

1973-1974 年 鲁双芹 Lu Shuangqin

"I Shudder To Recall The Past"

I shudder to recall the past
Hands over the light
Do not blame me, my dear
My first clumsy verses
No rhyme
No magical metaphor
That is the burnt out struggle with life
In ruins on paper.

Lying in darkness alone
No one comes to disturb his solitude.
Cigarette's stingy red light is slowly extinguishing
Every bit of the world gathers together in that injured eye

So -
I was born
Not born in the embrace of the Muse.

Use my skull
To ram life
In the ringing of chains
What I hear is the jeer of suffering.

我战栗地回忆过去

我战栗地回忆过去
用手遮住灯光
不要责备我，亲爱的
我最初那些拙劣的诗句
没有韵脚
也没有神奇的比喻
那是和生活倦怠的搏斗
在纸上的遗迹。

一个人躺在黑暗里
谁也不来打扰他的孤独
烟卷吝啬的红光慢慢熄灭着
世界全部聚拢在那受伤的眼睛里

于是—
我诞生了
不是生于缪斯的怀抱。

用我的颅骨
去撞击生活
在锁链的响动上
我听到的却是痛苦的讥笑。