look, I am clapping too.

4. 【演戲】 大河原 譯

懵懵懂懂娶了她
我從不知她何時不在演戲。
「我愛你」，她說；我聽到觀眾
在歎氣。「討厭你」；我永不能確定
它們還在那裡。她那麼可愛。我
只是她化妝時的鏡子。
我曾節儉地享用她身體
蕩漾的草地。羊群的眼睛夜夜吃草在那裡。

如今她獨自在她脆弱的
檯子上表演著最後的角色。
非常完美。她全部職業生涯中
從未如此出色過。然而帷幕
已落。我的可人兒，從幕後出來
接受掌聲。你看，我也在鼓掌。

5. Let Evening Come by Jane Kenyon

Let the light of late afternoon
shine through chinks in the barn, moving

up the bales as the sun moves down.

Let the cricket take up chafing
as a woman takes up her needles
and her yarn. Let evening come.

Let dew collect on the hoe abandoned
in long grass. Let the stars appear
and the moon disclose her silver horn.

Let the fox go back to its sandy den.
Let the wind die down. Let the shed
go black inside. Let evening come.

To the bottle in the ditch, to the scoop
in the oats, to air in the lung
let evening come.

Let it come, as it will, and don't
be afraid. God does not leave us
comfortless, so let evening come.

5. 【讓黃昏到來】 試譯，參考網路資訊

讓黃昏的陽光
照過穀倉的隙縫，映
上禾捆隨太陽下山。

讓蟋蟀振翅鳴叫
如同女子拿起她的棒針
和她的毛線。讓黃昏到來。

讓露水聚集在那廢棄的鋤頭上
於草叢間。讓星辰出現
而新月顯露銀色的月彎。

讓狐狸回歸牠的沙窩。
讓風平息。讓小倉房

漆黑滿棚。讓黃昏到來。

溝渠裏的瓶子啊，燕麥堆裏的
勺子啊，肺裏的空氣啊
讓黃昏到來。

讓它來，因為它會來，別
怕。上帝不會讓我們
了無安慰，因此讓黃昏到來。

6. Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night by Dylan Thomas

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

6.【不要溫和地走進那個良夜】

譯文參考出處：英語島

不要溫和地走進那個良夜，
老年應當在日暮時燃燒咆哮；
怒斥，怒斥光明的消逝。

雖然智慧的人臨終時懂得黑暗有理，
因為他們的話沒有迸發出閃電，他們
也並不溫和地走進那個良夜。

善良的人，當最後一浪過去，高呼他們脆弱的善行
可能曾會多麼光輝地在綠色的海灣裡舞蹈，
怒斥，怒斥光明的消逝。

狂暴的人抓住並歌唱過翱翔的太陽，
懂得，但為時太晚，他們使太陽在途中悲傷，
也並不溫和地走進那個良夜。

嚴肅的人，接近死亡，用炫目的視覺看出
失明的眼睛可以像流星一樣閃耀歡欣，
怒斥，怒斥光明的消逝。

您啊，我的父親。在那悲哀的高處。
現在用您的熱淚詛咒我，祝福我吧。我求您
不要溫和地走進那個良夜。
怒斥，怒斥光明的消逝。