

Two Poems of Herman Hesse (1877-1962)

Nobel laureate 1946 “for his inspired writings, which, while growing in boldness and penetration, exemplify the classical humanitarian ideals and high qualities of style.”

赫爾曼·黑塞

江紹倫譯

Across the Fields

Across the sky the clouds move
Across the fields the wind
Across the fields the lost child
Of my mother, wandering

Across the street leaves blow
Across the trees birds cry
Across the mountains far away
My home must be

In Secret We Thirst

Graceful, spiritual
with the gentleness of arabesques
our life is similar
to the existence of fairies
that spin in soft cadence
around nothingness
to which we sacrifice
the here and now

Dreams of beauty, youthful joy
like a breath in pure harmony
with the depth of your young surface
where sparkles the longing for the night
for blood and barbarity

In the emptiness spinning, without aim or needs

在原野

橫過天空雲飄
越過田野風吹
我母親的兒子在田間
迷失流浪

橫過街道落葉被吹
棲身群樹鳥兒叫
在那高山的遠方
必然是我的家

我們在秘密中渴望

優美崇高
舞姿飄逸飛揚
我們的生命恰似
仙子般存在
旋圓着柔軟節拍
遊於虛無
不惜犧牲
此時此在

夢美青春歡樂
像一陣純潔和諧
你童真的底韞
閃出對黑夜的渴求
不怕流血和野蠻

在空虛中旋轉無意無求

dance free our lives
always ready for the game
yet, secretly, we thirst for reality
for the conceiving, for the birth
we are thirst for sorrows and death.

我們的生命自由舞蹈
隨時投入遊戲
然而骨子裡我們渴望真實
渴望懷孕渴望生育
我們秘密地渴望悲痛和死亡