

Per gli studenti cinesi

[Questa è la poesia da scaricare](#)

Poesia di HE QIFANG

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Prophecy

He Qifang

It has finally arrived—that heart-throbbing day. The sound of your footsteps, like the sighs of the night,

I can hear clearly. They are not leaves whispering in the winds

Nor the fawns darting across a lichened pass.

Tell me, tell me in your singing voice of a silver bell,

Are you not the youthful god I heard about in a prophecy?

You must have come from the warm and exuberant south,

Tell me about the sun there, and the moonlight,

Tell me how the spring air blows open the hundreds of flowers,

And how the swallow lovingly clings to the window twigs.

I shall close my eyes to sleep in your dreamy songs—

Such comfort I seem to remember, and yet seem to have forgotten.

Stop please, pause in the middle of your long journey

To come in. Here is a tiger-skin rug for you to sit on.

Let me light up every leaf I have gathered in autumn,

Listen to me singing my own song.

Like the flame, my song will dip and rise in the turn, again

Like the flame, will tell the story of the fallen leaves.

Don't go forward, the forest ahead is boundless,
The trunks of old trees show stripes and spots of the animals.
The serpentine vines intertwine, half dead and half living,
Not a single star can fall through the dense foliage above.
You won't dare to put your foot down a second time, when you
Have heard the empty and lonely echo of your first step.

Must you go? Then, let me go with you.
My feet know every safe trail there is.
I shall sing my songs without stop,
And offer you the comfort of my hand.
When the thick darkness of the night separates us,
You may fix your eyes on mine.

You pay no heed to my excited songs,
Your footsteps halt not for a moment at my trembling self.
Like a breeze, soft and serene, passing through the dusk...
It vanishes, and vanished are your proud footsteps.
Ah, have you really silently come, as in the prophecy,
And silently gone, my youthful god?

何其芳

预言

这一个心跳的日子终于来临！
呵，你夜的叹息似的渐近的足音
我听得清本是林叶和夜风私语，
麋鹿驰过苔径的细碎的蹄声！
告诉我，用你银铃的歌声告诉我，

你是不是预言中的年轻的神？

你一定来自那温郁的南方！

告诉我那里的月色，那里的日光！

告诉我春风是怎样吹开百花，

燕子是怎样痴恋着绿杨？

我将合眼睡在你如梦的歌声里，

那温暖我似乎记得，又似乎遗忘。

请停下，请停下你疲劳的奔波，

进来，这儿有虎皮的褥，你坐！

让我烧起每一个秋天拾来的落叶

听我低低地唱起我自己的歌。

那歌声将火光一样沉郁又高扬，

火光一样将我的一生诉说。

不要前行！前面是无边的森林，

古老的树现着野兽身上的斑纹，

半生半死的藤，蟒一样交缠着，

密叶里漏不下一颗星星。

你将怯怯地不敢放下第二步，

当你听见了第一步空寥的回声。

一定要走吗？请等我和你同行！

我的脚步知道每一条平安的路径，

我可以不停地唱着忘倦的歌，

再给你，再给你手的温存！

当夜的浓黑遮断了我们，

你可以不转眼地望着我的眼睛。

我激动的歌声你竟不听，

你的脚竟不为我的颤抖暂停！

象静穆的微风飘过这黄昏里，

消失了，消失了你骄傲的足音！

呵，你终于如预言中所说的

无语而来，无语而去了吗？

年轻的神？

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