

Farewell to Sunflowers

作别向日葵

星子

Anna Yin



# *Farewell to Sunflower*

## 作别向日葵

~ POEMS ~

English / Chinese 中英文

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**About Author/作者简介-----**



## About the Author/ 作者简介

Anna Yin, born in China, Immigrated to Canada in 1999 and has three chapbooks and one trade book “Wings Toward Sunlight” published by Mosaic Press in 2011. In 2005, Anna received the Ted Plantos Memorial Award and in 2010, she won MATRY Award. She was interviewed by CBC Radio twice. Anna holds a Bachelor of Science degree from Nanjing University and a Creative Writing Certificate from the University of Toronto. Anna is a member of the League of Canadian Poets and is a Director of the Chinese Cultural federation of North America. Her website: <http://annapoetry.com>

安娜，星子，中国出生。99年移民加拿大。自2003年开始写诗，迄今有80多首中英文诗歌在海内外发表。其英文诗集荣获加拿大2005年Ted Plantos 纪念奖。同年接受加拿大国家电台采访，获奖诗歌 Toronto, No More Weeping 被电台 CBC 播放。星子系加拿大诗人联盟会员，北美中西文化交流协会副会长，加拿大华语诗人理事。2006年入选加拿大诗人联盟二月诗人。2007年两首双语诗歌和十首翻译作品被选入加拿大 HUMBER 学院国际留学生班的教材。2010获 MARTRY 文学新星奖 有英文诗集《Jasmine Star Light》《Beyond My Knowing》新诗集“Wings Toward Sunlight”于2011年出版，并被加拿大国家电台和 Rogers TV 等多家媒体专访。星子毕业于南京大学计算机系，2010年获多大写作班证书。

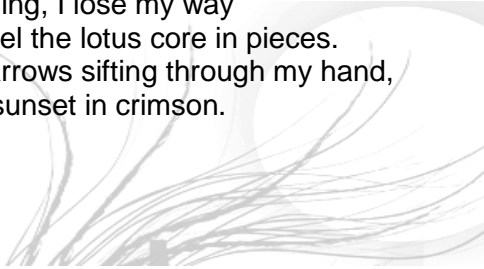


## Farewell to Sunflowers

A million arrows are aimed at the sky,  
yet the sun hasn't been shot down.  
Glancing back,  
their golden faces are full of tears.  
Mourning grasses  
grow high in my eyes,  
burn flames in the wind.

Those duckweeds and swimming fish,  
those floating clouds and breezes,  
are all behind me  
in warm waves and lonely songs.

In turning, I lose my way  
and feel the lotus core in pieces.  
With arrows sifting through my hand,  
I see sunset in crimson.



*(Both Chinese and English version published in IVY Poetry)*



## 作别向日葵

一百万只箭对准天空，  
也射不下太阳，  
一转眼的回眸，  
金黄的脸盛满泪水。  
我的眼睛长满忧郁的草，  
风中燎燎地烧。

那些浮萍，游鱼，  
那些云影，轻风--  
都留在身后  
麦黄的热浪中。

转弯处我已迷途，  
碎裂片片莲心，  
箭从手中穿过，  
看得见落日的腥红。



(中英文发表在常青藤诗刊)





## **Beyond My Knowing**

You ask if I know you--  
by now, I still remember  
the old river, stones:  
flapped like birds,  
reeds covered whispers.

Your hands cupped mine  
as a sprouting lily  
among the white reed bed.  
Curtain-like drizzle dangled  
and stars bloomed till dawn.

Now and later,  
I stand by my shadow;  
listen to their falling--  
in quiescence.

As time takes me,  
an echo repeats--  
reminiscence is fruitless.

*(Published in Poetry Canada Magazine in 2005)*



## 无从知晓

你问我是否了解你——  
时至今日，我依然记得  
那古老的河流，石头：  
像鸟儿振翅，  
芦苇遮掩着呢喃。

你的手捧托着于我手  
一如萌开着的百合  
在芦苇苍茫的河床。  
细雨帘幕般低垂  
群星怒放--直到黎明

现在和以后，  
我伫立于自己的阴影，  
倾听它们坠落——  
在寂静中。

当时光带走我，  
回声犹在重语——  
追忆已是枉然。

(中英文发表在<<北美枫>>)



**Toronto, No More Weeping**  
(in memory of **Cecilia Zhang**)

I dream of you in crimson,  
morning sun blazing in its glory,  
maple leaves flaming on the skyline;

Through silvery threads you are sailing,  
sheer wings gliding upon the crescent,  
with drizzle drifting in its glowing.

The city below railed off by yellow ribbons,  
streets inside muted in cold reminiscence.  
The slim buildings huddle in silence,  
as crowds hunt for evidence.

They spin their wheels to chase you,  
plough shadows of each angle.  
Your smiling posters traverse the entire city  
carried by the heartbroken.

The coming spring is very cold,  
even as chilly as the breaking news.  
Candles and cards confide our yearning  
wish for you to reside in peace in heaven.

You ride on a rainbow to my dream;  
pour soft light upon my poem.  
Starlets gleaming in your eyes,  
rise up in primal unison.

Whirlwinds brush away my tear,  
streams moisten my tone.  
The angel, a presence very near,  
walks you into the eternal heaven.

Breezes wave their rustle.  
Beaches cradle their ocean.



Where you lay shall burst into rich blossoms.  
Whom you suffered by, shall pay for the crime.

May winds bring in your fragrance.  
May birds sing in your tune.  
May loved ones weave your dreams.  
May the homeless find your lantern.

I paint my dream with each line,  
and hone the blues off my mind.  
My voices echo with tsunami howling,  
"Toronto, no more weeping!"

*(Winning poems for 2005 Ted Plantos Award,  
aired on CBC Radio in 2005. To hear it, please visit  
<http://anna.88just.com/cbc.htm> )*

*Note: Cecilia Zhang was a 9 years old Chinese girl kidnapped  
from her Toronto home in 2003 and murdered soon after.*



## 多伦多,不再哭泣

(纪念 Cecilia Zhang)

我梦见你深红色，  
日出如华彩绚丽，  
枫叶如火燃烧无尽。

穿越银色的丝线,你在航行，  
透明的羽翼滑行在新月上，  
而细雨霏霏闪着光亮。

下边的城市被黄色的丝带围了起来，  
里面的街道在回忆中冷寂无声，  
细长的建筑群蜷缩着沉默，  
而人群四处搜寻着证据。

你微笑的海报，  
被心碎的人们携带；  
他们驱动四轮去追寻你，  
遍历着整座城市，  
翻开每个阴暗的角落。

来临的春天很冷，  
凄冷如披露的新闻。  
烛光和慰问卡满载我们的思念，  
衷心希望在天堂的你永远安息。



你玉驾的彩虹滑进我的梦里，  
柔和的光亮注入我的诗里。  
星星在你的眼里闪烁着，  
在和谐的歌声中一同升起。

疾风吹开我的眼泪，  
气流润湿我的声调；  
天使在你的近旁，  
带领你走向永恒的天堂。

微风轻声低徊，  
沙滩慰抚海涛，  
你躺下的地方将开满鲜花，  
伤害你的人必将受到惩罚。

愿风带来你的芬芳，  
愿鸟歌唱你的曲调，  
愿爱人们编织你的梦，  
愿无家的人找到你的灯笼。

我用诗句喷绘我的梦境，  
细磨忧伤出离我的心灵。  
我的声音在海啸中回荡，  
“多伦多，不再哭泣！”

*(这首诗英文版在加拿大获奖并在加拿大国家电台播放)*



## Mourning for a Chinese Writer: Iris Chang

How long will I hold up?  
I feel your ashes around me.  
Your song of life can't be accomplished;  
I hear the wind blow it away.

Time is an empty piano,  
losing its tune.  
What slips through our fingers  
dreams or eternity?

My heart falls  
with your fleeting existence.

*(Published in Poetrysky in 2005)*

*Note: Iris Chang, Author of "The Rape of Nanking".*



## 纪念张纯茹

我还能坚持多久，  
我能感觉到灰烬，  
生命的歌唱不到尽头，  
我听见风把它带走？

什么是空茫，  
什么是流连，  
光阴是一架摆空的琴，  
我听见键击的乐音。。。。

从我的手指滑落的，  
是梦，抑或永生？  
心是否追坠，  
那不朽的灵魂？

*(发表在美国诗天空)*

注：张纯茹，“南京大屠杀”等多本著作的作者。





## **There Must Be Something**

There must be something  
upon the hill.  
When new moon whispers to shadows,  
trees stretch each limb,  
and owls halt.

There must be something  
in the breeze.  
When Misty May breathes fragrance,  
windows half-open,  
sunrays shed gold.

There must be something  
on the beach.  
When sunset dips down the skyline,  
tide spreads white skirts,  
sand embraces our footprints.

There must be something  
beneath the snow.  
When quiet dominates mountains,  
squirrels clutch pinecones,  
I watch you from a distance.

*(Selected poems for 2005 Ted Santos Award)*



## 一定会有什么

一定会有什么  
在那高高的山岗上；  
当新月低语于阴影，  
树枝伸展它们的末梢，  
猫头鹰悄悄地停驻。

一定会有什么  
在轻轻的微风里；  
当潮湿的五月吐露芬芳，  
窗口半开，  
阳光送进金色的图案。

一定会有什么  
在软软的沙滩上；  
当日落吻别天边，  
波涛盘旋着泡沫，  
细沙簇拥着我们的脚印。

一定会有什么  
在深深的积雪里；  
当寂静笼罩着山峦，  
松鼠紧紧抓住果核，  
而我远远地看着你。



## The Great Wall

In my dream, the Great Wall  
is a flying dragon,  
floating over lush mountains.  
My ancestors fight their long journey  
towards a peaceful and harmonious land.

From the moon, the Great Wall  
is a marvelous totem,  
shining with durative sheen.  
My contemporaries carry it with esteem,  
enhance its solid foundation.

Upon my heart, the Great Wall  
is an eternal home,  
crossing over the Pacific Ocean.  
My offspring will follow its beckoning  
towards a root-searching return.

*(selected in an anthology "Bright Future" in 2005)*

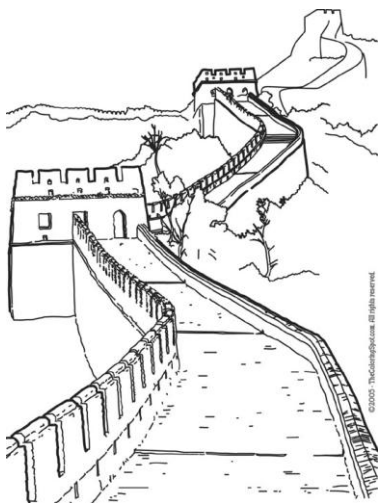


## 长城

在我的梦里，长城  
是一条飞翔的巨龙，  
盘旋在崇山峻岭之中。  
我的祖先一路搏击，  
守卫平和安宁的土地。

从月球上，长城  
是一个奇迹的象征，  
闪着永恒的光彩。  
我的同伴带着自信，  
谱写它坚实的根基。

在我的心里，长城  
是永远的家园，  
穿越太平洋的两岸。  
我的子孙们将沿着  
它的召唤，  
走向寻根的归程。



(摘选在 *ChinaDaily* 英文点津美文推荐)



## March's Rainy Curtain

Come with me  
to the South of China,  
in rainy March.  
Down a long lane,  
under an oil-paper umbrella,  
our strolling steps  
interwoven with raindrops.

Roam with me  
towards the West Lake.  
Upon the warm breeze  
within a night, the banks turn green.

Through slanted eaves,  
crisp birdcalls and golden sunrays  
beam my river-flowing home.  
Boats line along narrow canals.

Yet, the north wind flutters  
our correspondence.  
Upon my desk, daffodils  
outline their yellow hem—  
my nostalgia lost in  
a far drifting curtain.  
Drizzle in lilac scent  
fails to curl up.



## 三月的雨帘

随我来南中国吧，  
在三月的雨季，  
那条小巷，  
那把油纸伞，  
款款的脚步  
交织在雨里。

而风总是如此健忘，  
一瞬间染绿了江南，  
清脆的鸟鸣  
和嫩黄的阳光  
跨过窗棂，  
在异乡的早晨，  
正疏朗地  
写着五月的来临。

在五月的花环里，  
迟来的丁香怒放，  
郁金香摇曳，  
挡不住的思念  
是三月  
满帘的雨季  
和丁香的弥漫，  
卷也卷不起。



## The Trip to Lan Hill

After twenty years,  
today, I receive your letter  
asking if I still remember  
the trip to Lan Hill.

You mention the lush forest  
where aromas of peaches dense.  
You recall the sparse campsite,  
a serene and cool night.

From the distant dim cave,  
the flow of time  
surges.

Shadows of an empty forest  
tremble in candle light,  
echoes fade.

Night is dark,  
I hear your words—  
memory  
the first sunray of dawn.

*Published in Poetrisky 3rd issue 2005*



## 峦山之行

二十年后的今天，  
你来信问询，  
记否峦山之行？

说那青翠的山林，  
郁郁葱葱的心情；  
说那乡土的地铺，  
野旷天低的星云。

光阴的流逝  
刻在了久远的记忆里。  
如今的山林  
空落得映照自己的身影，  
那溶洞还是深不可及，  
只有风和着潮涌，  
或明或灭的烛影里，  
你听见足音飘远...

沉沉的字句  
抖不开夜的黑，  
你说，  
回味是重聚的黎明。

*(中英文发表在美国诗天空)*





## Desert Rose

It is cheap,  
50 cents in an African Market,  
sand and tiny stones congregate,  
with a romantic name dried in the desert  
where flowers are rare

life there  
has no trace of spring;  
I bring it back  
and water it with my heart,  
pray and hope.  
only to find--  
sand is sand,  
it hones streams of tears.



## 沙漠玫瑰

在非洲市场上，  
它很便宜，50 分钱而已。  
细沙和小石子凝聚在一起，  
一个浪漫的名字干枯在  
鲜花不开的沙漠。

那儿生活  
没有春的痕迹。  
我把它带回，  
用心浇注，  
祈祷和希望，  
唯独发现——沙还是沙。  
我泪如泉涌。



## Root Carving

This tree falls  
in echoes of the saw,  
roots pulled up roughly.  
Dedicated hands  
chisel them until  
their dragon facade appears.

Dying, once resilient limbs  
surviving many flashes of lightning,  
now recline under our sympathetic eyes.

Turning around,  
we hold ourselves  
in layers of cold soil,  
transplant our roots—  
the hardship beyond anyone's touch.

*(Honorable Mentions in 8th international PoetryContest by  
Mattia Family)*



## 根雕

这棵树在锯声中倒下，  
不久就要连根拔起。  
经一双精巧的手慢慢雕凿，  
它重现地底下的苍虬。

将死却益发刚劲的枝，  
逃过了无数次雷击；  
如今休憩于人们的顶礼，  
凝成美和生命的定格。

转身,我们捂紧被冻土  
层层包裹的心，  
一次次移植，  
不为人触摸的沧桑。



## **The Farewell Symphony**

*listening to Haydn*

Another autumn sky , blue and clear,  
out in wild fields reeds stretch.  
Birdcalls fade in thin branches,  
rivers silently gather fallen leaves.

Shadows grow dark and tall;  
hills mute in shattered hues.  
Winds spiral in deep valleys,  
whose home, candles still beckon?

Soon snow will blanket everything below;  
wild geese glance back and take off.  
Their raucous echoes fall,  
then drown and drown  
pale in ebbs.

*(both English and Chinese Versions published in  
chinadaily.com in 2007)*



## 告别交响曲

——听海顿故事和他的同名交响曲有感

秋季的天空明朗浅蓝，  
芦苇野旷里高高地挺立。  
而鸟声渐弱，树枝稀疏，  
河流默然承接叶落。

远处的影子更深更长，  
散碎的色调中，山川无声无息。  
深谷里，风不断地盘旋，  
谁家的烛光还在远远召唤？

雪不久会覆盖地面的一切，  
大雁回望中开始飞行。  
它们嘈杂的叫声落下，  
淹没，退潮中一片苍白。

(中英文发表在 *ChinaDaily.com*)



## Because of the Wind

The poplars in my hometown  
as slim as shadows,  
bold branches  
sneak into my dream.

Yet I have full hands of maple leaves  
just fallen  
with my body warmth.

They rustle quietly,  
reminiscing of summer shade.

I carry each into my room,  
sew them one after another.  
Dressing them on my naked skin  
I imagine they desire warmth.

Yet the fall cannot stop its footsteps,  
and descends into the cold night.  
I stand like a beacon.  
Light travels to shine on the faraway road.  
I repeat:  
*Spring cannot be far behind.*



## 因为风的缘故

故乡的白杨  
瘦成一排影，  
空旷的枝  
潜入我的梦。

我只有满怀的枫叶，  
刚刚落下，  
带着我手的体温。

它们低低倾诉，  
一整个夏，余荫深深。

我把它带进房间。  
一叶一叶地裁剪，  
衣裙一样盛开在  
我裸露的心房。  
我想象 它们需要温暖。

而秋色已停不住脚步，  
泊进漆黑的夜色。  
我竖成一夜的灯柱，  
不断旅行的光  
照亮了多少前路，  
我只重复——  
冬天来了，春天还会远吗？





## **When I Die**

On my gravestone,  
there is no word,  
but a heart with a pair of wings.  
When all other parts fade,  
those shall remain.

The wind will flap those wings  
and streams bubble underground;  
The sunset will cast its song  
and lakes unfold their poems.

My grave will open its sliding tunnel,  
for a butterfly to flutter to the moon,  
when lavenders swing in evening primroses,  
a wish star shall land in your dream.

I will sit demure  
upon a blooming bay tree,  
scattering fragrant petals  
as the spring rain.

*Selected in Poetrysky 4th issue 2005*



## 当我死去

我的墓碑，  
没有碑文，  
只有一颗心和一对羽翼；  
当其他部分成了灰烬，  
心和羽翼不会消逝。

轻风还在拍打那双羽翼，  
清流还会在地底潺转，  
落日映红灿烂的挽歌，  
湖泊展开起伏的诗篇。

我的坟墓将滑开悠长的通道，  
一只蝴蝶朝着月亮展翼飞翔，  
当熏衣草在夜来香中挥舞，  
一颗流星慢慢潜入你的梦乡。

而我会端庄地  
坐在盛开的月桂树上，  
将芬芳的桂花遍撒，  
就象春雨纷纷扬扬。。。。

*( 发表在美国诗天空 )*



## Moon Night

The moon hung up high,  
like a silvery knife,  
glaring and cold;

The trees with bare branches  
dangled in ghostly gleam.

Walking through the shadows beneath,  
I felt the moonlight pouring its numbness.  
I took a deep breath,  
inhaled the woe of your parting.

## 月夜

月亮高高地挂在天上，  
一把银刀似的，  
冷冷地闪着光。

光秃秃的树枝张开着，  
晃荡于幽灵样的光影里。

从树下阴影穿过，  
感觉到月光的冰凉和冷漠，  
我深吸着，  
吸进你离去的悲伤。



*(Selected poems for 2005 Ted Plantos Award)*



## Sunflowers

The seeds you sowed in spring,  
now grow a field of golden suns.  
Their flaming faces  
look towards your dreamland,  
up high, timeless.

I worry how their heads bow at night.  
I wish I had a magic wand  
to keep the sun from setting.

## 向日葵

你在春天播下的种籽  
如今长成满园金色的太阳  
它们燃烧的脸庞  
朝向你的梦园  
越升越高，无止无休。

我担忧夜晚怎样使它们弯下头颅  
但愿我有神奇的魔杖  
让太阳永不下沉。



## Late Night

The cat huddles in a corner.  
Tonight he won't go anywhere.  
His half-open eyes make me nervous.

My pink dress is half off,  
skin shining like snow.  
Mona Lisa in the mirror smiles.  
I suddenly hesitate.

A spider on the wall  
enjoys a trapped moth.

*(published in poetrysky in 2006)*

## 深夜

今晚这只猫一直蹲在角落，  
它哪也不去。  
微眯的眼睛让我不安。

粉色衣裙退了一半，  
肤色如雪，镜子里的  
蒙娜丽沙笑了笑  
突然有点迟疑。

墙角一只蜘蛛，  
悠然地蚕食  
落网的虫子。

*(发表在诗天空)*



## The girl in a mirror

watching me,  
smart in suits,  
ten years long  
or longer...  
no remarks,  
the wind passes by.

Another autumn,  
shadows turn long,  
my bones grow lichens  
to cover naked skin.

## 镜中的女孩

看着我，  
衣鲜光洁，  
十年了，  
或更远。  
沉默，  
风打这经过。

另一个秋天，  
影子更长，  
我的骨头  
长满青苔，  
覆盖裸露的皮肤。



## Valentine's day

You are supposed to buy a rose  
in such a pink atmosphere;  
I wonder if roses bloom  
only for us.  
The store owner winks,  
*afterwards, you can return them.*

With a little money,  
I hold the rose' destination;  
when the day passes,  
who else will care her petals paled  
somewhere else?

## 情人节

在如此浪漫的氛围里，  
注定你要买一束玫瑰；  
只是我怀疑它们  
为我们还是自己开放。  
花店老板冲我们眨眼，  
过后，可以退货。

只用了一点点钱，  
我握着一束玫瑰的命运。  
情人节过后，  
谁还会叹息她的花瓣  
在哪里凋谢？

(中英文选登在 *ChinaDaily* 美文推荐)





### **The Woman within Her House**

Around the doorway, you wander,  
breathe in two languages.

Remembrance is a house  
with two back yards.  
You want to add windows.  
Not for increasing its value,  
nor to make it pretty.  
Just because you live there.

The wind swings the door open—  
shadows float in moonlight.  
Someday you'll get tired  
and list the house for sale.

But somewhere else, behind a door,  
whispers imitate languages.

Nobody knows where you have been—  
the rain is like a curtain,  
your face veiled.

[annapoetry.com](http://annapoetry.com)

