



國立臺灣師範大學

第三十二屆梁實秋文學獎

翻譯類譯詩組題目

- I. **Mangan, James Clarence. "The One Mystery." *The Poet and Poetry of Ireland: With Historical and Critical Essays and Notes.* Ed. Alfred M. Williams. Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, 1991. 334-335.**

THE ONE MYSTERY

'T is idle; we exhaust and squander
The glittering mine of thought in vain;
All-baffled Reason cannot wander
Beyond her chain.
The flood of life runs dark, — dark clouds,
Make lampless night around its shore;
The dead, where are they? In their shrouds, —
Man knows no more.

Evoked the ancient and the past,
Will one illumining star arise?
Or must the film, from first to last,
O'erspread thine eyes?
When life, love, glory, beauty, wither,
Will wisdom's page or science' chart
Map out for thee the region whither
Their shades depart?

Supposest thou the wondrous powers
To high imagination given,
Pale types of what shall yet be ours,
When earth is heaven?
When this decaying shell is cold,



O, sayest thou the soul shall climb
That magic mount she trod of old,
Ere childhood's time?

And shall the sacred pulse that thrilled,
Thrill once again to glory's name?
And shall the conquering love that filled
All earth with flame,
Reborn, revived, renewed, immortal,
Resume his reign in prouder might,
A sun beyond the ebon portal
Of death and night?

No more, no more, with aching brow,
And restless heart, and burning brain,
We ask the When, the Where, the How,
And ask in vain.
And all philosophy, all faith,
All earthly, all celestial lore,
Have but one voice, which only saith,
Endure, — adore!



II. Plath, Sylvia. "Full Fathom Five." *Collected Poems*. Ed. Ted Hughes. New York: Faber & Faber, 2015. 75-76.

Full Fathom Five

Old man, you surface seldom.
Then you come in with the tide's coming
When seas wash cold, foam-

Capped: white hair, white beard, far-flung,
A dragnet, rising, falling, as waves
Crest and trough. Miles long

Extend the radial sheaves
Of your spread hair, in which wrinkling skeins
Knotted, caught, survives

The old myth of orgins
Unimaginable. You float near
As keeled ice-mountains

Of the north, to be steered clear
Of, not fathomed. All obscurity
Starts with a danger:

Your dangers are many. I
Cannot look much but your form suffers
Some strange injury

And seems to die: so vapors
Ravel to clearness on the dawn sea.
The muddy rumors



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Of your burial move me
To half-believe: your reappearance
Proves rumors shallow,

For the archaic trenched lines
Of your grained face shed time in runnels:
Ages beat like rains

On the unbeaten channels
Of the ocean. Such sage humor and
Durance are whirlpools

To make away with the ground
Work of the earth and the sky's ridgepole.
Waist down, you may wind

One labyrinthine tangle
To root deep among knuckles, shinbones,
Skulls. Inscrutable,

Below shoulders not once
Seen by any man who kept his head,
You defy questions;

You defy other godhood.
I walk dry on your kingdom's border
Exiled to no good.

Your shelled bed I remember.
Father, this thick air is murderous.
I would breathe water.