



Leaves
of
Grass

中英對照版

草葉集

惠特曼詩選

WALT
WHITMAN

華特·惠特曼——著 張家綺——譯

來吧，我的靈魂說，
來為我的肉體寫下這些詩歌，（靈肉本合一）
如此一來，若我終將歸返，
抑或在久遠的來生，來到不同世界，
我也能在那兒繼續對同伴歌唱，
（細數著地球的土壤、樹木、風、蕩漾浪花）
我會帶著滿足的微笑唱下去，
永永遠遠擁有這些詩，正如我此時此刻，
首度為靈魂與肉體高唱，將它們刻上我的名，

華特·惠特曼

Come, said my soul,
Such verses for my Body let us write, (for we are one.)
That should I after return,
Or, long, long hence, in other spheres,
There to some group of mates the chants resuming,
(Tallying Earth's soil, trees, winds, tumultuous waves,)
Ever with pleas'd smile I may keep on,
Ever and ever yet the verses owning—as, first, I here and now
Signing for Soul and Body, set to them my name,

Walt Whitman

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1 #

我歌頌自我

我歌頌自我，一個簡單獨立個體，
也訴說**民主與群眾**的語言。

我歌頌人體，從頭到腳，
不僅容貌和大腦值得繆思的歌聲——完整的**形體**更值得頌揚；
我歌頌**男人**，也平等地歌頌**女人**。

我歌頌熱情、脈動與力量豐沛飽滿的生命，
歡呼吧，因神聖律法下，最自由自在的行動成形，
我歌頌**現代人類**。

1 #

One's-Self I Sing

One's-self I sing, a simple, separate Person,
Yet utter the word **Democratic**, the word **En-Masse**.

Of physiology from top to toe I sing,
Not physiognomy alone nor brain alone is worthy for the muse—I say the
 Form complete is worthier far;
The **Female** equally with the **Male** I sing.

Of Life immense in passion, pulse, and power,
Cheerful, for freest action form'd, under the laws divine,
The **Modern Man** I sing.



2 #

獻給美國

獻給美國，獻給美國任一州，任一座城，起身**造反**，切勿服從；
一旦不疑有他地服從，將徹底陷入奴役，
一旦徹底奴役，世上就沒有哪個國、哪個州和城，能夠重獲自由。

3 #

獻給女高音

來吧，帶走這份贈禮！
這是我為英雄、演說家或將軍保留的禮物，
一個為人類貢獻、促進偉大思想、進步與自由的人，
一位反抗暴君、勇敢無畏的反叛份子，
但我明白，我保留的禮物既屬於他們，也屬於你。

2 #

To the States

To the States, or any one of them, or any city of the States, **Resist** much,
obey little;

Once unquestioning obedience, once fully enslaved;

Once fully enslaved, no nation, state, city, of this earth, ever afterward
resumes its liberty.

3 #

To a Certain Cantatrice

Here, take this gift!

I was reserving it for some hero, speaker, or general,

One who should serve the good old cause, the great idea, the progress and
freedom of the race,

Some brave confronter of despots, some daring rebel,

But I see that what I was reserving belongs to you just as much as to any.

我聽見美國高歌

我聽見美國高歌，耳邊響起五花八門的頌歌，
每個商人高唱自我的頌歌，如料想一樣快活與強壯，
木匠哼著屬於自己的歌，測量木板或橫梁，
石匠唱著屬於他的歌曲，準備上工或下工，
船夫一一歌唱出船隻物品，汽船水手站在甲板哼唱，
鞋匠坐在板凳上高歌，帽商佇立歡唱，
在早晨路上，下午休息，黃昏時分，伐木工之歌，耕童之歌，響起翩翩旋律，
母親的清甜歌喉，年輕嬌妻忙碌時的歌聲，紡織與洗衣女工的嗓音——人人皆唱出專屬她的歌曲，
白日唱出專屬白日的，夜晚群聚的年輕小伙子，
神采奕奕、和善地張大嘴，唱出他們堅定卻悅耳的歌聲。

4 #

I Hear America Singing

I Hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his, as it should be, blithe and strong,
The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deckhand singing on
the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's, on his way in the morning, or at the
noon intermission, or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl
sewing or washing—Each singing what belongs to her, and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day, At night, the party of young fellows, robust,
friendly,
Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs.

5 #
莫關上門

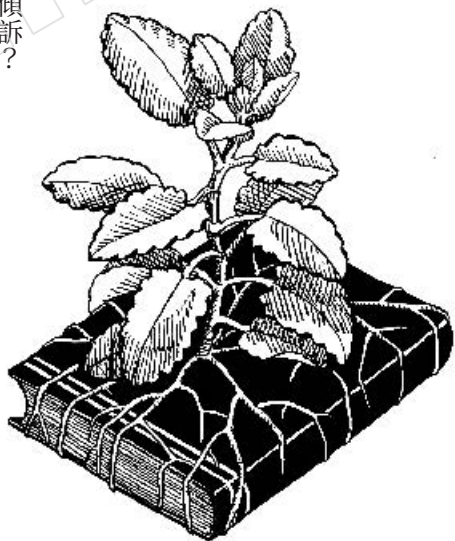
驕傲的圖書館，切莫關上你的門，
我要填補你滿滿書架上少了，
卻偏偏最重要的書，
我從戰爭寫出了一部著作，
文字一無是處，旨意千言萬語，
這本書遺世孤立，無書可比，無人賞識，
但每一頁將震顫你的潛藏蟄伏。

6 #
寫給你

陌生人啊，你我若相逢，
而你欲對我言語，何不對我傾訴？
我又何不對你訴說？

7 #
給讀者

您，讀者，生命的悸動、驕傲與熱愛如我，
容我將以下詩歌獻給您。



5 #

Shut Not Your Doors

Shut not your doors to me proud libraries,

For that which was lacking on all your well-fill'd shelves, yet needed most, I
bring,

Forth from the war emerging, a book I have made,

The words of my book nothing, the drift of it every thing,

A book separate, not link'd with the rest nor felt by the intellect,

But you ye untold latencies will thrill to every page.

6 #

To You

Stranger, if you passing meet me and desire to speak to me, why should you
not speak to me?

And why should I not speak to you?

7 #

Thou Reader

Thou reader throbbest life and pride and love the same as I,

Therefore for thee the following chants.

始自巴馬諾克

1.

一切從我的出生地，魚形的巴馬諾克講起，
天資聰穎，由完美的母親拉拔長大，
曾幾何時漫遊各地，愛上摩肩擦踵的人行道，
居住屬於我的城市曼哈頓，生活在南方大草原，
曾是紮營露宿、揹著行囊和槍枝的士兵，或在加州採礦，
抑或在達科他州的森林陋屋，吃著肉，飲泉水，簡樸生活，
亦是深入簡出，每日思考與冥想，
遠離人煙塵囂，日子愜意而快活，
我認識到滾滾密蘇里河的清新慷慨，見證了尼加拉大瀑布的雄偉磅礴，
看見放牧平原的水牛群，渾身鬃毛、胸腹孔武的公牛，
我體驗土壤、岩石、五月花朵，星辰、雨水、白雪，皆令我驚嘆不已，
我研究嘲鵝的音韻和熊鷹的翱翔，
薄暮時分耳聞無與倫比的歌聲，原來是沼澤雪松的隱士鵝，
孤零零在西方鳴轉，而我，也哼起一曲**新世界**。

8 #

Starting from Paumanok

1.

Starting from fish-shape Paumanok where I was born,
Well-begotten, and rais'd by a perfect mother,
After roaming many lands, lover of populous pavements,
Dweller in Mannahatta my city, or on southern savannas,
Or a soldier camp'd or carrying my knapsack and gun, or a miner in California,
Or rude in my home in Dakota's woods, my diet meat, my drink from the spring,
Or withdrawn to muse and meditate in some deep recess,
Far from the clank of crowds intervals passing rapt and happy,
Aware of the fresh free giver the flowing Missouri, aware of mighty Niagara,
Aware of the buffalo herds grazing the plains, the hirsute and strong-breasted bull,
Of earth, rocks, Fifth-month flowers experienced, stars, rain, snow, my amaze,
Having studied the mocking-bird's tones and the flight of the mountain-hawk,
And heard at dusk the unrivall'd one, the hermit thrush from the swamp-cedars,
Solitary, singing in the West, I strike up for a **New World**.

我歌頌電流竄動的肉體

1.

我歌頌電流竄動的肉體，
我所愛之人簇擁著我，我也簇擁著他們，
除非我跟他們走，回應他們，不教他們腐敗，
用靈魂的電荷充飽他們，他們不會任我離去。

不禁讓人懷疑，糟蹋自我軀體的人是否隱瞞自我？
沾汗生者真如沾汗死者一般卑劣？
肉體真的不能如同靈魂完美？
若軀體不是靈魂，那靈魂又為何物？



10 #

I Sing the Body Electric

1.

I sing the body electric,
The armies of those I love engirth me and I engirth them,
They will not let me off till I go with them, respond to them,
And discorrupt them, and charge them full with the charge of the soul.

Was it doubted that those who corrupt their own bodies conceal themselves?
And if those who defile the living are as bad as they who defile the dead?
And if the body does not do fully as much as the soul?
And if the body were not the soul, what is the soul?

男女人體的愛無法一語道盡，一如肉體本身無法，
男人的肉體完美，女人的肉體完美。

臉孔的表情無法一語道盡，
但健全男人的表情不僅顯現於臉孔，
還顯現在他的四肢與關節，奇妙地顯現於他的臀部與手腕關節，
展現在他的步態、他頸部的姿勢、腰部與膝蓋的曲線，連衣裳都無法遮蔽，
他濃烈甜美的特質，刺穿過棉布與絨呢，
凝望他的步伐，就如閱讀一首好詩，甚至更為優美，
你流連腳步，就是為了觀望他的背影，他頸部與肩膀的背影。

嬰兒的爬行與圓潤，女人的胸脯與頭部，洋裝的褶襞，
我們在街上行經身旁時她們的姿態，她們下身的形狀輪廓，
泳將在泳池裡一絲不掛，游過透明的閃爍綠水，抑或面龐朝上，靜悄悄前後划過池水的極樂，
划槳手在船上前後擺動身軀，騎手跨坐馬鞍的英姿，

10 #

2.

The love of the body of man or woman balks account, the body itself balks
account,
That of the male is perfect, and that of the female is perfect.

The expression of the face balks account,
But the expression of a well-made man appears not only in his face,
It is in his limbs and joints also, it is curiously in the joints of his hips and wrists,
It is in his walk, the carriage of his neck, the flex of his waist and knees, dress
does not hide him,
The strong sweet quality he has strikes through the cotton and broadcloth,
To see him pass conveys as much as the best poem, perhaps more,
You linger to see his back, and the back of his neck and shoulder-side.

The sprawl and fulness of babes, the bosoms and heads of women, the folds of
their dress, their style as we pass in the street, the contour of their shape
downwards,

The swimmer naked in the swimming-bath, seen as he swims through the
transparent green-shine, or lies with his face up and rolls silently to and fro
in the heave of the water,

The bending forward and backward of rowers in row-boats, the horseman in his
saddle,

25 #

農地風光

穿過平靜鄉村穀倉，富足開敞的大門，
陽光灑落草地，牛群馬兒埋首飼草，
前方的薄霧遠景，朝遙遠地平線，消逝飄散。

26 #

母與嬰

我看見甜睡的嬰兒，窩在母親胸脯，
深陷夢鄉的母與嬰——令我默不作聲，久久凝望。

27 #

遮蔽

面罩，她永恆天然的偽裝，
掩飾她的面容，遮蔽她的形體，
每分每秒，變化萬千，形體幻化，
即使入眠，籠罩依舊。



25 #

A Farm-Picture

Through the ample open door of the peaceful country barn,
A sun-lit pasture field, with cattle and horses feeding,
And haze, and vista, and the far horizon, fading away.

26 #

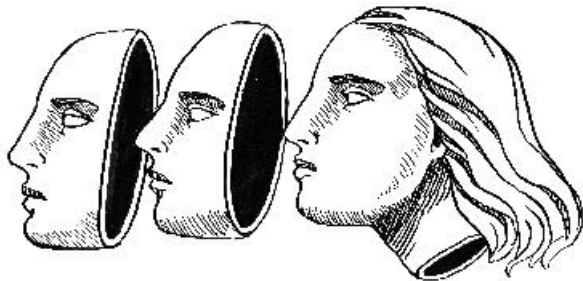
Mother and Babe

I see the sleeping babe, nestling the breast of its mother;
The sleeping mother and babe—hush'd, I study them long and long.

27 #

Visor'd

A mask, a perpetual natural disguiser of herself,
Concealing her face, concealing her form,
Changes and transformations every hour, every moment,
Falling upon her even when she sleeps.



37#

噢，船長！我的船長！

噢，船長！我的船長！我們可怖的旅途已盡，
船身飽受折騰，我們已獲得出征獎賞，
海港將近，鐘聲入耳，眾人歡欣鼓舞，
雙眼循著穩固的龍骨，無情大膽船艦；
噢，我的天！天啊！
噢，一滴滴的紅豔鮮血，
甲板上躺著船長的身軀，
冰冷死亡，倒地不起。

噢，船長！我的船長！起身聽聽勝利鐘，
起來吧——旗幟為你飄揚，號角為你吹響，
花束與緞帶花圈，人潮擁擠的海岸，都屬於你，
腳步搖晃的群眾，渴切面孔轉向你，聲聲呼喚，

1 船長意指美國第十六任總統亞伯拉罕·林肯（Abraham Lincoln），他在一八六五年遇刺身亡，惠特曼以一系列詩作來紀念他。

37 #

O captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells,
Rise up—for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning,

船長，在這兒！摯愛的父親！
支撐著你頭部的這隻手臂，
甲板一幕恍如夢境，
你冰冷死亡，倒地不起。

我的船長不應答，他的嘴唇蒼白靜默，
父親感覺不到我的手臂，脈搏已止，意志喪失，
船艦安穩停泊，旅途終結，
這趟可敬之旅，這艘勝利之船，帶來了戰利品，
噢，海岸，歡欣鼓舞吧，噢，勝利鐘，敲響吧！
但我踩著哀悼的步伐，
走上船長所在的甲板，
冰冷死亡，倒地不起。

Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head,
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won,
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the
Fallen col



城市太平間

城市太平間，大門邊，
我遠離鏗鏘喧囂，漫步經過，
止不住好奇地停下腳步，看啊！他們帶進了一名身分不明、可憐逝去的娼妓，
她的屍首躺在潮濕磚瓦人行道，無人認領，
這名聖潔女子，她的軀體啊——我看見**屍體**——逕自凝望它，
這副軀殼曾充滿熱情與美，此外我什麼都沒看見，
沒有冰冷的靜止，沒有水龍頭的流水，沒有令我難以忘懷的可怖屍臭，
而這具軀殼——美妙的軀殼——如此精緻美好的軀殼——卻成了廢墟！
不朽的房子，比任何世界曾經建蓋的住所美好！
白雪白圓頂、矗立莊嚴雕像的國會大廈，或所有古老尖塔大教堂美麗，
區區一小棟房子，就勝過所有——可憐無望的房子！
美麗恐怖的亡者！靈魂的居所！本身即是靈魂！
這棟無人招領、避之唯恐不及的房子！我顫抖的唇抽一口氣，
我念著你，離去時落下一滴淚，
愛的太平間！瘋狂與罪惡之屋坍塌！崩潰了！
生命之屋——不久前仍談笑風生，然而，啊，可憐的房子！實則死去，
月月年年，不過是一幢回聲盪漾、塗抹裝飾的房子，早已死去，死去，死去。

38 #

The City Dead-House

By the City Dead-House, by the gate,
As idly sauntering, wending my way from the clangor,
I curious pause, for lo! an outcast form, a poor dead prostitute brought,
Her corpse they deposit unclaim'd, it lies on the damp brick pavement,
The divine woman, her body—I see the **Body**—I look on it alone,
That house once full of passion and beauty, all else I notice not,
Nor stillness so cold, nor running water from faucet, nor odors morbidic impress me,
But the house alone—that wondrous house—that delicate fair house—that ruin!
That immortal house, more than all the rows of dwellings ever built!
Or white-domed Capitol itself, with majestic figure surmounted, or all the old high-
spired cathedrals,
That little house alone, more than them all—poor, desperate house!
Fair, fearful wreck! tenement of a Soul! itself a Soul!
Unclaim'd, avoided house! take one breath from my tremulous lips,
Take one tear, dropt aside as I go, for thought of you,
Dead house of love! house of madness and sin, crumbled! crush'd!
House of life—erewhile talking and laughing, but ah, poor house! dead, even then,
Months, years, an echoing, garnish'd house, but dead, dead, dead.

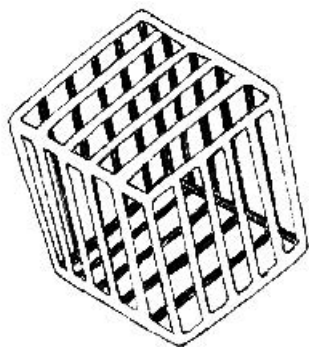


監獄歌手

1.

噢，可恥、傷痛與哀愁之景！
 噢，可怕的思想——犯罪的靈魂！

監獄大廳裡迴盪響起副歌，
 冉冉飄上屋頂，頭頂天堂的拱頂，
 旋律如潮水洶湧，曲調憂鬱、甜美強烈，前所未聞，
 飄送至遙遠獄卒、全副武裝的警衛，他們停止踱步，
 因狂喜與敬畏，脈搏漏了一拍。



2.

噢，可悲、陰暗與哀愁之景！
 噢，原諒我，這不幸的靈魂！

某個冬日，太陽低掛西方，
 經過左右滿是美國小偷與罪犯的狹窄走廊，
 （幾百名席地而坐、臉孔枯萎的罪犯、狡猾的偽造犯，
 群聚在監牢牆內的週日教堂，守衛全副武裝，
 團團包圍，戒備雙眼不斷監視，）
 那些黑暗、潰爛的傷疤，國家的犯罪份子，
 女士雙手各牽一個純真孩子，沉靜步入監獄，
 講台上，孩子在她身旁的凳子就座，
 她，先以樂器彈出前奏，樂音低沉的前奏，
 歌聲壓過樂音，哼出一曲古雅讚歌。

39 #

The Singer in the Prison

1.

O sight of shame, and pain, and dole!

O fearful thought—a convict Soul!

Rang the refrain along the hall, the prison,
Rose to the roof, the vaults of heaven above,
Pouring in floods of melody, in tones so pensive, sweet and strong, the like
whereof was never heard,
Reaching the far-off sentry, and the armed guards, who ceas'd their pacing,
Making the hearer's pulses stop for ecstasy and awe.

2.

O sight of pity, gloom, and dole!

O pardon me, a hapless Soul!

The sun was low in the west one winter day,
When down a narrow aisle, amid the thieves and outlaws of the land,
(There by the hundreds seated, sear-faced murderers, wily counterfeiters,
Gather'd to Sunday church in prison walls—the keepers round,
Plenteous, well-arm'd, watching, with vigilant eyes.)
All that dark, cankerous blotch, a nation's criminal mass,
Calmly a Lady walk'd, holding a little innocent child by either hand,
Whom, seating on their stools beside her on the platform,
She, first precluding with the instrument, a low and musical prelude,
In voice surpassing all, sang forth a quaint old hymn.

讚歌

一個被監牢和繩索禁錮的靈魂，
呼喊著，救命！噢，救救我！她扭曲雙手，
目光遮蔽，胸口淌血，
她得不到原諒，得不到休養的滋補。

噢，可恥、傷痛與哀愁之景！
噢，可怕的思想——定罪的靈魂！

她前後踱步，沒有停歇，
噢，心痛的歲月！噢，哀愁的夜晚！
沒有朋友的手，沒有充滿愛意的臉，
沒有恩惠，也沒有善意話語。

噢，可悲、陰暗與哀愁之景！
噢，原諒我，這不幸的靈魂！

不是我想犯罪，
而是無情軀體令我犯罪，
雖然我長久帶著勇氣抵擋，
身體卻不聽使喚。

噢，生命！沒有生命，只有苦澀哀愁！
噢，燃燒、屈打、挫折的靈魂！

（親愛禁錮的靈魂，請堅忍著，留下一個空位，
只為恩典終將降臨，
讓你重獲自由，帶你回家，
天國寬恕的死神終將來臨。

別再悔悟，不再羞愧，沒有哀愁！
出發吧！天神解放的靈魂！）

39 #

3.

THE HYMN

*A Soul confined by bars and bands,
Cries, Help! O help! and wrings her hands,
Blinded her eyes, bleeding her breast,
Nor pardon finds, nor balm of rest.*

*O sight of shame, and pain, and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict Soul!*

*Ceaseless, she paces to and fro,
O heart-sick days! O nights of woe!
Nor hand of friend, nor loving face,
Nor favor comes, nor word of grace.*

*O sight of pity, gloom, and dole!
O pardon me, a hapless Soul!*

*It was not I that sinn'd the sin,
The ruthless Body dragg'd me in,
Though long I strove courageously,
The Body was too much for me.*

*O Life! no life, but bitter dole!
O burning, beaten, baffled Soul!*

*(Dear prison'd Soul, bear up a space,
For soon or late the certain grace,
To set thee free, and bear thee home,
The Heavenly Pardoner, Death shall come.*

*Convict no more, nor shame, nor dole!
Depart! a God-enfranchis'd Soul!)*

4.

歌聲消逝，
 她清澈恬靜的雙眼掃視俯首的臉孔，
 監獄臉龐的奇異海洋——一千張狡猾殘酷、
 爬滿皺紋卻美麗的容貌，
 她起身，沿著狹窄走廊，行經他們離去，
 她的衣袍摩擦罪人，在幽靜中沙沙作響，
 帶著孩子消失在薄暮裡。

5.

罪犯和全副武裝的守衛回神前，
 （罪犯忘卻監牢，守衛忘了上膛手槍，）
 沉默和靜止降臨眾人，這奇蹟的一分鐘，
 無惡不作的男人，發出深沉窒息的鳴噎，俯首感動落淚，
 年輕人抽搐失控喘息著，遙想思鄉，
 母親哼唱搖籃曲的歌聲，姊姊的照顧，童年的快樂，
 長久積鬱的靈魂覺醒追憶；
 奇蹟的一分鐘——但那之後，孤獨黑夜裡，許許多多罪犯，
 經過幾年——甚至臨終前——那哀傷的副歌，
 曲調、歌聲與歌詞，
 持續反覆播放——崇高幽靜的女士走過狹窄走廊，
 嚎哭般的旋律再度響起，監獄的歌手哼唱著：

噢，可恥、傷痛與哀愁之景！
 噢，可怕的思想——定罪的靈魂！

39 #

4.

The singer ceas'd,
One glance swept from her clear, calm eyes, o'er all those upturn'd faces,
Strange sea of prison faces—a thousand varied, crafty, brutal, seam'd and
 beauteous faces,
Then rising, passing back along the narrow aisle between them,
While her gown touch'd them, rustling in the silence,
She vanish'd with her children in the dusk.

5.

While upon all, convicts and armed keepers, ere they stirr'd,
(Convict forgetting prison, keeper his loaded pistol,
A hush and pause fell down, a wondrous minute,
With deep, half-stifled sobs, and sound of bad men bow'd, and moved to
 weeping,
And youth's convulsive breathings, memories of home,
The mother's voice in lullaby, the sister's care, the happy childhood,
The long-pent spirit rous'd to reminiscence;
A wondrous minute then—But after, in the solitary night, to many, many there,
Years after—even in the hour of death—the sad refrain, the tune, the voice, the
 words,
Resumed—the large, calm Lady walks the narrow aisle,
The wailing melody again, the singer in the prison sings:

O sight of shame, and pain, and dole!
O fearful thought—a convict Soul!

42#

寫給一名普通娼妓

跟我一起時冷靜自在，我是華特·惠特曼，如同大自然，自由與欲求，除非太陽摒棄你，我不會摒棄你，

除非海水拒絕為你閃耀，葉子不願為你窸窣，否則我的文字不會拒絕為你閃耀與窸窣。我的女孩，我要給你一個任務，我命令你準備好自己，與我會面，在我抵達之前，我命令你耐住性子，保持完美。

相見那刻，我會以崇高目光向你致敬，讓你不忘記我。

42 #

To a Common Prostitute

Be composed, be at ease with me, I am Walt Whitman, liberal and lusty as

Nature,

Not till the sun excludes you, do I exclude you,

Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you, and the leaves to rustle for you, do

my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you.

My girl, I appoint with you an appointment, and I charge you that you make

preparation to be worthy to meet me,

And I charge you that you be patient and perfect till I come.

Till then, I salute you with a significant look, that you do not forget me.



50#

再會，我的想像！

再會，我的想像！

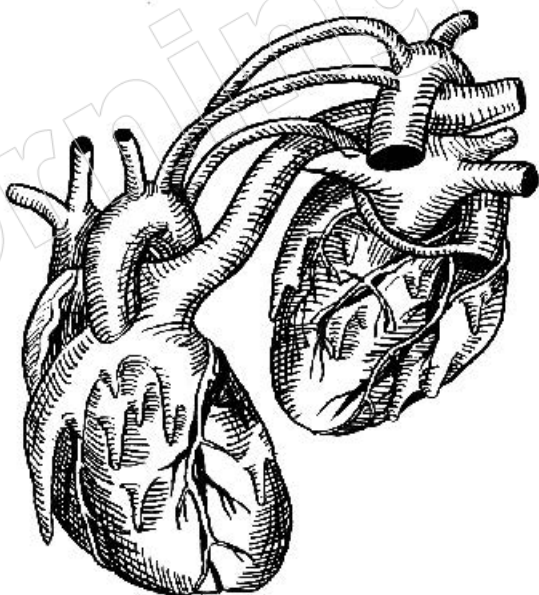
永別了，親愛的夥伴，親密的愛人！

我正步步走遠，卻不知將是何方，

不知未來命運，是否能再見到你，

所以，再會了，我的想像。

現在請讓我最後一次，再度回首顧盼，
時鐘緩慢虛弱的滴答聲在我心底響起，
出口，暮色籠罩，心跳不久就要靜止。



50 #

Good-Bye My Fancy!

Good-bye my Fancy!

Farewell dear mate, dear love!

I'm going away, I know not where,

Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,

So Good-bye my Fancy.

Now for my last, let me look back a moment;

The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,

Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.

我們取悅撫慰彼此，度過漫長一生，
是多麼幸福！——如今卻要分道揚鑣——再會了，我的想像。

但且讓我緩下步伐，

我們度過漫長一生，共枕滲透，融為一體；

若我們死去，將一同死去，（我們將仍為一體，）

若我們離開，將一同出發，面對未來，

也許我們會更幸福快樂，學習新事物，

也許你會帶我領會真正的歌曲，（誰又知曉？）

也許真是你開放、轉上那通向死亡的門把——所以，在這最後一刻，
再會了——太好了！我的想像。



Long have we lived, joy'd, caress'd together,
Delightful!—now separation—Good-bye my Fancy.

Yet let me not be too hasty,
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really blended into one;
Then if we die we die together, (yes, we'll remain one,)
If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what happens,
May-be we'll be better off and blither, and learn something,
May-be it is yourself now really ushering me to the true songs, (who knows?)
May-be it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turning—so now finally,
Good-bye—and hail! my Fancy.