

SARAH BROWN

MAURICE, weep not, I am not here under this pine  
tree.

The balmy air of spring whispers through the sweet  
grass,

The stars sparkle, the whippoorwill calls,  
But thou grieves, while my soul lies rapturous  
In the blest Nirvana of eternal light!

Go to the good heart that is my husband,  
Who broods upon what he calls our guilty love: --  
Tell him that my love for you, no less than my love  
for him.

Wrought out my destiny – that through the flesh  
I won spirit, and through spirit, peace.  
There is no marriage in heaven,  
But there is love.

莎拉·布朗

莫李思，不要哭，我不在這棵松樹下。

春日微風在青草間絮語，

星星閃爍，夜鷹啼叫，

你雖哀愴，但我的靈魂狂喜於

永遠光耀的喜悅超脫！

去找那好心人我丈夫，

他還鬱結在我倆有罪之愛：——

告訴他我對你的愛，不會比對他的少。

理解了我的生命——我從肉體中

獲得靈魂，而從靈魂裡，得到自由。

天堂不存在婚姻，

但有愛。

MARY McNEELY

PASSER BY,  
To love is to find your own soul  
Through the soul of the beloved one.  
When the beloved one withdraws itself from your  
Soul  
Then you have lost your soul.  
It is written: "I have a friend,  
But my sorrow has no friend."  
Hence my long years of solitude at the home of my father,  
Trying to get myself back,  
And to turn my sorrow into a suppremer self.  
But there was my father with his sorrows,  
Sitting under the cedar tree,  
A picture that sank into my heart at last  
Bringing infinite repose.  
Oh, ye souls who have made life  
Fragrant and white as tube roses  
From earth's dark soil,  
Eternal peace!

瑪莉·麥尼黎

過路人阿，  
要去愛，就是從摯愛的靈魂深處  
找到自己的靈魂。  
而當摯愛將自己從你的靈魂撤離，  
你便丟失了靈魂。  
有人這麼寫著：「我有一個朋友，  
但我的悲傷不會有朋友。」  
就這樣我在吾父之家孤寂流年，  
努力想找回自我，  
想將悲傷轉化成更大的大我。  
但父親帶著他的憂傷，  
坐在雪松木下，  
那幅畫面最終深深沉入我心  
帶來永世長眠。  
噢，你們這些出於塵土  
使生命芬芳  
又潔白如夜來香的靈魂阿，  
永遠的寧靜！

MRS. BENJAMIN PANTIER

I know that he told that I snared his soul  
With a snare which bled him to death.  
And all the men loved him,  
And most of the women pitied him.  
But suppose you are really a lady, and have delicate  
tastes,  
And loathe the smell of whiskey and onions.  
And the rhythm of Wordsworth's "Ode" runs in  
your ears,  
While he goes about from morning till night  
Repeating bits of that common thing;  
"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"  
And then, suppose:  
You are a woman well endowed,  
And the only man with whom the law and morality  
Permit you to have the marital relation  
Is the very man that fills you with disgust  
Every time you think of it – while you think of it  
Every time you see him?  
That's why I drove him away from home  
To live with his dog in a dingy room  
Back of his office.

班傑明·潘提爾太太

我知道他說我把他的靈魂誘入圈套  
用陷阱使他失血而亡。  
所有男人都愛他，  
大部分的女人可憐他。  
但假如你真是位淑女，品味不俗，  
痛恨威士忌和洋蔥的嗆味。  
且華茲華斯的頌詩你耳熟能詳，  
而他只會沒日沒夜地  
重複那句俗庸的：  
「人類啊，你何必驕傲呢？」  
再，假設：  
你是天賦異稟的女人，  
而法律與道德唯一允許你  
締結婚約的男人  
就是最讓你噁心的人  
每次當你想到這——每當你想到  
你又總是看見他？  
這就是為何我要趕他離家  
去和他的狗住辦公室後面的  
破爛小屋。

（中國譯版）  
本傑明·潘特夫人

我知道我丈夫說我誘惑了他的靈魂，  
那誘惑令他流血致死，  
如此一來所有男人都會對他報以仁愛，  
所有女人都會對他施以同情。  
但如若你是位有著靈敏嗅覺的真正淑女，  
憎惡威士忌以及洋蔥的味道，  
華茲華斯的《頌歌》終日不絕於耳，  
而他卻一天到晚四處閒逛，  
重複那個普通的問題。  
“哦，為什麼世人的靈魂都那麼高傲？”  
那麼如若你是位出身高貴的女人，  
唯一那位在道德和法律上，  
讓你想要下嫁的男人，  
如今讓你內心充滿嫌惡，  
你每次想到那些都感到厭惡，  
每次見到他都會想到那些。  
這就是我把他趕出家門的原因，  
讓他和狗一起生活在骯髒的房間裡，  
就在他辦公室的後屋。

## MARGARET FULLER SLACK

I WOULD have been as great as George Eliot  
But for an untoward fate.  
For look at the photograph of me made by Penniwit,  
Chin resting on hand, and deep-set eyes –  
Gray, too, and far-searching.  
But there was the old, old problem :  
Should it be celibacy, matrimony or unchastity?  
Then John Slack, the rich druggist, wooed me,  
Luring me with the promise of leisure for my novel,  
And I Married him, giving birth to eight children,  
And had no time to write.  
It was all over with me, anyway,  
When I ran the needle in my hand  
While washing the baby's things,  
And died from lock-jaw, an ironical death.  
Hear me, ambitious souls,  
Sex is the cursed of life!

瑪格列·富樂·絲萊

我本來可以如喬治·艾略特偉大  
但命不由人。  
只要看看潘維替我拍的照，  
下頷輕觸著手，雙眼深邃——  
且灰，目光遠矚。  
但還有個老、老問題：  
該要獨身、婚嫁，還是放蕩？  
接著約翰絲萊，有錢的毒蟲，追求我，  
藉著允諾我能清閒寫作小說來引誘我，  
我嫁了他，為他生育八個孩子，  
沒有時間寫作。  
不過反正，我的一切都已結束，  
在我洗嬰兒用品  
將針扎進手裡  
而死於破傷風時，諷刺的死法。  
聽聽我吧，你們這些野心勃勃的靈魂，  
生命的詛咒就是性！

LYMAN KING

YOU may think, passer-by, that Fate  
Is a pit-fall outside of yourself,  
Around which you may walk by the use of foresight  
And wisdom.  
Thus you believe, viewing the lives of other men,  
As one who in God-like fashion bends over an anthill,  
Seeing how their difficulties could be avoided.  
But pass on into life :  
In time you shall see Fate approach you  
In the shape of your own image in the mirror ;  
Or you shall sit alone by your own hearth,  
And suddenly the chair by you shall hold a guest,  
And you shall know that guest,  
And read the authentic message of his eyes.

黎曼·金

你可能會想，過路人阿，想著「命運」  
是圍著你的陷阱，  
只要用遠見與智慧你就能繞過。  
你這樣相信著，看著其他人的生命，  
一如當有人用神的視角向蟻丘彎身，  
看著牠們的困難可以怎樣避免。  
但把話帶到生之界吧：  
再不久你就會目睹「命運」  
以你自己鏡中的形象向你走近；  
或者當你獨自坐於你的壁爐旁，  
身旁的椅子突然接待了客人，  
你將熟稔此來客，  
從他眼底讀見那真實的信息。

DORA WILLIAMS

WHEN Rueben Pantier ran away and threw me  
I went to Springfield. There I met a lush,  
Whose father just deceased left him a fortune.  
He married me when drunk. My life was wretched.  
A year passed and one day they found him dead.  
That made me rich. I moved on to Chicago.  
After a time met Tyler Rountree, villain.  
I moved to New York. A gray-haired magnate  
Went mad about me – so another fortune.  
He died one night right in my arms, you know.  
( I saw his purple face for years thereafter.)  
There was almost a scandal. I moved on,  
This time to Paris. I was now a woman,  
Insidious, subtle, versed in the world and rich.  
My sweet apartment near the Champs Elysees  
Became a center for all sorts of people,  
Musicians, poets, dandies, artists, nobles,  
Where we spoke French and German, Italian, English.  
I wed Count Navigato, native of Genoa.  
We went to Rome. He poisoned me, I think.  
Now in the Campo Santo overlooking  
The sea where young Columbus dreamed new worlds,  
See what they chiseled : “*Contessa Narigato*  
*Implora eternal quiete.*”

朵拉·威廉斯

當魯本·潘提爾逃走丟下我  
我去了春田。在那我遇見一個酒鬼，  
爸爸剛死留下大筆遺產。  
他娶我時一樣神智不清。那時我人生慘澹。  
一年後某天人家發現他死了。  
於是我變有錢。我繼續前進到了芝加哥。  
過了一陣子遇見泰勒容崔，惡棍。  
我繼續前進到了紐約。一個白髮名流  
為我瘋狂——於是有了另一大筆錢。  
某個夜裡他死在我懷中，你懂的。  
（過了好幾年我還忘不掉他那紫臉。）  
那時幾乎要鬧成醜聞。我繼續前進，  
這次去巴黎。我那時已是個女人，  
陰險、狡猾、世故又有錢。  
我那香榭麗舍大道旁的小公寓  
變成三教九流的聚集地，  
樂師、詩人、花花公子、藝術家、達官顯貴，  
而我們說著法文、德文、義大利文和英文。  
我嫁給 Navigato 伯爵，熱那亞人。  
我們去了羅馬。他對我下毒，我猜。  
現在從 Campo Santo，這墓園遠眺著  
年輕的哥倫比亞曾遠渡新世界的海洋，  
看看他們刻下了什麼：*“Contessa Narigato  
Implora eternal quiete.”*  
（「Navigato 伯爵夫人乞求永遠的平靜」。）



MABEL OSBORNE

YOUR red blossoms amid green leave  
Are drooping, beautiful geranium!  
But you do not ask for water.  
You cannot speak! You do not need to speak –  
Everyone knows that you are dying of thirst,  
Yet they do not bring water!  
They pass on, saying :  
“The geranium wants water.”  
And I, who had happiness to share  
And longed to share your happiness ;  
I who loved you, Spoon River,  
And craved your love,  
Withered before your eyes, Spoon River –  
Thirsting, thirsting,  
Voiceless from chasteness of soul to ask you for love,  
You who knew and saw me perish before you,  
Like this geranium which someone has planted over  
Me,  
And left to die.

美泊·奧絲朋

你那綠葉間的鮮紅花蕾  
正萎靡，美麗的天竺葵！  
但你沒要水。  
你無法說話！你不需要說——  
每個人都知道你即將渴死，  
但他們不會帶來水露！  
他們經過，說：  
「這株天竺葵需要澆水。」  
而我，滿腔幸福可供分享  
滿抱期待想分享你的幸福；  
我，是愛你的那個人，匙河啊，  
我渴求你的愛，  
在你眼前枯萎，匙河——  
渴望，渴望，  
因著靈魂貞潔噤聲無法呼喊你的愛，  
你，知道也看到我在你面前凋零，  
一如這株誰種在我面前的天竺葵，  
放著等待死亡。

## NELLIE CLARK

I was only eight years old ;  
And before I grew up and knew what it meant  
I had no words for it, except  
That I was frightened and told my Mother ;  
And that my Father got a pistol  
And would have killed Charlie, who was a big boy,  
Fifteen years old, except for his Mother.  
Nevertheless the story clung to me.  
But the man who married me, a widower of thirty-  
five,  
Was a newcomer and never heard it  
Till two years after we were married.  
Then he considered himself cheated,  
And the village agreed that I was not really a virgin.  
Well, he deserted me, and I died  
The following winter.

奈麗·克拉克

那時我八歲；  
在我長大知道那代表什麼之前  
我不知道該用哪些字形容它，除了  
「我很害怕而且告訴了我媽媽」；  
「父親拿了把手槍  
已經要殺掉查理，他那時是個大男孩了，  
十五歲，要不是他的母親求情。」  
儘管如此這故事緊網住我。  
但娶我的男人，三十五歲的鰥夫，  
剛從外地來沒聽過這故事  
直到結婚兩年後。  
他覺得被戴綠帽，  
其他村民一致同意我不是真的處女。  
嗯，他拋棄了我，我死在  
下一個冬天。

PAULINE BARRETT

ALMOST the shell of a woman after the surgeon's knife!  
And almost a year to creep back into strength,  
Till the dawn of our wedding decennial  
Found me my seeming self again.  
We walked the forest together,  
By a path of soundless moss and turf.  
But I could not look in your eyes,  
And you could not look in my eyes,  
For such sorrow was ours – the beginning of gray  
    In your hair,  
And I but a shell of myself.  
And what did we talk of? – sky and water,  
Anything, 'most, to hide our thoughts.  
And then your gift of wild roses,  
Set on the table to grace our dinner.  
Poor heart, how bravely you struggled  
To imagine and live a remembered rapture!  
Then my spirit drooped as the night came on,  
And you left me alone in my room for a while,  
As you did when I was a bride, poor heart.  
And I looked in the mirror and something said :  
"One should be all dead when one is half-dead –"  
Nor ever mock life, nor ever cheat love."  
And I did it looking there in the mirror –  
Dear, have you ever understood?

寶琳·蓓瑞特

手術刀後幾乎只殘留一點女人的軀殼！  
苟延殘喘近一年才稍有生氣，  
直到結婚十週年末  
才開始稍許像自己。  
我們一同漫步森林，  
走在滿佈青苔草根的寂靜小道。  
但我無法看進你眼底，  
你也不能看進我眼中，  
我們的憂傷太深——灰色新芽  
探出你的髮稍，  
而我不過是名為我的軀殼。  
我們說了什麼呢？——天空與水，  
所有事，幾乎全部，好來掩藏思緒。  
而你送上野玫瑰，  
佈置桌前點綴我們的晚餐。  
可憐的心啊，你多勇敢掙扎著  
在想像曾有過昔日的幸福！  
夜晚來到後我心神萎靡，  
你讓我在房裡獨處一會，  
仿若新婚那時一般，可憐的心啊。  
我望入鏡中時有個聲音說：  
「若已死了一半就該全死——  
不得欺瞞生命，不能夠矇騙愛。」  
所以我在鏡子裡這麼做了——  
親愛的，你是否有可能理解？

## Mickey M'Grew

IT was just like everything else in life:  
Something outside myself drew me down,  
My own strength never failed me.  
Why, there was the time I earned the money  
With which to go away to school,  
And my father suddenly needed help  
And I had to give him all of it.  
Just so it went till I ended up  
A man-of-all-work in Spoon River.  
Thus when I got the water-tower cleaned,  
And they hauled me up the seventy feet,  
I unhooked the rope from my waist,  
And laughingly flung my giant arms  
Over the smooth steel lips of the top of the tower—  
But they slipped from the treacherous slime,  
And down, down, down, I plunged  
Through bellowing darkness!

米奇·蒙格魯

就如同生命裡的所有一切：  
在我之外的力量將我拖下，  
一己之力卻從未將我辜負。  
唉，我曾經胼手胝足  
送自己接受教育，  
接著父親突然需接濟  
因此我得全數奉上。  
就這樣我最終成為  
匙河鎮的萬用苦力。  
所以在我清理大水塔，  
他們將我拉到七十呎高時，  
我解開腰間繩索，  
笑鬧著甩動大胳膊  
揮舞在塔頂光滑的鐵蓋邊——  
但狡詐的爛泥將手滑脫，  
接著往下，往下，往底下，我直直衝  
入震耳欲聾的黑暗！

## The Unknown

YE aspiring ones, listen to the story of the unknown  
Who lies here with no stone to mark the place.  
As a boy reckless and wanton,  
Wandering with gun in hand through the forest  
Near the mansion of Aaron Hatfield,  
I shot a hawk perched on the top  
Of a dead tree.  
He fell with guttural cry  
At my feet, his wing broken.  
Then I put him in a cage  
Where he lived many days cawing angrily at me  
When I offered him food.  
Daily I search the realms of Hades  
For the soul of the hawk,  
That I may offer him the friendship  
Of one whom life wounded and caged.

## 無名氏

帶著熱望的人們啊，且聽關於無名氏的故事  
長眠於此卻無一石一草標記所在。  
曾是年少輕狂肆無忌憚，  
攜著手槍在森林漫走  
行近亞倫·哈飛得之府第，  
我射殺那棲於死木梢尖  
的一頭鷲鷹。  
他悲號跌落  
我腳邊，羽翼折裂。  
而後我關他進籠  
他在其內活了許久，每在餵食時  
於我跟前忿恨匍匐。  
我終日尋覓屬於  
鷲鷹靈魂安棲的冥府，  
好能從我生命的傷害與禁錮  
給予他友誼安撫。

Paul McNeely

DEAR Jane! dear winsome Jane!  
How you stole in the room (where I lay so ill)  
In your nurse's cap and linen cuffs,  
And took my hand and said with a smile:  
"You are not so ill—you'll soon be well."  
And how the liquid thought of your eyes  
Sank in my eyes like dew that slips  
Into the heart of a flower.  
Dear Jane! the whole McNeely fortune  
Could not have bought your care of me,  
By day and night, and night and day;  
Nor paid for you smile, nor the warmth of your soul,  
In your little hands laid on my brow.  
Jane, till the flame of life went out  
In the dark above the disk of night  
I longed and hoped to be well again  
To pillow my head on your little breasts,  
And hold you fast in a clasp of love—  
Did my father provide for you when he died,  
Jane, dear Jane?

保羅·麥尼黎

親愛的 Jane, 親愛的迷人的 Jane!  
妳這樣地悄聲進（我病重所居）的房間  
穿戴著妳那護士帽與亞麻袖，  
拿起我的手微笑著說：  
「你病得不重——很快就會好。」  
妳那流轉的眼波  
沉進我眼底有如  
滑落花心的露珠。  
親愛的 Jane! 麥尼黎一整家的財富  
都買不起妳給我的關愛，  
如此日以繼夜，夜以繼日；  
也不值妳嫣然一笑、妳靈魂的溫暖，  
而我願為妳的小手裡送上我眉眼低垂。  
Jane，直到生命之火熄滅  
於夜幕裡的深黑  
我多希望冀望著能夠康復  
好將頭枕在妳小巧的胸部，  
將妳緊抱用愛緊緊扣住——  
我父親死前有沒有為妳留下什麼呢，  
Jane，親愛的 Jane?

Knowlt Hoheimer

I WAS the first fruits of the battle of Missionary Ridge.  
When I felt the bullet enter my heart  
I wished I had staid at home and gone to jail  
For stealing the hogs of Curl Trenary,  
Instead of running away and joining the army.  
Rather a thousand times the country jail  
Than to lie under this marble figure with wings,  
And this granite pedestal  
Bearing the words, "Pro Patria."  
What do they mean, anyway?

挪特·侯海默

我就是教士脊之役結下的第一個果。  
倒下一瞬子彈射穿心窩  
多希望我留在家鄉銀鐺入獄  
起罪於從捲毛崔納瑞那偷來的幾頭肉豬，  
而不是逃跑從軍。  
寧願鄉野服刑一千次  
也好過埋進插翅的大理石雕像腳下，  
而這花崗石基座  
銘刻寫的“Pro Patria。”（為了祖國）  
到底，代表什麼意義？



George Gray

I HAVE studied many times  
The marble which was chiseled for me—  
A boat with a furled sail at rest in a harbor.  
In truth it pictures not my destination  
But my life.  
For love was offered me and I shrank from its disillusionment;  
Sorrow knocked at my door, but I was afraid;  
Ambition called to me, but I dreaded the chances.  
Yet all the while I hungered for meaning in my life.  
And now I know that we must lift the sail  
And catch the winds of destiny  
Wherever they drive the boat.  
To put meaning in one's life may end in madness,  
But life without meaning is the torture  
Of restlessness and vague desire—  
It is a boat longing for the sea and yet afraid.

喬治·葛芮

我研究許多次  
那為我鑿刻的大理石——  
安棲港口帆布收起的船。  
它真實刻畫的並非我最終目的地  
而是我的一生。  
曾被給予愛，卻在愛的幻影前蜷縮；  
憂傷敲了門，但我太過害怕；  
野心曾呼喚，但我沒膽冒險。  
然而我同時又渴求生命的意義。  
現在我懂該揚起船帆  
任命運之風吹拂  
隨它引領我的船隻。  
想在生命找意義可能只找到瘋癲，  
但生命沒有意義將苦於  
飄搖失根與虛妄——  
這是一艘盼望海洋卻只是膽怯的船隻。

## The Village Atheist

YE young debaters over the doctrine  
Of the soul's immortality,  
I who lie here was the village atheist,  
Talkative, contentious, versed in the arguments  
Of the infidels.  
But through a long sickness  
Coughing myself to death  
I read the Upanishads and the poetry of Jesus.  
And they lighted a torch of hope and intuition  
And desire which the Shadow,  
Leading me swiftly through the caverns of darkness,  
Could not extinguish.  
Listen to me, ye who live in the senses  
And think through the senses only:  
Immortality is not a gift,  
Immortality is an achievement;  
And only those who strive mightily  
Shall possess it.

## 鎮上的無神論者

你們這些爭辯教條  
質疑靈魂永生的辯論家啊，  
長眠在此我曾是鎮上的無神論者，  
能言、善辯，精通所有懷疑的論調。  
但一次久病之間  
咳嗽至死之前  
我讀到了奧義書與耶穌的頌詩。  
他們點燃希望與直觀的火炬  
還有即使是幽影  
拉著我直入黑暗深谷時  
都不曾熄滅的企盼。  
聽我說，你們這些尊崇理性  
唯尊理性的人兒：  
永生並非神所給予  
永生是自己成就；  
只有竭力爭取的人  
才會擁有。

Mrs. Sibley

THE SECRET of the stars,—gravitation.  
The secret of the earth,—layers of rock.  
The secret of the soil,—to receive seed.  
The secret of the seed,—the germ.  
The secret of man,—the sower.  
The secret of woman,—the soil.  
My secret: Under a mound that you shall never find.

西柏里太太

星星的秘密，——重力。  
地球的秘密，——岩層堆積。  
土壤的秘密，——接收種子。  
種子的秘密，——胚芽。  
男人的秘密，——播種人。  
女人的秘密，——土壤。  
我的秘密：深埋墳塚你絕對找不到。

(另一網路譯版)

西柏萊夫人

星群的祕密——引力。  
地球的祕密——岩石堆層。  
土壤的祕密——接納種子。  
種子的祕密——胚芽。  
男人的祕密——播種者。  
女人的祕密——土壤。  
我的祕密：深埋在你發現不到的墓塚裡。

## Dippold the Optician

WHAT do you see now?  
Globes of red, yellow, purple.  
Just a moment! And now?  
My father and mother and sisters.  
Yes! And now?  
Knights at arms, beautiful women, kind faces.  
Try this.  
A field of grain—a city.  
Very good! And now?  
A young woman with angels bending over her.  
A heavier lens! And now?  
Many women with bright eyes and open lips.  
Try this.  
Just a goblet on a table.  
Oh I see! Try this lens!  
Just an open space—I see nothing in particular.  
Well, now!  
Pine trees, a lake, a summer sky.  
That's better. And now?  
A book.  
Read a page for me.  
I can't. My eyes are carried beyond the page.  
Try this lens.  
Depths of air.  
Excellent! And now?  
Light, just light, making everything below it a toy world.  
Very well, we'll make the glasses accordingly.

## 配鏡師狄波

你現在看到什麼？  
紅、黃、紫色的球體。  
稍等一下！現在呢？  
我的父親母親和妹妹。  
對！現在呢？  
重裝騎士、美人、和善的臉孔。  
試試看這個。  
大片田野——一座城市。  
很好！現在呢？  
很多女人，明眸皓齒朱唇微張。  
試這個。  
一張桌子上面有酒杯。  
喔我知道了！試這個鏡片！  
只是一個開闊的地方——沒特別看到什麼。  
好，現在這樣！  
松樹，湖，夏日的天空。  
好多了。現在呢？  
一本書。  
讀一頁給我聽。  
沒辦法。我的視線已經穿越書頁。  
試這鏡片。  
空氣的深處。  
太棒了！現在呢？  
光，只有光，顯得下面的其它都像是玩具世界。  
非常好，我們會依此度數配鏡。

Ernest Hyde

MY mind was a mirror:  
It saw what it saw, it knew what it knew.  
In youth my mind was just a mirror  
In a rapidly flying car,  
Which catches and loses bits of the landscape.  
Then in time  
Great scratches were made on the mirror,  
Letting the outside world come in,  
And letting my inner self look out.  
For this is the birth of the soul in sorrow,  
A birth with gains and losses.  
The mind sees the world as a thing apart,  
And the soul makes the world at one with itself.  
A mirror scratched reflects no image—  
And this is the silence of wisdom.

恩內思·海德

我的心智就像面鏡子：  
見其所見，知其所知。  
年少時代我的心智就像  
飛速急馳的車上之鏡面，  
沿途風景得而復失。  
不久之後  
鏡上磨刮得嚴重，  
外面世界透了進來，  
內在的自己也看了出去。  
而這便是從憂傷裡誕生的靈魂，  
孕育自失去及獲得。從失去與獲得中孕育  
心智將世界看待為他者，  
靈魂則將世界與自己合一。  
磨損的鏡子映不成像——  
一如智慧總是靜默。

John Ballard

IN the lust of my strength  
I cursed God, but he paid no attention to me:  
I might as well have cursed the stars.  
In my last sickness I was in agony, but I was resolute  
And I cursed God for my suffering;  
Still He paid no attention to me;  
He left me alone, as He had always done.  
I might as well have cursed the Presbyterian steeple.  
Then, as I grew weaker, a terror came over me:  
Perhaps I had alienated God by cursing him.  
One day Lydia Humphrey brought me a bouquet  
And it occurred to me to try to make friends with God,  
So I tried to make friends with Him;  
But I might as well have tried to make friends with the bouquet.  
Now I was very close to the secret,  
For I really could make friends with the bouquet  
By holding close to me the love in me for the bouquet  
And so I was creeping upon the secret, but—

約翰·芭拉

因為貪求著氣力  
我詛咒上帝，但祂從未在意：  
我可能也詛咒過星辰。  
病重垂危之際我痛苦至極，但內心堅定  
我詛咒上帝使我受苦；  
祂依舊從未在意；  
祂放我一人，像從前一樣。  
我可能也詛咒過長老教會的尖塔。  
接著，在我更孱弱之後，我突然感到恐懼：  
我的詛咒是否會使我離神更遠。  
有天莉締亞·亨佛瑞為我帶來花束  
我突然想試著與上帝成為朋友，  
所以我試著跟祂交朋友；  
但我可能是試著和花束交朋友。  
現在我已快揭露秘密，  
因為我真的能和花束交朋友  
依憑著我心中對花束有的愛，將愛貼近  
所以我正悄悄走近秘密，但——

Dorcas Gustine

I WAS not beloved of the villagers,  
But all because I spoke my mind,  
And met those who transgressed against me  
With plain remonstrance, hiding nor nurturing  
Nor secret griefs nor grudges.  
That act of the Spartan boy is greatly praised,  
Who hid the wolf under his cloak,  
Letting it devour him, uncomplainingly.  
It is braver, I think, to snatch the wolf forth  
And fight him openly, even in the street,  
Amid dust and howls of pain.  
The tongue may be an unruly member—  
But silence poisons the soul.  
Berate me who will—I am content.

朵卡司·古絲泰

我在鎮上並不討喜，  
全因為我有話直說，  
且對冒犯我的人們  
直言不諱，絕不餘善意  
不留委屈也不積怨。  
那斯巴達男孩之舉備受讚揚，  
他將野狼藏在斗篷下，  
任憑牠吞噬，而無怨言。  
但我認為，更勇敢的是，將狼抓到面前  
公開搏鬥，甚至是在街上，  
在塵土與哀號之間。  
口舌有時雖如脫韁之馬——  
但沉默才是靈魂的毒藥。  
儘管對我斥責吧——我了無遺憾。  
不服來辯



Elizabeth Childers

DUST of my dust,  
And dust with my dust,  
O, child who died as you entered the world,  
Dead with my death!  
Not knowing Breath, though you tried so hard,  
With a heart that beat when you lived with me,  
And stopped when you left me for Life.  
It is well, my child. For you never traveled  
The long, long way that begins with school days,  
When little fingers blur under the tears  
That fall on the crooked letters.  
And the earliest wound, when a little mate  
Leaves you alone for another;  
And sickness, and the face of Fear by the bed;  
The death of a father or mother;  
Or shame for them, or poverty;  
The maiden sorrow of school days ended;  
And eyeless Nature that makes you drink  
From the cup of Love, though you know it's poisoned;  
To whom would your flower-face have been lifted?  
Botanist, weakling? Cry of what blood to yours?—  
Pure or foul, for it makes no matter,  
It's blood that calls to our blood.  
And then your children—oh, what might they be?  
And what your sorrow? Child! Child!  
Death is better than Life!

伊莉莎白·孩得斯

出自我塵土的塵土，  
陪伴我塵土的塵土，  
噢，我剛出生便死去的孩子，  
死於我的死亡！  
還不懂呼吸，即使你如此努力，  
心臟伴隨著我的生命一起跳動  
卻在擁有自己生命時戛然靜止。  
這樣也好，我的孩子。因你不曾經歷  
上學之後那好長、好長的路，  
從小小指縫間滑落  
那模糊了歪斜字體的淚水。  
還有當小玩伴離你而去  
你所受的第一次傷害；  
疾病，還有床邊那「恐懼」的面孔  
父親或母親的死亡；  
或他們帶給你的羞恥，或是貧窮；  
離開學校後的少女憂愁；  
以及讓你即便知道有毒  
還是一杯一杯喝下「愛」的那盲目天性；  
你會對著誰綻放你如花的笑靨？  
植物學家、還是懦弱男子？誰的熱血將為你沸騰？——  
無論純淨污濁，其實這也無差，  
那都會是與我們血脈交融的水花。  
然後你的孩子——噢，他們會是什麼樣子？  
還有你會接著面臨的憂傷？孩子阿！孩子！  
還是死亡好過在世的日子！

## The Hill

WHERE are Elmer, Herman, Bert, Tom and Charley,  
The weak of will, the strong of arm, the clown, the boozier, the  
fighter?  
All, all, are sleeping on the hill.

One passed in a fever,  
One was burned in a mine,  
One was killed in a brawl,  
One died in a jail,  
One fell from a bridge toiling for children and wife—  
All, all are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on the hill.

Where are Ella, Kate, Mag, Lizzie and Edith,  
The tender heart, the simple soul, the loud, the proud, the happy  
one?—  
All, all, are sleeping on the hill.

One died in shameful child-birth,  
One of a thwarted love,  
One at the hands of a brute in a brothel,  
One of a broken pride, in the search for heart's desire,  
One after life in far-away London and Paris  
Was brought to her little space by Ella and Kate and Mag—  
All, all are sleeping, sleeping, sleeping on the hill.

## 小山丘

艾墨、赫曼、伯特、湯姆與查理，  
那幾個懦夫、硬漢、小丑、酒鬼還有戰士在哪呢？  
全部，全部都長眠在小山丘。  
一個死於熱病，  
一個葬身礦難，  
一個亡命於打鬥，  
一個喪命在監牢，  
一個為老婆孩子疲於奔命，跌落橋下——  
全部，全部都長眠，長眠，長眠在小山丘。

艾拉、凱特、瑪格，莉茲和愛狄絲，  
那幾位溫柔小姐、天真少女、吵鬧姑娘、大家閨秀和快樂女孩  
在哪呢？  
全部，全部都長眠在小山丘。  
一人死於羞恥的分娩，  
一人沒熬過愛的挫敗，  
一人葬送在妓院好色禽獸的手中，  
一人自尊全毀，只為追尋心之所欲，  
一人在遙遠的倫敦和巴黎漂泊餘生，  
最後由艾拉、凱特和瑪格送回她的小地方——  
全部，全部都長眠，長眠，長眠在小山丘。