

台灣中文現代詩與我 陳黎 (Chen Li)

Modern Chinese Poetry in Taiwan and Me

現代或當代中文詩深受外來詩歌影響。以白話文寫成的所謂的“新詩”——現代詩——在 1920 年代中國大陸成形。傑出的詩人如卞之琳，戴望舒，馮至等，一邊創作，一邊譯介像波特萊爾 (Baudelaire)，魏爾倫 (Verlaine)，葉慈 (Yeats)，艾略特 (Eliot)，里爾克 (Rilke)，羅爾卡 (Lorca) 等法語、英語、德語、西班牙語詩人：一方面建立了“詩人譯詩” (poet as translator) 的傳統，一方面把一種新的感性、一種現代感，注入了脫離傳統舊詩體，逐步茁壯、發展的自由體白話詩。這樣的傳統一直延續、精進，直到 1940 年代穆旦、辛笛這樣的詩人、譯詩者。

Modern or contemporary Chinese poetry is strongly influenced by foreign poetry. The Chinese people used to call modern poetry the “New Poetry,” since it was then a totally new attempt for poets to write in vernacular (colloquial) Chinese instead of classical Chinese. It came into being around 1920 in mainland China. In the 1920s and 30s, outstanding poets such as 戴望舒 (Dai Wangshu), 馮至 (Feng Zhi) and 卞之琳 (Bian Zhilin), applied themselves not only to poetry writing but also to translating works of Baudelaire, Verlaine, Yeats, Eliot, Rilke, Lorca from French, English, German, or Spanish to Chinese. In this way, they established the tradition of “the poet as translator” and instilled new sensibility and modernist touches into the free-verse “New Poetry.” Such a tradition lasted till the 1940s, the period of poets and translators such as 穆旦 (Mu Dan) and 辛笛 (Xin Di).

但 1949 年“新中國”的建立，終止了現代詩在中國大陸的發展。在新成立的中華人民共和國，整個 1950 和 60 年代，真正意義的詩歌（具有藝術與美感價值的詩歌），並不存在。相對的，在被共產黨趕到遙遠島上的國民黨所統治的中華民國台灣，中文現代詩卻以一種奇妙的方式，在一個戒嚴的國度，得到充滿活力、想像力與大膽、自由創造力的發展，在 1960 至 70 年代建立了一個台灣，以至於整個中文現代詩的“黃金年代”。這些詩人包括紀弦、痲弦、商禽、洛夫、周夢蝶、余光中、楊牧等。台灣的詩人們一方面承繼了 1920 年代、30 年代中文現代詩的傳統，一方面又從日本，歐洲，美國，拉丁美洲等國家的詩歌汲取營養；更重要的是重新探索中國古典文學、古典詩歌，從中取法，加以變奏、再創，因為中國畢竟是一個擁有數千年歷史的詩的大國，而中國文字獨有的特質，所書寫的詩歌，它的瑰麗、豐富、多樣以及微妙，也是與其他語言大不同的。

However, in 1949, the establishment of Communist China put an end to the development of modern Chinese poetry in mainland China. In the 1950s and 60s, poetry with artistic and aesthetic value did not really exist in the newly-founded People's Republic of China. By contrast, Chinese poetry in Taiwan, under the rule of KMT (國民黨, the Nationalist Party, which was forced to retreat to this small island by the Communists), developed in an incredibly inventive way. At that time, Taiwan was an area under martial law, but the works of the poets were full of bold imagination and originality. The 1960s and 70s may well be regarded as a “golden age” of modern Chinese poetry for Taiwan and for the world of poetry written in Chinese. Poets like 紀弦 (Ji Xian), 痲弦 (Ya Xian), 商禽 (Shang Qin), 洛夫 (Luo Fu), 周夢蝶 (Zhou Mengdie), 余光中 (Yu Guangzhong), and 楊牧 (Yang Mu) were the best representatives. Poets in Taiwan inherit the modern Chinese poetry tradition of 1920s and 30s on the one hand, and find nutrients in poetry of Japan, Europe, America, Latin America, etc. on the other hand. Most importantly, they re-explore Chinese classical literature and poetry, out of which they derive inspiration, make variations and innovations. Chinese literature, after all, has a history of thousands of years. The Chinese language and characters, with their richness, subtlety, and unique beauty, create poetry of unique characteristics.

中國大陸在 1980 年左右興起的“朦朧詩”運動，可謂現代詩在中國本土的復甦。朦朧派詩人們，從外國現代詩的中譯作品（許多是台灣譯者所譯）以及台灣現代詩人的作品中獲益不少。但對習慣閱讀台灣現代詩的讀者而言，這些所謂的“朦朧詩”可能一點都不“朦朧”，或者不太怎麼“朦朧”。客觀來說，由於歷史與社會的因素，1949 年後中國大陸的現代詩，其發展的過程大約比台灣現代詩晚二十年。

The movement of “Misty Poetry” (朦朧詩) in mainland China arose around 1980. It brought about a poetic revival in the mainland. Many poets of this movement were inspired and benefited by works of foreign poetry in Chinese translation (many of which were done by Taiwanese translators) and modern poetry in Taiwan. To readers of modern poetry in Taiwan, the so-called “misty poetry” is not quite “misty,” or not “misty,” not obscure at all. Due to historical and social factors, the development of modern poetry in Mainland China after 1949 came 20 years later than that in Taiwan.

我們可以清楚感覺到，近三十年來現代詩在中國大陸所展現的一股求新、旺沛、各家競技的蓬勃活力。同時，大量的外國現代詩歌被翻譯與閱讀。但中國大陸與台灣的現代詩，在語言、風格乃至題材上，仍頗有差別。這差異固然顯現在語彙、發音、字形上，也顯現在語言的“氣質”上。一方面，相對於除舊、破舊，鬧“文化大革命”，推行簡體字的大陸，戰後的台灣，極力提倡“中華文化復興運動”，繼續使用繁體字，把中國古典文學和歷史列為考試科目——這樣的結果是，在台灣的人民或寫作者，和中國大陸人民或寫作者相比，有可能對“中文之美”另有一種細膩的體會；另一方面，台灣海島型向四方開放的性格，使島上人民的中文得以自然、自由地吸納不同的語言元素（台語、客家語、原住民語、日語、英語……），生活元素和文化思潮，翻轉出新的感性、趣味和生命，形成一種頗具彈性、活力，更雜糅、豐富的語言。台灣的詩歌，在創作的形式、技法、題材上，可能比中國大陸多樣。同性戀書寫，女性對身體／情欲的自覺與描寫，原住民作者並置母語與漢語的寫作……都是在中國大陸較少見的。

As we can see, in the past thirty years modern poets in mainland China have displayed their strong ambition, vigorous energy and vivid competitiveness. And huge amounts of foreign poetry have been translated and read. However, modern poetry in mainland China and modern poetry in Taiwan are different in their languages, styles, and subject matters. Such differences lie not only in the expressions, pronunciations, and forms of characters, but also lie in the “temperament” embedded in the language. The Chinese language used in Taiwan has a vitality different from that used in Mainland China. Whereas Mainland China made great efforts to wipe out the traditions, started the Cultural Revolution, and implemented a simplified form of Chinese characters, Taiwan, under the rule of KMT after the Second World War, launched the “Movement of Reviving Chinese Culture,” continued to use the traditional complex characters, and put Chinese classical literature and history on the examination list—the result of these two different policies is that people or writers in Taiwan are likely to have a subtle perception of “the beauty of the Chinese language” different from what people or writers in mainland China have. Besides, being an island, Taiwan enjoys a more liberal, freer living environment, which enables the people to assimilate more naturally and freely diverse elements of language (Taiwanese, the Hakka dialect, indigenous languages, Japanese, English, etc.). Diversity of languages, lifestyles and cultures have resulted in new sensibility, new interest, and new vitality, from which come new forms, skills, and subject matters in writing. Writings of homosexuality or feminism, indigenous writers combining their mother tongues with the Chinese language...all these are comparatively seldom found in mainland China.

中國大陸詩人們往往喜歡用很大、很重的詞，寫國家、人類、歷史等宏大命題。而台灣詩人在意表現方式的多樣、創新，勝過對主題重量的看中；他們常寫平凡的日子、簡單的生活，透過幽默、機智、奇趣，以及文字的細膩運用，讓讀者領受令人愉悅、具有美感的睿智。大陸詩人也許會覺得台灣詩人的“細膩”過於陰柔。“細膩”我想就是聲音、色澤、姿勢的多層次展現和細微變化，正是詩語言最珍貴的部份。詩面對生命小主題，也面對大主題，但處理大主題，不一定要用大的詞、重的詞。我譯的波蘭女詩人辛波絲卡（Szyborska），就是舉重若輕、以小搏大的很好例證。

Poets of mainland China seem to like using big and heavy words to deal with themes of patriotism, mankind, or history. Poets in Taiwan focus more on how to express their feelings and thoughts with variety and originality than on what profound messages to convey. They write about ordinary people and simple life, but through humor, wit, and exquisite uses of words, readers feel their pleasant and aesthetic wisdom. In my opinion, “exquisiteness” means the subtle changes and display of sounds, shades, postures...Poetry deals with petty things and serious things in life,

but you don't have to use big, heavy words to handle serious themes. The Polish poet Szyborska is a good example of this. She is good at using simple words and ordinary daily incidents to present themes with profound meaning.

中文由於其象形字、單音字、一音多字（中文有很多同音字）、一字多義、諧音等特性，有許多其他語言中沒有的趣味，也讓用中文寫作的詩人更容易玩字音與字形的遊戲。而使用繁體字書寫的中文詩，轉成簡體字後，某些趣味也許就流失掉了。所以，我感覺，在台灣的我書寫的中文或中文詩，絕對具有一種其他語言，或其他地方的中文使用者所無的趣味。從過去幾十年台灣現代詩的成績來看，中文在此地的確不斷翻轉出新的感性，趣味和生命。

The Chinese characters are basically pictographic, monosyllabic, and are full of homonyms. Each character is like a picture-word, or word-picture. A character usually has multiple meanings, and many characters share the same pronunciation or similar pronunciation. All of these make poets writing in Chinese easier to play on sound and shape. A Chinese poem written in traditional complex characters is likely to lose part of the savor if transcribed into simplified characters. Thus, I feel that the Chinese or the Chinese poem I write in Taiwan has absolutely a savor which may be absent in works written by users of other languages or Chinese from other areas. Judging from what modern poetry of Taiwan has achieved in the past few decades, the Chinese language in Taiwan has indeed evolved and created a new sensibility, interest, and vitality.

過去四十年，我和我太太合作翻譯、出版了三十多本詩集（包括普拉絲、拉金、希尼、聶魯達、帕斯、辛波絲卡、鮑勃·狄倫、芭蕉和一茶等詩人的作品），我自己也寫作、出版了十五本自己的詩集。我的詩歌風格經歷多次轉變。但是有一件事是不變的：像世界上所有其他詩人一樣，我充分借用意象、比喻、節奏，以及種種視覺與聽覺的技巧來創作我的詩歌。我從二十歲開始寫詩、譯詩時，即清楚察覺中國現代詩史上“詩人譯詩”此一傳統。我在我的時代賡續前輩“詩人、譯詩者”們的傳統，試著融鑄文言與白話，中文與外文語法，古典與現代，抒情與政治，華麗與俚俗，用匯聚在我身上的種種中文新感性、新可能，翻譯我目光所及的詩人，寫作我自己的詩。有學者認為我是“當今中文詩界最能創新且令人驚喜的詩人之一”。我不知道我是不是。但我盡我所能，在我的詩裡將西方現代主義、後現代主義的元素，以及東方詩學與中國文字的特質，融合在一起。

In the past 40 years, I have translated over 30 volumes of poetry into Chinese with my wife (including works by poets such as Plath, Larkin, Heaney, Neruda, Paz, Szyborska, Bob Dylan, Basho, and Issa), and have written 15 books of poems myself. My poetic style has undergone several transformations. But one thing remains the same: like all the other poets in the world, I try to make the most of images, metaphors, rhythms, musical and visual devices to make my poetry. When I started writing and translating poetry at the age of 20, I was conscious of the tradition of “the poet as translator” in modern Chinese poetry. To glorify this tradition, I have followed the steps of those forerunners, attempting to blend classical and colloquial languages, Chinese and foreign expressions, the lyrical and the political, the magnificent and the vulgar. I use what new sense and sensibility I have got to translate the poets I have cast my eyes on and to write my own poetry. Some scholars regard me as “one of the most innovative and exciting poets writing in Chinese today.” I don't know if I am. But I try my best to combine in my poetry the elements of Western modernism and post-modernism with the merits of Oriental poetics and the Chinese language.

陳黎 (Chen Li)

●小宇宙

1

我等候，我渴望你：
一粒骰子在夜的空碗裡
企圖轉出第七面

2

寂寥冬日裡的重大
事件：一塊耳屎
掉落在書桌上

3

雲霧小孩的九九乘法表：
山乘山等於樹，山乘樹等於
我，山乘我等於虛無……

4

所有夜晚的憂傷都要在白日
轉成金黃的稻穗，等候
另一個憂傷的夜晚收割

5

在不斷打破世界記錄之後
我們孤寂的鉛球選手，一舉
把自己的頭擲出去

6

一顆痣因肉體的白
成為一座島：我想念
你衣服裡波光萬頃的海

7

婚姻物語：一個衣櫃的寂寞加
一個衣櫃的寂寞等於
一個衣櫃的寂寞

8

愛，或者唉？
我說愛，你說唉；我說
唉唉唉，你說愛哀唉

9⊕

爭鳴：
0歲的老蟬教0歲的
幼蟬唱“生日快樂”

10

人啊，來一張
存在的寫真：

囚

Translated by Chang Fen-ling (張芬齡)

●Microcosmos

1

I wait and long for you:
a turning die in the empty bowl of night
attempting to create the 7th side.

2

A great event on the desolate
winter day: ear wax
drops on the desk.

3

Multiplication table for kids of clouds and fog:
mountains times mountains equals trees, mountains times trees
equals me, mountains times me equals nothingness...

4

All the sorrow of night will be turned into golden
ears of rice by daylight, waiting to be
reaped by another sorrowful night.

5

Having constantly broken world records,
our lonely shot-putter throws his head out
in one put.

6

The white skin turns a mole
into an isle: I miss the glistening
vast ocean inside your clothes.

7

The story of marriage: a closet of loneliness plus
a closet of loneliness equals
a closet of loneliness.

8 *Trans. by Jennifer Feeley

Amour, or no more?

I say amour, you say no more; I say
no more no more no more, you say amour I mourn no more.

9

Chirping competition:
0-year-old aged cicadas teach 0-year-old
baby cicadas to sing "Happy Birthday."

10

Ah man (人), come and
take a selfie:

encaged (囚).

Note: The Chinese character "prisoner" (囚) looks like
a man (人) confined to a frame.

●家具音樂

我在椅子上看書
我在桌子上寫字
我在地板上睡覺
我在衣櫃旁做夢

我在春天喝水
（杯子在廚房的架子上）
我在夏天喝水
（杯子在廚房的架子上）
我在秋天喝水
（杯子在廚房的架子上）
我在冬天喝水
（杯子在廚房的架子上）

我打開窗戶看書
我打開桌燈寫字
我拉上窗簾睡覺
我醒來在房間裡面

在房間裡面是椅子
和椅子的夢
在房間裡面是桌子
和桌子的夢
在房間裡面是地板
和地板的夢
在房間裡面是衣櫃
和衣櫃的夢

在我聽到的歌裡
在我說的話裡
在我喝的水裡
在我留下的沉默裡

●在一個被連續地震所驚嚇的城市

在一個被連續地震所驚嚇的城市，我聽到
一千隻壞心的胡狼對他們的孩子說
“媽媽，我錯了。”
我聽到法官哭泣
牧師懺悔，聽到
手銬飛出報紙，黑板掉落糞坑，聽到
文人放下鋤頭，農人放下眼鏡
肥胖的商人逐件脫掉奶油跟膏藥的衣裳

在一個被連續地震所驚嚇的城市
我看到老鴿們跪著把陰戶交還給它們的女兒

●Furniture Music

I read on the chair
I write on the desk
I sleep on the floor
I dream beside the closet

I drink water in spring
(The cup is in the kitchen cupboard)
I drink water in summer
(The cup is in the kitchen cupboard)
I drink water in fall
(The cup is in the kitchen cupboard)
I drink water in winter
(The cup is in the kitchen cupboard)

I open the window and read
I turn on the light and write
I draw the curtains and sleep
I wake inside the room

Inside the room are the chairs
and the dreams of the chairs
Inside the room are the desk
and the dreams of the desk
Inside the room are the floor
and the dreams of the floor
Inside the room are the closet
and the dreams of the closet

In the songs that I hear
In the words that I say
In the water that I drink
In the silence that I leave

●In a City Alarmed by a Series of Earthquakes

In a city alarmed by a series of earthquakes, I hear
a thousand black-hearted jackals say to their children,
“Mama, I was wrong.”
I hear the judge cry
and the priest confess. I hear
handcuffs fly out of newspapers, blackboards drop into
cesspools. I hear
writers put down their hoes, farmers take off their glasses,
and fat businessmen strip off their clothes of cream and
balsam.

In a city alarmed by a series of earthquakes,
I see madams on their knees return vaginas to their
daughters.

●島嶼邊緣

在縮尺一比四千萬的世界地圖上
我們的島是一粒不完整的黃鈕扣
鬆落在藍色的制服上
我的存在如今是一縷比蛛絲還細的
透明的線，穿過面海的我的窗口
用力把島嶼和大海縫在一起

在孤寂的年月的邊緣，新的一歲
和舊的一歲交替的縫隙
心思如一冊鏡書，冷冷地凝結住
時間的波紋
翻閱它，你看到一頁頁模糊的
過去，在鏡面明亮地閃現

另一粒秘密的扣子——
像隱形的答錄機，貼在你的胸前
把你的和人類的記憶
重迭地收錄、播放
混合著愛與恨，夢與真
苦難與喜悅的錄音帶

現在，你聽到的是
世界的聲音
你自己的和所有死者、生者的
心跳。如果你用心呼叫
所有的死者和生者將清楚地
和你說話

在島嶼邊緣，在睡眠與
甦醒的交界
我的手握住如針的我的存在
穿過被島上人民的手磨圓磨亮的
黃鈕扣，用力刺入
藍色制服後面地球的心臟

●The Edge of the Island

On the world map on a scale of one to forty million,
our island is an imperfect yellow button
lying loose on a blue uniform.
My existence is now a transparent thread,
thinner than a cobweb, going through my window
facing the sea
and painstakingly sewing the island and the ocean
together.

On the edge of the lonely days, in the crevice
between the new and the old years,
the thought is like a book of mirror, coldly freezing
the ripples of time.
Thumbing through it, you'll see pages of obscure
past, flashing brightly on the mirror:

another secret button—
like an invisible tape recorder, pressed close to your breast,
repeatedly recording and playing
your memories and all mankind's—
a secret tape mixed with love and hate,
dream and reality, suffering and joy.

What you hear now is
the sound of the world:
the heartbeats of the dead and the living
and your own. If you cry out with all your heart,
the dead and the living will speak to you
in clear voices.

On the edge of the island, on the boundary
between sleeping and waking,
my hand is holding my needle-like existence:
threading through the yellow button rounded and
polished by
the people on the island, it pierces hard into
the heart of the earth lying beneath the blue uniform.