

A Kite for Aibhín by Seamus Heaney

風箏 希尼（愛爾蘭）

After "L'Aquilone" by Giovanni Pascoli (1855-1912)

Air from another life and time and place,
Pale blue heavenly air is supporting
A white wing beating high against the breeze,

來自另一種生活時地的空氣
在粉藍色天空上浮托
一隻白翼在微風中衝向高空

And yes, it is a kite! As when one afternoon
All of us there trooped out
Among the briar hedges and stripped thorn,

是一只風箏出現在某一下午
人們紛紛步出戶外
散踞在荆棘薔薇籬笆中央

I take my stand again, halt opposite
Anahorish Hill to scan the blue,
Back in that field to launch our long-tailed comet.

我又一次佔着位置
從安娜賀殊山哪邊觀察藍天
再走回原野放飛我們那長尾彗星

And now it hovers, tugs, veers, dives askew,
Lifts itself, goes with the wind until
It rises to loud cheers from us below.

看它在徘徊曳拖掉頭斜側衝下
又再次乘風升上雲霄
叫地面上的人眾大聲呼笑

Rises, and my hand is like a spindle
Unspooling, the kite a thin-stemmed flower
Climbing and carrying, carrying farther, higher

我手中的紡錘在放綫
給上升中薄梗花般的風箏呈現奇景
攀昇並帶綫衝向更高更遠

The longing in the breast and planted feet
And gazing face and heart of the kite flier
Until string breaks and—separate, elate—

放風箏人內心和腳下都充滿願望
他全神凝望天空
直至奮鬥終止而昂然自得

The kite takes off, itself alone, a windfall.

風箏飛翔本身就是一次寶貴的收穫