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NUMBER 2 May 8, 2026

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Peter Nyberg [Sweden]

Farewell (and other three poems)

I have gone into the forest
 those who searched remain
 dogs and people and such
 they sit on the wooden deck
 and drink coffee in the heat
 barking occasionally
 complaining about how the others use
 the empty spaces between their skulls
 while the food is being prepared and the wine stored
 the creaking of the
 trampoline the clatter of the
 robot on the green
 in the forest
 the trees speak when the wind rushes by
 but you have long since
 lost the ability to interpret the language
 not even the empty spaces are filled with meaning
 I have gone into the forest
 those who sought remain

Flocks

Mourn the fallen,
 the streets are littered with corpses.
 To wage war is to die, to wage war is
 to tell people to fall.
 The old nourish a simple dream
 of excess and have the power
 to let people die for its fulfillment.
 The young nourish a simple dream
 of excess and possessing the power
 to lose themselves in the illusion.
 Mourn the fallen,
 the streets are littered with corpses.

Nothing

Most things are nothing,
 the Buddhists say,
 before them the atomists,
 nowadays the physicists.

Politicians are experts
 at the forms of nothingness.
 Holding nothing in their
 hands and creating
 nothing, like magicians.

The body is nothing,
 the mind is what creates
 something. I dreamed
 I was a lion but
 woke up as a kitten.

Ending

彼得·尼尔伯格[瑞典]

告别 (外三首)

我走进森林
 那些寻觅者仍在外流连
 有狗，有人，诸如此类
 坐在木制的甲板上
 在暑热里喝着咖啡
 偶尔传来犬吠
 抱怨他人竟那样使用
 头骨间的空白
 食物正烹调，佳酿已备好
 蹦床吱呀作响
 咔咔嗒嗒
 机器人穿过绿地
 林中
 风飘掠而过，树木低语
 但你早已
 失去解读这种语言的能力
 连那些空白处也再无法填入意义
 我走进森林
 那些寻觅者仍在外流连

群

为亡者哀恸，
 街道上尸体随处散落。
 发动战争，即是死亡，即是
 命令他人阵亡。
 老人怀揣简单的梦
 暴虐无度 执掌大权
 令他人为此赴死。
 青年怀揣简单的梦
 暴虐无度 执掌大权
 在幻象中迷失自我。
 为亡者哀恸，
 街道上尸体随处散落。

空无

物总空无，
 僧尼如是说。
 前有原子论者谈及，
 今时物理学家附议。

政客精于
 空无的诸种形态。
 恍若术士，
 掌心空握，
 而创造虚无。

正是
 此身本自空无，
 万相皆由心出。
 梦时幻作猛虎，
 醒来却是狸奴。

终结

meet the darkness
the corridors and arches
in the underground intersections
under
the conscious
darkness in the park
in the silence
among the bushes

a bubble
where we are almost animals
and almost humans
the state before the flesh
beyond language
the snap when the tension breaks
and the world
flows in

About the author

Peter Nyberg, born 1974 in Skogstorp, Sweden, is a famous poet, literary critic, essayist and translator, working as the subject coordinator for Creative Writing – Literary Composition at Jönköping University in Sweden. He funded and worked between 2009 and 2019 as editor in chief at *Populär Poesi*, a poetry magazine that in 2014 was honored as one of the best magazines about culture in Sweden. Peter Nyberg is a prized essayist who has been published in a wide range of papers and magazines. He has published twelve books and nine translations from English into Swedish. The poetry work is spread in a variety of journals and translated into Chinese, English, Arabic and Spanish for example. He currently live and work in the town of Norrahammar.

在地下交叉口的
甬道与穹顶
遇见幽暗
意识
之下
公园里的幽暗
由寂静浸染
被灌木包围

一个气泡
置身其中，我们
介于兽人之间
这是血肉未成之境
语言之外
一声绷断的脆响
世界
随之涌来

(程彦钧博士 译; Tr. Dr. Cheng Yanjun)

作者简介

彼得·尼尔伯格，1974年生于瑞典斯库格斯特普，著名诗人、文学评论家、随笔作家及翻译家，现任瑞士延雪平大学“创意写作—文学创作”学科协调人。2009年至2019年间创办并担任《大众诗歌》杂志主编，该刊于2014年获评瑞典最佳文化杂志之一。其随笔作品屡获奖项，广泛发表于各类报纸杂志。现已出版十二部作品及九部由英语译入瑞典语的译著，他的诗歌创作见诸多种期刊，并被译为汉、英、阿拉伯、西班牙等语言。目前，尼尔伯格生活并工作于瑞典延雪平市的北哈马尔。

Charles Bernstein [USA]

In a Restless World Like This Is (and other three poems)

Not long ago, or maybe I dreamt it
Or made it up, or have suddenly lost
Track of its train in the hocus pocus
Of the dissolving days; no, if I bend
The turn around the corner, come at it
From all three sides at once, or bounce the ball
Against all manner of bleary-eyed fortune
Tellers – well, you can see for yourselves there's
Nothing up my sleeves, or notice even
Rocks occasionally break if enough
Pressure is applied. As far as you go
In one direction, all the further you'll
Have to go on before the way back has
Become totally indivisible.

Broken English

What are you fighting for?

The men move
decisively toward the execution chamber.
Joey takes aim but muffles his fire.

Overhead, the crescent moon cracks

查尔斯·伯恩斯坦[美国]

在如此不安的世界里（外三首）

不记得那是多久以前，也许是梦中吧
抑或是我的杜撰，也可能是
我突然思绪断线
跌入了逝去岁月里诡异的呓语，
都不是，若我走过街角
从三面逼近它，或者把球掷向那些
眼神迷离的算命先生，
其实你能看出来，我不是胸有成竹
或者你也能注意到，即便是顽石
压力足够，也会碎裂。
只要你是朝着一个方向走，
你只要一直走，总会到某一刻
你意识到你的归途
已经完全不可分辨。

断章

你在为何而战？

男人们
毅然决然地走向行刑室
乔伊瞄准，但是消了音

头顶，新月炸裂

the unbroken sky. A moth beats its wings
against the closed door – intransigence its

only lore. *What are you fighting for?* The sirens

cry wolf to the obedient masses who sway,
hysterical, in synch to the boys
on the back streets and the ladies of mourning.

Brushing up fate pixel by pixel, burnishing
dusk: the sum of entropy and elevation.

Tony takes it in his intestine, the sharp
pain in his body like ripples
in a sand dune, his face exquisitely detached

from any sign of the sensation. *What are
you fighting for?* The market plunges, savings

slip away like a greased pig in a taffy
pull. Sometimes the easiest thing is just to stop
thinking about it. Then it can just think you.

Depending on the angle of incline and the rate

of decomposition. Wives to each other, husbanding
the fear that feeds upon itself and its prey.
Doesn't that count for something, even

in these pitched accommodations?

What are you fighting for?

What are you fighting for?

Sunset at Quaquaversal Point

Intends by onset to skip over busted rhymes

Like a snail coats its belly with preconscious
Worm-envy on a plate engaging its met mat,
The gnat her pinky ring. One sting more

And the wave goes on periverbal autodeterrent

Chin by the tension fanner, two for five-
Fifty, *lend me a lip retractor*. Gosh, I'm
Gonna have to get you later, for now

Hold that thoughtlessness one more beat.

At the end of the day the pegs left standing
Form an arc around the moat till the rooster
Comes home with the mocking birds. Then

Fill the balloons with ludic runes and I will

Take her with mine left and lose her with mine
Right. Focus, then bend, the bear to the north

苍穹未动。一只蛾子扇动翅膀
撞向紧闭的门——永不妥协

是它的底色。你在为何而战？警报

再一次谎报军情，顺从的群众摇摆不定
歇斯底里，和后街那些男孩子
同步和那些哭泣的妇女们同频。

一帧一帧地，抛光着黄昏
那是熵和海拔的和数

托尼腹部引弹，剧痛
在身体里层层荡开
像沙丘，他的脸却巧妙地

回避了所有情绪。你在
为何而战？股市暴跌，储蓄

像那些社交老油条一样滑走
有时最简单的事其实是不去
想着攒钱。那它也许还能想起你。

但这取决于牛市斜率和解率

妻子们关系紧张，精打细算
彼此是焦虑与恐惧的制造者也是消费者
这难道不是价值吗？

即便是在紧巴巴的窘境中？

你在为何而战？

你们到底为何而战？

穹窿的落日

意欲自伊始就语不成调

如蜗牛以腹足，裹藏潜意识的
渺小的嫉妒，在餐盘的垫席上栖止
任蚋虫在她粉钻戒上。再叮一次

又一阵陷入语词之外的自我禁锢

绷紧的下颌，落在那煽动情绪的胸膛上，
久到嘴巴无法张开，谁能借我一个支唇器，
哎，说不下去了，改日再聊，现在，

我要就这样无欲无求无思无念待一会儿。

日暮时分，残存的桩木
围出护城河的弧影，直至公鸡
偕同嘲鸫归巢。届时

我要在气球上写上咒语，我会

以左手将她紧握，又任右手将她遗落
凝神，继而屈身，如驯熊迎向朔风

Wind, with sullen yet courageous élan. Surcease

Surcease – with a sneeze & a pleat & a pike, a

Spat & a spore, then no more. It's over &
Over & then it's not, as long as you never –
Well sometimes endeavor – as long as you

Never, as long as ever, say never nor ever again

Again.

Stranger in Paradise

“Call them clamdiggers if you like, but I'd
Say her pants shrunk or she just got real tall
All of a sudden.” The bus came late, left

Early – when all our cares were theirs. Linger-
Ing by the gate of another fly swat,
Possum fry, lateral dodge. “My balloon

Is stuck and I need someone to get it
Down.” As if the trees torched the sky and the
Boiler ran on lost facts. Depend upon

It, lest it depend on you, whom the sun
Has never touched nor the mist betrayed.
Turning tales into tokens the moment

The fire hydrant slides in safe at left
Field. Drunk with promiselessness, fat on tears.
Capris? Isn't that when whimsy gets lucky?

About the author

Charles Bernstein, a famous poet, born in New York City, New York, on April 4, 1950. He received his BA from Harvard College. He is a Fellow of American Academy of Arts & Sciences and Donald T. Regan Professor Emeritus of English and Comparative Literature at the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of over fifty books of poetry and essays. Among his more than twenty books of poetry are *Girly Man* (University of Chicago Press, 2006) and *With Strings* (University of Chicago Press, 2001). He is also the author of several books of essays: *The Kinds of Poetry I Want: Essays and Comedies* (University of Chicago Press, 2024); *My Way: Speeches and Poems* (University of Chicago Press, 1999); and *A Poetics* (Harvard University Press, 1992). Additionally, he has edited many anthologies of poetry and poetics including *Close Listening: Poetry and the Performed Word* (Oxford University Press, 1998) and *The L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E Book* (Southern Illinois University Press, 1984), with Bruce Andrews. Bernstein has played a central role in shaping contemporary poetics. He co-edited the influential *L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E* magazine and co-founded both the Electronic Poetry Center and PennSound, major platforms for digital and performance-based poetry. His poetry has been widely anthologized and translated, and it has appeared in over 500 magazines and periodicals. His honors and awards include Yale University's 2019 Bollingen Prize for American Poetry, the Roy Harvey Pearce/Archive for New Poetry Prize, and fellowships from the New York Foundation for the Arts, the Guggenheim Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Arts.

倔强而又热情奔放。不要想了

不要想了——随便一个喷嚏，一次平皱，一次小赌

或跟人吵一架，或者探究清楚一个缘由。而后就让这事儿过去吧
过去了，复又未了，只要你从未——
也罢，偶或也曾奋力尝试——只要你

从未，只要从未去想，在“永不”，与“永不再”

之间游弋。

天堂的陌生姑娘

“随你心情，可以管他们叫‘五分裤’，但是我觉得
要是她的裤子缩了水，要是她窜了个”
公交车迟到了，但却早早的驶离

早间，我们满心满眼都是他们。挥之不去的
是他们徘徊在苍蝇拍边，
围着煎锅，或者东躲西藏的玩耍。“我的气球

卡住了，谁帮我取下来？”
好像那时树是向天燃烧的火炬
汽锅要靠这些逝去的事实沸腾。

要么靠它们，要么它们就会来找你
而你，再也不被阳光照耀，永陷迷雾之中
让故事成为代码吧

就在那一刻，消防栓被锁住，无法使用
我被绝望灌醉，饮泪而肥
紧身裤？她再也穿不上了，且任我异想天开！

(吴春晓 译；Tr. Wu Chunxiao)

作者简介

查尔斯·伯恩斯坦，著名诗人，1950年4月4日出生于美国纽约州纽约市。他毕业于哈佛大学并获文学学士学位，现为美国艺术与科学院院士、宾夕法尼亚大学唐纳德·T·里根英语与比较文学荣誉退休教授。伯恩斯坦著有五十余部诗歌与随笔集，其中诗集超过二十部，包括《伪娘》（芝加哥大学出版社，2006年）与《弦外之音》（芝加哥大学出版社，2001年）；随笔代表作有《我想要的诗歌类型：随笔与喜剧》（芝加哥大学出版社，2024年）、《我的道路：演讲与诗歌》（芝加哥大学出版社，1999年）及《诗学》（哈佛大学出版社，1992年）。此外，他还参与编纂了多部诗歌与诗学选集，包括与布鲁斯·安德鲁斯合编的《细听：诗歌与表演文本》（牛津大学出版社，1998年）和《L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E派诗集》（南伊利诺伊大学出版社，1984年）。伯恩斯坦在塑造当代诗学领域发挥了核心作用：他参与编辑了极具影响力的《L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E》杂志，联合创立了电子诗歌中心与宾大声音档案库——这两大平台现已成为数字诗歌与表演诗歌的重要阵地。其诗作被广泛收录于各类选集并译介至多国，发表于全球五百余种期刊杂志；曾获耶鲁大学2019年度博林根美国诗歌奖、罗伊·哈维·皮尔斯 / 新诗歌档案奖，以及纽约艺术基金会、古根海姆基金会、美国国家艺术基金会等机构颁发的研究基金。

费一飞[中国]

在一座寺庙里（外五首）

在古老的寺庙里
我像一粒迷路的微尘
迷惘在幽暗中
既找不到入门
也找不到出口
只好转来转去

只好一声不响

那条小河

从太湖的源头
蜿蜒逶迤
支流了许多岔口
不经意地，停留在
一个水田环绕的村庄
桃竹掩映
水草丰盛
木船卧在平静的水边
拴住两岸人家

日子是从河里开始的
清晨，柴门唧呀
女人走下河埠头
汲水，淘洗，伸一下腰
后面跟着鸭子
小鱼游进淘箩
燕子飞来衔泥
河里有了动静
村庄就醒了
房顶升起了炊烟
稀疏响起晨雾里的声音
日头清淡，随着河水流淌
光阴慢慢延长

傍晚时分
下田人来河边洗脚
依稀的背影，可能是我爷爷
坐在石阶上
锄头和鞋放在旁边
看看垂落的太阳
想想一天的生计
听见牛羊哞叫黄昏
骂孩子和狗，莽撞地奔跑
然后，点亮一杆旱烟
带着咳嗽
走向祖先托付的
昏暗的，有点潮湿的
耕读之家

有一个雨天
整条河都在哭
我爷爷被棺材抬上船
一个苦命的人
就像来时那样
从河里运走了
不知他会去哪里重新上岸
他走得早了
我没有去送他

Fei Yifei [China]

In a Temple (and other five poems)

In an ancient temple
I am wandering in the dimness
Like a speck of dust that has got lost
Unable to find the entrance
And the exit
I circle around and around

and keep completely silent

That Little River

From its source of Lake Taihu
It twists and turns
Forking into many tiny branches
Casually, it pauses
At a village ringed by paddies
There grow leafy bamboos, peach trees
And thriving water weeds
At the edges of quiet water, wooden boats lie still
Tying together the families on both banks

Every day begins from inside the river
At dawn, the wooden wicket creaks open
A woman walks down to the river landing
Drawing water, rinsing, stretching her back
With ducks following her behind
Small fish swimming into her basket
And swallows fetching mud with their beaks
The river stirs
And the village wakes
Cooking smoke curls up from the rooftops
Sporadic sounds echo through the morning mist
The sunlight, pale and gentle, flows with the river
Stretching the hours bit by bit

At dusk
Villagers back from fields come to wash their feet in the river
A faint silhouette, perhaps my grandpa
Sits on the stone steps
Hoe and shoes beside him
He watches the sinking sun
Thinking over a day's livelihood
He hears cows and sheep bellow at dusk
Children and dogs scolded, rushing about
And then he lights a pipe of tobacco
Coughing as he walks back to
The dim, slightly damp
House of generations
A home for farmers and scholars

On a rainy day,
The whole river cried
My grandpa was carried onto a boat in a coffin
A man of hard fate
He left the river the same way he had come
I do not know where he would come ashore again
He left too early
For me to see him off

那时父亲还小

弄来一块泰山石

我去泰山，想看松，看云，看月
却在那里，看中一块石头

于是一块泰山石
就这样来到了水乡江南

在潮湿的平地上，泥土里，孤零零的
怎么看都水土不服

而泰山呢，因此多了一个空缺
少了一份大山压顶的分量

从此头脑里乱蒙蒙的
这人整天费劲都在弄些什么

捡了一块石头

接近冰川
不能再走了
我坐下来
看看这些清冽的石头

也许有一次
雪崩，或者
洪流，千年不遇的
冲到这里
正好是我歇脚的旁边

也许，这些石头
为了等我
才成了石头

可是我力小
只能捡一块小的
当作纪念
纪念我，偶然来过

没有被捡走的石头
一定在夕阳里
望着我的背影
走下山去

等下一个人来
也许
又要千年

变身

一块好石头，多么慈祥，与世无争
做什么不好呢，偏偏
雕成了一头冰冷的狮子
阴着一脸的凶气
蹲在衙门，或者
银行的门口
随时准备跃起的样子

所有路过的人，不由地
摸了摸后脊梁

My father was still young then

Bringing Back a Stone of Mount Tai

I went to Mount Tai, wishing to see the pines, the clouds, the moon
But over there, a stone caught my eye

So a stone from Mount Tai
Came all the way to the moist South

Standing on the damp flat ground, in the soil, alone
It is out of place however you look at it

And Mount Tai, because of this, has a tiny vacancy
Missing a bit of its mountain-pressing weight

Since then, my mind has felt muddled
As if always straining to do something

Picking Up a Stone

Close to the glacier
I could go no farther
I sat down
Looking at those clear, cold stones

Perhaps
Once an avalanche
Or a flood seen only once in a thousand years
Pushed them here
Right beside where I rest

Perhaps these stones
Had become stones
Just to wait for me here

But I am not strong
I could only pick up one small stone
As a keepsake
To remember that I once came here
By chance

Those stones left unpicked
Must be watching my silhouette fading in the twilight
As I walk down the mountain

Perhaps
They will wait another thousand years
For the next person to come

Transformation

A fine stone, so kind, so free of strife
It could have become anything, yet
It was carved into an icy cold lion
Its face set in a fierce scowl
It squats at the gate of a yamen
Or a bank
As if ready to leap at any moment

Everyone passing by
Can't help but shiver down the spine

父亲还是很忙

我不相信他真的走了
果然，那边山坡
欣欣向荣起来

青草发芽，树木葱葱郁郁
鲜花次第盛开
蜂蝶在阳光下舞蹈
松鼠奔跑树丛里
虫儿歌唱鸟织巢

阳光好，雨水也好
父亲就住在那里
种菜，养花，摘果子
还是爱管事
说这个好，那个不好
一时高兴，一时生闷气
大家只好都听他的

他就更忙了
以致我叫了好几声
他都没有抬头应我

作者简介

费一飞，中国当代优秀诗人，浙江省杭州市人。早年入伍，曾任空军某部军训部门负责人，中校军衔。军队转业后进入金融保险业，历任阳光财产保险浙江省分公司总经理、阳光人寿保险公司总裁、阳光财产保险公司总裁。一路走南闯北，坚持用诗歌创作收藏沿途风景，记录人生感悟。中国作家协会会员，作品刊发于国内外各种报刊、平台、选本。出版诗集《我的河》《一边走，一边爱》《费一飞诗选——十五种语言对照》及散文集、纪实文学等多部。曾获第七届中国当代诗歌奖、中华精短散文优秀作品奖、2024年度国际最佳诗人称号、黑山共和国《Nekazano》文学奖（2025年）、第23届黎巴嫩国际文学奖、俄罗斯国家文学奖·金笔奖（2025）等。部分诗作被翻译成二十余种外国文字。

My Father Is Still Very Busy

I do not believe he has truly gone
Sure enough, that hillside
Has again grown lush and bright

Grass sprouting, trees getting leafy
Flowers blooming one after another
Bees and butterflies dancing in the sunshine
Squirrels darting through the bushes
Insects singing, birds weaving nests

The sunlight is nice, and so is the rain
My father lives there
Growing vegetables, tending flowers, picking fruits
He still meddles in everything
Saying this is good, or that is not
Joyful one moment, sulky the next
Everyone simply has to listen to him

He must be even busier now
For I called him several times
But he never looked up to answer me

(Tr. Prof. Shi Yonghao; 石永浩教授 译)

About the author

Fei Yifei, an outstanding contemporary Chinese poet, was born in Hangzhou, Zhejiang Province. In his early years, he served in the army and served as the head of the military training department in a certain Air Force unit, holding the rank of lieutenant colonel. After being transferred from the military, he entered the financial insurance industry, successively serving as the general manager of Sunshine Property Insurance Zhejiang Branch, the president of Sunshine Life Insurance Company, and the president of Sunshine Property Insurance Company. Throughout his journey, he has traveled extensively, persisting in creating poetry to capture the scenery along the way and record his life insights. He is a member of China Writers Association. His works have been published in various domestic and international newspapers, platforms, and anthologies. He has published poetry collections such as *My River* and *Walking and Loving*, and *Selected Poems of Fei Yifei—In Fifteen Languages*, as well as several collections of prose and documentary literature. He has received awards including the 7th China Contemporary Poetry Award, the Excellent Work Award for Chinese Concise Prose, Best Poet of the Year in 2024, The *Nekazano* Literature Award of Montenegro (2025), the 23rd Lebanon International Prize for Literature, and Russian National Literary Award - Golden Pen Award (2025). Some of his poems have been translated into more than twenty foreign languages.

Magdalena Kapuścińska [Poland]

My father's hollyhocks (and other three poems)

My father's hollyhocks, that he planted in the yard
bloomed and grew like crazy.
He cared for them and loved them.
He watered the flowers and made sure
that no bicycle got tangled among them,
or the ball rolling towards them did do any harm.

One day my father's hollyhocks reached the sky.
Tempted by curiosity, he climbed up the flowers
to reach the Garden of Eden and see
what the world looked like from their peaks...
— already without Him.

Revolt!

马格达莱娜·卡普希钦斯卡[波兰]

父亲的蜀葵（外三首）

父亲的蜀葵，种在院子里
开花，疯长。
他悉心照料，爱得深切。
他为花浇水，留神
没有自行车绊住花丛，
或滚来的球伤它们分毫。

有一天，父亲的蜀葵蹿上了天。
好奇心勾着，他爬上花朵
爬到伊甸园，看看
花尖俯瞰世间的样子
——已无祂。

反抗！

Please, sleep!
The Judgment will come anyway...
The tyrant- critic will judge everything you do and do not.

Sleep, do not worry.
No one said that you dream unfair dreams.
It's a sick value system that rules the mind.
Revolt, damn it!

Dare to be yourself!
Defend your freedom!
Don't let it take control.
Do not be afraid.
There is no justice in this world.

The natural birth of the poems

My poems are not born in bed – in a warmly padded nest,
where lovers, like birdies, sip from their beaks the nectar of the past day.
They are not born with midwife applause and cheering,
they are accompanied only by owls hooting,
and the new or full moon, the confidant of my secrets.
I chase them out of my soul, aided by the inner bloodthirsty critics.
They come into the world, on the kitchen table,
like bastards – unwanted by their mothers and the universe.

They are so lonely...
Before it happens, I knead them within myself,
I form the contents, develop glomeruli, carry them under my heart
and pray that they are born healthy.
And then... I wrap them in paper, drink them blue milk,
feed with the words and instead of hugging to the breast,
throw them to the infertile for gobbling up.

Don't judge me as a good or bad man!
Does the Earth, the most gracious of mothers,
not give her harvest up? Does she not feed her babies?

When I die...

The moment I die
I won't close my eyes.
I'll let everyone feel that I see...
joy and sorrow,
laughter and tears,
every move,
every gesture,
every thought.

When I die...
but for now

I WANT TO LIVE!

About the author

Magdalena Kapuścińska, born in Działdowo in Masuria in the year Orwellian, she currently lives and works in Wieluń, the heart of Poland. A poet, satirist, prose writer, playwright (in a truly comedic version), a publisher of real passion, a woman with an edge and a pen. An author of over a dozen books, editor of over a hundred. Winner of awards in the field of humanism, literature and culture on a national and global scale. Founder and chairwoman of Poetariat Foundation.

求你了，睡吧！
审判横竖会降临……
那暴君般的批评者会审判你做过和未做过的一切。

睡吧，别瞎愁。
没人说你做着不公的梦。
病态的价值体系攥着思想。
反抗，该死！

勇敢做自己！
捍卫你的自由！
别让它掌控。
别害怕。
这世间本无正义。

诗的自然诞生

我的诗并非诞生于床榻——在那暖融融的软垫窝巢，
那里，恋人们犹如小鸟，啜饮昨日时光的蜜露。
它们的降生，没有产婆的欢呼与喝彩，
只有猫头鹰的啼鸣作伴，
还有那新月或满月，我秘密的知友。
借着内里嗜血的批评者，我将它们逐出灵魂。
它们降生于世，落在厨房的餐桌上，
像私生子——不被生母与世界所容。

它们太孤独了……
在那之前，我在体内将它们揉捏，
我塑形内核，长出肾小球，把它们护在心房之下，
祈祷它们能健康降生。
而后……我用纸将它们裹起，喂它们蓝色乳汁，
以文字哺育，却不将它们拥入胸口，
反倒抛给贫瘠之辈，任其囫圇。

别以善恶评判我！
大地——最宽厚的母亲，
难道会藏起收成？难道会不喂养她的幼崽？

当我逝去……

当我逝去那一刻
我不会闭上眼。
我要让所有人都感知到我看见……
喜悦与悲愁，
欢笑与泪流，
每一个动作，
每一个姿态，
每一个念头。

当我逝去……
但现在

我想活！

(付玉群教授 译；Tr. Prof. Fu Yuqun)

作者简介

玛格达莱娜·卡普希钦斯卡，“奥威尔之年”（1984年）出生于马祖里地区的贾乌多沃；现定居并工作于波兰腹地维隆。女诗人、讽刺作家、散文家、剧作家（专写喜剧风格作品），也是满怀热忱的出版人，更是笔锋带刺的女性写作者。著有十余部作品，主编过百余部书籍，曾斩获波兰国内及国际层面的人文、文学与文化类奖项。她也是“诗人劳动者基金会”的创立者与主席。

子午[中国]

鸟的悲喜剧（四首）

志摩故居前的月色

2024年12月6日~9日，我应邀在杭州出席第七届中国当代诗歌奖颁奖活动，荣获诗歌批评奖。

月色飘到我们中间……

从一只苍鹭到一片湖泊、溪流
月色把这段距离染成微黄
那深沉而孤寂的侧影
苍鹭的鼻尖上沾着草屑
却少了外乡人的忧悒

月色飘到我们中间，而苍鹭
在远处聚集。或深或浅的爪印
落羽杉和红枫环绕着黄壤地
苍鹭的毛色灰白、柔和
泛着秋天的光泽

那一群苍鹭几乎全是纯种
数量大约在数十到数百只之间
月色中，它们的叫声楚楚动人
从水湄、山麓到林间的开阔地
外乡的河流在这里汇合

乘着那晚的月色，苍鹭消失后
河流、森林复归宁静
一堆枝叶，几片羽毛
我们再听不到
那热烈而粗犷的嗓音

月色飘到我们中间……

钱塘潮，红脚隼的俯冲

远远的小白点，红脚隼刚凝神
层层叠叠一阵闷雷，浪比翅膀还快
排山倒海之势，从天边席卷而来

望穿秋水，飞来峰前红霞满天
排排白浪比鸥群还白
万千双奔跑的脚、眼帘，领略了

水的雄姿。落红满江时，轻振矫健羽翼
三十里柳絮漫天飞舞
西风乍起，水鸟的膂力不再

年迈的红脚隼，双眼圆瞪
海平线逐渐模糊。惊呼声此起彼伏
美丽的弧线——它从半空一头栽下

不算辉煌的瞬间一晃而过
浊浪高高升起，最有冲击力的仙女散花
游人和水鸟定格成一张风景明信片

古榕奇遇记

——红嘴鸟诗会

古榕铺开树阴的地毯

Zi Wu [China]

The Tragicomedy of Birds (four poems)

The Moonlight Before Xu Zhimo's Former Residence

From December 6th to 9th, 2024, I was invited to attend the awarding ceremony of the 7th China Contemporary Poetry Awards in Hangzhou, where I was awarded the Poetry Criticism Prize.

The moonlight is drifting among us....

From a single heron to a lake or a stream
The moonlight tints this distance slightly yellow
The deep and lonely profile
The tip of the heron's nose is covered with grass clippings
Yet lacking the melancholy of a stranger

The moonlight is drifting among us, when the egrets
Gather in the distance. The deep or light claw prints
Metasequoia glyptostroboides and red maples surround the yellow soil
The egrets' fur is soft and grayish-white
With the luster of autumn

That group of herons are almost all purebred
With a number of about dozens to hundreds
In the moonlight, their calls are charming and moving
From the water's edge and the foot of the mountain to the open area in the forest
Rivers from other places converge here

Under the moonlight of that night, after the egrets have disappeared
The rivers and forests return to tranquility
A pile of branches and leaves, a few feathers
We could no longer hear
The passionate and rough voice

The moonlight is drifting among us....

The Qiantang Tide, the Dive of Red-footed Falcons

A small, remote white dot, the red-footed falcon has just concentrated
A series of dull thunder rumbling, the waves are faster than wings
An overwhelming force crashing down from the horizon

Through autumn waters, the sky before the Flying Peak is filled with rosy clouds
Rows of white waves are whiter than flocks of gulls
Countless pairs of running feet and eyelids have experienced it

The majestic posture of water. When the river is red with fallen flowers, vigorous
wings are gently fluttering
The willow catkins dance in the air for thirty miles
When the west wind rises, the strength of the waterfowl fades away

The elderly red-footed falcon, with its eyes wide open
The horizon is gradually blurring. Exclamations rising and falling
A beautiful arc — it plunges headfirst from mid-air

The not-so-glorious moment flashing by
The muddy waves rising high, the most impactful fairy scattering flowers
The tourists and waterfowls are captured as a scenery postcard

(Tr. Prof. Zhang Zhizhong; 张智中教授 译)

A Strange Encounter beneath the Ancient Banyan

—Red-beaked Birds Poetry Gathering

The ancient banyan unfurls, a carpet of shadow.

几只红嘴鸟在那搔首弄姿
“又是一个艳阳天”
“我们心中，都有诗和远方”

阅尽山川的古榕早已垂暮
多年前，它被蛀成巨大的空洞
一个盲人悠闲地住在
——这天然的宫室

盲人的笛音像山泉般清澈
他的手指从小孔里放出
汨汨流水和热烈的春之声
“哦，蓬勃的花雨，那么多翡翠”

“那根小竹管里装着：形而上的风”
红嘴鸟们拿捏出洋味十足的
理论家派头，“不，他的手指下捂着
几只具体主义或意象派的蜜蜂”

盲人的鼾声渐渐进入——春雷意境
“啊，一场后现代的大雨就要来临”
“春雷响了，大雨还会远吗”
“天哪！那是一匹文坛黑马
正打着响鼻向我们走来”

红嘴鹤

正值豆蔻年华的红嘴鹤
——等等，一只与此诗无关的彩蝶
擦窗而过。那时我才十五岁
一棵小树（它刚有了点儿绿意）
在一根羽翎淡灰色的忧伤中
少女的时差，居然与夏日的眷顾
扯不上半点干系

天哪，在这之前
我对红嘴鹤知之甚少
当我在热烈的蝉噪中开始
第一次日记上的湖泊漫游
那时天高海远
在南半球的某个岛国，成千上万只水鸟
云朵般排满整个天空

哦不，那时我才十五岁
一些和我年仿的女生
她们的步姿比红嘴鹤
更易使人想入非非
那个常在背地里抹口红的女孩
夏日的热风，把她的裙子高高吹起
像一朵盛开的芍药

十五岁，是我人生之旅的一片水泽
它远离使人昏睡的课堂，而毗邻
我梦中的那一小块低地
当我孤独时，总有三两只红嘴鹤
轻轻落下。岛国的暖雨
催开了低地的另一个花季
（那只彩蝶显然是多余的）

作者简介

子午，本名许燕良，1956年2月出生于中国广东廉江。先后从事教育、秘书、审读委员、专业作家等。1979年冬开始发表作品。著名诗人、作家、文化学者，中国作家

Red-beaked birds preen beneath it.
“Another day of dazzling sun,” they say.
“In our hearts, there are always, poems—and distant horizons.”

Weathered by mountains and rivers, the banyan has long since aged.
Years ago decay hollowed its trunk into a vast chamber,
a natural palace
where a blind man now dwells in ease.

His flute is clear as mountain spring water.
From the finger-holes flow gurgling streams,
the ardor of spring released.
“Oh, a lavish rain of blossoms—so much green, like jade.”

“That slender bamboo tube holds, metaphysical wind,”
the birds remark, striking, the pose of imported theorists.
“No,” they amend themselves,
“beneath his fingers hum bees of concretism, or imagism.”

Gradually the blind man’s snoring slips into the mood of spring thunder.
“A postmodern deluge is approaching.”
“When thunder sounds in spring, how far behind can the rain be?”
“Look—there comes a dark horse of literature,
snorting as it enters our sight.”

Red-billed Cranes

The red-billed crane, just entering the cardamom years—
wait, a butterfly, irrelevant to this poem,
brushes past the window. I was fifteen then.
A small tree (just beginning to show a trace of green),
within the pale-gray sorrow of a single feather.
A girl’s jet lag, strangely, had nothing at all to do
with summer’s indulgence.

Before that—heavens—I knew almost nothing
about red-billed cranes.
When, amid the fervent rasp of cicadas,
I began the first lake-wandering in my diary,
the sky was high, the seas far.
On some island nation in the Southern Hemisphere, tens of thousands of water birds
filled the entire sky like clouds.

No—at that time I was only fifteen.
Some girls my age,
their way of walking more suggestive
than red-billed cranes.
That girl who often put on lipstick in secret—
the hot summer wind lifted her skirt high,
like a peony in full bloom.

Fifteen was a stretch of marshland in my journey through life:
far from the drowsy classroom,
yet bordering a small lowland in my dreams.
When loneliness came, two or three red-billed cranes
would alight softly. Warm rain on the island nation
coaxed open another season of flowers in the lowland.
(The butterfly was, clearly, superfluous.)

(Tr. Dr. Lily; 黎历博士 译)

About the author

Zi Wu, original name Xu Yanliang, born in February 1956 in Lianjiang, Guangdong Province, China. He has successively worked in education, secretarial work, as a review committee member, and as a professional writer, etc. He began publishing his works in the winter of 1979. As a famous poet, writer and cultural scholar, member of the Chinese Writers’ Association, the Chinese Film Association and the Chinese Drama Association, member of the organizing committee of the China Poetry Journey, and art advisor of the

协会、中国电影家协会、中国戏剧家协会会员，中国诗歌万里行组委会成员，混语版《国际诗歌翻译》艺术顾问。著有诗集、诗论集、美学专著和戏剧电影论文集、文论集以及小说、散文、歌曲等。主编《中国当代流派诗选》（中英加蒙日五国学者合编）等多部。作品入选中英俄语对照版《中国当代十家诗人诗选》等多种重要选本，曾获海内外百余次奖项，部分作品被译成英语、德语、俄语、日语、韩语等。

Sajid Hussain [Pakistan]

The Deceit of the Journey (and other two poems)

I returned empty handed from fulfillment's silent sanctuary,
Though adorned with insight, I touched not sacred truth,
With steadfast tread I climbed triumph's towering illusion,
Mistaking vain success for life's sovereign culmination.

That which I crowned as victory was inner void,
While perceived defeat revealed veiled divine ascendancy,
Through boundless spans of becoming I wandered estranged,
Mistaking fleeting milestones for eternal resting abodes.

The final anchor lay shrouded in misted obscurity,
Yet I declared myself whole amidst spectral delusion,
Mind forged illusions clasped me in silent bondage,
A fugitive of time, adrift through vanishing instants.

Shelters shifted, destinations dissolved without farewell,
Each threshold led toward another unnamed departure,
Fatigue etched its weight within my aching marrow,
And I sought shade beneath illusion's transient grace.

Yet the mirage multiplied, the path stretched unyielding,
And life dissolved beneath dusk's encroaching veil,
The light withdrew, the horizon cloaked in silence,
Far from the verity I once presumed to possess.

Now I yearn to return to origin's lost flame,
Perhaps the first step bore truth's hidden dwelling,
That forsaken threshold, shunned in hunger's pursuit,
May hold the essence eclipsed by wandering desire.

A Vigilant Soul Awaits

A solemn vigil stirs the soul's deep core,
Veiled fire beneath humanity longs to roar,
An ancient cry breathes through the folds of thought,
Time's hush prepares the truth, the seers sought.

The soul desires clouds ablaze with peace,
Tranquility draped in celestial, silent release,
Is a sacred phrase to light the mind's domain!
And whisper grace through reason's rich refrain.

For centuries I've thirsted for one stream,
A draught to heal the wounds of dream,
A pilgrim bearing thought's illumined flame,
I name the stars, yet shun all fame.

Let peace arise on wisdom's tempered wing,
Let every soul in silent union sing,
Let truth be refuge for the bruised and torn,
And tyranny die where light is born.

multi-language version of *Rendition of International Poetry*. He is the author of poetry collections, poetry criticism collections, aesthetic monographs, drama and film criticism collections, literary criticism collections, as well as novels, essays, songs, etc. He has edited many works, including *Selected Poems of Contemporary Chinese Schools* (co-edited by scholars from China, the UK, Canada, Mongolia and Japan). His works have been included in many important anthologies such as the Chinese-English-Russian editions of *Selected Poems of Ten Contemporary Chinese Poets*, and he has won over a hundred awards at home and abroad. Some of his works have been translated into English, German, Russian, Japanese, Korean and other languages.

赛义德·侯赛因[巴基斯坦]

虚幻之旅（外二首）

我从圆满的寂静圣殿空手而归
尽管我自称开悟，却从未知晓神圣的真理
我脚步坚定，一路攀登那胜利者的巍峨幻想
错将虚荣的成功当做人生至高无上的顶峰

胜利的桂冠仅是内心的空虚
表面的失败揭示隐秘的神圣地位
我游离疏远于无尽变幻之中
误将短暂的里程碑当成永恒的安息之所

最终的锚地笼罩在黑暗的迷雾之中
我却在幽灵般的幻觉中宣告自身的完好
臆造的幻象将我扣入沉默的枷锁
时间的逃亡者游荡于消逝的瞬间

变更居所，我不告而别
每一个门槛都将通往另一个陌生的起点
疲惫重重嵌入我疼痛的骨髓
我在短暂的美好幻象之下寻觅庇荫之所

海市蜃楼交叠繁复，道路却笔直延伸
生命消失于黄昏渐渐笼罩的面纱之下
光芒退却，静谧覆盖地平线
自诩掌握的真理与我相去甚远

如今，我渴望找回源头之处遗失的火焰
也许起点便是真理的隐秘居所
那废弃的门槛在饥饿的追逐下藏匿
那里可能藏着游荡欲望所掩盖的真理

一个警醒的灵魂在等待

庄严的守夜搅动灵魂深处
隐匿的火焰之下，人性渴望咆哮
古老的呼喊在思想的褶皱里呼吸
时间的静默备好先知所追寻的真理

灵魂追寻和平闪耀的云朵
宁静笼罩天际，无声地释放
一句神圣的警言照耀心灵
在无比理智的迭句中，低声诉说恩典

数世纪以来，我渴望一条溪流
一剂疗愈梦想伤痕的良药
一位朝圣者怀揣着思想点燃的火焰
我为星辰命名，却并非追寻名誉

让和平借助智慧坚实的翅膀翱翔
让每一个安静的灵魂齐声歌唱
让真相成为受伤摧残者的庇护所
光明诞生，暴政消亡

A day shall come when division's veil shall fall,
One voice shall echo in the hearts of all,
Those drunk on power shall at last descend,
Marked by the time their might can not defend.

The Enigma of Existence

This temporal sphere is wrought with paradoxical afflictions,
Each soul resides in veiled delight or contradiction.
Some pursue phantasms lost within time's vast corridors,
Others enchain the heart deeply with affections unresolved,
Yet some nurture rancor as sacred internal flame,
Deserts offer peace to spirits scorched by longing,
Even blossoms repel the souls detached from joy,
Forests cradle death for those fleeing civilization's noise,
Cities become sanctuaries to wilderness fleeing minds,
Some wield disdain as banner for hollow triumph,
Some perish gladly within the arms of love,
One forsakes homeland another dies in sacred soil,
A friend may betray, another bleeds for loyalty,
Life becomes obsession for seekers of elusive breath,
Others serenely greet death as a tranquil passage,
Some pursue joy through infinite spirals of desire,
Others find solace in sorrow's profound descent,
One runs toward the horizon's predetermined calling,
Another absconds from fate's inexorable approach,
Solitude attracts those averse to worldly communion,
Others embrace the crowd's dissonant, fleeting company,
Some revere anguish as hallowed inner communion,
Others plead respite through ephemeral temporal comforts,
Wealth intoxicates minds with delusions of dominion,
Poverty humbles hearts with dignified, silent resilience,
Some abandon the tenets of sacred humanity,
Others expire upholding its eternal radiant light,
One's heart brims with rancor's silent decay,
Another's remains empty, yet bears expectancy's weight.

About the author

Dr. Sajid Hussain, born on February 1, 1969, in Morgah, Rawalpindi, Pakistan, is a distinguished poet, educator, and advocate for literature. He holds memberships in global literary organizations and has received numerous accolades, including the Shahitya Pata Award and the Rabindranath Tagore Memorial Literary Honours. He has authored acclaimed works and contributed to international anthologies. A senior Chemistry teacher and Master Trainer in "Low Cost and No Cost Science Material," Dr. Hussain is also a homeopathic doctor and former principal. His poetry, often focused on humanity and nature, is widely published and translated. Dr. Hussain is a committed advocate for global understanding, cultural exchange, and social justice, using his platform to inspire positive change and foster dialogue. Dr. Sajid Hussain is the author of several acclaimed books and has co-authored numerous international anthologies. Additionally, he compiled Pakistani English Poets Prodigy, which was published in the USA. Dr. Hussain's books and anthologies cover themes such as love, peace, resilience, and the human condition. His works are known for their profound empathy and eloquence, reflecting a deep understanding of the human experience. His poetry has been featured in prominent international magazines and websites, and he has penned over 1400 poems, published in more than 300 world anthologies and magazines, translated into several major languages.

Dear Zhang Zhi,

I am deeply honoured and truly grateful to receive this prestigious award. I would like to express my sincere thanks to the International Poetry Translation and Research Centre, the Board of Directors, and the International Executive Committee for this meaningful recognition.

Poetry has always been, for me, a bridge between cultures, languages, and human experiences. To see my work acknowledged on an international level is both humbling and inspiring.

I extend my heartfelt gratitude to all those who have supported me throughout this journey, fellow poets, translators, readers, and friends, whose encouragement and belief in the power of words have meant so much to me. This award is not only a personal achievement but also a celebration of poetry as a universal language that unites us beyond borders. Thank you for this great honour.

Isilda Nunes, from Portugal

终有一天，分裂的面纱将会揭开
每一个声音会在每一个人心中回荡
那些醉心于权力的人终将倒台
到那时，他们的权势已无力抵抗

存在之迷

时间里充斥着悖论的苦难
每一个灵魂都处于隐秘的喜悦或矛盾之中
有人在追寻迷失于时空空荡长廊中的幻影
有人将未了之情深锁心中
另有人助长怨恨点燃神圣的内心火焰
沙漠给欲望烧灼的心灵带来平和
连绽放的花朵也远离痛苦的灵魂
森林为逃离文明喧嚣的人提供死亡的摇篮
城市成为逃避荒野心灵的避难所
有人将轻蔑视为虚荣的旗帜
有人心甘情愿死亡在爱的怀抱之中
一个人背井离乡，另一个人长眠于神圣之地
一个朋友会背叛，另一个则为忠诚流尽鲜血
生活于追寻神秘气息的人而言变得有趣
有些人平静地迎接死亡，将其视为一段宁静的旅程
有些人通过无尽的欲求来追寻快乐
有人在苦难的沉沦中寻求慰藉
有人奔向召唤已久的地平线
另有人逃避宿命的到来
孤独吸引那些厌恶世俗交际的人
一些人没入喧嚣的人群，暂寻陪伴
另一些人视痛苦为神圣的内心交流
有人通过短暂的世俗享乐寻求慰藉
财富迷醉心灵，生出掌控一切的错觉
贫穷以高贵沉默的坚韧谦卑心灵
有人放弃神圣人性的信条
另有人在生命逝去之际仍保留永恒的璀璨光芒
有人心灵的怨恨悄然消解
另有人内心空荡，却身负重任

(萧逸帆 译; Tr. Xiao Yifan)

作者简介

赛义德·侯赛因博士，1969年2月1日出生于巴基斯坦拉瓦尔品第市莫尔加区，杰出的诗人、教育家和文学活动家。他系全球多个文学协会的会员，荣获沙希提亚·帕塔奖和罗宾德拉纳特·泰戈尔纪念文学奖等诸多荣誉。其作品广受赞誉，多次入选国际文学选集。侯赛因博士系“低成本和无成本科学材料”研究领域的资深化学教师及培训师，顺势疗法医生和原院长。其诗歌大多关注人文与自然，被广泛发表与翻译。侯赛因博士致力于倡导全球理解、文化交流和社会正义，利用自己的平台促成社会的积极变革并加强彼此之间的对话。赛义德·侯赛因博士出版了多部广受好评的书籍，并与人合著了多部国际选集。此外，还编纂出版了《巴基斯坦英语诗人精选集》，该书于美国出版。侯赛因博士出版的书籍和选集涉及爱情、和平、坚韧和人类生存状况等主题。其作品以深刻的共情力和雄辩性而闻名于世，反映出他对人类生命的历程拥有深刻洞察力。他的诗歌曾刊登于著名的国际杂志和网站，先后创作了1400多首诗歌，这些诗歌被收录在300多本世界文选和杂志之中，并被翻译成多种主要语言。

December 21, 2025

蒋宜茂[中国]

向父亲道歉（外三首）

那些年，除夕夜
您站立院坝边，
期待我回家过年的身影。
摆谈家事，村头东家短 西家难
希望我搭手帮扶一点。
有次嫌您话多，管太宽，
不耐烦轻怼了一下，
您像小孩一样沉默了，
忧虑的眼神闪着泪花。

病重后期，在医院向您道别，
不得不离渝公差，
您疼痛难忍，满脸不舍。
又一次问及病因，
期盼我外出后尽早返程……
父亲，原谅我慰藉您的谎言，
未能在床边守终，
爷爷在那边询问，
您浑然不知夺走生命的病名。

都市喧嚣，时光渺渺，
我常伫立窗前
侧耳倾听石墙院的乡音。
洞见躺在荒岗坟茔的父亲
起身荷锄去承包地深耕。
今晨，看见父亲驮着一片祥云
悠然飘至窗前，
深邃的双眼
依旧绽放出忧虑的眼神……

博鳌日记

冬日午后，博鳌镇暖阳
吐出的热能，
大于渝州，小于三亚。
椰风海岸L栋17楼露台的视角，
飘过小镇天际的轮廓。
延伸至海岸的两条通道
像文胸的吊带，
拽住博鳌坚实的臂膀。

分娩了红日的海，
顺从天蔚蓝的大手亲抚，
舒展身躯，面庞深邃朦胧。
胸脯起伏，聚合的鼾声
将在子夜恣意轰鸣。

街道两旁成群列队的椰树，
与海边那片椰林，
争先恐后将自己的子女
举过头顶，或拥在胸前，
遮风挡雨，宠爱亲昵。

坚硬的壳里荡漾着乳汁与血液，
储存着不同的命理与契机。
坠地的时辰与生根的原由，
不仅取决于海风的魔性
抑或厚土无形的引力。
穷一生心智，
走不出自塑的幻景。

怀疑自己的年轮

槐树秃顶，雨雪霏霏，
暮春落红，劳燕分飞。
我看到自己的年轮

Τζιάνγκ Γιμάο [Κίνα]

Συγνώμη στον πατέρα (και άλλα τρία ποιήματα)

Εκείνα τα χρόνια, Παραμονή Πρωτοχρονιάς,
στεκόσουν στην άκρη της αυλής,
ανυπομονώντας να επιστρέψω για το Εαρινό Φεστιβάλ.
Μιλούσαμε για τα οικογενειακά, τα βάσανα και τις έγνοιες
των ανθρώπων στο χωριό, ελπίζοντας να δώσω χέρι βοήθειας.
Κάποτε, δυσανεστήθηκα με τα πολλά σου λόγια, μου φάνηκε πως μπλεκόσουν υπερβολικά,
σου αντιμίλησα ήπια αλλά κοφτά.
Σιώπησες σαν παιδί,
τα ανήσυχα μάτια σου γυάλισαν με δάκρυα.

Στο τελευταίο στάδιο της ασθένειάς σου, σ' αποχαίρετσα στο νοσοκομείο
έπρεπε να φύγω απ' το Τσονγκτσίνγκ για δουλειές
κι εσύ, μέσα στους πόνους, κρατούσες στο βλέμμα σου, μια λύπη αβάσταχτη που έφευγα.
Με ξαναρώτησες για την αιτία της νόσου σου,
ελπίζοντας πως σύντομα, θα γύριζα κοντά σου...
Πατέρα, συγχώρεσέ με για τα παρηγορητικά μου ψέματα,
που δεν κατόρθωσα να μείνω στο πλευρό σου ως το τέλος.
Ο παππούς ρωτούσε από εκεί ψηλά
κι εσύ δεν ήξερες καν τ' όνομα της ασθένειας που σου στερήσει τη ζωή.

Μεσ το βουητό της πόλης, στη φευγαλέα ροή του χρόνου
στέκομαι συχνά στο παραθύρι
αφουγκράζομαι προσεκτικά τη ντοπιολαλιά, της αυλής, με τους πέτρινους τοίχους.
Βλέπω τον πατέρα μου ξαπλωμένο στον άγονο λόφο του τάφου
να σηκώνεται με την τσουνγκράνα να οργώσει βαθιά, τη μισθωμένη γη.
Την αυγή, τον είδα να φέρει ένα ευοίωνο σύννεφο,
να πλανιέται νοχελικά στο παραθύρι μου
τα βαθιά του μάτια να λάμπουν ακόμη
μ' εκείνη την ανήσυχη έκφραση...

Ημερολόγιο του Μποάο

Ένα χειμωνιάτικο απόγευμα, η θερμότητα που αποπνέει ο ήλιος στην πόλη Μποάο
είναι υψηλότερη από εκείνη της Τσονγκτσίνγκ, μα πιο ήπια από της Σαννά.
Απ' την ταράτσα του 17ου ορόφου του Κτηρίου L, στην Ακτή Coconut Breeze,
η ματιά γλιστρά απαλά στο περίγραμμα
της ουρανογραμμής της πόλης.
Δύο διάδρομοι που εκτείνονται προς την ακτή
σαν τινάκτες στηθόδεσμου,
αγκαλιάζουν τα στιβαρά μπράτσα του Μποάο.

Η θάλασσα που γέννησε τον κόκκινο ήλιο,
υπακούει στο γαλάζιο χέρι τ' ουρανού που τη θωπεύει
το σώμα τεντώνει, η όψη της βαθιά και αχνή.
Το στήθος της πάλλεται κι ο συσσωρευμένος ρόγχος
βρυχάται ελεύθερος μες' τη μεσονύχτια σιωπή.

Σε συστάδες, κοκοφοίνικες κατά μήκος του δρόμου
κι εκείνοι του παραθαλάσσιου άλσους
σα γενναίοι φύλακες σπεύδουν να σηκώσουν τα παιδιά τους
πάνω απ' τα κεφάλια ή σφιχτά, στα στήθη τους
προστατεύοντάς τα από ανέμους και βροχή
δείχνοντας αγάπη βαθιά, στοργή.

Μεσ στο σκληρό κέλυφος κυλά αίμα και γάλα,
μοίρες που κυφορούνται, ευκαιρίες που περιμένουν.
Η ώρα της γέννησης κι ο λόγος της ριζοβολίας
δεν ορίζονται μόνο απ' τη μαγεία της θαλασσινής αύρας
ή την αθέατη έλξη της γόνιμης γης.
Όσο κι αν πασχίσει κανείς στη ζωή του
αποτυγχάνει να ξεφύγει απ' την ίδια του την ψευδαίσθηση.

Αμφιβολίες για τους κύκλους της ζωής

Οι φτελιές φαλακρές, το χιόνι αδιάκοπα πέφτει
στο γέρμα της άνοιξης τα κόκκινα πέταλα ξεθωριάζουν
τα πουλιά πετούν χωριστά.

已画到甲子圈。

对镜凝视
两颊竟泛红晕
忘却酒精的助威，
或是血压失衡，
陪小孙子嬉戏扮猴脸。

夜深人静，
捧着猩红的心独自翻检。
常有诗句光临，
彼此深情相拥，
怡然看见
自己正迈向天命之年。

山间

山间的路，
穿透丛林与荆棘，
越过沟壑与小溪，
辽远连邻近，
天地间延伸起舞。

上苍铸就万物，
遍洒奇峰异谷，风景迷离，
簇拥着青昧者穿云拨雾。
采摘片片朝霞铺路，
抖落林间黄昏无数，
执意攀爬，抵达心的去处。
雀鸟在蓬蔓迷路，
牛羊在歧路口踌躇，
松鼠在峭壁上失足，
来往众生，黄昏与风光融入。

日月更迭，风雨同宿，
期待天际飘来彩霞，
踩着神性的节律，
谱写跳荡的音符。
小溪潺潺，如泣如诉，
冲洗着山间攀爬者
飘落路旁故事与事故……

诗人小传：

蒋宜茂，中国当代著名诗人、作家。重庆市丰都县人。现居重庆。中国作家协会、中华诗词学会会员，中国自然资源作协全委委员，中国地质大学（北京）特聘作家。诗文散见于《诗刊》《中华诗词》《中华辞赋》《诗词中国》《当代·诗歌》《中国校园文学》《中华英才》《星星》《红岩》《北方文学》《绿风》《延河》《诗歌月刊》《大地文学》《国际诗歌翻译》《新华文学》《人民日报》《光明日报》《农民日报》《学习时报》、意大利《POMEZIA-NOTIZIE》文学月刊、塞尔维亚《Istok》、孟加拉国《Global Nation Daily》等报刊平台。诗作入选《百年诗颂》《当代诗词十二家》（第1季）、《中国年度优秀诗歌2022卷、2023卷》《世界当代诗人·第1卷》（英文版，美国）、《今诗三百首》（中华诗词学会主编）等多种选本。曾获第六届大地文学奖、第六届中国当代诗歌奖·诗集奖、第七届中华宝石文学奖、第29届意大利“乌贼骨”国际诗歌奖、2022年度吉尔吉斯斯坦世界文学奖等奖项。出版诗集《窗外》《向青涩致敬》《古风心韵》《时光不眠》《蒋宜茂诗选》（中英对照）等。部分诗作被翻译成英语、法语、德语、意大利语、瑞典语、荷兰语、塞尔维亚语、希伯来语、日语、挪威语、韩语、阿拉伯语等，在平台推介或在海外刊物发表。

Βλέπω τούς κύκλους της ζωής μου ήδη έχουν φτάσει στον εξηκονταετή.

Αντικρίζομαι στον καθρέφτη,
τα μάγουλά μου κοκκινίζουν ξαφνικά.
Ξεχνάω την επήρεια του κρασιού
ή μήπως είναι η πίεση που με ταλανίζει.
Παίζοντας με τον εγγονό μου, κάνω γκριμάτσες μαϊμούς.

Στη νεκρική σιγή της νύχτας, κρατώ την πορφυρή καρδιά μου
σα φλόγα ανεξίτηλη, μνήμες ξεφυλλίζω.
Συχνά με έμπνευση ποιητική
την ενστερνίζομαι με θέρμη
αβίαστα βλέπω τον εαυτό μου
να πλησιάζει την ηλικία των πενήντα.

Στο βουνό

Τ' ορεινό μονοπάτι
διασχίζει ζούγκλες κι αγκάθια,
διαπερνά χαράδρες και ρυάκια,
εκτείνεται μακριά, συνδέοντας κοντινά μέρη,
χορεύοντας ανάμεσα σε γη και ουρανό.

Ο ουρανός δημιούργησε τα πάντα,
σκορπώντας τα σε δεινές κορφές, κοιλάδες με μαγευτικά τοπία,
περιβάλλοντας, τους ευνοημένους με σύννεφα κι ομίχλη.
Τον δρόμο στρώνει με ρόδινα κομμάτια ανγής,
αμέτρητα ηλιοβασιλέματα τινάζει μες' το δάσος,
επιμένοντας στην ανάβαση, για να φτάσουν
στον προορισμό της καρδιάς.
Πουλιά χάνονται στις κλιματόβεργες,
βοοειδή και πρόβατα διστάζουν στα σταυροδρόμια,
σκίουροι σκοντάφτουν σε βράχια απόκρημνα.
Άνθρωποι πάνε - έρχονται, το σούροπο αγκαλιάζει το τοπίο.

Ήλιος και φεγγάρι εναλλάσσονται, μ' ανέμους και βροχή μένουμε μαζί
προσδοκώντας τα πολύχρωμα σύννεφα
που γλιστρούν στον ουρανό,
ακολουθώντας τον θεϊκό ρυθμό, συνθέτοντας νότες δυνατές.
Το κελαυστό ρυάκι, θρηνητικό
ξεπλένει τις ιστορίες και τ' ατυχήματα ορειβατών
που παρασύρθηκαν στην άκρη του δρόμου...

(Μετάφραση: Νίνα Αλέξη)

Βιογραφία του Ποιητή:

Ο Τζιάνγκ Γιάο, κατάγεται από την κομητεία Φενγκντού της Τσονγκτσίνγκ όπου και σήμερα κατοικεί. Διακεκριμένος ποιητής, συγγραφέας και κριτικός της σύγχρονης Κίνας, καθώς και μέλος της Ένωσης Κινέζων Συγγραφέων, της Κινεζικής Ποιητικής Εταιρείας και της Εθνικής Επιτροπής της Ένωσης Συγγραφέων Φυσικών Πόρων της Κίνας. Παράλληλα, είναι ειδικά διορισμένος συγγραφέας του Πανεπιστημίου Γεωεπιστημών του Πεκίνου. Τα ποιήματα και τα δοκίμια του έχουν δημοσιευθεί σε περιοδικά και έντυπα όπως: *Poetry Periodical, Chinese Poetry, Chinese Ci & Fu, Poetry China, Contemporary Poetry, Chinese Campus Literature, Chinese Talents, The Stars, Red Rock, The Northern Literature, Green Wind, Yanhe River, Poetry Monthly, The Great Earth Literature, Rendition of International Poetry, Xinhua Literature*, καθώς και στις εφημερίδες *People's Daily, Guangming Daily, Farmers Daily, Study Times*, στο ιταλικό λογοτεχνικό μηνιαίο περιοδικό *POMEZIA-NOTIZIE*, στο *Istok* (Σερβία), στο *Global Nation Daily* (Μπανγκλαντές) και σε άλλες εφημερίδες και στο διαδίκτυο. Ποιήματά του έχουν συμπεριληφθεί σε διάφορες ανθολογίες, όπως: *Odes and Poetry Through Hundreds of Years, Twelve Contemporary Poets* (1η περίοδος), *Annual Excellent Poems of China 2022 & 2023* και *World Contemporary Poets*, Τόμος Α' (αγγλική έκδοση, ΗΠΑ), *300 Poems of Today* (Επιμέλεια: Κινεζική Εταιρεία Ποίησης). Έχει τιμηθεί μεταξύ άλλων με το 6ο Λογοτεχνικό Βραβείο Γεωδαισίας, το Βραβείο Ποιητικής Συλλογής του 6ου Βραβείου Σύγχρονης Ποίησης, το 7ο Λογοτεχνικό Βραβείο Πολύτιμων Λίθων της Κίνας, το 29ο Ιταλικό Διεθνές Βραβείο Ποίησης «Squid Bone», το Παγκόσμιο Λογοτεχνικό Βραβείο Κιργίζιας 2022, κ.ά. Είναι συγγραφέας ποιητικών συλλογών: *Outside the Window, Tribute to the Young, Ancient Style with Heart Rhyme, Time Is Not Sleeping*, *Selected Poems of Jiang Yimao* (Κινέζικα-Αγγλικά) κ.α. Ορισμένα από τα ποιήματά του έχουν μεταφραστεί στα αγγλικά, γαλλικά, γερμανικά, ιταλικά, σουηδικά, ολλανδικά, σερβικά, εβραϊκά, ιαπωνικά νορβηγικά, Κορεατικά, και Αραβικά, και έχουν προβληθεί σε διαδικτυακές πλατφόρμες ή δημοσιευθεί σε διεθνή περιοδικά.

Les Wicks [Australia]

Duck'n'dive (and other three poems)

Is fear the biggest factor in persistence?

Curiosity is always its enemy.
Feeding wars, theft & compromise
dread has treacherous hours
kills the rare certainties
to replace them with newbaked versions
that are febrile, wrongheaded & destructive.
Idea. Ideal. Deal.

I have known arms, eyes, spirit.
yet turned away as
fingers rolled across my spine.
That inexplicable process
sure you too.

The sun emerges
on this turgid day.
Do some drift in the life trees enjoy
before they become lumber?
Without curiosity we can perhaps
be a serene, planted ignorance.

Steal & abandon
humans *need* to spend as much time
focused on dismantlement
as they do on the build.
Accomplished by rage
or inquisitiveness.

There are vital explorations.
My toddler granddaughter is amazed
by a puddle on the slide.
Her fingers read a Braille
incomprehensible to me but I still learn.
Curiosity is an engine of splendour...
it is budding the new roots
shade & shaping of light.

What comes after life?
Back to this again.
Perhaps a question not powerful enough
to divert some from the choice.
Though there are so many other things
the opiates of a beach
how a page fills.

An email comes in from Tony.
After 12 hours online
& amphetamines
now he *knows*.
With a criminal inertia I encourage him.

莱斯·威克斯[澳大利亚]

躲避（外三首）

恐惧是坚持的最大驱动力吗？

好奇心永远是它的克星。
助长战争、盗窃与妥协之风
恐惧本就裹着阴险的时刻
扼杀那些难得的笃定
用新捏造版本取而代之
这些拼凑的版本往往狂热、偏执且带着破坏力。
想法。理想。交易。

我曾触及那臂膀，双眸还有灵魂。
却在指尖轻扫我脊背时
选择转身逃离。
那种难以名状的过程
想来你也经历过。

混沌之日
旭日乍现。
是否有生灵在成为木材前，
曾在生命之树上自在飘摇？
倘若没了好奇心，我们或许会
安于这种麻木而固步自封的无知。

盗取与舍弃之间
人类需耗等量光阴
潜心于拆解
一如营筑。
此般拆解，或凭怒意铸就，
或为求知而成。

这世间存在至关重要的探索。
我那蹒跚学步的孙女
正为滑梯上的水洼惊叹。
她的手指“读”着盲文
我虽无法理解，却仍有所领悟。
好奇心乃铸就辉煌之引擎……
它正抽出新芽，长出新根，
织就绿荫，并雕琢光影。

生命之后是什么？
又绕回到这个问题。
或许这一问题分量尚浅，
难以让某些人偏离既定选择。
纵使世间万物繁杂
但还有海滩上的麻醉剂，
如何填满书页。

托尼发来一封邮件。
十二小时在线
与安非他命相伴
如今他总算觅得答案。
我以罪犯般的惰性，仍选择将鼓励递献。

The Booktour

Like a creaky dog
my train shakes itself
leaves Wagga in the dust.

Where ya goin mate?
Beside me he's maybe climbing 21
& some bit of fencing work just finished.
A sorta girlfriend
up around Yass
with her kid (*not his*) & she was deeply
pissed off last time he dropped in.

Wanting solitude but give up
(books jostle in the luggage rack).
Been years since I was last on these rails.
Talking for a living, not me mate.
I couldn't do paddock slog like him
but struggle my strands yet
on this country line.

The \$12 *Meal Deal*—
roast chicken or lasagne & beer —
we eat like royalty.
Trucks had punctuated a highway that was
our busier neighbour for some 70km
until it veered towards the coast
as if some thirst gone compulsive.

The frayed bronze of paddocks.
To have touched this
 drooped beside sheoaks
 pulled my socks up beside angophora
 harvested the few coins amongst the wheat
 always muttering *never again* without perhaps
entirely meaning it.
It's the land that owns everything.

For both of us
the odds aren't great.
There's already a short story
etched on the palms of his hands.

Five weeks in
flood, millipede, mouse & human plagues
then those moments of connection that surprise —
Binalong Phyllis or Doug at Broken Hill.
Some local wine after each reading
to disinfect any wounds
that bled through the evening.
Yeah mate, been doing a bit of work myself.

Terminus

In the struggle of happiness
it only hurts as much as it was worth.

签书巡礼

像条行动发颤的老狗
我的列车晃晃悠悠
把沃加远远抛于尘土。

“哥们儿，你这是要去哪儿？”
邻座的他，目测大约21岁
刚干完点修栅栏的活儿。
他有个算不上正牌的女友
住在亚斯附近
还带着个孩子（不是他的），上次他去探望时
她当场就火冒三丈。

本想图个清静，终究还是作罢
（行李架上的书挤得东倒西歪）。
我都好些年没坐过火车了。
靠嘴皮子吃饭这活，哥们儿，我可干不了。
我吃不了他那种田间劳作的苦
但我仍在这条乡间线路上
卯足了劲儿前行。

12澳元的套餐——
烤鸡或千层面，再配瓶啤酒——
我们吃的跟王公贵族般满足。
整整七十多公里，隔壁那条更繁忙的公路上
卡车川流不息
直到公路突然折向海岸
仿佛心底涌起的某种渴望彻底失控。

田野泛着褪旧的铜光。
曾触摸过这片土地
 在木麻黄树旁垂首歇憩
 在杯果木边俯身提袜
 在麦田里捡拾零星硬币
 嘴里总念叨“再也不来了”
却未必是真心实意。
终究是土地掌控着一切。

于你我而言，
希望本就渺茫。
他掌心之上
早已镌刻着一则短篇故事。

不过五周时光
洪涝、千足虫、鼠疫与人疫肆意横行
而后，偶遇的瞬间却令人惊喜——
比纳隆的菲利斯，或是布罗肯希尔的道格。
每场签书会后，共饮一杯当地美酒
为这夜里渗血的伤口
一一消毒。
是呀，老兄，我最近也忙着干点啥。

终点

在幸福的挣扎中
伤痛的程度，恰与其价值对等。

I stroke your hair, get
that last response still possible...
a small smile, so different from your beam
back when there was a flow on.

Love has difficulties.
Unchosen suffering,
the extension.

We all have a centre
somewhere between those fences — onus & self-preservation.
From within that enclosure something
astounding occasionally emerges a cascade.

But there is now little more than a trickle
some stranger in your own frame
calmed above concrete laid so staunch
that “residents” can never tumble
into depth.

There is only time now for that frangible smile
as I stroke your hair.

To Water

Predators like us know all about preservation of energy.
Background music — a drummer falls into his set the
ribbon gum has a hohum on —
sheds in sync with the birth
& beggary of spring.

We too tumble as we fumble
with bedsheets & nervepurrs —
that shack at the edge of the park
where Gynea Lilies engrave the sky.

Later we walk through paths
that kangaroos have made to water.
Sly imported grasses have homed themselves there
down deep beneath the ridge.
Beast & humans pass in edgy concord.
A few steps offtrack an echidna notices nothing but the feed.

This is the godguts of the land.
Like those grasses
we are somehow a part
yet simultaneously irrelevant & a threat —
our recording, our boots.

About the author

Les Wicks, a renowned contemporary poet from Australia, for over 50 years Wicks has performed widely across the globe. Published in over 500 different magazines, anthologies & newspapers across 39 countries in 17 languages. Conducts workshops & runs Meuse Press which focuses on poetry outreach projects like poetry on buses & poetry published on the surface of a river. His 15th book of poetry is *Time Taken – New & Selected* (Puncher & Wattmann, 2nd ed 2024).

我轻拂你那发丝，撷取
最后一点尚能回应的温软……
一抹浅笑，不似往昔顺遂时
你那灿烂笑颜。

爱本磨难重重。
身不由己的苦，
不过是这份难的延续。

我们心里都揣着一个核心
栖身于“责任”与“自保”两道樊篱之间。
这方寸围困中
偶有惊人之物迸发如瀑。

可如今，只剩涓涓细流一脉
你的身影里隐着某个陌生客
在坚实铺就的水泥之上，渐趋平静
“居者”永不会
坠入深渊。

此刻只剩时光，裹住那易碎的笑靥
我正轻拂你的发丝。

致流水

我们这般掠夺者，深谙如何节省精力。
背景音乐——鼓手随性融入节奏
带状桉树悠然晃着枝桠——
与春日的新生、
匮乏同步剥落。

我们也在床单与神经的轻颤间
跌跌撞撞摸索前行——
公园尽头那间小屋旁
火焰百合正将艳影刻进天际。

后来我们穿行小径，
那是袋鼠踩出的寻水之路。
偷渡而来的野草已在此扎根，
深植于山脊之下。
兽与人，在微妙紧张而和谐中擦肩而过。
离小径不过几步远，一只针鼹只顾埋头觅食。

这便是大地的生命之核。
如同那些野草
我们终究是其中的一部分，
但同时无甚紧要，又构成威胁——
源于我们的记录与靴印。

(谭啸天 译; Tr. Tan Xiaotian)

作者简介

莱斯·威克斯，澳大利亚当代著名诗人，深耕诗歌领域五十余年，作品影响力遍及全球。其诗作已被译为17种语言，发表于39个国家的500余家杂志、诗集及报纸。他不仅开设诗歌工作坊，还运营着专注于诗歌推广项目的默兹出版社（Meuse Press），主导“公交车上的诗歌”“印在河面的诗歌”等特色活动。他的第15部诗集，《时光流转——新旧诗选》（《Time Taken – New & Selected》）由潘彻尔与沃特曼出版社发行，2024年推出了第二版。

谭朝春[中国]

斜躺草坪（外二首）

我呀斜躺在草坪
与白云对话

想起总统在草坪
与世界对话

总统站着
显得比较庄严

而我斜躺
这样比较舒坦

回故乡

山丘小了
水塘小了
院坝小了
老屋小了

怀疑是我
眼睛大了

云与树

云望着树，它想
如果我能像树那样
扎下根去
该有多好
从此再不流浪

树望着云，它想
如果我能像云那样
游来游去
该有多好
从此到处观光

作者简介

谭朝春，中国当代著名诗人。重庆北碚人，1954年春天出生。原西南农学院（现西南大学）毕业，早年在政府机关工作，改革开放后辞去公职，从商创办民营企业至今。上世纪七十年代开始发表文学作品，已出版《岁月的眼睛》《让日子站起来》《生命的响声》等诗集六部。系中国作家协会会员。

Tan Chaochun [China]

Reclining on the Lawn (and other two poems)

Reclining on the lawn,
I'm talking with clouds,

Thinking of the president
Speaking on lawn before crowds.

He's standing there,
A solemn air to keep,

While I am reclining here,
In my gentle world of ease.

Back to Hometown

Hills smaller,
Ponds smaller,
Courtyard smaller,
Old house smaller,

I bet it's my eyes
That have grown larger.

The Cloud and The Tree

The cloud muses, looking at the tree below:
If only I could,
Like him,
Root deep
And cease to roam.

The tree sighs, gazing at the cloud above:
If only I could
Like him,
Drift around
And travel to every land I've dreamed about.

(Tr. Dr. Ma Tingting; 马婷婷博士 译)

About the author

Tan Chaochun, a famous contemporary Chinese poet, was born in the spring of 1954 in Beibei, Chongqing. He graduated from the former Southwest Agricultural College (now Southwest University), and began his career in government service. Following China's reform and opening-up, he left the public sector to establish and manage private enterprises, a path he continues to this day. He began publishing his literary works in the 1970s and has released six poetry collections, including *The Eyes of Time*, *Let the Days Stand Up*, and *The Sound of Life*. He is also a member of the China Writers Association.

Dec 12th, 2025

Letter of Gratitude

To The International Poetry Translation and Research Centre (IPTRC),
The Journal of *Rendition of International Poetry*,
And the Board of Directors of the World Union of Poetry Magazines,

The esteemed organizers, editors, and judges of the 2025 International Best Poets & Translators Awards, I would like to express my sincere gratitude for the honour of being named the International Best Poet of the Year 2025. Receiving this recognition from a community of poets, translators, and scholars from around the world is deeply meaningful to me, and I am truly humbled by your confidence in my work.

Poetry continues to thrive because it invites us to listen to one another, to imagine beyond our own boundaries, and to carry stories across the subtle spaces between languages and cultures. Your award reinforces this shared belief and gives renewed strength to the quiet, ongoing work that so many of us pursue with devotion.

I am grateful to stand alongside fellow poets and translators whose contributions enrich our understanding of one another and broaden the landscape of human feeling. I hope that our collective efforts will continue to build connection where distance persists, and that the poetic word will remain a steady and reassuring light in times of uncertainty.

With warm appreciation,

Ghassan Al-Khunaizi, from Saudi Arabia

Antoon Van den Braembussche [Belgium]

Conversation With Einstein

I

God is a mystery.
But a comprehensible mystery.

And silent, silent is the universe
whose laws of nature
you unveiled with awe.

With light-years of impatience
you sought the hologram of wisdom.

You were averse to the uncertainty
that quantum theory devised.

Everything merely probable,
erratic, impossible to predict exactly?
That was not for you.

That is why you kept saying:
God does not play dice.

II

Your theory of relativity proved correct.

And yet you swore by a static universe.
Also the expanding cosmos
was not your cup of tea.
Afterwards you called it
Your biggest blunder.

Thus only shows how deeply science
is imbued with faith.

Or rather: the invisible
woven through the nerve-strings of knowing.

So you kept insisting:
Science without religion is lame.
Religion without science is blind.

III

Your last words were:
I no longer have any illusions.

Your weary, wide-open eyes:
lost and staring
along the path of light
where distant stars bend
near the sun.

Until, dreaming,
you set foot ashore.

Listening only
to your own breath.

安托恩·范登·布伦布斯赫[比利时]

与爱因斯坦对话

1

上帝是谜。
却是可以理解的谜。

静谧，宇宙是静谧的
你怀着敬畏之心
揭示了它的自然法则。

带着光年般的迫切
你探寻智慧的全息图。

你厌恶量子理论设下的
不确定性。

一切只是概率，
变幻莫测，无法精确预知？
你并不这么认为。

因此你总是说：
上帝不掷骰子。

2

你的相对论终被证实。

而你曾坚信宇宙是静态的。
你并不认同
宇宙是膨胀的。
后来你称之为
此生最大的错误。

这恰恰显露出科学深处
如何浸透着信仰。

或者说：无形的宗教情怀
穿织在认知的神经脉络里。

因而你始终坚信：
没有宗教的科学是跛足的，
没有科学的宗教是盲目的。

3

你最后说道：
我不再有任何幻想了。

你疲惫而睁大的双眼：
茫然地凝视着
那条光的轨迹
恒星光线
在太阳边缘弯曲。

直到，在梦中，
你登上了彼岸。

只聆听
自己的呼吸。

IV

You asked for your glasses.
Took up your final equations.

You knew you were dying.
Yet you went on working.

World-famous—
and forever lonely.

About the author

Antoon Van den Braembussche (Eeklo, 9 July 1946), is a Belgian Philosopher of Culture, Emeritus Professor at the Free University of Brussels and a poet writing in Dutch. At first he established himself as a poet, using initially Tonko Brem as a pen name. In 1979 he published as Tonko Brem an important collection of poetry *Liefdesverklaring (Declaration of Love)* in the Yang Poetry Series, which is seen as his actual literary debut. This debut was quite successful, but in the seventies Van den Braembussche had already started studying philosophy at the Free University of Brussels. From 1980 to 2007 he was associate professor at the Erasmus University, where he first taught philosophy of history and secondly philosophy of art. His book *Denken over Kunst (Thinking Art)* rapidly became a standard work in the field. The book was also published in German, English and Kurdish. During his academic career he still published as Tonko Brem in 1985 *In het Voorbijgaan (While passing by)* and in 1995 *Verzwegen Verleden (Silenced Past)*. Under his own name he published in 2007 *Kant-tekeningen (Margins)*, in 2014 *Het uur van de wolf (The hour of the wolf)* in 2018 *Alles komt terug (Everything comes back)* and in 2022 *De schaduw van Morandi (The shadow of Morandi)*.

PRIZES 2025: The International Best Poets & Translators

POETS:

Isilda Nunes [Portugal]
Yang Geum-Hee [Korea]
Labud N. Lončar [Montenegro]
Adnan Al-Sayegh [Iraq]
Kalina Izabela Ziola [Poland]
Ghassan Al-Khunaizi [Saudi Arabia]
Sudeep Sen [India]
Zi Wu [China]
Mujë Buçpapaj [Albania]
Peter Thabit Jones [UK]

TRANSLATORS:

Vo Thi Nhu Mai [Vietnam]
Yusuf Aslan [Türkiye]
Li Zhengshuan [China]
Claudia Piccinno [Italy]

INTERNATIONAL POETRY TRANSLATION AND RESEARCH CENTRE
THE JOURNAL OF *RENDITION OF INTERNATIONAL POETRY* [Multilingual]
THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF *WORLD UNION OF POETRY MAGAZINES*
December 12, 2025

Note: Nominated by esteemed poets, translators, and scholars from 18 countries, including Italy, the USA, Poland, Russia, the United Arab Emirates, Romania, Sweden, India, France, Spain, China, Albania, Greece, Germany, Argentina, Israel, Japan and Denmark, and after the jury conducted three rounds of voting over a period of two months resulting in fourteen winners consisting of poets and translators from thirteen different countries. We would like to express our heartfelt gratitude to the 18 international judges for their selfless dedication and extend our warmest congratulations to all the deserving winners!

4

你索要眼镜。
拾起未竟的方程。

你知晓死亡将至。
却依然演算不息。

举世闻名——
却永远孤独。

(姜国会博士 译: Tr. Dr. Jiang Guohui)

作者简介

安托恩·范登·布伦布斯赫(1946年7月9日出生于埃克洛),比利时文化哲学家,现任布鲁塞尔自由大学名誉教授,同时是一位荷兰语诗人。最初,他以“通科·布雷姆”为笔名从事诗歌创作。1979年,他以“通科·布雷姆”之名在“扬诗书系”中出版了重要的诗集《爱情宣言》,该作品被视为他真正的文学处女作。尽管这部处女作取得了巨大成功,但在20世纪70年代,范登·布伦布斯赫开始在布鲁塞尔自由大学学习哲学。从1980年到2007年,他担任伊拉斯姆斯大学副教授,先后教授历史哲学和艺术哲学。其著作《艺术思辨》迅速成为该领域的经典之作,该书还被翻译成德语、英语和库尔德语出版。在学术生涯中,他仍以“通科·布雷姆”之名在1985年出版了《时光消逝》,在1995年出版了《被遗忘的过去》。而以自己的真名出版的作品包括2007年的《康德批注》、2014年的《狼之时刻》、2018年的《万物皆归》以及2022年的《莫兰迪的阴影》。

2025年度国际最佳诗人暨翻译家评选揭晓

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国际诗歌翻译研究中心(IPTRC)
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世界诗刊联盟理事会

2025年12月12日

说明: 经由意大利、美国、波兰、俄罗斯、阿联酋、罗马尼亚、瑞典、印度、法国、西班牙、中国、阿尔巴尼亚、希腊、德国、阿根廷、以色列、日本、丹麦等十八个国家的知名诗人、翻译家、学者组成的评委提名,历时两个月的三轮票决,最终来自十三个国家的十四位诗人、翻译家胜出。在此,特别感谢十八位国际评委的无私付出,并向所有得主致以最热烈的祝贺!

Дина Ораз [Казахстан]

Нет, насилию!

За тату ты прячешь шрамы,
Опуская вниз глаза.
Ты пока не понимаешь,
Что свобода для тебя?

Ты насилие терпела,
Издательство и боль.
И была его игрушкой,
Вещь, цена которой ноль.

Он, как мог, давил на жалость,
Говорил: “Люблю, и быю,
Как же ты не понимаешь
Без тебя я пропаду!”

Ты молчала, и жалела,
Выполняла сей каприз.
А душа твоя болела,
И тянула тебя вниз.

Ты сама не понимая,
Потеряла свое Я.
И какая-то чужая,
Стала просто для себя.

Ты детей оберегала,
Как же жить им без отца.
Только ты не понимала,
Что побоям нет конца.

Ты была его рабыней,
Жертвой изверга семьи.
Он давил своей гордыней,
Там и не было любви.

Все насилия терпела,
И прощала всё ему.
И сама не понимая,
Чувствовала ты вину.

Всё несла такую ношу,
Много времени и дней.
И раскрашивала кожу,
Не считая тату на ней.

Жизнь у всех всего одна,
Как ее ты прожила?
Перестань жалеть его,
Не уйди совсем на дно.

Уважай сама себя!
Один выбор у тебя,
“Нет, насилию!” - скажи,
И свободу обрети!

迪纳拉·奥拉兹[哈萨克斯坦]

对暴力说“不”

你将伤痕藏于纹身后，
将眸眼低垂！
至今，你都未明白，
自由对你意味着什么？

你忍受了暴力，
遭受了虐待和痛苦。
甚至成了他的玩物，
一件毫无价值的物件。

他，怎能，打着同情牌，
还说着：“我打你，但我是爱你的，
难道你不清楚，
没有你，我也活不下去！”

你默不吭声，心软怜惜，
此番又任性原谅。
你的灵魂痛不欲生，
拽着肉体坠落。

你未曾察觉，
你丢失了自我。
变成了一个陌生人，
变得执拗不已。

你爱护孩子，
不想他们生活中缺失父亲。
但你唯独不明白，
家暴无休无止。

你成了他的奴隶，
家庭恶魔的牺牲品。
他用自以为是的骄傲将你碾碎，
在他那里，可从未有过一丝爱意。

你忍受了所有的暴力，
原谅了他所做的一切。
却唯独未意识到，
深感内疚的却是你。

你背负着如此重担，
熬过了无数个日夜。
你粉饰皮肤，掩藏伤痕，
何止是伤疤上的纹身。

人的生命只有一次，
你是如何度过？
收起对他的同情，
别再丧失自己。

尊重自己！
你只有一个选择，
对暴力说“不”，
找到属于你的自由。

(冷琨 译；Перевод Лэн Кунь)

南鸥[中国]

宣纸上的江南（组诗）

西湖

一位南宋的女子，一位与我
无缘的女子，把缘分深藏星宫的女子
平湖、灵隐寺都是你家庭院
珍珠和丝绸，点缀你千年的青春
龙井和杭白菊浸泡的女子
头顶一片荷叶乘凉的女子

我三次来到你的窗前
烛光透过花窗，琴声自你的指间
在苏堤和断桥上情意绵绵
鸟声在林间消逝，我也不敢停留
琴声渲染南屏的晚钟，我只能
在琴声中溜走

今夜，宣纸铺展着星空
琴声浇醉夜晚，我撩开一千年的想象
把你的手给我，宣纸是你的花轿
你在宣纸之上成为新娘
带着楼亭、带着一千位侍女
和所有的嫁妆

风情街

是志摩和小曼最初牵手的地方
也许是小曼的围巾遗落在街上而风情
雨水洗净的石板路撩起音乐
一位古典的女子，恍若隔世

那些门檐上精美的图案
那些窗棂，仿佛还保留当年的气息
柳条垂到我的头顶，是在安慰
我的木讷，还是把我从失落的深渊
再次唤醒

我知道：海神庙、紫薇阁
陈阁老宅和九龙匾都是你世袭的嫁妆
你是一位名门望族的女儿
一位精于琴棋书画的才女

我知道：王国维、志摩和穆旦
都是你世代的街坊。你独饮日月的精华
每一个黄昏，都充满朦胧的醉意
琴声和诗歌如梅花，在窗棂上
随意的飘落，终其一生

一个季节的梅香，飘逸至今
如一场大雪覆盖了时间、街道和房屋
我再也无法从你的阴影中走出
只能在现代汉语中，一生流亡

乌镇

弯弯河水，飘动绿色的绸带
你依然是一千三百年前的表情
东栅、南栅、西栅和北栅

Nan Ou [China]

The South of Yangtze on Rice Paper (group poems)

West Lake

A woman of the Southern Song Dynasty, a woman
Who has no relation with me, a woman who hides
That destiny deep within a star-palace,
Both Pinghu and Lingyin Temple are courtyards of your house.
Pearls and silk adorn your thousand-year youth.
A woman steeped in Longjing tea and Hangzhou white chrysanthemum tea,
A woman who shades her head with a single lotus leaf.

I came three times to your window;
Candle-light slipped through the lattice window, and a zither-sound
From between your fingers lingered tenderly
On Su Causeway and on Broken Bridge.
Bird-calls faded in the woods; I dared not linger.
The zither-sound tinted the evening bell of Nanping Temple; I could only
Slip away in that sound.

Tonight, rice paper spreads out the starry sky;
Zither-sound intoxicates the night; I lift aside a thousand years of imagining.
Give me your hand. Rice paper is your bridal sedan.
Upon the rice paper you become the bride,
Bringing pavilions, bringing a thousand handmaids
And all the dowry.

The Amorous Street

It is the place where Zhimo and Xiaoman first clasped hands;
Perhaps Xiaoman's scarf was lost upon the street which thus turned amorous.
Rain-washed flagstone lanes curl upward into music;
A classical woman seems severed from another life.

Those exquisite patterns upon the door-eaves,
Those lattice windows, as if still keeping the breath of that time.
Willow strands brush my head. Is it to comfort
My dullness or to wake me once more
From the abyss of loss?

I know: the Sea-God Temple, the Ziwei Pavilion,
Elder Chen's mansion and the Nine-Dragon plaque are all your hereditary dowries;
You are a daughter of an eminent house,
A gifted lady well-versed in zither, chess, calligraphy and painting.

I know: Wang Guowei, Zhimo and Mu Dan
Are all neighbors of your generations. You alone drink the essence of sun and moon;
Every single dusk is filled with hazy intoxication;
Zither-sound and poems, like plum blossoms,
Drift at will across the lattice windows, lasting a whole lifetime.

The plum fragrance of one season drifts to this day,
Like a great snow covering time, streets and houses.
I can no longer walk out of your shadow;
I can only spend my life in exile within modern Chinese.

Wuzhen

The curving river floats like a green silk ribbon;
You still wear the expression of thirteen hundred years ago.
East Gate, South Gate, West Gate and North Gate

是你四个灵秀的女儿。她们典雅
是神赐的礼物。水灵的容颜
如出水的荷花

《林家铺子》的故事依然在
昼夜讲述，那些人物，那些场景和细节
就像一艘艘乌篷船摇过河湾
连绵的记忆浮动着，青色的屋顶
碧绿的倒影，在水中沉淀
河水流出弯弯的灵性

散发着常年梅香的四姐妹
乖巧的四姐妹，我的姓氏早已失落
我只能用清白的手指，为你们
昼夜写下最后的献诗

灵秀的四姐妹，成天把乌篷船
河流、石拱桥和戏台画在宣纸上的四姐妹
我已变卖了房屋，我已背景离乡
只想成为，一位上门的女婿

西塘的夜

依然是河湾，依然是石拱桥
两岸的房屋被一串串红灯笼高高挂起
天地相连，河水在风中颤动
橘色的倒影好像水里跳动的火苗
这是天上还是人间，是朦胧
还是暧昧

西塘的夜，露出初恋的脸
那些火苗是情话，是不同方言的情话
溅入水中，古朴的房屋让语言
变得单纯，都市的喧嚣一下子安静
西塘的夜是两个人的夜
是初恋的夜

两岸的木屋透出昏暗的光影
古典的音乐从房檐、从门窗飘到水面
西塘的酒吧，把女儿国变得
水一样柔软。而闪闪烁烁的船灯
眨动诗人的眼睛，西塘的夜
是诗人的夜

作者简介

南鸥，中国当代著名诗人、作家、批评家，中国作家协会会员、贵州省作家协会第六届主席团委员、贵州省诗歌学会会长、贵州省新诗研究中心主任、贵州师范大学文学院客座教授、香港文学艺术研究院研究员。出版诗集《火浴》《春天的裂缝》《渴望时间最后的修饰》《我把黑夜读成白昼》《我的肺终年积雪》与长篇报告文学《南仁东传》《李桂莲传》（与葛景合著）、《永远的交响》等。部分作品被介绍到欧美，入选《百年中国新诗编年》《中国文学年鉴》《21世纪中国文学大系》《百年中国长诗经典》、意大利混语版《全球诗歌选集》、印度英文版《当代世界诗选》、中-英-希腊语对照版《中国当代十家诗人诗选》《百年诗经·中国新诗300首1917—2016》等数百种重要选本。先后获贵州改革开放三十年“十大影响力诗人”奖、首届“中国当代诗歌奖”创作奖、2013年度国际最佳诗人奖、《诗选刊》2016年度诗人奖、第三届博鳌国际诗歌节诗集奖等。

Are your four lucent daughters. They are elegant,
Gifts bestowed by the gods; their watery faces
Are like lotus blossoms rising from the water.

The tale of *Lin's Shop* is still being told
Day and night; those characters, those scenes and details
Rock across the river bend like one after another black-awning boat.
Continuous memories drift; indigo roofs,
Jade-green reflections settle in the water.
From the river flows out a curving spirituality.

Four sisters who exhale perpetual plum fragrance,
Four well-behaved sisters, my family name was lost long ago.
I can only use clean fingers, for you
Day and night to write this final offering of poems.

Four Lucent sisters, who all day long paint black-awning boats,
Rivers, stone arch bridges, and opera stages upon rice paper.
I have already sold my house, I have already left my native place,
Only wishing to become a son-in-law who moves into your home.

Night at Xitang

Still the river bend, still the stone arch bridge;
Houses on both banks are hoisted high by strings of red lanterns.
Sky and earth merge; the river trembles in the wind;
Orange reflections are like leaping flames beneath the water.
Is this heaven or the human realm: blurred
Or ambiguous?

Xitang's night shows the face of first love;
Those flames are lovers' words, lovers' words in different dialects,
Splashing into the water; plain antique houses make language
Suddenly simple, the city's hubbub hushes at once.
Xitang's night is a night for two,
A night of first love.

Dim light and shadow seep from wooden houses on both banks;
Classical music drifts from eaves, doors and windows to the water's surface.
Xitang's bars turn the Kingdom of Women
Soft as water. And the flickering boat lamps
Blink like the eyes of poets. Xitang's night
Is a poets' night.

(Tr. Prof. Li Zhengshuan; 李正栓教授 译)

About the author

Nan Ou is a celebrated contemporary Chinese poet, writer and critic. He is a member of the China Writers Association, a member of the sixth presidium of the Guizhou Writers Association, president of the Guizhou Poetry Society, director of the Guizhou Center for New-Poetry Studies, visiting professor at the School of Literature of Guizhou Normal University and research fellow at the Hong Kong Institute of Literature and Art. His publications include the poetry collections *Baptism by Fire*, *Fissures of Spring*, *Longing for the Final Touch of Time*, *I Read the Night into Daylight*, and *My Lungs Are Snow-Capped All Year*; as well as the full-length reportages *Biography of Nan Rendong*, *Biography of Li Guilian* (co-authored with Mo Jing), and *The Eternal Symphony*. Some of his works have been introduced to Europe and America and have been selected for hundreds of major anthologies, such as *A Centennial Chronicle of Chinese New Poetry*, *Yearbook of Chinese Literature*, *21st-Century Chinese Literature Series*, *Centennial Classics of Chinese Long Poems*, the Italian multilingual edition *Global Poetry Anthology*, the Indian-English edition *Contemporary World Poetry*, the Chinese-English-Greek trilingual edition *Ten Contemporary Chinese Poets*, and *Centennial Book of Songs: 300 Chinese New Poems 1917–2016*. Among his honors are the “Top Ten Most Influential Poets of Guizhou in the Thirty Years of Reform and Opening Up,” the inaugural “Contemporary Chinese Poetry Award” for creative writing, the 2013 International Best Poet Award, the *Poetry Selection* 2016 Poet of the Year Award, and the third Boao International Poetry Festival Poetry Collection Award.

Shikdar Mohammed Kibriah [Bangladesh]

Being and Non-being (and other two poems)

Is existence corporeal or incorporeal?
Does existence precede
Or succeed essence?
Existentialist Sartre says -
"Existence precedes essence".
Then, the existence of my departed soul
Reasonably irrelevant.
If truth is temporal, and relative
Then, in the context of life and existence
Why would it be relevant?
"Sensory experience is the basis
Of knowledge that finds truth"
As said the Empiricists Berkeley
And others.
Hearing this my wife cried
As she is inevitably irrelevant now!
Similarly irrelevant spiritual values
And moral categories - humanity,
Nobility and honesty,
The forms of truth, goodness and beauty.
But life and the world practically exist
In the overall standard of truth,
Goodness, and beauty, where
Youth and past-youth emerge
As the shape of aesthetic feelings
In the context of generosity.
It is only a variation in the feeling;
A particular feeling of existentialism
In the same essence, my lover
In fact, remains truly existent.
Therefore, even in this old age,
I love my wife.

Feelings and thoughts

Feelings emerge from sensitivity.
Thinkingness from the feelings.
Two sisters- Shiuli and Shafali.
I love both of them.
No ability avoiding any.
You could call it
A double standard,
But I am not confused
Of this ambivalence.
Shiuli a growing damsel-
An inflaming spring.
An Eucalyptus tree flying hair
In blustering air,
Knocking in a tremendous beauty
A corporeal content binds itself
With a wild gesture.
Naughty boys run after her
Even Kazi Nazrul!
Me too passionate to go to astray!
Youthful Shafali- Autumnal noon.
Aloof glamor in public. Softness
Of an unmoved pond. Mango tree
On the bank. A lady-dove of

希克达尔·穆罕默德·基布里亚[孟加拉国]

存在与虚无 (外二首)

存在与虚无
存在是有形抑或无形的?
存在先于本质
还是本质先于存在?
存在主义者萨特说——“存在先于本质”。
那么,我已逝灵魂的存在
合理且无关紧要。
若真理是暂时而相对的
那么,在生命与存在的背景下
它又为何会是重要的?
“感官经验是基础
发现真理的知识基础”
正如经验主义者贝克莱
等人所言。
听闻此语,我的亡妻哭了
因为她如今必然与之无关!
同样无关紧要的还有精神价值
与道德范畴——人道、
高贵与诚实,
以及真、善、美的形式。
但生命与世界实际存在着
遵循着真理的总标准,
在那真、善、美中,
青春与已逝的青春呈现
以审美感受的形态
在慷慨的背景下。
这仅仅是感受的一种变体;
一种存在主义的特殊感受
在相同的本质里,我的爱人
事实上,依然真实地存在。
因此,即使暮年已至,
我依然爱着我的妻子。

感与思

情感源于感知。
思想源于情感。
如同两姐妹——绣莉和雪菲莉。
我深爱她们俩。
无法避开谁。
你可称之为
双标,
但我并未困惑
此矛盾。
绣莉,少女初长
如一团炽热的春火。
桉树般的发丝
在空中狂舞,
撞击着至极之美,
有形的肉体会自我束缚
以狂野之姿。
顽皮的男孩们追逐着她,
卡齐·纳兹鲁尔也没有例外!
我也神情激昂沉沦其中!
青春期的雪菲莉——如秋日的午后。
表面高冷迷人。内在温柔
如池塘般稳定, 芒果树。
在岸边。一只雌鸽
藏于密枝。无声招引

Hidden branch. Silent call
In a vigilant glance.
Centenary sitting of Rabi Tagore.
Me too waiting prehistoric!
Shiuli's body smells green.
Response to the sense -
I am the direct bloke of the sensuous soul
And, Shiuli is the lusted lady nature
Of my sensitive existence
Undeniable element of feeling
A perfect form of my perception.
Shefali- a clarified buttery scented entity
Solidarity of senses in profound feeling-
Calm, compact and composed
Stability of the soulful sensibility
The form of understanding feelings.
Who would be accepted?
Shiuli or Shefali?
I know a matter unformed is blind
And, a form without matter is void.
Then, both Shiuli and Shefali are to be
The real category of my lively love.

Pure Father

Here life is nothing but a shameless woman
Standing in a blind narrow lane who colours
Her lips with a painful bloody rose of bad luck.
Art of toiling life makes a shortcut bargain
Ravings of night vomits a darker dirty dawn
To be prepared for another upcoming night.
Modern city walks through a tiring darkness.
Still tries to find out a meaning of noise and
Suddenly boxes in the air to be offloaded.
When I will be eighty-over and cover my face
With ashen sky or grey water wets my chest
Right then you, an ideal leader will emerge!
Then that of the good days as if our children
Could find the minimum means of existence.

About the author

Shikdar Mohammed Kibriah, born on 1st July, 1968, in Sylhet, Bangladesh, Masters in philosophy, is a globally published, awarded, translated and featured world renowned poet, essayist, story writer, critic, translator, ambassador and philosopher. He writes in Bangla and English. He is a global poetry promoter and literary personality, founder and president, Poetry and Literature World Vision. He is personalized as an international adviser of Farsala Academy, Greece, member of Farsala Academy, Greece, International Organization of United Volunteers, Egypt, Literature and Cultural Council, Center for Global Auditorium (CGA), USA, International Literary Association ILA Tribune, Germany, SAP, Poland, Advisor, Prodigy Life Academy, USA, Editorial Advisor, Prodigy Magazine, USA, Distinguished Scholar, Scholar Consortium, International Academy of Ethics, India, member, Editorial Committee, World Poetry Yearbook, China, Organizing Committee and Juri, Walt Whitman International Literary Competition and Friedrich Von Schiller Int. Competition, Germany, and he is an ambassador of world peace, love and humanity appointed by different literary, cultural and humanitarian forums active globally. His basic books published are 21 so far. Among them ten on poetry, eight on prose and three on story. The last prose book is 'Philosophic Discourse of Poetry and Art' and the poetry book is 'Selected English Poetry, Volume 1'. Both are published by Prodigy Published, USA on Amazon. Shikdar is the editor in chief of the high profile encyclopedic anthology series 'World Contemporary Poets Vol.1,2'. His writings have been translated and published in 50 principal languages of the world. He has been globally featured as a 'Global Poet', 'Cover Personality' and 'Global Peace Ambassador' many times.

警觉一瞥。
罗宾·泰戈尔的百年静坐。
我也在等待，恍若隔世！
绣莉的身体散发着青绿的气息。
回应感官——
我是感性灵魂的直男
而绣莉是充满欲望的女主角
在我敏感的生活中，
是不可否认的情感元素，
是我感知的完美形式。
雪菲莉——一种带黄油香的澄澈实体
深沉情感中的感官统一——
冷静、紧凑而沉着
灵魂感性的稳定
充满灵性的感知力的稳定，
是理解情感的形态。
谁会被接受呢？
绣莉还是雪菲莉？
我知道，未成形的实体本无明
而无实体的形式是空。
故，绣莉和雪菲莉都将成为
我热爱的真实范畴。

纯粹的父亲

此处的生活不过如同一个无耻的女人
站在一条死胡同里，是谁涂抹
她的双唇，用一朵如此倒霉的痛苦血玫瑰。
生活的艰辛练就短平快交易的技艺
夜的咆哮呕出一个更肮脏的黎明，
只为迎接，下一个即将到来的黑夜。
都市在疲惫的黑暗中穿行。
试图找寻喧嚣的意义，
和等待卸货的高悬箱子。
待我耄耋之年低头时
面色灰暗或残羹冷炙湿满襟
恰逢你，一位理想的领袖现身！
仿佛那时我们的孩子
找到了生存的底气。

(盛易娴 译: Tr. Sheng Yixian)

作者简介

希克达尔·穆罕默德·基布里亚，1968年7月1日出生于孟加拉国锡尔赫特，哲学硕士，是一位作品在全球出版、获奖、被译且誉满全球的著名诗人、散文家、小说家、评论家、翻译家、文化大使和哲学家。他以孟加拉语和英语进行创作，是国际诗歌推广者和文坛知名人士，亦是“诗歌与文学世界愿景”的创始人兼主席。他是希腊法萨拉学院成员并被聘为该学院国际顾问，同时担任以下职务：埃及国际联合志愿者组织成员、美国全球礼堂中心文学与文化委员会成员、德国国际文学协会论坛报成员、德国SAP软件管理系统成员、美国天才生命学院驻波兰顾问、美国《天才杂志》编委顾问、印度国际伦理学院学者联盟成员及杰出学者、中国《世界诗歌年鉴》编委、德国沃尔特·惠特曼国际文学竞赛及弗里德里希·冯·席勒国际竞赛组委会成员与评委，并被多家活跃于全球的文学、文化及人道主义论坛任命为世界和平、爱与人文大使。迄今为止，他已出版著作21部，其中诗集10部、散文8部、短篇小说集3部。最新散文集为《诗歌与艺术的哲学论述》，诗集为《英诗选·第一卷》，均由美国天才出版社在亚马逊平台出版发行。希克达尔还主编了高端百科全书式系列选集《世界当代诗人·第一、二卷》。其作品已被翻译成全球五十种语种并出版。他多次被国际媒体誉为“国际诗人”“封面人物”及“全球和平大使”。

木樨颜[中国]

听雪（外一首）

听雪从房顶上滑下来
 砸中我经年累月的心事
 梧桐树下老狗的骨骼是否已经
 长成如盖苍翠中的一盖
 村头守望的两股车辙是不是
 依然驶向孩童的记忆，还有
 梧桐树可能也已经被风霜伐倒
 村子也几经变化了音容
 这一切或许早已沧海桑田
 如心事一般纷纷飞舞起来

听雪从房顶上滑下来，然后
 砸在地上的崩塌的惊悚
 这几年我不信佛，不信老马
 我只信自己的心事只有
 读到这首诗的那个人知道

永远

我说的永远是真永远
 与永恒的时间无关
 也不参考一直汹涌如洪水的生和死
 我说的永远是一念中深沉的爱
 和从深沉的爱中冲口而出的誓言

我说的永远真的是永远
 不关乎命运的短促或悠长
 也与你记忆是否鲜活没有关联
 我会用每一次呼吸表达对你的思念
 你记不记得在不在意都与这种表达无关

永远到底有多远
 也并不是那么重要
 只要那一刻呼吸验证了你存在于我的意义
 哪怕一秒的短暂也是一世的永远

Amir Or [Israel]

Language Says (and other four poems)

Language says: before language
 stands a language. Language is traces
 stained by over there.
 Language says: listen now.
 You listen: here was
 echo.

Take silence and try to be silent.
 Take the words and try to speak:
 beyond language, language is a wound
 from which the world flows and flows.
 Language says: is, is not, is,
 is not. Language says: I.
 Language says: come on, let's speak you,
 let's touch you; come on, say
 you've said –

A Morning Legend

Brent Yan [China]

Listening to Snow (and another poem)

Listening to snow sliding off the rooftop,
 Crashing into my long-hoarded thoughts –
 Under the Wutong tree, has the old dog's skeleton
 Sprouted into a canopy among the verdant foliage?
 Do the two ruts, still keeping watch at the village head
 Drive on to the childhood memories? And
 Perhaps the parasol tree has been felled by the wind and frost.
 The village itself has changed its looks and sounds several times.
 All these might have transformed beyond recognition,
 fluttering like heart's matters in the air.

Listening to the snow sliding off the rooftop, then
 collapsing with a startling thud on the ground.
 These years, I don't believe in Buddha, nor in the old Marx
 I only believe my thoughts are known
 Only to the one who reads this poem.

Forever

The “forever” that I said is real forever
 It has nothing to do with eternal time
 Nor does it refer to life and death surging like floods
 The “forever” that I said is deep love in a single thought
 And the oath bursting from deep love

The “forever” that I said really is forever
 It has nothing to do with fate's brevity or length
 Also no connection to whether your memory stays fresh
 I will express my yearning for you with every breath
 Whether you remember or care is unrelated to this expression

How far is forever, after all
 Is not really that important
 As long as that breath verifies the meaning of your existence to me
 Even a second's briefness is a lifetime's forever

阿米尔·奥尔[以色列]

语言说（外四首）

语言说：在语言之前
 另有语言矗立。语言是痕迹
 被“彼岸”浸染。
 语言说：此刻聆听。
 你侧耳：此处曾是
 回声。

执沉默，试求静默。
 持言辞，试求言说：
 语言之外，语言是一道伤口
 世界自其中汨汨流淌。
 语言说：是，非，是，
 非。语言说：我。
 语言说：来吧，让我们言说你，
 让我们触碰你；来吧，说
 你早已言说——

晨之传奇

At dawn a man rose and opened his window:
a line of sun – from east to west! –
it reached as far as his heart and lit his sorrow,
and he said: Beautiful is the world.

And he said: Why was I so bitterly depressed?
What dream passed through me? Let me wake!
I'll create a new world this morning;
I shall be! – there's no other when.

I'll rise and go to the world of leaves,
let me touch its green heart!
Like a butterfly I'll flutter among flowers
and suck life's sweet nectar.

He set forth, but not far: ten steps,
a life cleansed of any past,
by dawn he walked against the reddening east,
and his eyes opened and saw.

Ten steps, no more. But for him
longer than his life to that point:
At the moment of nectar,
who can recognize his yesterday,
who can count ten eternities?

Once upon a time, a man rose at dawn
and emerged to a forgotten Eden.

The Barbarians (Round Two)

It was not in vain that we awaited the barbarians,
it was not in vain that we gathered in the city square.
It was not in vain that our great ones put on their official robes
and rehearsed their speeches for the event.
It was not in vain that we smashed our temples
and erected new ones to their gods;
as proper we burnt our books
that have nothing in them for people like that.
As the prophesy foretold, the barbarians came
and took the keys to the city from the king's hand.
But when they came they wore the garments of the land,
and their customs were the customs of the state;
and when they commanded us in our own tongue
we no longer knew when
the barbarians had come to us.

Bloom

When the dead are planning their next birth
cemeteries smell like spring.

They're coming closer than dreams
roaming away from their worlds
to die into the world.

You grasp them suddenly, your body winces
when they move on past you as if you were a ghost.

The dome of the view – a blue sky, a few light clouds
is a thin curtain, powerless to shield you.

Sounds of bells and sea-shells come close to your ears.
Every breath you take is a presence.

In spring everything reveals itself in flesh again.

破晓时分，他起身，推开窗棂：
一道金光——自东向西铺展，
直抵他心底，照亮了心中愁绪。
他轻声感叹：这世界真美。

他旋即自问，为何我曾深陷愁苦？
是何种幻梦将我纠缠？醒来吧！
今晨，我要缔造一个新世界；
我定要活出自我！——此刻不待更待何时。

我要起身，去往那葱郁林间，
去触碰它绿意盎然的心房！
我要如蝴蝶般在花丛间翩跹，
吮吸生命的甘醇。

他迈步前行，却未走远：
不过十步，过往已从生命中彻底消散，
破晓时分，他朝泛红的东方走去，
双眼终得睁开，看清了世间。

不过十步，仅此而已。可于他而言，
却比此前一生更漫长：
那甘醇浸润的时刻，谁还能认得昨日的自己？
谁又能数得清这十段永恒的时光？

曾几何时，他于破晓时分起身，
步入那被遗忘的伊甸园。

野蛮人（其二）

我们等候野蛮人，并非徒劳，
我们聚集在城市广场，并非徒劳。
我们的权贵们身着官服，为盛典排练说辞，
并非徒劳。
我们捣毁自己的神庙，
为他们的神祇另建新宇，并非徒劳；
我们依礼焚尽那些
对他们这类人毫无用处的典籍。
正如预言所昭示，野蛮人终将登场，
从国王手中取走了城市的钥匙。
可他们到来时，穿的是这片土地的衣衫，
他们的习俗，也与本国毫无二致；
当他们用我们自己的语言向我们发号施令时，
我们竟再也分不清——
野蛮人究竟何时，已来到我们身边。

绽放

当逝者筹谋着来世的降生，
墓园便漾起了春日的气息。

他们比梦境更近——
挣脱各自的世界漫游而来
奔赴这人世，蜕去旧形。

你会骤然触到他们的影踪，身躯却本能地轻颤；
他们从你身旁经过，仿佛你才是缥缈的灵魂。

眼前的穹顶——一碧青天，几缕流云，
不过是层薄幕，终究难将你庇护。

钟声与海贝的清响，在耳畔缓缓萦回。
你的每一次呼吸，皆是生命的存在。

春日里，万物皆以肉身重焕生机。
熠熠明镜在风中悬垂，

Glittering mirrors are hanging in the wind,
eyes blooming everywhere.

I Look Through the Monkeys' Eyes

I look through the monkeys' eyes
as they play with my skull in the treetops.
I'm lifted with the eagle as he flies
because my entrails are in his;
in the belly of the earth
I crawl with worms
who ate my eyes out of their sockets;
I am green, I grow in the grass
that my rotting flesh makes rich.

O my body
How you have grown!

About the author

Amir Or has been recognized as a major voice in world literature. Or is the 2020 Golden Wreath laureate, and winner of other national and international awards. The latest include the 2016 European Atlas of Lyrics award, the 2017 Blue-Met Montreal *World Through Poetry* award, the 2019 Homer European Medal of Art and Poetry, Brussels, the 2021 Ianicius and Wladislaw Reimont awards, Poland, and the 2021 Shabda Guchha award, NY. Or was born in Tel Aviv, 1956, studied Philosophy and Comparative Religion in the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, and lectured there on Ancient Greek Religion. He published 14 poetry books, the latest being *Wings* (2015) and *Child* (2018). His work was translated to 50 languages, and published in 45 books in Europe, America and Asia. He published 2 novels, and 12 volumes of his translations to Hebrew from Ancient Greek, English and other languages. His selected translations *From the Hebrew Side* was published in 2017, and his selected essays, *Discourse* in 2019. Or is the founder of Helicon Poetry Society, the *Hebrew-Arabic Poetry School*, the Sha'ar international poetry festival and the *Helicon poetry review*. He has served as national coordinator of the U.N.-sponsored Poets for Peace, and as national editor for international magazines.

About the Translator

Yu Xia, female, born in Chengdu, Sichuan Province, China, is an associate professor and Assistant to the Dean of the School of Foreign Languages at Chengdu College of Arts and Sciences, also a doctoral candidate in Translation Studies at Southwest Jiaotong University. She holds multiple academic affiliations, serving as a Council Member of the Sichuan Translators Association, a Member of the Translators Association of China, a Member of the Sichuan Applied Foreign Languages Research Association, and an Industry Mentor for the Master of Translation and Interpreting (MTI) program at Xihua University. She has been honored with titles such as "Maskin Nobel Laureate Distinguished Teacher" and "Distinguished Teacher of the Sichuan Private Education Association". In terms of academic achievements, she has published more than 30 academic papers, presided over 7 provincial and ministerial-level quality engineering projects as well as 15 municipal and university-level teaching and research projects, edited 5 translated works and textbooks, and won over 30 academic awards.

眼眸灼灼，于四方绽放。

我透过群猴的眼眸凝望

我透过群猴的眼眸凝望——
它们正在树梢，玩弄我的颅骨。
我随雄鹰一同高飞，
因我的脏腑，正藏于它的身躯；
在大地的腹中，
我与蠕虫一同爬行——
是它们，将我的双眼啄食殆尽；
我化作翠绿，在青草间生长，
而滋养这青草的，正是我腐烂的血肉。

哦，我的躯体
你竟已这般“茁壮”！

(余霞教授 译；Tr. Prof. Yu Xia)

作者简介

阿米尔·奥尔，被公认为世界文学的重要声音。他是2020年金环奖得主，同时还斩获多项国内外奖项。其中近年奖项包括：2016年欧洲抒情诗图谱奖、2017年蒙特利尔蓝调文学节“诗映世界”奖、2019年布鲁塞尔欧洲荷马艺术与诗歌奖章、2021年波兰伊安尼丘斯奖与弗瓦迪斯瓦夫·雷蒙特奖，以及2021年美国纽约沙布达·古查奖。奥尔于1956年出生于特拉维夫，曾在耶路撒冷希伯来大学攻读哲学与比较宗教学专业，并留校讲授古希腊宗教课程。他已出版14部诗集，最新作品为2015年的《翅膀》与2018年的《孩童》。其作品被翻译成50种语言，在欧美及亚洲地区结集出版45部。此外，奥尔还著有2部长篇小说，并有12卷希伯来语译作，译自古希腊语、英语及其他语言。其译作选集《希伯来视角》于2017年出版，散文选集《论述》于2019年出版。奥尔是多个重要文学机构的创始人，包括赫利孔诗歌协会、希伯来—阿拉伯诗歌学院、沙阿国际诗歌节及《赫利孔诗评》。他曾担任联合国资助的“和平诗人”项目全国协调员，同时还担任多家国际期刊的本国编辑。

译者简介

余霞，女，四川成都人，副教授，成都文理学院外国语学院院长助理、西南交通大学译介学博士研究生。四川省翻译协会理事，中国翻译协会会员，四川省应用外语研究会会员，西华大学翻译硕士行业导师。获诺奖马斯金教学名师、四川省民办教育协会教学名师等荣誉称号。发表学术论文30余篇，主持含省部级质量工程7项，主持厅级、校级等教学、科研项目15项，主编译著、教材5部，学术获奖30余项。

英语—孟加拉语诗选《International Bilingual Poetry》在印度出版

印度著名青年诗人、翻译家Md Ejah Ahamed先生翻译、主编的英语—孟加拉语对照《International Bilingual Poetry আন্তর্জাতিক ভাষিক কাব্য》（《国际双语诗选》），已于2025年7月由Dream Raft Publication在印度西孟加拉邦出版、发行。

书前有编者Preface（序言），全书主要收录了来自阿尔巴尼亚、阿尔及利亚、阿根廷、奥地利、阿塞拜疆、白罗斯、比利时、波黑、巴西、罗马尼亚、保加利亚、加拿大、中国、哥伦比亚、哥斯达黎加、克罗地亚、古巴、埃及、德国、希腊、印度、印度尼西亚、伊朗、伊拉克、意大利、库尔德斯坦、哈萨克斯坦、吉尔吉斯斯坦、黎巴嫩、利比亚、缅甸、荷兰、毛里求斯、摩洛哥、澳大利亚、尼泊尔、尼加拉瓜、尼日利亚、巴勒斯坦、菲律宾、俄罗斯、沙特阿拉伯、塞尔维亚、韩国、塔吉克斯坦、特立尼达和多巴哥、突尼斯、土耳其、美国、乌兹别克斯坦、越南、立陶宛、也门等62个国家和地区的147位诗人的英语—孟加拉语对照诗作、小传和照片。

其中第52-53页刊发了中国诗人张智Zhang Zhi的英语—孟加拉语对照诗作《Title Lost》（《চমেরাটি হাচরময় মগমি》）、小传和照片，第54-55页刊发了中国诗人费一飞Fei Yifei的英语—孟加拉语对照诗作《Watching a Kingfisher》（《একট বোঁটো মদমে》）、小传和照片，第58-59页刊发了中国女诗人还叫海棠Haijiao Haitang的英语—孟加拉语对照诗作《The Fog Filling Hills and Rills》（《কুয়ায়ে ভরা পাহা এবং দীপুচলা》）、小传和照片。大32K，304页，印制精美、大气，颇具文本价值和收藏价值。

混编版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社

Lauren Mendinueta [Colombia]

My Neighbor (and other two poems)

My neighbor lives alone and she is a poet.
 The walls that separate us
 Are thin, like sheets of paper.
 Every morning, I can hear her pacing
 Up and down her long hallway
 Dragging mute verses behind her.
 I can almost listen to the gesture of her hand
 As she spins her spoon around a cup of coffee.
 In the afternoons, my neighbor levitates above her hallway.
 I can hear the gravity of her body,
 How her hand drifts
 As she writes an illuminated poem.
 I've never seen her face,
 It's always buried in some manuscript.
 The other night I knocked on her door with my fist clenched.
 I knocked several times, imitating a heart beating.
 Eventually she opened the door,
 And as she turned into a statue at the end of the hallway
 I shied away from disturbing her pious dreams.
 I dusted her house in the dark and on tiptoes,
 Scoured the bathroom thoroughly, left her kitchen sparkling, set the table.
 Then I shut the door quietly behind me
 And returned to my book.

I Have Asked for Rest

*I have asked everyone to rest
 From everything that tires and mortifies them:
 Love, hunger, the atom, cancer.*
 —HILDA HILST

My mother used to say that I was tiresome,
 That it was difficult to talk to me
 Because I only knew how to speak in poems.

I never learned the other tongue.
 When I was already an adult, I tried to speak a practical language in order to save
 relationships,
 But I would open my mouth and these exceedingly long silences came out,
 Which were also tiresome.

My mother doesn't like my poems.
 She suspects that they are not innocent,
 She's afraid I will lose my soul for writing verses.

I have asked my mother to give me a rest.
 We are separated by an ocean and a rock crystal.
 The woman I see on the other side is tired
Of everything that is tiresome and mortifies.

The Purest Fountain

The village was flooded by mice.
 Let me be free of their smell!
 Allow me to fall in love with love once more!
 Let me find the purest fountain!

There were always mice in my village.
 No, no. Not always, if I do say so myself.
 I wonder, did I use to dream about paradise
 When I stepped into my sheepskin shoes?

劳伦·门迪努埃塔[哥伦比亚]

我的邻居（外二首）

我的邻居独居，她是个诗人。
 将我们隔开的墙壁
 薄如纸片。
 每天清晨，我都能听见她
 在长长的走廊来回踱步
 身后拖曳着无声的诗行。
 当她用勺子搅动咖啡时
 我几乎能听见她手部动作发出的声音。
 午后，邻居悬浮于走廊之上。
 我听见她身体的沉重。
 听见她手掌飘移的轨迹，
 正书写着一首发光的诗。
 我从未见过她的面容，
 那张脸总是埋在手稿里。
 那天晚上，我攥紧拳头敲响了她的门。
 敲了数次，仿若心跳的律动。
 最终她打开了门，
 当她在走廊尽头化作一尊雕像时，
 我却畏缩着不敢惊扰她虔诚的梦境。
 我在黑暗中踮着脚尖为她打扫房子，
 彻底擦洗浴室，让厨房闪闪发亮，摆好餐具。
 随后轻轻关上市后的门
 回到我的书本前。

我曾祈求安息

我曾祈求众人安息
 从一切令他们疲惫与屈辱之事中抽身
 爱情、饥饿、原子、癌症。
 ——希尔达·希爾斯特

母亲常说我令人厌烦，
 说与我交谈很困难，
 因为我只会用诗句说话。

我从未学会另一种语言。
 成年后我曾试图用世俗语言维系关系，
 但开口时总涌出漫长的沉默，
 同样令人厌烦。

母亲厌恶我的诗作。
 她怀疑其中暗藏玄机，
 唯恐我为写诗而丧失灵魂。

我恳求母亲让我歇息。
 我们隔着海洋与水晶相望。
 彼岸的女子已厌倦
 所有令人疲惫又羞辱的事物。

最纯净的泉水

老鼠淹没了村庄。
 让我摆脱它们的气味！
 让我重新爱上爱情！
 让我寻到最纯净的泉水！

我的村庄里总有老鼠。
 不，不。若让我自己说，倒也并非总是。
 我常想，当我穿上羊皮鞋时
 是否曾梦见天堂？

I am determined to live,
Fear won't gnaw on my fingers.
I won't share my bread with horror.

Tomorrow I will wash my hair in the purest fountain
And I will dry it in the sun.
Tomorrow I will leave this village.
How easy it will be to live far away from the pied piper.
(Translated into English by Anabel Torres)

About the author

Lauren Mendinueta, a poetess, born in Barranquilla, Colombia in 1977. She is considered one of the most important poets of her generation in Ibero-America. She is the author of twelve books in the genres of poetry, essay and biography. Her books have been published and translated in several countries. In Colombia she won three national poetry awards, the Medellín Poetry Festival Award, and the National Essay and Art Criticism Award from the Ministry of Culture. In Spain, he also won the Martín García Ramos International Award for *La vocación suspendida*, a book that has now completed five editions, and the César Simón Award for *Del tiempo, un paso*. Mendinueta currently resides in Lisbon, where, in addition to her writing, she translates poetry and develops an intense work of dissemination of Spanish-American poetry in Portugal and Portuguese poetry in Latin America and Spain.

我决心活下去，
恐惧不会啃噬我的指尖。
我不会与恐怖分享我的面包。

明日我将在最纯净的泉中洗发，
让阳光为我吹干发丝。
明日我将离开这个村庄。
远离那彩笛吹衣人，生活将会多么轻松。
(郭一鸣 译；Tr. Guo Yiming)

作者简介

劳伦·门迪努埃塔，女诗人，1977年生于哥伦比亚巴兰基亚。被公认为伊比利亚美洲当代最重要的诗人之一，著有诗集、散文集及传记等十二部，其著作在多个国家出版并被译介。她曾在哥伦比亚三度荣获全国性诗歌奖，并摘得麦德林诗歌节奖及文化部颁发的国家散文与艺术评论奖。在西班牙，她凭借诗集《悬置的召唤》斩获马丁·加西亚·拉莫斯国际奖（该书至今已再版五次），并以诗集《时光，一步》获得塞萨尔·西蒙奖。门迪努埃塔现居里斯本，除创作外，她还从事诗歌翻译，并在葡萄牙致力于推广拉美诗歌，同时在拉丁美洲和西班牙传播葡萄牙语诗歌。

秦伟[中国]

香格里拉（外二首）

白云跑开
我的影子
在玛尼堆下碎成齏粉

鹰站在经轮上
转动心轴
用尖叫
拨动星辰的光
风把砂砾磨成佛眼
黄昏在铜壶里沸腾
雪线像永恒的休止符
所有融化的事物
都将在这里，获得
新的呼吸

当晨曦刺穿海拔计的玻璃管
我看见无数个你
在波纹中沉浮
用雪的寂静回答火焰的提问

一群鱼

游进同一片繁荣
在中渡口
每条鱼
鳞片上刻着
迁移的符号
在各自洄游的周期里
呼吸同一片水域

石门大桥
那些被水波推送的黑夜
鱼眼里闪烁的光斑
共同辨认海图中
被潮声磨损的航线

雨季繁忙

Qin Wei [China]

Shangri-La (and other two poems)

The white clouds scatter
My shadow
Shatters into fine powder beneath the Mani stone heap

An eagle perches on the prayer wheel
Spinning the axis of the heart
With a shriek
It plucks the light of the stars
The wind grinds gravel into Buddha's eyes
Dusk simmers in a bronze pot
The snow line like an eternal pause
All melting things
Shall here find
A new breath

When dawn pierces the glass tube of the altimeter
I see countless versions of you
Floating and sinking in the ripples
Answering the flame's question with the silence of snow

A School of Fish

Swim into the same prosperity
At Zhongdu Ferry
Each fish
Has carved on its scales
Symbols of migration
In their respective migration cycles
They breathe the same stretch of water

Shimen Bridge
Those nights pushed by water waves
The glimmers in the fish's eyes
Jointly discern in the nautical chart
The route worn by the sound of tides

The rainy season bustles

嘉陵江失去了清澈
灯站在岸边
我们也提了一盏灯
照亮雨夜的行程
有人用粼光交换信物
把逆流而上的勇气
藏进翕合的鳍

我们隔着江，隔着夜，隔着雨幕
把歌声唱到对岸
一直唱到
一群鱼在陆地上行走
唱到
嘉陵江由黄变绿

我欠你

我欠你
一个完整的春天
半朵桃花
和它完整的凋谢

我欠你
一次日落前的凝视
当暮色浸透我们
像糖在苦咖啡里旋转

我欠你
所有未说出的音节
它们在喉间
长成珊瑚

我欠你
一场精确的疼痛
当月光
测量床单的空白

我欠你
最轻的告别
像雪欠着大地
一个消融的姿势

The Jialing River loses its clarity
Lamps stand on the shore
We also hold a lamp
Illuminating the journey on a rainy night
Someone exchanges tokens with the shimmering light
Hiding the courage to swim against the current
In their closing fins

We are separated by the river, by the night, by the rain curtain
Singing songs across to the other bank
Singing until
A school of fish walks on land
Singing until
The Jialing River turns from yellow to green

I Owe You

I owe you
A full spring
Half a peach blossom
And its inevitable withering

I owe you
A gaze before sunset
When dusk soaks us through
Like sugar swirling in bitter coffee

I owe you
All the unspoken syllables
They grow in the throat
Into corals

I owe you
A precise ache
When moonlight
Measures the emptiness of the bed sheet

I owe you
The lightest farewell
Like snow owes the earth
A posture of melting

(Tr. Prof. Yu Xia; 余霞教授 译)

作者简介

秦伟，中国当代诗人。1965年4月25日出生于重庆酉阳，大学本科毕业。热爱诗歌、书法，近年开始诗歌创作，并在《凉山文学》《六盘水日报》《现代诗歌》、半朵中文网、顶端、一点资讯等刊物和平台发表诗作100余首。2023年写作爱情长诗《多丽丝》（十四行诗）100首，2025年写作梦幻长诗《酉阳桃花源》80余首。

About the author

Qin Wei is a contemporary Chinese poet. Born on April 25, 1965, in Youyang, Chongqing, he graduated with a bachelor's degree. He loves poetry and calligraphy, and has begun writing poetry in recent years. His works have been published in more than 100 poems in journals and platforms such as *Liangshan Literature*, *Liupanshui Daily*, *Modern Poetry*, *Ban Duo Chinese Website*, *Dingdun*, and *Yidian Zixun*. In 2023, he wrote 100 sonnets of the long love poem *Doris*, and in 2025, he wrote more than 80 poems of the long dreamlike poem *Youyang Peach Blossom Spring*.

《新乌兹别克斯坦》大型期刊译介中国诗人

乌兹别克斯坦著名诗人、作家、出版人Kim Natalya Dek-henovna（金·娜塔莉娅·德克-亨诺夫娜）女士、Mirzaboyev Abbozbek Ulugbekovich（米尔扎博耶夫·阿布兹别克·乌卢格别科维奇）先生联袂主编的《YANGI O'ZBEKISTON》（《新乌兹别克斯坦》）季刊2025年第三期，已于2025年9月在乌兹别克斯坦塔什干出版、发行。该期刊致力于在现代教育体系发展过程中推广创新教育技术，实施与设计创新教学技术，在发展融合教育过程中针对不同方向提出创造性构想、建议及解决方案。该期刊材料可供高等教育机构教授、学术中学与职业学院教师、中小学教师、独立研究者、硕士研究生、科研人员、优秀学生以及从事该领域科研工作的学者均可参考使用。

本期作者主要来自乌兹别克斯坦数十所著名大学的知名学者、批评家。其中第46-54页《XALQARO SHE'RIYAT》（《国际诗坛》）专栏，刊发了中国诗人费一飞（Fei Yifei）的汉语-乌兹别克语对照小传、诗作《一棵树冻死了》（《Muzlagan daraxt》）、《开春》（《Erta bahor》）、《插梅》（《Olcha gullari》）、《豆荚开花了》（《Loviya gullarin ochar》）、《一只鸟巢》（《Qush inisi》）、《犹豫》（《Ikkilanish》），乌兹别克语译者系Nilufar Buriyeva教授。该刊为大16K，厚达665页，印制精美、大气，颇具文本价值和收藏价值，系乌兹别克斯坦最具影响力的学术期刊之一。

混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社

Ihor Pavlyuk [Ukraine]

Borderlines (and other three poems)

Autumn fills the heart. I'll fly away
Before long – for I'm no tree nor stone.
Life's the same as afterlife, they say,
I will soon unravel this unknown.

Others argue that the other side
Only bears the gravity of death.
Votive lamps with their holy light
Call our souls into the cosmic depths.

Look at faint skylines – how they vibrate,
There's no death, just trembling borderlines.
Crosses hide the souls until they fade
Into sleep as into jaws of lions.

We are drowning in the river Styx,
Victims of corruption and deception,
Kharon on the boat demands his tips –
Everyone must pay, there's no exception.

Spiderwebs between the ancient walls
Like the roads I've walked – ensnared, forlorn...
God has guided me, for, after all,
My mother passed away when I was born.

I would warm my homeless soul with light
Shined by stars, and by the lamp I lit
For my oldest, kindest friend – he died
In a battle when his tank was hit.

I'm still breathing, as opposed to him,
Writing, raising kids, time passes by.
Autumn light will show, so soft and dim,
Where we are,
And who we are,
And why.

Post-Apocalyptic

Yet another day digs a grave in the ground,
Dark as blood of a wolf is the night,
And the bells, they toll with the mournful sound,
Songs are gone and the poets died.

And a soldier is slain in a brutal fight,
While Mamai the Cossack – he lives,
But our land is ruled by a foreign blight –
They are moguls, usurpers, thieves.

Prickly thorn, like truth, it can cut and pierce,
But integrity's deemed old school,
So I dwell through the past, through the ancient years,
When honour and pride would rule.

Though the autumn's here, and my final steps
Through the ruins, where cranes fly high.
And it all gets clear when I go to the steppe
And a feather falls from the sky.

伊戈尔·巴甫留科[乌克兰]

边境线（外三首）

满心秋意。我要远走高飞
很快——因为我非木石之辈。
他们说，来世的生活亦是如此，
我不久就会解开这个谜题。

别人认为，彼岸
只承载着死亡的庄严。
许愿灯发出神圣的光线
召唤我们的灵魂进入宇宙的深渊。

看着模糊的天际——他们是何等颤栗，
没有死亡，只有抖动的边境线。
十字架隐匿了灵魂直到他们消逝
犹入狮口般沉入睡眠。

我们溺于冥河消殒，
腐败与欺诈的牺牲品，
冥府渡船的船夫要收取小费——
每个人都必须付款，没有免单。

古城墙之间的蜘蛛网
犹如我走过的路——混乱，凄凉……
上帝指引着我，毕竟，
母亲在我出生时死亡。

我要用光明温暖自己的心灵
那光明源于星光闪耀和我点亮的灯
为了我最年长，最仁慈的朋友——他死了
在一场战斗中他的坦克被击中。

与他相比，我还在呼吸，
写作，抚养孩子，岁月变迁。
秋光将现，柔和而暗淡，
我们身处何方，
是何许人，
缘何这般。

后末世

又一个白昼在地上掘出了墓穴，
黑夜暗如狼血，
而钟磬，奏响了哀声，
曲终，诗人凋谢。

一名士兵在残酷的战斗中被杀死，
而哥萨克的马迈还活着，
但是我们的国土被外族瘟疫控制着——
他们是权贵，篡位者，贼子。

多刺的荆棘，犹如真理，可以切割也能穿透
但诚实正直被认为是守旧，
于是我潜回过去，穿越古老的岁月，
彼时荣誉和尊严是主流。

虽然秋天至此，而我最后脚步
穿过废墟，这里仙鹤高高飞起。
当我去草原时一切都变得清晰，
一只羽毛从天空飘落。

Donor

To be a donor
 Out of love in line I stood
 To give blood for our boys and girls,
 So "out of love stood" rhymed with "blood".
 But I was an old soldier
 Who knew how to pray and swear,
 Like a table, scarred
 With my word-power
 From divine bodies
 I've demons disbarred.

I've sorrows collected
 As the poor do treasure buried.
 As I would a girl
 I've death accepted.
 I've confirmed the cancer diagnosis of the human spirit
 Which, as best I can, I've treated.

The alchemy of my verse
 Was for golden souls cerate.
 Though metaphysically
 I cannot separate
 Good from Bad, or worse.

The floor has become the roof
 In this world once more.
 I stand at the brim of Hell's cauldron...

My soul's blood is lit up by war,
 The blood I donate for the children.

Minefield

There is a bloody shadow on the minefield.
 Poppies.
 Cornflowers.
 Wind.
 Across the minefield's stomach
 Someone is climbing, shining with wool.

Birds are flying, by the light wounded,
 They fly like they swim, thank the Lord.
 And my brother Forest and sister River wonder
 If they to growth can find a road.

Forget the plastic, the Internet,
 All anxiety I loathe.
 I'm the smallest among planets –
 Like a boat along the Lethe.

From the body's bomb shelter the butterfly of dreams
 Will melt as it reaches the stars.
 The minefield flowers are old
 And sharp –
 Like spiritual scars.

And dogs, like people,
 Are straying, woebegone.

捐赠者

成为一名捐赠者
 因为爱，我站立于队列
 为我们的孩子献血，
 所以“为爱挺身”与“血液”押韵。
 但我是一位老兵，
 懂得如何祈祷和宣誓，
 就像一个遍体鳞伤的桌子
 用我源于神圣身躯的
 言语之力
 取消魔鬼的律师资格。

我积聚着悲伤
 就像穷人埋藏珍宝一样
 就像我是一个女孩一样
 我已接受死亡。
 我已确诊人类精神癌症，
 对此，尽我所能，我已医治。

我的诗歌魅力
 是为金子般的灵魂设计。
 尽管形而上学
 我无法分辨
 善恶，或者更恶劣。

地板已经再一次成为
 这个世界的屋顶。
 我站在了地狱大釜的边缘……

我灵魂的鲜血被战争点燃，
 那血液是我为孩子们奉献。

雷区

一个流血的影子出现在雷区
 罂粟花。
 矢车菊。
 风。
 穿过雷区的腹地
 有人在爬行挪移，身上的毛绒闪光熠熠。

鸟儿在飞，被阳光所伤，
 他们好似游泳般飞翔，感谢上苍。
 我的弟弟福里斯特和妹妹瑞芙想知道
 他们能否找到一条道路去成长。

忘了塑料，忘了互联网吧，
 我厌恶所有的忧虑。
 我是星球中最渺小的一员——
 就像忘川中的一条小船。

源自身体防空洞的梦之蝶
 会在抵达星星时融化。
 雷区的花朵枯萎
 而瘦削——
 犹如心灵的伤疤。

而狗和人一样，
 迷失了方向，愁苦忧伤。

In distant places soldiers mines clear.

Now in the minefield we are not on our own,
But it's good that on wings we can soar.

(Translated by Matvii Smirnov)

About the author

Ihor Pavlyuk, born on January 1, 1967, in Malyy Okors'k, Volyn region, Ukraine. He is a famous Ukrainian poet, prose writer, playwright, translator, and scholar. A citizen of Ukraine, Pavlyuk began publishing poetry in the late 1980s while studying journalism at Lviv University, which he graduated from with honors. He is the author of over twenty books of poetry and prose, including «A Flight Over the Black Sea», «Arthania», «Cossack Mamay Dance», «Biography of the tree of tribe of poets»... Pavlyuk's major achievements include the English PEN Award (2013), the Swiss International Literary Prize (2021), and the honorary title «People's Poet of Ukraine» (2020). He holds a Doctorate in Social Communications and serves as a professor and researcher at the Taras Shevchenko Institute of Literature of the National Academy of Sciences of Ukraine. His work combines lyricism, philosophical reflection, and strong national identity. Works of Ihor Pavlyuk have been translated into Russian, Belarusian, Polish, English, French, Chinese, Latvian, Bulgarian, Japanese, Italian, and other languages and published in such magazines as «The Apple Valley Review», «The Guardian», «Asymptote», «Metamorphoses», «Eurasia Review», «The world poets quarterly», and many others. He is the protagonist of the film «Between Bug and God» and film «Voice». Pavlyuk currently lives and works between Kyiv and Lviv, continuing to write and promote Ukrainian literature worldwide.

士兵在清除地雷，在遥远的地方。

如今我们在雷区并非无援孤立，
依托翅膀我们就能够翱翔，这是好事。

(樱娘 译; Tr. Madam Cherry)

作者简介

伊戈尔·巴甫留科，1967年1月1日生于乌克兰沃伦州小奥科尔斯基。乌克兰著名诗人、散文作家、剧作家、翻译家和学者。作为一名乌克兰公民，巴甫留科在20世纪80年代末开始发表诗歌，当时他正在利沃夫大学学习新闻学，并以优异的成绩毕业。他著有诗集和散文集二十多部，包括《飞越黑海》《阿塔尼亚》《哥萨克马迈之舞》《诗人部落族谱传》……巴甫留科的主要成就包括：英国笔会奖（2013年）、瑞士国际文学奖（2021年）和“乌克兰人民诗人”荣誉称号（2020年）。他拥有社会学传播学博士学位，是乌克兰国家科学院塔拉斯·舍甫琴科文学研究所教授兼研究员。其作品融合了抒情、哲学思辨与强烈的民族认同感，其作品被翻译成俄语、白俄罗斯语、波兰语、英语、法语、汉语、拉脱维亚语、保加利亚语、日语、意大利语等多种语言，并发表于《苹果谷评论》《卫报》《渐近线》《变形记》《欧亚评论》《世界诗人季刊》等众多期刊。他主演了电影《昆虫与上帝之间》和《声音》。巴甫留科目前在基辅和利沃夫之间生活和创作，继续写作并致力于在全球推广乌克兰文学。

还叫海棠[中国]

走过清晨的女人（外四首）

丰腴的女人
弯腰拾昨夜之梦以及鸟鸣
丰腴的女人
就像清晨的云
她走过麦香 古老的城墙
她是林妖
她白皙的手 伸向槐树的缝隙
现在 槐树展开晨光和幸福
盛开的槐花如五月之蝶
五月之蝶是走过清晨的女人
现在 她走过更多的人 桥和风景

午后的阳光

中午的太阳散发着慵懒的光
亦如屋内女人一万次的慵懒
男人出外干活
在另一片金色的光下
坦荡的笑着
孩子在室内和小狗
还有一群玩具正在拨弄着数不清的色彩
安静的走廊忠诚的守护着有故事的门窗
所有的声音里都透着温和
透着无数个春光

朝圣者

我每天都保持虔诚 以朝圣者的心态
起床 沐浴 整理淡淡的妆容
清新的面孔随着早起的太阳
坐上59路
打开一本书
有时也把自己装进这本书里

Haijiao Haitang [Kina]

Nainen, joka kävelee aamun läpi (ja neljä muuta runoa)

Pullukka nainen
Kumarruu poimiakseen eilisiltaisen unen ja lintujen viserröksen
Pullukka nainen
Kuin aamupilvet
Kävelee vehnän tuoksun läpi muinaisen kaupungin muurin
Hän on metsän demoni
Hänen kauniit kätensä kurkottavat lootuskukkan koloihin
Nyt lootuskukka levittää aamun valoa ja onnea
Kukkiutunut lootuskukka on kuin toukokuun perhonen
Toukokuun perhonen on nainen, joka on kävellyt aamun läpi
Nyt hän on kävellyt useampien ihmisten, siltojen ja kohtauksien läpi

Iltapäivän Aurinko

Keskipäivän aurinko säteilee laiskaa valoa
Kuin talossa oleva nainen, joka on ollut laiska kymmenentuhatta kertaa
Mies lähtee töihin
Toisen kultaisten valon alla
Hymyilläkseen vilpittömästi
Huoneessa oleva lapsi ja koira
Ja joukko leluja leikkivät lukemattomilla väreillä
Hiljainen käytävä vartioi uskollisesti ovia ja ikkunoita tarinoilla
Kaikki äänet ovat lempeitä
Heijastaakseen lukemattomia keväitä

Pyhiinvaeltaja

Joka ikinen päivä pysyn hurskaana pyhiinvaeltajan mielenliassa
Nousen ylös, käyn suihkussa, siistin kevyen meikkini
Ja laitan raikkaan ilmeen kasvoilleni aamuauringon valossa
Nousen bussiin nro 59
Avaamaan kirjan
Joskus uppoutumaan siihen

也会装进一些稻谷 花香
阳光枕着芬芳进入梦乡
这一切都把我带往美好的路上
直到一个紧刹车
我突然在一场噩梦中醒来

十一楼的女人

十一楼女人的裙摆飘浮着很多的酒精味
味道浓得可以直接杀死疫情
还可以杀死别的女人的肋骨
死了肋骨的女人很善良 很温顺 很传统
但她被酒精驱走在远方
远方很邪 也很冷
到处是不诚实的空气
但她要在这空气里寻找虚无 寻找安静
给失败的余生寻找一点慰藉
十一楼的女人很忧郁
忧郁的眼神像脸上的斑点
满脸的小坑坑
像生活给她耕下的田
明眼人都看得出来
她并没有因此而落落寡欢
她说她的焦虑来源于形形色色有病的人
我忽然觉得她的生活就像阿拉伯数字11
像两个杠杆 像两条平行线
这时我依然看到很多的病人
从她裙摆中飘过

端午

此时，适合被麦浪轻拂
适合在荷池里寻香
适合在槐花蜜里大醉
此时，适合做一场细致的手工活
花花绳，绣花裹肚，猫娃娃，老虎枕头
让红的更红，绿的更绿
在五彩线里，在各色的香包里追寻童年
此时，适合在露珠上采摘一片浓绿的粽叶
把洁白的糯米，鲜红的枣
和着浓浓的爱蒸进锅里
把清晨摆放在各个窗台之上
鲜嫩的艾叶
隔离来往煞气
此时，不适合忘掉本分
不适合提起往事，提起远古
也不提月亮下面那个熟悉的名字——屈子

作者简介

还叫海棠，本名梁小红，陕西咸阳人。中国当代女诗人。华人诗学会会员，“诗歌前线”副主编，《世界诗文学》诗社执行主编，第九届半朵中文网专栏作家。诗作散见于《诗刊》《大昆仑》《人生啊，人生》《中国诗人》《国际诗歌翻译》《2023中国作家诗人风采日历》《诗歌前线》《山东诗歌》《Nekazano》（黑山共和国）、《The Raft of Dreams》（印度）等纸刊和阿尔巴尼亚、印度等国际诗网站，有诗入选《世界华人诗歌精选2020》等。其部分诗作被译成多种外国文字。曾获中国诗歌艺术优秀女诗人奖、印度《梦之筏》文学奖(2024)、第23届黎巴嫩国际文学奖、第三届国际传统诗歌节“凤凰诗歌奖”（北马其顿，2025年）。出版诗集《朝圣者》（汉语—英语—保加利亚语—芬兰语—瑞典语—挪威语对照）。
诗观：诗歌有时是一种误会。

Sekä maissin ja kukkien tuoksuun
Auringonvalo nukkuu sikeästi tuoksun kanssa
Kaikki tämä johtaa minut kauniille polulle
Kunnes jarrut puristuvat tiukasti
Yhtäkkiä herään painajaisesta

Nainen 11. kerroksessa

11. kerroksen naisen hame on kastunut vahvalla alkoholilla
Niin vahvalla, että se voi tappaa epidemian
Ja tappaa muiden naisten kylkiluut
Nainen, jonka kylkiluut ovat kuolleet, on hyvin ystävällinen, hyvin lempeä, hyvin perinteinen
Mutta alkoholi ajaa hänet pois kauas
Etäisyys on hyvin paha ja kylmä
Kaikkialla on epärehellisyys ilmapiri
Mutta hän etsii tyhjyyttä ja rauhaa ilmassa
Löytää lohtua loppuelämälleen, joka on epäonnistunut
Nainen 11. kerroksessa on hyvin melankolinen
Hänen melankoliset silmänsä ovat kuin täplät hänen kasvoillaan
Pienet kuopat kaikkialla hänen kasvoillaan
Kuin pellot, jotka elämä on viljellyt hänelle
Jokainen tarkkasilmäinen voi sen nähdä, että
Hän ei ole masentunut tämän takia
Hän sanoo, että hänen ahdistuksensa tulee kaikenlaisista sairasta ihmisistä
Yhtäkkiä tunnen, että hänen elämänsä on kuin arabialainen numero 11
Kuin kaksi vipua, kuin kaksi yhdensuuntaista viivaa
Nyt näen edelleen joukon potilaita
Jotka leijuvat hänen hameensa läpi

Lohikäärmeveneiden festivaali

Nyt on ihanteellinen aika nauttia vehnän pehmeistä aalloista
Etsiä tuoksua lootusjärvestä
Ja huumautua akaasiankukkien hunajasta
Nyt on ihanteellinen aika tehdä hienoja käsityötuotteita
Kuten kukkien nauhoja, brodeerattuja pakkauksia, kissa-nukkejen kenkiä ja tiikereillä koristeltuja tynyjä.
Anna punaisen olla punaisempaa, vihreän vihreämpää
Väriillisissä langoissa, erilaisissa pussukoissa, jotta voit seurata lapsuutta
Nyt on täydellinen aika poimia tummanvihreä bambunlehti kastepisaroista
Keittää höyryssä valkoista tahmeaa riisiä, kirkkaanpunaisia hyytelömäisiä papuja
Ja syvää rakkautta kattilassa
Jotta se voidaan asettaa aamulla joka ikkunalle
Hellävarainen pelin lehti
Pitää loitolla paha energia, joka tulee ja menee
Nyt ei ole sopivaa unohtaa velvollisuksiasi
Ei ole sopivaa mainita menneisyyttä ja muinaisia aikoja
Puhumattakaan tunnetusta nimestä kuun alla – Ku Yuan, kiinalaisen runouden isä
(Käännös suomeksi: Marin Angel Lazarov; 马林·安杰尔·拉扎罗夫 译)

Kirjailijasta

Haijiao Haitang, oikealta nimeltään Liang Xiaohong, on kotoisin Shaanxin maakunnan Xianyangista ja on nyky-Kiinan runoilija. Hän on Kiinan runoyhdistyksen jäsen, Poetry Front Line -lehden varapäätoimittaja, World Poetry & Literature -lehden päätoimittaja ja 9th Half Blossom Chinese-verkkosivuston kolumnisti. Hänen runojaan on julkaistu sanomalehdissä ja verkkojulkaisuissa, kuten Poetry Periodical, Great Kunlun, Life, Oh Life, Chinese Poets, Rendition of International Poetry, 2023 Calendar of Chinese Writers and Poets ja Poetry Front Line. Osa hänen runoistaan on julkaistu teoksessa Choice Selection of Chinese Poetry in the World 2020. Osa hänen runoistaan on käännetty monille kielille. Hän on voittanut The Raft of Dreams Literary Award -palkinnon (Intia, 2024), 23. Lebanon International Prize for Literature -palkinnon ja The Phoenix Award-palkinnon kolmannessa kansainvälisessä perinteisen runouden festivaalissa (Pohjois-Makedonia, 2025). Hän on julkaissut runokokelman Pyhiinvaeltaja (kiina-englanti-bulgaria-suomi-ruotsi-norja).

Hänen näkemysensä runoudesta: Runous on joskus väärinkäsitys.

Rini Asih Sasami [Indonesia]

Woman in Concepcion (and other three poems)

The leading steps to the beach on the side of the original house covered with Chilean Lapageria Rosea, felt cold in June. Slightly mossy dark green, slippery, and exotic. The scent of the past felt soft to the touch, wrapping the longing that I have kept full of fatigue. Sometimes feel bored with the same morning story always repeating itself. There is almost no greeting with a smile or even without a touch.

Ehm... the cold dew and the arrogance of the house with green stone walls of pine leaves in the valley of the Andes Mountains, added to the absorption of frozen air on my skin. The tip of my nose is cold and stony, increasingly convincing of your presence, it's not like before who was so faithful greeted me. It's not like before who always opened the morning with a wide smile waving above the clouds.

From a distance I can hear beautiful music that usually accompanies the Cueca dance that is usually heard in September. You said, the music always swings at the grand celebration of the people's party, with vibrations that often shake the building because your land cannot stay still. But right now I'm not interested in the instability of the earth of Gabriela. Because finding you exceeds my desire to run then reaching you when the terremoto manifests its presence, that's something ordinary.

Even the same desire to inhale the scent of the sea, which flows smoothly, complementing the snowy land on the peak of the Andes that looks majestic from the city of Santiago. But unfortunately your shadow is still obscured, you are lost swallowed by the mist of this September spring. Your footsteps feel like a shabby memory in the shadow of fallen pine leaves and the murky water of the Bio Bio river. You disappeared in silence.

Ah, my feet are stuck on the side of mossy rocks, the annoyance and anger that I have hidden since leaving the airport road towards the Concepción town, finally deep thicker in the glare of my eyes. The annoyance that now has an owner, a grin that sounds because of the wound. My two arms are still empty, it's still not finding the frame of our story. I don't know where you are ...

She is the old woman with eyes shining in the heat of December, she is a warm mother when staring at the loneliness of the sweaty Andean peaks, she is a woman in Concepción who always spends time with a cup of limoncillo tea and two slices of Chacarero bread, a sandwich in a combination of lomito-style pork, combined with green beans, tomatoes and chilies.

Oh, the pain in my heel, hopefully it's not a bad sign, because in fact I still haven't found the old woman who usually greets me when my sweat falls, moisturizing my face exposed for the radiation that is tired of struggling with the old computer monitor screen. But it's fine because you are the woman who is always giving me the love of a mother that has been swallowed up by the time.

Again ... I put my hoping, I am still look for where you are, on the journey of the clouds that moving slowly towards the dry plains of the Atacama Desert between the Andes and the Chilean Coast Mountains, I still hoping to find you. Even though the twilight has approached the calm of horizon, with the sound of seagulls and a herd of tired brown lions, I would not despair.

Moss

Moss green

Become a silent song

Flowing over the silent embankment, only the grass dances

Shooting the dusk, at the power of arrogance

Then the moss was the same as before

Dark green...dark green...

Talkless

Just green

Huddled in the lake

Verses of Psalm 23, about the Shepherd

Ah, a body and soul

God's steps have been ringing

simple....

In the middle of a busy world

My soul rests on His staff

Fear nothing.

丽妮·阿西·萨萨米[印度尼西亚]

克恩皮尼亚的女人（外三首）

原来房子边的那条小路通往海滩，道路两旁长满了智利拉帕盖里亚玫瑰树。六月的小路稍显寒意。树木略带苔藓的深绿，滑滑的，独具异国情调。过去的气息触感轻柔，包裹着我满是疲惫的渴望。有时，我厌倦那总是重复上演的清晨故事。几乎没有人会面带微笑地问候，甚至没有接触。

嗯……在安第斯山脉的山谷中，绿色松叶外墙的那座房子的不可一世和冰冷露水，加上我皮肤上冻结的空气，一并吸收殆尽。我的鼻尖冰冷坚硬，愈发确信你的存在，不像以前那样如此忠诚地迎接我。不像以前那样总是以灿烂的笑容在云层之上迎接清晨。

我能听到远处的优美音乐，它通常在九月举行的库埃卡舞会时随之响起。你说，这种音乐总是萦绕在人群聚集的盛大庆典中，它的律动常常能震得建筑物左右摇晃，因为你的大地无法保持平静。但现在我并不在意加布里埃拉土地的不稳定性。因为找你超出了我想要奔跑的欲望，只有在地震显现其存在时才得以与你相遇，这已是常事。

即便用同样的渴望去吸入大海的气息，那股流畅的海风，与安第斯山脉山顶那片雪地相得益彰，从圣地亚哥城望去显得如此雄伟。但不幸的是，你的身影依然被遮蔽，你被这九月的春雾所吞没。你的脚步声在落叶铺就的阴暗松林和比奥比奥河浑浊的水边，如同破旧的记忆。你消失在寂静之中。

啊，我的双脚卡在长满青苔的岩石边上，自从离开机场路前往康塞普西翁镇以来，我隐藏起来的烦躁和愤怒，终于在眼前的强光下变得愈发浓烈。现在这恼怒有了一个发泄的对象，那咧嘴而笑的声音是因为伤口而发出的。我的双臂依然空空如也，我们故事的框架仍未找到。我不知道你在哪里……

她就是那个在十二月的酷暑中眼睛闪亮的老妇人，她就是凝视着汗流不止的安第斯山脉的孤寂景象时那充满温情的母亲形象；她是康塞普西翁的那个女人，总是会与一杯柠檬利口茶和两片查卡雷罗面包共度时光，那是一种由瘦肉、青豆、西红柿和辣椒混合而成的三明治。

啊，我脚后跟的疼痛，希望不是凶兆。因为其实我仍未找到那个通常在我汗流浹背时问候我的老妇人，她用滋润的面霜为我那因长时间面对老旧电脑屏幕而疲惫不堪的脸庞保湿。不过没关系，因为你是那个总是给予我母爱的女人，那份爱已被时间吞噬殆尽。

再次……我满怀希望，仍在寻觅你的踪迹。在这绵延缓慢的云海之旅中，我行进在安第斯山脉与智利海岸山脉之间的阿塔卡马沙漠的干燥平原上，我仍希望能找到你。即便暮色已将大地笼罩，伴随着海鸥的叫声和一群疲惫的棕狮，我不会绝望。

苔藓

绿色苔藓

化作一首无声的歌

在寂静的堤岸上流淌，只有草儿在摇曳

在暮色中奔涌，带着傲慢的力量

然后苔藓又恢复了原来的样子

深绿……深绿……

沉默不语

只有绿色

蜷缩在湖中

《圣经诗篇》第23首，是关于牧羊人

啊，身体和灵魂

上帝的脚步一直回响着

简单……

在这喧嚣的世界中心

我的灵魂栖息在他的手杖上

无所畏惧。

Moon Light in the Rain

There were so much I wanted to say to the moonlight when the sky was filled with tears. About the feeling; called love. Perhaps it's simple to describe it without the algorithms and geometric formulas that often exacerbate external emotional instability.

If only a little could alleviate my true anxiety, if only the tear-streaked sky were only momentarily miserable. But the drizzle that night was like a mockery, erasing love without longing, wallowing in the gray moon light. I remained silent in contemplation all night, waiting for the sky to smile, no longer shedding raindrops. But in reality, the perfect moon was flooded with heartless tears. It remained dimly lit by unstable emotions, still struggling to shake off the stingy love and longing that was still difficult for describing. Finally, the rain was no longer a lonely meadow waiting for dreams. Because when the time came, it stopped shedding tears. There would be no more stories of the full moon in the rain since that time, even only the longing. Everyone was numb because they were used to being ravished by a heart full of emotional instability...

The Man Behind the Ocean

At the edge of the calm ocean waves
The sun invites the clouds gently
Taking the horizon that speaks deeply to zero point
His gaze was as white as foam, as he walked with a hesitant step.
I want to explain everything in order.
Why does he sleep among the waves?
Even letting out a soft cry.
Dolphins' song
Carrying him to the middle of the ocean
Still silent
At the edge of the calm ocean waves
Feeling strange in the clutches of sea eagles
That man...
Bare-chested and tanned, laughing with eyes as big as glass marbles.
They are nothing
Friendly waves in the ocean
Even strong gusts of wind at dusk
Just expensive entertainment for which one need not pay.
Because...
Tall man with long, powerful arms.
Spreading the old net, widening a curved smile,
as beautiful as the crescent moon in early December
A powerful man with his chest bare.
He stares at the sinking wave.
I want to go home, guided by the dance of the dolphins that guide him.
Until the lips of white foam burst,
He greets the rocks at the corner of the reef.

About the author

Rini Asih Sasami with the pen name Rini Valentina, was born in Weluri, Central Java, Indonesia, on May 14, 1971. Since childhood, she has loved reading and writing. Her writing talent was evident at a young age, but she began to take it seriously in early 2018. Her first book "Poesia de Amor 3 Continentes" was published in Farha Pustaka Indonesia in May 2018. Presently, Rini has published 25 books of poetry and short stories, including a translated book. A book of hers entitled My Heart is in Poetry Dream of You has been translated by Prof. Milutin Djurickovic into Serbian and was published on 2020 until she received the International Award Princess Noble Poetry Skills. Her literacy activities are not limited to her own works; she actively encourages dozens of global writers and poets from various countries to compile dozens of poetry anthologies in to Indonesian, English, and Spanish. Her efforts and hard work not only made her be an editor and translator, but several international organizations gave her the responsibility to become President of several international organizations for Indonesia.

雨中的月光

当天空布满泪水时，我想对月光说的话太多。那种感觉；叫做爱。或许无需借助那些常常加剧外部情绪不稳定性的算法和几何公式就能简单地描述它。

要是能稍微减轻我真正的焦虑，要是那布满泪痕的天空只是暂时痛苦。但那晚的细雨却像一种嘲弄，无情地抹去了爱，沉溺在灰暗的月光里。

我默默沉思了整晚，等待天空露出笑容，不再落下雨滴。但实际上，那完美的月亮却充满了无情的泪水。它仍被不稳定的情绪所笼罩，仍在努力摆脱那吝啬的爱与渴望，而这些难以描述。

最终，雨水不再是等待梦想的孤寂草地。因为当那一刻到来时，它不再流泪了。从那时起，雨中的满月再也没有过那样的故事，甚至只剩下那渴望。每个人都变得麻木，因为他们习惯了被充满情绪不稳定的心所吞噬……

海洋背后的男人

在平静的海浪边缘
太阳温柔地向云朵致意
将那深沉诉说的天际线拉向零点
他的目光如泡沫般洁白，在他犹豫不决地前行时。
我想把一切都解释清楚。
他为何睡在海浪之中？
甚至发出轻声哀鸣。
海豚的歌声
将他带往海洋中央
依然寂静无声
在平静的海浪边缘
在海鹰的掌中感到陌生
那个人……
赤裸的胸膛、黝黑的皮肤、玻璃珠般大的眼睛带着笑意。
他们什么都不是
海洋中和善的波浪
即使黄昏时分狂风呼啸
也只是无需支付的昂贵娱乐活动。
因为……
身材高大、手臂修长有力的男人。
抛洒旧网，咧嘴微笑，
像十二月初的弯月那般美丽
一个赤裸胸膛的强壮男子。
他注视着下沉的海浪。
我想回家，被引领他的海豚舞蹈引领。
直到白色泡沫的嘴唇破裂，
他向礁石角落的岩石致意。

(张丹博士 译；Tr. Dr. Zhang Dan)

作者简介

丽妮·阿西·萨萨米（笔名丽妮·瓦伦蒂娜），1971年5月14日出生于印度尼西亚中爪哇省的韦勒里。从小，她就热爱阅读和写作。她早年就展现出了写作天赋，但在2018年初才开始认真对待这一爱好。她的首部诗集《爱的诗篇3个大陆》于2018年5月在印度尼西亚法哈出版社出版。目前，丽妮已出版了25本诗集和短篇小说集，其中包括一本翻译作品。她的一本名为《我的心在你的诗歌梦中》的书由米卢廷·朱里克维奇教授翻译成了塞尔维亚语，并于2020年出版，之后她还获得了国际诺布尔公主诗歌技艺奖。她的文学活动不仅限于自己的作品，她还积极鼓励来自世界各地的数十位作家和诗人将数十部诗集编译成印尼语、英语和西班牙语。她的努力和辛勤工作不仅使她成为编辑和翻译家，而且一些国际组织还委任她担任多个国际组织的印尼籍主席。

木兰[中国]

我的月亮（外一首）

都说太阳是宇宙的心 你是天地的眼
更是古老的童话 玉兔是你阴晴圆缺的伴
我从小听到的第一个故事 是你
我第一次仰望的星空 是你
我们生死不离 我的元神早已被你点化
曾留下多少感悟 那是亿万年的缘

对你遥寄梦想 有痛苦忧伤也有无奈
让我今天还在守望 美丽的婵娟
悲欢时想你 爱恨中又毁你
是我轮回苦难 常把生活搞乱
而你的目光从未改变 还在为我举起信念
你待天下一样 可我总负你的心愿
也许我的良知 还未与你的魂脉相连
争斗疯狂诅咒人心 阴谋反复残害文明
傲慢肤浅 让我失去无数春天
你赐予的美好 却还在为我等待

天地永恒 我还是未长大的小孩
你至真历练的阴柔 只为缘而长向圆而生
我们注定 永远是开始的明天
无论夜晚怎样黑暗 都有你禅意圆润的温暖
为我找到慈祥的母亲 欢乐的家园

水

过滤山川 沉淀江河 积累湖海
每一滴都是母之情 每一口都是血之蜜
每天托起千红 蓬勃万物
小草有你活得顽强自信
石头有你 心跳也有了柔软
都以你为净 你以谁为净
一腔无私的慷慨 演绎得动地感天
生命有你 才有了滋润的温暖

洒干热泪 流尽苦汗
还是洗不净 那些堕落的灵魂
依然解不了 自私贪婪虚伪的人性
相反你却遭到无情的反噬 被多重腐败污染
曾有多少澎湃的爱 都化为乌有
多少清纯的浪花 不见踪影
于是你怒问上苍 人类靠谁维系的今天

周端庄[中国]

静谧的雪（外二首）

这是飘雪的季节
一个童年之后重返的童年
刚洗过头发，飘柔的香味
在雪空里让我想起
从未飘过雪的热带密林
那里的一月只有锄头磨亮时
才会产生雪的光芒
返照竹楼和群山
青春的含义

Mu Lan [China]

My Moon (and another poem)

They say the sun is the cosmos' heart, you the world's eye—
A timeless tale, Jade Rabbit accompanies you through wax and wane.
The first story I ever heard was of you,
The first starry vault I gazed on framed by you.
We are bound through life and death: my soul by your glow long illumined.
How many truths have sprung from our eons-old union?

To you I send my dreams—sorrows, pains, and helplessness intertwined,
Yet still I watch and wait today, for the fair moon's gentle shine.
In joy and sorrow I think of you, in love and hate I blame and chide.
My cycle of woe has often turned life upside down,
But your gaze remains—steady, holding fast to faith for me.
You bless all under heaven equally, yet I always fall short of your grace.
Perhaps my conscience has not yet linked to your soul's thread.
Strife, madness, curses taint human hearts; conspiracies gnaw at civilization.
Arrogance and shallowness have stolen countless springs from me.
The beauty you bestowed still lingers, waiting for my return.

Heaven and earth are eternal, yet I remain a child unripe.
Your pure feminine gentleness strives for wholeness—born to seek perfection.
We are destined to be an eternal 'new tomorrow'—always beginning anew.
No matter how dark the night, your Zen-like, mellow warmth abides,
Guiding me to find a kind mother, a home filled with joy.

Water

Filtered by mountains, settled into rivers, you gather into lakes and seas—
Each drop embodies a mother's affection; Each sip holds the nectar of life's blood.
Every day, you uplift a myriad of blooms, invigorating all things in the world.
With you, grass grows tenaciously and confidently,
Touched by you, even stones stir with soft 'heartbeats'.
All turn to you for purity—who shall purify you then?
Your selfless generosity moves heaven and earth,
For life, with you, basks in nourishing warmth.

You have shed all tears and poured out all your toil,
Yet cannot cleanse those degenerate souls,
Nor dissolve the selfish, greedy, and hypocritical human nature.
Instead, you suffer relentless backlash, stained by diverse contamination.
How much fervent love has vanished into nothingness?
How many pure waves have disappeared without a trace?
Thus you cry out to heaven: On whom does humanity depend to persist today?
(Tr. Prof. Zhang Qiong; 肇庆学院 张琼教授 译)

Zhou Duanzhuang [China]

Silent Snow (and other two poems)

This is a season of falling snow,
A childhood regained after childhood.
Hair newly washed, with its soft fragrance
In the snowy air reminds me
Of tropical forests where snow never falls,
And only when hoes are polished in January
Does a glimmer of snow show up,
Reflecting bamboo towers and mountains.
The meaning of youth,

在一个时代的大潮中
随波逐流

雪啊，你纷纷扬扬让我看见
光的悟性

站在西双版纳的密林中
许多鸟鸣盖过了静谧的雪
许多凤凰花开在草屋的窗前
雪，我想把我的爱带回那里
带回与你相似而又相异的风景里
红围巾在雪中飘动
我爱的人
手握诗歌和想象

自然

一棵苹果树的芬芳
雪停后飞鸟的影子
宁静的中午翻开一个人的诗
凝重时照一下镜子

还有些自然是
当我们写下磁铁一样的诗行
一下子触到世界痛苦的伤口

孙膑躺在大街上

孙膑是鬼谷老师最喜欢的学生。
每天有人记载：
今天孙膑仍躺在大街上。
有一天被庞涓出卖
被拿掉了膝盖骨，装疯救了他。
他躺在大街上时间更长了
在下弦月，有人秘密地把他救走
像一阵风。
这一天仍有人记载：
今天孙膑仍躺在街上。

作者简介

周端庄，中国当代优秀女诗人，祖籍浙江乌镇，生于上海。1985年毕业于扬州教育学院。曾在《星星诗刊》《诗歌报月刊》《扬子江》《国际诗歌翻译》《中国诗歌》《特区文学》《西风》《太阳阁》《白银》《POMEZIA-NOTIZIE（意大利）》《MITOLOGÍADELRÍO（秘鲁）》《Kritya（印度）》《BKG-BKG（塞尔维亚）》《世界诗歌之树（阿联酋）》等刊物发表大量诗作，并被收入《中国百年诗画典藏》《二十世纪末短抒情诗选》《扬州历代妇女诗词选》《七加一（中-英-意大利语对照）》《Under The Azure Sky（印度）》《Atunis Galaxy Anthology（比利时）》、俄文版《世界诗歌选集》、波兰语版《Metafora Współczesności》、《双年诗经——中国当代诗歌导读2019-2020》《2022中国微信诗歌年鉴》等选本。1998年应邀赴俄罗斯参加诗歌交流活动。部分诗作被翻译成英语、意大利语、克罗地亚语、阿拉伯语、西班牙语、塔吉克语、乌兹别克语、俄语、塞尔维亚语、波兰语、瑞典语等。曾获孟加拉国2021年萨希托国际文学奖、第十九届黎巴嫩国际文学奖、第七届中国当代诗歌奖·新锐奖等。现居上海。

In the great tide of an era,
Drifts with the current.

O Snow, your fluttering down makes me behold
The epiphany of light.

Amid the dense forests of Xishuangbanna,
Boisterous birdsongs overwhelm the silent snow,
Dazzling Delonix regia in front of the hut window.
Snow, I want to bring my love back there,
Back to a landscape similar to yet different from you.
A red scarf fluttering in the snow,
My beloved
Holds in hands poetry and imagination.

Nature

The fragrance of an apple tree.
The shadow of a stray bird after snow.
A single soul reading poetry at a quiet midday.
A glance in the mirror in moments of solemnity.

And there are also—
When we write down the magnetic lines of verse—
Some painful wounds of the world we suddenly touch.

Sun Bin Lying on the Street

Sun Bin was the favorite pupil of Guiguizi.
It was recorded every day by someone:
“Today, Sun Bin is still lying on the street.”
One day, betrayed by Pang Juan,
He was crippled by a kneecaps-removal, yet feigned madness to survive.
His lying stretched even longer on the street.
Under the waning moon, someone secretly rescued him away,
Like a gust of wind.
It is still recorded by someone:
“Today, Sun Bin is still lying on the street.”

(Tr. Dr. Ma Tingting; 马婷婷博士 译)

About the author

Zhou Duanzhuang, an excellent poetess in contemporary China, is of ancestral origin from Wuzhen, Zhejiang Province and was born in Shanghai. She graduated from Yangzhou Institute of Education in 1985. Her poems have been carried on *The Star Poetry Periodical*, *Monthly of Poetry Newspaper*, *The Yangtze*, *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly*, *Chinese Poetry*, *Special Zone Literature*, *West Wind*, *Sun Pavilion*, *Silver Poetry Magazine*, *POMEZIA-NOTIZIE* (Italy), *MITOLOGÍA DEL RÍO* (Peru), *Kritya* (India), *BKG-BKG* (Serbia), and *World Poetry Tree* (UAE), etc. Her important poems have been included into *Classic Collection of Chinese Poetry and Painting in the Past One Hundred Years*, *Selected Short Lyrics by the End of the 20th Century*, *Poems by Poetesses of Yangzhou in the Past Dynasties*, *Seven Plus One* (Chinese-English-Italian), and *Under The Azure Sky* (India), *Atunis Galaxy Anthology* (Belgium), *World Poetry Anthology* (Russia), *Metafora Współczesności* (Poland), *Biennial Book of Songs—Introduction to Chinese Contemporary Poetry 2019-2020*, and *China Wechat Poetry Yearbook 2022*, etc. In 1998 she was invited to attend the poetry activity in Russia. Some of her poems have been translated into English, Italian, Croatian, Arabic, Spanish, Tajik, Uzbek, Russian, Serbian, Polish, and Swedish, etc. She has won Bangladesh Sahitto International Award for Literature 2021 and the 19th Lebanon International Prize for Literature, and the 7th China Contemporary Poetry Award in the Newcomer category. Currently, she resides in Shanghai.

Violeta Tančeva-Zlateva [Macedonia]

Fire! (and other three poems)

Out of war's gaping jaws he comes
eneviled and snarling
splattered with another's blood

He halts, teethbared, before the fragile bodies
arrayed in a faltering rank
parched
famished
beaten down by a fate not their own
prematurely aged
swaying like rags
on the flaming wind

The hand, rapacious for what is not his
(while what is crumbles through its fingers)
shoves rifles between their fingers
born to caress

He tells them: Fire!

And they fire —
into their own time

I Am Not Just...

Eve tempting you with earthly pleasures
a female for you to fertilize and impregnate
a fattened child bearer with a bloated belly
a mother in labour staggering to the delivery bed
a defective body that needs to be patched up
after having poured out the new life from itself
I am not just a nursing mother with painfully swollen breasts
puffy eyes sleep-deprived body and a saggy belly
I am not just a woman you drool over
until bedding her again
after she has fed you washed you and fitted you up

Damn it
I am neither a careerist, a flatterer nor a whore
hungry for success in a man's world
My body and my feelings are not for sale
I am a human with a capital H
and a Mother to all the children of the world
that you are incapable of feeding
and leading on the right path

I am much more than what meets your eye
Much more than what you are

Is There No Room For Us Yet Again?

It is too narrow, the deck of the world,
to gather us all.
Some will have to stay at the dock,
their bindles shouldered
their garments hastily packed
and just enough to cover their nudity.
They will remain empty-handed,
with a lump in their throat —
always and in everything last

维奥莱塔·坦切娃-兹拉捷娃[马其顿]

开火! (外三首)

他从战争的血盆大口中爬出
满身污秽, 咆哮不止
沾染着他人的鲜血

他呲着牙, 在脆弱的躯体前骤然停步
列队中摇摇欲坠
干渴难耐
饥肠辘辘
被非己之厄击垮
他未老先衰
如破布般
在烈焰狂风中摇曳

那只手, 贪婪地想要不属于他的东西
(当它的手指碎裂时)
将步枪塞进
他们生来珍贵的手指

他大喊: 开火!

他们便行动——
扫射进自己的时区

我不只是……

夏娃诱惑你沉溺于尘世欢愉
她是任你受精受孕的女人
她是腹部肿胀的生育产妇
她是踉跄地走向产床的临床母亲
她是需要修补的缺陷躯体
从身体中涌出新生命之后
我不仅仅是一个乳房胀痛的哺乳母亲
眼袋浮肿 睡眠不足 腹部松垮
我不仅仅是一个让你流口水的女人
再次与她同床共枕
在她为你喂食 洗漱 打扮之后

该死
我既非功利主义者, 亦非谄媚之徒, 更非娼妓
渴望在男人的世界里取得成功
我的身体与情感不可买卖
我是个大写字母H的人类
是天下所有孩子的母亲
是那些你无力哺育
也无法引向正途的孩子母亲

我远比你所见的更丰盈
远比你自身更丰盈

我们又没有空间了吗?

这世界的甲板, 太过狭窄,
容不下我们所有人。
有人只能滞留码头,
肩扛行囊,
匆匆收拾好衣服
刚好掩盖他们的躯体。
他们将空手而归,
喉咙里哽咽着——
永远, 凡事都要坚持到底

even when they are the first to arrive.
They will be yet again brushed aside,
hither and thither,
as if mere dregs swung away
by the great broom of the system
to make way
for the ones entitled to board.

And there she is, the ship sets sail:
rowdy passengers
screaming children
rattling plates
freshly brewed coffee
and a bottle of champagne here and there
tossed in rage into the ocean.

Left ashore
the unworthy wonder still –
should they wave their goodbyes
or just curse in humiliation?

Up And Down

I am pulling you towards the light
you are dragging me towards the dark

There is a rift between us,
a void full of shadows and illusions

and two twinkling lights
that keep the abyss from collapsing,

from crushing us.

(Translated by Paulina Jamakova-Pejkova)

About the author

Violeta Tančeva-Zlateva (b. 1968) has graduated in Yugoslav literature at the Faculty of Philology in Skopje, Macedonia. She writes poetry, short stories, novels and essays. She works as a proofreader/editor at “TRI” Publishing Center, Skopje. She has published 6 prose books and 10 books of poetry. She has also published an “Anthology of Longing” of contemporary Macedonian poetry (2004). Her poems are represented in several selections, panoramas and anthologies. Also, her poems and short stories have been translated and published in several magazines in Serbian, Montenegrin, Slovenian, English, Bulgarian, Albanian, Romanian, Russian, Slovak, Polish, Turkish, German languages. She won the most important prizes for poetry in her country, including the prize “Brothers of Miladin” at the Struga Poetry Evenings 2015.

即使他们最先抵达。
他们将再次被推搡，
东推西搡，
仿佛仅是残渣碎屑
被制度的大扫帚
扫向一旁
为那些有资格登船者让路。

她就在那里，船启航了：
吵闹的乘客
啼哭的孩童
叮当作响的餐盘
新煮的咖啡
还有一瓶香槟
愤怒地投入大海。

滞留岸边的
不值得怀疑的是——
他们应该挥手道别吗
还是羞辱地咒骂？

一起落落

我将你拉向光明
你却拖我走向黑暗

我们之间横亘着一道裂痕
满是阴影与幻象的虚空

唯有两盏闪烁的明灯
防止深渊坍塌

将我们吞噬。

(考斐 译；Tr. Kao Fei)

作者简介

维奥莱塔·坦切娃-兹拉捷娃，1968年生，毕业于马其顿斯科普里语言学院南斯拉夫文学系。她创作诗歌、短篇小说、长篇小说及散文。现任斯科普里“TRI”出版中心校对/编辑。已出版散文集6部、诗集10部，并主编当代马其顿诗歌选集《渴望之歌》（2004年）。其诗作入选多部选集、诗歌全景集与诗选。此外，其诗及短篇小说被译介至塞尔维亚、黑山、斯洛文尼亚、英国、保加利亚、阿尔巴尼亚、罗马尼亚、俄罗斯、斯洛伐克、波兰、土耳其、德国等国期刊。曾获本国最高诗歌奖项，包括2015年斯特鲁加诗歌之夜“米拉丁兄弟奖”。

段光安[中国]

读诗人艾青（外二首）

大堰河的滋养
你从苦难中得来神笛
又把苦难吹亮
太阳向你滚来
你在黎明收割光芒
再汇集成岩浆
你爱土地爱的深沉
吻遍旷野山冈
海浪
一刀一刀向你砍来

Duan Guang'an [Kina]

läser poeten Ai Qing (och de andra två dikterna)

floden Dayan gav dig näring
du vann den gudomliga flöjten ur lidandet
och blåste ljus i lidandet
solen rullade mot dig
du skördade strålarna i gryningen
och återsamlade dem till lava
din kärlek till jorden gick på djupet
kysste dig genom vildmarkens höjder
havets vågor
en och åter en högg mot dig

你昂着头
后人也跟着挺起脊梁

王国维《人间词话》三境界

大师行远
寻他
在山间小路
薄雾
看不清远山
有鸟鸣委婉
却不见鸟儿飞过
青草结籽
花儿自乐其间
我拾阶而上
走过一个树冠
又一个树冠

峰顶秋阳真好
普照群山
他家小院矮墙
爬墙虎红绿相间
石屋长满苔藓
我认出那三条石
叠码成三层台阶
砌于门前
此刻脚下忽见
浮云流连

参观吴冠中画展

初春抽芽
淡然的绿中升起各色花蕊
一颗颗心燃起
迷惑了国画、油画、现实
青藤把古今绕在梦里
几笔墨
几道屋脊
江南浸在水里
溅出的墨点
是睁闭的媚眼
偷偷地看你
美，慢慢涌来
把你洗涤得
明察秋毫
美，慢慢流溢
润泽大地
飞起鸟
游出鱼

du höll huvudet högt
arvingarna sträckte även de på ryggraden

tre sfärer i Wang Guowei's poesikritik

mästarens vandrar fjärran
söker honom
på en bergsstig
skir dimma
ser inte tydligt de fjärran bergen
diffus fågelsång hörs
fast inga småfåglar syns flyga förbi
det gröna gräset fröar
under blommornas glädje
klättrar jag stegen uppåt
går förbi en trädkrona
och ännu en trädkrona

höstsolen på toppen är så fin
belyser bergen omkring
de låga murarna kring hans hem
klängrankorna mellan rött och grönt
stentaket täckt av mossor
jag känner igen de där tre stenlängderna
staplade till tre mossklädda steg
liggande framför porten
då ser jag plötsligt där jag står
kvardröjande moln

besöker Wu Guanzhongs utställning

den tidiga vårens groddar
i skir grönska reser sig ständare i allsköns färger
hjärta på hjärta fattar eld
förtrollade av kinesisk konst, oljemåleri och verklighet
gröna rankor snor fast gammalt och nytt i drömmen
några bläckstreck
några takåsar
södra Kina blöts i vatten
utstänkta bläckfläckar
intagande ögon öppnas och sluts
ser förstulet på dig
skönheten, väller långsamt fram
sköljer dig ren
ytterst skarpsynt
skönheten, flödar makligt över
fuktat marken
fåglar flyger upp
fiskar simmar ut

(Översatt av Roger Eriksson)

木樨颜的中文诗集《孤烟》出版

中国当代著名翻译家、诗人木樨颜（颜海峰）博士的中文诗集《孤烟》，近日由海峡书局正式出版发行。该诗集收录诗人近二十余年创作的代表性诗作130余首，是其诗歌成果的一次重要集结。全书以质朴而灵动的语言，折射出作者在生活、自然、情感与哲学层面的深切思考，体现了其深厚的文学积淀与诗性智慧。

作为“百年新诗百部典藏”丛书之一，《孤烟》由马晓康主编并撰写总序《为百年新诗打造一座长城》，系统梳理了新诗百年的脉络与使命。本书大32开本，146页，软精装，印制精美大气，附作者彩照及简介，兼具文本价值与收藏价值。混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社谨此推介，愿这部诗集跨越语言的边界，抵达更远的阅读心灵。每册定价：58元，欲购者，请加张智博士微信：13452083776。

混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社

Viriya Lim [Cambodia]

Die Alive with Honor (and other two poems)

Live to know how deep ravines go
Die as you lived, not death in show
You cannot win against God's will
Break the law—earth claims you still.

Live to know how storms whirl and spin
Avoid those who defecate like elephants' dung
Don't be blind in light, nor deaf in noise
Violate the land—become mere waste

If you must die, let your nation cry,
Sleep through the night, soul through the sky
If breath remains, refrain from lust
Don't break the rule, don't die alive.

Live as a model, die with grace
One earth remains—don't change its name
Learn from the wise, fear law's disgrace
Before you die, earn title "Doc"

Life's never early, death's not late
Don't sleep in restless, law-bound state
True people build both wealth and grace
Take God as friend—walk joy's own path

The Demon's Feast

The demonic horde,
so bold, unshaken by the sword.
Madness fills its core—
it feeds on sin, a cursed reward.

It loves to destroy,
its power spreads across the land.
It poisons with joy,
then death arrives by wicked hand.

The Hell King appears,
so cruel, fearless in his reign.
Those who drink for years
are tricked, then slaughtered in his chain.

He drinks blood with pride,
and slays the beasts without regret.
Those who don't abide
lose soul and spirit in his net.

His dark magic grows,
it drains the drunkards of their breath.
He strikes silent blows—
his spell condemns them all to death.

A nation once led
by drunken hands that cursed the skies.
They drank, hearts misled,
and doomed the land with endless cries.

维里娅·林[柬埔寨]

光荣地去而复来(外二首)

活着就知道峡谷何其深
死如其生，而非去装饰死神
若违背天意，终难获胜
若悖律法——大地仍索命。

活着，知风暴如何翻腾旋舞
避开那些如大象粪般肆意排粪的人
莫在喧嚣里失聪，莫在光明中失明
亵渎土地——最终沦为废物

若你必须死去，让国家为你哀泣，
在暗夜中长眠，灵魂翱翔于天际
若尚存一息，切勿放纵欲望
不要破坏律法，不要活得跟死人一样。

要活出楷模，死得体面
大地永存——莫改其名
向智者求教，敬畏法律可能带来的耻辱
在你离开人世之前，赢得“博士”头衔

生命从不早到，死亡从不迟来
不要在不安的法律枷锁中沉睡
有见识的人既展现优雅也创造财富
以神为友——踏上自己的快乐之路

恶魔的盛宴

恶魔大军，
如此蛮横，不惧刀剑。
疯狂充斥着它的核心——
它以罪恶为食，这是一种被诅咒的馈赠。

它嗜好毁灭，
它的力量遍布大地。
以欢愉为毒，
然后死亡带着邪恶之手降临。

地狱之王出现了，
如此残忍，在它的统治下无所畏惧。
那些酗酒多年的人
被骗，然后在它的链条中被屠杀。

它野蛮地饮血，
毫无怜悯地屠杀兽类。
那些不顺从的人
在它的网中失去灵魂和精神。

它的黑魔法越来越强，
它吸干了醉汉的呼吸。
它进行无声的打击——
它的咒语把他们都判了死刑。

一个国家，曾被诅咒过天空的
醉鬼所管制
他们酗酒，心智迷乱，
用无尽的哀嚎毁灭了这片土地。

Her Voice

Dear sons, remember your mother's voice—
Live free of envy, make kindness your choice.
Each soul on Earth bears light and shade,
Some walk in love, some in hate's parade.

If you meet the wicked, don't engage—just go.
Linger, and old wounds may start to show.
To argue with darkness invites its spell,
And drags your spirit down toward hell.

My sons, remember—stand as one,
Share each task until it's done.
Whether burdens light or great,
Together, you can shift the weight.

The world grows modern, swift, and loud,
And I fear its tempting shroud.
Oh my sons, beware the guise—
Not all sweet words are truly wise.

At school, be earnest, seek to learn,
Let knowledge be the prize you earn.
Respect your teachers, do no wrong—
For karma's thread is deep and long.

When work begins, be strong, be true,
Let diligence define what you do.
Save your wage for times of need,
But never let it plant greed's seed.

When Mum disappears, make friends anew,
Build bonds with many—both women and men too.
Be honest with them at all times, be true,
For without honesty, loneliness finds you.

If you seek a wife to share your life,
Look for one with a kind heart, free from strife—
Pure and true, with unadulterated grace,
A gentle soul, love shining on her face.

If you're promoted to a high rank post,
Sacrifice your efforts, give your utmost.
Let your hard work serve your people's need,
Put nation first in every noble deed.

My dear sons, remember this each day:
The sun will rise, then slowly fade away.
So too does life—joy and sorrow blend,
But death, my sons, comes at the end.

If death's the only choice, then choose to fall
For others' sake—your name will stand tall.
Let your living life inspire and teach,
Respect the law, and happiness you'll reach.

These words may not yet say it all,
But I shall pause, lest boredom starts to call.
I fear my sons may not find joy or peace
In hearing endless words that never cease.

她的声音

亲爱的儿子们，请记住母亲的声音
远离嫉妒，选择仁慈。
世间每个灵魂都承载着光明与阴影，
有人行走在爱中，有人随仇恨的队伍前行。

若遇恶人，莫要纠缠——径自离去。
若停留不动，你们的旧伤就会重现。
与黑暗争辩，就会招致它的魔咒，
就会把你们的灵魂拖向地狱深渊。

我的儿子们，记住——团结如一，
分享每一项任务，直至最终完成。
无论担子，是重是轻，
携手，负担就能减轻。

世界日趋现代，迅捷而喧闹，
我害怕它那诱人的面罩
哦，我的儿子们，小心伪装
并非所有的甜言，都是智慧。

在求学时，须尽力勤勉，
让知识成为你们的奖品。
要敬重师长，切勿犯错——
因为业力之线又长又深。

在工作时，要真诚，要坚毅，
让勤勉定义你们的所作所为。
积蓄你的薪资以备不时之需，
但切莫让它播下贪婪的种子。

当妈妈离去，要结识新的朋友，
与众人建立情谊——无论男女。
时刻真诚待人，保持本真，
若失诚实，孤独将找上门。

若想找个妻子分享你的人生，
当寻一心地善良、没有纷争——
纯真无瑕，且举止优雅的姑娘
灵魂温柔，爱之光闪耀于脸庞。

若你们被晋升高位，
当倾尽全力，奉献所有。
辛勤工作，服务人民，
每件善举皆以国家为先。

亲爱的儿子们，每日谨记：
太阳会升起，但终将西沉。
人生亦如此——欢乐与悲伤交织，
但，我的孩子们，死亡终将降临。

若死亡不可避免，请选择为他人
而战，你的名声将永远屹立。
让你的生命绽放夺目的异彩，
遵守法律，那幸福自会与你相随。

此言也许未能道尽一切，
但我将稍作停顿，唯恐倦意渐生。
唯恐我的儿子们听着无尽的絮语，
而难以寻觅到欢乐与安宁。

May spirits high and souls divine above
Protect my sons with everlasting love.
Grant them strength to build prosperity,
And bless their lives for all eternity.

About the author

Viriya Lim, born in Battambang, Cambodia in October 1981, is a Khmer poetess whose pen has danced since childhood. From blue-inked notebooks filled with lyrics and stories to her blog, she has chronicled the soul of her people and the pulse of her own journey. Her name, *Viriya*—meaning perseverance—is both her birthright and her chosen pen name, a vow to never cease creating. Her poem “*When I Was at School*” was translated into English in the 4th International Poetry Festival in Hanoi (2019). Later, two more works appeared in *My Parents Are Women* (2022), a Kampu Mera anthology celebrating women’s voices. In 2024, her short story “*The Tasty Wall*”, told from the perspective of a sentient wall, was published in another Kampu Mera collection. Beyond poetry, Viriya is a freelance translator, educator, and speaker, weaving words into classrooms and communities. She now resides in Siem Reap, where she continues to write, teach, and inspire—her life a testament to quiet resilience and literary grace.

马蒂尔[中国]

水边（外二首）

水边，小男孩
兴奋地打水漂
水面迅速摇裂着
城市的倒影

捕鱼者收拢渔网
网住了一堆石子
漏下的，是小男孩
疯狂挥动的手臂

一根精致的钓竿
继续垂向扭曲的水面
早已溺亡，只是不愿上岸
是水边与旋涡的探测线

小男孩始终在水边甩手
既非此岸，亦非彼岸
脚趾缝里长出透明的鱼鳞
正一寸寸，向城市蔓延

五马山

天凉好个秋，好个秋
我去五马山卡溜
看到一个小朋友
嘻嘻哈哈跑到半山腰
摔呀摔了一个跤
我问了个小朋友
是否伤了手崴了脚
他噙着眼泪，笑着说
只是不小心被石头咬
我还能蹦蹦……跳跳
蹦蹦跳跳登上福阁
邀请小鸟们一起大声笑
哦，天凉好个秋，好个秋
我仿佛看到一群小鸟
正和小朋友在福阁上呼叫

愿高贵之魂与神圣之灵
以永恒之爱护佑我的儿子们。
赐予他们创造繁荣的力量，
并赐福他们，永恒的生命。

(林巧儿 译；Tr. Lina Moon)

作者简介

维里娅·林，1981年10月出生于柬埔寨马德望省，是一位自幼提笔成诗的高棉女诗人，从写满歌词和故事的蓝墨水笔记本到她的博客，她始终记录着民族的灵魂与自我旅程的脉搏。她的名字维里娅——蕴含“坚韧”之意——既是她与生俱来的名字，也是她选择的笔名，象征着永不停歇的创作誓言。其诗作《当我还在上学时》在2019年河内第四届国际诗歌节被翻译成英文。后来，她又有两部作品出现在《我的父母是女人》(2022年)，这是一部颂扬女性之声的Kampu Mera选集。2024年，她的短篇小说《美味的墙》，从一堵有感觉的墙的角度讲述故事，入选Kampu Mera文集。除了诗人身份外，维里娅还是一名自由译者、教育家和演说家，将文字融入课堂和社区。她现在居住在暹粒，继续写作、教学并激励他人——她的生活轨迹正是静默坚韧与文学优雅的写照。

Ma Di'er [China]

By the Water (and other two poems)

By the water, a little boy
is playing ducks and drakes with excitement
the water surface is rapidly cracking
with the reflection of the city

The fisherman draws in his net
to catch a pile of stones
What leaks through is the wildly waving
arms of the little boy

A delicate fishing rod
continues to hang towards the twisted water surface
already drowned, yet unwilling to come ashore
which is the detection line between the water's edge and vortex

The little boy keeps waving his hands by the water
It is neither this shore nor the other
Transparent fish scales grow in the crevices of his toes
inch by inch, spreading towards the city

Wuma Mountain

What a cool autumn day, cool autumn day
I stroll to Wuma Mountain
to see a little kid
running and laughing halfway up the mountain
He stumbles and falls
I ask a little kid
if he hurts his hands or sprains his ankles
Tearful of eyes, he says while smiling
It's just that I accidentally get bitten by a stone
and I can still hop and jump...
upstairs onto the cabinet
inviting the birds to laugh together
Oh, What a cool autumn day, cool autumn day
I seem to see a flock of birds calling
to each other with the children in the cabinet

明天你好

昨夜的酒杯还留着宿醉
我把持续的微醺酿成露珠
洒向窗外狗尾巴草身上
闹钟吞噬最后一夜夜色时
鸽子已接住第一缕晨曦
咕咕地飞向五马山顶
绿化带上，红桃K摇晃着
像去年夏天没说完的笑
立冬开始播讲小雪的故事
是否有盏灯火，为你守候
布鞋无声地走过人行道
看见早餐店的暖灯亮着
锅边糊的热气裹着早安
海蛎饼的香味包着乡愁
风掀起衣角时，忽然想停下
对迎面的晨光和上学的孩子
对所有匆匆奔赴前方的
轻声说明天你好，你好明天

Hello, Tomorrow

Last night's wine glass is still with a hangover
I turn the continuous slight intoxication into dewdrops
and sprinkle them onto the dogtail grass outside the window
When the alarm clock devours the last piece of night
the pigeon has already caught the first ray of dawn
cooing and cooing, flying towards the top of Wuma Mountain
On the green belt, the red peach K is swaying
like the unfinished laughter of last summer
The Begin of Winter begins to tell the story of the light snow
Is there a lamp to keep watch for you
The cloth shoes silently walk across the sidewalk
to see the warm light of the breakfast restaurant
The steam from the pot edge is veiled with good morning
The aroma of oyster cakes is wrapped with homesickness
When the wind lifts the corner of my clothes, suddenly I want to stop
To the morning light streaming towards me and the school-going children
To all those hurrying and hastening toward the future
gently I say hello, tomorrow! Tomorrow, hello!

(Tr. Prof. Zhang Zhizhong; 张智中教授 译)

第21届俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖在莫斯科揭晓

莫斯科时间10月1日，俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖评审委员会在其官方网站（<http://perorusi.ru>）宣布，第21届俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖评选揭晓。

据悉，参与第21届俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖角逐的诗人、作家、批评家、翻译家、出版商、学者，分别来自俄罗斯、哈萨克斯坦、德国、摩尔多瓦、白罗斯、阿塞拜疆、亚美尼亚、土耳其、塔吉克斯坦、中国、美国、印度、阿尔巴尼亚、立陶宛、塞尔维亚、叙利亚、格鲁吉亚、孟加拉国、吉尔吉斯斯坦、希腊、保加利亚等五十三个国家和地区。共计2万多件作品，经由俄罗斯、德国、白罗斯、美国、瑞典、哈萨克斯坦、墨西哥、叙利亚、亚美尼亚、土库曼斯坦、斯洛伐克、保加利亚等国专家组成的评审团票决，最终，共十八位诗人、作家、批评家、翻译家、出版商、学者分获散文奖、出版物奖、批评奖、访谈奖、诗歌奖、小说奖、生态奖、文学翻译奖、公共传播奖金笔奖（主奖）。

其中，中国诗人费一飞 **Фэй Ифэй** 先生因其组诗《Наблюдая за закатом》（《观落日》）“展现出的卓越艺术造诣”而荣获第21届俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖（诗歌类），俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖评审委员会已向其颁发获奖证书和纯金制作的金笔。

中国诗人黄亚洲 **Хуан Ячжоу** 先生凭借组诗《Эмоциональная связь с Россией》（《情牵俄罗斯》）、中国诗人罗启晔 **Ло Цичао** 先生凭借组诗《Смерть похожа на черный плащ》（《死亡仿佛一件黑色的披风》），中国诗人乔浩 **Цяо Хао** 先生凭借组诗《Ночь поздней осени》（《深秋的夜晚》），而荣获第21届俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖特别奖（诗歌类）。

中国诗人、作家李金福 **Ли Цзиньфу** 先生凭借长篇散文《Река Даньцзян. Древняя эпическая поэма (длинная проза)》（《丹江河古老的长诗》）而荣获第21届俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖特别奖（散文类）。

俄罗斯联邦外交部长拉夫罗夫·谢尔盖·维克托罗维奇 **Лавров Сергей Викторович** 先生，因其编纂融合中俄文化遗产的诗歌选集《Поэзии связующая нить》（《诗歌的纽带》）而荣获第21届俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖。

中国外交部长王毅 **Ван И** 先生，因其编纂融合中俄文化遗产的诗歌选集《Поэзии связующая нить》（《诗歌的纽带》）而荣获第21届俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖。

俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖，系俄罗斯当代文坛最具影响力的奖项之一，2005年设立于莫斯科，奖项分为：散文奖、诗歌奖、小说奖、批评奖、访谈奖、生态奖、文学翻译奖、出版物奖、公共传播奖等主要门类，该奖授予全世界范围内以俄语写作（包括翻译）并取得杰出成就的诗人、作家、批评家、翻译家和学者。至今已成功举办21届。

第21届俄罗斯国家文学奖金笔奖颁奖盛典，已于2025年十月底在莫斯科举行，其间，俄罗斯文化界名流、赞助商、获奖者以及俄罗斯各大媒体、电视台、出版社出席了颁奖盛典，同时，主办方邀请了获奖者所在国家驻俄罗斯大使馆派员参加俄罗斯国家文学奖颁奖典礼。

意大利第27届阿罗纳国际文学奖评选揭晓

本刊意大利诺瓦拉讯 意大利CIRCOLO CULTURALE ARONESE ODV（阿罗纳文化协会）主办的“第27届阿罗纳国际文学奖”（Premio Letterario Internazionale Città di Arona 27°），历时半年，经过评委数轮票决，已于2025年10月在意大利诺瓦拉省阿罗纳镇揭晓（官方网站：<https://www.facebook.com/premioletterariocittadiarona>；www.premioletterarioarona.com），同时在阿罗纳举办了隆重的颁奖典礼，其间，组织者朗诵了获奖作家、诗人的作品。

意大利第27届阿罗纳国际文学奖最佳外国作家奖，由加拿大、法国、比利时、印度、中国、孟加拉国、台湾等国家和地区的八位实力诗人夺得，其中包括混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社推选的中国诗人马勇（MA YONG）先生（福建），凭借诗作《Di chi è questa ascia?》《State più in basso》《Psicopatico》胜出，中国诗人珏敏JUE MIN先生（山东），凭借诗作《Chiamata》《Fiume Giallo》《La luna》胜出。

该奖创立于1999年，以意大利诺瓦拉省阿罗纳镇命名，已成功举办二十七届。

混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社

Alexandra Ochirova [Russia]

Each day brings losses and births (and another poem)

Each day brings losses and births
 And is the eternal cycle of being.
 The terrestrial axis sustains the attraction
 And transforms the universal fire
 Into the present, future or past
 In line with the times of antiquity.
 Such a continuous round is the cosmic force
 That rules with the heaven in all directions.
 The call of prayers that disappeared for good,
 Together with the canon
 and the Descent from the Cross,
 Stays forever inside a man
 As the revelation of a blank page.
 When an emotion or knowledge embraces you,
 You long for a horizon and a vertical at a time,
 Your thoughts get dressed into a sound
 And embrace the memory of faraway
 Where each day lives in instants and centuries
 According to the laws of God
 Under the multicolor cycles
 Of the weather visiting the earth.

Hundreds of years... Instants are like pages

Hundreds of years... Instants are like pages.
 Clouds with snow and rain.
 Faces that are illuminated by one's memory.
 Blue color that travels with fire
 Of the rising streams of sunlight...
 Beauty is like a dream.
 The sense of prayers of monarchs and prophets,
 The depth of the prayed-in ages
 Of the omnipotent power of the Universe.
 The turnover of events and names
 In the mirrors of earthy imitation
 Of an absolute accuracy
 Of amounts of the harmonic Beginning.
 Here comes the Judgment Day of tilyard and ruins
 When the only survivor is a man of God
 Who is like a watchman at the Mooring.
 The unknown essence resides there,
 And it will assist us in mastering the power
 Of understanding so that God's prayer
 Returns to us the force of Being and Universe.

宋光明[中国]

一声叹息（外二首）

我不忙于拯救什么，包括我自己
 世界如此之大，而我如此渺小
 且企图在伤口精心编织掩饰的花瓣

我耐心等待上苍乃至神灵
 拨开迷雾，用她们高贵而纯净的灵魂对我审视
 然后昭告天下或者潜入梦魇
 看看我，会不会暴跳如雷

亚历山德拉·奥奇洛娃[俄罗斯]

每个昼夜的更迭孕育着消逝与诞生（外一首）

每个昼夜的更迭孕育着消逝与诞生
 它们是生命循环不息的颂歌
 大地的轴线承载着引力的奥秘
 将宇宙的炽焰 编织成现在
 未来或往昔
 与远古的节律相拥而舞
 这连绵不绝的轮回是宇宙的诗篇
 在苍穹的每个角落低语
 那些早已消散的祈祷声
 连同法则和十字架的降临
 永远在人心中回响
 如同空白页上的预言
 当情感或知识的微风轻拂
 你渴望探知地平线的辽阔
 和苍穹的高远
 你的思想化作音符
 拥抱那遥远的记忆
 在那里，每一天都是瞬间与永恒交织
 在上帝的律令下
 在多彩的气候轮回中
 造访这片大地

百年千年，时光流转

百年千年，时光流转……
 每一瞬间如同书页纸张
 雨雪包裹的云朵
 记忆照亮的面庞
 红日冉冉升起
 湛蓝之色与火焰之光齐飞
 绝美如斯，宛若梦幻
 宛若君主和先知的祈祷
 千年以继的虔诚
 宇宙无所不能之力量
 斗转星移，沧海桑田
 尘世仿制之物，几可以假乱真
 无数创世伊始之物，和谐融融一片
 破败的院落和废墟，审判日降临
 唯一的幸存者上帝的侍者
 他就像摩尔人的守望者
 未知的本质存在于那里
 它将帮助我们掌握力量
 理解上帝的祈祷
 把存在和宇宙的力量归还

(王毅 译; Tr. Wang Yi)

Song Guangming [China]

A Sigh (and other two poems)

I'm not busy rescuing anything, including myself
 The world is so big, and I so small
 Trying to weaving petals to disguise the wounds

Patently I wait for Heaven, and deities
 To dispel mist, scrutinizing me with their noble and pure soul
 Before declaring to all, or sneaking into nightmares
 To see if I'd be on a rampage

会不会经夜辗转

拯救者呐喊不断
越来越怀疑，我的等待付诸东流
这究竟是幸还是不幸？
露珠晶莹，默默无语
惟有心中升起草绿色的叹息

轮回

深夜，窗前蟋蟀躁动不安，
由近及远，密密麻麻，急促而连绵。
像一种恐怖在彼此流传，
亿万口舌争相见解。

不得不披衣起床，
加入这似乎群龙无首的阵营，
并以真诚的态度仔细倾听。
由于无法知晓真相和内心演绎的畏惧，
只能无奈瞭望夜的深处，
不断祈祷并保持缄默。

鸡鸣的时候，嘈杂消失了一部分。
天亮的时候，嘈杂又消失了一部分。
太阳完全出来，只剩下几声了，
像开始歌唱，而且婉转。

摸摸麻木的腿，我调匀呼吸，
仿佛经历了一次轮回。

一抹雷声将宣告我们的秘密

嘘，不要说话
不要用多余的语言惊动内心的曼妙
这月色恰如其分
微风恰如其分
你的眼睛恰如其分
我的荡漾恰如其分

此时，天空就要响起一抹惊雷
宣告我们朴素的秘密
而这之前
嘘，不要说话
我愿意积攒整个世界的宁静
和在宁静中继续的耐力
等待，像一座火山等待喷发

作者简介

宋光明，中国当代诗人。1963年5月生于四川省罗江县。1980年参军，历任战士、军校学员、参谋等。1988年转业到中国农业银行，历任网点综合员和支行办公室主任、副行长等。1982年开始发表文学作品，作品散见于《金融时报》《中国诗歌》《青年文学》《星星》《作品》《四川文学》《草堂》等，并收录于多种选本。出版诗集《五月的乡村》《梦鸟之羽》《罗纹江之吟》《渐行渐远》《一些春天总要作别》和散文集《温暖的日子》。现居四川德阳。

Or toss and turn all through the night

The saviors keep shouting
And get doubtful even more whether my wait is wasted
Is this all but fortune or misfortune?
Dews remain crystal and silent
With only a green sigh heaving inside.

Reincarnation

Deep night. Crickets by the window clamor on and on
From near to far, so dense, tense and immense
Like a terror spreading among them
Millions of mouths competing to voice

I have to rise and dress
Joining this headless-like camp
All ears to them with sincerity
For not knowing the truth and fear playing within
I can only gaze into the depth of the night
Praying constantly, keeping mute

At cockcrow, the clamor sinks a little bit
At daybreak, more of it flags
When the sun fully rises, only a few chirps remain
Like they begin to sing, melodious.

Rubbing my numb legs, I adjust my breath
As if I just went through a reincarnation

A Clap of Thunder Declaring Our Secret

Shh, don't speak
Don't startle inner grace with surplus words
The moonlight is well-measured
As well as the soft breeze
Your eyes, and
My ripples

At the moment, the sky shocks with a clap of thunder
Declaring our simple secret
But before this
Shh, don't speak
I want to accumulate the whole world's peace
and the stamina to continue within it
Waiting, like a volcano waiting to erupt

(Tr. Prof. Yan Haifeng; 颜海峰教授 译)

About the author

Song Guangming, a contemporary Chinese poet, was born in May 1963 in Luojiang County, Sichuan Province. He joined the People's Liberation Army in 1980, serving successively as a soldier, a military academy student, and a staff officer. After transferring to the Agricultural Bank of China in 1988, he held various positions including comprehensive clerk at a branch, director of the office, and deputy branch manager. He began publishing literary works in 1982. His poems have appeared in *Financial Times*, *Chinese Poetry*, *Youth Literature*, *Stars*, *Works*, *Sichuan Literature*, *Thatched Cottage*, and other publications, and have been included in various anthologies. He has published poetry collections *May Countryside*, *Dream Bird Feathers*, *Songs of Luowen River*, *Drifting Further Away*, *Some Springs Must Be Bidden Farewell* and the prose collection *Warm Days*. He currently lives in Deyang, Sichuan.

Sanaz Davoodzadehfar [Iran]

Women, Life, Freedom (and another poem)

On my black hair
Pomegranate flowers have grown
This autumn smells like spring

This time freedom
from my hair
will rise
oh wind
twist my hair

Bullet
This time
All the boundaries of my body belong to you
Shoot
Shoot
My hair waves in the wind
It will drown you
bullet
bullets
We are afraid
in our wounds
We have buried
the freedom
I kiss your lips

In my eyes
deer I
for peace
He will run through a passage full of mines
Maybe this explosion
The end of all wars

Poem

My hair is a trench with red tulips
Where a deer has a sense of restlessness
My sufferings are hidden behind it
My screams!
Spiked screams!
Screaming at myself!
Scream!
Become scream!
My deer with its big eyes
Has jumped through tear gas
I throw my scarf towards the night, like a flare
Black inflamed holes of fear
My deer has stopped the armoured ones with its hooves.
The war has reached my bones
I make a trench of my whole body, my beauty
and stone from my tears.
Che Guevara is now every woman
I am Siavash2 who will go into the fire
We should stand.
The butterflies of my body will be released from the hijab cocoon, tonight
And police fight us with their rods
And weave a net again
They weave nets
Spiders' house is quivering
No deer dies in a spider's web
And the me,

萨娜兹·达武兹扎德法尔[伊朗]

女性、生命、自由（外一首）

我的黑发上
石榴花已绽放
这秋日里，竟嗅到了春的气息

此刻，自由
欲穿过发丝
升起
风啊
吹乱我的发吧！

枪弹
现在
我躯体的每寸疆界都拿去吧！
开枪！
开枪！
我的发在风中挥舞
它会将你围住——
枪弹
我们为之恐惧的
无数枪弹
我们亲手埋葬了
我们伤口的罪魁祸首
我要轻吻
自由的双唇

我的眸中
鹿儿
为了和平
正穿越一条遍布地雷的通道
或许这声巨响
将是所有战争的终章

诗

我的发丝是开满红色郁金香的战壕
那里，有只鹿正惶惶不安
在它身后，藏着我的苦痛
我的呐喊！
带刺的呐喊！
向着自己呐喊！
呐喊！
化作呐喊！
我的鹿，瞪大双眸
跃过催泪瓦斯的硝烟
我向这黑夜！投掷我的头巾，如同信号弹
掷入那漆黑的！红肿的！恐慌的洞穴！
我的鹿，以双蹄阻挡战车
这场战争已渗透我的骨髓
我以全身为战壕，以我之美
以及我之泪水凝成的石头筑就！
此刻，切·格瓦拉化身为每个女人
我是西亚瓦什，正踏入这烈焰
我们务必挺身！
今夜，我身体中的蝴蝶将破茧而出，冲破
头巾的束缚
哪怕警察挥舞警棍向我们袭来
哪怕他们织就张张密网
重重罗网
或许会让蜘蛛巢穴颤栗
但！没有鹿会葬身蛛网中！
而我

This time
 Sticking out of myself
 I scream: woman! Life! Freedom!
 Should make a crossing
 Should go through the bullets
 Not afraid of the water canon
 Oh! Executioner!
 For freedom
 I will walk on a mine
 My hair like steel ivy, will twist into the oppressor's hands
 And a deer will sprig my hair to the pine

这一次
 必坚定不移
 我呐喊：女性！生命！自由！
 必须劈出生路！
 必须穿过枪林！
 不惧高压水炮！
 呵！刽子手！
 为了自由
 我甘愿踏上地雷
 我的发丝是钢铁青藤，死死缠住压迫者的双手
 自会有鹿来，将我的发系上松梢！
 （赵曼博士 译；Tr. Dr. Zhao Man）

译注：¹在伊朗文化中，鹿的意涵，主要与神性、自由、重生及自然力量相关，常被视为仙人坐骑、具有灵性的生物，与波斯古老的琐罗亚斯德教（Zoroastrianism）和伊朗神话背景下的神圣动物有联系，象征着超越世俗、通往永恒的道路，并与智慧与直觉有所关联。

²西亚瓦什（Siavash / Siy · vash）是一个极其核心的文化负载词。他是波斯民族史诗《列王纪》（Shahnameh）中最具悲剧色彩与道德光辉的英雄。

About the author

Sanaz Davoodzadehfard is an Iranian poetess born in Iran and living in Luxembourg now. She began her artistic career with the theater and played and worked in many plays and won many awards in this field. She began writing poetry in classical forms and Her poems were published in the most important Iranian journals and newspapers and sites like: Roudaki, zane emeooz, piadehro, neveshta ...

Many of her poems were translated into other languages such as English, French, Spanish, German, Swedish, Kurdish. Her first collection "I walk on dead letters" was translated into Arabic and published in Tamoze publishing in Syria. Most of her poems were published in the most important Arabic newspapers and websites, such as Al-Ahram, Al-Dustour, Al-Adab, Al-Hayat and...

She has participated in many Arabic and global festivals and poetry such as Iraq, Oman, Tunisia, Romania ...

A poetry collection containing poems by three female poets from Iran in published in Czechoslovakia with Radek Hassliki and sanaz was one of them. Her poetry collection was translated and published in the language of Amaziqi, translated by Mazzak Eidar in Morocco. Her poetry collection is available in Spanish, translated by Tio Martinez in Spain. Her second and New poetry collection published in Tehran now that reached The final in the poetry award in Iran. Her first poetry collection translated to Romanian recently. Her collection won 1 place poetry prize in European poetry champion in Romania and won Alhawaheri prize in Sydney this year.

作者简介

萨娜兹·达武兹扎德法尔，伊朗女诗人，现居卢森堡。她的艺术生涯始于戏剧舞台，曾参与多部戏剧的演出与创作，并在此领域屡获殊荣。最初，萨娜兹以伊朗古典诗歌形式进行创作，作品发表于伊朗最重要的期刊、报纸及文学网站，如《鲁达基》《今日女性》《步行者》《书写》等。

其许多诗作已被译为英语、法语、西班牙语、德语、瑞典语、库尔德语等多种语言。首部诗集《我行走于死去的字母之上》被译为阿拉伯语，由叙利亚塔莫兹出版社出版。此外，其诗歌多见于重要的阿拉伯报刊与网站，如《金字塔报》《宪章报》《文学报》《生活报》等。

萨娜兹曾受邀参加伊拉克、阿曼、突尼斯、罗马尼亚等多国举办的阿拉伯及国际诗歌节。

其诗作与拉德克·哈斯利基等诗人，共同付梓于捷克斯洛伐克出版的诗集《三位伊朗女诗人诗选》。此外，其作品亦由摩洛哥译者马扎克·艾达尔译为阿马齐格语出版，并在西班牙经蒂奥·马丁内斯翻译推出西班牙语版本。近期，她的第二部新诗集在德黑兰出版后，入围了伊朗诗歌奖终选名单。其首部诗集被译为罗马尼亚语，荣获罗马尼亚欧洲诗歌锦标赛一等奖，在悉尼获得阿尔哈瓦赫里诗歌奖。

王立世[中国]

月（外二首）

小时候
 让妈妈用拴风筝的线
 给我拴月
 妈妈漫不经心地说
 长大了
 自己会拴的
 现在
 拴风筝的线丢了
 月
 比我童年
 还遥远

想开了

想开了，想开了
 我就是水
 喜欢往低处流
 我没有力气流成瀑布
 就慢慢渗入地下
 在黑暗中滋润万物

Wang Lishi [China]

The Moon (and other two poems)

As a child
 I asked Mom to use a kite string
 To tie the moon for me
 Mom said casually
 When you grow up
 You'll tie it yourself
 Now
 The kite string is lost
 The moon
 Even farther away
 Than my childhood

Letting It Go

Let it go, let it go
 I am water
 That loves to flow downward
 I have no strength to rush into a waterfall
 So gradually I seep into the earth
 Nourishing all things in the darkness

也懒得去想
天上那些浮云

想开了，想开了
我就是泥巴
与庄稼最亲
不喜登大雅之堂
也不想与贵金属套近乎
干旱严重时
就变成飞扬的尘土
除了雨，我别无它求

雨

雨气势汹汹劈头盖脸而来
要冲垮我的桥
要断我的前程
让我无处可去
雨发出阴阳怪气的声音
好像故意与我作对
我拒绝了各种各样的伞
不想寻一个屋檐躲避
也不想找一条捷径尽快结束旅程
雨好像长着眼睛
藏匿在乌云的背后
我走在那里
它跟在那里
它剥夺了我的晴朗
还用鞭子抽我的脊背
我与雨较上了劲
享受着它没完没了的虐待
没有雨我会寂寞死的
我不再把雨当作敌人
只是担心
雨中我能走多远

作者简介

王立世，中国当代诗人。1966年6月出生于山阴县，现居太原，公务员。1986年开始公开发表作品，曾在《诗刊》《中国作家》等国内外多家报刊发表诗歌1000多首，入选《新世纪诗典》《双年诗经》《中国新诗排行榜》等70多部选集。著有诗集《夹缝里的阳光》，主编《当代著名汉语诗人诗书画档案》。获全国第二十五届鲁藜诗歌奖，第三届中国当代诗歌奖（2013-2014等）多种奖项。系中国作家协会会员。

Not bothering to think
About the floating clouds in the sky

Let it go, let it go
I am mud
That feels closest to crops
I do not want to step into grand halls
Nor to curry favor with precious metals
When drought is severe
I turn into swirling dust
Wanting nothing but rain

Rain

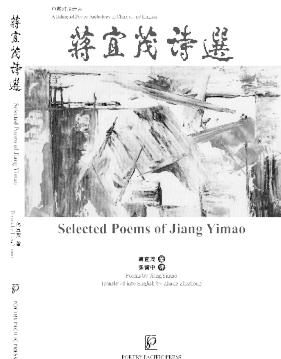
The rain pours down towards me with ferocious force
Threatening to sweep away my bridge
To cut off my path ahead
To leave me with nowhere to go
The rain emits strange, mocking sounds
As if opposing me on purpose
I refuse all kinds of umbrellas
Seeking neither eaves for shelter
Nor shortcuts to bring this journey to an early end
The rain seems to have eyes
Lurking behind the dark clouds
Wherever I go
It follows
It deprives me of the sunshine
And whips my back with its lash
I fight against the rain
Almost relishing its relentless torment
Without it, I would die of loneliness
I no longer treat the rain as a foe
My only concern is
How far I can go in this rain

(Tr. Prof. Ding Liqun; 丁立群教授 译)

About the author

Wang Lishi, a contemporary Chinese poet, was born in Shanyin County in June 1966 and currently resides in Taiyuan, where he works as a civil servant. He began publishing his works in 1986 and has published over 1,000 poems in numerous domestic and international newspapers and periodicals, including *Poetry Periodical* and *Chinese Writers*. His poems have been included in more than 70 anthologies, such as *New Century Poetry Canon*, *Biennial Poetry Classic*, and *The Ranking of New Chinese Poetry*. He is the author of the poetry collection *Sunlight in the Cracks* and the chief editor of *Archives of Poems, Calligraphy and Paintings by Famous Contemporary Chinese Poets*. He has won many awards, including the 25th National Luli Poetry Award and the 3rd Chinese Contemporary Poetry Award (2013-2014). He is a member of the China Writers Association.

《蒋宜茂诗选》（中英对照）在加拿大出版



中国作家协会会员、当代诗人蒋宜茂先生的中英文对照诗集《蒋宜茂诗选》（《Selected Poems of Jiang Yimao》），已由POETRY PACIFIC PRESS在加拿大出版、发行，系作者三十余年诗歌创作的精品结集，中国著名书法家林中阳先生题写书名。

前勒口置有作者彩照、中文小传，后勒口置有作者英文小传。全书收录了诗人不同时期的代表诗作100余首，诗语朴实灵动，诗情真挚感人，富有理趣，读后给人愉悦与遐想。书前有中国著名诗人、作家叶延滨先生的《新月已生飞鸟外——〈蒋宜茂诗选〉序》，书末有中国著名诗人、批评家唐诗博士的评论《〈耳顺〉中的风雨与静默：蒋宜茂的生命诗学与世界共鸣》和译者简介，英译者系中国著名翻译家、学者、南开大学博导、中华诗词外译中心主任张智中教授，其译笔扎实、地道。该诗集既可作为赏阅现代诗的优秀读本，也可作为英语读物提升外语水平。

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混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社

汪彩明[中国]

时光抛弃了一切（外一首）

清晨，鸟鸣，竹叶翠，空气是我喜欢的那种清鲜
蓝天也是我喜欢的那种蓝
白云浩浩荡荡地涌来，横无道理，漫过那些时光

人总是要爱点什么，比如云朵，比如花香，比如爱情
大风从路口刮过，我们已经失散了多年
也曾没有保留地彼此梦见，奔赴山海

请原谅我的不辞而别
我不止一次哄自己，时光一直都在，你一直都在
我哄我自己你还爱着，就像是我，深入沉迷每一个细节

雨下的酣畅，花开的磅礴，光线从窗帘透进来
可我们再也无法相见
再也不会

我是我的叛徒

这一年我把我回炉重塑
枯叶成灰。我在春风里悄然诞生

黑夜在黑夜中翻涌
晃来晃去，皇天在上，你始终如一

花儿以灵魂明亮了小河
河边蝴蝶，患上新的思路，穿过风的脉络

篱笆和篱笆握紧，远山和水波相照
延绵不绝，我的心

一部分鸟声爬上肩头
一部分鸟声已经飞走了

我是我的叛徒
深一脚，浅一脚，走上不归的路

荒野尸首，与我的疾病亲吻
我把我扔进丛林，让我的孤独大过天空

Wang Caiming [China]

Time Has Abandoned All (and another poem)

Morning, birds' twitters, bamboo leaves emerald, the air is the freshness I like most
The blue sky is also the blue I like most
White clouds surge here with great vigor, overflowing the time

People have to love something, for instance, clouds, flowery scent, or love
The great wind blows past the road intersection, when we have been scattered for years
And we have dreamed of each other boldly, going for seas and mountains

Please excuse my leaving without saying goodbye
Not for once I have comforted myself; time remains, and you are still here
I comfort myself that you still love me, as if myself, infatuated in each detail

The rain is raining merrily and heavily; the flowers open boisterously, light
filtering from the curtain
But we cannot meet again No more

I Am My Own Traitor

This year I reinvent myself by returning to the oven
Withered leaves into ashes. I am reborn silently in spring breeze

Dark night is churning in dark night
Waving and dangling, Heaven above, you are constant

The flowers have brightened the river by soul
Riverside butterflies, are caught with a new train of thought, through the vein of wind

Fence clasps closely another fence; remote mountains mirror waves
Undulating endlessly, my heart

A part of birds' twitters climb to the shoulders
Another part of birds' twitters have flown away

I am my own traitor
A step left, a step right, walking along a no-return road

Wilderness and corpse, kissing my disease
I throw myself into the jungle, for my solitude to be larger than the sky
(Tr. Prof. Zhang Zhizhong; 张智中教授 译)

Siyoung Doung [Korea]

Like a Single Word (and other four poems)

The sky and the earth are the lips of eternity.
There,
we live like a single word.

Like a ring worn without knowing
whose hand placed it,
people live, fitted into the world.

Today,
I do not know where I am.
Just standing—
Hands engraving handprints,
feet engraving footprints.

董時永[韩国]

如一词（外四首）

天地：永恒之唇
那里，
我们活着，如孤独的词。

像一枚戒指，
不知被谁戴在手上
人们活着，合于世界。

今日，
我不知身在何处。
只是站着——
双手刻着掌印，
双脚刻着足印。

Life is finding a path in the void.
Birds know
that the void is eternity.
Living is the breaking of one boundary after another.

Life grows colder as it goes on.
The time they wrote
abandons them in the end.

On a spring day when cherry blossoms befriend the wind,
mountain-like buildings,
valley-like alleys,
water-like people.

People, worn by strangeness,
save it sparingly, fearing they might grow used to it.
An angel slips between their lips,
and they take out a single smile.

Between the Twilight and the Sound of the Violin

At the border of Croatia and Serbia,
The Pannonian Plain lays out a new map.

Mountains emerge, opening roads and blocking them
Mountains are always the masters of the grandest paths.

Are you on some errand?
The Danube River
Slips out of the city
Between the light of twilight and the sound of the violin.

A day, vanishing so as not to disappear,
Crosses the mountain's waist like a lazy thought.

Someone,
Like a gently touched giant clam,
Closes the door on the day.

Squid

Its body is an arrow.

An arrow pointing—where to?

A drifting arrow through the open sea,

Does it mean there's nowhere in particular to go?

To live,
is it simply
to wander?

The Horizon Does Not Get Wet

The horizon does not get wet
It gets soaked in longing

A window that wipes away absence,
A water balsam is in bloom
Knotweed flowers are on their way

Fallen leaves are scribbles
The afternoon of life is red
The horizon does not get wet
It gets soaked in longing

生命在虚空中探路。
鸟儿知道
虚空是永恒。
活着，是一次次破界。

生命渐行渐冷。
写过的时光，
最终将他们抛弃。

春日，樱花迎着温风
建筑如山峦，
小巷似幽谷，
人群若水流。

人们，疲于陌生
对它倍惜，唯恐渐习。
天使滑过唇间，
他们露出一抹微笑。

在暮光与琴声之间

在克罗地亚与塞尔维亚的边境，
潘诺尼亚平原铺出一幅新图景。

群山涌起，开路又阻拦，
他们向来是宏途的主宰。

你可有差事要办？
多瑙河
悄然流出城市，
在暮光与琴声之间。

白天，消逝为了不消失，
穿过山腰，如慵懒的思绪。

某人，
像被轻触的巨蛤，
合上白昼之门。

鱿鱼

它的身形如箭。

一支指向何方的箭？

一支在开阔海域随波逐流的箭，

这是否意味着无特定去处？

生存，
莫非就是
漂泊？

地平线未曾沾湿

地平线未曾沾湿
它浸满了眷恋

一扇窗，抹去缺席
水芭蕉正绽放
蓼花已在路上

落叶是涂鸦
人生的午后是红色
地平线未曾沾湿
它浸满了眷恋

A window that wipes away absence,
A water balsam is in bloom
Knotweed flowers are on their way

Fallen leaves are scribbles
The afternoon of life is red

One shadow follows
So that you won't be lonely

And I kiss "I, you and also"

Was It You, Was It Me, or Was It Longing

Was it you,
Was it me,
Or was it longing

Let us not name time,
Nor age a life.

More moments fall
than November leaves.

When I take up the leaf-brush and write the fleeting now,
emptiness wears a sly, silent smile.

About the author

Dr. Siyoung Doung graduated from the Department of Korean Language and Literature at Dongguk University and earned a Ph.D. in Korean Language and Literature from Hanyang University. She further expanded her academic pursuits by studying humanities at Regensburg University in Germany. Her teaching career includes positions as a professor at Korea Tourism University in Korea and Jilin University of Finance and Economics in China. Her literary journey began in 2003 with her poetry debut in the literary magazine Dacheung. Since then, she has published numerous poetry collections, including *Future Hunting*, *In Search of a Strange God*, *The Phone Call from God*, *The Eyes of November*, *The Carnival of Time* (Anthology), *Was It You, Was It Me, or Was It Longing?*, *The Scent of Secrets*, *Aria of Everyday Life*, *The River Flowing Under the Pen*, *The Magic Letters*, and *The Horizon Never Gets Wet*. In addition to poetry, Doung has contributed significantly to literary research with works such as *Roh Cheon-myung's Poetry and Semiotics*, *Korean Literature and Semiotics*, and *Semiotics of Modern Poetry*. Her exploration of literature extends into travel writing, with essay collections like *Encountering Culture Through Travel* and *Encountering Travel Through Literature*. Her literary excellence has been recognized with numerous prestigious awards, including the Park Hwa-mok Literary Award (2010), Poetry and Poetics Young Poet Award (2011), the Grand Prize at the Korean Buddhist Literature Awards (2018), the 32nd Dongguk Literary Award (2019), the Yeongrang Literary Award for Criticism (2020), and the 7th Woltan Park Jong-hwa Literary Award by the Korean Writers' Association (2021). Most recently, she received the Literary Youth Work Award in 2024. In recognition of her contributions to literature, she was also a recipient of a creative grant from the Arts Council Korea in 2005.

Dr. Doung is currently the President of the Korean Association of World Literature and lives in Seoul with her husband, a former university professor.

Dear Dr. Zhang Zhi,

As 2025 draws to a close and we step into the threshold of 2026, I would like to extend my great appreciation to you for your unwavering dedication to international poetry and literary exchange.

Through your role as Editor-in-Chief of *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly* and *WORLD POETRY YEARBOOK—English Version*, you have built enduring bridges between cultures, languages, and poetic traditions. Your tireless work as a poet, critic, translator, and publisher has not only amplified diverse literary voices, but also upheld the values of dialogue, openness, and mutual respect in world literature.

Your vision, discipline, and generosity continue to inspire writers and translators across continents. The platforms you lead are not merely publications, but living spaces where poetry breathes beyond borders and time.

At this meaningful turning point, I wish you continued strength, clarity, and creative vitality. May the coming year bring new collaborations, deeper connections, and further milestones in your remarkable literary journey. With sincere respect and gratitude,

Võ Thị Như Mai, Poet & Literary Translator

Founder of The Rhythm of Vietnam, Reporter of Multicultural Press, Australia

一扇窗，抹去缺席
水芭蕉正绽放
蓼花已在路上

落叶是涂鸦
人生的午后是红色

影子跟着
你便不会孤单

而我亲吻着“我、你，还有一切”

是你，是我，还是眷恋

是你，
是我，
还是眷恋

莫要为时间命名，
莫要给人定年岁。

逝去的瞬间
多过十一月的落叶。

当我拿起扫帚书写即逝的当下，
空无露出狡黠、无声的微笑。

(苏赛迪博士 译; Tr. Dr. Su Saidi)

作者简介

董时永，毕业于东国大学韩国语言文学系，后于汉阳大学获该专业博士学位，并赴德国雷根斯堡大学深造。她先后任教于韩国旅游大学和吉林财经大学。她的文学之路始于2003年，诗歌处女作发表于文学杂志《大城》。此后，她出版了多部诗集，包括《未来狩猎》《寻觅陌生的神》《来自上帝的电话》《十一月的眼睛》《时间的狂欢节》（合集）、《是你，是我，还是眷恋？》《秘密的芳香》《日常生活咏叹调》《笔下流淌的河流》《魔法字母》《地平线永不沾湿》等。除诗歌创作外，董时永在文学研究领域亦成果丰硕，著有《卢天命诗歌与符号学》《韩国文学与符号学》《现代诗歌符号学》等。此外，她的文学探索还涉足旅行文学，著有散文集《在旅行中邂逅文化》和《在文学中邂逅旅行》。她的文学成就备受赞誉，2005年获韩国艺术委员会颁发的创作资助金，之后先后荣获2010年朴华默文学奖、2011年诗歌与诗学青年诗人奖、2018年韩国佛教文学大奖、2019年第32届东国文学奖、2020年影郎文学评论奖、2021年韩国作家协会第7届月潭朴钟华文学奖，以及2024年文学青年作品奖。

董时永博士现任韩国世界文学协会会长，与曾任大学教授的丈夫定居首尔。

December 29, 2025

Marin Angel [Finland]

The Imaginary Flag

—to Zhang Zhi

The imaginary flag,
before it became a flag
is a piece of cloth,
utterly indifferent.
It could have been
a thin tablecloth
worn thin by elbows,
the secret freedom of a dress,
concealing enchanting femininity.
Even a cloth torn
by memory and oblivion.
It could have been something else.
It hardly makes sense
to clash the crowds
like madmen
one against the other
different and cold.
Souls blue and red
like a curse
that freedom
is black or white.
Meaninglessness spilled.

马林·安杰尔[芬兰]

想象中的旗帜

——致张智

想象中的旗帜，
在成为旗帜之前
不过是一块布，
毫无情感可言。
它本可以是
被肘部磨薄的
餐桌布，
裙装暗藏的自由，
遮掩着女性迷人的魅力。
甚至是一块被记忆
和遗忘所撕裂的布。
它本可以是别的东西。
让人群像疯子一样
相互碰撞
彼此对立
冰冷而疏离
这几乎毫无意义。
灵魂之蓝与红
如同诅咒
而自由
非黑即白。
荒谬倾泻一地。

(张智博士 译; Tr. Dr. Zhang Zhi)

邓攀峰[中国]

读维特根斯坦《哲学研究》札记（节选）

1.
读《逻辑哲学论》
你首先得感谢三个人
罗素（导言），皮尔斯和麦克吉尼斯（序）
2.
同样的眼睛
有的人看到了花
有的人看到了刺
3.
很难想象
语言是文明最后的倔强
4.
一直很困惑
哲学在陈述一个现实的事实
还是思辨的事实
5.
一个伪定律：
一切能用语言表述出来的思辨
均不构成思想的尽头或边界
- 6.

鄧攀峰[中国]

ヴィトゲンシュタイン『哲学探究』を読む覚え書き（抜粋）

1.
『論理哲学論考』を読むとき
まず感謝すべき三人がいる
ラッセル（序論）、ピアース、そしてマクギネス（序）
2.
同じ目で
ある人は花を見だし
ある人は棘を見だす
3.
想像しがたいのは
言語とは 文明が最後まで 手放そうとしない頑固さであるということだ
4.
いつも迷っている
哲学とは 現実の事実を述べているのか
それとも 思弁の事実を語っているのか
5.
一つの仮法則：
言語によって表現可能なあらゆる思弁は
思想の終点でも 境界でも構成しない
- 6.

追求真善美的人
也即是追随神的人

7.
哲学以谬论为食
世界是心灵的图像

8.
不可否认
假和真，都是一种事实

9.
人试图用三样东西战胜时间：
逻辑，艺术和回忆

10.
你不能确定你所不确定的事物
你所选择的恰是你不得不选择的

11.
否定是为了更好地肯定
那么，对于不可言说，难以分辨的事物
当采取何种态度

12.
尽管思辨激烈，但不可否认
哲学，仍然缺乏一个清晰的轮廓

13.
从万千张面孔中认出某个人来
所有认知奇迹中一项最伟大的奇迹

作者简介

邓攀峰，笔名：帝企鹅。中国当代诗人。陕西西安人。蛙——原生态诗团创建者。作品散见于《中国诗》《九天文学》《神州乡土诗人专刊》《中国当代散文选》《先锋诗刊》《名家散文集》、“江山文学网”“世界诗歌网”“中国诗歌网”等刊物和平台。

真・善・美を追い求める者は
すなわち 神に従う者である

7.
哲学は謬論を糧とし
世界は 心の像である

8.
否定できない
偽も真も ともに一つの事実である

9.
人は三つのものによって 時間に打ち勝とうとする：
論理、芸術、そして記憶

10.
不確かなものを 確かだと断定することはできない
そして あなたが選んだものこそ 選ばざるを得なかったものである

11.
否定は よりよく肯定するためにある
では、語り得ぬもの 見分けがたいものに対して
どのような態度を取るべきなのか

12.
思弁は激烈であっても 否定できない
哲学ははまだ 明確な輪郭を欠いている

13.
無数の顔の中から ある一人を見分けること
それは あらゆる認識の奇跡の中でも 最も偉大な奇跡である
(王凌志 訳)

作者紹介

鄧攀峰（とう・はんほう）、筆名：帝企鵝。中国現代詩人。陝西省西安市出身。「蛙——原生态詩団」創設者。作品は『中国詩』『九天文学』『神州郷土詩人専刊』『中国当代散文選』『先鋒詩刊』『名家散文集』、「江山文学網」「世界詩歌網」「中国詩歌網」などメディアの・プラットフォームに散見される。

李志亮[中国]

梦游祁连山（外九首）

我跨上枣红马梦游祁连山，
野驴、雪豹、黑鹳、白唇鹿散步，
野牦牛、白尾海雕、藏雪鸡闲游。

我跨上枣红马梦游祁连山，
祁连耸立高插天，
苍茫猎场非一状，
一半平原带雨痕，
冰雪融化成绿洲。

我跨上枣红马梦游祁连山，
大山性曳烟，鸟飞稀。
风似早晨箭，
抬头遥望祁连，云绕雪山，
严冬阴风冰雪行。

Li Zhiliang [China]

Dream-Riding Qilian Mountains (and other nine poems)

I mount my bay horse, dream-riding Qilian Mountains,
Wild asses, snow leopards, black storks, white-lipped deer roam
Wild yaks, white-tailed sea eagles, Tibetan snowcocks stroll

I mount my bay horse, dream-riding Qilian Mountains,
Qilian stands towering straight into the sky,
The vast hunting ground takes diverse forms,
Half the plains bear traces of rain,
Ice and snow melt into green oases.

I mount my bay horse, dream-riding Qilian Mountains,
Mountains trail smoke, few birds cross this place.
Wind stings like arrows at break of day,
I lift my eyes—clouds veil the snow's white face,
Through bitter gales and ice, I make my way.

我跨上枣红马高歌，
我剪一块纯蓝色天布留念，
我敬慕祁连雪净，
人酷爱寒风落日霞光，
西风淡淡雪悠悠，
人生面对各异同。

边塞行

闻道大漠苍凉，
而今知道君笑容。
唱一曲边塞之歌，
唱给三千年不倒胡杨大气。

浩浩风推波，
数头野鸭游泳戏。
惊动冥冥夕阳吐红日，
独柳不觉醉流霞，
锁住天地合为一。

野风吹落金黄叶，
眼球随片片落叶流去，
千片百片叶成泥，
明年胡杨树上鸣鸟啼。

众人游月牙泉

登高远眺，
山高路迥，
茫茫流沙走千年，
石大如斗满地赛跑，
一竿残照吐晚霞。

沙山高耸接天地，
山坳随泉成月牙。
阅览暮沙衰草，
迎来了牵情一笑。
听泉声似美玉击鸣，
清澈不腐照见鸟影。
轻风漾水光，
不管路险山高，
流泉永不枯竭。

看沙峰叠叠，
阅读晚霞层层。
天若有情，
留住烟霞绕缥缈。

日出翠湖

大湖吐来日出圆，
湖鸥驾着霞光鸣空。
秋风千里来，
袭击嘉峪关。

君不见苏武牧羊背影，
鸟儿结伴暮飞。
塞外牧行无尽日，
年年移帐寒中天。

君不见霍去病战马嘶嘶，
君不见我读出卫青金戈铁马。

I mount my bay horse, singing loud and clear,
I cut a piece of pure blue sky to hold.
I revere the pure snow of Qilian.
We deeply love the cold wind, sunset and glow,
West wind blows softly, snow drifts slowly,
Life meets each soul in ways both new and old.

Journey to the Frontier

Heard of the desert's desolate grace,
Now I know your smiling face.
Sing a song of the frontier land,
To the poplar's grandeur that stands three thousand years grand.

Vast winds push waves along their way,
Several wild ducks swim and play.
Stirring the dim sunset to spit the red sun's ray,
The single willow drunk on glowing clouds unaware,
Locking heaven and earth into a single sway.

Wild wind blows down the golden leaves,
My eyes drift with each falling leaf's display,
Hundreds of them turn to mud where they lay,
Next year birds will sing on the poplar trees.

Group Tour to Moonlake

We climb high and gaze afar,
Mountains stand tall, roads stretch far,
Boundless quicksand flows through millennia,
Stones as big as dippers race all around,
A shaft of afterglow spills sunset glow.

Sand mountains soar high to heaven and earth,
The col forms a crescent with the spring.
I gaze at evening sand and withered grass,
Greeting an affectionate smile heartfelt.
Hearing the spring sing like jade clinking clear,
Clear and undecayed, it reflects bird shadows.
Breezes are rippling the water's glow,
No matter how steep the roads, high the mountains,
The flowing spring never dries up.

I behold the layered sand peaks,
Watch the layered sunset glow.
If heaven has a tender heart,
Keep mist and glow lingering in mistiness.

Sunrise Over Emerald Lake

The great lake births a round sunrise bright,
Lake gulls ride rosy glow and sing in light.
Autumn wind blows from hundreds of miles away,
And strikes Jiayuguan with its wild smiles.

Behold Su Wu's figure herding sheep afar,
A few birds fly in flocks as dusk draws near.
Beyond the frontier, herding days stretch long,
Each year we move tents 'neath the cold sky throng.

Behold Huo Qubing's warhorses neighing loud,
Behold I read Wei Qing's spears and steeds proud.

山空木叶干，
征途记艰难。

我带走夕阳余晖，
骑上沙漠之舟，
感受到浓烈西部文化。
断霞散彩，
残倒影水中丹。

登武威凉州古城楼

秋风数点呼啸下，
晚霞旅雁留平仄声。
明月映凉州，
苍茫野云奔。

秋风吹断鬓发，
大脑细胞里，
刻写霍去病将军铁骑瘦马，
倾听鸠摩罗什大师——梵音。
古今交汇在凉州古楼，
晚虹斜日映天昏，
丝路文化热土，
牧马群嘶草原绿，
苍茫凉州焕发出新的青春。

胡杨林

大漠隐落日，
孤云归鸟，
秋风无言，
霞拂拂生残晖。

双眉间一抹晚霞，
胡杨皮肤由金黄变金红。
仿佛巨人立天地间，
沉默茫茫大漠，
芳心向春天开放。

登高远眺，
我仿佛回忆香山枫叶，
在人血管中燃烧，
秋风胡杨香。

黄沙万里百草枯，
胡杨林朵朵精神叶叶红，
秋风吹打胡杨叶子，
秋风染白人的发丝。
胡杨成泥献热血，
呐喊应有后来人。

西夏王陵

秋风、落日、鸟漩，
白云嘘青壁。
贺兰山走龙蛇，
秋声跨沧桑。

沉默耸身大书，
诉说千年兴衰，
寻觅马蹄脚印，
一个历史文化符号。

Mountains lie bare, leaves dry and sere,
The journey bears the mark of hardship severe.

I take the sunset's lingering glow away,
Mount the desert ship, go where I may,
And I felt the rich western culture's vivid ray.
Broken clouds spread their colored light so fair,
Remaining reflections dye the water rare.

Ascending the Ancient City Tower of Liangzhou, Wuwei

Autumn wind drifts down with rustling light,
Sunset glows as migrant geese sing rhythmic sound.
Bright moon shines o'er Liangzhou's sight,
Vast wild clouds rush in endless flight.

Autumn wind brushes through my hair,
Deep in my mind,
Engraved General Huo Qubing's iron steed,
Listening to Master Kumarajiva's Buddhist creed.
Ancient and modern meet at the old tower,
Evening rainbow and slanting sun dye the hour,
Silk Road's cultural land so warm,
Horses neigh on the green grass farm,
Vast Liangzhou glows with youthful charm.

Forest of Poplars

The desert hides the setting sun's last light,
A lone cloud drifts, birds seek their rest.
The autumn wind, wordless, still,
Strokes the lingering glow with gentle breath.

Between my brows, a streak of sunset glows,
The poplars'skin turns gold to burning red.
Like giants standing'twixt the earth and skies,
Silent in the vast and barren spread,
Yet hearts toward spring secretly unfold.

I climb the heights and gaze toward the plain,
As if recalling Xiangshan's maple leaves—
How they burned in human veins,
And autumn winds bore poplars'fragrant sheaves.

For miles the yellow sands bleach grasses sere,
Yet every poplar leaf burns bright and bold.
The autumn wind strikes poplar leaves with cheer,
The autumn wind has turned my hair to cold.
The fallen leaves feed earth with fervent blood,
Calling for new souls to feel the fiery call.

The Mausoleums of Western Xia

Autumn wind, sunset, birds wheel and swirl;
White clouds kiss the blue cliffs soft and mild.
Helan Mountains wind like dragons and snakes;
Autumn sounds cross vicissitudes and ages.

Silent, towering like a sacred scroll;
Telling millenniums of rise and fall.
Seek the traces of horse hooves light;
A symbol of culture and history bright.

无韵歌声动地衰，
明珠一颗留长河，
吸引无数后人寻索，
刻在史书上遗迹。

夕阳把天空染成红色，
金风变得温柔。
我收藏一朝开光耀历史，
怀古到今共白头。

祁山武侯祠

秋风吹盐川河，
落叶满祁山。
大山高数百丈，
三面绝壁，
一面临水。
易守难攻，位置险要乎！

遥想孔明当年，
率兵翻越祁山，
智收姜维，
藏兵在此乎！

登山遥看，
古柏出众木乎！
伴风走天涯。
沉默传雅韵，
有雪呈现幽姿。

我随游客前来凭吊，
崇敬之情溢于言表。
孔明在，蜀汉存。
年年山上行人过，
高名不朽到如今乎！

苏武山

古寺、初日、五彩云、秋风。

风抱着石头吼叫，
大山崔嵬天地间，
牧童吹笛弄垂柳，
抬头望见苏武山。

苏武山有古联：
“三千里传雁信，
生来犹是汉廷臣。”
苏武魂在苏武山，
古庙高树刺破天。
悲时间象川水流逝，
当官不为觅封侯。

我伫立古联前沉思，
我仿佛听到苏武挥鞭之声，
鞭声入古泉相伴，
苏武山增补一道靓丽风景。

秋月

小序：中秋之夜，举杯饮酒，写小诗一首。

Tuneless songs stir the earth's decline;
A pearl stays by the long river's line.
Draws countless descendants to explore;
Relics carved in history's lore.

Sunset dyes the sky in red hue;
Golden wind turns soft and true.
I collect a dynasty's radiant glow;
Cherishing the past till hair turns snow.

Wuhou Shrine at Qishan

Autumn wind blows o'er Yanchuan River clear,
Fallen leaves cover Qishan far and near.
Mountains stand hundreds of zhang high and steep,
Three sides with sheer cliffs sharp and deep;
One side leans on the water's gentle sweep.
Easy to defend, hard to seize—what a strategic keep!

I recall Kongming in the bygone days,
Who led troops o'er Qishan's winding ways.
Wit won Jiang Wei to his loyal side,
Troops hid here, where the brave abide!

I climb the mountain, look far and wide,
Ancient cypresses tower o'er trees beside!
With wind they wander far and nigh,
In silence they spread grace soft and high,
When snow falls, their quiet charm doth lie.

With tourists I come to pay my respect,
My reverence overflows, clear and direct.
While Kongming stays, Shu Han remains,
Year by year, travelers pass the hill,
His great fame endures, eternally still!

Su Wu Hill

Ancient temple, first sun, colorful clouds, autumn wind.

Wind embraces stones and roars loud,
The great mountain towers 'twixt heaven and ground,
A shepherd boy plays flute by willows,
Looking up, he sees Su Wu Hill around.

An old couplet on Su Wu Hill stands:
"A thousand miles the wild goose bears the letter,
Born, he remains a minister of Han's."
Su Wu's spirit lingers on the hill still,
Ancient temple and tall trees pierce the sky.
I grieve as time flows like a river's tide,
To be an official, not for marquis' pride.

I stand before the couplet, lost in deep thought,
As if I hear Su Wu's whip sound sharp and steep,
The whip echoes with the ancient spring,
Su Wu Hill gains a brilliant scene.

Autumn Moon

Prelude: On the Night of the Mid-Autumn Festival, I drink a toast and compose this short poem.

登高眺望，
览蓝天千里，
白云留下靓丽痕迹，
蓦地桂花树口中射来香气。
胡水中星辰摇动，
水气中月夜漫漫，
此时飞霜凝雪，
冷浸白发。

江山雄丽，
日月共回旋，
我醉起舞弄影，
举杯邀月，
化成三客人。
不知今日是何年。

蓦地，我仿佛乘宇宙飞船，
明月有情约我上青天。
一夜梦游万里月，
俯视大地，
人民生活安定，
万户发出幽香，
江山如画。

I climb the heights and gaze afar,
See the blue sky stretching miles and miles,
While white clouds leave their lovely traces,
When sudden from the osmanthus tree,
A fragrance shoots through the cool air,
Stars tremble in the lake's expanse,
The moonlit night in mist lies long and deep,
Now frost descends to claim my silvered hair.

The land lies grand and lovely to the eye,
Sun and moon wheel in their endless race,
Drunk, I dance with my shadow, sprightly,
Raise my cup, invite the moon with grace—
We turn to three companions, bright and true.
I wonder what year it is tonight, in this celestial place.

Then suddenly, as if aboard a cosmic flight,
The loving moon asks me to roam the height.
I dream-journey ten thousand miles by moonlight,
Look down upon the earth, so vast and deep—
Seeing the people's lives, serene and right,
From countless homes, faint fragrances softly seep,
This river-land like a painting, pure and bright.

(Tr. Gao Xuhua; 高绪华 译)

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作者简介

李志亮，中国当代知名诗人、作家。笔名李鹏甫。河南省民权县人，郑州市纪律检查委员会县级主任。中国作家协会会员。国际诗歌翻译研究中心终身研究员、《国际诗歌翻译》季刊副总编。原河南省诗歌学会顾问。在《人民日报》《光明日报》《工人日报》《解放日报》《新华日报》《世界诗人》《诗潮》《加州诗歌》(美国)、《菲律宾商报》《中华日报》(泰国)等报刊发表作品2600余篇(首)。部分诗作译介到美国、英国、德国、罗马尼亚、印度等国。出版诗集、散文集、小说集等十余部。传记收录于《中国作家协会会员辞典》《中国诗人大辞典》《中国散文家大辞典》《中国小说家大辞典》《河南作家词典》《世界华人文学艺术界名人录》等。其散文曾获中国散文学会第三、四届冰心散文奖。

About the author

Li Zhiliang is a famous poet-writer in contemporary China, with the pen name of Li Pengfu. As a native of Minquan County, Henan Province, he is county-level director for Zhengzhou City Commission for Discipline Inspection. He is a member of Chinese Writers' Association, and life-long research fellow of the Center for International Poetry Translation Research, and associate editor of *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly*. As former advisor of the Poetry Society of Henan Province. He began to engage in poetry, prose, prose poetry and novel writing at the age of sixteen. His works, totaling over 2,600, have been published in hundreds of periodicals including *People's Daily*, *Guangming Daily*, *The Workers' Daily*, *Liberation Daily*, *Xinhua Daily*, *The World Poets*, *Poetry Tide*, *California Poetry in America*, *The Philippine Business Daily*, *Chunghua Daily* (Thailand), etc. Some of his poems have been introduced to the United States, Britain, Germany, Romania, and India, etc. His biography is included in: *Dictionary of Members of the Chinese Writers Association*, *Dictionary of Chinese Poets*, *Dictionary of Chinese Prose Writers*, *Dictionary of Chinese Novelists*, *Dictionary of Henan Writers*, and *World Who's Who in Chinese Literature and Arts*. He has published over ten collections of poetry, prose and short stories. His prose has won the 3rd and the 4th Bing Xin Prose Awards of the Chinese Prose Society.

六种语言对照诗集《朝圣者》(还叫海棠 著)出版



中国当代女诗人还叫海棠的汉语-英语-保加利亚语-芬兰语-瑞典语-挪威语对照诗集《朝圣者》(《The Pilgrim》《Пилигримът》《Pyhiinvaeltaja》《Vallfärda》《Pilgrimen》)，已于2025年12月由POETRY PACIFIC PRESS在加拿大出版、发行。

封面置有作者巨幅彩照，书前有作者彩照二帧、中文小传和英文简介。全书收录了诗人的代表性诗作16首，英译者系中国著名翻译家、诗人、学者、南开大学教授张智中博士，保加利亚语-芬兰语-瑞典语-挪威语译者系芬兰著名诗人、翻译家、评论家马林·安吉尔·拉扎罗夫Marin Angel Lazarov先生，其译笔扎实、地道。书末附有二位译者的中英文简介。

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混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社

Adiela Akoo [South African]

As You Perceive (and other three poems)

I am a flower that blooms
 Perfume filtering the air
 I am a veiled mystery
 To hearts that don't understand
 And eyes that cannot yet see

I am a reflection
 I am a teacher
 I am a lesson
 I am the yang and the yin
 I am the quiet voice amidst the din

I am a stranger, and stranger yet
 I am a beloved friend
 A secret well kept
 I am a seeker
 And I have been sought

I have been crushed and ground
 Tempered by fire
 I have been dead
 And I have been reborn
 With passion and desire

I am fiery, yet cool
 Strong, yet gentle
 Creating from destruction
 I am nurturing and can feel you
 In the hidden depths of your soul

I am ancient and I am young
 I am a germinating seed
 I write and I am written
 I belong to The Love Creed
 But I remain, only as you perceive...

Pledged

Long, long ago
 you pledged your heart
 etched your eternal love
 causing you to constantly
 keep washing up at my feet
 like a half forgotten
 mystical message
 in a bottle, cast into the sea
 of souls, centuries ago!

Our paths constantly, curiously crossing
 in a predetermined puzzle of perplexities
 leaving us pondering, on the part played
 by Providence—and the most loving hand
 on a heart, etched with initials
 carved into an ancient, magical tree
 that still stands somewhere, bearing witness
 long after the bodies, bearing initials

阿迪拉·阿库[南非]

如你所见（外三首）

我是一朵盛开的花
 馨香弥漫空气
 我是一个蒙面的谜
 为不解的心
 与仍未看清的眼

我是镜中倒影
 我是引路师长
 我是人生课题
 我是阴阳相生
 是喧嚣中沉静的低语

我是陌生人，更是异乡客
 我是挚爱的友人
 是深藏的秘密
 我是追寻者
 亦被人寻觅

我被碾碎磨平
 于烈火中淬炼
 我已死去
 又已重生
 携着渴求与热望

我炽热，亦清凉
 强壮，亦温柔
 于毁灭中创造
 我滋养，并能感知你
 在你灵魂隐秘的深处

我古老，亦年轻
 我是一颗萌芽的种子
 我书写，亦被书写
 我属于《爱的信条》
 但我始终 如你所见……

誓约

很久，很久以前
 你许下你的心
 刻下永恒的爱
 使你不断
 如潮水涌至我脚边
 像一封被遗忘的
 神秘的瓶中信
 掷入灵魂之海
 几个世纪！

我们的命运之途不断奇异地交错
 在注定的困惑谜题中
 我们不禁思索，是上帝的
 旨意——那只触碰心灵的至爱之手
 将我们的姓氏
 刻进古老神木
 它仍赫然矗立，见证如初
 纵使血肉之躯

became fodder for its roots!

Lifetime after lifetime
we're magically, momentarily
drawn together, to decipher
soul memories, we vaguely recall...

Race with the Wind

Yesterday, I dreamed a beautiful dream,
and desired nothing more...

But it somehow slipped into the wind,
that keeps it just out of reach...

Always tempting me, taunting me, haunting me...
But tomorrow...

Tomorrow, I shall break free from these shackles,
and race with that wind!

I feel it in my bones

I feel it in my bones now,
time slowly slipping away.
An urgency is building,
to say all I didn't or couldn't say.

I feel the need to pass on,
the lantern of my life.
Perhaps you may gain something,
to help you through some strife.

I feel my spirit yearning,
for a distant, peaceful shore.
I never really belonged here,
but must tarry a little more.

I feel it in my bones now,
the quiet calling of the grave.
I hope I leave something,
to free the worldly slave.

About the author

Adiela Akoo, a South African poetess, writer, and creative entrepreneur, was born on May 4 in Pietermaritzburg and primarily raised and educated in Durban, where she received the prestigious Dux Award. She is best known for her debut poetry collection, *Lost in a Quatrain*, which was a first runner-up in the poetry category at the SAIP Awards 2021 and has been widely praised for its soulful. Her work has been published in numerous magazines, journals, and anthologies worldwide, and her poems have been translated into several languages, including Russian, Romanian, Turkish, Bulgarian, Bangla, and Odia. Beyond writing, Adiela is a multifaceted individual with a background in banking and holistic healing. She is the founder and CEO of Quilled Ink Press, an independent publishing house, and the editor of *The Quilled Ink Review*, an international literary journal primarily aimed at promoting emerging writers. Adiela's contributions to literature have earned her accolades, including a nomination as one of the Top 7 "Most Promising Literary Influencers" in the GBC Awards 2020 and the Silver Star Award from the Global Literary Society for her "excellent contribution to world literature."

终成根下沃土!

生生世世
魔法一般 我们被短暂地
牵引相聚, 只为解读
那些依稀的灵魂记忆.....

与风竞逐

昨日, 我做了一个美梦
便别无他求.....

但它悄然滑入风中
无处可及.....

总在引诱我、嘲笑我、纠缠我.....
但明日.....

明日, 我将挣脱这些镣铐
与风竞逐!

骨中之感

此刻, 我已刻骨感知
时光正缓缓流逝
一种紧迫在堆积
要说尽所有未说或未能说出的话

我渴望传递
这生命的灯盏
或许你能从中有所收获
助你渡过些许困境

我感到灵魂在渴求
一片遥远而宁静的彼岸
我从未真正属于这里
却仍需稍作停留

此刻, 我已刻骨感知
坟墓在静静召唤
愿我能留下些什么
解放这世间的囚徒

(王欣 译; Tr. Wang Xin)

作者简介

阿迪拉·阿库, 南非女诗人、作家及创意企业家, 5月4日出生于彼得马里茨堡, 主要在德班长大并接受教育, 曾荣获享有盛誉的“最优生奖”。她最著名的作品是首部诗集《迷失在四行诗中》, 该书在2021年南非独立出版商协会诗歌类评选中获得亚军, 其深情隽永的风格广受赞誉。她的作品已在全球众多杂志、期刊及诗集中发表, 并被翻译成俄语、罗马尼亚语、土耳其语、保加利亚语、孟加拉语、奥里亚语等多种语言。除写作外, 阿迪拉是一位多才多艺的女性, 拥有银行和全息疗愈领域的职业背景。她是独立出版社的创始人兼首席执行官, 同时担任国际文学期刊 *The Quilled Ink Review* 的主编, 该期刊主要致力于扶持新锐作家。阿迪拉对文学的贡献为她赢得了诸多荣誉, 包括2020年GBC奖“最具潜力文学影响力人物”第七名提名, 以及全球文学协会颁发的“银星奖”, 以表彰她“对世界文学的杰出贡献”。

Profile of Dong Xiuqing

Dong Xiuqing, with her Master's Degree of Arts in Foreign Linguistics and Applied Linguistics, is now an associate professor in Department of Foreign Languages in Taiyuan Institute of Technology. Her research direction is translation theory and practice and she has a deep love for Chinese poetry, traditional culture and their English translating. She is the Guest Deputy Editor of *Rendition of International Poetry* and many of her translations can be found in this international literary journal and *China Daily Overseas Edition*. Up to now, she has published two translations: *How to Skin a Lion and Walking in Your Sight* together with one academic book, *Application of Domestication and Foreignization in the English Translation of Chinese Classics*, seventeen academic papers and presided over two provincial projects as well as two school-level projects. She has got the English Translation Certificates of NAETI and CATTI (Level II). And she has won the second prize in both the Translation Contests held by Translators Association of Shanxi Province and "100 Translators, 100 Translations in the World" Committee.

Nina Alexi [Greece]

Love Odyssey (and other two poems)

I seek you...there
Where memories numb the body
Where pleasure is trapped by relentless flame
Where our breaths, myriad images weave
Where your hands, like a rose, my body unfold.

I seek you there, where the darker blue of the sea
joins the light blue ceiling of the sky.
In the depths of the oceans,
A heavy hearted mermaid solemnly
Searching for her forgotten king.

Where the song of love echoes like a lapping wave
On leaden mountain peaks under the vaulted roof sky
Where monks chant devout hymns.
There, where your passion blossoms like a wild flower.

I seek you in the smiles of the children
Building a new humane world,
Where instead of bombs that scatter death
Angels' trumpets spread the message of peace.
There, where people only know of love.

I seek you there, where dreams unfold,
Incarnate and the pain subsides.
Where faith is carved, embracing love
And lovers have no need of promises,
Fiery hot summers, glitter and pearls.

There, where swift-winged clouds
Seek revenge in our dreams.
Explosively seeking you in the eternal universe
With millions of galaxies shining upon us
Infinite magic energy.
Maybe, one day my Love
I'll find you, there.

Palaestra

Life, a stormy sea
Into abysmal icy waters we are thrown
Hardened in endurance
Submitted to survival
To the fear of abandonment
Of defeat, of perfidy
Of death.
My body the vehicle
For the destination
The mind will go through fire

译家小传

董秀静，外国语言学及应用语言学硕士，太原工业学院外语部副教授，研究方向为翻译理论与实践，热爱中国诗词、传统文化及其英译，《国际诗歌翻译》客座副主编，在其平台及《中国日报海外版》发表数十篇翻译作品，出版译著2部：《如何给狮子剥皮》《行走在你的视线里》和专著《归化与异化策略在中国典籍英译中的应用》1部，发表学术论文17篇。主持山西省哲学社会科学规划和省高校外语教学与研究专项、校级教改和科研课题各1项。持有教育部和人事部二级英语笔译证书，曾获山西省翻译协会翻译大赛二等奖、第十届“全球百人百译”翻译大赛二等奖。

妮娜·亚历克西[希腊]

爱之奥德赛（外二首）

我在找寻你……在那里
在记忆麻痹身体之所在
在快乐被无情烈焰囚禁之处
在我们的气息编织万千幻象之地
你的双手，让我的身体玫瑰般打开。

我在那里找寻你，在那深蓝的大海
与浅蓝天空交汇之处。
在海洋的深处，
满心忧伤的美人鱼庄严地
找寻她那被人遗忘的国王。

爱之歌如浪涛回响
在穹顶下的铅灰山峰上
僧侣们吟诵虔诚赞美诗。
在那里，你的激情如野花绽放。

我在孩子们的微笑中找寻你
正筑起崭新的人性世界，
在那里，不再有散布死亡的炸弹
唯有天使的号角在传递和平讯息。
在那里，人们只知道仁爱。

我在梦境舒展之处寻你，
那里痛苦消融。
信仰雕琢着爱的怀抱
恋人们无需誓言，
烈日炎夏，流光与珠光。

在那里，疾云飞翔
在我们的梦境复仇。
在永恒的宇宙中爆发式地找寻你
千万星系倾泻光芒
蕴含无穷的魔力能量。
或许某日，我的爱人
我终将在那里找到你。

竞技场

生活，一片波涛汹涌的大海
将我们抛入无底冰冷的海水
在坚韧中淬炼
迫于生存
迫于被抛弃的恐惧
迫于失败、背叛的恐惧
迫于死亡的恐惧。
我的身体是载具
为了驶达终点
心灵将穿越烈火

To keep you alive
Or finish you off.
Ending up formidable swimmers
Without oxygen and reserves
There in the unknown icy seabed
We throw ourselves into battle
For a handful of crumbs and freedom.
Those who learn in the depths
Defeat the demons
Strong, brawny emerge
From the unstable bloodshed
Merciless palaestra.

Healing Dance

In the depths of the Kalahari Desert,
The semi-arid Savannah,
A fire is lit and I reminisce
That night in July
A greenish red-purple,
Yellow-striped sky
Like a canvas of Hieronymus Bosh
Passing by
As clouds fade away
A dazzling array of stars
On the velvety
Golden-red dunes and pans.
The endless beat
High clatter of rattles
From feet
Clapping and singing
The San People's healing dance
All through the night
Still dwelling in my mind.
A healer dancing ecstatically
Round a fierce dragon like fire
Opening its mouth
His tongue hanging out
With high pitched cries
Casting out sickness and strife
Spirits lurking in the African night
Under the wary dim moonlight.
As I woke up, antelopes were resting
Amongst proud acacia erioloba trees,
The sun peeling off my helpless fears
My heart pounding fast for it felt at ease
The healing song still echoes
In the warm African breeze.

About the author

Nina Alexi, a famous Greek poetess, writer, essayist and instructor of theatrical education, born and grew up in Germany. She lived in London for eleven years, studying Performance Arts, theatre, creative writing & dance with a British government scholarship at Middlesex Polytechnic, at WAC Interchange, Associated Guild of Dance & Drama, Chantaine School of Dance (1981-1990), etc. Her published work with prominent publishers: (2003-2025), poetry collections, (Alexandria) theatre plays, (Dodoni), essays on theatre, (Herodotos). Her poems are included: "Encyclopaedia of Modern Greek Literature", "Greek Women poets of the 20th Century", "Contemporary Greek Poets", "Encyclopedia of Letters and Arts", "Encyclopedia of World Poets Association", "European Women Poets", anthologies in Greece and abroad. Awards: 1st prize for "Pontiac Mother" Athens, Medal "Poets for Peace", (Tunisia), Medal (International Society of Greek Writers) for her contribution to Letters & Arts, "International Best Poet of 2022" (IPTRC) Voting International Executive Committee (China), the "Aizu Taro Prize of World Gogyoshi" (4th anthology), (Japan), international prize Dr. Jose Manuel Equihua Estrella, (Mexico), etc. One album has been released yet, called "Souls" psyches in Greek. Her poems have been translated in several languages.

让你活下去
或者彻底毁灭你。
最终成为骁勇的水手
没有氧气，没有储备
在未知的冰冷的海底
我们奋力投入战斗
为了一撮面包屑和自由。
那些深渊中的领悟者
击败恶魔
在无情的角斗场
那无穷无尽的杀戮中
强健之躯破开血海。

疗愈之舞

在喀拉哈里沙漠的深处，
半干旱的萨瓦纳草原，
篝火燃起，我想起
七月之夜
绿中带紫红
黄条纹的天空
宛如希罗尼穆斯·博斯的油画
掠过天际
云朵渐散
耀眼的繁星闪现
洒在天鹅绒般的
金红色沙丘与盐沼。
那无尽的节拍
响亮的摇铃声
踢踏
拍手与歌声
桑族人的疗愈之舞
彻夜不息
至今仍在我的脑海中萦绕。
一个治疗师狂喜起舞
环绕烈焰般的凶猛巨龙
张开巨口
吐着舌头
发出尖叫
驱散疾病与冲突
以及在警惕的朦胧月光下
潜伏于非洲夜幕的幽灵。
当我醒来时，羚羊正在酣睡
在傲然挺立的金合欢树丛间，
朝阳驱散了我无助的恐惧
心跳骤然平复，归于安宁
治愈的歌声仍在温暖的
非洲微风中回荡。

(董秀静教授 译; Tr. Prof. Dong Xiujing)

作者简介

妮娜·亚历克西，希腊著名女诗人、作家、散文家和戏剧教育导师，出生并成长于德国，她曾旅居伦敦十一年，凭借英国政府的奖学金在米德尔塞克斯理工学院、WAC交流中心、女子舞蹈学校、舞蹈与戏剧联合总会研习表演艺术、戏剧、创意写作和舞蹈等（1981-1990）。其作品由知名出版社出版：（2003-2025）诗集（亚历山大出版社）、戏剧作品（多多尼出版社）、戏剧评论集（希罗德出版社）。她的诗被收录在《现代希腊文学百科全书》《20世纪希腊女诗人》《当代希腊诗人》《文艺百科全书》《世界诗人协会百科全书》《欧洲女诗人》等国内外选集。曾获：雅典“蓬蒂亚克母亲”诗歌一等奖，突尼斯“和平诗人”奖章，由国际希腊作家协会颁发的“文学艺术贡献”奖章，国际执行委员会（中国）评选的“2022年度国际最佳诗人”（IPTRC），日本“世界歌谣会津太郎奖”（第四辑），墨西哥“何塞·曼努埃尔·埃基瓦·埃斯特雷利亚博士”国际奖等。目前已发行了一张在希腊语中名为《灵魂》的数字专辑。其诗作已被译成多种语言。

A Conversation with Argentine Poet Luis Benítez

—Fifth of a series of interviews for the quarterly journal *Rendition of International Poetry*

对话阿根廷诗人路易斯·贝尼特斯

——《国际诗歌翻译》季刊系列访谈之五

1. As one of the most influential poets, writers and translators in the Argentina at the moment, would you please make a brief self-introduction?

I was born in Buenos Aires in 1956. My 45 books of poetry, essays, and fiction have been published in Argentina, Chile, France, Italy, Mexico, Romania, Spain, Sweden, United Kingdom, USA, Venezuela, and Uruguay. Five literary essays about my works were published in Argentina between 1991 and 2024. I have been honored with various national and international awards in the Americas and Europe. Recently, I have received the International Best Poets & Translators Prize, awarded by The International Poetry Translation and Research Centre, The Journal of Rendition of International Poetry [Multilingual], and The Board of Directors of World Union of Poetry Magazines (People's Republic of China, 2024), and the American Poet of the Year Award, awarded by the United Nations World Silk Road Forum and Silk Road International Federation (Dubai, United Arab Emirates, 2025). In 2025, Pro Latina Press, of New York, USA, published *The Whole Life*, a bilingual anthology of my poetic work (Spanish-English), and Barnacle Press, of Buenos Aires, published my *Essential Anthology*, with a prologue and compilation by critic Osvaldo Gallone.

2. In the context of globalization, do you think poetry in local languages is being “diluted” by poetry in English or other powerful languages? What’s your opinion on the threat of the “linguistic hegemony” to the diversity of poetry?

Globalization is not a homogeneous phenomenon, occurring completely and in equal proportions throughout the West and the East. Globalization also offers paradoxes and curiosities, as happened with Latin during the Roman Empire, the lingua franca of the past. Like Latin, English, upon contact with other cultures, acquires local variants. My mother tongue, Spanish, was born from the fusion of Latin—the language spoken by the Roman conquerors of the territory that would later become Spain—with local languages. It is a slow but inevitable process. The intersection of cultures enriches them while changing them forever. Because globalization also involves migration and mixing between different ethnic groups, many of these regional modifications of English then enter the bloodstream of “international English.” Languages also travel by plane, boat, or train, settling far from where they were born. And they often manage to displace or almost become equal to the original language of the country where they are established. The fate of poetry written in local languages is linked to the fate of those languages. Let me give you an example: in the early 1990s, only three bookstores in the entire state of New York accepted to sell poetry books printed in Spanish. A bitter and widespread saying was: “Writing in Spanish is writing for the trash can.” Currently, there are publishing houses in the United States that publish poetry books in Spanish or in bilingual editions (Spanish-English) because there is a segment of the market that buys them. Spanish is now the second most spoken language in the United States, behind English. Every language—even when translated into another—“exports” the culture where it originated, its values, its worldview, its history, etc. So globalization offers two facets. It is a knife that cuts, but is also cut. Absolute linguistic hegemony is impossible; everything becomes mixed when cultures come to contact with each other. As Lao-Tzu once said (I

1. 您作为阿根廷当下最具影响力的诗人、作家、翻译家之一，请您做一个简单的自我介绍。

我于1956年出生在布宜诺斯艾利斯。我的45本诗集、散文集和小说集已在阿根廷、智利、法国、意大利、墨西哥、罗马尼亚、西班牙、瑞典、英国、美国、委内瑞拉和乌拉圭等国出版发行。1991至2024年间，有关我的作品的五篇文学论文在阿根廷发表。此外，我获得了美洲和欧洲的各种国家级和国际奖项。我最近获得了由国际诗歌翻译与研究中心、混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社和世界诗刊联盟董事会共同颁发的2024年国际最佳诗人暨翻译家奖，以及由联合国世界丝绸之路论坛和丝绸之路国际联合会颁发的“美洲年度诗人奖”（阿拉伯联合酋长国迪拜，2025年）。2025年，美国纽约的拉丁裔专业出版社出版了我的双语诗选《一生》（西班牙语—英语），而布宜诺斯艾利斯的巴纳克出版社出版了我的《精华选集》，该选集由评论家奥斯瓦尔多·加隆撰写序言并汇编。

2. 在全球化浪潮下，您是否觉得本土语言的诗歌正在被英语或其他强势语言的诗歌所“稀释”？您如何看待这种“语言霸权”对诗歌多样性的威胁？

全球化并非同质化现象，它在东方与西方都以完全相同的比例发生。全球化也带来了悖论和新奇事物，就像过去罗马帝国时期通用的拉丁语一样。与拉丁语相同，英语在与其他文化产生碰撞后，也会产生地方性的变体。我的母语西班牙语是拉丁语与当地语言的结合，拉丁语又是当时占领西班牙领土的罗马征服者所说的语言，后来演变成了西班牙语，同时还保留了一些本土语言。这是一个缓慢但无法避免的过程。文化的交融丰富了这些语言，也一直在改变它们。由于全球化还涉及不同种族群体之间的迁移和融合，许多经过变化的区域性英语随后融入了“国际英语”的血液。语言也可以坐飞机、船或火车出行，并远离出生地后定居下来。它们通常取代或几乎等同于它们所在国家的原始语言。用本土语言所写诗歌的命运与这些语言的命运息息相关。我举个例子：20世纪90年代初，整个纽约州只有三家书店出售印有西班牙语的诗集。有个令人心酸的说法是：“用西班牙语写作如同为垃圾桶写作。”目前，美国有出版社出版西班牙语或西英双语版的诗集，因为有一部分市场会购买它们。西班牙语现在在美国第二大语言，仅次于英语。每种语言——只要被译成另一种语言——就是在“出口”它的文化、价值观、世界观、历史等。因此，全球化有两面性：这是一把切东西的小刀，但同时也会被切。绝对的语言霸权是不可能的；当不同的文化产生碰撞时，一切都变得十分复杂。正如老子曾经说过（大意）：“无论谁试图统治世界并完善它，他注定会走向失败。世界是如此神圣和辽阔，因此无人能统治它。无论谁统治它，它就会衰败；无论谁主

quote approximately): “Whoever seeks to dominate the world and improve it is headed for failure. The world is so sacred and vast that it cannot be dominated. Whoever dominates it worsens it; whoever has it loses it.”

3. In this dark era full of conflicts, climate crises and systematic oppression, many poets still indulge in lyrical aesthetics, do you think poetry can still serve as a “healer”? Or is it more of an “anesthetic” that allows people to escape from reality in a sense of illusory beauty?

Genuine poetry, regardless of the aesthetic direction it falls under, invariably has a political content. This is because both its author and its readers are political creatures, simply by virtue of belonging to the human species. Man is a political animal, and everything he does, says, or thinks is a political fact. We relate to others politically. Politics is the interrelationship established between each human being and others, whether on a personal, communal, regional, continental, or global scale. Even those who write and publish seemingly nonpolitical poems do not escape this general rule. The fact is that having a “nonpolitical stance” is already adopting a political position, a negative one for some and a different one for others. When someone tries to write a poem as escapism, mere fun, or aesthetic entertainment, it never succeeds. He writes something that resembles a poem, but is not one. It is an imitation, a fraud. I agree with the great Spanish poet Antonio Machado when he says in his beautiful poem, “Portrait”: “I disdain the romances of hollow tenors / and the chorus of crickets singing to the moon. / I pause to distinguish the voices from the echoes, / and I hear only one among the voices.” This distinction established by Machado marks the enormous difference between genuine poetry and its caricature. Although I insist: even this “caricature of a poem” has an implicit political undertone. Written banality contributes to the confusion of the world, the involution of consciousness, and the widespread idiocy that is so necessary for real conflicts, climate crises, and systematic oppression to take place. Genuine poetry does not seek to heal anyone: what it does is lead us to a better understanding of reality, to a deeper understanding of it. Its function is not to anesthetize, but quite the opposite.

4. In your poetry writing career, have you ever encountered strict censorship or great pressure because of certain sensitive themes you express in your poems? How do you balance artistic freedom and social censorship? Does this kind of experience make you give up the themes you focused on and also affect the way of expression?

Fortunately, I’ve never had any censorship problems, or if I have ever been censored anywhere, I never found out. My first collections of poems were published when, in Argentina, we were oppressed by a bloody military dictatorship (1976-1983). Professor Juan Sebastián Rodríguez Maza addresses this extensively in the essay he published in Argentina in 2024, entitled *Luis Benítez. National History. A historical look at his poetic work during the 1980s*. I quote only a few paragraphs from Rodríguez Maza’s essay, as an example, when he talks about my first collection of poems, *Poems of the Earth and Memory*, published in 1980: “While it is true that there is a metaphysical intention in his collections of poems, it is no less true that there is a historical perspective. His sharp observation of the historical, political, and social processes of a decade in turmoil is evident (page 32). (...) Along with the arrival of the military government, a formidable censorship operation began that led to the emergence of a cultural resistance movement. (...) A large number of books were banned, hidden, or burned. Authors and publishers considered subversive were also targeted by the censors and ended up, at best, in exile. At worst, they could be detained, tortured, disappeared, or killed. This forced poets, novelists, lyricists, playwrights, and other cultural

宰它，它就会灭亡。”

3、在这个充斥着各种冲突、气候危机与系统性压迫的幽暗时代，许多诗人仍然沉迷于抒情美学，您认为诗歌还能扮演“疗愈者”的角色吗？或者说，它更像是“麻醉剂”，让人在虚幻的美感中逃避现实？

真正的诗歌，无论属于哪种审美取向，总蕴含着一定的政治内涵。因为诗人与读者都是具有政治属性的个体，这是人类的特质。人是一种政治性动物，他所做、所说或所想的一切都与政治有关。我们在政治上与他人相处。政治是人与人之间建立的相互关系，无论在个人、群体、地区、大陆还是全球范围内。甚至是那些创作和出版看似非政治性诗歌的人，也无法摆脱这一事实。实际上，持有“非政治立场”等同于保持某种政治立场，这对一些人来说是消极的，而对另一些人来说又是不同。当有人通过写诗来逃避现实、获得纯粹的乐趣或审美娱乐，它将注定失败。他写的东西像一首诗，但又不是诗。这是模仿，是欺骗。我认同伟大的西班牙诗人安东尼奥·马查多在其优美诗作《肖像》中所言：“我蔑视那些空洞男高音的浪漫/以及蟋蟀对着月亮歌唱的合唱。/我停下来分辨声音和回声的区别，/然后只听见了其中一种声音。”马查多的这一区分确立了真正的诗歌与讽刺漫画式版本之间存在的巨大差异。尽管我坚持认为：即便这种“诗歌的讽刺漫画式版本”也隐含着政治成分。写作中的陈词滥调导致了世界的混乱不堪、意识的内卷化和普遍的愚昧无知，而这种愚昧正是真正的冲突、气候危机和系统性压迫得以发生的必要条件。真正的诗歌并不试图治愈任何人：它所做的是引导我们更好地理解现实，更深入地理解现实。它的作用不是麻醉，而是醍醐灌顶。

4、在您的创作生涯中，是否曾因触及某些敏感题材而遭遇审查或压力？您是如何平衡艺术自由与社会审查的？这种经历是否影响了您的创作主题和表达方式？

幸运的是，我从来没有遇到过任何审查问题，或者即便我在某个地方被审查过，也从未查出什么问题。我的第一批诗集是在阿根廷被残忍的军事独裁统治压迫时出版的（1976-1983）。胡安·塞巴斯蒂安·罗德里格斯·马扎教授在2024年于阿根廷发表的题为《路易斯·贝尼特斯：国家历史，对其20世纪80年代诗歌创作的历史回顾》的文章对此进行了论述。在此，我仅引述马扎文章中的几段，作为他谈到我1980年出版的第一本诗集《大地与记忆之诗》时的例证：“他的诗集确实存在形而上学的观点，但也有历史的视角。他对动荡十年的历史、政治和社会进程有着敏锐的观察，这是显而易见的（第32页）。(……)随着军政府的上台，一场声势浩大的审查行动开始了，这导致了文化抵抗运动的出现。(……)大量书籍被查禁、藏匿或烧毁。那些被认为具有颠覆性的作家和出版商也成了审查员的头号目标。最好的结局是流亡；运气不佳的，可能被拘禁、拷打、杀害或失踪。这种状况迫使诗人、小说家、作词家、剧作家和其他文化创作者再三考虑他们的作品是否‘符合标准’。从隐喻意义上讲，留在本国的活跃艺术家成

creators to think about their texts ‘in key’. The active artists who remained in the country managed, in a metaphorical sense, to create a ‘new language’ with which to communicate with their audiences (page 41). (...) The perfection of this work is moving. The dead, those remembered, those whose whereabouts are unknown, the dead of each of the mothers who return to memory again and again, begging for a place to be buried and honored. The dead of state terrorism are those who return a thousand times and a thousand more will return to the collective memory. The only way to allow these specters to rest is to know what their fate was” (page 47). This “new language” that survived the censorship of the time is also present in the work of Spanish filmmaker Carlos Saura, whose films made under the dictatorship of Francisco Franco appealed to the same stratagem to speak of the contemporary human condition and at the same time allude to what his country was experiencing during that terrible time.

5. What's your view on the impact of AI on poetry creation in the digital era? For example, is the fragmented reading habit stunting the depth and complexity of poetry? When AI algorithms seem to know more about “poetic quality” than human beings, do you worry that poetry will lose its humanity?

Using AI to “write” a poem is shameful, as well as useless. The clever great-grandchild of a refrigerator could never do it because what it produces is a counterfeit, a parody of a genuine poem. Only human intellect and sensitivity can achieve it. Poetry is the most difficult of all literary genres, not just a series of written data aligned to the left margin. AI processes data and organizes it based on the information it has. No matter how much information AI has, the unique combination of concepts, allusions, and elucidations that a legitimate poem contains is something unique to human ability and only possible for highly specialized individuals. Writing poetry requires decades of learning, practice, and reading. The goal is to achieve a personal voice, not as a result of combining influences from other authors or imitating what others have written before. AI doesn't create, and it only recreates. No matter how much AI improves in the future, it is unlikely to reach that level. As for fragmented reading, it's impossible to understand a poem in this way. Fragmented reading isn't suitable for reading poetry. Fragmented reading doesn't hinder the depth and complexity of poetry: it simply obscures that depth and complexity; it misses the point. AI algorithms only appear to “know more” about the poetic quality of a text. They merely interpret data and often draw erroneous conclusions. Poetry cannot lose its humanity because this is an intrinsic quality of poetry.

6. Your poems often contain tones of rebellion, questioning, and even denial. Do you think that poetry itself is an art of “resistance”? Is this “resistance” directed at a specific social reality or a more universal human predicament?

Poetry, among its many qualities, includes a resistance to dehumanization. Poetry—inextricably linked to the human condition—is the written demonstration of the full existence of the human. At all times and places, despite the most atrocious circumstances, poetry has been proof of the evolution of thought and sensitivity of our species. And simultaneously, in the darkest times, poetry has been the refuge of those qualities that make us human. In this sense, the resistance and resilience of poetry applies both to a specific social reality and to a universal difficulty.

7. In the era of information explosion as well as entertainment orientation, do you think that poetry has been less brilliant and becomes an unpopular or even obsolete art form? What is your attitude towards the prospect of poetry?

成功地创造了一种“新语言”，以便与他们的受众交流（第41页）。(……)这部作品的完美之处令人动容。那些逝去的人、那些被缅怀的人、那些下落不明的人，每一位逝去的母亲，她们一次又一次地回到记忆中，祈求一个被埋葬与纪念之地。那些国家恐怖主义下的逝者，他们一次又一次地归来，还有成千上万的人将会再次回到集体记忆中。让这些幽灵安息的唯一方法就是了解他们的命运”（第47页）。这种在当时审查制度下幸存下来的“新语言”也出现在西班牙电影制作人卡洛斯·索拉的作品中，他在弗朗西斯科·佛朗哥独裁统治下拍摄的电影也采用了同样的策略来谈论当代人类的生活状况的同时，也隐晦地记录了他的国家在那段恐怖时期所经历的一切。

5、您如何看待人工智能数字化时代对诗歌创作的冲击？譬如，“碎片化”的阅读习惯，是否正在“矮化”诗歌的深度和复杂性？当AI算法比人类似乎更懂“诗意”，您是否担忧诗歌失去其人文性？

利用人工智能“写”诗是可耻的，也是毫无用处的。即便是冰箱这个“聪明的曾孙辈”也无法做到这一点，因为它产生出来的东西是赝品，是诗的高仿。只有人类的智慧和敏感性才能实现这一目标。诗歌是所有文学体裁中最难的，它不单单是一连串向左对齐的书面文字。人工智能处理数据，并根据所给的信息对这些数据进行整理。无论人工智能拥有多少信息，一首真正的诗所包含的概念、典故和阐释这三合一的独特组合都是人类所独有的，只有特别专业的人士才能做到。写诗需要通过几十年的学习、训练与阅读，其目标是发出个人的声音，而不是综合其他作者的影响或模仿他人的作品。人工智能不会创造新事物，它只会进行再创造。无论未来人工智能有多先进，都不太可能达到这一高度。采用碎片化阅读来理解一首诗是行不通的。阅读诗歌不宜采用碎片化阅读。它并不妨碍诗歌的深度和复杂性；它只是掩盖了这种深度和复杂性；它抓不住重点。人工智能算法似乎只对文本的诗意“了解得更多”。他们只是解释数据，常常得出错误的结论。诗歌不能失去人性，因为这是诗歌的内在品质。

6、您的诗歌中常常出现一些反叛、质疑甚至否定的声音。您是否认为诗歌本质上就是一种“反抗”的艺术？这种“反抗”针对的是特定的社会现实，还是更普遍的人类困境？

在诗歌的诸多特质中，包括对非人化的抵抗。诗歌与人类的生存状况有着千丝万缕的联系，它也是对人类完整存在的文字体现。无论何时何地，无论环境多么恶劣，诗歌都证明了我们人类思想和情感的进化。同时，在最黑暗的时代，诗歌一直保护着我们人类的品质。从这个意义上说，诗歌的抵抗力和复原力既适用于特定的社会现实，也适用于普遍存在的困难。

7、在当今这个信息爆炸、娱乐至死的时代，您是否认为，诗歌已经失去了它原有的光环，变成了“小众”的、甚至是“过时”的艺术形式？您对诗歌的未来发展持怎样的态度？

首先，诗歌本身从来不是一种大众艺术，除非它被归为宗教作品、歌曲这类艺术形式，或通过口头传

First of all, poetry was never a mass art in itself, except when it was incorporated into the format of religious compositions, songs, or disseminated through oral tradition. That, at least, is the case in Western poetry, which is the field I know best. The Iliad and the Odyssey were sung in the courts of Greek kings, not in marketplaces. When poetry was translated into written form, it was read by the wealthy minority who could read. Those who wrote it also belonged to this class. With the arrival of the printing press, its distribution did not become widespread either. The pseudo-culture of entertainment quickly took over, and the so-called “mass culture” emerged, aimed squarely at distracting and entertaining, not at making us reflect and learn more about the surrounding reality and the reality that we ourselves are. This is not a favorable field for poetry, which sets a very different goal. However, poetry has not disappeared for that reason. Poetry has always known how to adapt to the conditions of each era. Without occupying a central focus, its long history remains relevant. Its forms of expression will change, even its media have: from physical to digital formats, it continues to circulate. Their perspective is to continue existing.

8. Would you please make a list of twenty outstanding contemporary poets (from your country or other countries) you admire or recognize?

I greatly value the poetry of Argentine poets Alberto Boco, César Cantoni, Rubén Valle, Luis Raúl Calvo, Alejandro Drewes, and Eugenia Cabral, among many others. I also value the poetry of Chileans Mario Meléndez, Oscar Hann, and Raúl Zurita; the Peruvian Miguel Ángel Zapata and the Dominican poet León Félix Batista. I also value the writings of Americans George Franklin, Ronnie Lane, Elaine Equi, Ron Whitehead; British poets Neil Leadbeater, Ian Duhig, and Mervyn Linford; and the writings of Indian-British poet Sudeep Sen and Indian Rati Saxena. I emphasize that my list of poetic preferences is extensive, as I try to appreciate and value the writings of other authors in their proper measure, with an open mind to aesthetic proposals that are even very different from my own.

9. Are you afraid of being forgotten by time (or the audience)? Why?

No one is obliged to like what I write, neither in the present nor in the future. Time is always the best anthologist, and sometimes a forgotten author is later appreciated again. William Shakespeare was highly valued in his lifetime, but his reputation only reached its current level in the 19th century, when the Romantic poets “rediscovered” him. If that happened with Shakespeare, why should my works endure or even achieve any kind of ecumenical recognition now that I am still alive? I am not worried about that prospect: in the present there are poets who write better than I do, and in the future there will be even better ones. Besides, as Jorge Luis Borges says in his wonderful poem *Here. Today*: “We are already the oblivion that we will be. / The elemental dust that ignores us / and that was Adam the Red and that is now / all men, and that we will not see.” Oblivion is the final destiny of each and every one of us.

10. Finally, please say a few words to the readers of the Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly (multilingual). At the same time, please attach 4-6 of your representative poems, one brief biography as well as two high-resolution color photos of yourself. Thank you so much.

I am very personally grateful for the opportunity that the editorship of this prestigious magazine has given me to express my modest opinions—right or wrong—on topics as timely as those suggested in these pertinent questions. I hope I have been reasonably clear in my answers and have contributed in some way to the reader’s better understanding of my position on contemporary poetry. I am deeply pleased to be able to communicate with the numerous readers of this publication,

续进行传播。至少在西方诗歌中是这样，这是我最了解的领域。《伊利亚特》和《奥德赛》是在希腊国王的宫廷里传唱的，而非在集市上。当诗歌以书面形式被翻译时，只有少数富人才能读到它们。写诗的人也属于这个阶层。随着印刷术的出现，诗歌的发行量并没有因此而增加。伪娱乐文化很快占据了主导地位，出现了所谓的“大众文化”，其目的是给人们带来消遣和娱乐，但这并没有让我们反思，更加了解周围的现实以及认清自己。这对诗歌来说很不利，它设定了一个截然不同的目标。然而，诗歌并没有因此而消失。诗歌总是知道如何适应每个时代。在没有占据核心地位的情况下，其悠久的历史仍然具有相关性。它的表现形式将会改变，甚至它的媒介也会改变：从实体形式到数字形式，它仍在继续传播。他们的观点也将继续存在。

8、请您提供您所推崇或认可的二十位当代优秀诗人名单（可以是您所在国家的，也可以是其他国家的在世诗人）。

我非常欣赏阿根廷诗人阿尔伯托·博科、塞萨尔·坎托尼、鲁本·瓦莱、路易斯·劳尔·卡尔沃、亚历杭德罗·德雷维斯和尤金妮娅·卡布拉尔等人的诗歌。我也很喜欢智利的马里奥·梅伦德斯、奥斯卡·汉恩和劳尔·祖丽塔，以及秘鲁的米格尔·安赫尔·萨帕塔和多米尼加的莱昂·费利克斯·巴蒂斯塔的诗歌。此外，美国人乔治·富兰克林、罗尼·莱恩、伊莱恩·埃奎、罗恩·怀特海德，英国人尼尔·利德比特、伊恩·杜希格和默文·林福德，还有印度裔英国诗人苏迪普·森和印度人拉蒂·萨克塞纳的作品都是我喜欢的。我要强调的是，我喜欢的诗歌十分广泛，因为我会以恰当的尺度欣赏和尊重其他作者的作品，并对与我自己截然不同的审美观点持开放态度。

9、请问您害怕被时间（或受众）所遗忘吗？为什么？

无论是现在还是将来，没有人必须喜欢我写的东西。时间总是最好的编选家，有时一个被遗忘的作家会再次被认可。威廉·莎士比亚一生备受尊崇，但他的知名度直到19世纪才有了现在的高度，当时的浪漫主义诗人“重新发现”了他。莎士比亚尚且如此，我在世的作品又凭什么能够经久不衰，甚至获得任何形式的普世认可呢？我并不担心这种前景：现在有比我写得更好的诗人，将来还会有更出色的诗人。此外，正如豪尔赫·路易斯·博尔赫斯在他那首的精彩诗作《在此。今日》中所写：“我们已然被遗忘。/原始的尘埃无视我们的存在/曾经是红发亚当，现在则是/所有人，而我们将无法目睹。”被遗忘是我们每个人的宿命。

10、最后，请您对混语版《国际诗歌翻译》季刊的读者说几句话。同时，请附上您的代表性诗作4—6首、小传和高像素彩照二帧。非常感谢！

非常感谢这本著名杂志的总编给我这样一个机会，就有关诗歌的话题表达我个人的微薄之见——无论对错。我希望我的回答足够清晰，并在某种程度上帮助读者更好地理解我对当代诗歌的看法。我非常高兴能够与《国际诗歌翻译》季刊的众多读者进行交

convinced as I am that contact between cultures enriches and benefits both parties.
Thank you very much, always!

Profile of the Interviewee

Luis Benítez, a famous poet, narrator and essayist, born in Buenos Aires on November 10, 1956. His 45 books of poetry, essays, and fiction have been published in Argentina, Chile, France, Italy, Mexico, Romania, Spain, Sweden, Venezuela, UK, USA and Uruguay. According to the London-based *Ars Notoria Magazine*, he is considered one of the most prominent voices in contemporary Argentine poetry and a leading figure in the genre throughout Latin America. He has received the title of Compagnon de la Poésie from the Association La Porte des Poètes, based at the Université de La Sorbonne in Paris, France. He is a member of the Argentine PEN Center, the Association of Argentine Poets, and the Society of Writers of the Argentine Republic. Among other awards, his literary work has received La Porte des Poètes International Poetry Prize, Paris, France, 1991; Amalia Lacroze de Fortabat Foundation Poetry Award, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1996; Tusculorum di Poesia Prize, Sicily, Italy, 1996; Letras de Oro Prize, Buenos Aires, 2003; Accesit 10ème. Concours International de Poésie, Paris, 2003; “Macedonio Palomino” International Prize for Published Works, Aguascalientes, Mexico, 2007; International Best Poets & Translators Prize, awarded by The International Poetry Translation and Research Centre, The Journal of Rendition of International Poetry [Multilingual], and The Board of Directors of World Union of Poetry Magazines, People’s Republic of China, 2024, and American Poet of the Year Award, awarded by the United Nations World Silk Road Forum and the Silk Road International Federation, Dubai, United Arab Emirates, 2025.

Profile of the Translator

Wu Minyu, born in Yiyang city, Hunan province, graduated from Hainan University with a master degree in MTI. Now he is an English teacher of Changsha Rail Transit Institute. Many of his translation works can be found in domestic and foreign literary journals such as *Rendition of International Poetry* and *Poetry Hall*. So far, his translated books *Field Guide of Flowers in FSM* and *Time Chanter* have been published.

流, 因为我相信不同文化之间的碰撞, 让彼此受益且内心充实。非常感谢你们, 永远!

(伍敏毓 译; Tr. Wu Minyu)

受访者简介

路易斯·贝尼特斯, 著名诗人、小说家和散文家, 1956年11月10日出生于布宜诺斯艾利斯。他的45部诗集、散文集和小说集已在阿根廷、智利、法国、意大利、墨西哥、罗马尼亚、西班牙、瑞典、委内瑞拉、英国、美国和乌拉圭出版。总部设在伦敦的《阿斯·诺托里阿》杂志, 称其为阿根廷当代诗歌最杰出的代表之一, 也是整个拉丁美洲诗歌领域的领军人物。法国巴黎索邦大学旗下的“诗歌之门协会”授予他“诗歌巨匠”称号。他是阿根廷笔会、阿根廷诗人协会和阿根廷共和国作家协会的成员。斩获1991年法国巴黎波耶茨国际诗歌奖, 1996年阿根廷布宜诺斯艾利斯阿玛利亚·拉克罗泽·德·福尔塔巴特基金会诗歌奖, 1996年意大利西西里岛图斯科洛鲁姆诗歌首奖, 2003年布宜诺斯艾利斯金母小说奖, 2003年巴黎举办的第十届国际诗歌比赛大奖, 2007年墨西哥阿瓜斯卡连特斯的马切多尼奥·帕洛米诺国际出版作品奖。此外, 他还荣获由国际诗歌翻译研究中心、混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社和世界诗刊联盟董事会共同颁发的2024年国际最佳诗人暨翻译家奖, 以及由联合国世界丝绸之路论坛和丝绸之路国际联合会颁发的“美洲年度诗人奖”(阿拉伯联合酋长国迪拜, 2025年)。

译者简介

伍敏毓, 湖南益阳人, 海南大学英语笔译硕士。长沙轨道交通职业学院英语教师。在《国际诗歌翻译》《诗殿堂》等海内外文学刊物等平台发表数十篇(首)翻译作品。出版个人译著《密克罗尼西亚联邦花卉种质资源图鉴》与《岁月吟者》。

韩国《文化艺术》网译介十位中国诗人

韩国《문화·예술》(《文化艺术》)大型网站, 于2025年12月6日—19日, 将十位中国当代诗人的诗作、小传翻译成韩语, 在该网“世界文学”(월드문학)专栏连载, 同时配发了每一位诗人的彩照, 韩语译者系韩国当代著名诗人、翻译家、学者 Kang Byeong-Cheol(姜秉徹)博士。据悉, 被译介的十位中国诗人的诗作、小传和照片, 将于明年刊布在韩国《Jeju PEN Magazine》(《济州国际笔会》)大型期刊。

此次被译介的中国诗人包括: 费一飞、蒋宜茂、谭延桐、罗秋红、还叫海棠、马蒂尔、张智、唐诗、王舒漫、张卓阅。具体的链接如下:

[해외작가] 페이지페이(Fei Yifei, 费一飞) 시인의 “새 동지” < 월드문학 < 기사본문 - 문화앤피플

[해외작가] 장이마오(蒋宜茂) 시인의 “아버지께 사죄하며” < 월드문학 < 기사본문 - 문화앤피플

[해외작가] 탄 연통(谭延桐) 시인의 “파도의 단단한 이빨” < 월드문학 < 기사본문 - 문화앤피플

[해외작가] 뤼추홍(luochuohong, 罗秋红) 시인의 “황혼” < 월드문학 < 기사본문 - 문화앤피플

[해외작가] 하오이자오하이탕(还叫海棠) 시인의 “툼드 거리에서 밤새는 장미들” < 월드문학 < 기사본문 - 문화앤피플

[해외작가] 마디엘(马蒂尔) 시인의 “바다의 메아리” < 월드문학 < 기사본문 - 문화앤피플

[아침시]탕스(唐诗) 시인의 “누군가가 사라질 때” - 뉴스N제주

아침시]장쥔위예(张卓阅) 시인의 “감사” - 뉴스N제주

黑山共和国《Nekazano》文艺杂志译介中国诗人

本刊巴尔讯 黑山共和国国际文学作家艺术家协会主办, 著名诗人、作家Labud N. Lončar博士创办并主编的《Nekazano》(《内卡扎诺》)文艺杂志总第16期, 已于2025年11月在黑山共和国巴尔出版。

本期主要刊发了来自马其顿、美国、黑山、塞尔维亚、加拿大、克罗地亚、挪威、波黑、中国、法国、新西兰、科索沃、瑞士等国家和地区的150位知名诗人、作家、批评家、翻译家的作品。其中第50-52页刊发了中国女诗人还叫海棠Hajiao Haitang的塞尔维亚语-英语对照诗作《ОБРНУТА СЛИКА》(《INVERTED IMAGE》)、《МАГЛА ИСПУЊАВА БРЕЖУЉКЕ И ДОЛИНЕ》(《THE FOG FILLING HILLS AND RILLS》), 英译者系中国著名翻译家张智中教授。第108-109页刊发了中国诗人张智Zhang Zhi的英语-塞尔维亚语对照诗作《METAL HEART》(《METALNO SRCE》)、《ELEVATOR USAGE PRECAUTIONS》(《UPUTSTVO ZA KORIŠĆENJE LIFTA》)。

大32K, 202页, 全彩印, 印制精美、豪华。该刊系黑山共和国最具影响力的文学艺术杂志之一。

混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社

Margaret Anne Eckersley [Australia]

玛格丽特·安妮·埃克斯利[澳大利亚]

A Critical Review of *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly* Number 1, 2026

《国际诗歌翻译》季刊2026年第一期述评

Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly, Volume 121, inaugurates its 2026 cycle with an issue that stands as both an archive and a living dialogue among poets, translators, and critics from across the world. Published by Rubini Publication under the auspices of the International Poetry Translation and Research Centre and the Council of the World Union of Poetry Magazines, the quarterly carries a deep legacy since its founding in 1995. The issue opens with a sense of continuity and renewal. It bridges past accomplishments with present urgency by bringing together voices from more than thirty countries. The editorial vision, implicitly expressed through its composition rather than any single statement, is a reaffirmation of poetry's role as the connective tissue of world culture.

The magazine's table of contents functions as an atlas of poetic diversity. The range is striking: from Kalina Izabela Ziola's lyrical introspections in Polish and Chinese translation to Aziz Mountassir's devotional cadences from Morocco, from the meditative realism of Mihail Grigorov of Bulgaria to the delicate bilingualism of Chinese and Vietnamese contributors. The structure of the issue follows a deliberate rhythm. It opens with special recommendations that foreground cross-translated works, continues with the main international poetry section, and concludes with reviews, interviews, and reports of literary events. This organization does not merely categorize genres but creates a spatial metaphor of global movement. The reader travels from one continent to another, guided by translation as both vessel and compass.

The diversity of contributors underscores the editorial board's ambition to represent a global mosaic rather than a Eurocentric or single-language tradition. There are poems in English, Chinese, Polish, Arabic, Spanish, and more than a dozen other languages, most presented in facing translation. Each translation becomes a mirror that doubles rather than diminishes meaning. For a multilingual reader, the parallel texts offer a sensory experience of rhythm and nuance, while for monolingual readers, the translations provide an entry into unfamiliar cadences. This bilingual architecture is central to the journal's ethos. It situates poetry not as a fixed national art but as a migratory language that reshapes itself through encounter.

The reading experience across the eighty pages alternates between intimacy and expanse. The opening feature on Kalina Izabela Ziola introduces the issue's emotional tenor. Her poems, such as *Music and Truth*, are meditations on sound, silence, and the tactile presence of emotion. The Polish originals and their Chinese renderings create a dialogue between two linguistic temperaments: one flowing, one precise. The translation by Dr Zhang Zhi captures the shimmer of musical imagery without erasing the poet's distinctive inner rhythm. This section establishes the aesthetic ground of the issue, a belief in the unity of sensibility across linguistic borders.

《国际诗歌翻译》季刊2026年第一期（总第121期）出版，该期杂志既是世界各地诗人、翻译家和评论家的一份档案，也是他们之间的一次生动对话。该季刊由国际诗歌翻译研究中心和世界诗刊联盟理事会联袂主办，由鲁比尼出版社出版，自1995年创刊以来，一直承载深厚的历史底蕴。该期以延续与革新并存的姿态启幕：通过汇聚来自30多个国家的声音，将过往成就与当下急迫相连。其编辑理念并非通过任何单一的表述来确认，而是通过内容编排隐性传递——重申诗歌作为世界文化纽带的独特价值。

该期刊的目录就像一本诗歌多样性的地图集。其涵盖范围之广令人惊叹：从卡丽娜·伊莎贝拉·齐奥拉用波兰语写就并译为汉语的抒情性内省，到摩洛哥的阿齐兹·蒙塔西尔创作的虔诚乐章，从保加利亚诗人米哈伊尔·格里戈罗夫的沉思现实主义，到中国和越南诗人精妙的双语创作。这本期沿袭一直精心设计的节奏：以突出跨语种译作的特别推荐开篇，延伸至核心国际诗歌板块，并以评论、访谈和文学活动报道收束。这种安排不仅仅是按照体裁对作品进行分类，更是创造了一个全球性流动的空间隐喻。读者在译文的引领下，既乘船又持指南针，从一个大陆穿行到另一个大陆。

撰稿人的多样性凸显了编委会的雄心，力求呈现全球性的文化拼图，而非欧洲中心主义或单一语言的传统。诗作涵盖英语、汉语、波兰语、阿拉伯语、西班牙语等十多种语言，绝大多数采用对译形式呈现。每篇译作都成为一面镜子，既折射又深化了原意的多重维度。对多语读者而言，并置文本提供了节奏和细微差别的感官体验，而对单语读者而言，译文则开启了陌生韵律的入口。这种双语架构是该期刊的核心，不是将诗歌定位为一种固定的民族艺术，而是通过碰撞重塑自身的迁徙语言。

八十页的阅读体验使读者在亲密与辽阔间交替流转。卡丽娜·伊莎贝拉·齐奥拉的开篇奠定了本期情感基调。她的诗作，如《音乐与真理》，是对声音、寂静和情感的存在进行的冥想。波兰语原文和中译创造了两种语言气质之间的对话：其一如行云流水，其二精准如针。张智博士的译作既捕捉了音乐意象的粼粼波光，又未抹去诗人独特的内在韵律。这一板块奠定了本期审美基调——坚信感性体验能跨越语言疆界而融为一体。

Aziz Mountassir's poems from Morocco follow, bringing a different register of devotion and fire. His language fuses Sufi-like surrender with classical lyric form. The bilingual presentation, with translation by Guo Yiming, demonstrates how English can carry the cadence of Arabic thought without distortion. Mihail Grigorov's selection from Bulgaria shifts the tone again toward existential clarity. His poems about despair, sea, and creation explore the poet's struggle to find purity in a fractured world. The presence of multiple translators, including Lina Moon and Zhang Zhi, reveals the editorial commitment to collaborative mediation. Translation here is not a technical act but a creative extension of authorship.

Reading the magazine in layers reveals a consistent thematic undercurrent: the persistence of the human voice amid dislocation. The poets share a faith that language can outlast political or geographic constraint. The recurrent imagery of the sea—appearing in poems from Poland, Morocco, Bulgaria, and China—becomes a metaphor for the magazine's own identity. The sea connects, divides, and returns; so does translation. Beneath this surface lies a secondary theme: the tension between self and world, between rootedness and mobility. By sequencing works that echo each other in rhythm and imagery, the editors transform the issue into a conversation rather than an anthology.

In assessing editorial curation, one notices the careful alternation of tone, gender, and geography. The sequencing avoids regional clustering; a poet from Europe may be followed by one from Africa or Asia, and the effect is both surprising and harmonious. This deliberate flow suggests an understanding of reading as journey rather than archive. The balance between established names, such as Dr Zhang Zhi, Hadaa Sendoo, and Fei Yifei, and emerging poets from lesser-known literary communities demonstrates the editors' belief in mentorship through juxtaposition. The inclusion of profiles, interviews, and global poetry news further extends this dialogic structure. The interview sections with poets like Kurt Svatek of Austria and Keshab Sigdel of Nepal illuminate the intellectual network behind the creative work.

Design and presentation are integral to this issue's success. The bilingual layout, generous margins, and restrained typography allow both languages to breathe. The visual pacing resembles a gallery where each page holds space for contemplation. The artwork selection, though secondary to the texts, complements the cosmopolitan mood. The design eschews ornament for clarity, aligning with the academic seriousness of its mission while remaining aesthetically pleasing. This visual discipline reinforces the idea that internationalism in poetry is not chaos but carefully curated harmony.

Placed within the context of contemporary world literature, the 2026 issue of *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly* stands as a document of cultural diplomacy. At a time when global discourse often fractures along political or linguistic lines, this publication constructs a space of shared imagination. Its global literary mission extends beyond showcasing diversity; it cultivates empathy through the act of translation. The collaboration between poets and translators across continents turns the magazine into a living embodiment of the phrase world literature in motion. The emphasis on cross-

摩洛哥阿齐兹·蒙塔西尔的诗作紧随其后，带来了另一种虔诚与炽热的表达。他的语言融合了苏菲式的臣服和古典的抒情形式。诗作以双语呈现，由郭一鸣汉译，展示了英语如何忠实地承载阿拉伯语的思想节奏。保加利亚米哈伊尔·格里戈罗夫的组诗再次将基调转向了存在主义的澄明。其关于绝望、海洋与创造的诗篇，探讨了诗人如何在破碎的世界中追寻纯洁。包括林巧儿和张智在内的多名译者的出场，彰显了编辑团队对协作性中介的执着追求。翻译在这里不是一种技术性行为，而是作者身份的创造性延伸。

逐一阅读这本杂志，会发现一条贯穿始终的主题脉络：在动荡不安的环境中，人类的声音始终存在。诗人们坚信，语言可以超越政治或地理的束缚。反复出现的海洋意象——在波兰、摩洛哥、保加利亚和中国诗人的诗作中皆有呈现——成为杂志自身身份的隐喻。大海既相互连接、分离又返回；翻译亦如是。在这个表象之下隐藏着次要主题：自我与世界、扎根与迁移之间的张力。编辑们通过编排节奏与意象相互呼应的作品，将该杂志转化为一场对话，而非单纯的选集。

在审视编辑策划时，读者会注意到其对语调、性别与地域的精心交替安排。诗歌的编排避免了地域性聚合，欧洲诗人之后可能紧接非洲或亚洲诗人，这种效果既出人意料又和谐统一。这种刻意营造的流动感，昭示着编者将阅读视为旅程而非档案的认知。张智博士、森·哈达和费一飞等知名诗人与来自不太知名的文学界新锐诗人之间取得的平衡，彰显了编辑团队通过并置实现指导性的理念。人物特写、访谈及全球诗歌新闻的加入，进一步拓展了这种对话式结构。对奥地利的库尔特·斯瓦泰克和尼泊尔的凯沙布·西格德尔等诗人的访谈，揭示了这些创造性作品背后的知识网络。

这本期刊的成功与其设计和呈现方式息息相关。双语对照，宽裕的页边留白和简洁的排版，让两种语言得以自由呼吸。而其视觉节奏宛如艺术长廊，每一页都为沉思留出空间。尽管艺术作品的选取相对于文字而言较为次要，但它却与这种国际化的氛围相得益彰。其设计摒弃繁饰、追求清晰，既契合学术使命的严谨性，又保持美学魅力。这种视觉规范强化了核心理念：诗歌中的国际主义并非混乱，而是精心策划的和谐。

置于当代世界文学的语境中，《国际诗歌翻译》季刊2026年第一期堪称文化外交的文献。当全球话语常因政治或语言分歧而割裂之际，这份刊物构建起共享想象的空间。其全球文学使命不仅在于展现多元性，更通过翻译实践培育共情。各大洲诗人和翻译家之间的合作，使该期刊成为“流动中的世界文学”这一理念的鲜活载体。

language dialogue distinguishes it from many regional or national journals. Compared to other international literary magazines, such as *World Literature Today* or *Modern Poetry in Translation*, *RIPQ* retains a stronger visual presence of bilingual text and a more inclusive representation of non-Western authors.

In the critical point of view, the issue also reflects an evolution within the journal's own history. Earlier editions tended to focus more narrowly on Chinese and European exchanges, whereas the present volume expands toward Africa, South America, and the Middle East. The inclusion of poets from South Sudan, Bangladesh, Lebanon, and Panama signals a deliberate widening of the editorial horizon. The accompanying news reports, on the publication of new anthologies in Nigeria, India, and the Netherlands, reinforce the networked nature of its literary activism. The magazine does not treat poetry as isolated art but as part of a global infrastructure of translation, publication, and recognition.

From an academic perspective, the issue invites analysis of how translation theory and practice intersect. Many of the translations adhere to a principle of semantic transparency, maintaining fidelity to meaning while preserving musicality. The translators act as cultural mediators rather than invisible technicians. The multiplicity of translators prevents the homogenization of tone, creating instead a textured soundscape. This approach aligns with contemporary theories of world literature that emphasize circulation and transformation over origin. For readers in Australia and the Asia-Pacific region, the magazine's model of multicultural collaboration resonates strongly. It mirrors the region's own linguistic plurality and its aspiration toward intercultural understanding.

The editorial voice of Dr Zhang Zhi and Fei Yifei, though understated, permeates the entire issue. Their vision seems to insist that poetry is not merely a literary form but a moral and imaginative stance toward coexistence. The consistency of translation quality and the range of subject matter suggest a rigorous editorial process. The inclusion of Vietnamese-Australian poet Vo Thi Nhu Mai as both contributor and critic exemplifies the bridge between creative and critical spheres. Her review of *World Poetry Yearbook 2024*, placed near the end of the issue, functions as a meta-reflection on global poetry networks and consolidates the intellectual coherence of the quarterly.

Visually and structurally, the magazine succeeds in presenting multiplicity without fragmentation. Each section is demarcated yet fluid, inviting readers to navigate freely. The bilingual formatting aligns the journal with international scholarly standards, making it suitable for academic citation while retaining aesthetic appeal. The publication details printed in both Chinese and English reinforce transparency and accessibility. The overall design communicates professionalism and respect for both reader and author.

Beyond its individual sections, *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly* Number 1, 2026 is a literary magazine with a cultural artefact of global significance, evidence to what can be achieved when editorial vision, translation, and design converge around a shared ethical commitment to art and

body. The emphasis on cross-language dialogue distinguishes it from many regional or national literary journals. Compared to *Today's World Literature*, *Modern Poetry Translation*, etc. international literary journals, *International Poetry Quarterly* (RIPQ)更注重双语文本的视觉呈现,并以更包容的姿态展现非西方作家的创作。

从批判性视角来看,这一问题也折射出期刊自身历史演变的轨迹。早期刊物往往更聚焦于中国与欧洲的交流,而本期则将视野拓展至非洲、南美及中东地区。南苏丹、孟加拉国、黎巴嫩和巴拿马诗人的加入,昭示着编辑视野的刻意拓展。随刊报道的尼日利亚、印度和荷兰新诗选集的出版动态,更凸显其文学行动的网络化特征。该期刊不将诗歌视为孤立艺术,而是将其置于翻译、出版与认可构成的全球性基础构建之中。

从学术角度来看,该期刊引发了对翻译理论与实践如何交汇的探讨。许多译本坚持语义透明的原则,在保持意义忠实的同时保留了音乐性。译者扮演着文化中介而非隐形技术人员角色。多元译者的参与避免了语调的同质化,反而构筑出层次丰富的声音盛宴。这种做法契合当代世界文学理论,其强调流通与转化而非原初文本。对于澳大利亚和亚太地区的读者而言,该期刊的多元文化协作模式引起了强烈的共鸣,既映照出该地区自身的语言多元性,也呼应了其追求跨文化理解的愿景。

张智博士与费一飞两位总编的编辑理念尽管含蓄低调,但却贯穿了整本期刊。他们似乎坚持认为,诗歌不仅是一种文学形式,更是对共生关系的道德与想象立场。翻译质量的稳定性与题材的广度,彰显出严谨的编辑流程。越南裔澳大利亚诗人武雪梅以诗人兼评论家的双重身份参与,恰是创作与批评领域之桥梁的生动写照。她的关于《世界诗歌年鉴2024》的述评,置于该期杂志的末尾,既是对全球诗歌网络的元反思,更强化了该季刊的学术连贯性。

在视觉呈现与结构设计上,该期刊成功地实现了多样性的呈现而不出现碎片化现象。各栏目界限分明却又相互衔接,引导读者自由穿梭于不同板块之间。双语排版设计使期刊符合国际学术规范,既满足学术引用的要求,又兼顾美学呈现。中英文并列的出版信息,则强化了透明度与可及性。整体设计传递出专业精神,彰显对读者与作者的双重尊重。

《国际诗歌翻译》季刊2026年第一期不仅是各板块的集合,更是一部具有全球文化意义的文学典籍。它见证了当编辑理念、翻译艺术与设计美学围绕对艺术与人性的共同伦理承诺而交融时所能达成的巨大成就。该刊

humanity. It offers a showcase of world poetry and model of how multicultural literary production can function as peaceful dialogue. For readers and critics from multicultural communities such as those represented by Multicultural Press Australia, this issue exemplifies the potential of literature to transcend geography, affirm plurality, and remind us that poetry remains one of the last frontiers of true global conversation.

About the author

Margaret Anne Eckersley (Australia) serves as the Editor-in-Chief at Multicultural Press, bringing her extensive experience as a retired high school English teacher and a talented artist to the role. With a deep passion for language and the arts, she expertly guides the editorial vision of the press, ensuring each publication reflects the diversity and creativity of global voices.

Expertise:

Editorial Leadership – Directing the overall editorial vision and ensuring content aligns with the press's mission.

Storytelling & Literary Analysis – Drawing from her teaching background to shape compelling narratives and maintain high literary standards.

Artistic Vision – Using her artistic eye to guide the design and presentation of books and magazines, blending visual and textual creativity.

Creative Direction – Collaborating with authors, artists, and designers to craft cohesive, engaging publications.

Mentorship & Team Leadership – Providing guidance and support to editors, writers, and designers to foster growth and excellence.

Proofreading & Editing – Reviewing content for clarity, tone, grammar, and flow, ensuring each piece is polished and impactful.

Cultural Sensitivity – Championing diverse voices and perspectives, ensuring respectful and authentic representation.

Margaret's background in both teaching and the arts allows her to nurture both the intellectual and aesthetic elements of Multicultural Press, creating publications that not only inform but inspire and connect readers worldwide.

Editing is not just about refining words; it's about shaping a vision that resonates with hearts and minds across cultures.

既是世界诗歌的展示平台，也是多元文化文学创作如何发挥和平对话作用的典范。对于澳大利亚多元文化出版社所代表的多元文化社群中的读者与评论家而言，《国际诗歌翻译》季刊彰显了文学超越地域的潜能，既肯定了多元共生的价值，更提醒世人：诗歌仍是真正全球对话的最后疆域之一。

(董秀静教授 译; Tr; Prof. Dong Xiujing)

作者简介

玛格丽特·安妮·埃克斯利 (Margaret Anne Eckersley, 澳大利亚)，多元文化出版社总编辑，作为一名退休的高中英语教师，她拥有丰富的经验，也是一名才华横溢的艺术家。凭借对语言和艺术的热爱，以专业眼光引领出版社的编辑方向，确保每部出版物都能展现全球声音的多样性与创造力。

专业领域：

编辑领导力——主导整体编辑方向，确保内容契合出版社的宗旨。

叙事与文学分析——凭借教学背景塑造引人入胜的故事，并保持高水准的文学品质。

艺术视野——运用艺术视角指导书籍与杂志的设计呈现，融合视觉与文字的创造力。

创意指导——协同作者、艺术家与设计师，打造风格统一、引人入胜的出版物。

导师与团队领导——为编辑、撰稿人及设计师提供指导与支持，促进团队成长与卓越表现。

校对和编辑——审阅内容的清晰度、语调、语法和行文流畅度，确保每篇作品精雕细琢且具影响力。

文化敏感性——倡导多元声音与视角，确保尊重且真实的呈现。

玛格丽特兼具教学和艺术的双重背景，使她能够同时培养多元文化出版社的智性与审美元素，打造出不仅传递信息，更能启迪心灵、联结全球读者的出版物。

编辑工作不仅在于润色文字，更在于塑造能跨越文化界限、触动心灵的愿景。

Jeffrey Barker [Australia]

杰弗里·巴克[澳大利亚]

The 2025 International Best Poets & Translators Awards

2025年度国际最佳诗人暨翻译家奖评介

Although the contemporary world presents the paradox of heightened connectivity alongside intensifying separation, poetry persists as a vital medium through which human expression traverses' boundaries, binding together the voices, cultural legacies, shared memories, and imagined futures of diverse communities.

On December 12, 2025, that bridge shone with exceptional brilliance as the **International Best Poets & Translators Awards** announced this year's honourees. The celebration, organized by the **International Poetry Translation and Research Centre (IPTRC)**, The Journal of **Rendition of International Poetry**, and the **Board of Directors of the World Union of Poetry Magazines**, stands as one of the most respected recognitions for literary artistry across languages and continents.

This year's awards honour **fourteen remarkable poets and**

当今世界，人们之间的联系日益紧密，同时人们之间的隔阂也在不断加剧。尽管当今世界呈现出这样一种矛盾的景象，但诗歌依然是一种至关重要的媒介。通过诗歌，人类的表达跨越语际界限，将不同的声音、文化遗产、共同记忆以及想象中的未来凝聚在一起。

2025年12月12日，随着国际最佳诗人暨翻译家奖2025年度获奖者名单揭晓，诗歌这座桥梁闪耀出格外璀璨的光芒。由国际诗歌翻译研究中心 (IPTRC)、混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志社以及世界诗刊联盟理事会联合举办的这场庆典，横跨语言与大洲，是文学艺术界最受尊崇的荣誉之一。

本年度的奖项表彰了14位杰出的诗人和翻译家，代表

translators, representing thirteen countries, whose works embody the universality of feeling, imagination, and truth. They were chosen after **three rigorous rounds of voting**, conducted over two months, by a distinguished panel of judges from **18 nations**, from Italy to Japan, from the United States to the United Arab Emirates, from Germany to Argentina. The process, deeply collaborative and thoroughly multicultural, reflects the very essence of global literary fellowship.

The ten poets recognized this year bring to the global stage a vibrant spectrum of linguistic, cultural, and emotional worlds. (1) **Isilda Nunes (Portugal)** writes with Mediterranean radiance, blending saudade with contemporary reflection. (2) **Yang Geum-Hee (Korea)** offers poetry rooted in Eastern lyricism, meditative and exquisitely attentive to human tenderness. (3) **Labud N. Lončar (Montenegro)** contributes the Balkan spirit of resilience, rhythm, and timeless landscape. (4) **Adnan Al-Sayegh (Iraq)**, one of the most compelling voices of Arabic literature, continues to transform loss into luminous resistance. (5) **Kalina Izabela Ziola (Poland)** represents Central Europe's intricate dance with memory, identity, and transformation. (6) **Ghassan Al-Khunaizi (Saudi Arabia)** brings the depth of a classical yet evolving Arabic tradition. (7) **Sudeep Sen (India)** paints the world with cosmopolitan insight, from New Delhi to global metropolises. (8) **Zi Wu (China)** offers refined clarity, a poet of imagery and philosophical resonance. (9) **Mujë Buçpapaj (Albania)** echoes the rugged beauty of the Balkans and its unbroken spirit. (10) **Peter Thabit Jones (United Kingdom)**, with his commanding voice, reminds us of the rich lineage of British literature, and its continual reinvention.

Together, they form a mosaic of languages, histories, and geographies. What unites them is a reverence for the poetic word. Its ability to illuminate the human condition, confront reality, and cradle hope.

Translation is often called the "second art." It demands devotion not only to the original text but also to the invisible breath of meaning that must survive the journey across languages. The four translators honored this year exemplify this sacred task. (1) **Vo Thi Nhu Mai (Vietnam)** brings Vietnamese readers to international poetry and carries Vietnamese poetic sensibility to the world, nurturing cross-cultural dialogue with delicacy and passion. (2) **Yusuf Aslan (Türkiye)** continues Turkey's long tradition of linguistic openness, offering clarity and beauty to readers across continents. (3) **Li Zhengshuan (China)** enriches the global literary exchange with precise and graceful renderings of world poetry. (4) **Claudia Piccinno (Italy)**, known for her extensive work across languages, ensures that poetic voices travel freely through the vast cultural corridors of Europe and beyond. These translators are intermediaries and are **architects of understanding**, lifting the voices of others into new realms while safeguarding rhythm, nuance, and soul.

What sets the 2025 Awards apart is the calibre of its winners and the spirit of unity embodied in its selection process. The panel composed of eminent poets, translators, and scholars from **eighteen countries** represents a rare model of literary diplomacy. Each judge brought the richness of their own culture and literary tradition into the deliberations and shared a common purpose: **to recognize excellence without borders**.

Even as contemporary society contends with a landscape of pervasive unpredictability, the creation and translation of poetry persist as practices that cultivate courage, foster empathetic understanding, and affirm the possibility of deep human connection. It asks us to listen deeply, to embrace stories that are not our own, and to honour the voices that shape the world's emotional memory.

着13个国家,其作品体现了人类情感、想象和真理的普遍性。从意大利到日本,从美国到阿拉伯联合酋长国,从德国到阿根廷,这些来自18个国家的杰出评委组成的陪审团,经过为期两个月的三轮严格投票,选出了本年度获奖者。这一过程,具有高度的协作性和多元文化性,反映了全球文学共同体的核心本质。

今年获得认可的十位诗人为全球舞台带来了一系列充满活力的语言、文化和情感世界。(1)葡萄牙的埃希达·努纳斯的作品带着地中海的光彩,将乡愁、渴望与当代思考融为一体。(2)韩国的梁琴姬的诗歌植根于东方抒情主义,富有冥想色彩,细腻地关注着人类的温情。

(3)黑山共和国的拉布德·N.隆卡尔展现了巴尔干地区坚韧不拔的精神、独特的韵律以及永恒的自然风光。

(4)伊拉克的阿德南·阿尔·萨伊格是阿拉伯文学中最具感染力的声音之一,他持续将失落转化为闪耀的反抗。

(5)波兰的卡丽娜·伊莎贝拉·齐奥拉代表了中欧在记忆、身份和变革中的复杂舞步。(6)沙特阿拉伯的加桑·阿尔-库奈兹带来了深厚的阿拉伯古典传统及其不断发展的活力。(7)印度的苏迪普·森以国际化的洞察力描绘世界,从新德里到全球各大都市皆有涉及。(8)中国的子午是一位兼具意象与哲学共鸣的诗人,其作品凝练明晰。(9)阿尔巴尼亚的穆耶·布奇帕帕伊的诗歌,呼应着巴尔干地区粗犷的美及其不屈的精神。(10)英国的彼得·塔比特·琼斯以其有力的笔触,让我们想起英国文学丰富的传承及其持续的革新。

翻译通常被称为“第二艺术”。它要求译者不仅要致力于理解原文,还要致力于跨语言的旅程中必须存活下来的无形的语义气息。今年获奖的四位翻译家便是这一神圣使命的典范。(1)越南的武雪梅将国际诗歌带给越南读者,同时也把越南的诗意感悟传递到世界,以细腻与热情促进跨文化对话。(2)土耳其的优素福·阿斯拉延续了土耳其悠久的语言开放传统,为各大洲的读者呈现清晰而优美的译作。(3)中国的李正栓以精准而优雅的笔触翻译世界诗歌,丰富了全球文学交流。(4)意大利的克劳迪娅·皮奇诺以其广泛的跨语言作品而闻名,确保诗歌的声音能在欧洲乃至更广阔的文化长廊中自由传播。这些翻译家既是沟通的舌人,也是理解的创造者。他们将他人的声音带入新的领域,同时守护着作品的韵律、歧异与灵魂。

2025年度奖项的独特之处在于其获奖者的水准以及评选过程中所体现的团结精神。由来自18个国家的杰出诗人、翻译家和学者组成的评审团,代表了一种罕见的文学外交模式。每位评委都将各自丰富的文化和文学传统融入评审过程,并且怀揣着一个共同的目标:认可无国界的卓越成就。

即便当代社会正与弥漫着不可预测性的环境抗争,诗歌的创作与翻译依然是能培养勇气、促进共情理解并肯定深厚人际联结可能性的实践。诗歌的创作与翻译要求我们用心倾听,接纳不属于自己故事,并尊重那些塑造世界情感记忆的声音。

Poetry matters because it refuses to vanish. Because it still whispers truth when noise becomes unbearable. Because it finds the human pulse beneath the tumult of history. Because it teaches us to see fully. Poetry persists in every culture because it holds what is most fragile and most powerful in us: our longing to be understood and our capacity to understand.

Translation extends that longing beyond borders. It transforms solitude into global solidarity. It builds bridges where politics build walls. It reveals that, despite differences in language, food, customs, climates, and beliefs, human beings carry similar dreams, similar wounds, similar prayers.

The organizers extend profound gratitude to the international jury whose generosity and intellectual rigor shaped this year's results. Representing countries such as Italy, the United States, Poland, Russia, the UAE, Romania, Sweden, India, France, Spain, China, Albania, Greece, Germany, Argentina, Israel, Japan, and Denmark, these eighteen judges offered a rare model of collective global stewardship in the arts. Their work reminds us that poetry thrives not only through writers and translators, but through the emotional labour of those who read, evaluate, and champion literature.

As we celebrate this year's honourees, we also celebrate the enduring power of poetry to unite humanity. The awards stand not merely as recognition of personal achievement, but as a testament to the shared global commitment to the literary arts.

To the poets: *Thank you for reminding us how vast the human spirit can be.*

To the translators: *Thank you for carrying voices across the world with devotion and grace.*

To the judges: *Thank you for your generosity and wisdom.*

To readers everywhere: *Hope that poetry continues to illuminate your journey.*

About the author

Jeffrey Barker works as a freelance reporter, drawing on his solid background in engineering to enhance the quality of his journalism. His technical training gives him a unique ability to break down complex issues, interpret data, and approach stories with precision and depth. Whether covering technology, infrastructure, or human-centered narratives, Jeffrey brings a thoughtful and analytical perspective that distinguishes his work. His versatility allows him to move confidently between investigative pieces, feature writing, and on-the-ground reporting, always committed to accuracy and clear communication.

About the translator:

Shilin Foreign Language, Xie Shilin, a native of Sanjiang, Nanchang, Jiangxi Province, is a former Party Branch Secretary of CPC, Dean of the Foreign Languages' Department of the People's Arms College of Nanchang University, and Associate Professor. He has translated and published *The Complete Works of Shakespeare's Sonnets* (A Complete Bilingual Chinese-English Translation) and *The Complete Essays of Francis Bacon* (A Complete Bilingual Chinese-English Translation). He teaches core courses for senior English majors and is an outstanding instructor for the National English Competition for College Students. In addition, she has written several short stories such as *Unsent Love Letters in Sonnets* and original bilingual poems like *Ode to Spring*. His translated work *The Translation and Appreciation of Shakespeare's Sonnets* is forthcoming.

诗歌意义非凡，因为诗歌拒绝消逝。因为在喧嚣令人难以忍受之时，诗歌依然低语着真理。因为诗歌能在历史的喧嚣之下找到人类的脉搏。因为诗歌教会我们完整地去看待世界。诗歌在每种文化中都经久不衰，因为诗歌承载着我們身上最脆弱也最强大的东西：我们渴望被理解的心愿，以及我们理解他人的能力。

翻译将这种渴望跨越国界延伸开来。翻译把孤独转化为全球性的团结。在政治筑起高墙的地方，翻译却搭建起桥梁。翻译表明：尽管在语言、饮食、习俗、气候和信仰方面存在差异，人类却怀揣着相似的梦想、相似的伤痛和相似的祈愿。

主办方对国际评审团致以深切的谢意，他们的无私奉献和严谨的学术态度成就了今年的评审结果。这18位评委分别来自意大利、美国、波兰、俄罗斯、阿联酋、罗马尼亚、瑞典、印度、法国、西班牙、中国、阿尔巴尼亚、希腊、德国、阿根廷、以色列、日本和丹麦等国家。他们展现了一种罕见的全球艺术集体管理典范。他们的工作提醒我们，诗歌的繁荣不仅离不开作家和译者，也离不开那些阅读、评价和支持文学的人们所付出的情感劳动。

在我们庆祝今年的获奖者之际，我们也在赞颂诗歌团结人类的持久力量。这些奖项不仅仅是对个人成就的认可，更是对全球共同致力于文学艺术这一承诺的证明。

致敬诗人们：感谢你们提醒我们，人类的精神可以如此广阔。

致敬翻译家们：感谢你们满怀热忱与优雅，将各种声音传递到世界各地。

致敬评委们：感谢你们的慷慨与睿智。

致敬各地的读者们：愿诗歌能继续照亮你们的人生旅程。

作者简介

杰弗里·巴克是一名自由职业记者。他凭借扎实的工程学背景提升自己的新闻报道质量。他接受的技术培训，赋予了他进行新闻报道的独特能力：他具有化解复杂问题、解读数据以及精准、深入地挖掘故事的能力。无论是报道科技、基础设施领域的新闻，还是以人为中心的故事，杰弗里都能带来富有见地、善于分析的视角让他的作品独具特色。他的多才多艺使他能够从容地在调查性报道、特写写作和现场报道之间切换，始终致力于追求报道的准确性和表达的清晰性。

译者简介

诗琳外语，谢诗琳，江西南昌三江人，前南昌大学人武学院外语系党支部书记、系主任、副教授，翻译出版了《莎士比亚十四行诗全集(英汉对照全译本)》和《培根随笔全集(英汉对照全译本)》，担任英语专业高年级主干课程教学工作，是全国大学生英语竞赛优秀指导教师。此外，创作了《十四行诗里的未寄情书》等多篇短篇小说和《春天颂》等原创双语诗歌。译著《莎士比亚十四行诗翻译与欣赏》即将出版。

编者按：鉴于混语版《国际诗歌翻译》总编张智博士于2023年2月1日起，出任加拿大太平洋诗歌出版社（POETRY PACIFIC PRESS, CANADA，网址：<http://poetrypacificpress.blogspot.com/>）执行总编，故而双语对照《世界诗人书库》自即日起，改由加拿大太平洋诗歌出版社出版，该社2012年注册于温哥华。每一部诗集出版后，除了由该出版社发行外，还将在亚马逊、脸书、推特等发布出售消息。有需要国际书号者，也可加张智博士微信（电话）垂询：13452083776。

为了推动世界各国诗人之间的相互了解和交流，促进诗歌的翻译与研究，弘扬伟大的诗歌艺术，太平洋诗歌出版社和混语版《国际诗歌翻译》季刊编辑部，决定联合编辑出版一套《世界诗人书库》（双语对照），计划在十五年时间内（2015-2030），编辑出版各国重要诗人的个人诗集800-1000部。为了确保《世界诗人书库》的整体艺术质量，现面向世界各国诗人公开征稿。具体事宜如下：

一、举凡各国有影响、有成就、有实力的诗人，不论国籍、语种、民族、宗教信仰、性别、年龄，均可来稿。

二、《世界诗人书库》以自费公助形式出版，诗集的印刷费和邮寄费由作者自行承担，翻译费由《国际诗歌翻译》季刊杂志社提供全额资助。

三、《世界诗人书库》统一设计、统一制作、统一定价、统一出版，16K（窄长型，265x170mm），每部诗集为10个印张（160页），长诗、组诗、短诗均可，总行数请控制在1600-1700行之间，封面为250g特种纸彩印，环衬为157g哑粉纸，内页为80g轻型纸印刷，诗集前后大勒口置有作者简介（双语对照）和彩色近照一帧。每部诗集印制1000册，每册定价40美元（40欧元）。诗

集出版后，将向作者免费提供样书100册，并由加拿大太平洋诗歌出版社在亚马逊、脸书、推特以及自有渠道发行，其余诗集将随混语版《国际诗歌翻译》杂志，寄赠联合国图书馆、联合国教科文组织、世界重要国家国会图书馆、世界重要文学报刊、世界著名大学图书馆、世界知名文学研究专家、诺贝尔文学奖评审委员会等。

四、在诗集出版的同时，混语版《国际诗歌翻译》季刊，将以双语对照形式，推出诗人的代表性诗作6-8首，作者简介和彩色照片，向各国读者隆重推荐。

五、作者来稿时，请自行编定其诗集的作者生平与艺术简历、诗集的目录和正文，另外，请提供诗人精美的彩色照片二帧。

六、每部诗集的作者，需自行承担出版其个人诗集所需的印刷费和邮寄费人民币20900元（国外3800美元或3600欧元），每增加一个印张（16页），将加收印刷、邮寄费人民币1600元（国外400美元或400欧元）。为了减少往返时间，加快出版速度，诗人在赐寄诗稿的同时，请将所需费用汇入：中国光大银行重庆江北支行，户名：张智，账号：6226620907792782。联系地址：中国重庆市江北区观音桥邮局031信箱 张智（博士），邮政编码：400020。如有不明之处请来函垂询，电话（微信）：13452083776，电子邮箱：iptre@163.com。

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Warmly welcome poetic works from all over the world!

With the view of enhancing the communication of poets throughout the world as well as the development of poetry translation and research, the Editorial Department of *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly*, together with the Poetry Pacific Press, decide to publish a series of personal collection of poems entitled *The Book Series of the World Poets* (Bilingual). The publication (2015-2030) is planned to consist of 800-1000 volumes.

Detailed information is as follows:

1. Poets with influence, achievement and capability in poetic creation, in any country, any language, any nation, any religion and age, are warmly welcome to send your works to us.

2. Fees for the printing and postage of *The Books Series of the World Poets* are paid by the authors themselves. Translation of the poetic works is sponsored by the Journal of *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly*.

3. *The Book Series of the World Poets* are published in the same style of 16k (265x170mm) and priced according to the same criterion. Each volume, 160 pages with 1600-1700

lines, can be composed of any type of poems like long poems, short poems and serial poems. Front cover is colorfully printed with specialty paper (250g) and inside page is printed with light offset paper (80g). On inside front cover fold is the brief introduction of the author (bilingual) and a colored picture of the author. Each volume is printed in 1000 copies. Price of each copy is: US\$40 or EUR40. After the publication of his collection of poems, the author will get 50 copies of sample books free of charge. Part of these copies, will be sold on Amazon, Facebook, with *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly*, will be presented to the UN Library, UNESCO, the Nobel Prize Committee, the libraries of famous universities and literary research institutes, etc.

4. Six to eight poems from an author's collection of poems are meanwhile represented in *Rendition of International Poetry Quarterly*, with his/her brief introduction and colored picture.

5. Besides the collection of poems with his / her self-introduction about poetic experience, the table of contents and his / her colored pictures, an author is supposed to send by e-mail: iptre@163.com.

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欢迎投稿，欢迎订阅。全年订阅价：80美元，80欧元，人民币280元（仅限中国大陆地区）。

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Rendition of International Poetry (Multilingual) is a quarterly run by the Center for Globalization of Chinese Poetry of Nankai University, and the council of the World Union of Poetry Magazines.

Poetry creation, poetic criticism, interviews with poets, translators & critics, information about poetry, etc., regardless of language, nationality, gender, age, religious belief, are welcome.

The main working languages of the journal include (but are not limited to) English, Chinese, French, German, Spanish, Russian, Italian, Swedish, Dutch, Greek, Japanese, etc. For all submissions, please submit electronic text in your native language (if you are willing to submit any of the above languages other than your native language, it is better), together with personal life and artistic resume (including name, pen name, date of birth, place of birth, nationality, publications, residences, etc., within 200 words), two color photos of high resolution; at the end of the manuscript, please attach your full name, nationality, email address, postal address, etc., and send in attached form to: wupm2023@126.com.

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The journal is published in both paper and electronic format. Once your work is published, you will receive a free electronic copy of the current issue.

All publication funds for the journal are raised by the editor (without fiscal appropriation), so there is no remuneration for the time being.

The standing columns of this magazine include: Special Recommendations, International Poetry, Poetry Collection At A Glance, Bilingual Poetry Collection (distributing center for bilingual poetry), Poems by the Editors-in-Chief (publishing the poems by the editors-in-chief of the poetry journals and literary magazines of various countries), Profile Of Translators, Online Interviews, Master Critics, Global Poetry News, International Artists, Enterprise Horizon, and Profiles Of Personage, etc.

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