

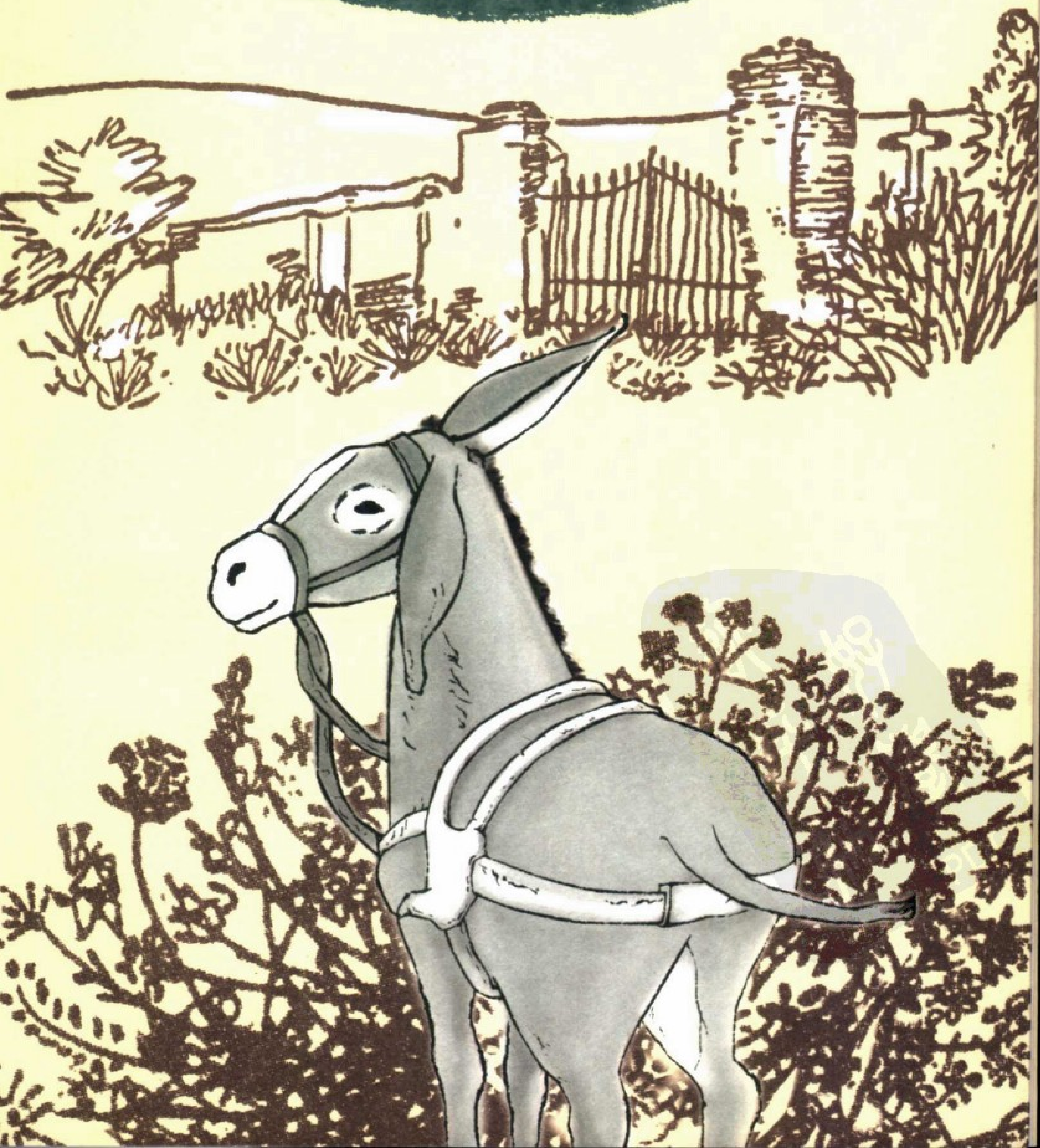
小毛驴与我

安达露西亚挽歌

[西班牙] 希梅内斯 著

林为正 译 苏正隆 校

Platero and I



Platero and I



这本小书娓娓道来的是作者与一头小毛驴齿唇相依的真挚情感。小毛驴普儿(Platero)躯体娇小，全身毛茸滑溜，聪明可爱，体贴又有耐性，是许多孩童的玩伴，也是作者的知己。他们相依为命，一同走过美丽的原野、村庄、山岗、教堂、大街、小巷……走过诗人的故乡——西班牙韦尔瓦省的摩格尔。这是一组西班牙南方的风情画，也是献给普儿的一首长长的抒情诗。普儿在作者细腻生动的描绘下，跃然纸上，引人入胜，触动了各地读者的心。本书出版不久就被译成英、法、德、意、荷等多种文字，所有西班牙语国家都把它选入中小学课本。在欧洲，这本书与《小王子》、《夏洛的网》齐名，成了家喻户晓的读物。

这是一首快乐和痛苦的二重奏，催人泪下，让人感伤不已。

三毛说，那是“叫人一读首篇就会哭的书”。

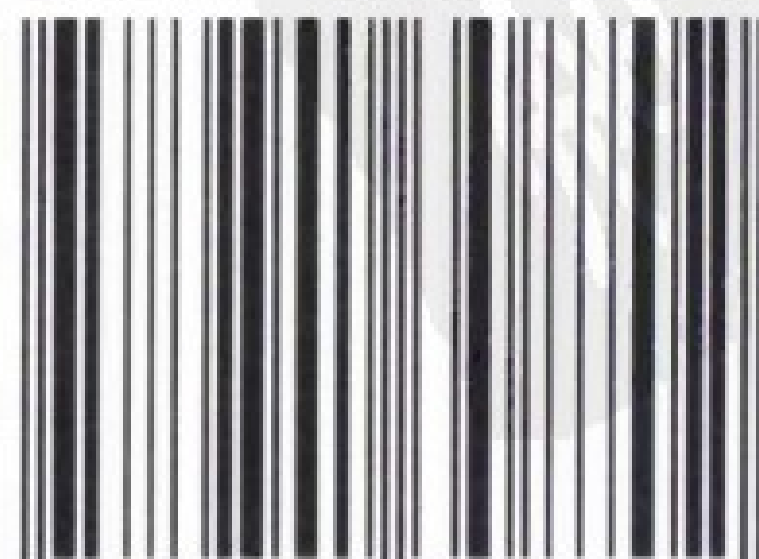
这是一本语言、意境都十分优美的“羽量级绝妙小品”。

台湾散文家余光中评论说：“这一百多篇小品很少叙事，多为抒情，往往始于写景，转而造境，由实入虚，臻于虚实相生的情境……书中最美的段落都洋溢诗的抒情，不是描写生动，便是想象不凡。”

这是一个笔触优美、多见巧思、难得一见的中译本。

同为翻译家的余光中评论说：“林为正的这本新译，信实可靠，译笔雅洁，我愿向读者力荐……实在是相当称职而时见妙趣的译文。读者若能中英对照细读，必当获益不浅。”

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英汉 对照

小毛驴与我

Platero and I

安达路西亚挽歌

An Andalusian Elegy

〔西班牙〕胡安·拉蒙·希梅内斯 著

林为正 译

苏正隆 校订



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一个低音变奏

——和希梅内斯的《小银和我》^①

严文井

许多年以前，在西班牙某一个小乡村里，有一头小毛驴，名叫小银。

它像个小男孩，天真、好奇而又调皮。它喜欢美，甚至还会唱几支简短的咏叹调。

它有自己的语言，足以充分表达它的喜悦、欢乐、沮丧或者失望。

有一天，它悄悄咽了气。世界上从此缺少了它的声音，好像它从来就没有出生过一样。

这件事说起来真有些叫人忧伤，因此西班牙诗人希梅内斯为它写了一百多首诗。每首都在哭泣，每首又都在微笑。而我却听见了一个深沉的悲歌，引起了深思。

是的，是悲歌。不是史诗，更不是传记。

小银不需要什么传记。它不是神父，不是富商，不是法官或别的什么显赫人物，它不想永垂青史。

没有这样的传记，也许更合适。我们不必知道：小银生于

① Platero and I, 西班牙原文 Platero Y Yo, 本书译者译为《小毛驴与我》，也有译本译为《小银和我》，或《小灰驴与我》。严文井先生的这篇文章最初就是为人民文学出版社 1984 年出版的中译本《小银和我》而作的。本书付梓之前，严文井先生欣然同意将他 20 年前撰写的这篇文章在本书中重新发表。——编者注

何年何月，卒于何年何月；是否在教堂里举行过婚礼，有过几次浪漫的经历；是否出生于名门望族，得过几次勋章；是否到过西班牙以外的地方旅游；有过多少股票、存款和债券……

不需要。这些玩意儿对它来说都无关紧要。

关于它的生平，只需要一首诗，就像它自己一样，真诚而朴实。

小银，你不会叫人害怕，也不懂得为索取赞扬而强迫人拍马溜须。这样才显出你品性里真正的辉煌之处。

你伴诗人散步，跟孩子们赛跑，这就是你的丰功伟绩。

你得到了那么多好诗。这真光荣，你的知己竟是希梅内斯。

你在他诗里活了下来，自自在在；这比在历史教科书某一章里占一小节（哪怕撰写者答应在你那双长耳朵上加上一个小小的光环），远为快乐舒服。

你那双乌黑乌黑的大眼睛，永远在注视着你的朋友——诗人。你是那么忠诚。

你好奇地打量着你的读者。我觉得你也看见了我，一个中国人。

你的善良的目光引起了我的自我谴责。

那些过去不会完全成为过去。

我认识你的一些同类。真的，这一次我不会欺骗你。

我曾经在一个马厩里睡过一晚上觉。天还没有亮，一头毛驴突然在我脑袋边大声喊叫，简直像一万只大公鸡在齐声打鸣。我吓了一跳，可是翻了一个身就又睡着了。那一个月里我几乎天天都在行军。我可以一边走路一边睡觉，而且还能够走着做梦。一个马厩就像喷了巴黎香水的带套间的卧房。那头毛驴的优美歌唱代替不了任何闹钟，那在我耳朵里只能算做一支小夜曲。我决无抱怨之意，至今也是如此。遗憾的是我没有来得及去结识一下你那位朋友，甚至连它的毛色也没有看清；天一大亮，我就随着大伙儿匆匆离去。

小银啊，我忘不了那次，那个奇特的过早的起床号，那声音真棒，至今仍不时在我耳边回荡。

有一天，我曾经跟随在一小队驴群后面当压队人。

我们已经在布满砾石的山沟里走了二十多天了。你的朋友们，每一位的背上都被那些大包小包压得很沉。它们都很规矩，一个接一个往前走，默不做声，用不着我吆喝和操心。

它们的脊背都被那些捆绑得不好的包裹磨烂了，露着红肉，发出恶臭。我不断感到恶心。那是战争的年月。

小银啊，现在我感到很羞耻。你的朋友们从不止步而又默不做声。而我，作为一个监护者，也默不做声。我不是完全不懂得那些痛苦，而我仅仅为自己的不适而感到恶心。

小银，你的美德并不是在于忍耐。

在一条干涸的河滩上，一头负担过重的小毛驴突然卧倒下去，任凭鞭打，就是不肯起立。

小银，你当然懂得，它需要的不过是一点点休息，片刻的休息。当时，我却没有为它去说说情。是真的，我没有去说情。那是由于我自己的麻木还是怯懦，或者二者都有，现在我还说不清。

我也看见过小毛驴跟小狗和羊羔在一起共同游戏。在阳光下，它们互相追逐，脸上都带着笑意。

那可能是一个春天。对它们和对我，春天都同样美好。

当然，过去我遇见过的那些小毛驴，现在都不再存在。我的记忆里留下了它们那些影子，欢乐的影子。那个可怜的欢乐！

多少年以来，它们当中的许多个，被蒙上了眼睛，不断走，不断走着。几千里，几万里。它们从来没有离开那些石磨。它们太善良。

毛驴，无论它们是在中国，还是在西班牙，还是在别的什么地方，命运大概都不会有什么不同。

小银啊，希梅内斯看透了这一切，他的诗令我感到忧郁。

你们流逝了的岁月，我心爱的人们流逝了的岁月。还有我自己。

我想吹一次洞箫，但我的最后的一支洞箫在五十年前就已失落了，它在哪里？

这都怪希梅内斯，他让我看见了你们。

我的窗子外边，那个小小的院子当中，晒衣绳下一个塑料袋在不停地旋转。来了一阵春天的风。

那片灰色的天空下有四棵黑色的树，不知什么时候，已经喷射出了一些绿色的碎点。只要一转跟，就会有一片绿色的雾出现。

几只燕子欢快地变换着队形，在轻轻掠过我的屋顶。

这的确是春天，是不属于你的又一个春天。

我听见你的叹息。小银，那是一把小号，一把孤独的小号。我回想起我多次看到的落日。

希梅内斯所描绘的落日，常常由晚霞伴随。一片火焰，给世界抹上一片玫瑰色。我的落日躲在墙的外面。

小银啊，你躲在希梅内斯的画里。那里有野莓，葡萄，还有一大片草地。死亡再也到不了你身边。

你的纯洁和善良，在自由游荡。一直来到人的心里。

人在晚霞里忏悔。我们的境界还不很高，没有什么足以自傲，没有。我们的心正在变得柔和起来。

小银，我正在听着那把小号。

一个个光斑，颤动着飞向一个透明的世界。低音提琴加强了那缓慢的吟唱，一阵鼓声，小号突然停止吹奏。那些不协调音，那些矛盾，那些由诙谐和忧郁组成的实体，都在逐渐减弱的颤音中慢慢消失。

一片宁静，那就是永恒。

1983年7月3日

最后的牧歌

希梅内斯的《小毛驴与我》

余光中

1

凡去过西班牙的旅客，该会发现该国的元首，不论是佛朗哥元帅或是胡安·卡洛斯国王，只浮雕于硬币，不显形于钞票。西班牙钞票上的人头多是文艺名家：一百元(peseta)钞票上是作曲家法雅，一千元上面的是小说家加尔多斯，两千元的钞票是红色，上面的头像则是诗人希梅内斯，背面还有他手写的三行诗句。

希梅内斯是著名的现代诗人，曾获 1956 年的诺贝尔奖，但最受一般读者欢迎的作品，却是这本极短小品的文集《小毛驴与我》。

这本羽量级的绝妙小品，原名 Platero y Yo，如果直译《普拉代洛与我》，不但贴近原文发音，而且保留了两个 o 的押韵。如果意译《普拉逗乐与我》也未始不可，当然俗气了些。西班牙文里，plata 是银，platero 原意是银匠，所以本书也不妨意译《银儿与我》，可是不明原委的读者就会茫然了。希梅内斯在书中并未强调这小毛驴名字的原意，只是在它出场的第一篇末句说：“不单是铁，也是水银。”英译本的“水银”是 quicksilver，正好暗示“银儿”奔得多快，真是绝招。

不过林译的书名点题明确，有乡土风味，尤其是西班牙

的乡土。西班牙的文艺里，最生动的动物该推牛马了：毕加索的蛮牛、魔牛与瘦马，塞万提斯的洛西南特(Rocinante)都给人深刻的印象。毕加索在牛马之外还喜欢画羊，驴则绝少著笔。但是安达露西亚穷乡野径上的驴夫(mulatero)，却是西班牙最饶江湖气息的人物。十五年前，我从格拉纳达开车去地中海岸的马拉加，就常见谷底的窄道上，宽边草帽半遮的村民跨着一头蹇驴，载着满袋重负，一路曲折攀上坡来。有时路过小镇，更在街上遇见市井艺人歇下驴车，招呼孩童看西洋镜，像本书第四十二篇所述那样。

无论中西民俗都惯称驴性笨拙、顽固。其实驴子负重耐久，眼神在寂寞与忧郁中含着温柔，另有一种可爱，所以1992年我登长城之后，就写过一首短诗，也叫《小毛驴》。

希梅内斯宠爱的这头普儿，伶俐活泼，善体人意，不但群童喜欢，羊和狗也乐与嬉戏。诗人这样描写：“长得娇小，毛茸茸，滑溜溜，摸起来软绵绵，简直像一团棉花……我轻唤：‘普儿？’它便以愉快的碎步向我跑来，仿佛满面笑容，陶醉在美妙的跫跫声里。”

诗人不仅将小毛驴当作宠物，更将它当作友伴，引为知己，不仅良辰美景与它同享，甚至内心的种种感想也向它倾诉。在一百零七篇的小品里，我们看不见诗人有什么人间的知己，在普儿的经常伴随之中，益发显得诗人独来独往的寂寞。

在《驴学》一篇中希梅内斯大作翻案文章：“可怜的驴子！你那么美好、尊贵、机敏！大家应该把好人叫做‘驴子’，把坏驴子叫做‘人’才对。你聪明绝顶，是老人与小孩、溪流与蝴蝶、太阳与狗儿、花朵与月亮的好朋友；这么有耐性而体贴、忧郁又可爱，是草原里的马尔柯·奥略利奥。普儿的确了解我的心思，凝视着我，发亮的大眼睛温驯而坚定，一颗小太阳在眼珠凸圆的黑色小天空里闪烁。”

最后普儿死了，不是老死，也非病死，而是吃了有毒的草根。从死亡到探坟，到祝福普儿在天之灵，本书最后五篇组成了一串安魂曲。《小毛驴与我》始于牧歌，终于挽歌。

本书也并非纯粹的牧歌。书中的田园以西班牙西南一角、接近葡萄牙边境、濒临大西洋的地区为背景，俗称“光辉海岸”(Costa de la Luz)。书中所谓的海，其实是大西洋。摩格尔(Moguer)是一个很小的镇，隔着彩河(Rio Tinto)与韦尔瓦(Huelva)相望。韦尔瓦却是个大城，人口四十万。

这一百多篇小品很少叙事，多为抒情，往往始于写景，转而造境，由实入虚，臻于虚实相生的情境：所以读来近于诗，有人甚至称为散文诗。其中场景多在摩格尔镇四郊，少在市内，也绝少描写群众场面，甚至在节庆佳日，也是一人一驴，远离市井的尘嚣：所以写到诗人笔下，每多静观遐想之趣，抒情之中寓有沉思。例如《寒意》里这一段：

普儿不知道是因为自己胆怯，还是因为我害怕，忽然跑了起来，纵进溪水，把月亮踏成碎片。看起来好像一丛透明的水晶玫瑰缠住它，想挽留奔跑的蹄子。

又如《自由》里的这两句：

早晨明朗而洁净，蓝得通透。附近松树林传来一片喜悦轻快的鸟鸣，温柔的金色海风吹绉整片树梢，风中的歌声时近时远却流连不去。

书中最美的段落都洋溢诗的抒情，不是描写生动，便是想像不凡。但是另有一些篇章，例如《小拉车》，其美不在片段的文字，而在弥漫全篇的人情，就难以句摘了。

《小毛驴与我》的各篇也并非清一色的诗情画意，赏心乐事，流连风光。此书发表于1914年至1917年之间，正值一次大战，作者却无意描写战争，为历史作注脚。他要印证的是自

然与人性之常态，而非历史之变局。他也观照安达露西亚的乡野生活，但笔下出现的多为白痴小孩、肺病女童、西洋镜老人一类的小人物，充其量也不过何塞神父、达尔朋医生的阶层，其中还夹杂着吉卜赛一类的边缘人，场合有时温馨，有时却也令人不安。可以说此书写景往往唯美，写人却相当入世。当时希梅内斯才三十多岁，在书中虽然也有时引经据典，援用莎士比亚或隆萨的名句，但写到《小毛驴与我》的那个“我”时，却以老人的形象出场。

2

四十多年前，由于希梅内斯获颁诺贝尔奖，台湾曾经出现《小毛驴与我》的中译本，想必也是从英译本转译。我没有读过那本旧译，不知译得如何，但是林为正的这本新译，信实可靠，译笔雅洁，我愿向读者力荐。译者当年在中山大学外文研究所的硕士论文，是沃尔芙夫人短篇小说的中译与评介，由我指导。他的译笔相当细致，也发表过新诗创作；近年来一直没有放下译笔，从这本《小毛驴与我》的中译看来，功力也颇有长进。且看《患肺癆病的小女孩》一篇的末段：

我让她骑着普儿出来透透气。一路上消瘦、垂死的脸上睁大了乌黑的眼睛，露出雪白牙齿，笑得多开心。妇人都跑到门口看我们走过。普儿放慢脚步，仿佛知道背上驮的是朵脆弱的玻璃百合。兴奋和喜悦改变了小女孩的容貌，配上一身纯白的衣裳，看起来就像路过小镇赶往南方的天使。
(I offered her Platero so that she might have a little outing. What laughter came from her sharp deathlike face, all black eyes and white teeth, as she rode him! The women came

out to the door-ways to watch us go by. Platero would walk slowly, as if he knew that he carried on his back a fragile glass lily. Transfigured by fever and joy, the child looked in her pure white clothes like an angel entering the town on her way to the southern sky.)

这一段化腐朽为神奇,真是希梅内斯笔下的美文,但看英译已经十分精彩,中译也不示弱。第一句是上佳意译,简洁而且自然。第二句把 *as she rode him* 译成“一路上”,也是巧妙的意译,同时把它从句末移到句首,也有必要。第三句的“走过”并没有错;但可以想像,“我”随行于侧或牵驴于前,固然是走,女主角却是骑在驴背,不能算走,所以不如改成“路过”。如此一来,后文把 *entering the town* 译成“路过小镇”,也就前后呼应了。末句把 *Transfigured by fever and joy* 译成“兴奋与喜悦改变了小女孩的容貌”,也很不错,只是长了一点,而且 *transfigure* 还有“改得更好”的意思。句末的 *on her way to the southern sky* 译成“赶往南方”,大致上也已称职了;不过 *sky* 是呼应“天使”的,强调病人超凡入圣,焕然一新,白衣飘举,直欲飞去,所以不应省略。也许末句可以稍加调整如下,不知译者以为如何:

小女孩因兴奋和喜悦而焕然改观,再配上一身纯白的衣裳,看起来就像路过小镇赶赴南方云空的天使。

本书有不少地方意译得相当巧妙,但也有一些地方,正是诗意所寄,却要直译才能奏功。例如《夏》的第二句 *The cicada is sawing away at some pine, for ever hidden.* 译成“蝉一直藏匿在松树里鸣叫。”*sawing* 在此有特殊的听觉效果,不宜泛泛译成“鸣叫”,可以径译“锯木”。又如《酒》的第三句 *Moguer is like a wineglass of clear heavy crystal which, the*

whole year long, beneath the round of blue sky, awaits its golden wine. 译成“摩格尔像一只厚重的透明水晶杯,终年在圆顶苍穹下等待玉液琼浆。”Golden wine 其实应该直译,因为后文至少有三处把它跟阳光联想在一起;同时,“玉液琼浆”乃习用的成语,也失之泛泛。

但是在《惊吓》一篇里,画面是孩子们正在晚餐: The little girls were eating like women; the boys were talking like men. In the background, nursing a baby boy, the beautiful young blond mother was watching them with a smile. 译文是“小女孩像妇人一样吃饭;小男孩像男人一样交谈。在背景里,年轻貌美的金发母亲给一个男婴喂奶,含笑着顾他们。”此地“在背景里”却嫌太过直译,不合中文常态,不妨改成“在一旁”或“在背后”。此外,即使不计吃奶的婴儿,房里至少也有四个孩子,译文里却似乎只有两个:在这种情况下,“小女孩”和“小男孩”后面各加一个“们”字乃有必要。

英文的名词常用多数,中译有时可以不理睬,有时却应加处理。例如《欢乐》一篇的末段有这么一句: Clear afternoons of autumn in Moguer! 译文是“好个摩格尔秋日晴朗的下午!”好像说的是某一个下午而已,但是此地的 afternoons 却是多数,如果译成“摩格尔秋晴的下午总是如此!”当较合乎原意。

以上举例分析,只在说明译事欲求其精,永无止境。除了少数可以挑剔的瑕疵,林译的这本《小毛驴与我》实在是相当称职而时见妙趣的译文。读者若能中英对照细读,必当获益不浅。林译本遇有西班牙的专有名词,译音例皆正确,足见用功之勤。真希望有一天林为正是能比照希梅内斯的原文,修订出一个更完美的直接译本来。

2000年8月于康州威士顿

中译本说明

《小毛驴与我》是 1956 年诺贝尔文学奖得奖作品，以散文诗的形式描写作者骑着小毛驴在乡间漫游的感触和见闻。这部作品大约三四十年前就有中文节译本，简洁朴实的译文也曾感动、启迪过一些青年的文学心灵。我读外文系时，班上同学李泳泉、钟明德都很喜欢这本书，在他们的引介下我有幸接触到英译本，深为其文字的优美、感情的真挚所吸引。本书原文是西班牙文，但英译极为精彩，遣词用字，一气呵成，极具节奏、韵律之美。二十多年前大学校园里开始流行《小王子》一书，但同样老少咸宜、得到诺贝尔奖肯定的《小毛驴与我》却只在小众之间流传，因此二十多年前书林成立不久，我们就把《小毛驴与我》的英译本印行出来，向国内外文系同学大力推荐。

十几年前有位外文界朋友立志要好好的译一本文学名著，我乃委托他逐译《小毛驴与我》。译成后以坊间标准算是不错，但离我们心目中的标准还有距离，因此虽然付了稿费，却一直束之高阁。我们对文学翻译一向有特别的坚持，因为文学翻译不像一般以讯息资讯为主的翻译，把讯息资讯传达出来就够了。文学翻译不能对原作有所辜负，除了不能扭曲原意，文笔方面也要特别讲求，不能原作是优美的文字，到了译文就出现翻译腔。总之，原作是文学作品，译成中文，也要达到中文的文学作品标准。将近十年前，先后经过彭镜禧、夏燕生、余光中的推荐，我们认识了译界新秀林为正先生。在请

他译过几部作品相当满意后，乃请他重译《小毛驴与我》，初译品质已经相当好，不过距我心目中的理想仍有一点差距。因为原作是优美的散文诗，如果中译读起来不能让人感觉像一流的中文散文诗，又何必重译呢？我仔细修订了几页，兹举三例如下：

一 普儿

普儿长得娇小的，毛茸茸的，滑溜溜的，摸起来软绵绵的，简直像一团棉花、没有半根骨头似的。只有……

我删掉第一句四个“的”字，下一段原译：

它温柔可亲像小男孩、像小女孩，它强壮坚稳却像磐石。
星期天我骑着它穿过城郊野巷，那些衣着干净、举止悠闲的乡下人停下来打量它。

修改为：

它温柔可爱像个小男孩、小女孩，强壮牢靠却像块磐石。
星期天我骑着它穿过城郊野巷，那些来自乡间，衣着干净、举止悠闲的男士停下来打量它。

二 白蝴蝶

天色向晚，紫气朦胧。暗澹的绿色和淡紫色天光仍流连在教堂的钟楼之外。上坡的道路包裹在阴影里，在风铃草、草香、歌声、疲倦和渴望里。突然有个黝黑的人，钻出

围在煤袋堆里的破屋子向我们走来，他头戴便帽，手持剑杖，嘴上的雪茄亮一会儿，丑陋的脸也泛一会儿红光。普儿吓得后退……这个人想用铁杆子戳小篮子，我没有阻止。我打开鞍囊，他什么也没看到。梦想的原料就这样来去自如，无需隐藏，一毛钱税租也不用缴。

修改为：

天色向晚，紫气朦胧。暗绿色和淡紫色天光仍流连在教堂的钟楼之外。上坡的道路罩在阴影里，在风铃草、草香、歌声、疲倦和渴望里。突然有个黝黑的人，从煤袋堆里的破屋子钻出，向我们走来。他头戴便帽，手持剑杖，嘴上的雪茄亮了一下，丑陋的脸也泛了一下红光。普儿吓得后退。……那个人想用铁杆子戳小篮子，我没阻止。我打开鞍囊，他看不到什么值钱的东西。梦想的材料就这样来去自如，无需隐藏，一毛钱税也不用缴。

又如，第七篇《疯子》原译：

我把丧服穿上，胡子修成拿撒勒式，外加一顶窄边帽，骑在普儿柔软的灰背上，看起来一定像个怪人。往葡萄园的路上，我们走到了最后几条街，阳光映在白石灰墙上使街道通明，这时候那些吉卜赛小孩追了上来，披头散发、油腻滑溜，使劲的棕色肚皮裸露在有红、有绿、有黄的破衣服间。他们尖声长叫：“疯子！疯子！疯子！”

我把它修改为：

穿上丧服，胡子修成拿撒勒式，外加一顶窄边帽，骑在普儿柔软的灰背上，我看起来一定像个怪人。

往葡萄园的路上，我们穿过最后几条街，阳光映照白石灰墙，街上非常明亮，吉卜赛小孩追在我们后头，披头散发、油腻滑溜，在有红、有绿、有黄的破衣服里露出他们结实的棕色肚皮。他们尖声长叫：“疯子！疯子！疯子！”

对于我的修改，林为正先生不但不以为忤，反而有闻过则喜的雅量。有些他全盘接受，有些则另辟蹊径，另外译出更好的文字。如《白蝴蝶》第一段开头两句，他最后的译文是：

天色向晚，青霭朦胧。绿而近紫的天光似有若无，仍流连在教堂的钟楼之外。上坡的道路笼罩在阴影里，笼罩在风铃花、野草香、歌声、疲倦和渴望里。

《疯子》第二段中间的定稿则为

……街上十分明亮，吉卜赛小孩在我们后头追赶，披头散发、油腻滑溜，有红、有绿、有黄的破衣服间，露出结实的棕色肚皮。

比我原先的修订更见高明了。

文学翻译是吃力不讨好的工作，字斟句酌，极费工夫。愿意“为伊消得人憔悴”需要有相当的理想和坚持。这一本薄薄的小书，林先生和我前后花了七八年反复修改才定稿。付梓

之前林为正的老师和余光中教授特别为这个译本写了一篇介绍,为本书增添不少光彩。但由于我自己的耽误,让本书又推迟了一年才问世,译文若因此“后出转精”,也算功不唐捐。

我们以“十年磨一剑”的精神推出这个译本,希望能得到读者的垂爱与译评家的重视,若有任何不妥之处,也欢迎读者随时指正。

书林苏正隆谨识
2001年7月12日

作者小序^①

人们常常以为我是为了孩子们写《小毛驴与我》的，以为这是一本孩子们看的书。

其实不是。1913年，《读书报》知道了我正在写这本书，便要求我把其中最抒情的一部分篇章先交给他们，在《少年文丛》上发表。于是，我临时改变原来的主意，写下这样一篇序言：

敬告给孩子们读这本书的人们

在这本小小的书中，快乐和痛苦是孪生并存的，就像普儿的一对耳朵。写这本书是为了……我怎么知道是为了谁？……为了那些看我们抒情诗人作品的人们……现在要拿去给孩子们看，我什么也不删节，一点也不增加。这样很好！

“无论什么地方，只要有孩子，”诺瓦里斯^②说，“就会有一个黄金时代。”因为诗人们的心所向往的，正是这个黄金时代，这个从天而降的精神之鸟，在这里找到了悠游的乐趣，因而他们最大的愿望就是能永远留在那里而不离开。

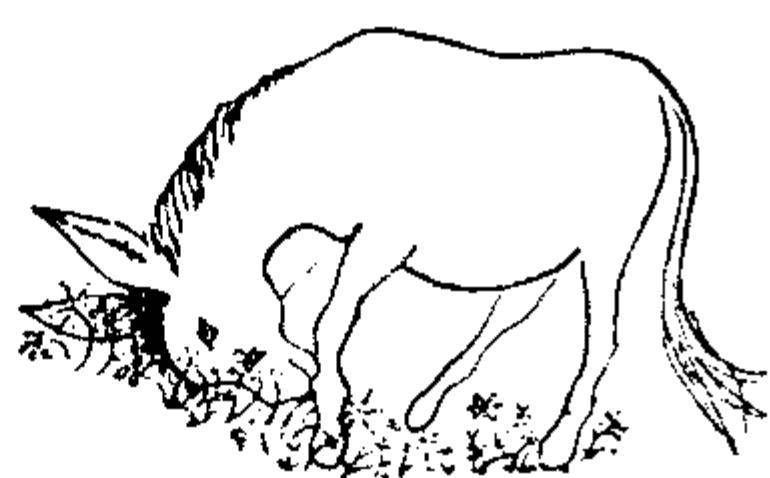
① 这篇作者小序和下篇的献辞，林为正先生的译本中未收入。这里刊登出来，以使读者了解原作最初发表时作者的想法。——编者注

② 诺瓦里斯(1772—1801)：德国诗人、小说家。

幽雅的岛，清新的岛，幸福的岛，你就是孩子们的黄金时代；我总能在你这里找到我生活中激荡的海洋；有时候，你的微风给我送来它那竖琴的琴声，高昂，没有任何意义，像黎明时洁净朝晖中云雀的颤鸣。

我从来没有给孩子们写过什么，将来也不会。因为，我相信孩子们可以读大人们读的书，当然，我们也可以想得到，有一些书应该除外。另外，男人们或女人们看的书也是有一些应该除外的，等等。

胡安·拉蒙·希梅内斯



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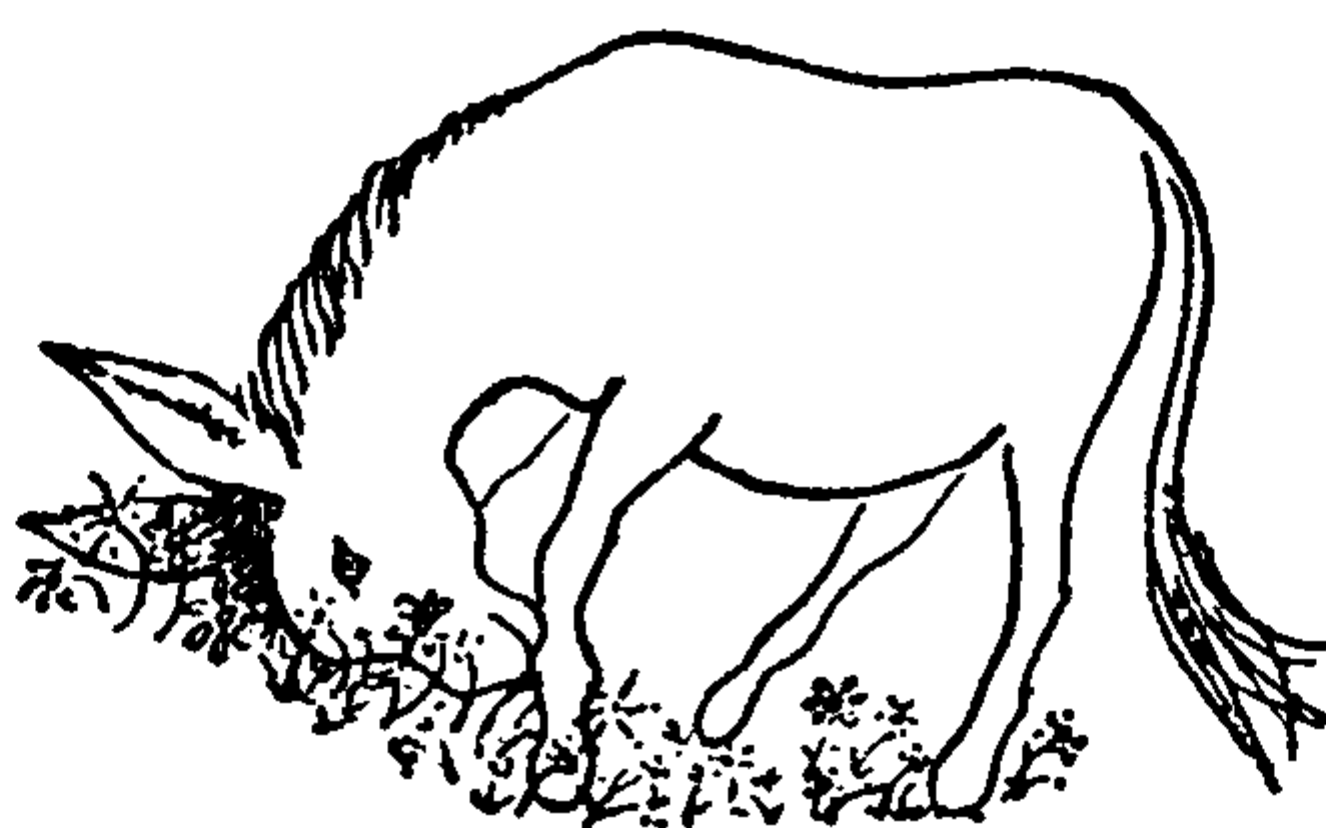
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为纪念
住在索尔街
寄给我桑榭和石竹的
可怜的小疯子
阿格狄亚



1. Platero

PLATERO IS SMALL, DOWNY, SMOOTH – so soft to the touch that one would think he were all cotton, that he had no bones. Only the jet mirrors of his eyes are hard as two beetles of dark crystal.

I let him run loose and he goes off to the meadow; softly, scarcely touching them, he brushes his nose against the tiny flowers of pink, sky-blue and golden yellow. I call him gently: “Platero?” and he comes to me at a gay little trot as though he were laughing, lost in a clatter of fancy.

He eats everything I give him. He likes tangerines, muscatel grapes, all amber-colored, and purple figs with their crystal point of honey.

He is tender and loving as a little boy, as a little girl; but strong and firm as a stone. When I ride him on Sunday through the lanes at the edge of the town, the men from the country, clean-dressed and slow-moving, stand still to watch him.

“He is made of steel.”

He is made of steel. Both steel and quicksilver.

一 普儿



普儿长得娇小，毛茸茸、滑溜溜，摸起来软绵绵，简直像一团棉花，没有半根骨头似的。只有那对黑玉宝镜般的眼睛，坚硬如两只晶亮的黑色甲虫。

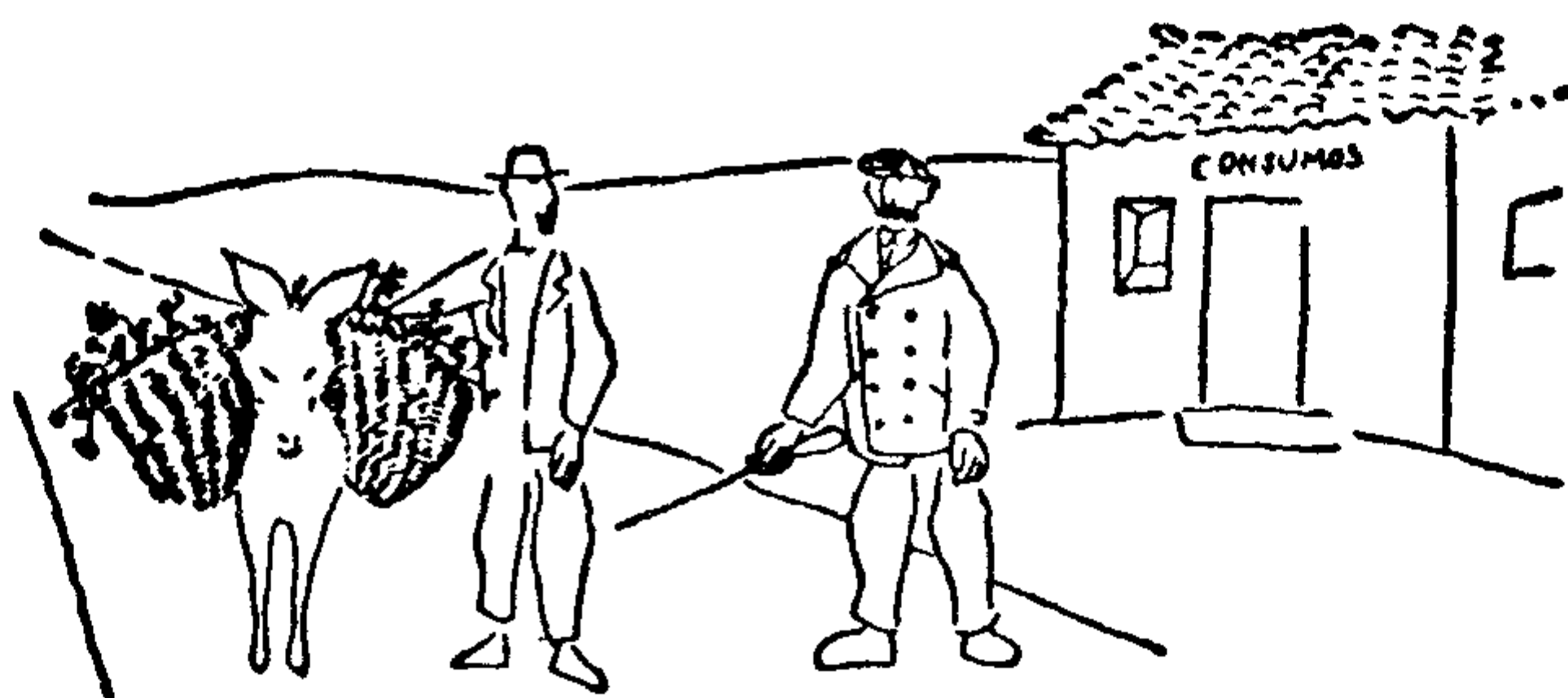
我放开缰绳，它走进草地，用鼻子抚弄粉红、天蓝、金黄色的小花，轻柔得几乎不曾碰触花瓣。我轻唤：“普儿？”它便以愉快的碎步向我跑来，仿佛满面笑容，陶醉在美妙的跫跫声里。

给什么它都吃。它喜欢小蜜柑，喜欢颗颗都是琥珀色的麝香葡萄，还喜欢带着晶亮蜜珠儿的紫色无花果。

它像小男孩、小女孩温柔可亲，却像磐石强壮牢靠。星期天我骑着它穿过城郊野巷，那些来自乡间，衣着干净、举止悠闲的男士停下来打量它。

“真是铁打的呀！”

没错，是铁打的。不单是铁，也是水银。



2. White Butterflies

NIGHT IS COMING ON, misty and purple. Vague green and mauve lights persist beyond the church tower. The road rises enveloped in shadow, in bellflowers, the scent of grass, songs, weariness, and longing. Suddenly a dark man, with a cap and swordstick, his ugly face showing red for a moment in the glow of his cigar, comes down toward us from a wretched hut, buried among coal sacks. Platero shies in alarm.

“Any merchandise?”

“Look... white butterflies.”

The man wants to thrust his iron stick in the little basket, and I do not prevent it. I open the saddlebag and he can see nothing. And so the stuff for dreams passes free and guileless, paying no tribute to the tax collectors.



白蝴蝶

天色向晚，青霭朦胧。绿而近紫的天光似有若无，仍流连在教堂的钟楼之外。上坡的道路笼罩在阴影里，笼罩在风铃花、野草香、歌声、疲倦和渴望里。突然有个黝黑的人，从煤袋堆里的破屋子钻出，向我们走来，他头戴便帽，手持剑杖，嘴上的雪茄亮了一下，丑陋的脸也泛一下红光。普儿吓得后退。

“载什么货？”

“瞧……白色的蝴蝶。”

那个人想用剑杖^①戳小篮子，我没阻止。我打开鞍囊，他没看到任何值钱的东西。梦想的材料原本来去自如，无需隐藏，一毛税也不用缴。

① 剑杖：内藏刀剑的手杖。



3. Games at Dusk

WHEN IN THE VILLAGE twilight Platero and I come, stiff with cold, through the purple shadows of the wretched alley which leads to the dry riverbed, poor children are playing at frightening one another, pretending to be beggars. One throws a sack over his head, another says he cannot see, another plays lame.

Then comes one of those sudden changes that happen with children; since they are wearing shoes and clothes, and their mothers, in some way known only to them, have given them food to eat, they think themselves princes.

"My father has a silver watch."

"And mine has a horse."

"And mine, a shotgun."

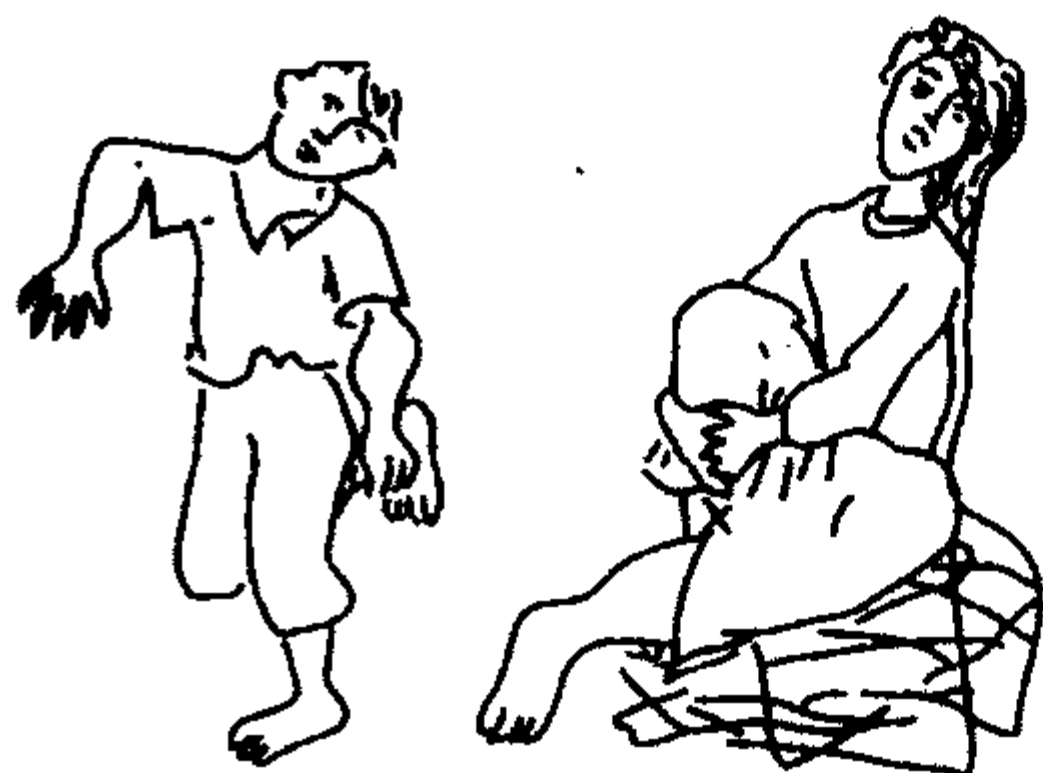
A watch that will rise at dawn, a gun that will not kill hunger, a horse that will lead to poverty.

Then they form a circle. Amid so much blackness, a little girl with a thin voice—a thread of liquid crystal in the dark—sings melodiously as a princess:

"I'm the young widow of the Count of Oré..."

Yes, yes! Sing, dream, children of the poor! Soon, at the first blush of youth, Spring will frighten you like a beggar in winter's guise

"Let's go, Platero."



三 黄昏里的游戏

普儿和我踏着黄昏的微光来到村子里，冷得发僵，穿过陋巷紫色的阴影，巷底是干涸的河床，穷孩子们相互吓着玩，假扮乞丐。有一个头套麻袋，有一个说他看不见，还有一个学跛子。

然后他们又忽然扮成别的样子，孩子总是这样；有衣服鞋子可穿，又知道母亲总是有办法找到食物给他们吃，他们便自以为是王子。

“我爸爸有只银表。”

“我爸爸有匹马。”

“我爸爸有支枪。”

天亮就起床的表，杀不死饥饿的枪，走向贫穷的马。

接着他们围成圆圈。在重重夜色里，有个小女孩以单薄的童声——黑暗里一缕流动的水晶——像公主般唱起曼妙的歌：

“我是奥雷伯爵的小寡妇……”

好，很好！歌唱吧，做梦吧，穷人家的孩子！青春的第一抹红晕即将来临，春天会像乔装成冬天的乞丐，把你们吓坏。

“走吧！普儿。”



4. The Eclipse

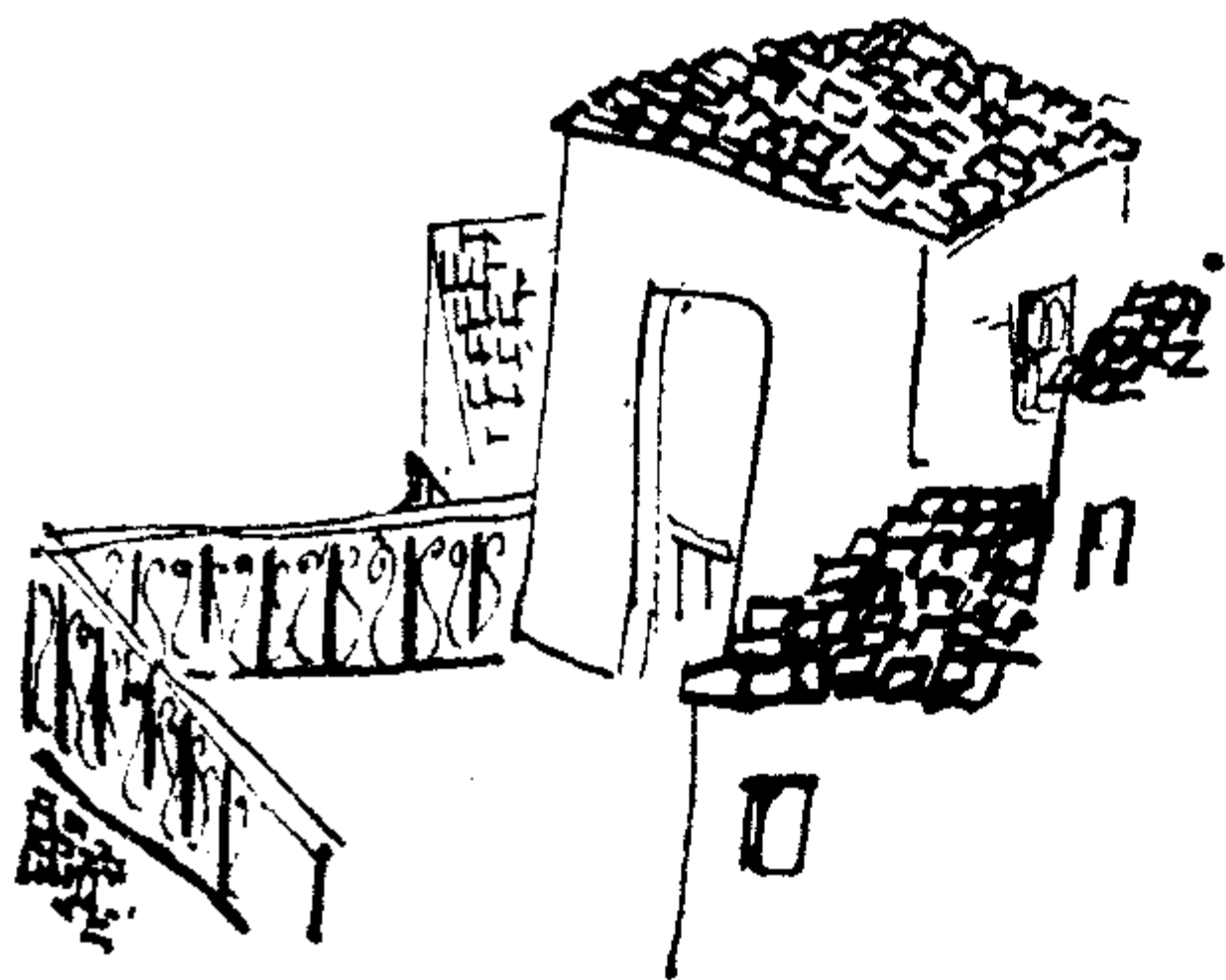
WE PUT OUR HANDS in our pockets without meaning to, and our foreheads felt the fine fluttering of cool shadows, as when one enters a thick pinewood. One by one the hens were retiring to their sheltered roost. The field round about darkened its green, as if the purple cloth from the main altar were veiling it. The distant sea shone white, and a few stars twinkled palely. What a change was coming over the white of the roof terraces! Those of us who were on them shouted to one another clever remarks, good or bad, appearing small and dark in the brief silence of the eclipse.

We looked at the sun through everything: opera glasses, field glasses, a bottle, smoked glass; and from everywhere: from the upper balcony, from the steps in the corral, from the window in the loft, from the grating of the patio, through its blue and scarlet panes ...

With the disappearance of the sun which a moment before had made everything two, three or a hundred times larger and better with its complications of light and gold, all, without the long transition of twilight, was left lonely and dull, as if it had traded its gold, first for silver and then for copper. The town was like a musty penny which has lost even its value. How sad and small the streets, the squares, the tower, the paths on the hills!

Platero, down there in the corral, seemed less real, changed, a paper figure; a different donkey ...

四 日食

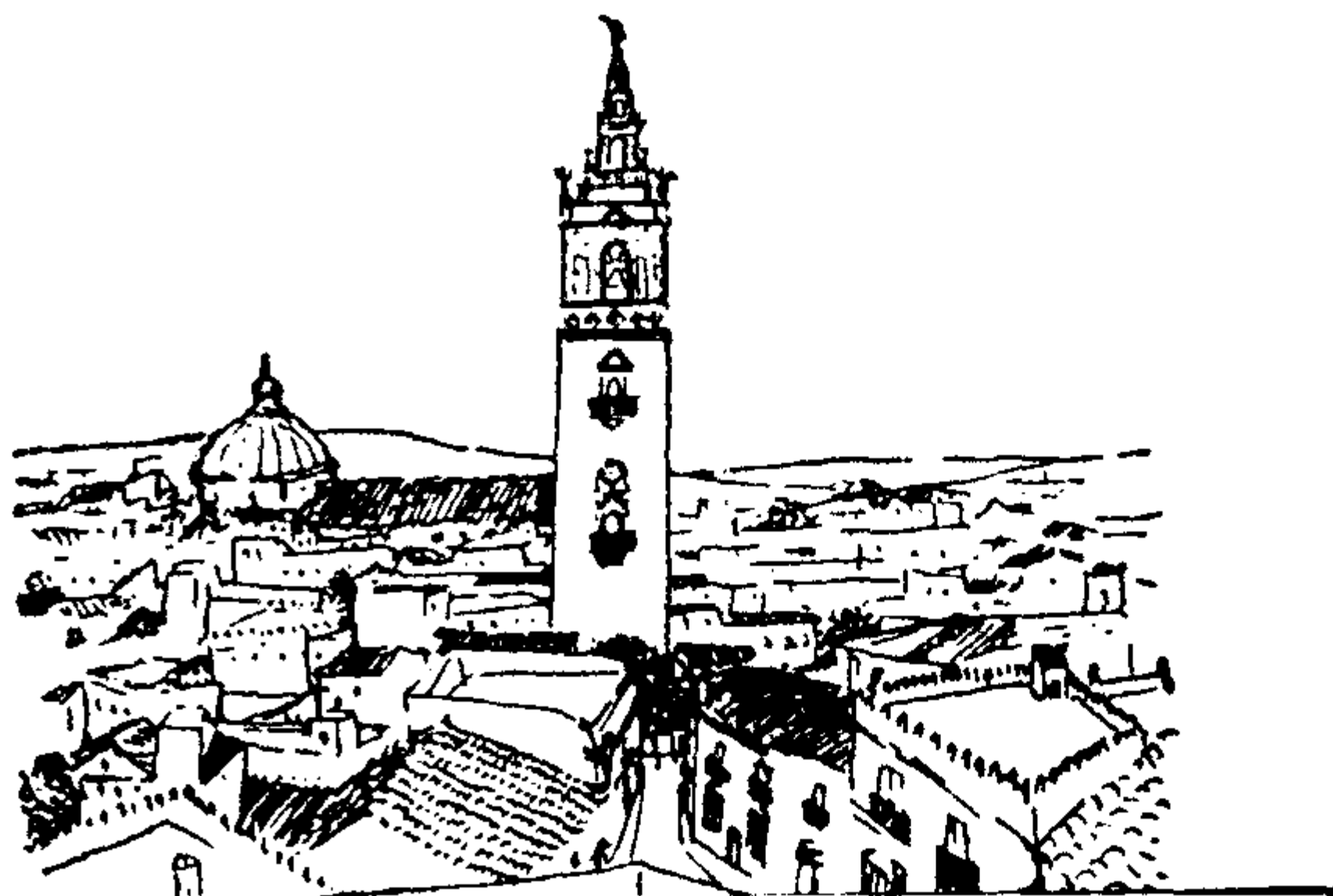


我们不经心地把手插在口袋里，感觉额头上阴凉的影子细细拍抚，有如走入茂密的松林。母鸡一只只躲进棚下的鸡窝。四周的绿野暗了下来，仿佛罩上主祭坛的紫色桌布。远处的海映着白光，几颗星星微微闪烁。屋顶阳台的白色就要改头换面了！我们这些登上阳台的人用俏皮话对喊，有的妙，有的拙，在日食短暂的静默中，大家看起来小小的、黑黑的。

观察太阳的工具什么都有：看戏用的望远镜、瞭望镜、瓶子、熏黑的玻璃片。看的人到处都是：上层阳台、厩房的台阶、阁楼的天窗、天井的格子窗，透过格子窗上蓝色、猩红色的玻璃……

太阳刚才还以千变万化的金光，使万物变得两倍、三倍甚至百倍的硕大美好，现在不见了，少了黄昏这段攸长的过渡时期，天地一时荒凉、灰暗，好像太阳把金换成银，又把银换成铜。小镇就像一枚发霉的铜板，连一文都不值了。街道、广场、钟楼和山丘上的小路，都变得好凄凉、好渺小。

普儿在厩房里似乎不像真的，变了，纸扎似的；一只不同的驴子……



5. Chills

A LARGE MOON comes with us, round and pure. Vaguely, in the drowsy meadows one can see strange black goats among the brambles. Someone hides silently as we pass... Above the fence an immense almond tree, snowy with blossoms and moonlight, its top mingled with a white cloud, shelters the path from arrows shot by the March stars... A pungent scent of oranges... Dampness, silence... The Vale of the Witches...

“Platero, how... cold it is! ”

Platero, either because of his own fear or because of mine, breaks into a trot, steps into the stream, treads upon the moon and breaks it to pieces. It is as if a swarm of clear crystal roses were entangling him, trying to hold back his trotting feet ...

And Platero trots up the slope, drawing in his croup as if someone were about to catch him, feeling now the soft warmth of the village which is near.



五 寒意



一轮巨月伴随我们，浑圆而纯洁。在睡意沉沉的草地上，可以隐约看到荆棘丛里有几只不知谁家的黑山羊。我们路过时，有人悄悄躲起来……篱笆上方有株高大的杏花，一树花蕊与月光似雪，树梢连上一抹白云，挡住三月繁星射下的利箭，保护小路……浓郁的橙花香……潮湿、静谧……巫婆的山谷……

“普儿，真……真冷呀！”

普儿不知道是因为自己胆怯，还是因为我害怕，忽然跑了起来，纵进溪水，把月亮踏成碎片。看起来好像一丛透明的水晶玫瑰缠住它，想挽留奔跑的蹄子……

普儿缩紧臀部好像有人要捉它，跑上了斜坡才感觉到不远处村落的暖意。



6. The Nursery School

IF YOU WERE to come with the rest of the children to First Grade, Platero, you would learn your alphabet and how to form your letters. You would be as wise as the donkey among the wax figures, the companion of the sea siren who, crowned with artificial flowers, appears through her glass case all flesh-colored, rose and gold, in her green element; and wiser than the doctor and the priest of Pales, Platero.

But though only four years old, how big and awkward you are! In what little chair would you sit, at what table would you write, what notebook and what pen would be large enough for you, where in the circle, tell me, would you sit to sing the Credo?

No, Sister Domitila, in her robe of the sisterhood of Jesus of Nazareth, all purple with a yellow cord like that of Reyes, the fish-monger, would probably keep you for two hours on your knees in a corner of the patio with the plane trees, or would beat you with her long dry cane, or eat up the quince cheese from your lunch, or hold a burning paper under your tail and turn your ears as red and hot as those of the wheelwright's son when it is going to rain.

No, Platero, no. Come along with me. I shall teach you about the flowers and the stars. They shall not laugh at you as at an overgrown dolt, nor shall they put on you, as if you were one of those things they call donkeys, the cap with large eyes bordered in bright red and blue like those on the river boats, and with ears twice the size of yours.

广 小学

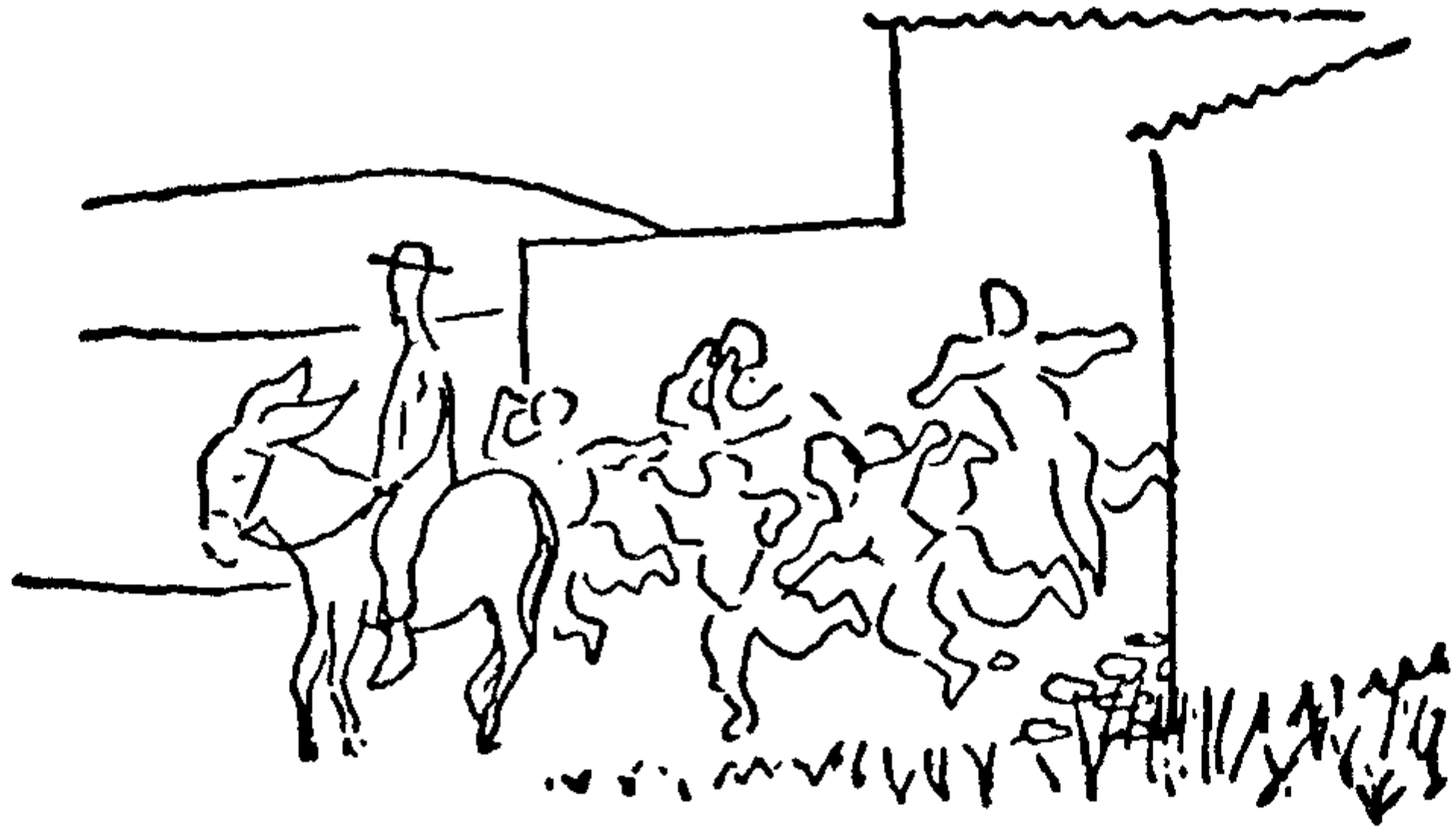


如果你跟小孩子一道上一年级，普儿，你会学习字母，学习怎么写字。你会聪明得有如蜡像里的那只驴子一样，蜡像陪伴头戴人造花冠的海女，海女立在玻璃柜中，一片肉色、玫瑰红和金色，在绿水中怡然自得；你会比巴罗镇上的医生和神父聪明。

但是，尽管你才四岁，却长得这么高大、这么笨拙。该坐哪张小椅子？该用哪张桌子写字？多大的笔记簿和钢笔才够你用？围圈圈唱使徒信条时，告诉我，你该坐在哪里？

不行！堂娜多米蒂拉修女——那个身穿拿撒勒教派紫色道袍的修女，腰间系条黄绳腰带和卖鱼的雷耶斯一样——她恐怕会罚你在种着洋梧桐的院子角落跪上两个钟头，或者用长长的干藤条抽你，或者把你午餐里的榲桲果乳酪吃光，再不就拿张纸在你尾巴下烧，教你的耳朵又红又热，像车匠儿子的耳朵快要下雨时的模样。

不，普儿，不行！你还是跟着我。让我教你花朵和星星的知识。它们不会笑你傻大个儿，也不会把你当成那种名叫驴子的东西，给你戴那种怪帽子，帽子上装有两只红蓝双色滚边的大眼睛，像汽船上画的一样，再加上一对巨耳，比你的大一倍。



7. The Crazy Man

DRESSED IN MOURNING, with my beard cut like a Nazarene's and my narrow-brimmed hat, I must present a strange figure riding on Platero's soft gray back.

When on the way to the vineyards I cross the last streets, bright with whitewash and sun, the gypsy children come running after us, shaggy and oily-smooth, showing tense brown bellies through their red, green and yellow rags. They give long shrill cries of:

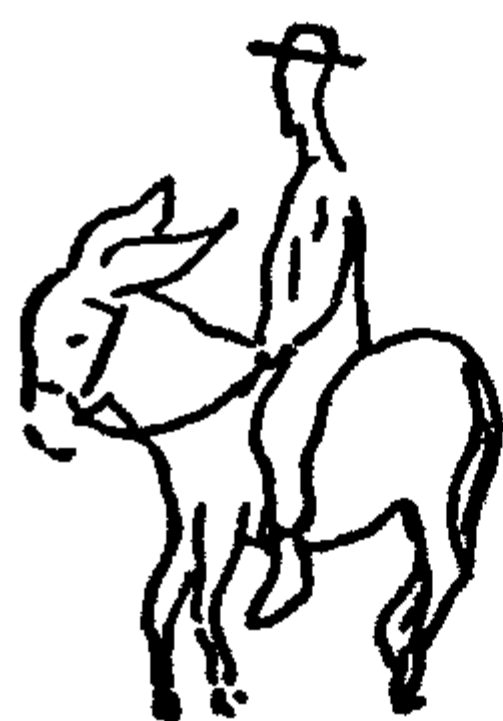
"The crazy man! The crazy man! The crazy man! "

Already the green fields lie before us. Facing the vast pure sky of burning indigo, my eyes—how far removed from what I hear! —open nobly, receiving into their calm that nameless quietude, that divine, harmonious serenity which lives in the endlessness of the horizon.

There in the distance, among the high garden patches, a few sharp-pitched cries persist, finely veiled, intermittent, panting, tedious:

"The cra-azy man! The cra-azy man! "

七 疯子



我穿上丧服，胡子修成拿撒勒式，外加一顶窄边帽，骑在普儿柔软的灰背上，看起来一定像个怪人。

往葡萄园的路上，我们穿过最后几条街，阳光映照白石灰墙，街上十分明亮，吉卜赛小孩在我们后头追赶，披头散发、油腻滑溜，有红、有绿、有黄的破衣服间，露出结实的棕色肚皮。他们尖声长叫：

“疯子！疯子！疯子！”

绿色的田野就在眼前。光焰熊熊的苍穹，辽阔而纯净，仰望天空，我昂然张眼——耳边的噪音多么遥远！——将无尽延伸的地平线上莫名的安详、神圣和谐的静谧，收入双眼的平静里。

远处山丘上的果园里，还有几缕尖叫声被细密地裹住，时而喘息、断断续续、挥之不去：

“疯……子！疯……子！”

8. Judas

"DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, lad! What's the matter with you? Come now, gently ... It's just that they are killing Judas, silly."

Yes, they are killing Judas. They have hung one at Monturrio, another in the Calle de Enmedio; the other is there at the Pozo del Concejo. I saw them last night, as still in the air as if held by a supernatural force, the rope which fastened them to a balcony being invisible in the dark. What grotesque medleys they were, of old top hats and women's sleeves, masks of Ministers of State, and hoop skirts, beneath the serene stars! The dogs barked at them, but did not quite go away, and the horses, distrustful, did not want to pass below them ...

Now the bells are saying, Platero, that the veil of the high altar has been rent. I do not think that there is a single shotgun in the town that has not been fired at Judas. The odor of powder even reaches here. Another shot! And another!

Yet today, Platero, Judas is the deputy, the teacher, the lawyer, the tax collector, the mayor, the midwife; and each man, turned boy again this Holy Saturday morning, fires his cowardly gun at the one he hates, in a superimposition of vague and absurd spring simulations.

八 犹大^①

“别怕，小子，怎么啦？来，乖乖……那不过是在枪毙犹大呀，傻瓜。”

对，他们在处决犹大。孟都里奥吊了一个，恩美貂街也吊了一个；还有一个在市府广场。昨晚，黑暗中看不见将犹大吊在阳台下的绳索，只看见犹大仿佛被一股神秘的力量托在空中，一动也不动。假人头顶破旧的大礼帽，手穿女人的袖子，面戴大官员的面具，下身穿着蓬裙，在宁静的星光下，看起来真是诡异之至！狗儿对假人吠叫，欲走还留；马匹有所顾忌，不愿从底下经过……

听，普儿，钟声宣告大祭坛的布幕已经拉开了。城里头每一响枪声，我想没有一枪不是打在犹大身上的。火药的味道甚至飘到这里来。一枪，又一枪。

今天呢，普儿，犹大是议员、教师、律师、税吏、市长、接生婆；每个人在复活节前一天的早晨都弃老还童，假借一场笼统荒谬的春季复活的模仿仪式，趁机向仇家放马后炮。

① 按当时作者故乡的习俗，每年在耶稣受难的最后一日，当地人制作丑陋的假人，代表犹大，以枪对之射击。

9. Angelus!

LOOK, PLATERO, how many roses are falling all around; blue roses, white roses, roses without color ... One would think that the sky were dissolving into roses. Look how the roses are covering my forehead, my shoulders, my hands ... What shall I do with so many roses?

Do you know, I wonder, for I do not, where this delicate flower comes from? Daily it casts a mantle of tenderness over the landscape, leaving it softly pink, white and blue... more roses, more roses, ... like a painting by Fra Angelico who always knelt to paint the sky.

One would think that they were throwing roses to the earth from the seven galleries of Paradise. Like a warm and lightly colored snowfall the roses lie on the tower, on the roof, on the trees. Look: all strong lines, with their adornment, become delicate. More roses, more and more roses ...

It seems, Platero, while the Angelus is ringing, that this life of ours loses its daily force and that another force from within, loftier, purer and more constant, causes everything to rise, like fountains of grace, to the stars which are beginning to sparkle now among the roses. More roses ... Your eyes, which you cannot see, Platero, and which you raise meekly to the sky, are two beautiful roses.

九 晚祷钟声

普儿你看，千万朵玫瑰到处飘洒；蓝色的、白色的、没有颜色的……你还以为天空与玫瑰化成一片了。瞧！花瓣盖满我的额头、肩膀、双手……这么多玫瑰可以拿来做什么用呢？

这娇嫩的花来自何方？你知道吗？——我不知道呢。每天给大地盖一件温柔的斗篷，轻轻给大地抹上粉红色、白色、蓝色……飘吧玫瑰，再飘吧……就像弗拉·安吉利科^①修士所作的画，他总是跪着描绘天空。

总觉得这些玫瑰来自七重天上。一朵朵落在塔尖、屋顶、枝头，有如温润而略带色泽的飘雪。瞧，凡是粗硬的线条一经点缀，都变得细致！飘吧，飘吧玫瑰，再飘吧玫瑰。

普儿，晚祷钟声响起时，尘世仿佛失去原有的力量，有股更高尚、更纯粹、更恒定的力量发自内在，使一切飞上星空有如神恩泉涌，繁星此时也在玫瑰丛间熠熠亮起。飘吧，玫瑰……普儿，你看不到自己默默仰望苍穹的双眸，本身就是两朵美丽的玫瑰。

① 弗拉·安吉利科(1387—1455)：意大利画家，以画天使著称。

10. The Boneyard

IF YOU DIE, my dear Platero, before I do, you will not go in the town crier's cart to the vast salt marsh nor to the gully beside the hill road, like other poor donkeys, like horses and dogs that have no one to love them. You shall not have your ribs stripped and bloodied by the crows, like the shell of a boat against the crimson sunset, an ugly sight for the traveling salesmen going to the station at San Juan in the six o'clock coach; nor shall you lie there stiff and swollen among the clams rotting in the ditch, to frighten children leaning boldly and curiously over the edge of the slope, holding on to the branches, when they go out on Sunday afternoons in the fall to eat toasted pine kernels in the pinewoods.

Do not be troubled, Platero, for I shall bury you at the foot of the great round pine in the orchard at La Piña, of which you are so fond. You will be close to life's serenity and mirth. The little boys will play and the little girls will sew in their low chairs at your side. You will know the verses which solitude brings me. You will hear the singing of the girls washing in the orange grove and the rattle of the well chain will delight and refresh your eternal peace. The whole year long the linnets, the titmice and the finches, in the enduring happiness of the treetops, will weave a small roof of music between your tranquil sleep and the changeless blue of the infinite sky above Moguer.

十 墓地

亲爱的普儿，如果你比我先死，你不会被差役的小车载到咸湿的沼泽或山路边的水沟丢掉，像其他可怜的驴子或没人疼爱的马和狗一样。你的肋骨不会给乌鸦剥露出来，弄得血淋淋的，像火红夕阳下一副空洞的船壳一样，连乘六点钟马车到圣胡安车站的商旅看了都会作呕；秋天星期日午后，小孩们到松林烤松子吃时，大胆而好奇地攀爬上松枝俯瞰沟畔斜坡，也不会看到你僵硬浮肿地躺在水沟里，在蚌蛤间腐烂，而给吓着了。

别烦恼，普儿！我会将你埋葬在你深爱的松园里，那棵圆形大松树的脚下，让生命的宁静与欢乐陪你。小男孩在你身边玩耍，小女孩挨着你坐在小椅子上做女红。你会听到我因为孤独而作的诗篇。你会听到橙园里浣衣女孩唱歌，井绳嘎嘎作响，令你永恒的安息更加愉悦清新。红雀、小十雀和其他莺类小鸟儿，在树梢上终年不绝的幸福里，为你编织一个小巧的音乐屋顶，搁在恬静的睡眠和无垠恒定的苍穹之间。



11. The Thorn

AS HE CAME into the pasture, Platero began to limp. I dropped down to the ground

“But what’s the matter, lad?”

Platero held his right forefoot slightly raised showing its sole, weak and limp, its hoof barely touching the burning sand of the path.

With a solicitude which was greater, no doubt, than that of old Darbón, his doctor, I turned back his forefoot and looked at its red sole. A long green thorn from a healthy orange tree was stuck in it like a little round dagger of emerald. Shaken by Platero’s suffering, I pulled out the thorn; I led the poor animal to the stream of the yellow iris so that the running water might lick his little wound with its long pure tongue.

Afterwards we went on toward the white sea, I walking in front and he behind, still limping and nudging me gently on the shoulder.

十一 刺



普儿走进草原后便一跛一跛的。我跳下驴背。

“怎么啦，小家伙？”

普儿微微提起右前腿，露出蹄掌，软弱无力的蹄子只是虚踏在路面滚烫的沙子上。

我百般呵护，把它的前蹄翻过来检查红肿的蹄掌，不用说，比它的医生老达尔朋用心多了。一枝茁壮橙树的绿色长刺扎在肉里，像一把圆柱形的翡翠小匕首。普儿的痛苦使我心疼，我把刺拔出来，领着这只可怜的小动物到黄鹌尾花盛开的小溪，让流水洁净的长舌舔舐它的小伤口。

后来我们继续走向白色的海，我在前，它在后，它依然跛着，还不时用鼻子轻推我的肩膀。



12. Swallows

THERE SHE IS NOW, Platero, a dark and lively little figure, in her gray nest beside the painting of the Virgin of Montemayor, a nest which is always respected. The unhappy bird seems terrified. I believe that this time the poor swallows have made a mistake as the hens did last week, when they took shelter in the chicken coop in mid afternoon during the eclipse of the sun. Spring had the coquetry to arrive earlier than usual this year, but, shivering with the cold, she has had to hide her tender nudity again in the cloud bed of March. How sad to see the virgin blossoms in the orange grove wither in the bud!

The swallows are here already, Platero, yet one can scarcely hear them as in other years, when on the very day of their arrival they greeted and investigated everything, chattering without pause in their fluted trills. They would tell the flowers what they had seen in Africa, of their two journeys over the sea, landing on the water with a wing for a sail, or in the rigging of ships; of other sunsets, other dawns, other nights with stars.

They do not know what to do. They fly about silently, perplexed, like ants when a child tramples on their path. They do not dare to fly up and down the Calle Nueva in a steady straight line, with that flourish at the end, nor enter their nests in the wells, nor perch on the telegraph wires which the north wind keeps humming, in their classic pose as mail carriers, beside the white insulators. They will die of the cold, Platero!

十二 燕子

它来了，普儿，那只活泼的黑色小东西，在蒙特马约山圣母画像旁的灰色鸟巢里，这个窝从不受人骚扰。这只不幸的鸟儿好像吓坏了。我想可怜的燕子这次是搞错时间了，像上星期下午三点钟日食时躲到鸡笼的母鸡一样。今年春天特别早卖弄风情，可是却冷得发抖，不得不把裸露的玉体再裹进三月的云床里。看到橙树林刚冒出的花苞尚未绽放便枯萎了，实在令人感伤。

燕子已经飞来了，普儿，却几乎听不到声音，不像往年热闹。过去它们刚到的那天会到处寒暄、张望，用笛声般的颤音吱吱喳喳吵个不停。告诉花朵在非洲的见闻，说起海上的两次旅行——停在水上用一边翅膀做帆在水上漂流，或停在船桅的绳索上，说起异乡的落日、黎明和星夜。

现在，它们不知如何是好。不声不响、无所适从地飞来飞去，好像路上被小孩踏乱的蚁阵。它们不敢在新街排成直线飞上飞下，末了还缀个花式翻身；不敢住进它们井里的巢；也不敢以惯有的邮差姿势，站在白色绝缘体旁边，因为北风把电线吹得嗡嗡作响。它们会冷死的，普儿。

13. The Stable

WHEN I GO TO SEE Platero at noon, a clear ray from the midday sun lights up a great patch of gold on the soft silver of his back. Beneath his belly, on the dark floor of uncertain green, the old roof rains down clear coins of fire.

Diana, who is sketched out between Platero's feet, comes dancing up to me and puts her forepaws on my chest, wanting to lick my mouth with her rosy tongue. Having climbed to the highest part of the manger, the goat looks at me curiously, turning her delicate head from side to side, with feminine distinction.

Meanwhile Platero, who had greeted me with a loud bray before I entered, is at once taut and gay as he tries to break his tether.

Through the skylight which brings in the rainbow—treasure of the zenith, I leave that idyl for a moment to climb the sunray toward the sky. Then, stepping up on a stone, I look out at the countryside.

The green landscape floats sleepily in the bright hot glow and through the clear blue framed by the ruined wall comes the sweet and idle tolling of a bell.

十三 厩房

正午我去看普儿，中天的太阳射下一道清澈的光，在它柔软的银背上点燃一大片金黄。破旧的屋顶洒下一把闪亮的火币，落在它腹下绿斑模糊的阴暗地板上。

趴在普儿两腿之间的狄亚娜，又跳又舞向我跑来，把前脚掌搭在我的胸口，玫瑰色的舌头凑上来要舔我的嘴。那只山羊爬到马槽的最高处，以女性特有的姿态，好奇地盯着我，偏着秀美的头，一会儿左，一会儿右。

我还没进屋子，普儿早已高声嘶鸣向我打招呼，这会儿它想挣脱缰绳，又着急又快活。

天窗带来天顶的彩虹宝藏，我攀着光柱穿过窗户爬向天空，暂时抛下眼前的田园景致。接着我站在石头上，极目向四野张望。

大地在灿烂炙热的光辉里困倦地浮动，断垣残壁间的一方碧蓝晴空，传来一阵悦耳慵懒的钟声。

14. The Gelding

HE WAS BLACK, with a sheen of scarlet, green and blue, all of them silvery like the backs of beetles and crows. A bright fire would flash at times in his young eyes as in the glazed pot of Ramona, the chestnut vendor in the Plaza del Marqués. How his trotting steps pealed when, coming from the sands of La Friseta, he would enter triumphantly over the paving stones of the Calle Nueva! How quick and nervous and keen he was, with his small head and his fine legs!

Nobly he passed by the low doorway of the cellar, even blacker than he against the red sun shining from the Castle, which was the dazzling background of the vault. His gait was easy and he was disposed to play with everything. Afterward, jumping over the pine trunk which formed the doorstep, he came with a burst of joy and a rush of hens, doves and sparrows, into the green corral. There four men, their hairy arms crossed over their colored shirts, were awaiting him. They led him under the pepper tree. After a brief, hard struggle, first kindly, then fierce, they threw him down on the manure pile and with all of them sitting on him Darbón performed his duty, putting an end to his sad and magical beauty.

*"Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee
Which, used, lives th' executor to be"*

as Shakespeare wrote to his friend.

十四 阉马

它是匹黑马，黑色中泛着深红色、绿色、蓝色的光泽，亮丽如金龟子和乌鸦的背部。年轻的眼睛里时时冒出明亮的火花，就像在马尔盖斯广场卖栗子的拉莫娜那只晶亮的锅子。从弗里·塞塔的沙地走来，它得意洋洋地踏着新街路面的石头，步伐跼跼作响。它的头部小巧，腿部修长，看起来多么轻快、敏感、精锐！

它高贵地走过地窖的矮门，门外城堡映着红日的光芒，令人眼花缭乱，矮门嵌在这样的背景中看起来竟比它还要黝黑。它步履轻快，一路上边走边玩。它跳过松树干劈成的门槛进入畜栏，一时兴奋，把群群母鸡、鸽子、麻雀赶起来。那里有四个男人等候，毛茸茸的双臂在花衬衫胸前交叉。他们领它到胡椒树下。经过一阵短暂而艰苦的挣扎——起先温和，后来猛烈——他们把它压在粪堆里，四个人都坐在它身上，由达尔朋执行任务，了断它悲哀而神秘的美。

“美而未用与尔同葬，
用则来日为尔留芳。”¹

莎士比亚给友人的信中说道。

Docile and sweating, the colt, now a horse, was left sad and exhausted. Only one man was needed to get him up and, covering him with a blanket, he led him slowly off down the street.

Poor wisp of cloud, only yesterday a bolt of lightning, tempered and firm! He was like a book with its binding torn. It seemed that he no longer touched the earth; that between his hoofs and the stones, a new element intruded, leaving him without reason for being, like an uprooted tree or a memory, on that spring morning which was violent, flawless and complete.

温驯、汗湿的小公马，现在是一头成年马，悲哀而疲惫地躺在一旁。只来了一个人便把它拉起来，为它盖上毯子，牵着它缓缓沿街道走去。

可怜稀疏的浮云，昨日还是坚挺结实的闪电！现在像本撕掉封皮的书。它似乎不再脚踏实地；马蹄和石头之间似乎有一种新的元素介入，生命失去了意义，在这个激烈、无瑕、完整的春晨，它像连根拔起的一棵树或是一段记忆。

① 语出莎翁十四行诗第四首

15. *The House Across The Way*

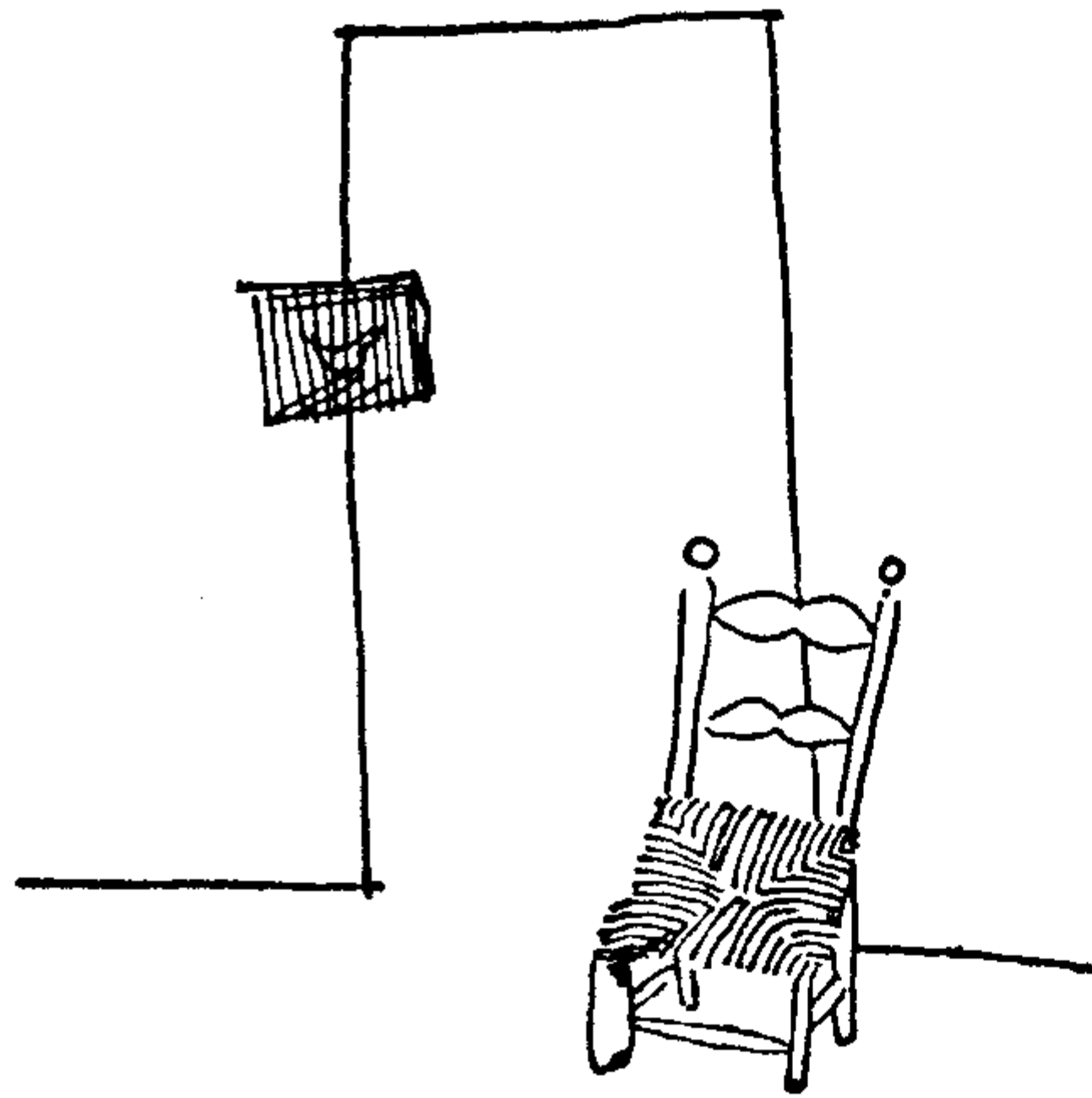
HOW ENCHANTING the house across the way always seemed to me in my childhood, Platero! The first, on the Calle de la Ribera, was the small house of Arreburra, the water vendor, with its corral to the south always gilded by the sun; from it I could see Huelva by climbing up on the adobe wall. Sometimes I was allowed to go there for a minute, and Arreburra's daughter, who seemed as much a woman to me then as she does now that she is married, would give me citron and kisses ... Then in the Calle Nueva, afterwards called Cfinovas, and later Fray Juan Pérez, there was the house of Don José, the confectioner from Seville, who dazzled me with his boots of gold kid; he hung eggshells from the century plant in his patio, and painted his front doors canary yellow with bands of navy blue; he came sometimes to our house and my father gave him money, and Don José would always talk with him about the olive grove ... How many of my childhood dreams were rocked by that poor pepper tree filled with sparrows which I could see over Don José's roof (There were really two pepper trees which I never put together: the one of which I saw the top leaves in the wind or the sun, from my balcony; the other which I saw from the trunk upwards in Don José's corral.)

On clear afternoons or during rainy siestas, at each slight change from day to day or hour to hour, what an interest, what an extraordinary attraction I felt—looking through the front door grating, from my window or my balcony, over the silent street—in the house across the way!

十五 对街的房子

童年时对街的房子看起来总是引人入胜，普儿！最早的一栋是里维拉街水贩阿雷布拉的小房子，太阳总是替朝南的院子镀金。爬上泥砖墙，我就可以从那里看到韦尔瓦。有时候家人准我去那儿玩一会儿。阿雷布拉的女儿——当时我看她像个成熟的女人，就和现在她结了婚一样——会给我香橼吃，还会亲我……。不久我们搬到新街，后来改叫卡诺瓦斯街，接着又改名为胡安·佩雷斯街。何塞先生的家就在那里，他是塞维利亚的糖果商，他的金色小山羊皮靴子使我眼花。他把蛋壳挂在天井里的龙舌兰上，把前门漆成鲜黄色配上深蓝色条纹。有时他到家里来，父亲拿钱给他，他总会和父亲谈几句橄榄园的事……。何塞先生家屋顶后有一棵胡椒树，树上停满麻雀，那是我多少童年梦想的摇篮！（其实胡椒树有两棵，我也没搞混——一棵从我阳台上望去，只见树顶的叶子浸在风中或阳光里；另一棵看到树干以上，在何塞先生的院子里。）

无论晴朗的下午或阴雨的午后小憩，从我家前门的栅栏间，从我的窗口或阳台，望着寂静街道另一边的房子，每天、甚至每小时之间都有些微的变化，总是趣味盎然，令人神往！



16. The Simple Child

WHENEVER WE RETURNED by the Calle de San José, the simple child would be at the door of his house, seated in his little chair, watching the others go by. He was one of those poor children who never gain the power of speech nor the gift of grace; in himself a happy child but sad to see; everything to his mother and, to others, nothing.

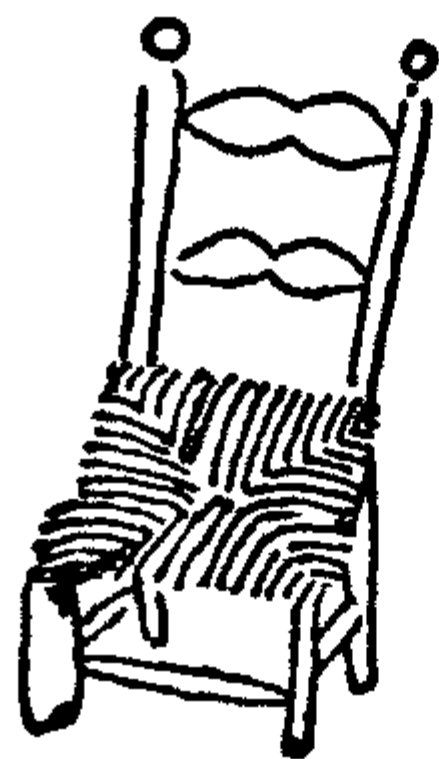
One day when the evil black wind swept down the white street, the child was not at his door. A bird was singing on the deserted threshold and I remembered Curros, more father than poet, who, when he lost his child, asked the Galician butterfly for news of him:

“Volvoreta d’aliñas douradas...”

“Butterfly with gilded wings ...”

Now that spring is coming, my thoughts turn to the simple child who went from the Calle de San José to heaven. He must be seated in his little chair beside the roses, seeing with reopened eyes the golden procession of the blessed.

十二 白痴小孩



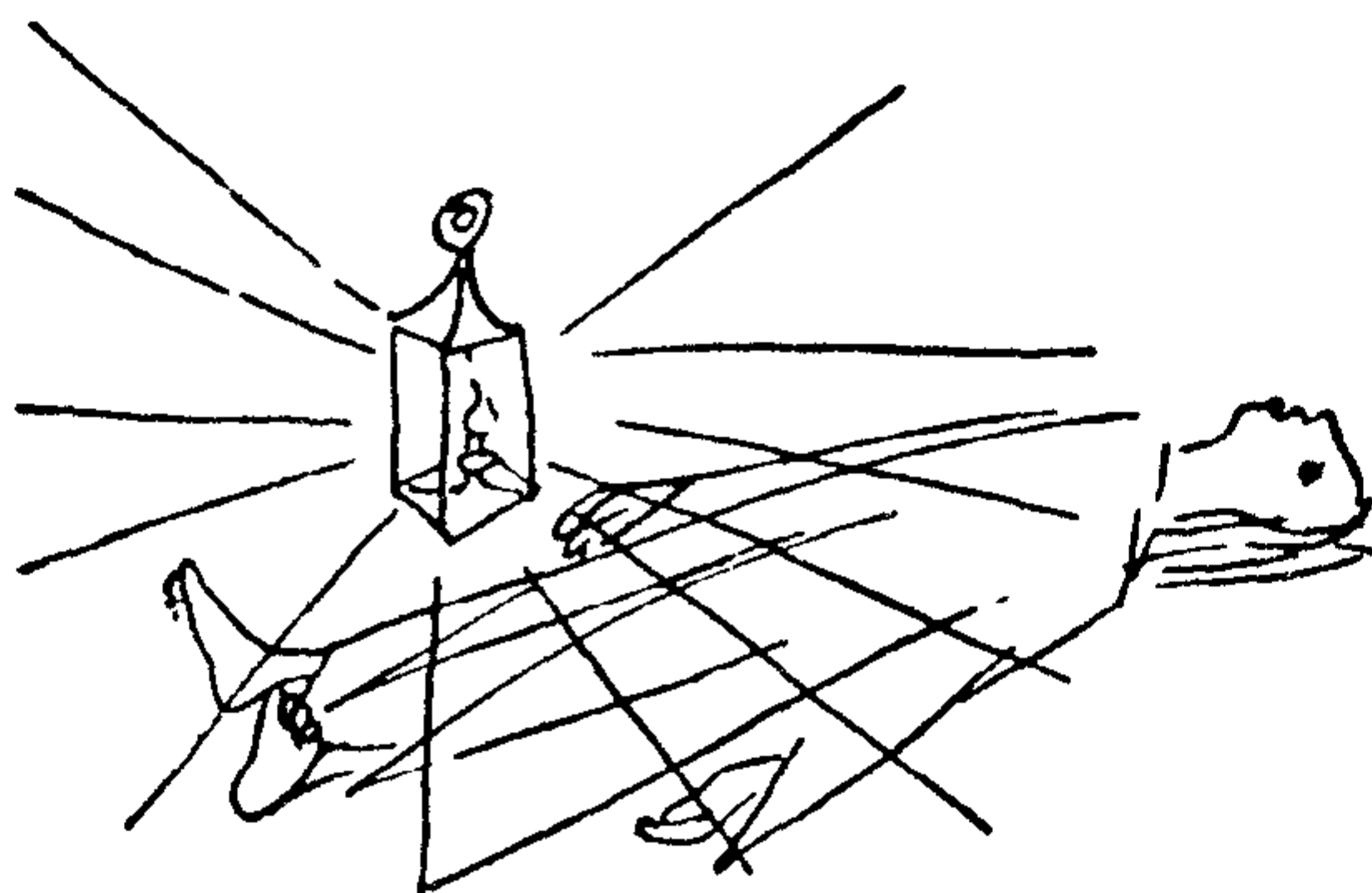
每次走圣何塞街回家，那个白痴小孩总是坐在家门口自己的小椅子里，张望街上往来的行人。他就像一些穷人家的孩子，永远不能开口说话也学不会优雅的姿态；自己无忧无虑，别人看了却心酸；母亲当他是宝贝，别人却不屑一顾。

有一天不祥的阴风扫过白色街道，小孩不在他家门口。有只鸟在空荡的门槛上歌唱，我想起库罗斯^①，他不只是诗人更是父亲。他的孩子夭折时，他向加利西亚的蝴蝶询问孩子的消息：

“金翅膀的蝴蝶……”

如今春回大地，我想起那个从圣何塞街升天的白痴小孩。他一定正坐在玫瑰花旁自己的小椅子里，睁着重新张开的眼睛观望天堂里辉煌的人群！

① 恩里克斯·马努埃尔·库罗斯(1851—1908)：西班牙著名的加利西亚诗人。



17. The Ghost

THE GREATEST PLEASURE of Anilla la Manteca, whose fresh and spirited youth was an unfailing source of joyful inspirations, was to dress up as a ghost. She would wrap herself completely in a sheet, further whiten her great lily face with flour, stick garlic cloves on her teeth, and when we would be half dozing in the little sitting room after supper, she would appear suddenly on the marble steps, carrying a lighted lantern and walking slowly, a mute and imposing figure. Dressed in that manner, she looked as if her nudity had become a tunic. Yes. This sepulchral vision from the dark upper regions inspired fright; but at the same time its total whiteness offered the fascination of some strange sensual abundance.

I shall never forget that September night, Platero. The storm had been throbbing over the town for an hour like an agitated heart, pouring down rain and hail between desperately insistent lightning and thunder. The cistern was already overflowing and flooding the patio. The last familiar things to keep me company—the nine o'clock coach, the ringing of the bells for the souls of the departed, the postman—had all passed by. Trembling, I went to get a drink in the dining room and in the greenish whiteness of a flash of lightning I

十七 鬼



小胖子安尼亚最喜欢扮鬼，她清新活泼的青春是源源不绝的欢乐之泉。她全身裹起被单，百合似的大脸蛋涂上白面粉，牙齿插上蒜头，晚饭后大伙在小客厅打盹时，她忽然出现在大理石阶梯上，提着点亮的灯笼缓缓走来，一声不响却教人不能不看。装扮成这副德性，仿佛连她的身体也变成一件长袍。没错，上半身在黑暗中阴森森的，教人害怕，然而通身的雪白却同时散发奇异的肉感丰满，教人着迷。

我永远忘不了那个九月的晚上，普儿。暴风雨在镇上狂暴地践踏了一个钟头，像颗烦忧的心。闪电、雷声密集轰打个不停，其间还有大雨冰雹倾盆而下。水已经从水窖里溢出来，淹到天井里。到最后关头连陪伴我的熟悉事物——九点钟的马车、为亡灵祈祷的钟声、邮差——也都离我而去。我发抖地跑到餐厅找酒喝，一阵白中带绿的闪电，我看见贝拉尔德的油加利树——我们称它作魔鬼树，就在那晚倒下——低俯在棚顶上。

一声可怕的巨响，像教人眼盲的强烈光线后的黑影，突

saw the eucalyptus of the Velardes—the bogeyman's tree, as we called it, which came down that night—bent low over the roof of the shed.

Suddenly a frightful clap, like the shadow of a shriek of light that left us blinded, shook the house. When we returned to reality we were all in places different from those we had had a moment before, and each of us was as if alone, without anxiety or feeling for the others. One complained of his head, another of his eyes, another of his heart. Gradually we returned to our places.

The storm was moving off. Between enormous clouds cleft from top to bottom, the moon turned the water which filled the patio to shining whiteness. We were gazing at it all. Lord was running to and from the steps to the corral, barking madly. We followed him, Platero; down by the night-blooming flower, which when damp gave off a nauseating scent, poor Anilla, dressed as a ghost, lay dead, the lantern still burning in her lightning-blackened hand.

然震撼了屋子。等我们回到现实世界,大家全都不在原来的位置上。每个人,孤零零似的,既不忧虑也不觉得身边有人。一个抱怨头痛,一个抱怨眼酸,另一个抱怨心疼。我们又慢慢回到原先的位置。

暴风雨渐渐离去。巨大的云块从顶到底裂开,月光泄下,使天井里泛滥的雨水一片白光闪闪。眼前的景象我们一一凝视。洛德在通往院子的台阶上来回奔跑、狂吠。我们跟了过去,普儿。夜晚开放的花朵遇湿气便散发出恶心的臭味,就在花旁,可怜的安尼亚,扮成鬼的模样躺在地上,死了。灯笼握在被雷轰成焦炭的手里,兀自亮着。

18. Scarlet Landscape

HILLTOP. Over there is the sunset, all wounded and bleeding from its own blades of light. In its glow, the pine grove is sharpened, turning vaguely reddish; the small flowers and herbs, in flaming transparency, pervade the quiet moment with a moist perfume, pungent and bright.

I stop in ecstasy before the twilight. Platero, his dark eyes scarlet from the sunset, walks off gently to a pool of crimson and rose and violet waters; he dips his mouth gently into the mirrors which seem to turn liquid at his touch; and through his great throat flows a heavy stream of shadowy, bloodlike water.

It is a familiar setting, but the hour transforms it, and makes of it something strange, foreboding, monumental. It seems that at any moment we will come upon a deserted palace... The evening stretches out beyond itself, and the hour, touched with eternity, is infinite, peaceful, beyond sounding ...

“Get up, Platero.”

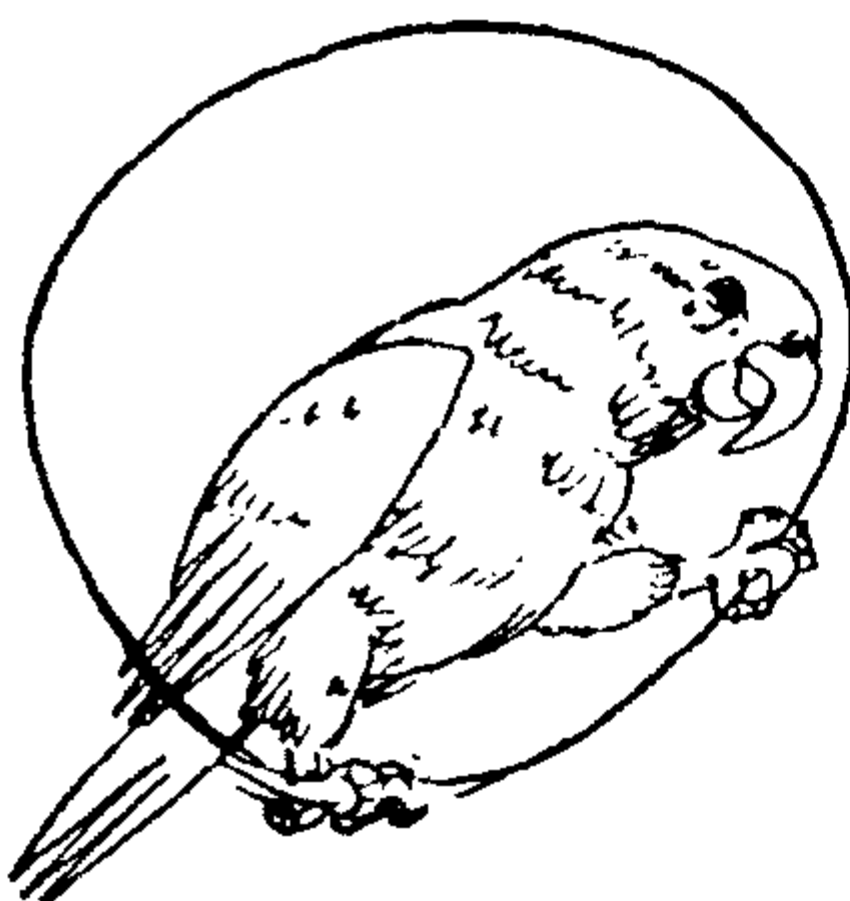
十八 嫣红的风景

落日就在山头上，给自己的光刃割得遍体鳞伤，浑身是血。余晖里松林的轮廓更加鲜明，黑中带红；小花和野草燃起无色的火焰，以浓烈、明亮的潮湿香气充塞这宁静的时刻。

我满心狂喜在黄昏中驻足。普儿的黑眼珠里有落日的嫣红，温驯地走到一池深红、玫瑰红、紫红的水边。它把嘴轻轻浸入水镜之中，镜面似乎给它一碰才化成液体。色深似血的汹涌水流冲进它的大喉咙。

这里的地貌原本熟悉，却给黄昏改造得诡异、不祥而壮丽。似乎随时都可能在无意间走进荒废的宫殿……夜晚破茧而出，黄昏与永恒相连，变得无垠、平静、莫测高深……

“走啦，普儿。”



19. The Parrot

WE WERE PLAYING with Platero and the parrot in the orchard of my friend the French doctor, when a disheveled young woman came anxiously down the hill toward us. From a distance, she sent me a look of dark anguish, as she asked imploringly:

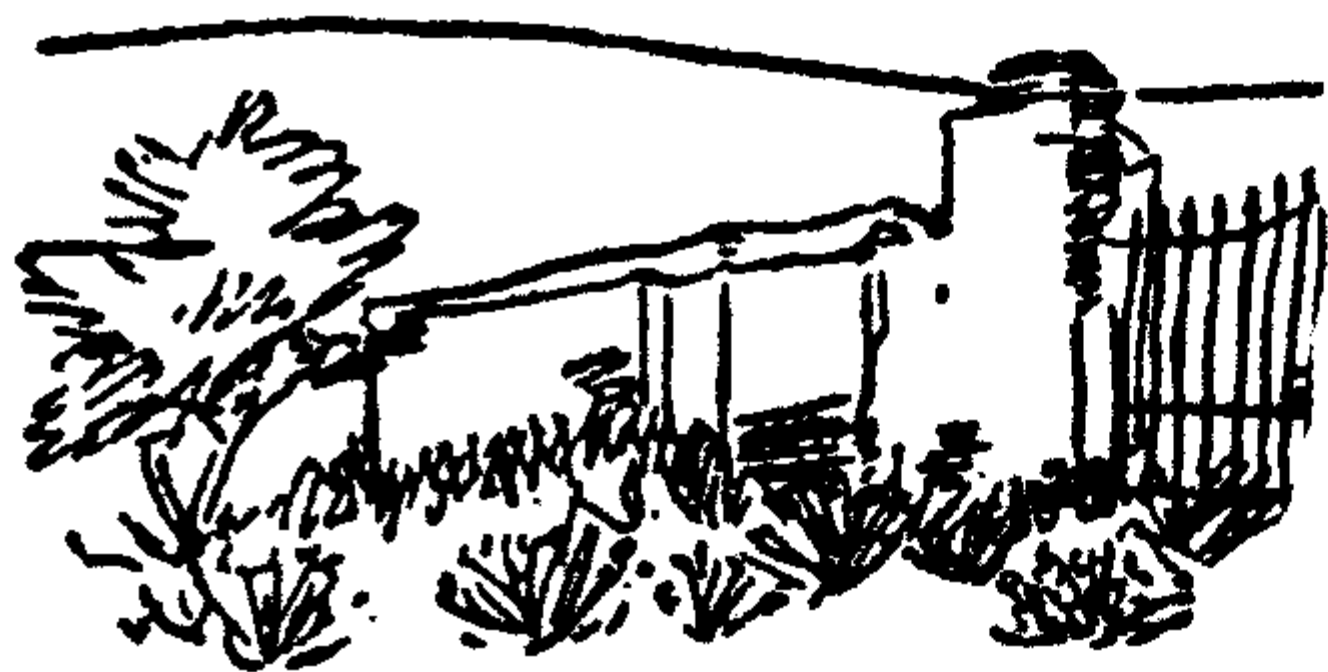
“Sir, is that doctor there?”

Behind her came several slovenly children, panting and looking back each moment up the road; finally a number of men appeared, carrying another, limp and deathly pale. He was one of the poachers who hunt for deer in the game preserve of Doñana. The shotgun, an absurd old weapon tied together with bass rope, had exploded and the hunter had the shot in his arm.

My friend approached the wounded man kindly, took off the wretched rags which they had put on him, washed off the blood and felt the bones and muscles carefully. From time to time he looked at me and said:

“Ce n’est rien.”

The afternoon was fading. From Huelva came an odor of brackish water, of pitch and fish ... The orange trees were rounding out their emerald velvet against the rose of the setting sun. In a lilac bush, green and lilac, the red and green parrot was coming and go-



十九 鸚鵡

有一次我们在法国医生朋友的果园里，逗着普儿和鸚鵡玩，山坡上有个蓬头散发的年轻女人焦急地向我们走来。忧郁焦虑的目光老远便朝我射来，她哀求：

“先生，那位是医生吗？”

她后面跟来好几个脏兮兮的小孩，喘着气不断回头看看身后的上坡路。最后出现几个男人，抬着一个虚弱苍白的跛腿男子。他是个盗猎贼，在多尼亚纳的禁猎区猎鹿。他那把枪滑稽而老旧，全靠粗铜丝绑在一起，一个炸膛，子弹射进他的手臂。

我的朋友亲切地走近伤口，解开绑在伤口的烂布，洗净血污，仔细抚摸他的筋骨。他不时看看我说：

“不要紧的！”

天色渐暗。从韦尔瓦飘来咸水味、松脂味和鱼腥味……橙树团团张开翠绿的天鹅绒叶片托住夕阳的玫瑰红。紫绿交叠的紫丁香树丛中，那只红绿相间的鸚鵡走来走去，用滴溜溜的小眼睛好奇地盯着我们。

ing, watching curiously with his small round eyes.

The streaming tears of the poor hunter shone in the sun; at times he choked back a cry. And the parrot said:

“Ce n’est rien.”

My friend was putting cotton and bandages on the wounded man.

From the poor man came an “Oh! ”

And from the parrot, among the lilacs:

“Ce n’est rien. Ce n’est rien.”

可怜的猎人泪水汪汪，在阳光中闪动。他还不时把冲到嘴边的痛叫吞回去。鸚鵡说：

“不要紧的！”

我的朋友用棉花和绷带包裹伤口。

可怜的家伙大叫：“哎哟！”

鸚鵡在紫丁香花丛里说：

“不要紧的！不要紧的！”



20. Return

WE WERE RETURNING from the woods, both of us heavy-laden: Platero with sweet marjoram and I with yellow iris.

The April evening was fading. All that had been crystal of gold in the sunset was now crystal of silver, a smooth and luminous allegory of white lilies and crystal. Later the vast heavens were like a transparent sapphire turned to emerald. I was returning sad.

In the sublimity of that pure hour, the town tower, crowned with gleaming tiles, took on a monumental aspect as we approached. At close range it was like a distant view of Seville's great cathedral tower, and my longing for cities, always keen in the Spring, found in it a melancholy comfort.

Return ... To what place? From what? For what?... But the irises that were coming with me were more strongly scented in the warm freshness of the approaching night; their scent grew at once more penetrating and more vague, coming from the flower while the flower could not be seen and, out of the lonely shadows, intoxicating body and soul.

"Soul of mine, iris in the shadows! " I said.

And it suddenly occurred to me that though Platero was under me, I had forgotten him.

二十 归来

从树林里，我们俩满载而归；普儿驮着檀香薄荷，我捧着黄鳶尾花。

四月的黄昏将尽。夕照里原先如金水晶的，现在全变成银水晶，比得上白百合与水晶的光滑璀璨。接着，广袤的天空仿佛一片透明的蓝宝石转变成翡翠。我感伤而归。

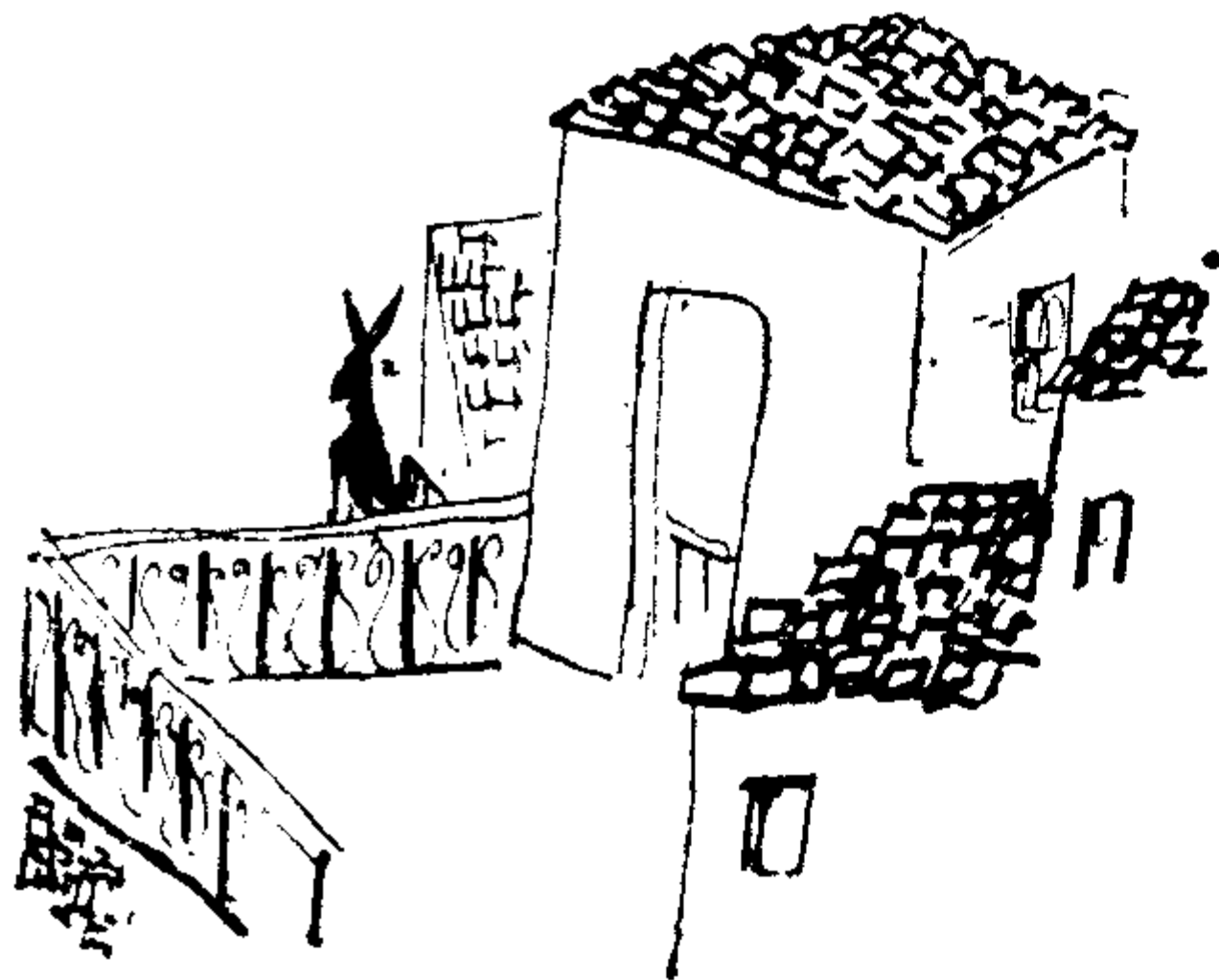
在这纯净时刻的肃穆中，镇上的钟塔顶着闪烁的瓦冠，当我们走近，望去有如一座纪念碑。逼近看来有如远眺的塞维利亚大教堂^①钟楼。我对都市的渴望，在春天总是特别强烈，看到钟楼，惆怅里有了慰藉。

回去吧……去哪儿？从哪儿出发？为了什么呢？……夜幕渐低，手里的鳶尾花在暖和清新的夜色中越发浓郁；气味从花蕊散发，愈沁愈深却愈闻愈朦胧，花朵已经隐去不见，花香飘出寂寞的阴影，陶醉了灵魂和肉体。

“我的灵魂是阴影里的鳶尾花！”我说。

我忽然想起来，虽然骑着普儿，我竟然把它忘了。

① 塞维利亚大教堂的钟楼：12世纪时摩尔式的建筑。



21. The Roof Terrace

YOU HAVE NEVER BEEN UP on the flat roof terrace, Platero. You cannot know what a deep breath swells the chest when, on coming out of the dark wooden staircase, one feels burned by the full light of day, flooded with blue as if right beside the sky, blinded by the whiteness of the lime wash with which the brick floor is painted, as you know, so that the rainwater will be clean when it reaches the cistern.

How delightful to be on the roof terrace! The tower bells are ringing in our very chests, at the level of our hearts which are beating hard. In the distance, hoes are gleaming in the vineyards with sparks of silver and gold. One towers over everything: the other roof terraces, the corrals where people toil on unnoticed at their own work—the chair-maker, painter, barrel-maker; the leafy patches in the larger corrals where there is a bull or a goat; the cemetery where we sometimes see arriving, in haste and scantily attended, the unexpected dark funeral procession of some obscure person; windows where a young girl in a slip is combing her hair absent-mindedly as she sings; the river with a boat which never seems to enter; barns where a cornettist is rehearsing solitary music, or where violent love—roundly, blindly, incomprehensibly—claims its own.

The house disappears below one as if it were a basement. How strange everyday life below seems when seen through the panes of the skylight: words, noises, the garden itself, so beautiful when seen from within; you, Platero, drinking at the watering trough without seeing me or playing the fool with a sparrow or a turtle!



二十一 屋顶阳台

你从未登上平坦的屋顶阳台，普儿。刚从阴暗的木梯间走出来，眼睛给熟石灰的雪白照盲了——你知道，砖墙涂着熟石灰，雨水流到水窖才会纯净——大白天的光线在身上燃烧起来，全身浸在天蓝色里，仿佛人在天际，一时深呼吸教胸口暴涨，这个你是无从体会的。

站在屋顶上真是心旷神怡！教堂的钟声就在我们的胸膛中响起，高度就在扑扑跳动的心脏。远处葡萄园里，锄头闪烁着金银火花。在这儿，可以俯视一切：俯看别家的屋顶阳台、其他人的院子，椅匠、画工、桶匠在其中默默干活儿，……；俯看枝叶茂盛的院子，里头养了一头公牛或一只山羊；俯看墓园，有时在那里我们会无意间看见某个无名小卒的黑色送葬行列走来，众人行色匆匆、态度草率；俯看别家窗户，窗中有个穿无袖衬衣的少女漫不经心地梳着头，嘴里还哼着歌；俯看河流，河上有艘船，似乎永远不驶进来；俯看谷仓，有的里头有人在练习小喇叭独奏曲，有的被爱情占据，激烈得深刻、盲目、无法理解。

脚下的屋子不见了，好像变成地下室。透过天窗的玻璃往下看，日常生活变得如此陌生：人声、噪音，还有花园，从屋顶阳台上看去都如此美丽。你呢，普儿，时而在水槽喝水没看到我，时而和麻雀或斑鸠嬉戏！



22. Don José. the Village Priest

NOW, PLATERO, he is riding along sanctimoniously and speaking honeyed words. But the one who in fact is always angelic is his she-donkey, a real lady.

I believe that you saw him one day in his orchard, wearing sailor's trousers and a broad-brimmed hat, hurling insults and stones at the little boys who were stealing his oranges. Any number of Fridays you have watched poor Balthasar, his servant, dragging along the road with his hernia, which looks like a circus ball, to the town to sell his wretched brooms or to pray with the poor over the deaths of the rich.

Never have I heard a man use worse language, nor call to higher heaven with his oaths. It is true, no doubt, that he knows, or so he says in his five o'clock mass, where heaven is and how everything is arranged there. Trees, earth, water, wind, flame: all these, so full of grace, so soft, so fresh, so pure, so alive, seem to serve him only as examples of disorder, harshness, frigidity, violence and decay. At the end of each day every stone in his orchard comes to rest at a different spot, after being thrown in furious hostility at birds and washerwomen, children and flowers.

At the time for prayers, all is changed. The silence of Don José can be heard in the silence of the countryside. Putting on his cassock, cloak and shovel hat, he goes almost without a glance into the darkened town on his slow-moving donkey, as slow as Jesus' death.

二十二 何塞神父



普儿，这会儿他骑在驴背上，一副圣洁模样，满口甜言蜜语。其实始终圣洁如一的是他那头母驴——她是真正的淑女。

我确定那天在果园里你见过他，他穿着水手长裤，戴阔边帽，向偷柳橙的小男孩又臭骂又扔石头。无数个礼拜五，你眼看他的仆人，可怜的巴尔塔萨患了大如马戏彩球的疝气，蹒跚走到镇上出售他的破扫把，或者和穷人一同为富人的亡灵祈祷。

我从未听过有谁说话比他更粗，也没听过谁祷告比他更虔诚。他确实知道天堂何在，毋庸置疑，连一草一木都熟悉，至少五点钟的弥撒他是这么说的。树、土、水、风、火：这一切都充满上帝的恩典，如此柔软、如此清新、如此纯洁、如此活泼，只是在他嘴里，似乎只佐证了混乱、残忍、冷酷，暴力与腐败。每一天到了尾声，他果园里的石头没有一块留在原处，全被他用来丢鸟儿和洗衣妇、小孩和花朵，招招既凶又狠。

祈祷时间一到，他就变了个人。何塞神父的肃穆，连寂静的乡间都听得见。他穿上法衣、斗篷，戴上宽边帽，前往入夜的小镇，一路上几乎目不斜视，端坐在缓步前进的驴子上，缓慢如耶稣受死。

23. Spring

Oh, what sparkles and what scents!

Oh, see how the meadows laugh!

Oh, what music in the early morn!

POPULAR BALLAD

ONE MORNING, when half awake, I am put out of sorts by the devilish chattering of little children. At last, unable to sleep any longer, I jump out of bed in despair. Then as I look out at the fields through the open window, I realize that those guilty of the uproar are the birds.

I go out to the orchard and thank God for the blue day. Unrestrained concert from fresh throats without number! Capriciously, the swallow sends her warblings spiraling down the well; the blackbird whistles over the fallen orange; the fire-bright oriole chatters in the oak; the titmouse spins long, fine laughter from the top of the eucalyptus; and in the great pine, the sparrows carry on a turbulent discussion.

What a morning it is! The sun scatters over the earth its gold and silver joy; butterflies of a hundred hues play everywhere, among the flowers, through the house, in the fountain. The fields all around burst and crack open in a ferment of healthy new life.

We seem to be within a great honeycomb of light, the burning center of an immense flaming rose.

二十三 春天

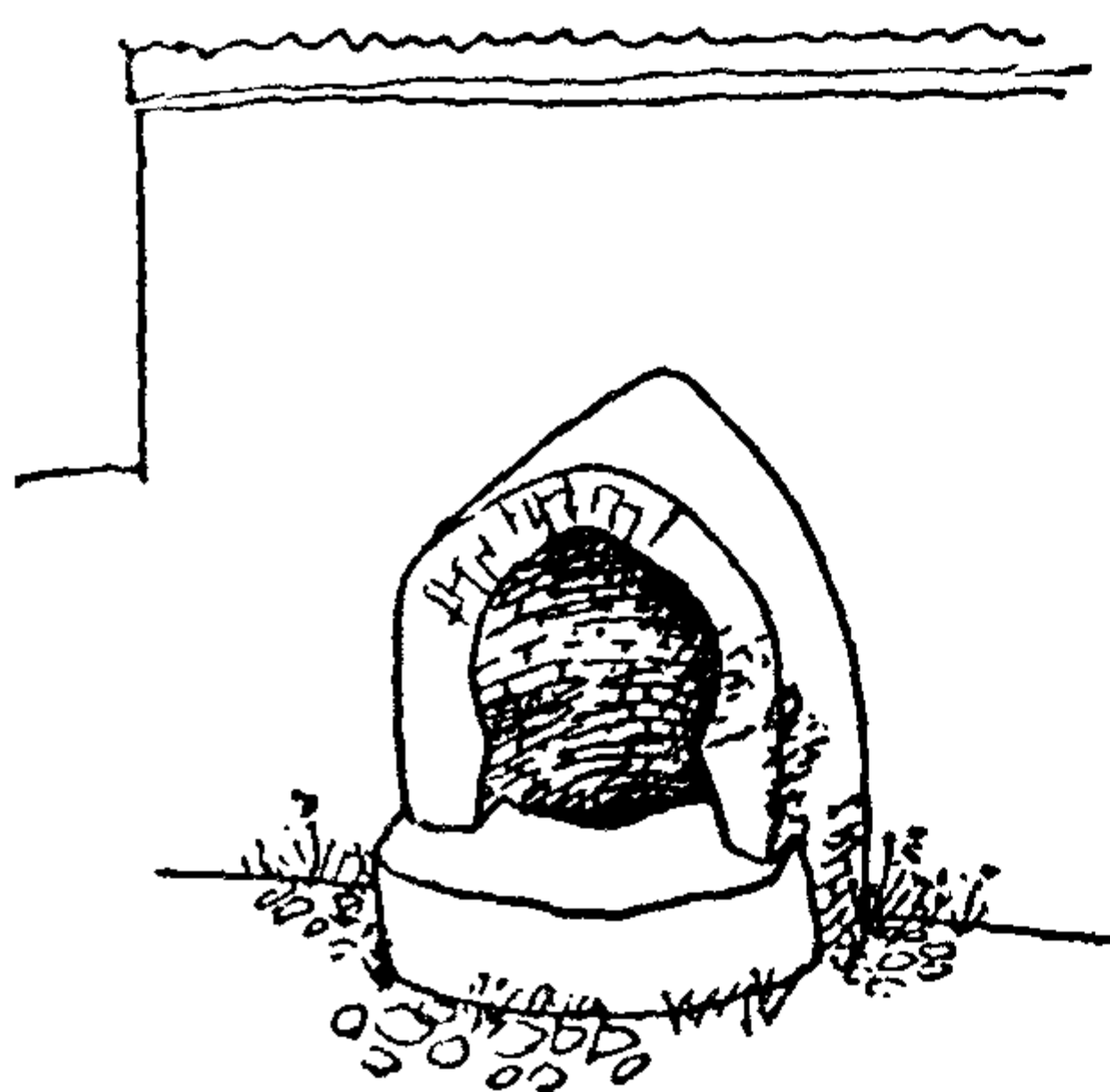
啊！多明亮，多芬芳！
啊！草原笑得那样开怀！
啊！清晨的音乐多美妙！
(流行民歌)

有一天早上，我还睡意朦胧，一群小鬼恼人精似地吵得我发火。最后再也躺不住，气急败坏跳下床。打开窗子眺望田野，才知道吵闹的原来是鸟儿。

走进果园，感谢上苍赐予这湛蓝的日子。无数娇嫩的歌喉齐声尽兴欢唱！燕子娇声歌唱，以莫测的身手旋飞入井；百灵鸟在倾倒的橙树上方吹口哨；火亮的金莺在橡树上喋喋不休；小山雀在油加利树顶细声长笑；麻雀在那棵大松树上七嘴八舌争论。

多么美好的早晨！太阳把如金似银的欢乐撒遍大地。五彩缤纷的蝴蝶四处嬉戏，在花丛里，在屋里屋外，在泉水边。健康的新生命一触即发，四下原野为之暴胀绽裂。

我们似乎置身在阳光的蜂房里，在一朵巨大燃烧的火玫瑰心中。



24. The Cistern

LOOK AT IT, full from the last rains, Platero. It has no echo, nor can you see reflected in its depths, as when it is low, the enclosed balcony lighted by the sun, a polychrome jewel behind the blue and yellow panes of the glass roof.

You have never gone down into the cistern, Platero. I have; I went down once when they emptied it, years ago. Look; it has a long gallery and then a tiny room. When I entered it, the candle I was carrying went out and into my hand slipped a salamander. Two terrible chills crossed in my breast like two swords crossing, like two cross-bones beneath a skull The whole town is undermined, Platero, by cisterns and galleries. The largest cistern is the one in the patio of Salto del Lobo, in the square of the ancient citadel of the Castle. The best is this one at my house which, as you can see, has a curbstone carved from a single piece of alabastrine marble. The gallery from the church cisterns goes as far as the vineyard at Los Puntales and there opens in the field, beside the river. No one has ever dared to follow the one from the hospital its whole length, because it has no end.

二十四 水窖

瞧，普儿，上次下几阵雨，水窖便注满了。窖中听不到回声也看不见围墙里给日光照亮的阳台，水浅时阳台会倒映在水窖深处，太阳隔着有蓝有黄的玻璃屋顶，好似一颗五彩宝石。

你不曾下水窖去过，普儿。我去过；几年前，水窖的水放干了我下去过一次。瞧，有条狭长的水道，接着是个小房间。一进房间，手中的蜡烛灭了，有只蝶螈溜到我手里。两道可怕的寒气在胸中交错，像两把剑互撞，像骷髅底下交叉的骨头……。水窖和水道腐蚀了小镇的地基，普儿。最大的水窖在萨尔多·德·络波家的中庭里，在卡斯蒂约古城堡的广场上。最好的要算我家这座，你看这井栏用整块雪花大理石雕刻而成。教堂水窖的水道一直通到彭塔莱斯的葡萄园，出口在原野里靠近河边。医院的那条水道至今无人敢走，因为怎么也走不到尽头。

I remember, when I was a child, the long rainy nights when the sobbing sound of the rounded flow of water kept me awake as it fell from the flat roof to the cistern. Then in the morning we would go excitedly to see how high the water had risen. When it was up to the rim as it is today, what astonishment, what shouts, what wonder!

All right, Platero! And now I am going to give you a bucketful of this pure, fresh water, a bucketful such as Villegas drank in one draught, poor Villegas, whose body was already burnt from too much cognac and brandy.

记得童年时漫长的雨夜里，四窜的雨水从房屋的平顶流到水窖，水声呜咽使我不能入眠。第二天大清早我们会兴奋地跑去看水涨得多高。如果像今天一样满到边上，我们会大吃一惊，会叫成一团，会感到不可思议！

好啦，普儿！现在我要给你一桶纯净、清甜的水。一桶比列加斯能一口气喝完的水——可怜的比列加斯，他的身体早让过量的白兰地与水果酒烧坏了。

25. The Mangy Dog

SOMETIMES HE WOULD COME, thin and panting, to the house in the orchard. Long accustomed to shouts and stonings, the poor animal was always on the run. Even the dogs bared their fangs at him. And he would go away again under the noonday sun, slowly and sadly down the hill.

That afternoon he came up following Diana. In a sudden fit of anger the guard had got out his shotgun and just as I came out, he shot at him. I had no time to prevent it. The poor dog, with the shot inside him, staggered wildly for a moment, gave a piercing howl of distress and fell dead under an acacia.

Head high, Platero stared at the dog. Diana went back and forth from one to the other of us, trying to hide in fright. The guard, perhaps feeling repentant, was making long explanations to no one in particular, growing indignant, trying—vainly—to deaden his remorse. A veil seemed to darken the sun as if in mourning; a large veil, like the tiny veil which clouded over the good eye of the murdered dog. Bent low by the wind from the sea, the eucalyptus wept the more violently in the deep, oppressive silence which the siesta hour stretched across the golden fields and over the dead dog.

二十五 癩狗

有时它会去果园里的农舍，瘦巴巴、气吁吁的。可怜的东西，早已习惯被人吆喝、扔石头，总是东逃西窜。连狗都向它龇牙咧嘴。它每每在正午的艳阳下走开，哀伤地慢慢踱下山坡。

那天下午，它尾随狄亚娜走来。警卫一时暴怒，取出猎枪朝它开火，我正好一脚踏出门槛。来不及阻止。可怜的狗，身中一枪，疯狂地挣扎了一会儿，尖厉地哀嚎一声，倒毙在刺槐底下。

普儿伸直了头瞪着死狗。狄亚娜在我们之间奔来跑去，吓得闪躲不迭。警卫也许后悔了，见人就喋喋解释，却怎么也挥不去心中的愧疚。太阳仿佛掩上薄纱表示哀悼；这片巨幔，就像蒙在惨遭横死的狗那颗完好眼睛上的小小薄膜。午休沉闷难当的寂静，笼罩金黄色的田野，盖住死狗，使得油加利树在海风中弯低了身子，哭得好不凄凉。

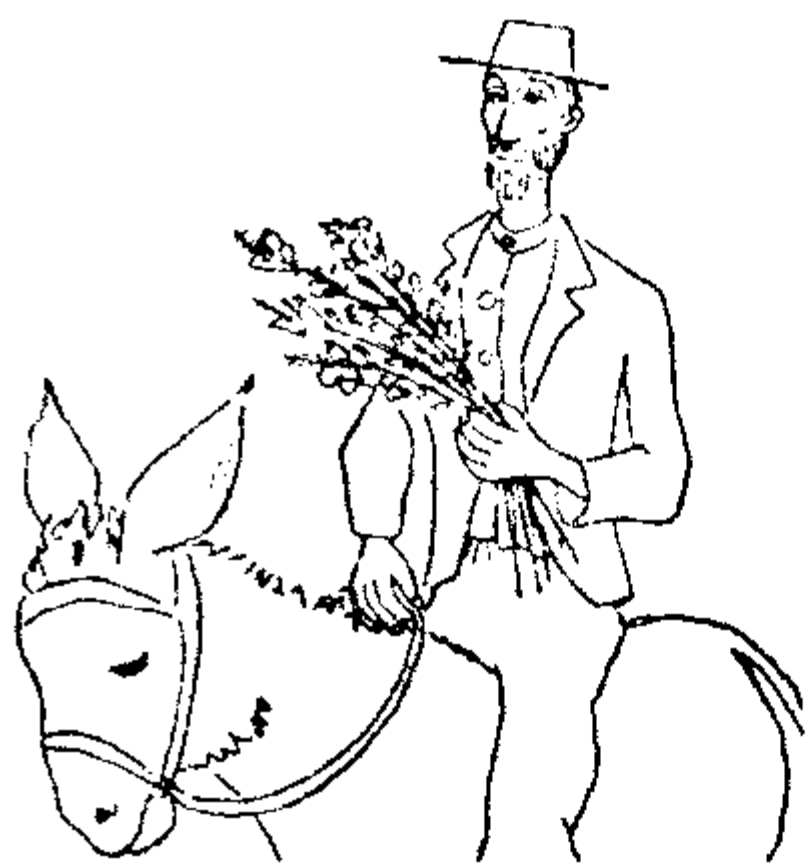


26. April Idyl

THE CHILDREN WENT with Platero to the stream by the black poplars and now, playing and with shouts of laughter, they are bringing him back trotting, all laden with yellow flowers. Down there it rained on them, from that fleeting cloud which veiled the green field with its threads of silver and gold. And over the drenched coat of the silly little donkey the wet bellflowers are still dripping.

Gay, fresh, sentimental idyl! Even the braying of Platero becomes tender beneath that sweet, rain-soaked burden! From time to time he turns his head and tears off the flowers which he can reach with his mouth. Snowy and golden, the bellflowers hang for a moment amid his greenish-white saliva and then go down to his little cinched belly. Who but you, Platero, could eat flowers and be unharmed!

Uncertain afternoon in April! ...Platero's brilliant, lively eyes copy the whole landscape of sun and rain. In the west, over the field at San Juan, one can see the rain raveling from another rosy cloud.



二十六 四月的牧歌

孩子们同普儿到黑杨林边的小溪去，这会儿他们牵着它，一路嬉戏叫喊地跑回来，满载着黄花。方才一片流云用金丝银线覆盖葱绿的草原，往他们身上淋。小傻驴湿透的背上，湿润的吊钟花还在滴水。

快活、清新、动人的牧歌啊！在那担泡满了雨水的甜蜜负荷下，连普儿的叫声也柔和起来！它不时转头顺口咬些花朵来吃。雪白、金黄的吊钟花，先在它白中带绿的唾沫间逗留，接着吞进了系着肚带的小肚子。除了你，普儿，有谁能吃下鲜花却不生病的？

四月阴晴不定的下午！……普儿晶亮活泼的眼睛里映着乍晴还雨的景致。在西边圣胡安的田野上空，可以看见纠结的雨丝从另一朵玫瑰色的云端垂下。

27. The Canary Escapes

ONE DAY THE GREEN CANARY, I do not know how or why, flew from his cage. He was an old canary, sad memento of a dead friend, and I had never let him go free for fear he might die of hunger or cold, or that the cats might catch him.

He flew about all morning among the pomegranates in the orchard, in the pines by the doorway, among the lilacs. The children also remained all morning long seated on the balcony, fascinated by the brief flights of the yellowish bird. Untied, Platero was idling by the roses, playing with a butterfly.

In the afternoon, the canary came to the roof of the large house and stayed there for a long time, quivering in the mild, fading sunlight. Suddenly and without anyone's knowing how or why, he reappeared in his cage, happy again.

What a riot of joy in the garden! The children were jumping up and down, clapping their hands, their faces laughing and reddened like the dawn; Diana ran madly after them, barking at her own cheerful little bell; infected with their joy, Platero, in a surge of silvery flesh, leapt like a little goat, spun around on his hoofs in a crude waltz, and stood on his forefeet to kick into the bright, warm air.

二十七 金丝雀飞了

有一天那只绿金丝雀，不知如何也不知为何飞出了鸟笼。那只老鸟是引人感伤的亡友纪念物。只因怕它冻死饿死，怕它给馋猫捉住，才不曾放它出来。

它一整个早晨都在果园的石榴树间、门边的松树上、紫丁香花丛里游荡。孩子们也一整个早晨坐在阳台上，全给这只黄色小鸟的忽飞忽停迷住了。普儿没系上绳子，优哉游哉同只蝴蝶在玫瑰花丛边玩耍。

午后金丝雀飞到大房子的屋顶久久不去，在柔和渐弱的阳光中颤抖。不知如何也不知为何，它竟然已回到笼中，快乐如昔。

花园里一阵欢声雷动！孩子们跳上跳下，拍着小手，红通通的笑脸有如破晓；狄亚娜兴高采烈跟着他们奔跑，和着颈上轻快的小铃铛声吠叫；普儿感染了喜气，银光流动的肌肉一蹬，像小山羊一样跳跃起来，用蹄子笨拙地转个华尔兹，然后前腿站立，后腿踢向明亮温暖的天空。

28. The Devil

SUDDENLY A DONKEY APPEARS around the wall at the edge of town, alone and trotting hard, looking doubly dark in a great cloud of dust. A moment later children dash out breathless, pulling up tattered trousers that expose their dark bellies, as they throw vine props and stones at him ...

He is large, old and black, with bones so prominent—another archpriest—that it looks as if his hairless hide might split at any point. Showing teeth like yellow beans, he stops to bray fiercely to the sky, with an energy that belies his decrepit old age ... Is he a stray donkey? Don't you know him, Platero? What do you suppose he wants? From whom can he be fleeing, with that wild and halting trot?

On seeing him, Platero first forms a horn with both ears touching at the tip, then leaves one up and the other hanging; he comes to me and tries at the same time to hide in the ditch and to run away. The black donkey passes close beside him, brushes against him, tugs at his saddle, sniffs at him, brays against the convent wall and goes off trotting down around the walls.

There is, in the heat, a strange moment of chill—I do not know whether mine or Platero's—in which things appear confused, as if the low shadow of a black cloth placed before the sun were

二十八 魔鬼

有只驴子忽然出现在镇边的围墙附近，踏着孤独沉重的步伐，尘土飞扬中看起来倍加污黑。没多久孩子们气吁吁冲出来，一手提着遮不住黑肚皮的破裤子，一手用架葡萄的枝条和石块丢向它……。

它又大又老又黑，骨头凸得像长老一样，光秃秃的皮肤，仿佛处处都会撑破。它露出一嘴大豆般的黄牙，停下来朝天空尖声嘶喊，声量与它的老朽并不相称，……迷路的驴子吗？你不认识它吗，普儿？你想它要的是什么呢？脚步凌乱、走走停停，是从谁家跑出来的？

普儿一看见它，双耳直竖如角，耳尖相碰，然后只竖一只，另一只放下；它走向我，想躲进水沟里又想逃开。黑驴子紧紧靠向普儿，擦身而过，扯它的鞍架，闻闻它，朝修道院的围墙嘶鸣，最后沿着墙跑去。

大热天里，这一刻令人不寒而栗——害怕的不知道是我还是普儿——一切都颠倒错乱，仿佛原本在黑布前低矮的阴影，忽然罩住小巷转弯处耀眼的孤独，霎时一片死寂，令人窒息。远方的事物一点一滴将我们带回现实。街道另一

suddenly cast over the dazzling solitude of the bend in the lane where the air, instantly quiet, is stifling. Little by little distant things bring us back to reality. Up the street one can hear the ever-changing clamor in the square of the Fish Market, where the vendors who have just arrived from the shore are praising their flounders, their mullet, their bleak fish, their sprats, their crayfish; the resounding church bell proclaiming morning service, the whistle of the grindstone ...

Platero looks at me now and then, still trembling, frightened without knowing why, in our voiceless quiet ...

“Platero, I do not think that that donkey is a real donkey ... ”

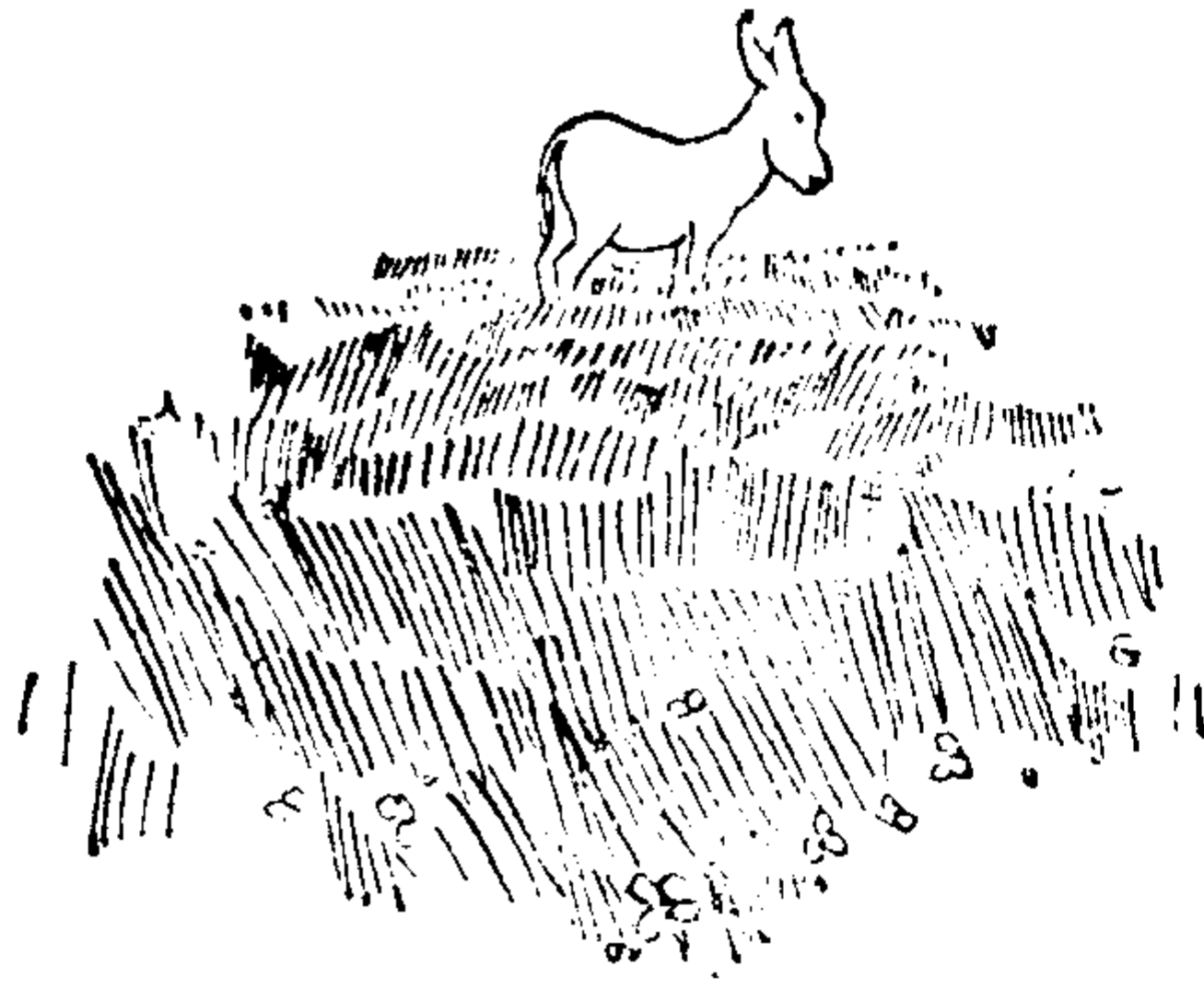
Again Platero silently shudders with a light rustle throughout his frame, as he fearfully casts a dark and gloomy look toward the ditch.

端的鱼市广场传来永不重复的喧闹声；鱼贩刚从海边回来，正在叫卖他们的鱼：比目鱼、鲐鱼、鲤鱼、鲱鱼，和小龙虾；教堂钟声响起，宣告晨祷的时间到了；磨刀石霍霍作响……。

普儿不时看看我，依旧发抖，怕得莫名其妙，我俩悄然相对……。

“普儿，我想那不是真的驴子……。”

普儿又默默发抖，全身发出细微的沙沙声，恐惧地向水沟投出阴沉、忧郁的一瞥。



29. Freedom

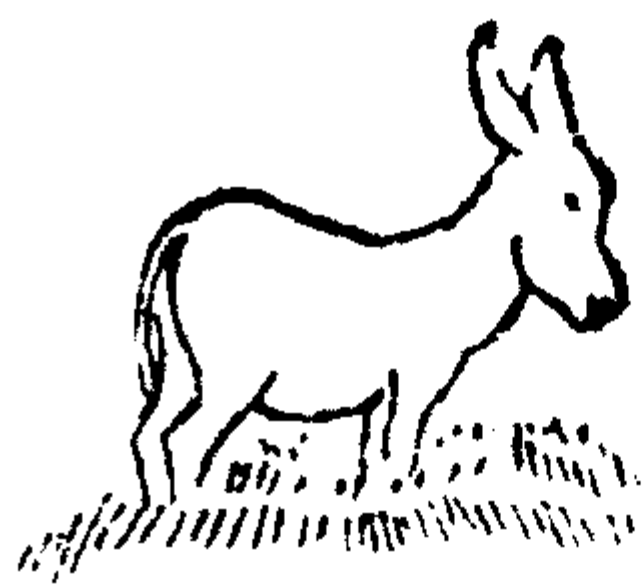
MY GLANCE, lost among the flowers beside the path, was suddenly drawn to a brilliant-colored little bird which repeatedly opened its many-colored wings in halted flight above the damp green meadow. We approached slowly, I in front and Platero behind. Close by was a shaded drinking pond where treacherous boys had set a snare for the birds. The sad little decoy would rise as high as its wings would carry it, calling unwittingly to its brothers in the sky.

The morning was clear and pure, pierced with blue. From a neighboring pine grove came a light concert of exalted trills, sounding now near, now far, but always present, in the mild golden sea breeze which rippled the treetops. Poor innocent concert, so near such evil hearts!

I got on Platero and, urging him on with my legs, climbed up to the pine grove at a quick trot. On reaching the leafy shaded cupola, I clapped my hands, sang out, shouted. Catching my fever, Platero brayed harshly again and again. The echoes answered, sharp and resonant, as from the bottom of a great well. The birds flew off singing to another pine grove.

Amid the distant curses of the angry children, Platero pushed his great hairy head toward my heart, thanking me so hard it hurt my chest.

二十九 自由



我的眼神在路边花朵之间漫游，潮湿绿地上突然有只亮丽的小鸟，不停拍动多彩的翅膀，却飞不走，一时吸引了视线。我们慢慢走近，我在前，普儿在后。邻近的树阴下有个饮水池，一群狡猾的男孩在那里设下捕鸟的网。悲伤的小囫^①鸟，拼命鼓动翅膀往上冲，不知情地呼叫天空里的弟兄。

早晨明朗而洁净，蓝得通透。附近松树林传来一片喜悦轻快的鸟鸣，温柔的金色海风吹绉整片树梢，风中的歌声时近时远却流连不去。可怜、纯真的演唱会，邪恶的心灵竟然紧邻在旁！

我骑上普儿，夹紧双腿催促它快步跑上松林。一到浓荫遮成的圆盖下，我鼓掌、高歌、叫喊。普儿感染了我的狂热，也粗声狂鸣不已。回声激荡，尖厉而洪亮，宛如响自一口大井底下。小鸟唱着歌飞到另一座松林里去。

正当愤怒的孩童在远处咒骂，普儿用它毛茸茸的大头猛推我的胸口表示感谢，推得我发疼。

①囫(é,音俄):捕鸟时用来引诱同类鸟的鸟。

30. The Beloved

THE CLEAR WIND from the sea sweeps up the red slope to the field at the summit and breaks into laughter among the tender white flowers; then it frisks among the brushwood of the uncleared pines and sets the shining spiderwebs of blue, rose and gold to swaying. The whole afternoon is now sea wind. And sun and wind so gently soothe the heart!

Platero carries me happily, lithely, readily. One would think that he did not feel my weight. We go up the hill as if we were going down it. In the distance a shining ribbon of indefinite color vibrates among the farthest pines, like an island landscape. In the green meadows there below hobbled donkeys jump from bush to bush.

A springlike quiver floats over the ravine. Suddenly, Platero pricks up his ears and dilates his raised nostrils to his very eyes, baring the yellow of his huge beanshaped teeth. In long breaths, he is drinking in from the four winds some strange deep essence which must go straight to his heart. Yes. Over there on the other hill, fine and gray against the blue sky, is his beloved. Double brays, long and resonant, shatter the luminous hour with their trumpeting and then fall in twin cascades.

I have to restrain the tender instincts of my poor Platero. With a sadness equal to his own, the beautiful sweetheart in the field sees him go by, his great jet eyes filled with mirrored scenes. Futile and mysterious cry, resounding harshly through the daisies!

And Platero trots along rebelliously, trying all the time to turn round, Saying reproachfully in his quick little trot:

"I tishn't fair, it isn't fair, it isn't fair."

三十 恋人

清爽的海风吹上红土坡，吹到山顶的草原，在娇嫩的白花间笑成一片，接着又吹到未清扫的松林下，在枯枝间嬉戏，使蓝色、玫瑰色、金色的晶莹蛛网随风摇摆。整个下午都吹着海风。太阳与清风轻轻柔柔抚慰心灵！

普儿高兴、轻快、心甘情愿驮着我，好像我没有重量似的。我们登上山坡有如走下坡路般轻快。极远处有座松林，望去仿佛海中孤岛，岛中有条颜色模糊的丝带闪闪颤动。山脚下绿色草原上，驴群在灌木丛间跳来跳去。

春天似的悸动漂浮在峡谷上空。普儿忽然竖起双耳，将高举的鼻孔张得眼睛般大，露出黄豆似的大牙齿。它深饮四面的风，必定是有什么奇妙、深沉的气味直入心房。没错。就在另一座山丘上，蔚蓝的天空衬着一头秀气的灰毛驴，那就是它的恋人。两声嘶鸣，悠长而嘹亮，震碎这灿烂的时辰，然后像一双瀑布流泻下来。

我必须抑制可怜的普儿这种温存的本能。美丽的甜心眼看着它走过田野，心中和它一样哀伤，这一幕幕情景全映在普儿乌溜溜的大眼睛里。徒然而神秘的呼唤凄厉地回响，直透雏菊丛！

普儿跑得心不甘情不愿，一直想回头转，细碎的快蹄声声都在抗议：

“这不公平，这不公平，这不公平……”



31. The Three Old Women

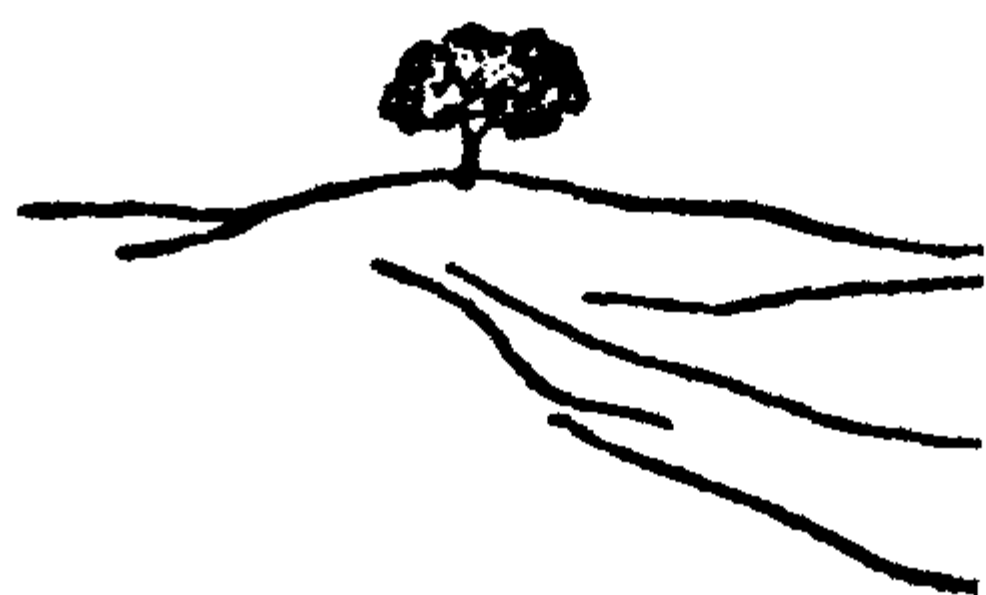
“CLIMB UP ON THE BANK HERE, Platero. Come on, we shall let these poor old women pass.”

They must be coming from the beach or from the hills. Look. One is blind and the others are leading her by the arms. They must be going to the hospital or to see Don Luis, the doctor. See how slowly they are walking, what care and measure the two who can see put into their actions. All three seem to fear death itself. Can you see, Platero, how they stretch out their hands, as if to hold off the very air, warding off imaginary dangers, even to the lightest flowering branches, in an absurd gesture?

Look out or you will fall, lad. Hear what bad language they are using. They are gypsies. Look at their picturesque clothes, with spots and flounces. Can you see? They are without wraps, their tall, lithe figures unbent despite their age. Blackened, sweaty, dirty, lost in the dust and sun of midday, a faint uncouth beauty still clings to them like a dry, harsh memory.

Look, Platero, at the three of them. With what confidence they bear old age back to life, penetrated by this springtime which brings forth the yellow thistle flowers into the sweet vibrance of its fiery sun!

三十一 三个老妇人

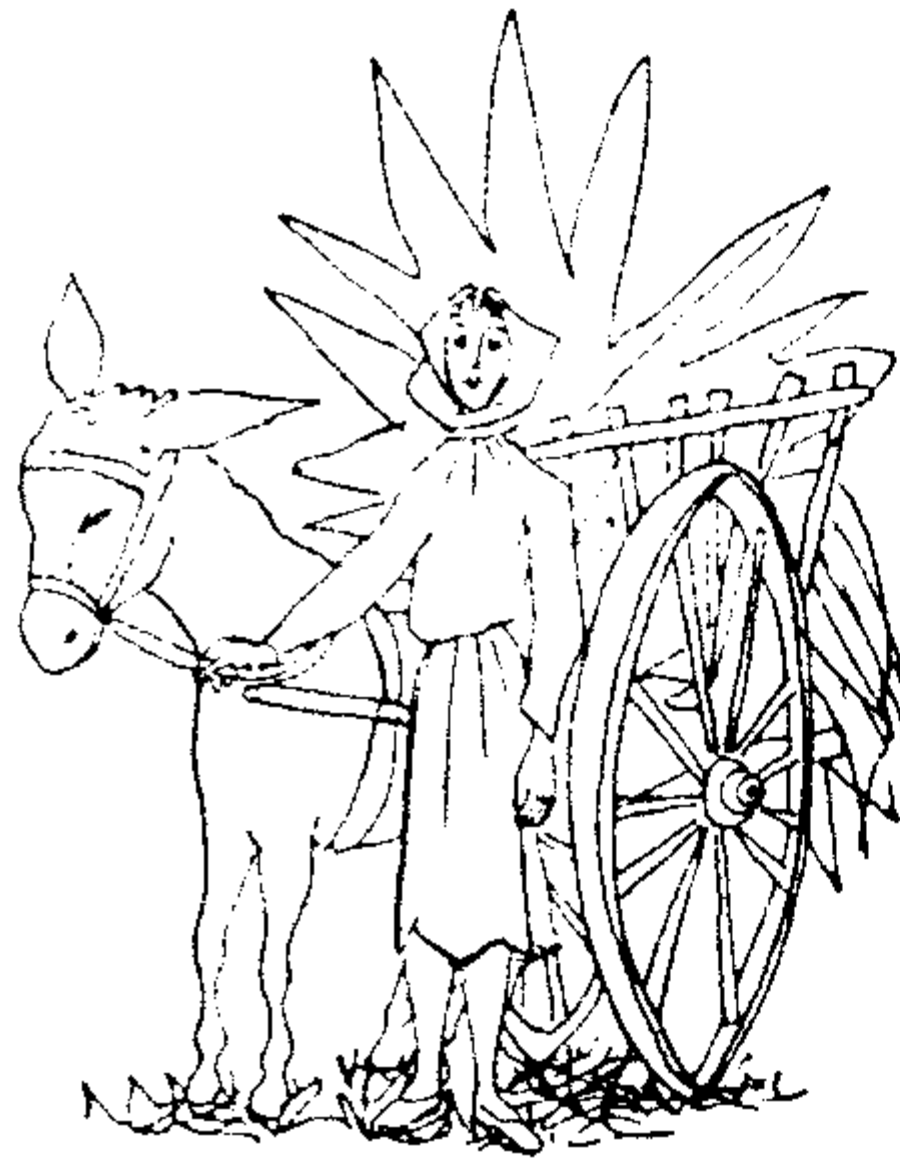


“来河堤上头吧，普儿。来吧，让这些可怜的老太太过去。”

她们大概来自海边，要不就是山上。瞧！一个是瞎子，另外两个牵着她的手臂带路。大概是要上医院，或去找路易斯先生，就是那位医生。你瞧她们走路慢吞吞的，两个明眼的一举一动都战战兢兢！仿佛三个人怕的就是死神。你看得出来吗，普儿？她们伸出手臂做可笑的动作，好像要推开空气，躲避想像中的危险，再细小的花枝也不敢碰触。

小子当心点儿，别跌下去了！你听听，她们嘴里的语言多粗俗。是吉卜赛人。看看她们在花衣服，饰有圆点和荷叶边。你看到没？年纪都一大把了，没披围巾，高大柔软的身躯依然挺直。黝黑、汗臭、肮脏，迷失在中午的阳光和尘土里，些许粗俗的美依旧残存，有如干枯、粗糙的回忆。

普儿，瞧她们三个。以无比的信心在晚年燃起生机，今年春天又使得黄野薊花开在火热太阳蓬勃的生气里，也沁透了她们的生命。



32. The Little Cart

AT THE LARGE STREAM, swollen by the rain until it reached the vineyards, we came upon an old cart stuck in the mud, quite lost beneath its load of grass and oranges. A dirty, ragged little girl was weeping over one of the wheels as she tried to help the donkey, which was smaller and oh! much thinner than Platero, by pushing with all the force of her youthful breast. The little donkey was struggling far beyond his strength against the wind, trying in vain to pull the cart from the mud at each sobbing command of the little girl. Her efforts were as futile as those of many valiant children, as the flight of those weary summer breezes which fall fainting among the flowers.

After patting Platero I harnessed him as best I could to the little cart, in front of the pitiful donkey. Then I urged him on with an affectionate command and Platero, with one tug, pulled cart and donkey from the mire and hauled them up the bank.

How the little girl smiled through her smudge of tears! It was as though the evening sun, breaking in yellow crystals as it set among the rain clouds, suddenly glowed with dawn.

In her tearful joy she offered me two choice oranges. I took them gratefully and gave one to the weak little donkey as sweet comfort, the other to Platero as a golden prize.

三十二 小拉车

雨水使溪水猛涨，漫到了葡萄园里，我们在溪边碰到一辆满载野草和柑橘的旧驴车陷在泥坑里，动弹不得。有个肮脏褴褛的小女孩，伏在轮上哭泣，用尽幼小胸膛里所有的力气帮驴子推车，那只驴子比普儿更小，天啊，也瘦多了。小女孩垂泪驱使驴子，驴子顶着风使尽吃奶的力气，却一点用处也没有。她和许多勇敢的小孩一样白费工夫，就像夏日疲倦的微风，晕倒在花丛之间。

我拍拍普儿，将它好好套在驴车上，在那只可怜的小驴子前面。然后以温柔口令命它前进，普儿一拉，把小车和驴子都救出泥坑，拖到堤上。

小女孩泪泥纵横的脏脸上绽出开怀的笑容！就像夕阳起先如破碎的黄水晶散落雨云之中，忽然间燃起了黎明的光辉。

含泪的欢欣里，她送给我两颗精选的蜜橘。我感激地接了过来，一颗递给那头瘦弱的小驴子，作为甜蜜的安慰，另一颗给普儿，算是金色的奖品。

33. Bread

I TOLD YOU, Platero, that the soul of Moguer is wine, didn't I? No, bread is the soul of Moguer. Moguer is like a loaf of wheat bread, white inside like the soft center and gold outside—oh tawny sun! —like the tender crust.

At noon when the sun burns most hotly, the entire town begins to be redolent of pine and warm bread. The whole town opens its mouth. It is like one great mouth which is eating one great loaf of bread. Bread intrudes into everything: into the olive oil, the cold tomato soup, the cheese and the grapes, to give a flavor of kissing crust to the wine, the broth, the ham, and to itself. Also alone, like hope, or with some vision...

The men delivering bread arrive trotting on their horses, stop at each half-opened door, clap their hands and shout, "The bread man! " One can hear the soft, clear ring of the quarter-of-a-pound loaves as they fall against the penny loaves, the large loaves as they hit the twisted loaves in the baskets held up by bare arms.

And just then the poor children ring the front-door bells or knock at the gates, wailing at length to those inside, "A little bit of bread! "

三十三 面包

普儿，我是不是跟你说过，摩格尔的灵魂是酒？其实面包才是。摩格尔就像一条小麦面包，里头雪白像软软的面包心，外头金黄——噢！黄褐色的太阳——像松软的面包皮。

正午时太阳晒得最热，镇上开始弥漫松树和热面包浓烈的香气。整个小镇张开了嘴。小镇就像一张大嘴，正在吃一条大面包。面包真是无所不在：是橄榄油、冷番茄汤、乳酪和葡萄的好搭档，面包皮酥脆的滋味还可以配葡萄酒、肉汤、火腿，甚至本身就是美食。不用搭配也可以，像希望一样，或者掺点幻觉……。

送面包的人骑着马在每家半掩的门前停下来，拍手喊道：“送面包的！”挂在裸露手臂上的篮子里，你听得到四分之一磅面包掉落在小面包上，或大块面包撞到卷花面包所发出的柔和、清晰的声音……

就在此刻，穷人家的孩子有的拉门铃，有的敲大门，对屋里的人久久哀求：“施舍点儿面包吧！”

34. The Pine on La Corona

WHEREVER I STOP, Platero, it seems to me that I am stopping beneath the pine on La Corona. Whatever point I reach—be it city, love or glory—it seems to me that I am reaching its green and prodigal plenitude beneath the great blue sky with its white clouds. As it is for the sailors of Moguer when there are storms over the bar, it is for me a round, clear lighthouse in the troubled seas of my dreams, a high point of refuge on my difficult days, as it stands at the top of its rough red slope used by beggars on their way to Sanlúcar.

What strength I feel whenever I rest beneath my memory of it! It is the only thing which as I have grown older has not ceased to seem large, the only thing which has seemed ever larger. When they cut off that branch which the hurricane had split, it seemed to me that they had torn off a part of my body; and at times when some pain catches me unexpectedly, it seems to me that the pain is felt by the pine on La Corona.

The word “great” becomes it as it does the sea, the sky, and my heart. In its shade races and races of people have rested through the centuries, looking at the clouds, as they have done on the water, under the sky and in the nostalgia of my heart. When my thoughts are wandering idly and arbitrary images come as they will, or in those moments when, beside other objects clearly seen, certain things appear as if in a second image, the pine on La Corona, transfigured in some strange, eternal scene, looks to me, in my uncertain state of mind, more than ever gigantic and full of murmurings, calling to me to rest in its peace, as the true and eternal goal of my voyage through life.

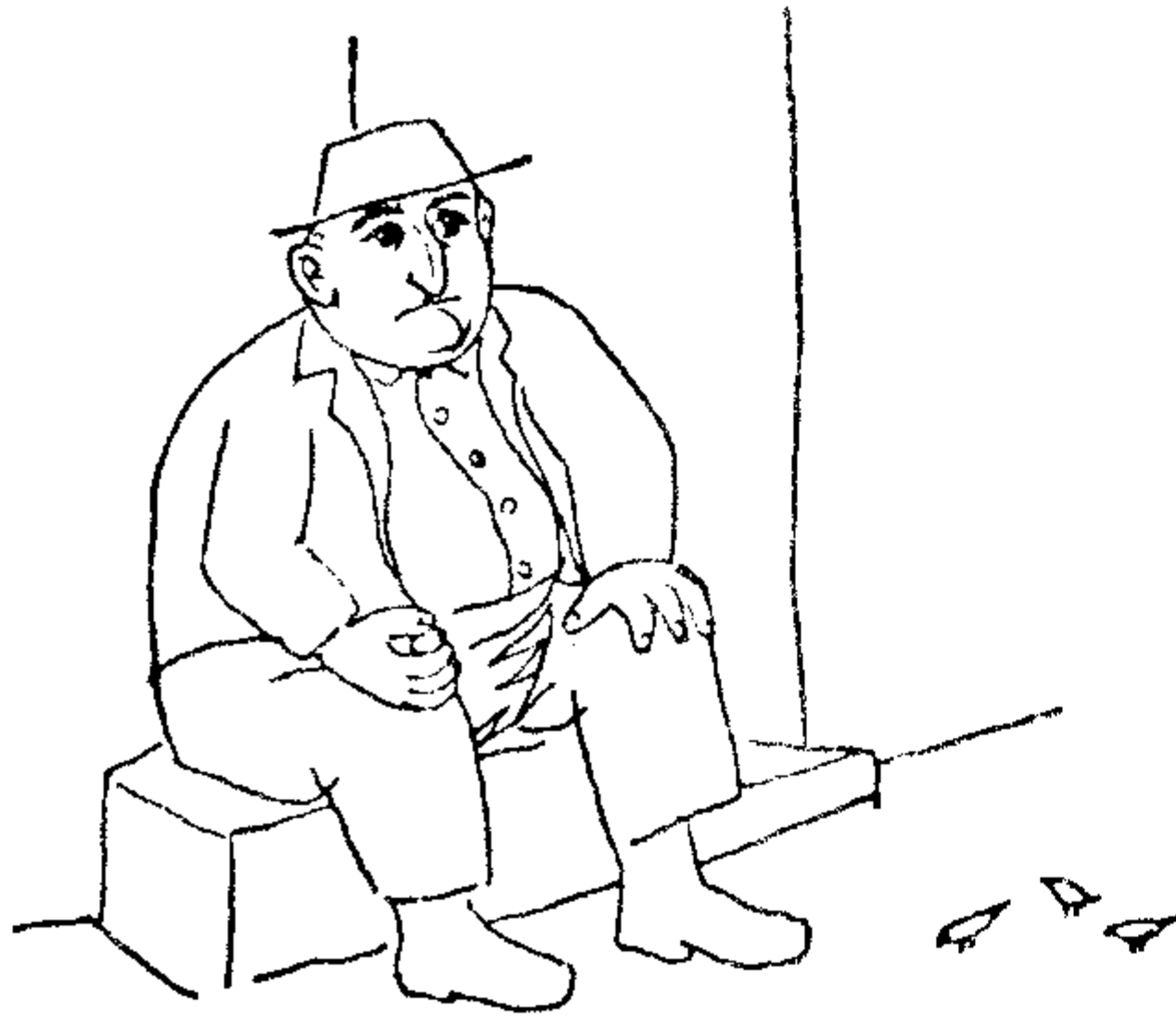
三十四 可洛那^①的松树

不论在哪儿歇脚，普儿，我都觉得身在可洛那的那棵松树下。不管到了什么地方——无论是城市、情爱、荣耀——都觉得到达了蓝天白云下那一大片的翠绿和茂密。就像海外有暴风雨时，灯塔引导摩格尔的水手一样，可洛那松树是屹立在我汹涌梦境中的灯塔，浑圆而清晰，我落魄时高耸的避难所，位于崎岖的红土坡顶，前往圣卢卡的乞丐都走这里。

每当我缅怀此松，我得到的力量何其大！只有它没有因为我成长而不再变大，只有它似乎竟能与日俱增。那年人们砍掉被飓风摧损的树枝，我好像也被挖走一块肉，有时候我横遭痛楚，可洛那的松树好像也感受到同样痛苦。

“伟大”一词适用于它，就像适用于海、天、吾心。几个世纪以来，各种族群种族的过客在松荫下歇息，仰望浮云有如身在大海上、在天空下、在我心的怀念之中。有时思绪悠游，不羁的心象任意浮现，有时心思虽有明确的对象，别的心事却如重像出现，可洛那的松树在奇异而永恒的情境中脱去本相，在我浮荡的心境里，看起来身形无比硕大，树声飒飒召唤我回到树下的宁静里安息，有如我生命旅程真正的永恒目的地。

① 可洛那：西班牙原文“La Corona”，有“皇冠”的意思。



35. Darbón

DARBÓN, PLATERO'S DOCTOR, is as large as a piebald ox, as red as a watermelon. He weighs three hundred pounds. His age, so he says, is three score.

When he talks, some notes are missing as in old pianos; or again there comes from his mouth instead of words, only a burst of air. And this bumbling is accompanied by all one could ask for in the way of bobbings of the head, exaggerated waving of the hands, dodderings, clearings of the throat and spitting into the handkerchief. A pleasant concert before supper.

He has not one tooth left, and eats almost nothing but bread crumbs which he first kneads in his hand. He rolls it into a ball and up to his red mouth it goes! There he keeps it, roiling it about from side to side for an hour! Then another ball, and another. As he chews with his gums, his beard reaches up to his hooked nose.

He is as large, I say, as a piebald ox. Standing in the door of the smithy, he stops up the house. But with Platero he is as gentle as a child. And if he sees a flower or a little bird, he gives a sudden laugh, opening his mouth wide in a great sustained burst of laughter which always ends in tears. Then, calm again, he looks toward the old cemetery and murmurs:

"My little girl, my poor little girl..."

三十五 达尔朋

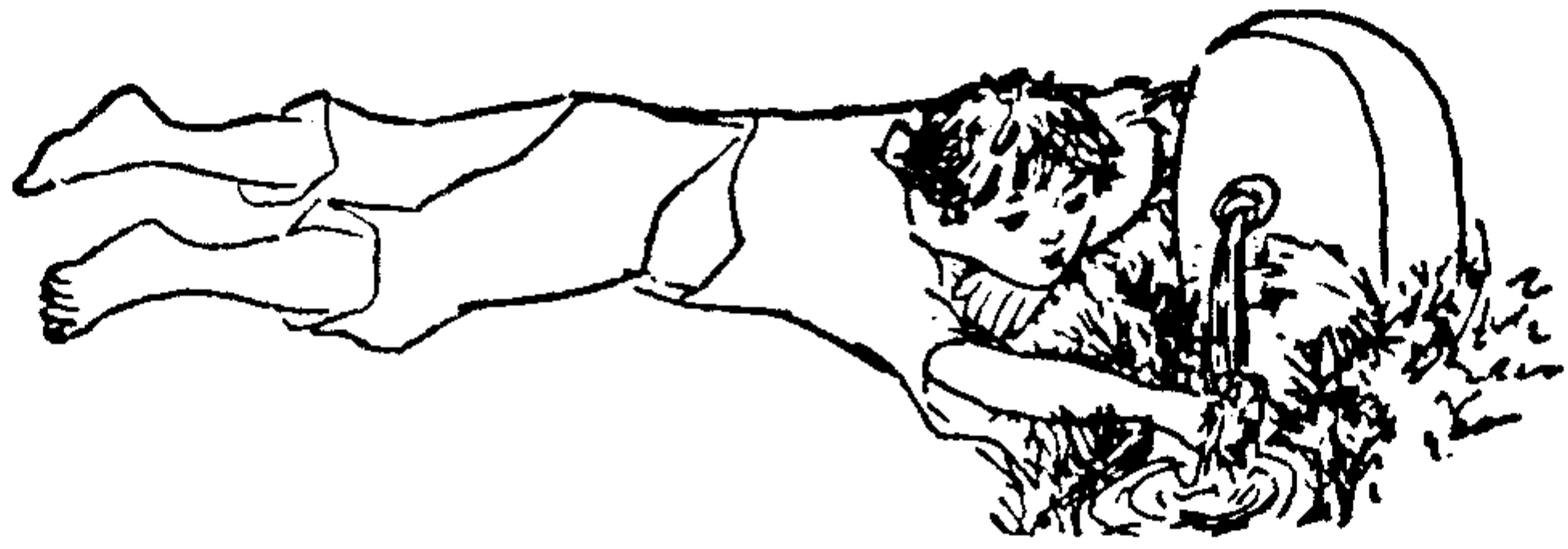
达尔朋是普儿的医生，他像花公牛一样庞大，如西瓜一般红润。体重重达三百磅，年纪自称是花甲之年。

他说起话来好像缺了琴键的旧钢琴；有时嘴里吐出的不是字，只是一团空气。一边咕哝一边还摇头晃脑、舞动双手、前后摇晃、清清喉咙、往手帕咳痰，该有的动作都有了。真是晚饭前愉快的演奏会。

他嘴里一颗牙齿也不剩，几乎只吃面包屑，都先捏在手里揉一揉。他把面包滚成小球，再往红嘴里一送！就这样含一个钟头，在口中转来转去！一球吃完再吃一球。由于他用牙龈咀嚼，下巴的胡须会碰到鹰钩鼻。

他真的有花公牛那么大，站在铁匠门口就把整个店都遮住了，但是对普儿却像孩子一样温和。如果看见一朵花或一只小鸟，他就忽然发笑，张大嘴巴长笑不已，每次都要笑出眼泪才停。恢复平静以后，他会往老坟场那边望去，喃喃念着：

“我的小女孩，我可怜的小女孩……”

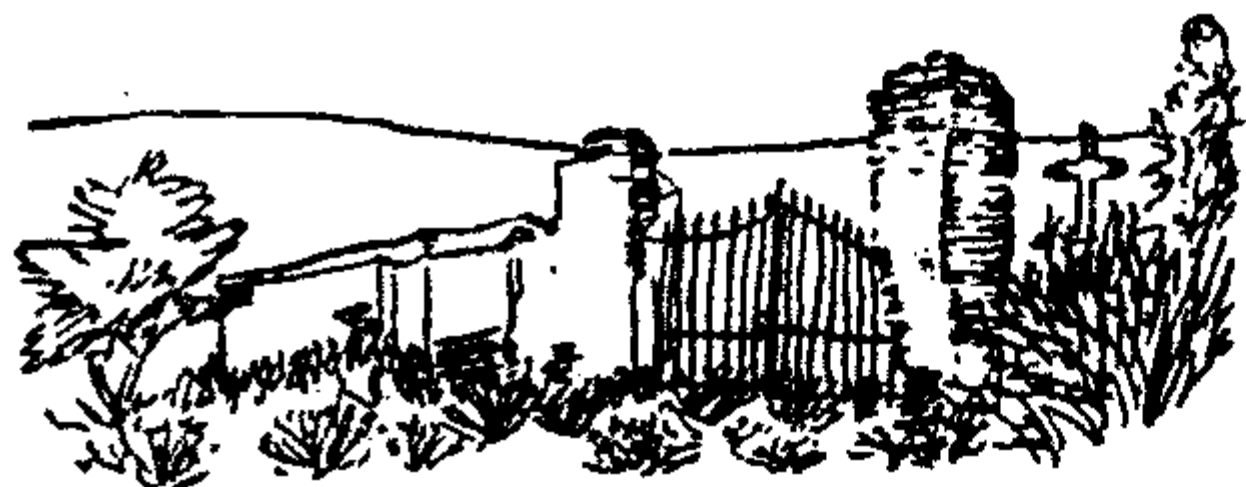


36. The Boy and the Water

IN THE STERILE SUNBURNT DRYNESS of the large and dusty corral, which covers one up to the very eyes with fine white dust no matter how carefully one steps, the little boy is with the fountain, in a frank and happy communion, each with his soul. Though there is not one tree, the heart is filled, on arriving there, with a single word, which one's eyes reflect from the Prussian-blue sky, written in large letters of light: Oasis.

Already the morning is as hot as the siesta hour and the cicada is sawing away at his olive tree in the corral of San Francisco. The sun shines on the boy's head, but, absorbed as he is in the water, he is not aware of it. Stretched out on the ground, he has one hand under the running stream, and the water forms in his palm a tremulous palace of coolness and grace which enraptures his black eyes. He talks to himself, sniffs, scratches here and there among his rags with the other hand. The palace, always the same and constantly renewed, sometimes grows uncertain. Then the boy withdraws into himself, becomes tense, lost in his own depths, so that not even that beat of his pulse which changes the sensitive kaleidoscopic image in the moving crystal may take from the water the form which he had first caught in it.

I do not know, Platero, whether or not you will understand what I tell you, but in his hand that boy holds my soul.

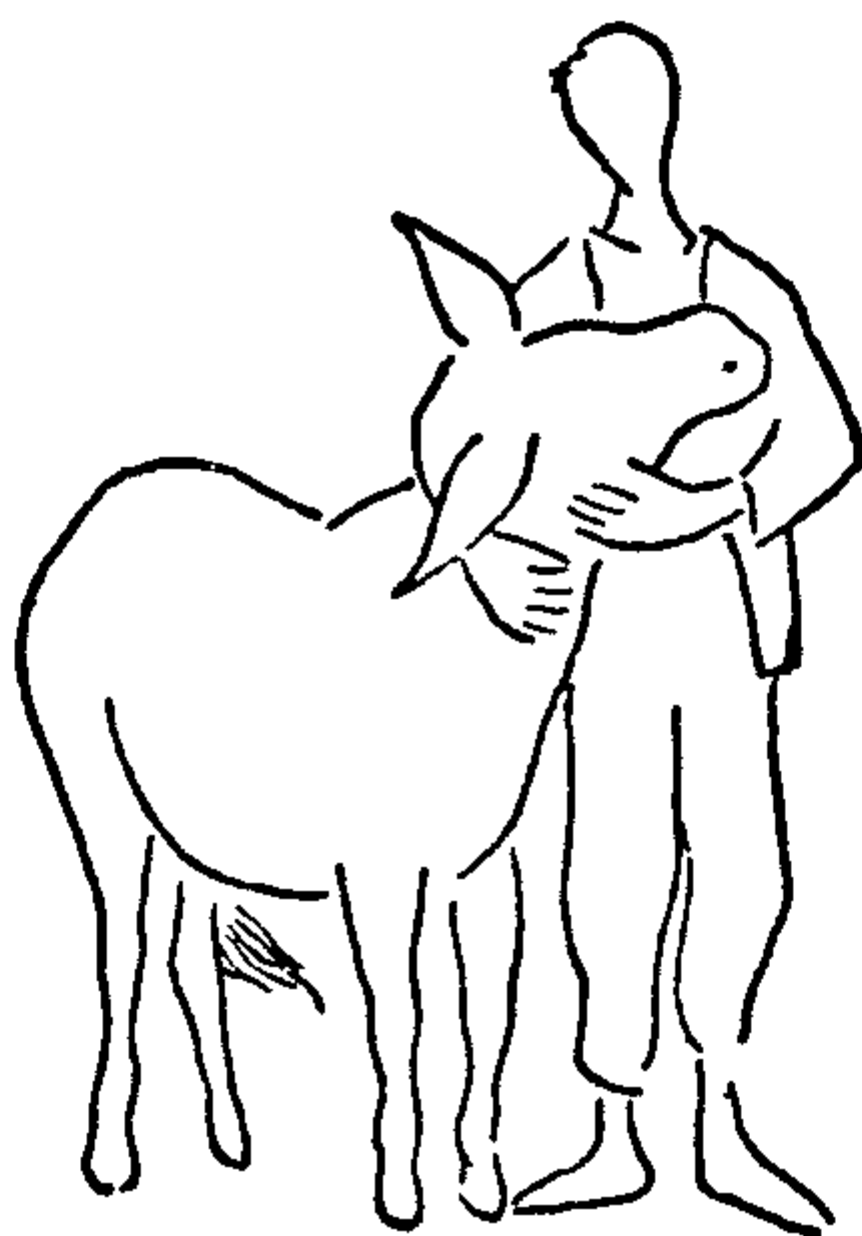


三十二 男孩与水

满布尘埃的大畜栏被烈日烤成不毛之地，无论脚步多轻，都会扬起细白的尘土，升到眼睛的高度，栏中有个小男孩在泉水旁边，彼此都用心灵坦白愉快地融合。虽然一棵树也不长，一到那里，心中便充满阳光用大字母所写成的字，眼里也从深蓝色的天空反映出这个字：绿洲。

早晨已经炎热得如同午休时间，圣佛朗西斯科的夏蝉在畜栏里的橄榄树上尖声嘶叫。太阳晒在男孩头上，他聚精会神看水，一点也不在意。他俯伏在地，一只手放进奔流的水中，泉水在他的掌心形成一座清凉、优雅、颤抖的宫殿，黑眼珠里满溢喜悦。他自言自语又嗅了嗅，另一只手在破衣服里抓来抓去。水殿始终如一却不断更新，有时变得难以捉摸。男孩想得忘我，凝神屏气，沉浸在自己的心灵深处，即使脉搏的律动更换这活水晶里灵敏的万花筒，竟夺不去他原先抓住的形体。

普儿，我不知道你是否了解我跟你说的话，但是那男孩手里捧的是，我的灵魂。



37. Friendship

WE UNDERSTAND each other very well. I let him go where he pleases and he always takes me where I want to go.

Platero knows that when we reach the pine on La Corona, I like to go up to its trunk and run my hand over it, and look at the sky through its great clear vault; he knows that I delight in the little footpath which leads through the grass to the old spring; that it is a treat for me to see the river from the pine-topped hill, evoking a classical scene. Should I doze in all confidence on his back, my eyes always open on some such pleasant sight.

I treat Platero as if he were a child. If the path grows rough and I seem a little heavy for him, I dismount to lighten his load. I kiss him, tease him, infuriate him; he understands very well that I love him and bears me no spite. He is so like me, that I have come to believe that he dreams my very dreams.

Platero has given himself to me like a passionate young girl. He protests at nothing. I know that I am his happiness. He even flees from other donkeys and from men.

三十七 友情

我们深深了解彼此。随它漫游，它总是驮我到我想去的地方。

普儿知道我到达可洛那的松树时，喜欢抚摸树干，透过松树明朗透光的巨大树冠仰望天空；它知道我喜欢那条通向古泉的芳草小径；也知道从满布松林的山冈眺望河流便是如画的风景，真是赏心乐事。如果我在它背上安心打起瞌睡，睁开眼睛，总会看到这类悦目的景致。

我把普儿当小孩看。假如山径崎岖，我在背上显得累赘，就会下来减轻它的负担。我吻它、逗它、闹它；它心里很明白我爱它，对我绝无怨恨。它那么像我，我觉得我做的梦，它也在做。

普儿像热情的少女一样爱恋我。从不反抗。我知道我是它的幸福。它甚至避开其他的驴子和人。



38. The Lullaby

THE LITTLE DAUGHTER of the charcoal-seller is pretty and dirty as a coin, her black eyes burnished and her firm lips showing bloodred amid the soot, as she sits on a tile in the doorway of the hut, rocking her little brother to sleep.

The May hour is vibrant, bright and burning as the center of a sun. In the shining peace one can hear the bubbling of the pot cooking in the field, the bellowing in the pasture, the joy of the sea wind in the thickets of eucalyptus.

With sweet feeling, the girl sings:

“My child will sleep
for the sake of the shepherdess ...”

A pause. The wind ...

“And because my child sleeps,
she who rocks him sleeps too...”

The wind...Platero, who is walking docilely among the burnt pines, comes slowly closer. Then he lies down on the dark earth and, to the sound of the long lullaby, falls asleep like a child.

三十八 摇篮曲

卖炭人的小女儿生得漂亮，却像个铜板脏兮兮的，黑眼睛闪闪发亮，厚实的嘴唇在煤灰之间益显鲜红，她坐在茅屋门口的地砖上，摇着她的小弟弟入睡。

五月天生气勃勃，像太阳的中心一样光灿灿热。在明亮的宁静里，听得见锅炉在田野间煮沸的滚腾，草原上牛马的鸣叫，以及油加利树林里海风的喜悦。

女孩甜声唱道：

“我的宝宝好好睡在圣母的怀里……”

停了一下，有风……

“宝宝睡了，哄宝宝的人也睡了……”

有风……普儿在燥热的松林间轻蹄漫步，悠然走近。然后躺在黑色的土地上，随着悠长的摇篮曲像孩子一样睡着了。

39. The Consumptive

SHE WAS SITTING ERECT in a forlorn chair, her face white and lustertess as a withered spikenard, in the middle of the cold whitewashed bedroom. The doctor ordered her to go out into the country to get the March sun, but the poor child was not strong enough.

"When I reach the bridge," she told me, "you see, sir, how near it is, I choke."

Her childish voice, thin and broken, fell wearily, as the breeze falls sometimes in summer.

I offered her Platero so that she might have a little outing. What laughter came from her sharp deathlike face, all black eyes and white teeth, as she rode him!

The women came out to the doorways to watch us go by. Platero would walk slowly, as if he knew that he carried on his back a fragile glass lily. Transfigured by fever and joy, the child looked in her pure white clothes like an angel entering the town on her way to the southern sky.

三十九 患肺癆病的小女孩

白石灰墙的冷清病房中央，她直挺挺地坐在孤独的椅子上，面色苍白无神，像株枯萎的香甘松。医生要她下乡晒点三月的阳光，不过可怜的孩子身体太弱了。

“就快走到桥边的时候，”她告诉我，“你知道吗，老伯伯，我就透不过气来。”

她微弱、断续的童音疲倦地弱去，就像夏天的微风时而欲吹又止。

我让她骑着普儿出来透透气。一路上，消瘦垂死的脸庞笑得多开心，满是黑眼珠、白牙齿。

妇人都跑到门口看我们走过。普儿放慢脚步，仿佛知道背上驮的是朵脆弱的玻璃百合。兴奋和喜悦改变了小女孩的容貌，配上一身纯白的衣裳，看起来就像路过小镇赶往南方的天使。



40. Pilgrimage of the Rocio

"PLATERO," I said to my little donkey, "let's go out to wait for the carts. They bring with them the murmur of the distant woods of Doñana, the mystery of the pine grove of Las Animas, the freshness of Las Madres and the two Frenos, the scent of La Rocina..."

I took him, handsome and shining, so that he might pay compliments to the girls, through the Calle de la Fuente, where the faint afternoon sun was dying in a high rose ribbon along the white-washed eaves. Then we entered the walled field of Los Hornos, from which one can see the whole road to Los Llanos.

The carts were already coming up the slope. A gentle rain, as in all the Rocíos, was falling on the green vines from an errant cloud of mauve. But the people did not so much as raise their eyes toward the water.

First came gay young couples riding on donkeys, mules and horses decked with Moorish trappings, the men happy, the women spirited. The rich and lively crowd would pass by and come back, constantly overtaking one another in senseless disorder. Then came the cart filled with drunkards, boisterous, rough and topsy-turvy; behind the carts came litters hung in white, with dark, budding girls

四十 罗西欧圣母的庙会



“普儿，”我对我的小驴子说，“我们到外边去等车队。车队会带来远方多尼亚纳树林的低语，阿尼玛斯松林的神秘，马德雷斯和两个佛雷诺斯的清新气息，和罗西纳的芬芳……。”

我把英姿焕发的普儿带去，好让它向女孩们献殷勤，走过泉水街，微弱的太阳渐渐西下，将沿街的黑石灰屋檐高高挂上玫瑰色的丝带。然后我们进入沃尔诺斯围着篱笆的田野，从那里可以看见通往扬诺斯的道路的全貌。

车队已经爬上斜坡。一阵微雨从一抹调皮捣蛋的紫云落到绿色葡萄藤上，也落到罗西欧人身上。但是这群人谁也没有抬头看雨。

打头阵的是一群快乐的年轻夫妇，骑着挂满摩尔式饰物的驴子、骡子和马，男的兴高采烈，女的神采飞扬。这队华丽、活泼的人群走过去还会走回来，不停地毫无目的地相互插队。接着是载满醉鬼的车子，吵闹、粗鲁、乱七八糟；跟着是垂挂白慢的花车，蓓蕾般的棕肤少女们坐在篷盖下面拍

seated beneath the canopies, tapping tambourines and shrieking out songs of Seville. More horses, more donkeys...And the majordomo cried:

“Long live the Virgen del Rocío! Long may she li-i-ive! ”

He was gray-haired, lean and red-faced, with a broad-brimmed hat on his back, and a golden mace resting in his stirrup. Finally, gently drawn by two great piebald oxen—looking like bishops with their frontlets of vivid colors and sequins—there came the Immaculate Virgin, mauve and silver on her white flower—covered float, like a melancholy garden heavy with bloom.

One could hear the music now, half smothered by the ringing of bells, the skyrocket, the harsh clanging of iron-shod hoofs on the stones.

Platero then bent his forelegs, and knelt gently, like a woman, in humble obedience.

打铃鼓，尖声高唱塞维利亚歌曲。更多马匹，更多驴子……
那领队的高喊：

“罗西欧的圣母万岁！万万岁——！”

他头发灰白，身体干瘦，面色红润，背上挂着宽边帽，金色的权杖靠在马镫上。压阵的是两头大花牛——五彩缤纷的头带上还装饰着小亮片，像大主教一样——慢慢拖着圣母像走来。浅银紫色的圣像在摆满鲜花的白色牛车上，像座繁花盛开的阴郁花园。

这时候乐声传来，不时给铃铛声、烟火声和铁蹄踏在石头上的重响掩盖过去。

普儿弯曲前腿，缓缓跪下，像个妇人谦卑而恭顺。

41. Ronsard

WITH PLATERO FREE of his halter now and grazing among the chaste daisies of the little field, I dropped down under a pine. Taking a slender book from my Moorish saddlebag and opening it at the marker, I began to read aloud:

*"Comme on voit sur la branche au mois de mai
la rose
En sa belle jeunesse, en sa première fleur,
Rendre le ciel jaloux de..."*

Above, in the highest branches, hops and chirps a slight bird which the sun turns, with the whole green sighing treetop, to gold. Between flights and warbles, one can hear the cracking of the seeds on which the bird is making his lunch.

"jaloux de sa vive couleur..."

Something tremendous and warm suddenly comes like a living prow over my shoulder ... It is Platero who, no doubt attracted by the Song of Orpheus, has come to read with me. Together we read:

*"vive couleur,
Quand l'aube de ses pleurs au point du jour l'a ..."*

But the little bird, who must digest rapidly, covers the word with an off-note.

Ronsard must have laughed in Hades.

四十一 隆萨^①

我帮普儿松开缰绳，让它在那片开满纯洁雏菊间的小草地上吃草，便往松树下一躺。从摩尔式的鞍袋里取出一本小书，打开夹着书签的那页，开始高声朗诵：

“像五月枝头的玫瑰
她美丽的青春，她第一朵花，
连苍天也嫉妒……”

头顶上，一只轻盈的小鸟在最高的树梢上跳跃、啁啾，低语不止的树梢一片翠绿，阳光把鸟儿染成金黄色。扑翅与鸣唱之间还夹杂啄开种子的哔剥声，小鸟正在吃午餐呢。

“嫉妒她鲜艳的颜色……”

有个庞大、温暖的东西突然出现在我肩膀上方，像个活生生的船头。……是普儿，想必是给峨菲奥之歌吸引^②，来和我一起朗诵。我们一块儿念道：

“鲜艳的颜色
当曙光破晓指着它的泪珠……”

但这只鸟儿，大概是消化得太快，冒出个走调的音符，把底下的字盖过去。

隆萨在地下一定也笑了出来。

① 彼埃尔·德·隆萨(1524—1585)：法国古典诗人，七星派主将，效法意大利诗人彼特拉克，使其母语(法语)成为丰饶优雅的诗入语言。

② 峨菲奥：希腊神话人物，阿波罗之子。擅长音律，弹奏七弦琴时，山川鸟兽为之迷醉。

42. The Old Man with the Slides

SUDDENLY AND WITHOUT WARNING, the silence of the street is broken by the sharp roll of a drum. Then a hoarse voice pants out a long and tremulous cry. One can hear steps racing down the street and the children shouting:

“The old man with the slides! The slides! The slides! ”

On a folding chair at the corner a little green box decorated with four small pink flags is waiting, its lens toward the sun. The old man beats and beats his drum. A group of children without money, their hands in their pockets or behind their backs, stand silently around the box. In a little while, another child comes running with his penny in the palm of his hand. He comes forward and puts his eyes to the lens.

“Now ... you will see... General Prim ... on his white horse,” says the old stranger wearily, as he beats the drum.

“The harbor of Barcelona! ” and more beating. Other children are constantly arriving with their pennies ready and at once hold them out to the old man, looking at him with absorption, prepared to buy his fantasy. The old man says:

“Now you will see the castle of Havana! ” and he beats the drum.

Platero, who has come with the little girl and the dog from across the street to see the slides, puts his big head among those of the children, for fun. The old man, with a sudden burst of good humor, says to him:

“Let me see your penny! ”

And the children who have no money all laugh, though in no mood for laughter, as they give the old man adoring looks of humble pleading.

四十二 老人与西洋镜

突如其来，没有半点征兆，长街的宁静被一阵震耳的鼓声击碎了。接着有个沙哑的声音气吁吁叫喊起来，拖着悠长颤抖的声音。街道响起跑步声，孩子们大叫：

“西洋镜老人来啦！西洋镜！西洋镜！”

街角有个折叠椅上摆了一个绿色的小箱子，箱顶装饰了四面粉红色的小旗子，镜口朝向太阳，就等人来观赏。老人把鼓敲了又敲。一群没带钱的孩童，手插在口袋或放在背后，静静围着箱子。不一会儿，有个小孩跑来，掌心里捏着一个铜板。他上前把眼睛凑近镜口。

“现在……你会看到……普里姆将军……骑白马，”外乡来的老人疲倦地说着，一面擂鼓。

“巴塞罗纳港！”又一阵鼓声。其他小孩一个接一个来了，都带着铜板，伸手便交给老人，聚精会神地看着他，准备向他买取幻景。老人说：

“现在你会看到哈瓦那古堡！”他又敲鼓。

普儿随同对街的小女孩和狗儿跑来看西洋镜，把大头伸在小孩子的头中间找乐子。老人顿时心存幽默对它说：

“你的铜板在哪儿！”

没有钱的孩子尽管没心情笑也都笑了，用爱慕的眼神望着老人谦卑地乞求。

43. The Flower by the Wayside

HOW PURE, Platero, and how beautiful is this flower by the wayside! All the throng pass beside it—bulls, goats, colts, men—and it, so tender and so weak, continues to stand erect, mauve and delicate in its sad plot, untouched by the slightest impurity.

Each day when we start up the slope by the shortcut, you have seen it in its green place. Now it has beside it a little bird which flies up—why? —at our approach; now it is filled like a tiny cup with clear water from a summer cloud; now it allows a bee to rob it, or a butterfly to adorn it briefly.

This flower, Platero, will live only a few days, but the memory of it will be eternal. Its life will be like a day in your springtime, like a springtime in my life. Oh, what would I not give to Autumn, Platero, in exchange for this divine flower, so that it might serve each day as a simple example for our lives!

四十三 路边的野花

路边这朵花多么纯净，多么美丽，普儿！一群群的人、牲畜走过身边，有公牛、公羊、小公马、男人，她如此娇嫩、如此脆弱，在恶劣的环境里依然挺立、淡紫、细致，一点污泥也不曾染上。

每回我们走捷径上山，你都在翠绿丛中看见她。有时我们走近，咦？怎么她身旁有只小鸟飞了起来；有时她像小小杯子，盛满夏云落下的清水；有时她容许蜜蜂来掠夺，或让蝴蝶点缀片刻。

普儿，这花只有几天的生命，却在记忆中存到永恒。她的生命就像你青春时光中的一天，像我人生里的青春时光。哦，我愿意献出一切给秋天，普儿，来换取这朵神圣的花，好让她天天为我们的生命树立单纯的典范。

44. Lord

I DO NOT KNOW, Platero, whether you will know how to look at a photograph. I showed some once to several men from the country and they could see nothing in them. Well, this is Lord, Platero, the little fox terrier about whom I have talked to you from time to time. Look at him. There he is—can you see him? —on a cushion in the marble patio, taking the winter sun between the pots of geranium.

Poor Lord. He came from Seville when I was there painting. He was white, almost colorless in so much light, rounded as a woman's thigh, full and impetuous as the water from a faucet. Here and there he had touches of black, like butterflies that had come to rest. His eyes were two small worlds of noble sentiments. He had a mad streak. At times and for no reason at all, he would start to run in giddy circles around the white lilies of the marble patio, all adorned with red, blue and yellow by the May sun passing through the colored crystals of the glass roof, like the doves Don Camilo paints. At other times he would go up on the roof and cause an excited chirping in the martins' nests. Macaria soaped Lord each morning and he was always as shining, Platero, as the crenelations of the roof terrace against the blue sky.

四十四 洛德

我不晓得，普儿，你知不知道照片该怎样看。有次我拿一些照片给几个乡下人看，他们什么都看不出来。喏，这就是洛德，普儿，我时常和你提起的那只小猎狐犬。你看看，就在这儿——看到了吗？——大理石的天井里，几盆天竺葵之间的靠枕上，晒着冬天的太阳。

可怜的洛德。是我去塞维利亚学画时带回来的。一条白狗，亮得几乎没有颜色，像女人的大腿一样丰满，像水龙头流出的水一样充沛、急躁。三两块黑斑掺杂其间，宛如蝴蝶停在上面休息。眼睛是崇高情感的小天地。它也有疯癫的一面。有时候它会无缘无故绕着白百合花丛乱转一通，五月的阳光透过彩色玻璃屋顶，把大理石天井点缀得有红有蓝有黄，像卡米洛先生画的鸽子一样。有时它跑到屋顶上，在岩燕的巢里掀起一片激烈的啁啾。玛卡里亚每天早晨用肥皂帮它洗澡，普儿，洛德总是像碧空下屋顶阳台的垛口一样闪闪发亮。

When my father died, he spent the whole night watching beside his coffin. Once when my mother fell ill, he lay down at the foot of her bed and spent a month there without eating or drinking. They came one day to my house to say that a mad dog had bitten him. They had to take him away to the old cellars of the Castle and fasten him to the orange tree there, away from people.

His last look back as they carried him down the little street continues to pierce my heart now as it did then, Platero, like the light of a dead star which lives on forever, to survive its own extinction through the exalted intensity of its sorrow. Each time I am grieved by any material suffering there rises before me, as long as the path from life to eternity—I mean from the stream up to the pine on La Corona—the look which Lord has left cruelly stamped forever on my heart.

父亲去世时，它整夜守在灵柩旁。有回母亲病了，它躺在她的床脚下整个月不吃不喝。有一天人家跑到我家说它给疯狗咬了。他们要把它带到古堡的旧地窖，拴在那边的橙树下和人群隔离。

人们带它走下街道时，它回头最后一瞥，至今依旧如当时一样直刺心头，普儿，就像一颗陨星的光芒，即使自身已灭，却在升华的悲恸中长存。每当我在现实中遭受任何苦楚，洛德的眼神总会浮现眼前，悠长如生命通往永恒的路途——我是指从小溪通到可洛那松树——永远痛烙在我心上……



45. The Well

THE WELL! What a deep word, Platero, so dark a green, so cool, so resonant! It seems as if it were the word itself which spun and bored into the dark earth until it struck water.

Look: the fig tree is at once adorning and ruining the curbstone of the well. Inside, within reach, between the messy bricks a blue flower of pungent scent has opened. Lower down a swallow has her nest. Then, behind a portico of cold shade, there are an emerald palace and a lake which, if its calm is troubled by a stone, grows angry and grumbles. And last of all, the sky.

(Night enters and the moon flames there in the depth, adorned with fickle stars. Silence! Down the roads, life has gone far away. Down the well the soul escapes to the depths. One can see in it the other side of twilight. And it seems as though a giant, master of all secrets, is going to come from its mouth. O quiet and magical labyrinth, fragrant and shadowy park, magnetic hall of enchantment!)

Listen, Platero, if one day I throw myself into this well, it will not be to kill myself, believe me, but to pluck the stars more quickly.

Platero brays, thirsty and eager. From the well comes a frightened swallow, in silent zigzag flight.

四十五 井

井！普儿，好深邃的字眼，绿得幽暗，如此清凉、如此响亮！似乎就是这字本身，往阴暗的土壤连转带钻直抵水脉。

瞧！无花果树围着井旁，既装饰也损毁砌井的石头，伸手可及的地方，一朵香味刺鼻的蓝花绽放在布满青苔的砖块间。再往下一点，有只燕子在那里筑巢。再下去是冰冷阴影围成的廊柱，柱后是一座翡翠宫殿和一面湖，如果丢块石头搅乱平静的湖面，湖水会发怒、抱怨。最底下是一片天空。

（夜晚来了，月亮在井底亮起，点缀了几许星光。一片寂静！路上已无人迹。灵魂逃入井底深处。在那里看得到黄昏的另一面。仿佛有个巨人，所有秘密的主人，就要从井口走出来。啊！安静神奇的迷宫、芳香阴凉的花园、迷人的魔宫！）

听着普儿，如果有一天我纵身入井，那可不是自杀，相信我！我是要快点摘到星星。

普儿嘶鸣，又渴又急。一只受惊的燕子，不发声响、左闪右躲，从井里飞出来。

46. The Kick

WE WERE GOING to the farm at Montemayor for the branding of the young bulls. The cobblestone patio, shady under the immense and burning blue sky of early afternoon, resounded vibrantly with the whinnying of powerful horses, the fresh laughter of women, the sharp, anxious barking of dogs. Platero, standing in a corner, was growing impatient.

"But, lad," I said to him, "why, you can't come with us; you are too little."

He got so upset that I asked the half-witted boy to get on his back and bring him with us.

What a happy cavalcade through the bright fields! The marshes were smiling, bordered in gold, their broken mirrors in the sun doubling the closed windmills. Amid the firm, decided trotting of the horses sounded Platero's sharp and rapid little trot which he had to quicken constantly in order not to be left behind. Suddenly there was a report not unlike a pistol shot. Platero's mouth had brushed across the rump of a slender dapple-gray colt and the colt had replied with a rapid kick. No one paid any attention, but I saw that one of Platero's forefeet was running with blood. I jumped down and with a splinter and horsehair, I stopped the bleeding of the broken vein. Then I told the half-wit to take him home. The two turned back slowly and sadly along the dry stream bed which runs down from the village, looking back at the shining flight of our troupe.

When, on returning from the farm, I went to see Platero, I found him downcast and in pain.

"Do you see," I sighed to him, "that you cannot go anywhere with people?"

四十六 踢

我们正准备去蒙特马约的农庄为小牛烙印。正午刚过，酷热的广阔苍穹下，荫凉的圆石院子里，众声鼎沸：壮马的嘶鸣、女人清新的嬉笑、狗儿尖厉焦急的吠叫。普儿站在一角，毛躁了起来。

“哎！小子”，我对它说：“你可不能跟我们去啊！你太小了。”

它好沮丧，我只好叫那个弱智男孩骑着它一道走。

晴朗的原野上多么快乐的队伍！镶了金边的沼泽也微笑，水面如破碎的镜子。阳光里，封闭的磨坊看起来加倍的大。稳健、果决的马蹄声中，夹杂普儿尖锐、仓促的小跑步声，它必须赶个不停才不会被丢在后面。突然一声爆裂传来，八成是手枪。普儿的嘴拂过前面灰色带花的小公马臀部，小公马还以飞快一踢。旁人都只当没事，但是我看见普儿的前脚在滴血。我跳下马背，用木片和马鬃为它扎好破裂的血管。我叫那弱智男孩带它回去。他们俩哀伤地沿着从村庄蜿蜒而来的干河床，慢慢往回走，还不时回顾我们这耀眼奔腾的队伍。

从农庄回来后，我去看普儿，发现它丧气、痛苦。

“你知道吗？”我对它叹口气，“和一群人，你哪儿也去不了。”



47. Donkeyography

I READ IN A DICTIONARY: "Donkeyography: n. Used ironically to describe the donkey."

Poor donkey! Good, noble, quick-witted as you are! Ironically—why? Do you not even deserve a serious description, you whose true description would be a story of springtime? Why, they should call the man who is good, Donkey! And the donkey who is bad, Man. Ironically—to say this of you, so intellectual, such a friend to old and young, to stream and butterfly, to sun and dog, flower and moon; so patient and thoughtful, melancholy and lovable, the Marcus Aurelius of the meadows.

Platero, who undoubtedly understands, stares at me, a gentle firmness in his big shining eyes, where a tiny sun flashes in a black bit of convex sky. Oh! If only his great downy idyllic head could know that I am doing him justice, that I am better than those men who write dictionaries, that I am almost as good as he!

And I wrote in the margin of the book: "Donkeyography: n. Used, one should say—ironically, of course! —to describe the imbeciles who write dictionaries."

四十七 驴学

我在一本字典上读到：“驴学：名词，形容驴子的反讽语。”

可怜的驴子！你那么美好、尊贵、机敏！反讽语——为什么？难道连一条正经的描述也不配？驴子的真实写照会是一则春天的故事。哎！说真的，大家应该把好人叫做“驴子”，把坏驴子叫做“人”才对。反讽语？怎能这样说你。你聪明绝顶，是老人与小孩、溪流与蝴蝶、太阳与狗儿、花朵与月亮的好朋友；如此耐性而体贴，忧郁又可爱，是草原里的马尔柯·奥略利奥^①。

普儿的确了解我的心思，凝视着我，发亮的大眼睛温驯而坚定，一颗小太阳在眼珠凸圆的黑色小天空里闪烁。啊！真希望它低垂朴拙的大头能知道我正在为它主持公道，知道我比那些编写字典的人更行，知道我几乎和它一样好。

于是，我在书页边白上写着：“驴学：名词，可供人形容编写字典的白痴——当然是反讽语。”

① 马尔柯·奥略利奥(公元前121-180):罗马皇帝,爱好文史哲学,是一位杰出的斯多葛学派哲学家。



48. Corpus Christi

AS WE ENTER the Calle de la Fuente on our return from the orchard, the bells, which we had already heard three times from the path by the streams, are making a stir in the white town with their crying crown of bronze. Their pealing weaves and winds in echo among the noisy sparkling bursts of fireworks and the shrill metallic ring of the music.

The street, newly limed and trimmed with red ochre, is quite green from its decking of poplar and cypress. The windows display hangings of garnet damask, yellow silk, sky-blue satin and, in the houses where there is mourning, snow-white wool with black ribbons.

Between the farthest houses at the corner by the church gallery, the cross of mirrors makes its slow appearance and, among the beams of the setting sun, already catches the light from the red candles. Slowly the procession passes. The carmine banner and San

四十八 耶稣圣体节



我们从果园回来，钟声才在溪边的路上听过三回，走进富恩特街时，又敲起古铜色的洪亮声音，响遍白色小镇。钟声在嘈杂的爆竹爆裂声和尖锐的金属乐器声里回响、交织。

街道新近涂上石灰又用红土画整齐，装饰了白杨和绿柏显得绿意盎然。家家窗口上垂挂深红色绶布、黄色丝绸、天蓝色缎子，服丧的人家则挂起雪白的羊毛织品配上黑缎带。

在街角、教堂走廊边那几户人家中间，慢慢出现镜子缀成的十字架，在夕阳的余晖里，镜面已可瞥见红烛的火光。游行队伍缓缓通过。洋红旗帜和面包师的保护神，满怀新鲜花卷面包的圣罗克；淡绿旗帜和船员的保护神，手持银船的圣特尔莫；黄旗帜和农人的保护神，手提小牛轭的圣伊西德

Roque, the patron of the bakers, laden with fresh twists of bread; the light-green banner and San Telmo, patron of the sailors, with his ship of silver in his hands; the yellow banner and San Isidro, patron of farm workers, with his little yoke of oxen, and more colored banners and more saints, and then Santa Anna instructing the Virgin, and San José in brown, and the Immaculate Virgin in blue ... Finally, between the Civil Guards, the Monstrance, its fretted silver twined with ripe sheaves of grain and clusters of green grapes, moving slowly in its blue cloud of incense.

The Andalusian Latin of the Psalms rises clearly through the fading afternoon. The sun, now rose, casts its low rays up the Calle del Rio to sparkle over the heavy gold of the old copes. Above and around the scarlet tower, over the smooth opal of the calm June hour, the doves weave their high garlands of glowing snow.

Platero brays. And his gentleness, together with the church bell, the fireworks, the Latin and the music, becomes associated with the clear mystery of the day; his braying is softened as it soars and, as it floats low, seems divine.

罗；接着更多彩色旗帜，更多圣者；后面是教导圣母的圣安娜，棕色衣服的约瑟，和蓝色衣服纯洁无瑕的圣母……队末由警卫簇拥在圣体神龛，磨损的银座上缠绕着一束束成熟的谷子与一串串翠绿的葡萄，在蓝色的香雾里缓缓前进。

暮色渐暗，安达露西亚口音的拉丁文赞美诗清澈地响起。此刻太阳的颜色有如玫瑰，低垂的光辉照在河口街上，使旧祭衣上沉重的金饰闪烁生辉。绯红的钟楼顶周围，在平静六月天的光滑蛋白石上方，鸽群编织着雪亮高耸的花冠。

普儿嘶叫起来。它的温驯加上教堂钟声、鞭炮、拉丁文、音乐，与这个日子清澄的奥秘合而为一。嘶鸣声高扬时柔美，低回时庄严。

49. Ride

THROUGH THE DEEP-CUT paths of summer, hung with young honeysuckle, how sweet is our way! I read or sing or say verses to the sky. Platero nibbles at the sparse grass on the shady walls, at the dust-covered mallows and the yellow sorrel. He is more often still than moving. I let him do as he pleases.

The blue, blue, blue sky, which my eyes pierce with ecstasy, rises above the heavy-laden almond trees to its ultimate glory. The whole countryside shines in burning silence. On the river a small white sail stays motionless in the calm. Toward the hills a thick mass of smoke from a fire rises in round black clouds.

But our ramble is quite short. It is like a mild open day in the midst of complex life—not the apotheosis of the heavens, nor those lands beyond the sea toward which the river flows, nor even the tragedy of the flames!

When, mingled with the scent of oranges, we hear the gay cool rattle of the well chain, Platero brays and frolics happily. What simple everyday pleasures! At the pond now, I fill my glass and drink that liquid snow. Platero dips his mouth into the shadowy water and drinks here and there in the clearest places, avidly.

四十九 漫游

夏日顺着鲜嫩冬忍花盛开的幽径走去，会是多么美妙！我朗读、歌唱、对着天空吟诗。普儿啃着荫凉围墙上的稀疏青草、沾满尘土的锦葵和黄色的羊蹄草。它停的多，动的少。我都随它。

蓝得不能再蓝的天空，我以狂喜的眼睛透视，从果实累累的杏树升至灿烂的极致。整片田野在炽灼的寂静中发亮。河面上，一张小白帆在安详中寂然不动。密实的黑烟从火堆冒起，变成团团黑云往山丘飘去。

不过我们的漫游相当短暂。好似纷杂人生里的自由的一天——而非天堂里的得道成仙；亦非此河终点的大海之外的乐土，甚至也非浴火的悲剧。

井绳传来快活、清凉的嘎嘎声，空气中飘来橙花香。普儿高兴得又叫又跳。多么单纯的寻常情趣！我从池塘里舀起一玻璃杯的液态雪喝下。普儿把嘴伸进阴暗的池水中，在几处清澈见底的地方一口口贪婪地喝了起来……。

50. Nightfall

IN THE PEACEFUL, subdued retreat of the village twilight, what poetry is lent to the divination of the distant, to the confused recollection of what was scarcely known! It has a contagious charm which holds the entire town as if nailed to the cross of a sad, prolonged thought.

An odor drifts from the clean full grain which stands in vague yellowish mounds on the threshing floors, under the cool stars. The workers sing softly in dreamy weariness. Seated in the doorways, the widows think of the dead who are sleeping so near, behind the corals. The children run from one shadow to another as birds go from tree to tree.

At times through the shadowy light which lingers on the whitewashed fronts of the humble houses pass vague earthy silhouettes, silent and sorrowful—an unknown beggar, a Portuguese on his way to the cleared fields, perhaps a thief—which contrast in their dark and fearful aspect with the peacefulness that the mauve twilight casts slowly and mystically over familiar things. The children move away, and in the mystery of darkened doorways there is talk of men who “are making an ointment to cure the daughter of the king, who is consumptive ... ”

五十 黄昏

黄昏的微光从村子里宁静、柔和地暗去，想像远方的世界，胡思乱想一些罕为人知的秘事，会是多么诗情画意。小镇整个给魔力感染、笼罩，好像被钉牢在悠悠哀思的十字架上。

凉爽的星光下，打谷场上隐约有几堆黄色谷物，飘来干净饱满谷粒的清香。还在干活的农人倦意朦胧，低声吟唱。寡妇们坐在门口思念亡人——他们就在附近睡觉，就在院子后边。小孩从这片黑影跑到另一片黑影，好像水鸟从这棵树飞到那棵树。

有时候会有一些模糊粗鄙的黑影，经过陋屋前幽光徘徊的白墙上，静默而忧伤——陌生的乞丐、前往空旷田野的葡萄牙人、或许还有小偷——淡紫色的微光缓慢神秘地投射在熟悉的景物上，气氛安详，与黑影阴森可怕的样子形成对比。孩子们回家了，在幽暗的门内气氛神秘，根据传说，“有人正在制造膏药，来医治国王得肺癆的女儿……。”

51. The Rubber Stamp

THAT ONE, Platero, was in the shape of a watch. You opened the small silver box and it appeared, pressed against the cloth filled with purple ink like a bird in its nest. How exciting when, after pressing it a minute against the fine white and rose of my hand, there appeared the stamp:

FRANCISCO RUIZ MOGUER

How often I dreamed of that stamp belonging to my friend at Don Carlos' school! With a little printing press which I found upstairs in the old office writing desk in my house, I tried to assemble one with my name. But it did not come out well, particularly since the impression was difficult to make. It was not like the other which with such facility left here and there, in a book, on the wall, on one's skin, its mark:

FRANCISCO RUIZ MOGUER

五十一 橡皮图章

那一个，普儿，做成表的形状。你打开小银盒，它就出现，紧贴着饱含紫色墨水的布料，有如小鸟窝在巢里。真是兴奋啊！在我白里透红的小手上按一会儿，上面的字就出现

佛朗西斯科·鲁伊斯
摩格尔

在卡洛斯学校时，朋友有个图章，我不知梦见它多少回了！有次在家中楼上的旧办公桌里，找到一套小巧的印具，我想凑出自己的姓名图章。可惜效果不佳，因为整个字本来就难印。不像那个图章，轻易地就在书里、墙上、皮肤上，到处盖出记号：

佛朗西斯科·鲁伊斯
摩格尔

One day a salesman for office equipment came to my house with Arias, the silversmith from Seville. What a delightful array of rulers, compasses, colored inks, stamps. They were of all shapes and sizes. I broke my money bank and with the five pesetas which I found, ordered a stamp with my name and town. What a long week that was! How my heart would beat when the mail coach arrived! What a sweat I was in and how sad, when the footsteps of the mailman moved away in the rain! Finally one night he brought it to me. It was a small complicated apparatus, with a pencil, pen, initials for sealing wax—more things than I can remember! When one pressed on a spring, the starap appeared, new and resplendent

Was there anything in the whole house which went unstamped? What was there which did not belong to me that day? But if anyone else asked to borrow the stamp, “Be careful! It’s going to wear out! ” What an anxiety! The next day with what happy haste I took everything to school: my books, shirt, hat, boots and hands marked with the words:

JUAN RAMÓN JIMÉNEZ MOGUER

一天,有个文具贩子,跟着塞维利亚来的银匠阿里亚斯一同到我家里来。一排排的尺、圆规、各色墨水、图章,煞是好看。式样繁多,尺寸齐全。我打破扑满,拿出五比塞塔来订个刻有我姓名和镇名的图章。好漫长的一个星期!邮车到的时候,我的心跳得好厉害!邮差的脚步在雨中离去时,我一身大汗、伤心透顶!有一晚邮差终于把印章带来了。那是个复杂的小盒子,有铅笔、钢笔、盖封腊的缩写字母章,东西多得记不清楚!机括一按,崭新耀眼的图章就出现。

家里还有什么没盖过章的?那天还有什么东西不是我的?别人只不过借用一下,“小心哪!快磨平了!”担心得要命!第二天我高高兴兴、急急忙忙把什么都带到学校里去:书本、衬衫、帽子、靴子、双手,全印着这些字:

胡安·拉蒙·希梅内斯
摩格尔

52. The Mother Dog

THE DOG I am telling you about, Platero, is the one belonging to Lobato, the sharpshooter. You know her very well because we have often met her on the road to Los Llanos. You remember? The gold-and-white one, like a cloudy May sunset. She gave birth to four puppies, and Salud, the milk woman, took them up to her hut at Las Madres because a child of hers was dying and Don Luis had told her to give him a broth made from puppies. You know very well how far it is from Lobato's house to the bridge at Las Madres, by way of Las Tablas.

Platero, they say the dog went about as if she were crazy all that day, coming in and going out, looking up and down the roads, climbing upon the walls, sniffing at the people. At dusk they saw her still standing on some sacks of coal beside the caretaker's cottage at Los Homos, howling mournfully at the sunset.

You know very well how far it is from the Calle de Enmedio to the footbridge of Las Tablas. Four times during the night the dog went there and came back; each time, Platero, she returned with a puppy in her mouth. When Lobato opened his door at daybreak, there was the mother dog on the threshold looking sweetly at her master, with all the puppies, trembling awkwardly and holding on to her full, pink teats.

五十二 母狗

普儿，我要同你说的这只狗，是神枪手洛巴托养的那只。你和它很熟的，因为我们去雅诺斯时，常在路上遇见它。你记得吗？它全身金白相间，像云彩环绕的五月落日。它生了四只小狗，挤奶的莎鲁德把小狗带回她在马德雷斯的小屋里，因为她有一个孩子性命垂危，路易斯要她煮小狗肉汤给他吃。你很清楚从洛巴托家经过塔布拉斯，再到马德雷斯的那座桥有多远。

普儿，人家说那只母狗整天像疯了一样乱跑，一会儿进，一会儿出，马路上到处张望，又爬墙，又嗅人。傍晚，他们看见它依然在奥尔诺斯那个守卫的茅屋旁，站在煤袋堆上对着落日哀号。

你很清楚恩梅迪奥街到塔布拉斯的路桥有多远。当夜它来回走了四趟。每一趟，普儿，都衔一只小狗回来。洛巴托天亮时打开大门，那只母狗就在门槛上甜蜜地望着主人，四只小狗笨拙地颤抖，一面吸吮丰满、粉红色的乳头。

53. The Three of Us

PLATERO, perhaps she was going away—where? —on that sun-beaten black train, which, cut sharp against the great white clouds, fled northwards on the raised track.

I was with you down there in the billowing field of yellow wheat, all speckled blood-red with poppies on which July was already putting crowns of ash. And the little clouds of pale blue smoke, as they rolled vainly away into nowhere—remember?—cast a momentary gloom over sun and flowers.

Fleeting blond head, veiled in black! It was like the portrait of a dream in the fugitive frame of the train window.

Perhaps she thought: "I wonder who that man dressed in mourning and that little silver donkey can be?"

Who would they be but us? Don't you think, Platero?

五十三 我们三人

普儿，也许她正要离去——去哪里呢？——坐在烈日下的黑色火车里。火车在垫高的铁道上利落地穿过朵朵大白云向北疾驰。

你和我在小麦田里，黄色麦浪翻腾，鲜红的罌粟花处处点缀，七月已为花朵戴上煤灰之冠。一团团淡蓝色的烟雾滚而不动，化为乌有——记得吗？——在太阳与花朵上投下短暂的阴影。

转瞬即逝的金发人，头蒙黑纱！宛若梦的画像，镶在疾逝的火车窗格里。

或许她在想：“不知道那个穿丧服的男人和银白色的小驴子是谁？”

不是我们又会有谁？你说呢，普儿？



54. The Sparrows

THE MORNING OF ST. JAMES'S DAY is overcast with white and gray, as if packed in cotton. Everyone has gone to mass. Only the sparrows, Platero and I have stayed in the garden.

The sparrows! Below the rounded clouds which sometimes rain down a few fine drops, how they dart in and out among the climbing vines, how they chatter, how they take hold of each others' beaks! One lights upon a branch, flies off, and leaves it trembling; another drinks from a little puddle on the well curb, which holds in itself a bit of sky; still another has hopped on the side roof, covered with withering flowers which the cloudy day revives.

Blessed birds, with no fixed feast days! In the changeless freedom of nature and of truth, the bells mean nothing to them unless perhaps a vague joy. Contented, with no fateful obligations, lacking those peaks and depths which exalt or terrify the poor slaves that men are, with no morals other than their own, they are my brothers, my sweet brothers.

They travel without bags or money; they move to a new house when the whim strikes them, sense the presence of a stream, foresee



五十四 麻雀

圣詹姆士日的早晨,天空满布灰白交糅的云块,好像塞满棉花似的。大家都望弥撒去了。花园里只剩下麻雀、普儿和我。

好一群麻雀!天上浑圆的云块偶尔滴下几点小雨,雀儿在攀爬的葡萄藤之间倏然穿梭,大吵大闹,嗓子对嗓子乱啄一通!有只停在枝头,飞走后空留树枝颤动;有只在水井围石上的小水滩喝水,水中有一小片天空;还有只跳上开满花朵的屋顶边,就要枯萎的花朵又因为阴天而活过来。

幸福的鸟儿,没有固定的节日!它们天性真正自由,永不改变,钟声对它们毫无意义,也许顶多只是模糊的欢乐气氛吧。心满意足,没有命中注定的牵绊,没有人类的种种高低起伏,时而欣喜时而惧怕,跟可怜的奴隶没有不同。除了自己的道德外,没有别的规范,它们是我的兄弟,我亲爱的兄弟。

麻雀旅行并不带行李或金钱;心血来潮便搬新家;察觉

a copse, and have only to open their wings to find happiness; they know nothing of Mondays or Saturdays, they bathe anywhere at any time; they love, with a love that is nameless, the universal beloved.

And when people—poor people! —go off to Sunday mass, they, setting a gay example, come suddenly with their fresh and jolly chatter to the garden of the closed houses, in which a certain poet whom they know well and a certain gentle little donkey look on them as brothers.

有溪流或感应到灌木丛时，只需展开翅膀就能发现快乐；不知星期一或星期六为何物，随时随地都可以洗澡；它们也施爱，无名的爱，这无人不爱的一群。

人类真是可怜虫，星期天都望弥撒去了，它们则立个快活的榜样，忽然飞到空宅的花园里，带来清新、欢腾的吱喳声，这里有个它们熟识的诗人和一只温驯的小驴子，把它们当作兄弟。

55. Summer

PLATERO IS DRIPPING BLOOD, a thick, purplish blood, from the bites of the horseflies. The cicada is sawing away at some pine, forever ridden. As I open my eyes after a momentary dream, the sandy landscape appears all white, chilly in its burning heat, and spectral.

The thickets of low rockrose are starry with great vague flowers, roses made of smoke, of gauze, of tissue paper, each with its four tears of crimson; and a stifling haze whitens the flattened pines. A strange bird, yellow with black spots, stays perched unsinging on a branch forever.

The orchard keepers beat on sheets of brass to drive off the pintails which come from the sky in great bands for oranges. When we reach the shade of the large walnut tree I split two watermelons, which open their scarlet-and-rose frostwork with a long, cool-sounding creak. I eat mine slowly, listening to the far-away ringing of vespers in the town. Platero drinks up the sugary flesh of his as if it were water.

五十五 夏

普儿在淌血，浓得发紫的血，从马蝇螫咬的伤口滴下来。蝉一直藏匿在松树里鸣叫。我从短暂的假寐醒来，睁开眼睛，红棕色的风景看上去一片通白，在燃烧的炽热中带着寒气，阴森森的。

矮岩蔷薇树丛上，朵朵朦胧巨大的花朵星罗棋布，烟雾、薄纱、草纸做成的蔷薇，都带着四滴艳红的泪珠；令人窒息的轻烟，染白了压平的松林。一只黄底黑斑的怪鸟，闷不吭声地停在树枝上，永远不飞走。

看守果园的工人敲打铜锣，驱赶成群结队、从天而降来吃柳橙的长尾鳬。走到大胡桃树阴下，我劈了两个大西瓜，质如霜花的鲜红瓜肉裂开，发出悠长、清凉的破裂声。我缓缓吃自己的一份，听着远处镇上传来的晚祷钟声。普儿把它那份甜蜜的果肉当水一样喝掉。



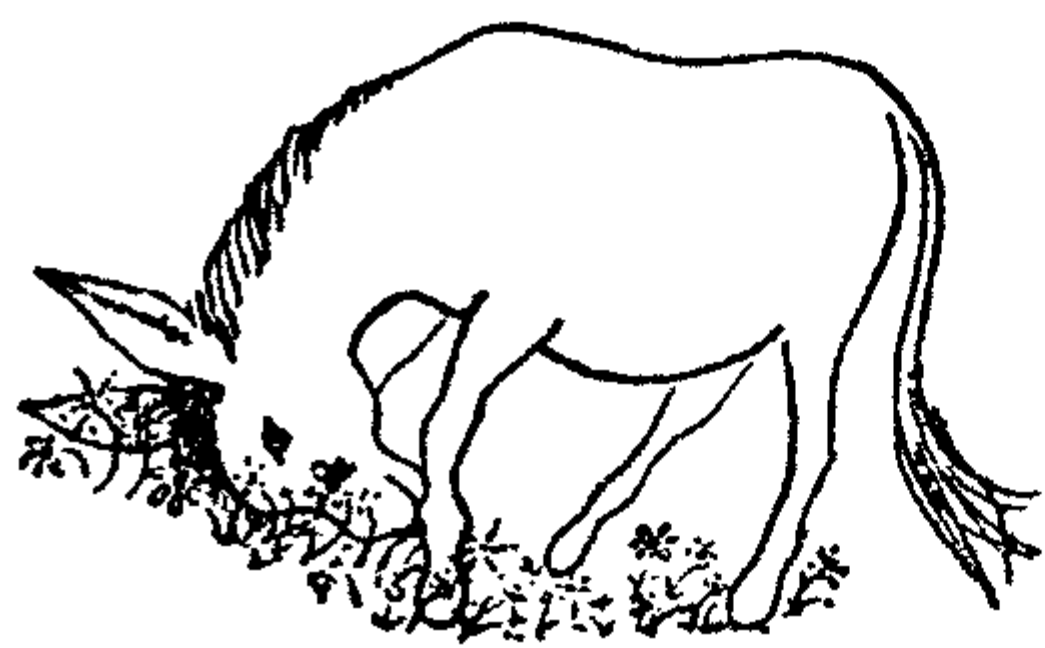
56. Sunday

THE CRYING PEAL of the small bell, now near, now far, resounds through the festive morning sky, as if all the heavens were of crystal. And the fields, a bit wan now, seem touched with gold by the notes fallen from the gay flowering flight of sound.

Everyone, even the guard, has gone to town to see the procession. Platero and I have been left alone. What peace! What purity! What contentment! I leave Platero in the upper meadow and drop down to read under a pine filled with birds which do not fly away. Omar Khayyám...

In the silence between the chiming of the bells, the internal ferment of the September morning acquires presence and sound. The goldblack wasps fly around the arbor which is covered with firm clusters of muscatel grapes, and the butterflies, floating about intermingled with the flowers, seem to laugh with each new flight. The solitude is like one great thought of light.

From time to time Platero stops eating to look at me. I from time to time stop reading to look at Platero.



五十六 星期天

那口小钟高声呼唤，忽近忽远，响彻这个节日早晨的天空，仿佛整个蓝天都是水晶。田野原本苍白，空中如花绽放的快活声响撒落音符，给田野敷上金粉。

所有的人，连看果园的警卫，都到镇上观看游行。只有普儿和我没去。多宁静！多单纯！多满足！我把普儿留在草原高处，自己躺在

一棵停满小鸟的松树下看书，鸟儿都不飞走。峨默伽亚谟^①
.....

在阵阵钟声之间的宁静里，九月的早晨那股内在的骚动又恢复了形貌和声音。乌金色的大黄蜂，绕着藤架飞，架上麝香葡萄累累饱满；蝴蝶到处飘舞，与花朵混成一片，似乎每次起飞都笑一笑。独处有如一道巨大的思想之光。

普儿不时停止吃草，看看我。我也不时停止阅读，看看普儿。

① 峨默伽亚谟(1070—1123):12世纪波斯诗人。

57. The Song of The Cricket

FROM OUR NIGHT RAMBLES Platero and I are well acquainted with the song of the cricket.

The cricket's first song at dusk is hesitant, low, and harsh. He changes tone, he learns from himself and, little by little, rises to reach the proper pitch, as if seeking the harmony of the place and hour. Suddenly when the stars are out in the transparent green sky, the song acquires the melodious sweetness of a free-ringing bell.

The fresh purple breezes come and go; the flowers of the night open completely and there wanders over the plain a pure, divine essence coming from the meeting of the blue fields of heaven and earth. And the song of the cricket grows rapturous, fills the whole countryside, is like the voice of shadow. No longer does it hesitate or fall silent. As if flowing out of itself, each note is a twin of the next, in a kinship of dark crystals.

The hours pass serenely. There is no war in the world and the laborer sleeps soundly, a vision of the sky in the far reaches of his dreams. Among the creepers by a wall perhaps there are lovers in ecstasy, eyes melting into eyes. The plots of flowering beans waft to the town messages of gentle fragrance, as if from a free adolescence, open-hearted and subtle in feeling. And the wheat sways, green with moonlight, sighing to the wind at two and three and four in the morning. The song of the cricket, from sounding so long, has been lost.

There it is again! Oh, the song of the cricket in the early morning when, shaken with chills, Platero and I are coming in to bed along the paths white with dew! The moon is setting, reddish and sleepy. Now the song is tipsy with moonlight, drunk with stars, romantic, mysterious, profuse. It is then that great mournful clouds, bordered with a sad bluish mauve, slowly draw the day from the sea.

五十七 蟋蟀的歌声

在夜间的漫步里，蟋蟀的歌声普儿和我听得很熟了。

黄昏时蟋蟀的第一首歌听来犹疑、低沉、粗糙。他变换调子，自己边唱边学，渐渐上升到适当的音高，仿佛寻找与时间地点相配的调子。当繁星出现在透明的绿色天空，歌声霎时悦耳甜美，有如奔放的吟吟铃声。

清新的紫色和风飘来荡去；夜间的花儿全绽放了，一股纯净神圣的香气来自天地交接处一片广袤的蓝色，在平原上漫游。蟋蟀的歌声欢腾起来，充塞整个乡间，有如阴影之声。歌声不再犹豫间断，仿佛自然流露，每个音符都和下一个音符成双配对，结成一片黑水晶。

时间静静流逝。世界没有战争，劳苦的人睡得正香，梦中看到远方的天空。墙边的藤葛间或许有神魂颠倒的情侣，彼此目光交融。开花的豆园，向镇上飘送清香柔和的讯息，像是无拘无束的青春，心胸坦率，感觉纤细。麦浪摇曳，在月下泛着绿光，凌晨两点，三点，四点，对着清风叹息。蟋蟀的歌声唱了这么久已然消逝。

普儿和我走在沾满白露的小径上，冷得直发抖，要回家睡觉了，听，又唱了起来！啊！清晨的蟋蟀之歌。月正西沉，带着红晕和睡意。歌声浅啜了月光，酣饮了星辰，浪漫、神秘、丰沛。此时朵朵巨大的愁云，镶着紫中带蓝的边，缓慢地把白昼从海里拉起来。



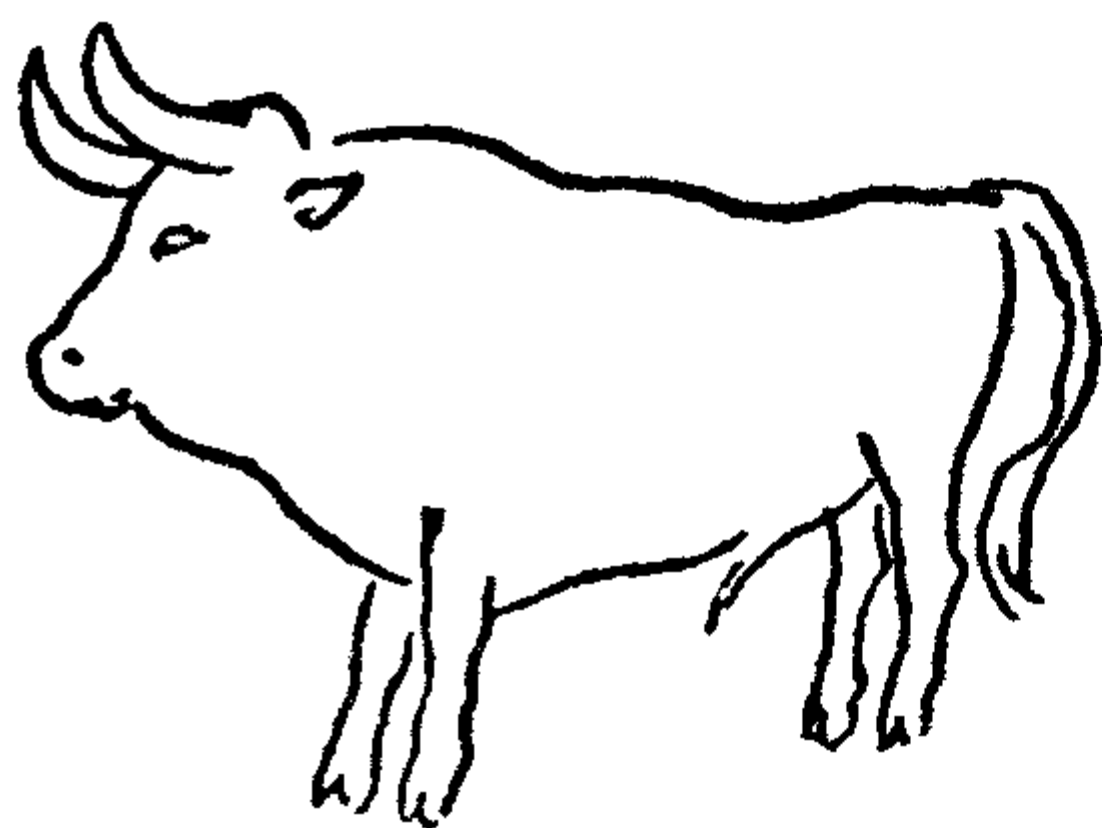
58. The Bullfight

I'LL BET YOU DON'T KNOW, Platero, why those children came? To see if I would let them take you with them to ask for the key of the bull pen this afternoon. But don't you worry. I have already told them they need not even think of such a thing.

They came mad with excitement, Platero. The whole town is agitated because of the bullfight. The band which has been playing since dawn sounds ragged and out of tune now in front of the taverns; coaches and horses come and go, up Calle Nueva and down again. Back there in the side street they are preparing the Canario, the yellow coach the children love so much, for the bullfighters. The patios have been stripped of all their flowers, for the presiding ladies. It makes me sad to see the boys walking sluggishly through the streets with their wide hats, their blouses and their cigars, smelling of the stable and of brandy.

At about two o'clock, Platero, at that moment of solitude and sun, that bright interval in the day, while matadors and ladies are

五十八 斗牛



我打赌你一定不知道那些孩子来干什么，普儿。他们是来探问，今天下午我会不会让他们带你一起去讨牛栏的钥匙。不过别担心！我跟他们说了，连想都不用想。

普儿，他们来了，兴奋得不得了。整个小镇因为这场斗牛而骚动。天一亮乐队就在酒馆前吹吹打打，现在已沦为荒腔走板；车马川流不息，在新街来回走动。街外巷内，人们正为斗牛士准备“黄莺”，就是小孩子特别喜爱的黄色马车。庭院里的鲜花都被摘光，准备献给女主持。年轻小伙子懒散地在街道上行走，戴宽帽，穿衬衫，叨雪茄，全身发出马厩和白兰地的气味，我看了心中难过。

dressing, you and I will go out through the back door and down the lane to the country, as we did last year.

How beautiful the countryside is these festival days, when everyone abandons it. In the vineyards and the vegetable gardens one sees scarcely a single old man bending over the brittle vine or the pure stream. In the distance there rises over the town, like a jester's crown, the full clamor of the crowd, the clapping, and the music from the bull ring, all of which we lose as we go serenely toward the sea. And the soul, Platero, feels truly queen of all it surveys by virtue of its own feelings and of the great sound body of Nature, who when respected gives submissively to those who are worthy the spectacle of her splendid and eternal beauty.

大概是两点左右吧，普儿，那是独处与阳光的时刻，一天中明亮的空档，斗牛士和女主持整装待发，我俩跟去年一样，走后门，穿小巷，到野外去吧！

过节的这几天里，被众人遗弃的田野真是美丽！葡萄园和菜圃里，依稀有一个老先生的身影在脆嫩的葡萄藤或清澈的溪水上探身。远处，小镇升起群众的喧哗、掌声、斗牛场的音乐……，好像小丑戴的帽子，我们把这一切都丢在身后，安详地走向大海。普儿，灵魂必须真的感动，必须靠大自然伟大完美的形体，才能真正驾驭自己的探索，因为大自然只有受到尊重，才会驯服地把自己辉煌不朽的美，展现给值得她眷顾的人。

59. The Storm

FEAR. Held breath. Cold sweat. A terrible low-hanging sky smothers the dawn. (There is no escape.) Silence... Lovers pause. Guilt trembles. Remorse closes its eyes. Silence, still.

Thunder, muffled, resonant, endless, like an enormous load of stone falling from midsky on the town, rolls for a long time back and forth through the deserted morning. (There is no refuge.) All that is weak—flowers, birds—vanishes from life.

Timidly, fright looks out the half-opened window to the light of day, tragically aglow. There in the East, through breaks in the clouds, one has sad glimpses of cold, blurred mauve and rose, which can not vanquish the darkness.

The Angelus! A harsh unheeded Angelus sobs between rolls of thunder. The final Angelus in the world? One wishes that the bell would stop soon, or that it would ring more, much more, that it would drown the tempest. And one walks about restlessly, entreating, not knowing what one wants.

(There is no escape.) Hearts are petrified with fear. Children weep...

What will become of Platero, so lonely out there in his unprotected stable in the corral?

五十九 暴风雨

恐惧。屏息。冷汗。恐怖低垂的天空，窒息了黎明。(无处可逃。)寂静……情侣暂止。罪恶颤抖。悔恨闭目。沉默静止。

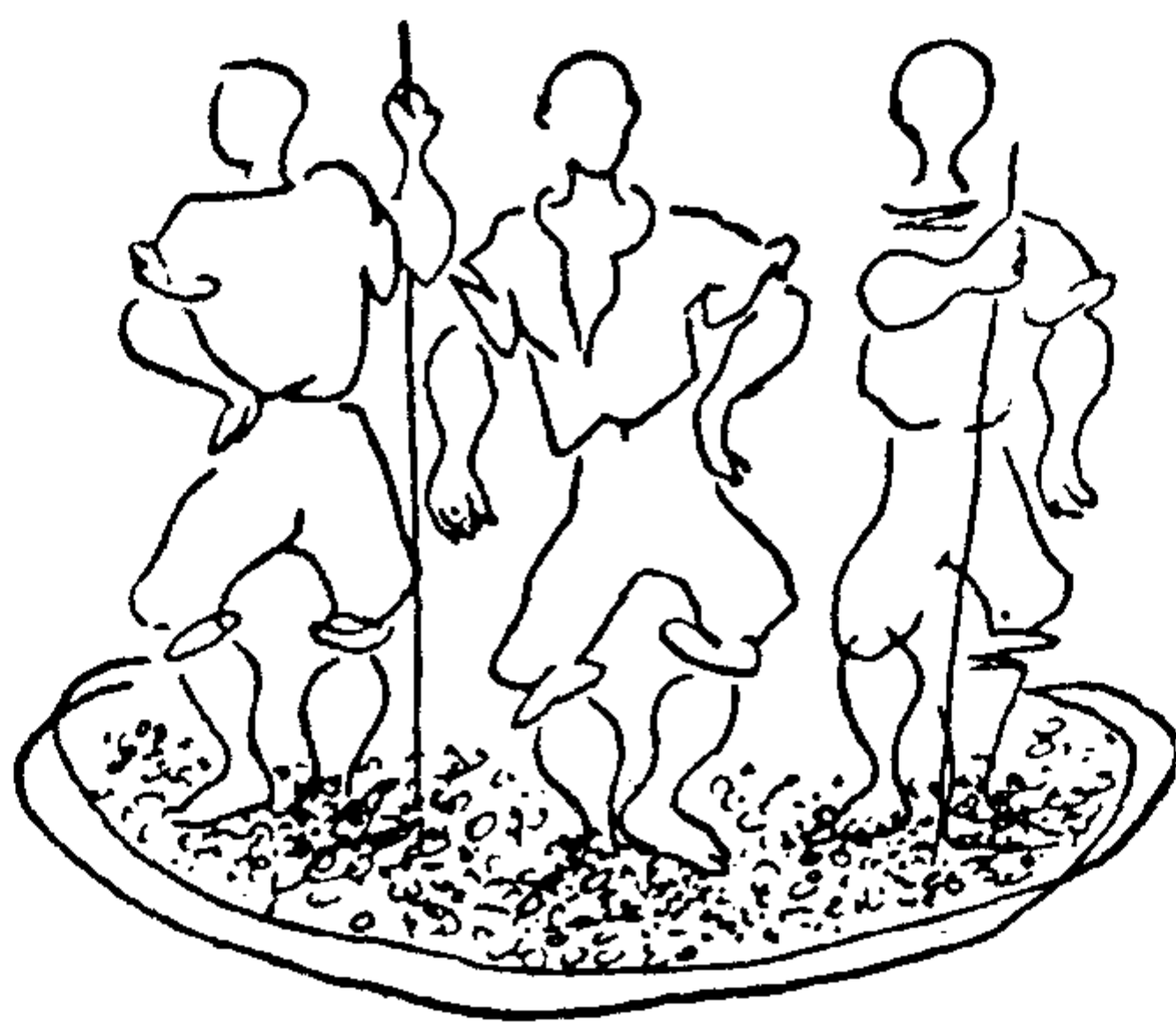
雷声，低沉、回荡、永无止息，好像一大堆石头，从半空中落到小镇上，在这无人的早晨来回滚动，没完没了。(无处可藏。)一切弱者——花儿和小鸟——从生命里消逝。

恐惧从半掩的窗口向外怯怯偷窥，白日含悲放光。东方云堆的空隙里，凄凉地出现几抹寒冷而模糊的淡紫和玫瑰红，赶不走黑暗。

晨祷钟！沙哑的钟声无人理会，在阵阵雷鸣间饮泣。世上最后一次晨祷吗？但愿钟声快停，不然就敲得更多，漫天敲撞，把这场暴风雨淹没。人们不安地踱来踱去，不停祈求，却不知道要的是什么。

(无处可避。)心灵吓呆了。孩子哭泣……

普儿孤零零留在院子里简陋的厩房内，不知道会怎么样？



60. The Grape Harvest

HOW FEW DONKEYS have come bringing grapes this year, Platero! In vain do the handbills say in large letters: AT SIX REALES. Where are those donkeys from Lucena and Almonte and Palos, laden with liquid gold as taut and flowing as the blood in your body and mine—those great droves of beasts of burden waiting hours and hours while the wine presses were emptied? The grape juice flowed in the streets and women and children filled their pitchers, crocks and earthen jars.

How gay the wine cellars were at that time, Platero, especially the tithe cellars. Beneath the great walnut tree which had pushed down the roof, the cellar keepers sang, with a fresh, sonorous and heavy cadence, as they washed the wine vats; the men who decanted the wine would go by, barelegged, with jugs of light and dark grape juice, sparkling and foaming; there at the back, tinder the shed, the barrel-makers struck full, resounding blows, standing in the clean, fragrant wood shavings. As I rode in on Almirante through one door and out by the other—two opposite doors, each giving gaily to the

六十 葡萄收成



今年来送葡萄的驴子真少哇!普儿,招贴上用大字写着:六个银币一斤,都白写了。那些驴子都到哪儿去了?那些来自鲁塞纳、阿尔蒙特、巴洛斯的驴子,它们所驮的液体黄金,和你我的血液一样饱满、流动,成群结队的驮兽,一小时、一小时地等,等榨汁机空出来。街上流着葡萄汁,妇孺用水壶、瓦罐、陶瓶来盛装。

那时候酒窖多热闹啊,普儿,尤其是要缴教区税的酒窖。那棵压着屋顶的大胡桃树下,酒窖工人一面洗刷酒桶,一面用清新、洪亮、浑厚的节拍唱歌;装桶工人,光着腿,手提颜色深浅不同、冒着泡沫的葡萄汁;后头棚架下,桶匠站在干净芳香的木屑中,用力丁东敲打。我骑在海军大将的背上,从这个门进、那个门出——两扇热闹的门,面对面,互相给予生命与明亮的鼓励——我可以感受到工人的热情。

二十个榨汁器,日夜不停赶工。多疯狂!多昏眩!多炽热

other its stamp of life and light—I could sense the affection of the workmen.

Twenty wine presses worked day and night. What madness, what dizziness, what burning optimism. This year, Platero, all the windows of the wine presses are closed, and the press in the corral, with two or three workmen, is sufficient and more.

And now, Platero, you must do something, for you are not going to be an idler forever.

The other heavy laden donkeys have been looking at Platero who is free and loafing; so that they may not dislike him or think badly of him, I go with him to the next pressing floor, load him with grapes, and lead him very slowly among them to the wine press. Then I take him away from there inconspicuously.

的乐观！今年呢，普儿，所有榨汁场的窗户都封闭了，就用院子里一个榨汁器和三两个工人还绰绰有余呢。

这会儿，普儿，你得动一动了，不能老是无所事事！

别的驴子背上压着重担，一直看着普儿优哉游哉。为了不让它们讨厌它，或认为它坏，我带着它到邻近的果园，给它背上葡萄，随驴群慢慢走到榨汁场去，然后又不声不响把它带走。

61. Nocturne

FROM THE FESTIVE TOWN, its reddish light rising toward the sky, come harsh nostalgic waltzes on the gentle wind. The tower looks ashy-pale, mute, hard, in a wandering halo of violet, azure and straw-yellow. And there beyond the dark wine cellars on the outskirts, a low yellow moon sets dreamily over the river.

The countryside is alone with its trees and the shadows of its trees. There is the intermittent song of the cricket, the somnambulant talking of hidden waters and a damp softness, as if the stars were melting. Platero brays sadly from the warmth of his stall.

The goat must be awake and walking about; her little bell insists, first harshly, then sweetly. Finally, it is still ... In the distance, toward Montemayor, another donkey brays ... Then another in Vallejuelo ... A dog barks ...

The night is so bright that the colors of the flowers in the garden stand out as if it were day. By the last house on the Galle de la Fuente, under a wavering red lantern, a lone man turns the corner. Is it I? No, for I, in the fragrant penumbra—blue, mobile and golden—cast by the moon, the lilacs, the breeze and the shadows, I am listening to my deep and peerless heart.

Softly the earth turns ...

六十一 夜曲

小镇正在过节，红光冲天，刺耳、怀旧的华尔兹从镇上乘着和风飘来。在漫游的姹紫、天蓝与麦黄的光晕里，钟楼显得灰白、沉默、坚硬。镇郊那座阴暗的酒窖外，一轮黄月低垂，梦幻地落向河上。

田野荒寂，但见树木和树影。蟋蟀时唱时停，隐蔽的流水喃喃梦呓，一片潮湿的温柔，仿佛星光融化了。普儿在厩房的暖意里，感伤地嘶鸣。

那只山羊一定没睡，走来走去；它的小铜铃响个不停，起先刺耳，后来甜蜜。铃声终究停了下来……远处，在蒙特马约那个方向，有头驴子在叫……。接着，霍埃洛山谷里也有……有只狗在吠叫……

这夜晚多么明亮，花园里花卉的颜色像白昼一样清晰可辨。泉水街上最末间房子旁，一盏摇曳的红灯下，有个孤独的人转过街角。是我吗？不，因为在芳香的幽明交会处——蓝荫、流影、金光——融合了明月、紫丁香花丛、清风、影子，我聆听自己深沉、岸然独立的心声。

地球轻轻转动……



62. Sarito

ONE RED AFTERNOON during the grape harvest, when I was in the vineyard by the stream, the women told me that a little colored boy was asking for me.

As I went toward the threshing floor, he was already coming down the path.

"Sarito! "

It was Sarito, the servant of Rosalina, my Puerto Rican sweetheart. He had run away from Seville to take part in village bullfights, and hungry and penniless, he had come from Niebla on foot, his vivid scarlet cape flung over his shoulder.

The vintagers looked askance at him, with ill-concealed scorn; the women, more because of the men's feelings than of their own, avoided him. Earlier, when he had passed by the wine press, he had already had one fight with a boy who had bitten open his ear.

I smiled and talked to him affably. Platero was walking about eating grapes and Sarito, not daring to show his affection for me, caressed him, while looking at me with a noble air.

六十二 萨里托



葡萄收获季节，有个火红的下午，我正在溪旁的葡萄园，那些妇人说有个小黑人找我。

我走向晒谷场，他已从小径走来。

“萨里托！”

是萨里托，我的波多黎各女友罗莎利娜的一个佣人。他为了参加乡间演出的斗牛节目，逃出塞维利亚。从尼埃布拉徒步走来时，又饿又穷，鲜红的披肩还搭在肩膀上。

采葡萄的工人斜眼看他，掩不住一脸的鄙夷。妇女看见男人的态度如此，也都跟着避开他。他刚才走过榨汁场时，已经和一个咬破他耳朵的男孩打了一架。

我喜形于色，与他亲切攀谈。普儿走来走去，吃着葡萄。萨里托不敢显露对我的情感，只是抚摸普儿，同时以高贵的神态望着我。

63. Siesta

WHAT A SAD, YELLOW, faded sort of beauty the afternoon sun has when I wake beneath the fig tree!

A dry breeze, fragrant from the melting rockrose, caresses my sweat-soaked awakening. The great leaves of the smooth old tree stir lightly, to plunge me in darkness or dazzle me with light. It seems as if they are rocking me gently in a cradle from the sun to the shade, from the shade to the sun.

Far off in the deserted town, the three o'clock bells are ringing vespers, beyond the surge of crystal air. Hearing them, Platero, who has stolen from me a big watermelon with its sweet red frost, stands motionless and looks at me with enormous, blinking eyes.

Before his weary eyes, my eyes again grow weary ... The breeze returns, like a butterfly which had tried to fly when suddenly its wings bent back... back... like my drooping eyelids which suddenly had closed.

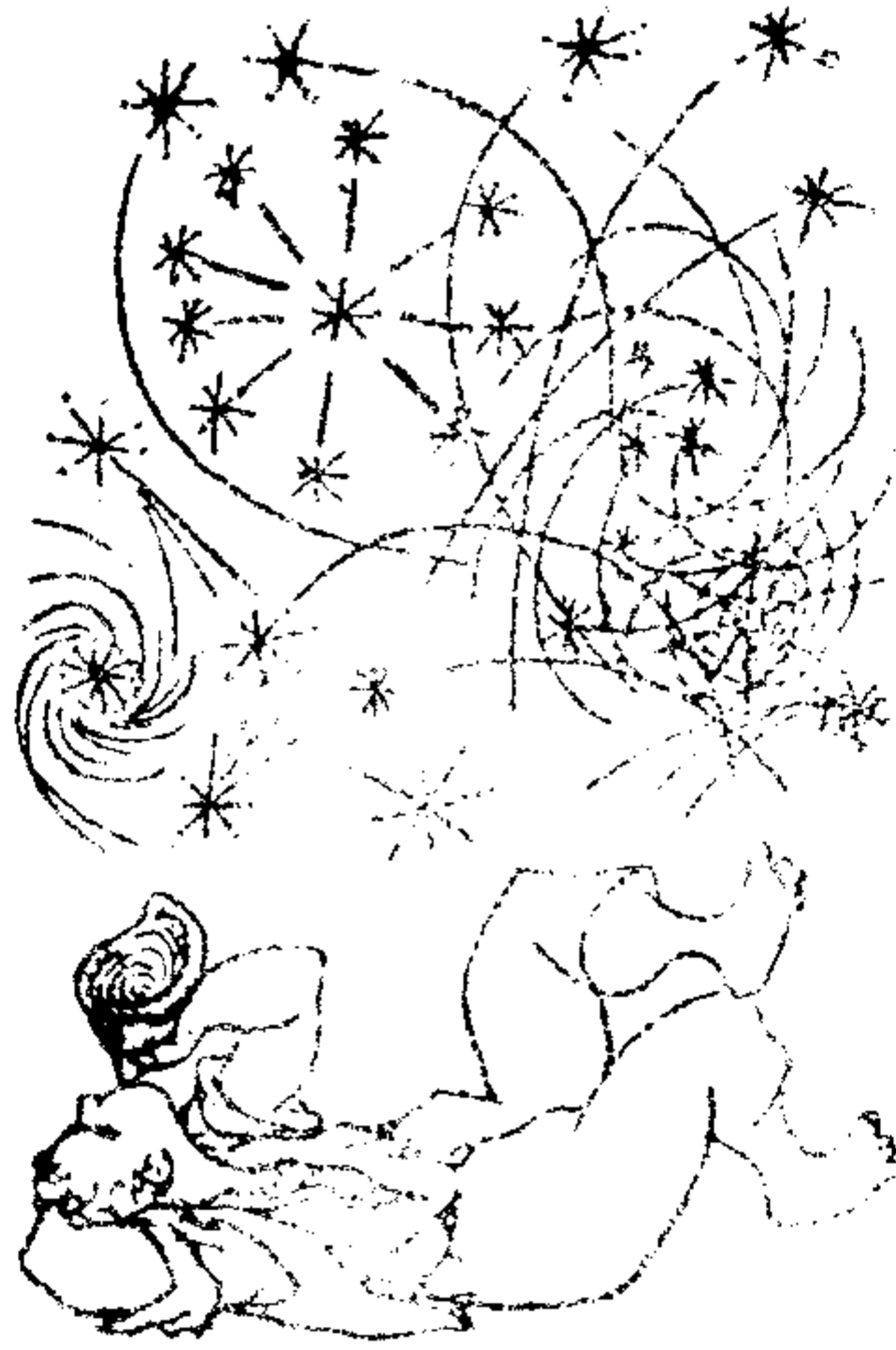
六十三 午睡

我在无花果树下醒来，午后的阳光美得那么哀愁、柔黄、朦胧！

一阵干燥的微风，染上了岩蔷薇散发出来的令人放松的香气，抚弄我多汗的初醒。光滑的老树轻轻摇动片片硕叶，把我投入阴暗之中，又使我在明亮里眼花。仿佛把我放在摇篮里缓缓摇动，从阳光晃到阴影，又从阴影晃到阳光。

远处无人的镇上，三点整晚祷的钟声在清澈的气流之外响起。普儿偷了我一个果肉如霜、鲜红甜美的大西瓜，听到钟声站着动也不动，眨眨大眼睛看着我。

看它眼神疲倦，我的眼皮又变重了……微风回吹，仿佛蝴蝶展翼欲飞，又倏地收回彩翼……收回……像我垂下的眼皮，一下子阖上。



64. Fireworks

ON FESTIVAL NIGHTS in September, we would go to the height behind the house in the orchard to hear the town in fiesta from amid the fragrant peace which rose from the spikenards by the pond.

It was late and the fireworks were flaming. First there were small muffled cracklings; then tailless rockets opening high in the air with a sigh, like a starry eye which had a moment's glimpse of the countryside, turned red, purple, blue; and others whose splendor fell like the swooning body of a naked girl, like a willow of blood dripping flowers of light. Oh, what flaming peacocks, what celestial clusters of bright roses, what fiery pheasants in the gardens of the stars!

At the sound of each explosion, Platero shivered, turning blue or purple or red in the sudden illumination of the sky, and in the flickering light I could see his big black eyes looking at me apprehensively.

When as the climax, amid the distant clamor of the town, there rose in the sky a whirling golden crown over the castle, Platero brayed madly as he fled, like a soul borne off by the devil, among the vine stalks and toward the tranquil pines lost in shadow.



六十四 烟火

九月节庆的夜晚，我们常到果园里那栋农舍后的山上，聆听小镇热闹的声音，四周一片芬芳的幽静发自池畔的甘松。

时候不早了，烟火正在燃放。先是小小、闷闷的劈啪声。接着，无尾火箭炮在高空爆开一声叹息，好像一只星形的眼睛霎时综览田野，田野变得有红、有紫、有蓝；有些烟火散落的光灿，有如裸身少女酥软的玉体，又如血柳树滴落朵朵火光之花。美哉！雀屏喷焰！灿烂玫瑰绽放天体！星辰的花园里飞出火雉鸟！

每一声爆炸都教普儿发抖，天空骤然亮起，将它照得忽蓝、忽紫、忽红；在闪烁不定的光芒里，我可以看见它乌黑的大眼睛不安地望着我。

远处小镇响起欢呼声，高潮戏就要上场，城堡上空一顶金冠飞旋而起，普儿疯狂地嘶鸣，宛若被恶魔掳走的灵魂，穿过葡萄丛，奔向隐没在黑影里的平静松林。

65. The Moon

PLATERO HAD JUST DRUNK two pails of starlight water from the well in the corral and was returning to the stable, slowly and absent-mindedly, between the tall sunflowers. Stretched out on the whitewashed threshold, I was waiting for him, enveloped in the warm fragrance of the heliotropes.

Beyond the low roof, damp from the September mildness, the far fields lay sleeping, giving off a strong scent of pine. A great black cloud, like a gigantic hen laying a golden egg, left the moon upon the hill.

I said to the moon:

... Ma sola

*ha questa luna in ciel, che da nessuno
cadet fu vista mai se non in sogno.*

Platero stared fixedly at the moon and with a hard, yet light sound, shook one ear. He looked at me full of wonder and shook the other.

十五 月亮

普儿刚喝下两桶星光荡漾的水，从院中井里汲来的，它缓慢而心不在焉地穿过高大的向日葵走回厩房。我舒展手脚，躺在白石灰门槛上，在天芥菜花温暖的芳香里等它。

低矮的屋顶外，远处的田野受了九月温和的润泽，酣睡正香，散发松树强烈的气味。一块大乌云，好像下金蛋的巨大母鸡，把月亮下在山丘上。

我对着月亮说：

……多寂寞

月亮留在天上，从不

掉落，除非落在梦床上。

普儿凝神望着月亮，摇动一只耳朵，声音不响却也扎实。然后一脸纳罕地看看我，摇动另一只。



66. Gaiety

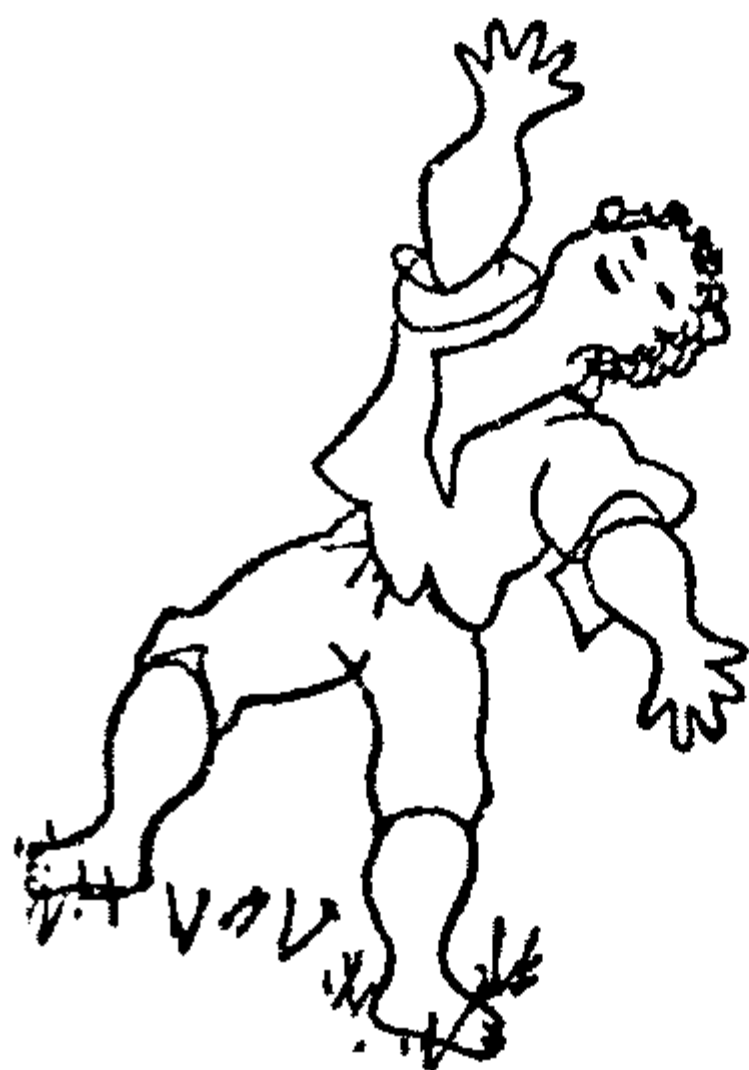
PLATERO PLAYS with Diana, the beautiful white dog who is like the crescent moon, with the old gray goat and with the children.

Agile and elegant, Diana makes her little bell tinkle as she leaps up in front of the donkey and pretends to bite his nose. And Platero, pricking up his ears like two cactus swords, charges at her gently and makes her go rolling over the flowering grass.

The goat walks along beside Platero, rubbing against his legs, pulling with her teeth at the tips of the reeds he is carrying. With a daisy or a pink in her mouth, she gets in front of him, butts him in the head, then gambols about and bleats gaily, as coquettish as a woman.

With the children, Platero is like a toy. How patient he is with their wild tricks! How slowly he walks, halting, playing the fool, taking care that they do not fall! How he frightens them when he suddenly pretends to break into a trot!

Clear afternoons of autumn in Moguer! When the pure October air sharpens the limpid sounds, there surges up from the valley the idyllic joy of baas and brays, of the laughter of children, of barking and the tinkling of bells.



欢乐

普儿同狄亚娜——新月一样美丽的白狗、老灰羊和孩子们在玩耍。

狄亚娜敏捷优雅，摇动小铃铛，在驴子前面跳跃，假装咬它的鼻子。普儿竖起耳朵，像两把仙人掌剑轻轻对她刺去，使她在鲜花盛开的草地上翻滚。

山羊跟在普儿身边摩擦普儿的腿，用牙齿扯它所驮的芦苇的末梢。她嘴含一朵雏菊或石竹，跑到它面前用头顶它，然后跳来跳去，快活地鸣叫，像女人一样撒娇。

在孩子堆里，普儿就像玩具。不管他们闹得多野，它总是逆来顺受！它款步缓行，时走时停，佯呆装笨却留意不让他们摔下来！有时又忽然假装放蹄要跑，吓得他们惊慌失措！

好个摩格尔秋日晴朗的下午！十月纯净的空气磨利了清澈的声响，山谷里翻腾起欢乐的田园诗歌，有羊鸣和驴嘶、孩子的嬉笑、狗吠和铃铛声。

67. The Ducks Go By

I HAVE COME to give Platero water. Through the calm night, all white clouds and stars, we can hear, in the silence of the corral, the clear whistling calls passing ceaselessly above us.

It is the ducks. They are going inland, fleeing from the tempest on the sea. From time to time, as if we had risen or they had come lower, we can hear the faint noise of their wings, of their beaks.

For hours and hours the calls will continue to go by in an endless flight.

Platero, from time to time, stops drinking and raises his head as I do toward the stars, with a mild infinite nostalgia.

六十七 野鸭

我提水来喂普儿。平静的夜空满是白云和星星，院中悄然无声，可以听见哨音般清晰的呼唤，从头上不断地掠过。

那是野鸭。为了躲避海上的暴风雨往内地飞去。有时候也听得到发自翅膀及喙子的细微声响，仿佛是我们上升或是它们下降。

在这趟无止尽的飞行中，呼叫声声不绝。

普儿不时停止喝水，像我一样举起头望着星星，满怀婉约的乡愁悠悠。

68. The Little Girl

THE LITTLE GIRL was Platero's delight. As soon as he saw her coming toward him between the lilacs, with her little white dress and her rice-straw hat, calling to him lovingly, "Platero, Platerillo," the silly ass tried to break his rope and jumped about like a little boy and brayed madly.

With perfect confidence she would go back and forth beneath him, give him light taps with her foot, and put her white flower of a hand in that great pink mouth armed with large yellow teeth; or catching the ears which he lowered to within her reach, she would call him by all the tender variations of his name: "Platero! Platerón! Platerillo! Platerete! "

During the long days when the little girl was gliding downstream in her snowy-white crib toward death, no one thought of Platero. She in her delirium would call him sadly, "Platerillo!" From the dark house full of sighs, one could hear at times the distant, doleful call of her friend. Melancholy summer!

What splendor God put on you, O afternoon of the burial! September, in its rose and gold, was drawing to a close. How the bells echoed in the cemetery in the full-blown sunset, road to glory! Lonely and downcast, I returned along the walls and entered the house by the gate of the corral. Fleeing from people, I went to the stable and sat down to weep with Platero.

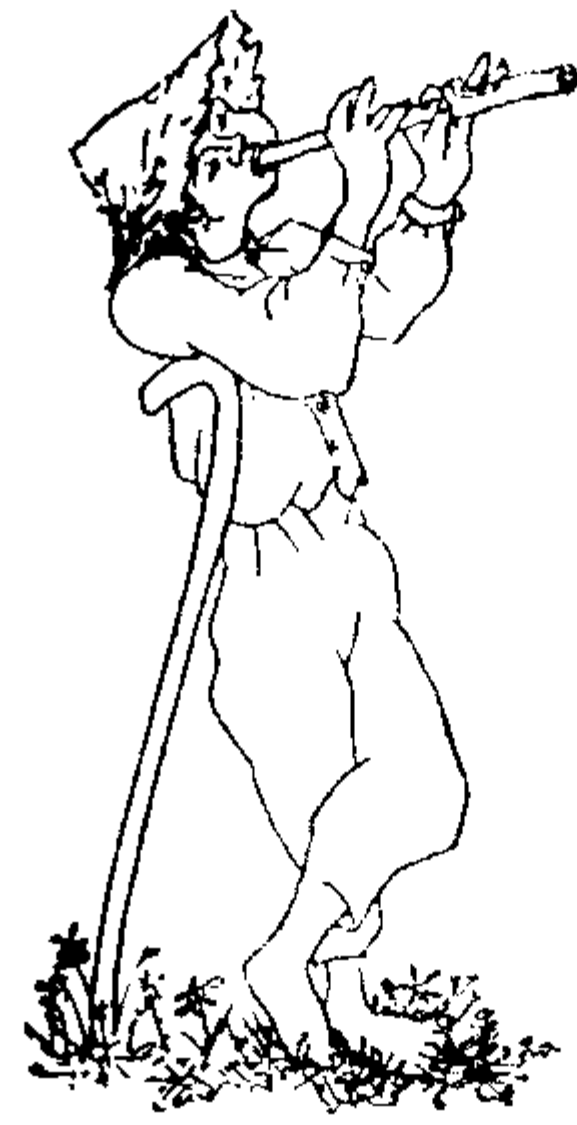
六十八 小女孩

那个女孩是普儿的开心果。只要看到她从紫丁香花丛间朝它走来，身穿洁白洋装，头戴稻草帽，爱怜地叫唤它“普儿！小普儿！”那小笨驴就想挣脱缰绳，像小男孩般跳来跳去，狂叫不迭。

她毫无顾忌地在它肚皮底下钻来钻去，拿脚丫子轻轻拍它，把白花般的小手放进那竖满大黄牙的粉红大嘴里；有时它低下头让她抓它的耳朵，她使用它的名字变化出百般昵称叫它：“普儿！大普儿！小普儿！老普儿！”

小女孩躺在雪白的小床上顺流滑向死亡，那些漫长的日子里，谁也没有想到普儿。神志不清时，她哀伤地叫唤它：“小普儿！”充满叹息的阴暗房子里，不时听见她的朋友在远处悲恸地嘶鸣！多么忧郁的夏天！

在午后的葬礼上，上帝赐给你无比的光辉！九月在玫瑰红与金黄之中将告尾声。钟声在墓园中回荡，晚霞无限灿烂，那是通往荣耀的道路！我心情沮丧，沿墙踽踽独归，从院子的大门进入。避开人群到厩房里去，坐下来跟普儿一起哭泣。



69. The Shepherd

ON THE HILL which the purpled evening hour is slowly turning dark and fearful, the little shepherd boy, black against the green crystal of the sunset, is blowing on his pipe under a trembling Venus. Intermingled with the flowers which have a strong scent now that they are no longer visible—a scent that exalts them to the point of giving them form in the enveloping shadows—is the slow jingle from the clear sweet bells of the flock, which has scattered for a moment over the familiar ground before entering the town.

“Sir, if that donkey were mine...”

The boy, darker and more idyllic in the uncertain hour, gathering up in his quick eyes whatever momentary brightness remains, resembles one of those lads painted by Bartolomé Esteban Murillo.

I would give him the donkey... But what would I do without you, Platerillo?

The moon, rising full over the hermitage of Montemayor, has spread itself softly over the meadow, where vague glimmers of daylight still linger; and the flowering ground now appears dreamlike, a strange lace, primitive and beautiful; and the rocks are larger, more precarious, sadder; and the water of the hidden stream weeps more loudly.

The little shepherd shouts enviously, now far away:

“Oh, if that donkey were only mine! ”

二十九 牧童

紫色的向晚时分把山丘慢慢变得阴沉恐怖，山丘上，小牧童黑色的身影倚着暮色的绿水晶，在闪烁金星下吹弄他的笛子。香气浓郁的花朵此刻都不再可见——强烈的气味使花朵在黑暗的包围中升华，有了自己的形体——与花朵融合的是缓缓铃声，来自羊群清晰悦耳的铃铛，走进小镇之前，羊儿一时还散布在这片熟悉的土地上。

“先生，假如那驴子是我的……”

幽明交替之际，男孩显得更黝黑、更富田园气息，所有须臾即逝的余光都凝聚在他灵动的双眸，像巴托洛梅·埃斯特万·摩里略^①画笔下的少年。

我愿意把驴子给他的……但是没有你，小普儿，我该怎么办呢？

一轮明月从蒙特马约山的修道院升起，将银光轻柔地铺在草原上，那儿还有朦胧微弱的日光流连不去；开满花朵的大地，此时如梦似幻，镶了花边，质朴而美丽；岩石看起来更巨大、更险峻、更忧伤；隐而不见的溪流哭得格外响亮。小牧童嫉妒地叫喊，声音已经遥远：“啊！要是那驴子是我的，该有多好呀！”

^① 巴托洛梅·埃斯特万·摩里略(1618—1682)：西班牙画家。

70. *The Canary Dies*

LOOK, PLATERO, today Dawn found the children's canary dead in his silver cage. It is true that the poor bird was very old. He spent last winter in silence, you remember, with his head buried in his plumage. At the first touch of Spring, when the sun turned the open spaces into a garden and opened the best roses in the patio, he wanted to add his own small embellishment to the new life and he sang: but his voice was cracked and wheezing like the voice of a broken flute.

The eldest of the children, who took care of him, seeing him lying motionless in the bottom of the cage, ran crying to say:

"But he had everything he needed—food, water." Yes, he had everything he needed, Platero. "He just died," as Campoamor would say, another old canary...

Do you suppose, Platero, that there is a paradise for birds? That there is a green garden above the blue sky, filled with golden rosebushes and the white, blue, rose and yellow souls of birds?

Listen: tonight, the children, you and I will take the dead bird down to the garden. The moon is full now and beneath its pallid silver, the poor singer will look, in the white hand of Blanca, like a withered petal from a golden iris. And we shall bury him under the large rosebush.

This very spring, Platero, we shall surely see the bird rise from the heart of a white rose. The fragrant air will become melodious and there will be, in the April sunshine, the enchanted flight of invisible wings and, in secret murmur, clear trills of purest gold.

七十 金丝雀之死

你看，普儿，今天清晨孩子们的金丝雀在银鸟笼里死了。可怜的鸟儿真的很老了。你该记得，去年冬天它闷不吭声把头埋在羽翼下。春天刚到，太阳就把大地变成一座花园，使天井里最美丽的玫瑰开放，它也想为新生命加上自己小小的润饰，便唱起歌来。但是它的声音沙哑，喘不过来，好像破裂的笛子。平常是那个年纪最大的孩子照顾它，看到它动也不动躺在笼底，哭着跑来说：

“可是它什么都有啊——饲料、清水！”

没错，它什么都有，普儿。“它就是死了”，坎波亚莫尔^①会这么说，一只老金丝雀罢了……。

你想，普儿，小鸟也有天国吗？蔚蓝的天空之上，是否有一座翠绿的花园，充满金色的玫瑰丛，和白色、蓝色、玫瑰色、黄色小鸟的灵魂？

听着：今晚，孩子们、你和我，要把死去的鸟带到花园里。现在是满月，在苍白的银光里，可怜的歌喉家在布兰卡洁白的手中，有如一瓣枯萎的金色鸢尾花。我们要把它埋葬在那一大片玫瑰丛花下。

就在这个春天，普儿，我们一定会看到这只鸟从白玫瑰花心里飞出来。芬芳的空气也化为美妙旋律，四月的阳光里，会有隐形的翅膀着魔也似地飞舞，还有纯金清脆的颤音依依私语。

① 拉蒙·德·坎波亚莫尔(1817—1901)：西班牙诗人。

71. The Hill

HAVE YOU NEVER SEEN ME, Platero, stretched out on the hill, at once classic and romantic?

The bulls pass by, and the dogs and the crows, and I do not move or even look. Night comes on and I leave only when darkness draws me away. I do not know when I first went there and even doubt if there was ever a time when I did not go. You know what hill I mean: that red hill which rises like the torso of a man and a woman above the old vineyard of Cobano.

There I read everything I have read and thought all my thoughts. In every museum I have seen that picture of me, painted by myself; me, dressed in black, stretched out on the sand, with my back to myself, I mean to you, or to whoever is looking at it, with my thoughts moving freely between my eyes and the setting sun.

They call me from the house at La Piña to see if I am coming to have dinner now or to go to bed. I think that I shall go but I do not know whether or not I shall stay there; and I am certain, Platero, that I am not here with you now nor really in any of the places where I may be, not even dead in my tomb; but only on the red hill, at once classic and romantic, book in hand, watching the sun set over the river...

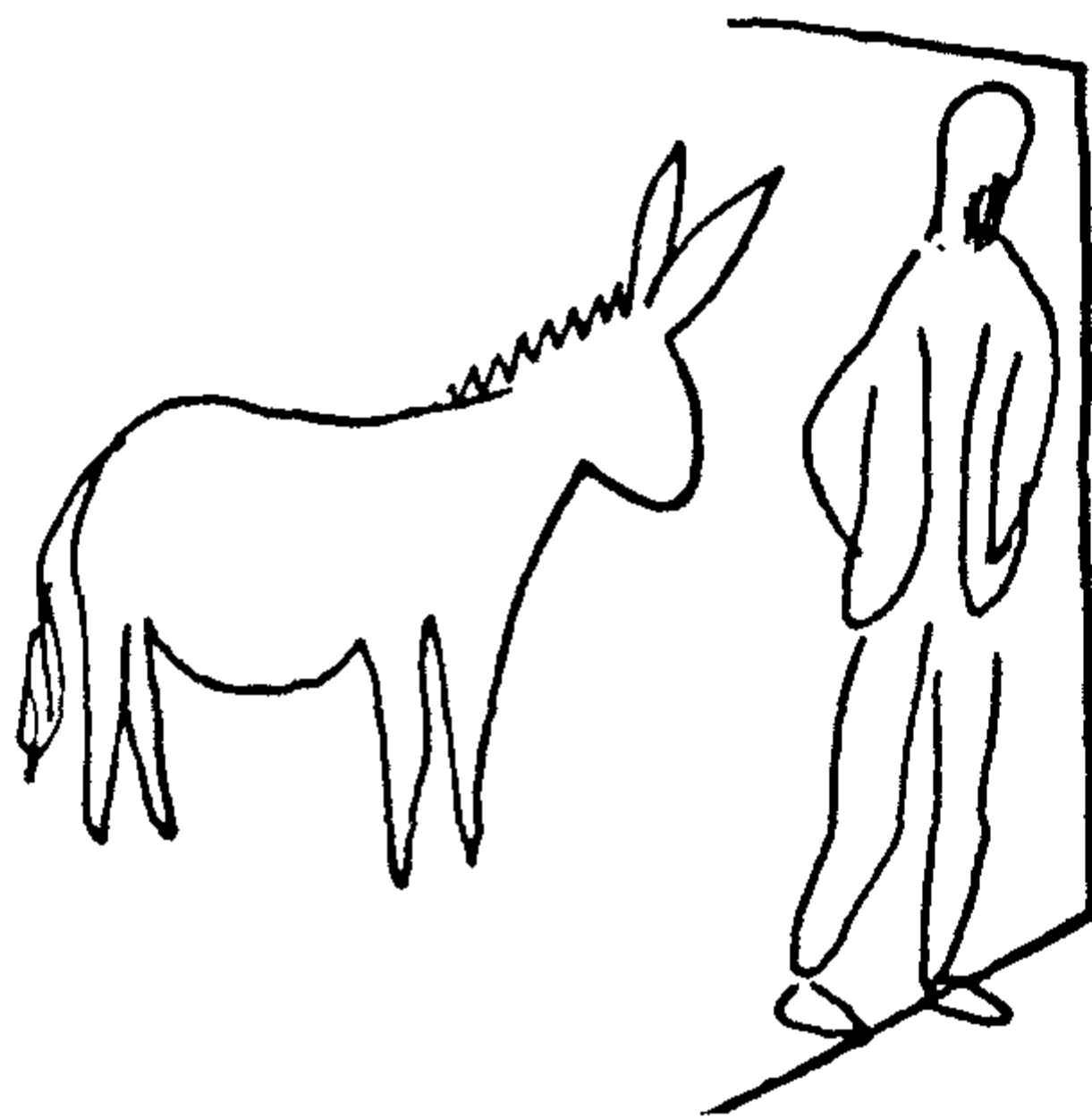
七十一 山丘

普儿，你从来没有见过我既古典又浪漫地舒展手脚，躺在那座山丘上吧？

牛群经过身边，还有狗和乌鸦，我不动声色，甚至一眼也不看。夜晚降临，直到天色全黑我才离去。我不知道是何年何月第一次上那座山丘，甚至想不起有什么时候我不去那里。你知道我指的是哪座山丘：像一对男女的躯干，自科巴诺的老葡萄园耸起的那座红土山丘。

我读过的书都是在那里读的，我所有的思考也都是在那里想的。在每个博物馆里，我都看见自己的画像，我自己画的。我，穿着黑色的衣服，伸展手脚躺在沙上，背对着自己，我的意思是背对着你或任何看画的人，我的思想在眼睛和夕阳之间自由移动。

他们从松子园里的房子叫我，看我现在是不是要过去吃晚饭或者上床睡觉。我想我会去的，但不知道会不会留在那里。不过可以肯定的是，普儿，现在我没有和你一道在这里，也不是真的在其他可能出现的地方，甚至也不在死后的坟墓里。我只是在红土山丘上，既古典又浪漫，手里拿着书，凝视着夕阳在河水上方下坠……。

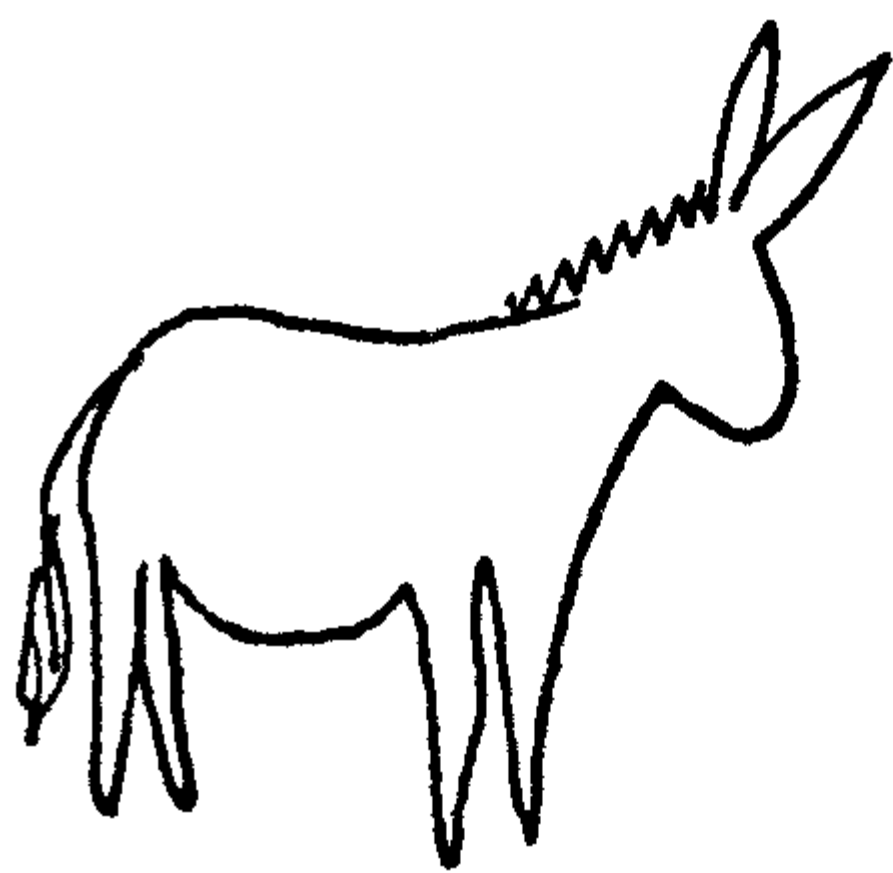


72. October Afternoon

VACATION DAYS ARE ENDED and with the coming of the first yellow leaves the children have returned to school. Solitude. The sunlight in the house seems empty. In fancy, faraway cries ring out, and distant laughter.

Over the still-flowering roses the afternoon slowly declines. The glow of the sunset catches the last roses and the whole garden, rising like a flame of fragrance toward the blaze of the setting sun, smells of burned roses. Silence.

Platero, as bored as I am, does not know what to do. Little by little he comes toward me, hesitates a bit, and finally, gaining confidence, enters the house with me.



七十二 十月的午后

假期结束了，随着第一阵黄叶坠落，孩子们都回到学校里。悄然无人。屋子裡的阳光显得空虚。想像中，远方响起叫嚷和嬉笑。

下午在迟花尚红的玫瑰上，慢慢的暗去。夕阳的光辉点燃这最后几朵玫瑰，整个花园像芬芳的火焰升向落日的光辉，弥漫着烧焦的玫瑰味。一片寂静。

普儿和我一样闷得发慌，不知道做什么好。它慢慢朝我走来，起初有点犹豫，最后才鼓足了信心，和我一起走进屋子里。

73. The Forgotten Grapes

AFTER THE LONG OCTOBER RAINS we all went to the vineyards amid the azure-gold of a clear day. Platero was carrying the lunch and the children's hats in one side of his saddlebags, and in the other, as a counterweight, rode Blanca, gentle, and pink-and-white as a peach blossom.

How delightful was the freshened countryside! Streams were overflowing, the fields were lightly ploughed and in the poplars along the edges, still festooned in yellow, one could see the black forms of birds.

Suddenly the children ran one after another, shouting:

"A bunch of grapes! A bunch of grapes! "

On an old vine, whose long twisted runners still bore some blackwithered and reddish leaves, the burning sun lit up one clear, sound, amber bunch of grapes. They all wanted it! Victoria, who had picked it, was holding it behind her back. I asked for it, and she with that sweet voluntary obedience shown to a man by a girl who is approaching womanhood—gave it to me quite willingly.

The bunch had five large grapes. I gave one to Victoria, one to Blanca, one to Lola, one to Pepe, and the last, amid the laughter and clapping of all, to Platero, who caught it brusquely between his enormous teeth.

七十三 被遗忘的葡萄

度过十月漫长的雨天，我们在蔚蓝金黄的晴天一起到葡萄园去。普儿驮着鞍囊，一边装着午餐和孩子们的帽子，另一边为了平衡重量载着柔美、宛若桃花、白里透红的布兰卡。

雨后的田野真可爱！溪流都涨满了水，田地已经浅犁，田边的白杨树依旧点缀着黄叶，还看得见点点小鸟的黑色身影。

孩子们忽然一个个跑了起来，大叫：

“一串葡萄！一串葡萄！”

一株老葡萄藤细长纠缠的藤须上，还残留几片枯黑带红的叶子，燃烧的太阳照亮一串透明完好的琥珀色葡萄。大家都想要！维多利亚采到葡萄，藏在背后。我向她要，她是个即将成长为女人的女孩，带着对男人甜蜜的自愿顺从，心甘情愿地递给我。

那串有五颗大葡萄。一颗给维多利亚，一颗给布兰卡，一颗给洛拉，一颗给佩柏，最后在所有人的笑声和鼓掌中，也给普儿一颗——它用巨大的牙齿，粗鲁地衔了过去。

74. Autumn

NOW, PLATERO, the sun is beginning to be too lazy to climb out of bed, and the farm workers get up before he does. It is true that he is unclothed and it is chilly.

How the north wind blows! Look at the little branches fallen on the ground; the wind is so sharp and blows so straight that they are all lying parallel, pointing south. The plow, looking like a crude instrument of war, is going about the happy labor of peace, Platero; and on either side of the wide, damp path, yellowed trees, certain that they will turn green again, brightly light our rapid steps like mellow bonfires of clearest gold.

七十四 秋天

普儿，现在太阳已经开始懒得起床，农夫都比他起得更早。没错，太阳未着衣衫，天气凉了起来。

北风吹得正紧！你看，一地短小的落枝。风刮得这么猛、这么直，根根落枝都平行躺着，指向南方。

普儿，这把犁，看来像一具大略成形的武器，却正在从事愉快的和平工作；宽阔潮湿的道路两旁，变黄的树木——当然会再变绿的——明亮地照着我们疾行的脚步，宛如柔美的营火最清澈的金光。

75. Almirante

YOU DID NOT KNOW HIM. They took him away before you came. From him I learned the meaning of nobility. As you can see, the plank with his name is still on the manger which was his, with his saddle, bit and bridle.

How exciting it was, Platero, when he first came into the corral! He came from the salt marshes, and with him there came to me a mass of strength, of liveliness, of joy. How handsome he was! Very early each morning I would go with him down the river bank and gallop over the salt marshes, flushing bands of jackdaws that were foraging about the closed mills. Then I would come up along the high way and enter the town by the Calle Nuera at a close, firm trot.

One winter afternoon Monsieur Dupont, the one of the wine cellars at San Juan, came to my house with riding crop in hand. Leaving some bank notes on the round table in the sitting room, he went with Lauro toward the corral. Later, when it was dark, as if in a dream I saw Monsieur Dupont pass by the window with Almirante harnessed to his gig and go up the Calle Nuera in the rain.

I was sick at heart for I don't know how many days. They had to call the doctor and they gave me bromide and ether and I don't know what else, until time, which obliterates everything, took him from my mind as it took Lord and the little girl, too, Platero.

Yes, Platero, what good friends you and Almirante would have been!

七十五 海军大将

你不认识它。在你来以前，他们就把它带走。它教我高贵的意义。你看，它从前的食槽上头，还钉着刻有它名字的木板，它的座鞍、辔头、缰绳都还在。

它第一次踏进这个院子时，普儿，我多兴奋哪！它来自咸沼泽一带，给我带来力量、生气、欢乐。好俊美的马！每天一大早，我便同它沿河堤走去，疾驰过咸沼泽，惊起一群群在关闭的磨坊附近觅食的小乌鸦。然后顺着公路走，以紧密坚定的小步伐，从新街进入镇上。

有个冬日下午，圣胡安酒窖的老板杜邦先生，手持马鞭到我家来。他在客厅的圆桌上放了一把钞票，和拉乌罗朝院子走去。天黑以后我仿佛做了个梦，看见杜邦先生牵着套上双轮马车的海军大将经过窗下，在雨中沿新街走去。

我心痛了不知多少天。他们只好请医生来，开了溴化钾、乙醚还有一些天知道是什么东西。时间能带走一切，把它从我脑海里抹去，就像抹去洛德和小女孩一样，普儿。

是的，普儿，你和海军大将一定会是要好的朋友！

76. The Fish Scale

FROM THE CALLE DE LA ACENA ON, Platero, Moguer is another town. There the seamen's quarter begins. The people talk in another way, in nautical terms, using free and showy imagery. The men dress better, have heavy watch chains and smoke good cigars and long pipes. What a difference between a serious, dry and unpretentious man from the Carretería part of town—for example Raposo—and a gay, swarthy and fair-haired man such as Picón, you know him, from the Calle de la Ribera!

Granadilla, the daughter of the sacristan of San Francisco, is from the Calle del Coral. Whenever she comes to the house, she leaves the kitchen vibrating from her lively, graphic chatter. The maids, who come, one from Friseta, another from Monturrio and a third from Los Hornos, listen to her in fascinated astonishment. She tells about Cádiz, Tarifa, and the Island; she talks of contraband tobacco, of English materials, of silk stockings, silver and gold. Then she goes out strutting and tapping her heels, her light willowy little figure held tightly at the waist by a fine black scarf.

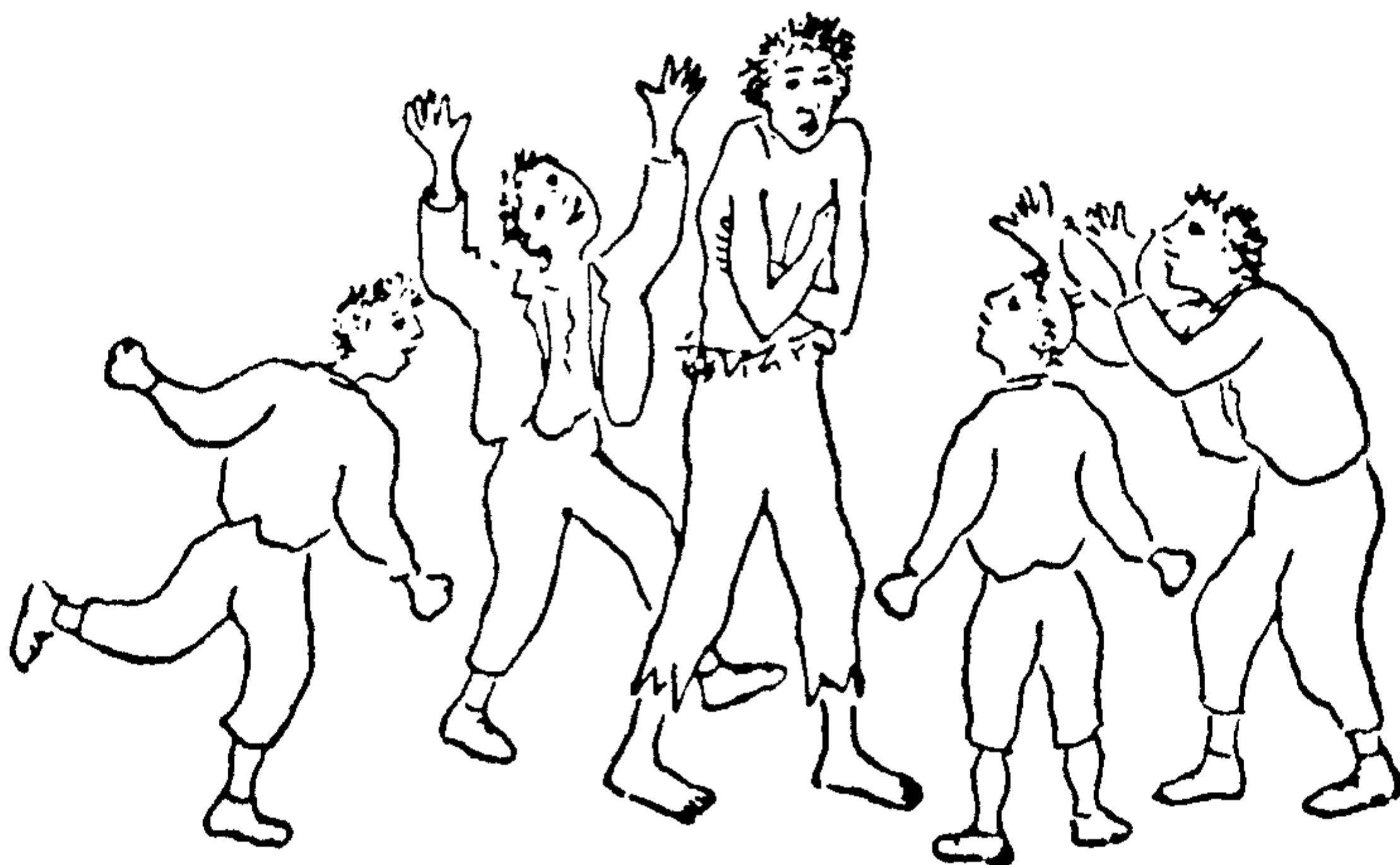
The maids continue commenting on her colorful words. I see Montemayor holding a fish scale up toward the sun, covering her left eye with her hand. When I ask her what she is doing, she tells me that beneath the rainbow on the scale one can see the Virgin of Carmen with her embroidered cloak open—the Virgin of Carmen, patroness of the sailors—that it is true, because Granadilla told her so.

七十六 鱼鳞

普儿，水磨坊另一边的摩格尔，是截然不同的小镇。从那里起是水手区，讲话的方式都不一样，用的是航海术语，任意夸张地运用比喻。穿着也比较讲究，挂沉重的表链，还抽上等雪茄和长烟斗。卡拉提里亚那边来的农夫，比方说拉波索吧，正经、乏味、老实，和里贝拉街的人，例如你认识的毕贡，快活、黝黑、金发，两种人一比简直天壤之别。

格拉纳狄利亚，就是圣佛朗西斯科教堂司事的女儿，住在柯拉尔街上。每次到我家来聊得生龙活虎、唱做俱佳，厨房都为之骚动。三个女佣，一个是佛里塞塔人，一个蒙都里奥人，还有一个从奥尔诺斯来的，都迷得一愣一愣的。她说加迪斯、塔里法和伊斯拉的故事，提到走私烟草、英国料子、丝质长袜、金银财宝。然后仰首阔步，踏响鞋跟走了出去，弱柳扶风似的娇小身躯紧紧地裹条漂亮的黑色围巾，系在腰间。

女佣们还在议论刚才的精彩内容。我看见蒙特马约捏一片鱼鳞举向太阳，还拿手遮盖左眼。我问她做什么，她告诉我，从鱼鳞的虹光底下，可以看到卡尔曼的圣母，身上披了敞开的刺绣斗篷——卡尔曼的圣母是水手的守护神——还说这是真的，因为是格拉纳狄利亚说的。



77. Pinito

“LOOK AT HIM! Just look at him! Crazier than Pinito! ”

I had almost forgotten who Pinito was. Now, Platero, in this mild autumn sun which turns the sandy walls into a flame more red in color than in heat, the voice of that little boy brings suddenly before me the vision of old Pinito coming up the slope toward us with a load of blackened vine shoots.

He flashes into my memory, then fades away again. I can barely recall him. For an instant I can see him—lank, swarthy, agile, with a suggestion of beauty still in his filthy ugliness; but when I try to fix his image more precisely, it all escapes me, like a dream on awakening, and I do not even know whether the figure I saw in my mind was really he. Perhaps that was he being stoned by the children as he ran almost naked along the Calle Nueva one rainy morning; or stumbling along with lowered head through the winter twilight, returning along the adobe walls of the old cemetery to the windmill and to his rentfree cave, near the dead dogs and the rubbish heaps,



七十七 毕尼托

“你看他！你看看他！比毕尼托还疯！”

几乎忘记毕尼托是谁了。此时，普儿，秋日和暖的阳光，把赤棕色的围墙晒得红似火焰，却不曾晒热，那个小男孩的叫声，忽然让我眼前出现老毕尼托的身影，爬上山坡朝我们走过来，背着一袋发黑的葡萄藤芽。

他闪进我的记忆里，跟着又消失了。只是略有个身影。就那么一瞬间，我看见他——消瘦、黝黑、灵敏，在污秽的丑陋里仍留有俊美的痕迹。但是等我凝神细想他的模样，人影就消失无踪，仿佛梦境刚给人打醒，甚至不清楚在脑海里看见的人影究竟是不是他。也许是某个阴雨的早晨，他衣不蔽体沿街狂奔，被孩子们丢石头，或者在冬日的微光里，垂头沿老坟场的泥砖墙，绕过磨坊，蹒跚走回不必缴房租的洞穴，紧邻着死狗坑和垃圾堆，那些外乡乞丐光顾的地方。

where strange beggars came.

“...crazier than Pinito-o! Just lo-ok at him! ”

What wouldn't I give, Platero, to have talked just once to Pinito! The poor old man died, after a drinking spree at the Colillas' house, in the ditch by the Castle, according to Macaria, a long time ago when I was little as you are now, Platero. But do you suppose he was crazy? What, I wonder, what was he like?

Pinito died, Platero, without my ever knowing what he was like; and you know, according to that little boy, whose mother no doubt knew him, I am crazier than he was.

“……比毕尼托还疯呢！你看看他！”

只要能换来毕尼托的一席话，普儿，付任何代价我都愿意！这可怜的老头，听马卡里亚说，有一回从科利利亚斯家里喝醉出来，死在城堡旁边的阴沟里，当时我和你现在一样小，普儿。不过你觉得他真的疯了吗？不知道他是怎样的人？

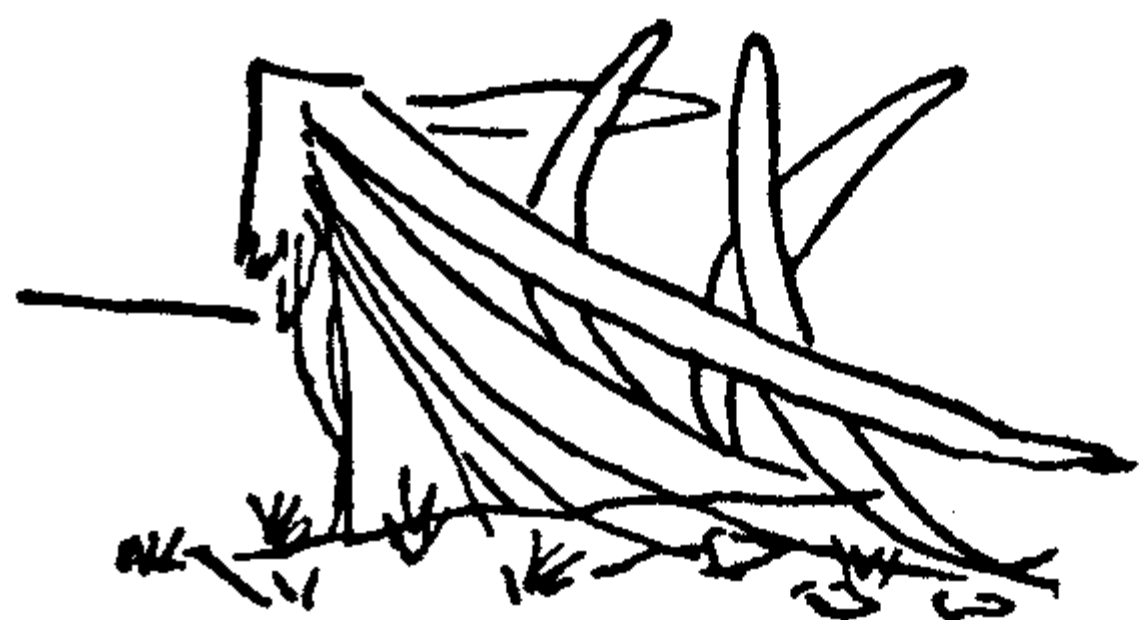
我还来不及认识毕尼托的为人，普儿，他就死了；但是那个小男孩的娘，无疑认识毕尼托，你知道吗，据小男孩说，我比他还疯狂。



78. The River

LOOK, PLATERO, how they have left the river, with their mines, their evil intentions and their lack of consideration for others. This afternoon its red needle-thin stream can scarcely catch the setting sun between the violet and yellow mud, and its channel is hardly good for anything except toy boats. What wretchedness!

Formerly the great ships of the wine merchants, catboats, brigs, and feluccas—El Lobo, La Joven Eloisa, and the San Cayetano, which belonged to my father and was commanded by poor Quintero, and my uncle's La Estrella, captained by Picón—filled the sky at San Juan with the gay confusion of their masts—their mainmasts so amazed the children! —or went to Malaga, Cadiz and Gibraltar, riding low in the water with their great cargoes of wine. Among them the fishing boats complicated the view of the moving waves with their eyes, their saints and their names painted in green, blue, white, yellow and carmine. And the fishermen brought up to the town sardines, large oysters, eels, sole, crab... The copper from Riotinto has poisoned it all. At least, Platero, the poor people can eat the miserable fish available now since it is scorned by the rich. But the feluc-



七十八 河

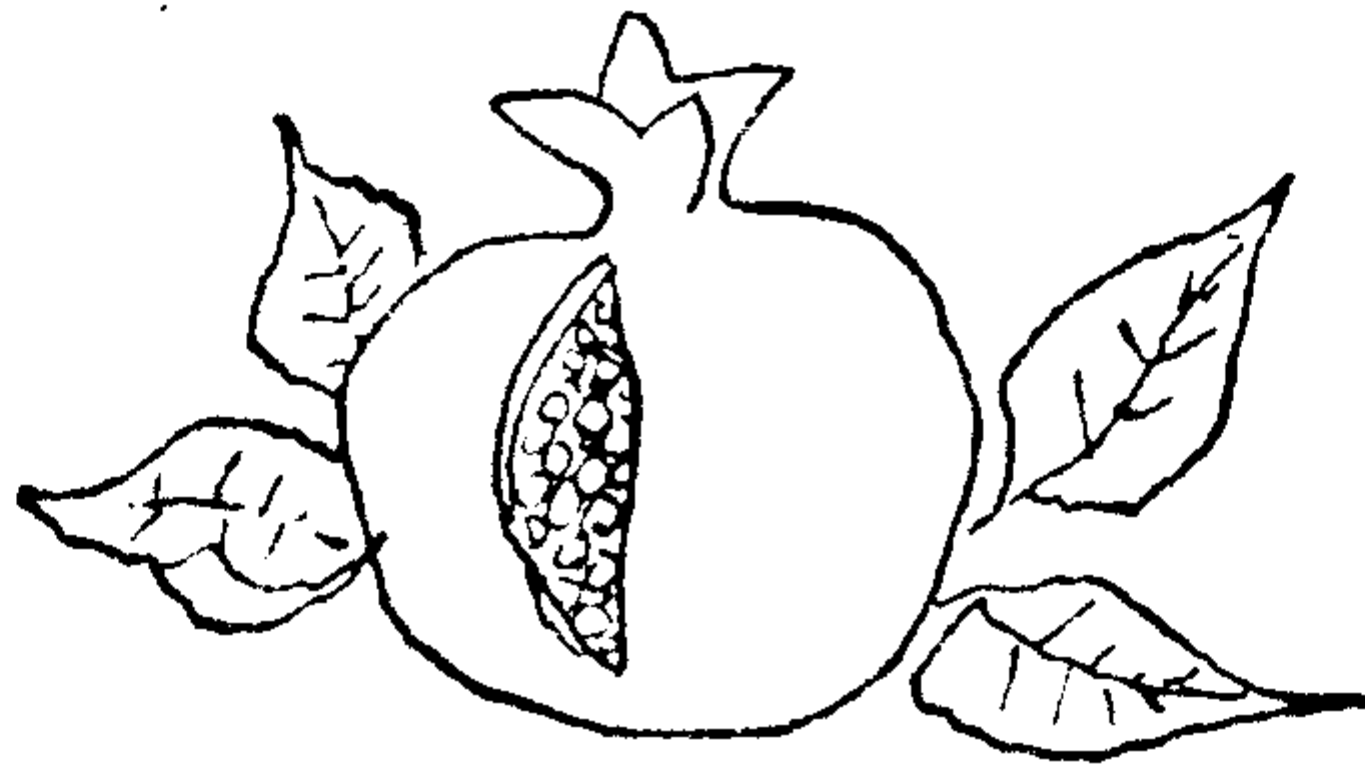
你看，普儿，他们开了矿，用心歹毒又不替他人着想，把这条河弄成什么模样！今天下午，蓝紫色和黄色的泥巴间，只有细得像针的红色水流，连夕阳都快映不进去，水道差不多只载得动玩具船，别的都不行。真悲惨！

从前，葡萄酒商的大船、独桅船、小帆船——野狼号，年轻埃洛伊莎号，还有我父亲的圣卡埃塔诺号，由可怜的金特罗指挥，还有我叔叔的明星号，毕贡是船长——桅柱处处，挤得圣胡安的天空好不热闹——这些船的主桅最教孩子们着迷！——酒商的船装载了大批葡萄酒，吃水很深，驶往马拉加、加迪斯、直布罗陀。渔船在大船中间穿梭，船眼、圣像和漆成绿、蓝、白、黄与洋红色的船名，使光影涌动的波浪更加缭乱。渔夫把各色海鲜带到镇上：沙丁鱼、大牡蛎、鳗鱼、比目鱼、螃蟹……里奥廷托的铜矿毒害了这一切。还好，普儿，那些残留的贱鱼，有钱人家不屑吃，穷人倒还有得嚼。但是，小帆船、双桅船、独桅船全绝迹了。

cas, the brigs and the catboats, all are gone.

What a miserable change! The statue of Christ can no longer see the heavy currents moving in with the tides! There only remains, like a slight trickle of blood from the corpse of a lean and ragged beggar, the feeble current of the river, iron-colored like this sunset against which *La Estrella*—laid up, black and rotten, with jagged keel upturned—has its burned hull outlined like the skeleton of a fish; the children of the customs guards play in it as anxiety plays in my heart.

真是判若云泥！基督的圣像，再也看不见涨潮时涌进来的急流！残存的河景有如一丝血水，从羸弱、褴褛的乞丐尸首滴下，涓滴的水流，铁锈般的水色，宛若天边落日下那艘明星号——遭人废弃，污黑、腐朽，残缺的龙骨翻肚朝天——烧焦的船骨轮廓恰似死鱼的骨架；税警的子女在残骸里玩耍，仿佛焦虑在我的心里游窜。



79. The Pomegranate

HOW BEAUTIFUL this pomegranate is, Platero! Aguedilla chose it from among the best by her stream at Las Monjas and sent it to me. No other fruit reminds me so much of the freshness of the water which makes it grow. It is fairly bursting with fresh, strong life. Shall we eat it?

The bitter dry peel is as hard to remove and as stubborn as a root in the ground, but what a pleasant taste it has, Platero! Now the first sweetness of the seeds—dawn turned into small rubies—which cling fast to the peel. Now, Platero, the tight-pressed center; whole, complete, with its veil-like membranes it is an exquisite treasure of edible amethysts, juicy and firm as the heart of some young queen. How full it is, Platero! Here, eat some. How good it is! With what gratification the teeth sink into the gay abundance of its red perfection! Wait, for I cannot talk. It gives to the palate a sensation like that which the eye receives when lost in the labyrinth of restless colors ora kaleidoscope. It is all gone!

Now I have no pomegranate trees, Platero. You did not see those in the large corral of the winery in the Calle de las Flores. We

七十九 石榴

这颗石榴真美啊，普儿！阿格狄利亚在蒙哈斯村那条小溪边，从上好的石榴中把它挑出来寄给我的。什么水果都比不上这石榴，更能让我想起灌溉它长大的鲜美清水。果粒中清新强健的生命饱满欲破。我们一起吃吧？

干燥苦涩的果皮像土里的根一样，死也不肯让步，不过果肉真是可口，普儿！现在，第一阵甜味来自种子——黎明化成的红宝石颗粒——牢牢贴在果皮上。再来，普儿，紧密的果心；浑然无瑕，裹了薄纱似的膜皮，是个可食紫水晶的精致宝藏，像年轻女王多汁、坚定的心。多么饱满，普儿！喏，吃一点吧！真好吃！牙齿心满意足地陷进无瑕的红肉，肉里有丰沛的愉悦！等一会儿，嘴巴没空说话。味蕾的感受，就像眼睛迷失在万花筒般变幻无穷的七彩迷宫里。都吃完啦！

如今我不种石榴树，普儿。你没见过那些种在鲜花街酿酒厂大院子里的石榴树。以前我们下午到那里去……从颓圯的泥墙望去，可以看见珊瑚街那些人家的院落，各有各的美，再过去有田野、河流。还听得见税警的号角和西埃拉的

used to go there in the afternoon... Over the ruined mud walls we could see the corrals of the houses along the Calle del Coral, each with its own charm, and the fields and the river. We could hear the bugles of the customs guards and Sierra's forge. It was the discovery of a new part of the town which was not mine, in the full force of its daily poetry. The sun was setting and the pomegranate flamed like rich treasure beside the shaded well which the fig tree, alive with lizards, was undermining.

Pomegranate, fruit of Moguer, pride of its shield!
Pomegranates open to the scarlet of the sunset! Pomegranates in the orchard at Las Monjas, in the glen at Peral, at Sabariego, in the deep restful valleys with streams where the sky stays rose as it does in my thoughts, till night is far advanced!

铁店里传来的打铁声。镇上这一带原先不是我的活动范围，是新发现的，洋溢着寻常生活的诗意。日渐西沉，石榴树像丰富的宝藏，光灿如火，旁边有口阴凉的水井，井石给一株爬满蜥蜴的无花果树侵蚀。

石榴，摩格尔之果，盾章上的荣耀！石榴朝着落日的深红绽裂！石榴在沙巴里埃戈的梨谷中，蒙哈斯村的果园内，在幽静深邃的溪谷里，那里的天空有如我心中的天空，在黑夜完全降临之前，永远都是玫瑰红。

80. The Castle

HOW BEAUTIFUL the sky is this afternoon, Platero, its metallic autumn glow like a broad sword of burnished gold! I like to come along here, because from this deserted slope there is a fine view of the sunset and no one to disturb us, or for us to disturb.

There is but one house, a blue-and-white one set among the wine cellars and the soiled walls bordered with wild mustard and nettles; one would think that no one lived there. This is the nightly setting for the loves of La Colilla and her daughter, those pale, kindly women, almost identical in their unchanging black dresses. This ditch is where Pinito died and lay for two days unnoticed. It is here that they placed the cannons when the artillerymen came. And you have seen Don Ignacio pass here, so trusting, with his contraband liquor. Besides, the bulls come in this way from Las Angustias; there are not even little children about.

Look at the vineyard, red and withering, through the arch of the bridge over the ditch, with the brick kilns and the river showing violet in the background. Look at the lonely salt marshes. Look how the setting sun, displaying itself great and scarlet like a visible god, draws to itself every ecstasy and sinks into the thin line of sea behind Huelva, amid the homage of absolute silence rendered by the world—that is, by Moguer, its countryside, by you and by me, Platero.

八十 古堡

今天下午的天空好美啊，普儿。金属般的秋光，像一口纯金打造的宽边剑！我喜欢到这里来，因为从这片人迹罕至的山坡，可以好好眺望落日的景象，既不会有人打扰，也不会打扰别人。

只有一栋蓝白两色的屋子盖在酒窖堆之间，污黑的围墙围满野芥菜、荨麻，不像有人居住。这是科利利亚和她女儿夜里温馨的小窝，那两个苍白和藹的女人，老是身穿黑衣，看起来几乎一模一样。毕尼托死在这条阴沟里，两天后才被人发现。炮兵来的时候，大炮就装置在这里。你也看过堂伊格纳西奥先生，明目张胆带着走私酒经过这里。还有从安古斯蒂亚斯来的牛，也走这条路进城；这一带看不到半个小孩儿。

喏，这边是葡萄园，焦红而枯萎，顺着水沟上的桥拱望去，砖窑和河流是远景里的一抹紫罗兰。你看，那头是寂寞的咸沼泽。再看看落日，硕大火红，好像神祇现身，吸引了一切狂喜，沉入韦尔瓦外那一线海洋之中。世界以绝对的寂静向太阳致敬——这个世界就是摩格尔的田野，就是你也是我，普儿。

81. The Old Bull Ring

ONCE AGAIN there comes to me, Platero, a quick and fleeting vision of the old bull ring which burned down one afternoon in... well, which burned down, I do not know when.

Nor do I know how it was inside...I still have an idea that I saw—or was it in one of those prints which came in the chocolate bars which Manolito Flórez used to give me?—some small pugnosed dogs, gray and rubberlike, tossed in the air by a black bull. A perfect round of solitude with very tall green grass...I know only how it looked from outside, I mean from above... that is to say from what was really not the ring....But there were no people... I ran around and around, higher and higher, on the pine tiers, under the illusion that I was truly in a real and genuine bull ring, like the ones in those prints; and in the rainy dusk which was descending over it my soul caught forever the vision of a far-away landscape of rich dark green in the shadow, I mean in the chill, of the storm cloud, with the pinewoods on the horizon outlined against a single faint white strip of light, out there above the sea.

That is all. How long was I there? Who got me out? When was it? I do not know, Platero, nor has anyone told me. But they all answer when I talk to them about it:

“Yes, the Castillo ring, which burned down. In those days bull-fighters did come to Moguer.”

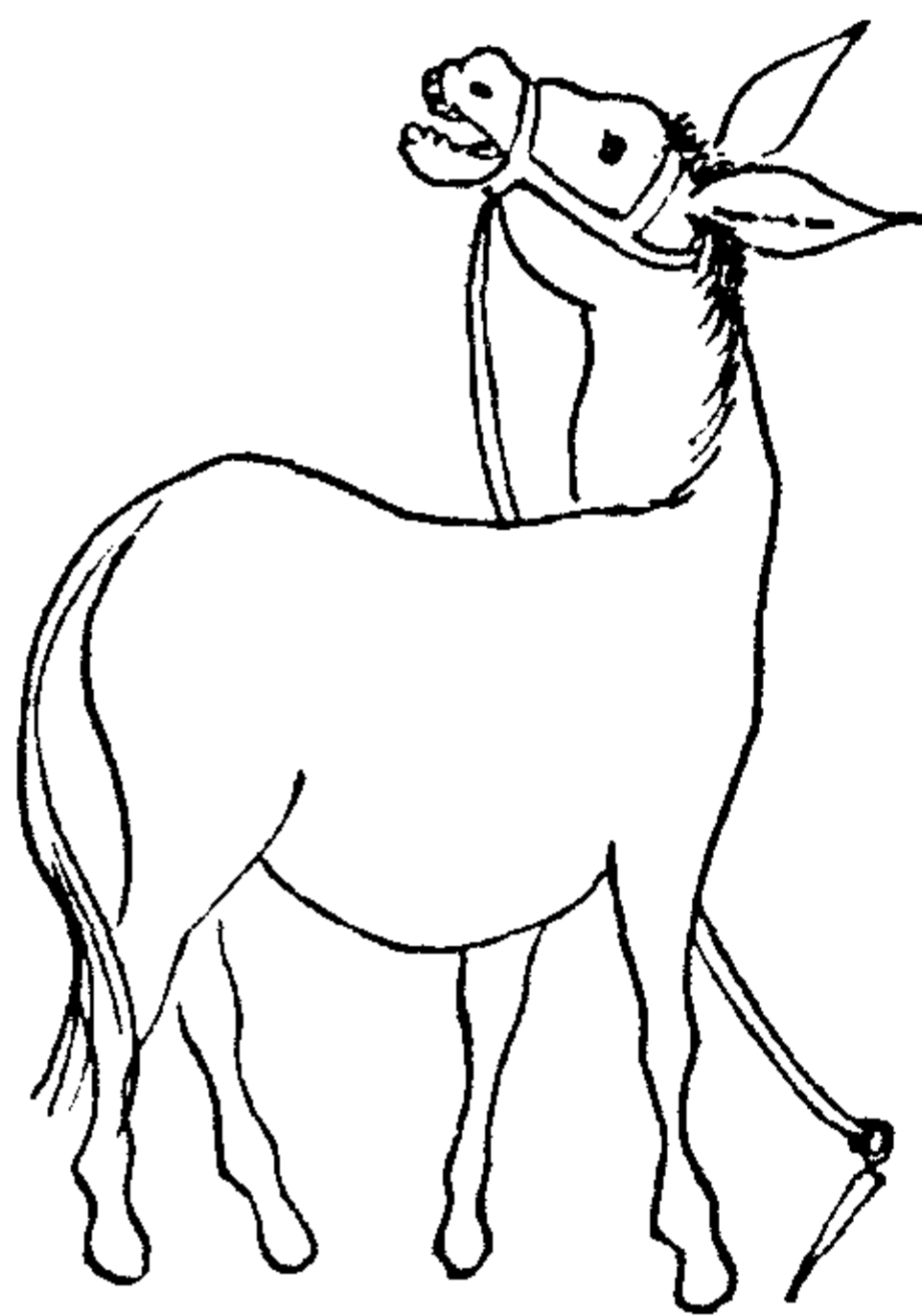
八十一 斗牛场的废墟

再一次，普儿，旧斗牛场又在我脑海里一闪而逝。有个下午，场子烧毁了，哪天呢？……烧是烧了，何时烧的倒忘了。

我也不清楚里面是什么样子……我记得我见到——也许是马诺利托·佛洛雷斯常给我的巧克力棒里头的画片？——几只扁鼻小狗，灰灰的像橡皮做的似的，被一头黑色的斗牛挑到空中。正圆形的场子空无一人，绿草高长……我只知道从外面看是什么样子，我的意思是由上往下望……也就是说，其实不是从斗牛场的边上看……可是那里没有人……在松板的台阶上跑了一圈又一圈，愈爬愈高，幻想我真的在一个如假包换的斗牛场上，像画片里的一样。阴雨的黄昏渐渐降临，我的灵魂永远攫获一幅浓稠墨绿的远方风景，在暴风雨云的阴影下——我是说寒意里——地平线上有松林，衬出一线微弱的白光，就在海面上。

就是这样。我在那里待多久？谁带我出来的？什么时候？我一无所知，也没有人告诉过我，普儿。可是，每回我提起这个场子，他们全都这样回答：

“对，烧掉的是卡斯提奥斗牛场……那几年里，斗牛士真的来到摩格尔哩……”。



82. The Echo

THIS SPOT IS SO SOLITARY, that there seems always to be someone coming here. On returning from the woods, the hunters turn aside here and climb up over the fence in order to see farther. It is said that while making raids in this area Parrales, the bandit, used to spend the night here. The red rock stands out against the rising sun, and above, some wandering goat is outlined at times against the yellow moon at nightfall. In the meadow a pond which dries up only in August catches bits of yellow, green and rose from the sky; but it is nearly blind because of the stones the children throw in it, either at frogs, or to raise the water in a noisy splash.

I halted Platero at the turn in the path beside the carob tree which closes off the entrance to the field, quite black with its dry pods; and cupping my mouth with my hands, I shouted against the rock, "Platero! "

The rock, its sharp answer softened a bit by the influence of the nearby water, said, "Platero! "

Platero turned his head quickly, raising and stiffening it, and

八十二 回声



这地方如此孤单，总像随时都有人会走过来似的。猎人从森林归来，常绕到这里，翻上围墙好看得更远。听说，强盗帕拉莱斯在这一带打家劫舍的时候，就在这里过夜。那块红岩石向着朝阳矗立，入夜后，岩顶偶尔有流浪的山羊在黄月里剪出影子。草原上有个池塘仅仅在八月里干涸，东一块、西一块映出黄色、绿色、玫瑰色的天光；池塘快给孩子扔的石头填满了，他们不是打青蛙，就是为了激起哗啦一阵的水花。

我让普儿在小路的转弯处停下脚步，那里有棵角豆树挡住田野的入口；一树干枯的豆荚，黑漆漆的。我用双手在嘴边圈成喇叭，对红岩高喊：“普儿！”

岩石尖锐的回声，被邻近的池水柔化了一些，答道：“普儿！”

普儿立刻转头，僵硬地高抬头部，全身发抖，想要逃跑。

trembled all over with the desire to run away.

“Platero! ” I shouted again at the rock.

The rock again answered, “Platero! ”

Platero looked at me, looked at the rock, and drawing back his lips, he brayed interminably at the sky. The rock brayed at length and indistinctly in a braying parallel to his own, with the end even more prolonged.

Platero brayed again.

The rock brayed again.

Then Platero, in a rough, stubborn revolt, became as sullen as a stormy day and began to twist his head and shift about, trying to break his halter, to flee, to desert me, until with soft words I drew him away with me. And little by little his braying came down to just his own, among the prickly pears.

“普儿！”我再对岩石大叫。

岩石又回答：“普儿！”

普儿看看我，看看岩石，翻起嘴唇断断续续仰天嘶叫一阵。岩石终究也发出鸣声，音色虽不清亮，叫法却丝毫无异，尾音甚至拉得更久。

普儿又叫一次。

岩石也回一次。

普儿于是一阵粗鲁、顽强的反抗，变得阴沉得像个暴风雨天，开始扭转头部，动来动去，想挣开缰绳，想逃走，想丢下我。后来我轻声哄着带它离开，渐渐只听得见它的嘶鸣，回荡在霸王仙人掌之间。

83. Fright

IT WAS THE CHILDREN'S SUPPER HOUR. The lamp drowsily spread its rosy glow over the snowy-white tablecloth. The red geraniums and the ripe apples lent a sharp, brightly colored mirth to that simple idyl of innocent faces. The little girls were eating like women; the boys were talking like men. In the background, nursing a baby boy, the beautiful young blond mother was watching them with a smile. Outside the garden window trembled the clear starry night, bitter cold.

Suddenly Blanca fled like a thin streak of lightning to her mother's arms. There was a sudden silence and then, in a crash of falling chairs and a burst of cries, they all ran after her, looking in fright at the window.

That silly Platero! His big white head at the window, enlarged by its own shadow, the window panes, and the children's fear, he was looking with quiet sadness at the pleasant, lighted dining room.

八十三 惊吓

孩子们的晚饭时间到了。灯火把玫瑰色的光晕疲倦地洒在雪白的桌布上。红天竺葵和熟透的苹果，给童真脸庞上的淳朴气息，添上清晰而鲜艳的愉悦。小女孩像妇人一样吃饭，小男孩像男人一样交谈。在背景里，年轻貌美的金发母亲给男婴喂奶，含笑眷顾他们。朝花园的窗子外，晴朗的星夜在颤抖，冷极了。

布兰卡忽然像道细长的闪电，逃到母亲的怀里。刹那间一片死寂，接着一阵椅子翻倒的声响，一片狂叫，他们全跟着她跑，惊吓地看着窗子。

普儿那傻蛋！把大白头伸到窗前，叠上阴影，隔着玻璃窗，更添上孩子们的恐惧，驴头变成庞然巨物，它只是怀着无言的感伤，凝视这间快乐、明亮的餐厅。

84. The Old Fountain

FOREVER WHITE AGAINST the pine grove, forever green; rose or blue in the dawn yet white; gold or mauve in the afternoon, while still white; green or pale blue, while always white, in the darkness; the old fountain, Platero, where so often you have seen me stop for so long, holds within it, like a keystone or a tomb, the whole of the world's elegy, that is, the feeling of true life.

In it, I have seen the Parthenon, the Pyramids, all the cathedrals. Each time a fountain, a mausoleum or a portico has kept me awake through the abiding persistence of its beauty, its image has alternated in my fitful sleep with the image of the old fountain.

To me it was for everything point of departure and point of return. So fitting is it in its setting; so like eternity in its harmonious simplicity; color and light belong so totally to it, that in it one could almost catch in one's hand, like its water, the entire treasure of life. Böcklin painted it over Greece; Fray Luis translated it; Beethoven flooded it with tears of joy; Michael Angelo gave it to Rodin.

It is cradle and wedding; it is song and sonnet, reality and joy; it is death.

Dead it is here tonight, Platero, like marble flesh between the soft and dark murmuring greenness; dead, as it draws from my soul the flowing waters of my eternity.

八十四 古泉

映着常绿的松林,泉水常白;曙光注入桃红蔚蓝,水白未改;午后波泛金黄、粉紫,水白依旧;黑暗中青光绿影晃动,水永远白;普儿,多少次你看我在泉边流连不去,古泉宛如拱心石或坟墓,收藏了世上所有的挽歌,那正是真实生命的感觉。

泉水中我见过万神殿、金字塔、世上所有的大教堂。喷泉、陵墓、柱廊每每以无法磨灭的美令我辗转反侧。欲醒还睡之际,古泉的影像与之交替更迭。

古泉是我一切的起点和归宿。与周遭环境有如一体;单纯中有和谐,恰似永恒;颜色与光线全然由它主宰,手捧一注泉水,几乎无异于握住生命全部的宝藏。鲍克林^①在希腊画过;路易斯^②翻译过;贝多芬灌注以喜悦的泪水;米开朗琪罗则把它传给了罗丹。

古泉是摇篮与婚礼;是歌谣与十四行诗;是真实与喜悦;是死亡。

今夜泉水一片死寂,普儿,仿佛凝成大理石的血肉于柔软黑暗的喃喃绿意之间;死寂,却透过我的灵魂,自我身后的永生汲取汨汨流水。

① 阿诺尔德·鲍克林(1827-1901):瑞士风景画家。

② 路易斯修士(1527—1591):西班牙黄金时代的神学家兼抒情诗人。曾翻译旧约的“歌中歌”(Cantardelos Cantares),为西班牙文学的第一部译作。

85. Pine Kernels

THERE IN THE SUNSHINE along the Calle Nueva comes the little girl selling pine kernels. She has them fresh or toasted. I am going to buy from her a penny's worth of toasted pine kernels for you and me, Platero.

November super imposes summer over winter on these blue and golden days. The sun is burning, and one's veins swell up like leeches, round and blue. Along the tranquil, clean white streets passes the linen salesman from La Mancha with his gray burden on his shoulders; the hardware man from Lucena, laden as if with yellow light, his wares sounding their tin-tin and catching the sun with each sound. Close against the wall, the little girl from Arena, half bent over by her two-handled basket, is slowly drawing long strokes in charcoal on the whitewash as she gives long and feeling cries of: "To-oasted pi-i-ine kernels! "

Seated in the doorways, sweethearts eat them together, exchanging choice bits with flashing smiles. The children on their way to school stop to crack them with a stone on various doorsteps. I remember that when I was a child we used to go to the orange grove of Mariano at Los Arroyos on winter afternoons. We would carry along a handkerchief filled with toasted pine kernels and my greatest pleasure was to carry the penknife with which we cracked them, a knife with a handle of mother-of-pearl carved in the shape of a fish, with two tiny ruby eyes through which one could see the Eiffel Tower.

What a pleasant taste toasted pine kernels leave in one's mouth, Platero! They give such a feeling of zest and optimism! With them one feels as secure in the winter sun as if one had turned into an immortal monument; one walks along noisily and does not feel the weight of winter clothes; one could almost test one's strength with León, Platero, or with El Manquito, the groom for the carriages.

八十五 松子

卖松子的小女孩在日光下沿着新街走了来。生的、烤熟的都有。我要向她买一毛钱的烤松子给我们俩，普儿。

十一月在这样蔚蓝金黄的日子里，把夏天叠在冬天上。太阳正在燃烧，静脉像水蛭一样胀得又圆又青。安静清洁的白色街道上，沿街行走的有拉曼却来的布贩，肩上扛着灰色的包袱；有卢塞纳来的铁器商，仿佛满载黄色的光，铁器叮叮碰撞，响一声、闪一下日光。这个阿雷纳来的小女孩紧挨着墙走，双柄的篮子压得她腰身半弯，她在白石灰墙上，用木炭慢慢拖出细长的线，悠长哀怨地喊着：“烤——松——子哟！”

情侣坐在门口一起吃松子，带着灿然微笑帮对方挑上好的果仁。上学的孩子，一路上停在各式的门阶上，拿石块敲松子。我记得小时候，冬天的下午常到位于阿罗约镇，马利亚诺的橙园。我们会包一手帕的烤松子去，第一乐事便是我负责带剥松子的削铅笔刀。镶珠母贝的刀柄雕成鱼形，两个红宝石的小眼睛里可以看到艾菲尔铁塔。

吃完烤松子真是齿颊留香，普儿！烤松子带来满怀兴奋、乐观！在严冬的阳光里，有了松子就有安全感，人仿佛变成不朽的纪念碑；走起路来都有风，感觉不到冬衣的沉重；几乎能和莱昂或是车夫曼基托比力气呢，普儿！

86. November Idyl

WHEN PLATERO RETURNS at dusk from the country with his soft load of pine branches for the oven, he almost vanishes under the broad dangling green. His gait is short, delicate, playful. He seems scarcely to move. Ears erect, he might be mistaken for a snail beneath its house.

The green branches, when growing, had upon them the sun, titmice, the wind, moonlight, crows—yes, Platero, it is a horrid thought, but they too have alighted here; but now, poor branches, they are trailing in the white dust of the dry paths at twilight.

A chill mauve sweetness haloes everything. And in the field, with December almost here, the tender humility of the laden donkey begins to seem divine.

八十六 十一月的牧歌

黄昏时，普儿从乡间回来，蓬松地驮了一背作柴火用的松枝，整个身体几乎埋在一大片摆动的绿云底下。它款款碎步玩耍。一步移不到半寸。竖着耳朵，人家看了还以为是背壳的蜗牛呢。

这些绿枝，活着时栖过太阳、山雀、风、月光、乌鸦——普儿，乌鸦是不愉快的联想没错，可是也在枝上停过呀！如今可怜的树枝却在向晚时分，倒拖在干燥的小路上，白色的尘土里。

冷冽淡紫的甜味笼罩大地。田野里，腊月将至，负重的驴子，温驯中更有谦卑，已然近乎神圣。



87. The White Mare

I HAVE COME HOME SAD, Platero. Look: as I was coming through the Calle de las Flores, already at the Portada, in the very site where lightning killed the twin children, the white mare of El Sordo lay dead. Some almost naked children stood silently about.

Purita, the seamstress who was passing by, told me that El Sordo, sick and tired of feeding the mare, had taken her to the boneyard this morning. You know that the poor old thing was as old as Don Julián and as stupid. She could not see or hear, and could scarcely walk. At about noon, the mare appeared again at the entrance to her master's house. Irritated, he seized a vine prop and tried to drive her away with blows. She would not go. Then he struck her with a sickle. People came up and amid curses and joking, the mare set out up the street, limping and stumbling. The children followed her with shouts and stones. Finally she fell to the ground and they finished killing her there. Some expression of pity, such as: "Let her die in peace! " hovered over her as if you and I had been there, Platero; but it was like a butterfly whirling in a strong sea wind.

The stones were still lying beside her when I saw her, she as cold as they. One of her eyes was wide open. Sightless while she was alive, now that she was dead, it seemed to see. Its whiteness was the only light remaining in that dark street, over which the evening sky, seeming very high in the cold, was covered with the lightest fleece of pink clouds.

八十七 白母马

回家时我心情沉重，普儿。是这样的：我经过鲜花街的时候，走到花墙，就在那对双胞胎被闪电击毙的地方，梭多的白马躺在那里死了。几个衣不蔽体的小孩，默默围着它站。

女裁缝布丽达正好路过，告诉我那匹母马梭多已经养得既厌又烦，于是今天早上就把它带到坟场。你知道可怜的马就和胡里安先生一样又老又蠢。它既瞎又聋，而且几乎走不动。快到中午，母马又出现在主人的屋子门口。他气冲冲抓起一截藤架子打它，想赶走它。它不走。他又拿镰刀砍它。人们都过来围观，母马在咒骂和取笑声中，既瘸又跛朝街上蹒跚走去。小孩子跟在后面大叫、丢石头。最后它不支倒地，人们便就地把它杀了。有人心软说：“让它安息吧！”类似的话在它上方盘旋，仿佛你我也在场，普儿。可惜那不过是给强劲海风蹂躏的一只蝴蝶罢了。

我看到它的时候，那些石头都还在身边，它已经跟石头一样冰冷了。其中一只眼睛睁得大大的。活着时那只眼瞎了，现在死了，却仿佛看得见似的。眼白是昏暗街道上惟一残留的光线，上方傍晚的天空，在寒冷中愈显得高远，遮着轻如汗毛的粉红色云彩。

88. Tin-Pan Serenade

THEY WERE REALLY GOOD, Platero. Doña Camila, dressed in rose and white, was going along giving a lesson with placard and pointer to a baby pig. He, Satanfis, held an empty wineskin in one hand and with the other was taking a coin purse from her pocket. I believe the figures were made by Pepe el Pollo and Concha la Man-dadera, who carried off some old clothes from our house. In front went Pepito el Retratado dressed as a priest riding on a black donkey and carrying a banner. Behind them came all the children from the Calle de Enmedio, the Calle de la Fuente and from La Carretera, from the Plazoleta de los Escribanos and the lane of old Pedro Tello, beating on tin cans, cowbells, kettles, mortars, pots and pans, in rhythmical harmony in the full moonlight of the streets.

As you know Dofia Camila is thrice-widowed and sixty years old, and Satanfis is a widower, though only once, and has lived long enough to drink the new wine from seventy vintages. One really should hear him tonight behind the windows of the shut house, watching and hearing his own history and that of his new wife, in effigy and story.

For three days, Platero, the tin-pan serenade will go on. Then each of the women of the neighborhood will go to the little square to get the things which are hers from the altar with its lighted images, before which the drunkards dance. Then for a few nights longer the noise of the children will go on. Finally there will remain only the full moon and the story...

八十八 闹洞房

他们真是老道，普儿。卡米拉太太穿着玫瑰红与白色的衣裳，拿着挂图和教鞭，一路上边走边给一只乳猪上课。老魔头一只手抓着空酒囊，另一只手伸进她的口袋掏钱包。我相信这些肖像是滑头贝贝和小丫头孔查，用我家拿来的旧衣服制作的。在前面走的，是模仿大王佩比托·雷特拉塔，打扮成神父的模样，骑一头黑驴子，手拿一面旗帜。他们后面的孩子全都住在恩梅狄奥街、泉街、车厂、小广场上和彼德罗·特利奥老爹住的那条巷子，敲打着锡罐、牛铃、水壶、铜白、锅子，节奏和谐，走在街道上满月的光辉里头。

你知道的，卡米拉太太当过三次寡妇，已经六十岁了，老魔头是个鳏夫，虽然只当过一次，年纪可大得很，他喝过的新酿葡萄酒，酿自七十年来的葡萄收成！今晚在他门户紧闭的家中，他得又听又看自己和新婚太太的糗事，被大家编成故事、做成肖像，真该听听他会咕哝些什么。

新房要闹上三天，普儿！然后左邻右舍的太太们会到小广场的祭坛取回自己的东西，坛上有点亮的神像，坛前有醉鬼跳舞。小孩们的闹声还要持续好几个晚上。最后只留下满月与这段故事……。



89. The Gypsies

JUST LOOK AT HER, Platero. There she comes down the street, holding her body straight and erect in the coppery sunlight, without so much as a glance at anyone. How well she carries her faded beauty, still as graceful as an oak, a yellow handkerchief at her waist in winter and the blue flounces of her skirt flecked with white. She is on her way to the town hall to ask permission to camp as usual behind the cemetery. You remember the loathsome tents of the gypsies, with their bonfires, their gawdy women, their dying donkeys nibbling at death itself, all around.

The donkeys, Platero! The donkeys at Friseta must be trembling now, sensing from their low corrals that the gypsies are near. (I am not anxious about Platero because in order to reach his stall the gypsies would have to leap over half the town, and also because Rengel, the guard, likes me and likes him.) But just to frighten him as a joke, I say to him in a hollow, fearful voice:

"Inside, Platero, inside! I am going to close the street door for they are coming to get you! "

Platero, perfectly sure that the gypsies will not steal him, trots past the door which slams behind him with a sharp report of iron and glass, jumps and gambols from the marble patio to the patio with flowers and from there to the corral. Swift as an arrow, the awkward wretch breaks off the blue-flowering creeper in his brief flight.



八十九 吉卜赛人

瞧,有个女人,普儿。她往街道这边走来,在黄铜色的阳光里,身子挺得笔直,连一眼也不瞧别人。她虽花容已褪,却别有端庄之美,依然和橡树一样优雅,冬天时在腰上系着黄手帕,裙子上蓝色的荷叶边有白点装饰。她前往镇公所申请许可证,要像以前一样在坟场后面扎营。你记不记得吉卜赛人龌龊的营地:有营火,有花花绿绿的女人,还有他们垂死的驴子,啃食着死亡本身,到处都是。

驴子,普儿!弗里塞塔的驴子,在低矮的栅栏里感觉到吉卜赛人接近了,现在一定都在发抖。(我不担心普儿,因为吉卜赛人要到它的槽房,必须翻过半个小镇。再说警卫伦赫尔喜欢我也喜欢它。)不过,我想开个玩笑吓吓它,用空洞、恐怖的声音对它说:

“进去,普儿,进去!我要关上朝街的大门。他们来抓你啦!”

普儿笃定吉卜赛人不会来偷它,轻快地跑进来,门随即以尖锐的铁和玻璃声,砰然关上,它蹦蹦跳跳从大理石的院子经过花园,再从花园进入槽房。这个笨手笨脚的家伙冲得飞快如箭,才跑几步路便把开蓝色花朵的爬藤踩断。

90. Flame

COME CLOSER, Platero. Come on. Here you need observe no ceremony. The caretaker feels happy beside you because he is one of your friends. You know that Ali, his dog, loves you. And ! need not tell you how I feel, Platero! How cold it must be in the orange grove! You can just hear Raposo saying: "God grant that not many oranges will be hurt tonight! "

Don't you like fire, Platero? I don't think that the body of any nude woman can be compared with fire. What flowing hair, what arms, what legs could stand comparison with these fiery nudities? Nature has perhaps no better offering than fire. The house is closed and it is night outside and lonely; yet how much closer we are to nature than the countryside itself, Platero, here at this window opened on the plutonic cavern! Fire is the universe within our houses. Red and ceaseless as the blood from a wound, it warms us and gives us strength, recalling all our earthly memories.

How beautiful fire is, Platero! Look how Ali, so close that he is almost burning himself, is contemplating it with wide and lively eyes. What joy! We are surrounded by dancing gold and dancing shadows. The whole house is dancing, and grows smaller and then gigantic in facile play, like Cossacks. All possible forms arise from it, in infinite enchantment: branches and birds, lion and water, mountain and rose. Look: we ourselves are dancing without meaning to, on wall and floor and ceiling.

What madness, what rapture, what glory! Here, Platero, even love itself resembles death.

九十 火焰

靠近一点,普儿。来啊! 这里不用拘礼。门房很高兴你挨着他,因为他是你的朋友。你知道他的小狗阿里也爱你。我对你的感情还需要说吗,普儿! 橙园里一定冷死了! 光听拉波索的话就知道了:“求上帝今晚别让太多橙子冻坏了!” 你不喜欢火吗,普儿?我认为任何裸体女人都无法和火媲美。有什么如云秀发、什么玉臂、什么美腿,能拿来和赤裸裸的火舌相比呢?大自然或许没有比火更好的献礼了。屋子是关着的,摒在门外的是夜和寂寞,然而在这个开向火成岩窟的窗口前,我们逼近了大自然,比田野不知更接近多少,普儿。火是屋子里的宇宙。鲜红不竭,宛如血液从伤口涌出,使我们温暖,赐我们力量,唤起所有尘世的记忆。

火真是美,普儿! 你看阿里靠得那么近,仿佛也要跟着燃烧,睁开灵活的大眼睛凝视火舌! 多快乐! 舞动的金光和舞动的黑影把我们包围起来。整个房子在跳舞,一会儿缩小,一会儿又涨大,身段伶俐,有如哥萨克人。百般形体不断从火里生出来:树枝和鸟,狮子和水,高山和玫瑰。瞧:我们自己也不知不觉舞动起来,在墙壁、地板、天花板上。

多疯狂! 多陶醉! 多伟大! 普儿,就这样,甚至爱本身都像死亡。

91. The Old Donkey

At last he walks so wearily,
that he strays at every step.

(The Gray Colt of the Mayor of Vélez)

HOMANCERO GENERAL

I DO NOT KNOW how I can leave here, Platero. Who has abandoned him there, poor thing, with no one to lead or help him?

He must have got out of the boneyard. I think that he cannot either hear or see us. You saw him this morning in this same enclosure, beneath the white clouds. Covered, in his sad withered misery, by moving islands of flies and illuminated by a radiant sun, he was quite foreign to the wonderful beauty of the winter's day. He would turn slowly, disorientated, lame in all four legs, and come around again to the same spot. He has done nothing except change direction. This morning he was facing west and now he is facing east.

How crippling old age is, Platero! There is that poor friend, free to go and yet staying, although Spring is moving toward him. Or can it be that he is dead, like Becquer, while still standing? A child could draw his outline, motionless against the evening sky.

You see him now. I tried to push him and he will not move. Nor does he pay any attention to calls. It seems as if the death struggle has rooted him to the ground.

He will die of the cold tonight, Platero, in this high field where the north wind sweeps. I do not know how I can leave here; I do not know what to do, Platero.

九十一 老驴子

最后,他走得精疲力竭,

每一步都会迷路。

(维勒斯市长的灰马)

——民歌集

我实在走不开,普儿。是谁把这可怜虫丢在这里,没有人带领,也没有人帮助?

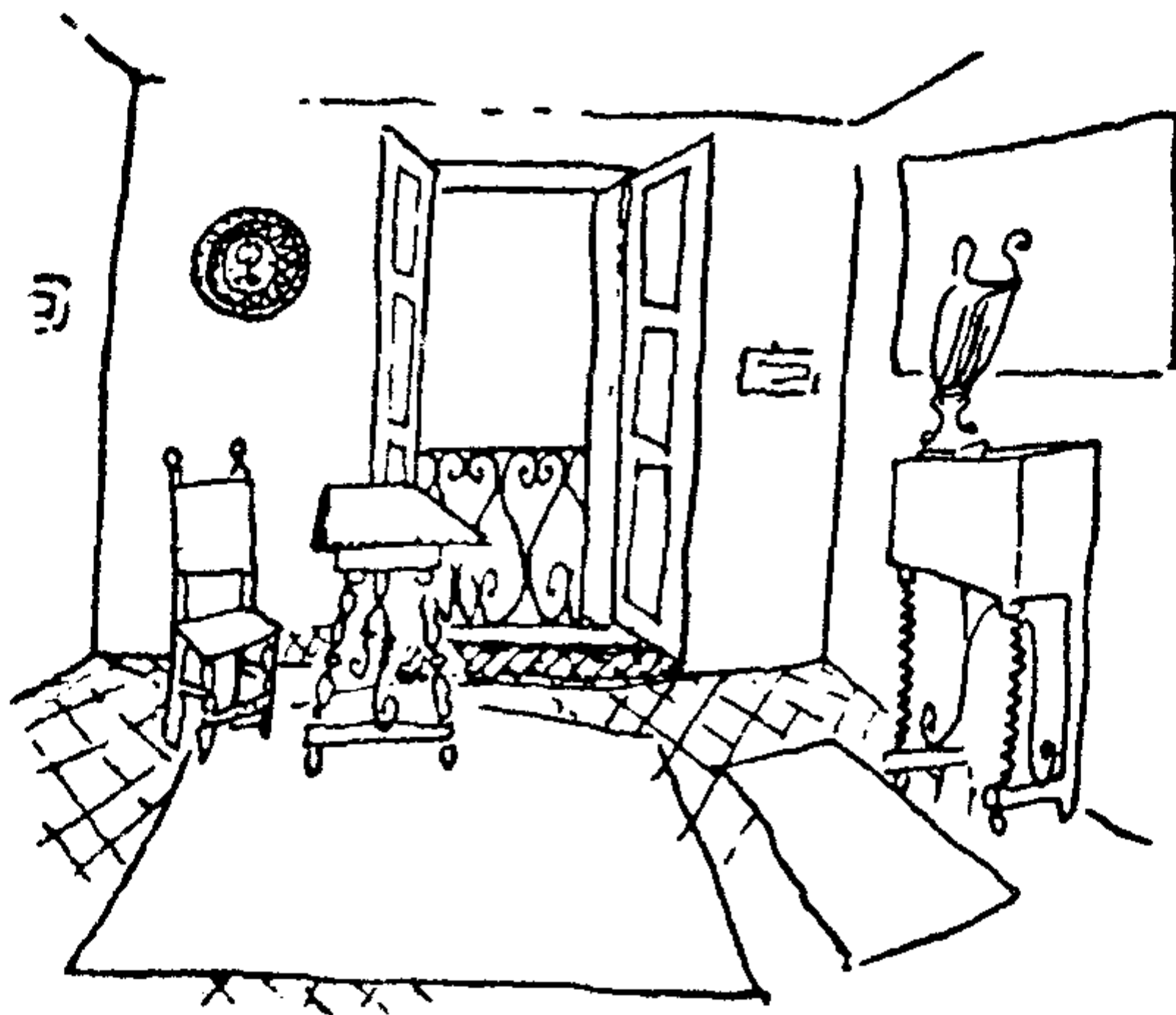
它一定是从坟场爬出来的。我想它听不见也看不见我们。今天早上,在白云底下,你就在同样这堵围墙边见到它。它身上叮满成堆活动的苍蝇,任灿烂的阳光曝晒,凄惨的命运哀伤而干瘪,和这冬日奇妙的美景极不相称。它四条腿都瘸了,茫然不知方位,慢慢转向又回到原处。它只是改变方向而已。今天早晨脸朝西,现在脸朝东。

上了年纪就一无是处啊,普儿!那位可怜的朋友已经了无牵绊却还留在原地,就算春天朝它走来也是枉然。难道说它死了却还站着不成,像贝克尔^①一样?衬着傍晚的天空动也不动,连小孩子都可以画下它的轮廓。

这会儿你看。我推它,它不动。叫它也不理会。弥留的挣扎,似乎已让它在土里扎根。

北风在这高地上肆虐,今晚它会冻死的,普儿。我实在走不开;我不知道怎么办才好,普儿。

① 古斯塔伏·阿多尔弗·贝克尔(1836—1870):西班牙诗人。



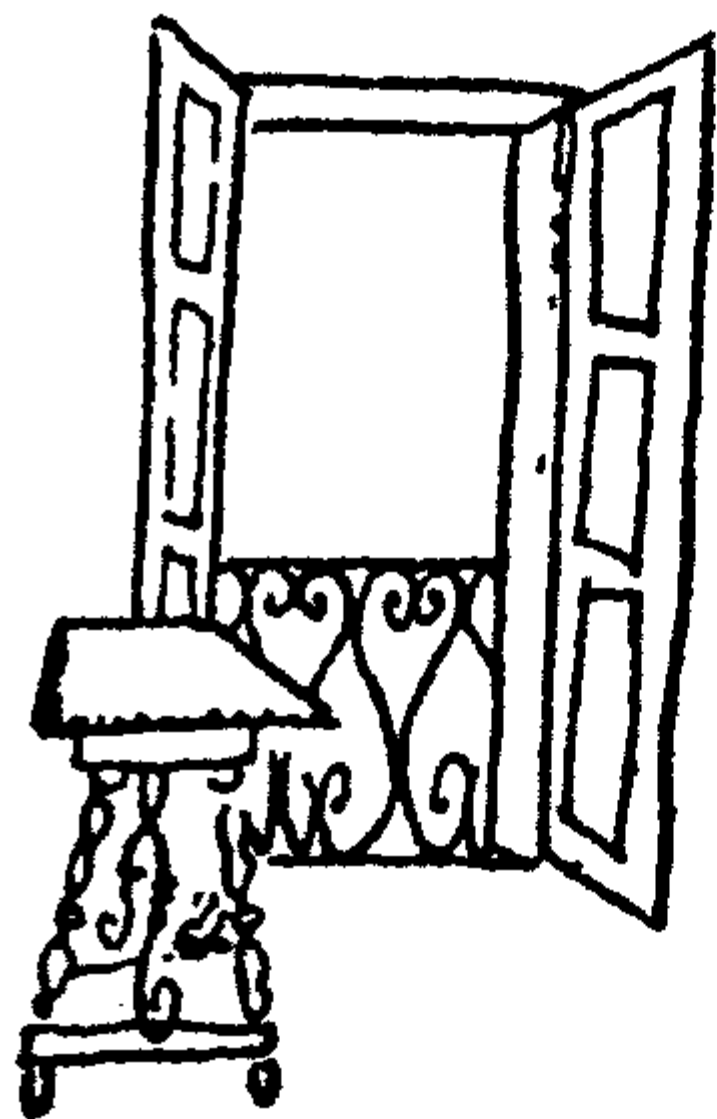
92. Convalescence

FROM THE WEAK YELLOW light of my convalescent room, soft with rugs and tapestries, I can hear in the street at night, as in a dream of stars dissolving in dew, swift-moving donkeys returning from the fields and children playing and shouting.

One can imagine the great dark heads of the donkeys and the delicate little heads of the children, who between the brayings are singing Christmas carols in voices of crystal and silver. The town feels wrapped in clouds of smoke from roasted chestnuts, in vapors from the stables, in smoke from peaceful hearths.

And my soul overflows in purifying force, as if a stream of heavenly water were welling up to it from the shadowy crag of my heart. Twilight of redemption! Intimate hour, at once chill and warm, filled with infinite flashes!

The bells up there, out there in the distance, resound among the stars. Platero joins in with brays from his stall, which seems very far away. In my weakness, I weep, moved and lonely like Faust.



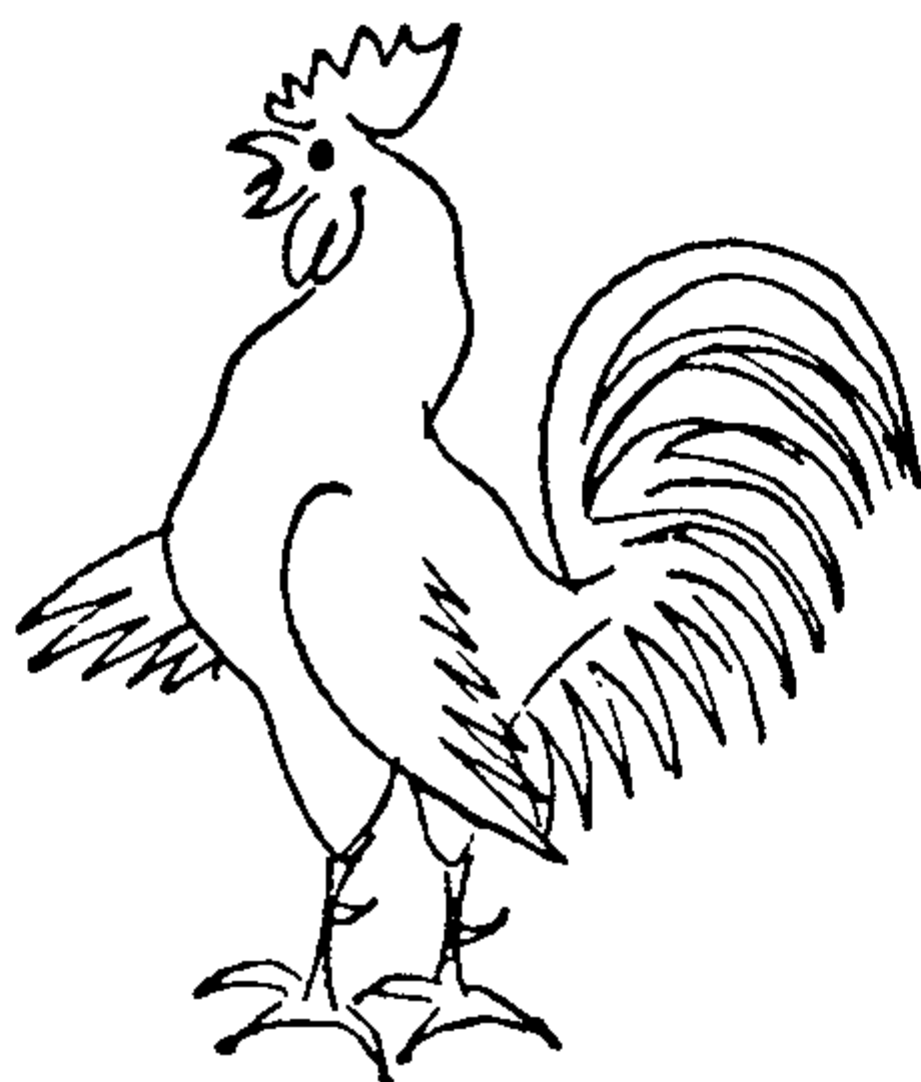
九十二 养病

养病的房间，用地毯和绣帷布置得软绵绵，从房内微弱的黄光里，我听见了夜晚的街道上，有自田野快跑归来的驴子，以及嬉戏叫嚷的孩童，就像梦见星星融化在露水里。

不难想像驴子庞大的黑头与孩童精巧的小头，驴鸣之间，孩子们以水晶、白银般的歌喉高唱圣诞颂。小镇感觉起来有如包裹在烤栗子的浓烟、槽房的雾气，与平静的壁炉冒出来的轻烟里。

我的灵魂在这涤净污垢的力量里满溢而出，仿佛天河之水，自我心底阴暗的危岩下涌出来。救赎的黄昏！这温馨的时辰，既寒冷也暖和，充满无数光芒。

空中的钟声从遥远的地方传来，回响在繁星之间。普儿在厩房里也加入它的鸣声，感觉好遥远。我体力尚弱，哭了起来，像浮士德一样感动、寂寞。



93. Dawn

IN THE SLOW-COMING MORNINGS of winter, when the watchful roosters see the first roses of dawn and give them gallant greeting, Platero, tired of sleep, brays for a long time. How sweet is his distant awakening, in the sky-blue light which streaks through the cracks in my bedroom. I, also eager for the day, think of the sun from the softness of my bed.

And I think of what would have become of poor Platero if, instead of falling into my poet's hands, he had fallen into the hands of one of those charcoal-makers who go while it is still dark along the hard frost of deserted paths to steal pine in the forest, or into the hands of one of those miserable gypsies who paint their donkeys and feed them arsenic and put needles in their ears to keep them from falling.

Platero brays again. Can he know that I am thinking of him? What does it matter to me? In the softness of the early light the thought of him is as pleasing to me as the dawn. And I thank God that he has a stall as warm and soft as a crib, as kindly as the thoughts I have of him.

九十三 黎明

冬天的早晨来得迟，机警的雄鸡看见黎明的第一丛玫瑰便殷殷致意，普儿也睡饱了，长声嘶鸣。天青色的光从卧房壁缝透进来，远处它在日光里的苏醒，该会有多么甜美。我也渴望白昼，在柔软的床里想念太阳。

我在想，可怜的普儿如果不是落在我这诗人的手里，而是落在木炭工人手里，天没亮便要踏坚霜、走僻径去树林偷松枝；或落在悲惨的吉卜赛人手里，在它身上画图样、喂它吃砒霜、用针扎耳朵以防下垂；那么，普儿的命运会是如何？

普儿又叫了，它知道我正在想它吗？知不知道又有什么关系？在柔和的晨曦里，想着它就和这黎明一样令我愉快。感谢上帝，它的槽房和婴儿床一样又暖和又柔软，就像我对它的眷顾一样温馨。

94. Calle De La Ribera

HERE IN THIS LARGE HOUSE which is now a barracks for the Rural Guard, I was born, Platero. How I loved it as a child, and how rich this poor balcony seemed to me, done in Professor Garfía's idea of Moorish style, with its stars of colored glass! Look through the grille, Platero; white and lavender lilacs and blue bellflowers still deck the yard, hanging over the time-blackened wooden grating at the back of the patio, delight of my earliest years.

In the afternoon, Platero, the sailors would come and stand at this corner of the Calle de las Flores, their suits of various blue materials in patches like the fields in October. I remember that they seemed immense to me; that between their legs, widespread as is usual among seafarers, I could see the river, down there below, with its parallel strips of water and marsh, the former brilliant, the latter dried and yellow; a slow-moving boat in the other enchanting branch of the river; and splashes of violent red in the sunset sky. Afterwards my father moved to the Calle Nueva because the sailors were always going about with knives in their hands, because every night children would break the bell and lantern by the entrance, and because it was always windy at that corner.

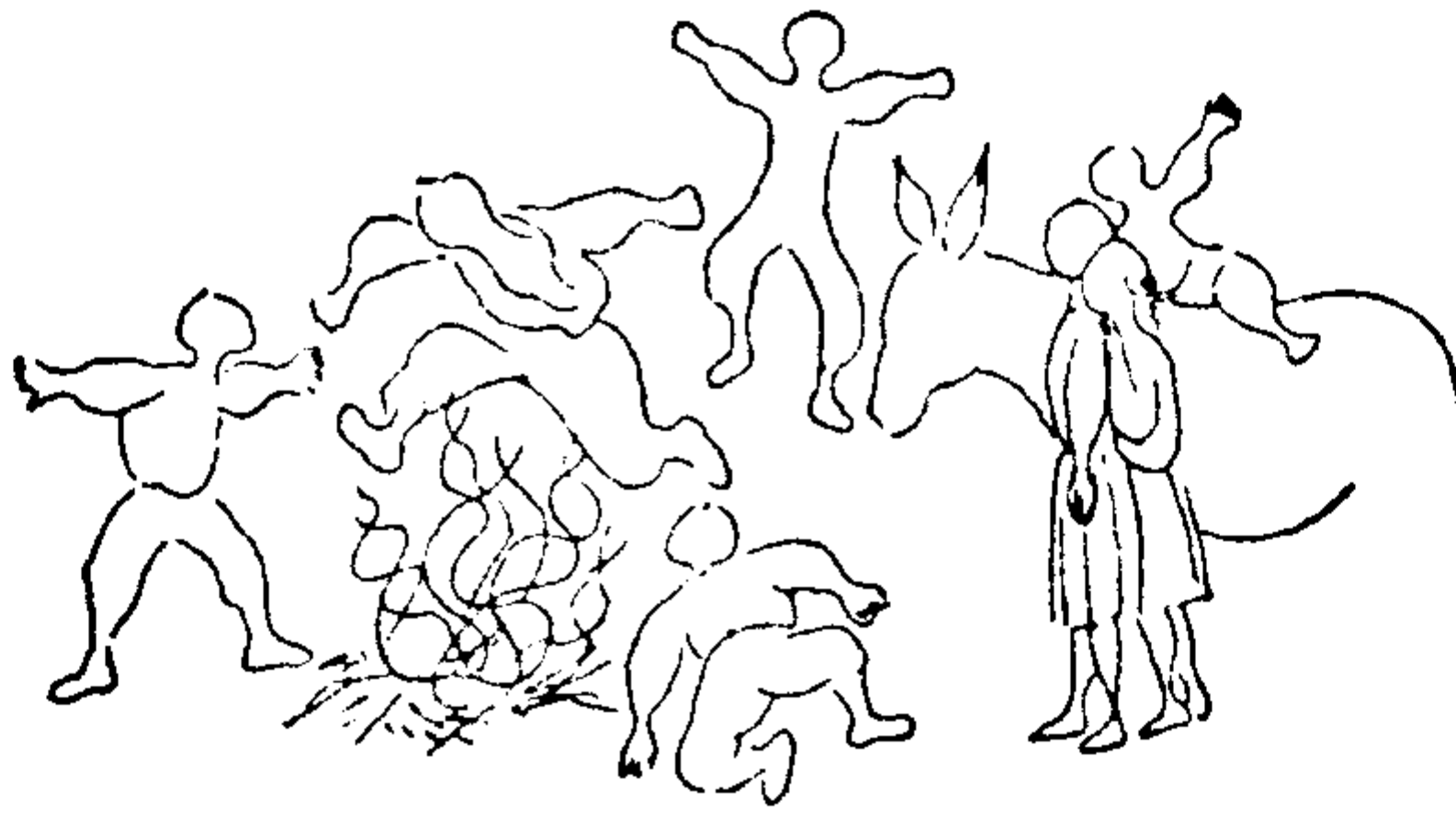
From the enclosed balcony one has a view of the sea. And I shall never forget that night when they took all of us children upstairs, trembling and anxious, to see that English ship which was burning on the bar.

九十四 河口街

我就出生在这幢大宅里，普儿，现在已经是民防军的营房。小时候我爱死这个地方了，这座简陋的阳台按照加菲亚教授构想的摩尔风格建造，点缀着彩色玻璃做成的星星，当时觉得真是金碧辉煌。你透过格子门看去，普儿，白色和淡紫色的丁香、蓝色的风铃草依旧装饰着庭院，悬挂在院子深处年久发黑的木窗棂上，是我幼年时的喜悦。

下午，普儿，那些水手常会站在鲜花街的这个街口，身上的制服用深浅不同的蓝布补丁而成，活像十月的田野。记得当时觉得他们高大魁梧，双腿张得很开，船员都是这样；两腿间可以看见下边的河流，水路和层层沙地平行排列，有水的地方灿烂，没水的既干又黄。这条河有条迷人的支流，有船在支流上缓行，夕阳天泼满激烈的红。后来父亲把家搬到新街，是因为水手出门手里总是少不了刀子；因为每个晚上小孩都会打坏门铃和门灯；也因为那个街口老是刮风。

在有栏杆的阳台上可以看到海。我永远不会忘记那一夜，大人把我们这些又发抖又急切的小孩子都带到楼上，观看沙洲上燃烧的英国船。



95. Christmas

A BONFIRE IN THE FIELDS! ... It is the afternoon before Christmas and a weak, lusterless sun casts only the faintest light over a bleak, cloudless sky which is quite gray instead of its usual blue. Suddenly there is a strident crackling of green branches beginning to burn; then thick smoke, white as ermine, and finally the flame clearing away the smoke and filling the air with a legion of quick tongues.

Oh, the flame in the wind! Rose, yellow, mauve and blue spirits are lost, who knows where, rising to some low, hidden sky; and what a smell of burning coals they leave on the cold air! O December field, now warmed! Loving winter! Christmas Eve for the happy!

The rockroses close by wither away. Through the warm air the countryside becomes tremulous and as purified as if it were of mobile crystal. The poor, sad children of the caretaker, who have no Nativity scene, gather round the fire to warm their hands numbed by the cold and to toss on the coals chestnuts and acorns which burst with a bang. Then they become gay and leap over the fire, now redder in the darkness, and sing:

Go along, Mary
Go along, Joseph ...

I bring Platero to them so that they can play with him.

九十五 圣诞节



田野里有人生起一堆火！……那是圣诞节前一天下午。微弱、暗淡的太阳，只用似有若无的光线，照射冷清、无云的天空，天上一片死灰而非往常的蔚蓝。忽然间一阵尖厉的劈啪声响起，绿枝烧了起来；接着有浓烟，白如貂皮；最后火焰扫清烟雾，整群敏捷的火舌布满空中。

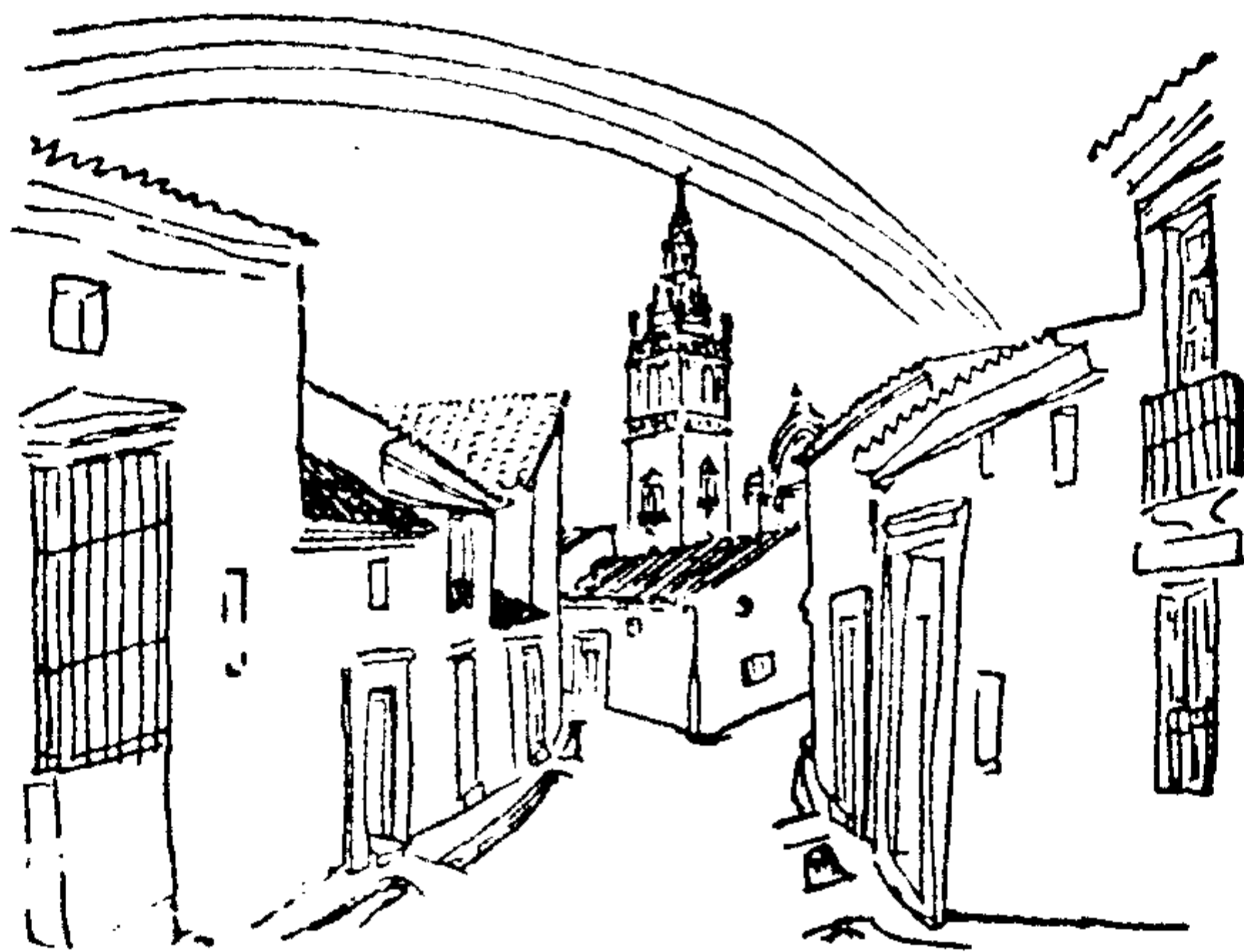
啊，风中的火焰！玫瑰色、黄色、淡紫色、蓝色的精灵，升到某层低矮隐秘的天空，不知去向了。冷空气中到处都有火炭味！十二月的田野现在暖和了！慈爱的冬天！属于幸福人家的圣诞夜！

附近的岩蔷薇渐渐枯萎。田野透着暖空气看去，颤动起来，清澄如流动的水晶。那些可怜、悲哀的门房子女，没有耶稣诞生剧可看，围着火烤冻僵的小手，往炭上丢栗子和橡实，这些干果会砰地一声爆开来。然后他们高兴起来便跳火堆，黑暗中火堆更加红艳，孩子们唱着：

走吧，马利亚

走吧，约瑟夫……

我把普儿带来，好让他们跟它玩。



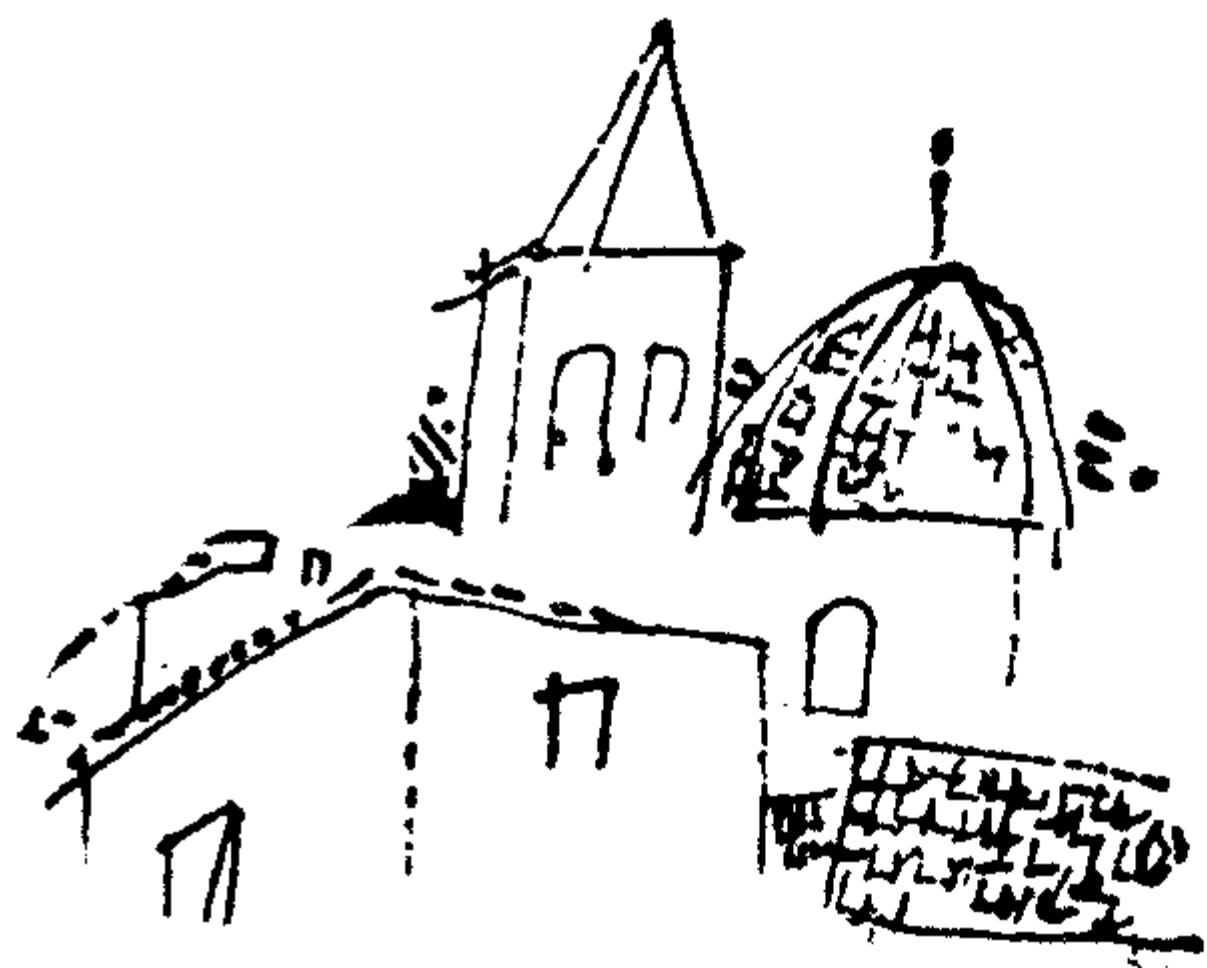
96. Winter

GOD IS IN HIS CRYSTAL PALACE'. I mean that it is raining, Platero. Raining. And the last flowers which autumn has left obstinately clutching their dried branches are hung with diamonds. In each diamond, a whole sky, a crystal palace, a god. Look at this rose; within, it holds another rose of water; and as you shake it —Can you see? —there falls from it the other shining flower, like its soul; and like mine, it is left languid and sad.

Water must be as joyful as sunlight. If you do not think so, just look how happily the vigorous, ruddy-faced children run barelegged beneath it. See how the sparrows come in a sudden riotous band to the ivy, as if to school, as Darbón, your doctor, says, Platero.

It is raining. We shall not go out in the country today. It is a day for contemplation. Look how the water is running in the gutters along the roof. Look how the green leaves are being washed, how the children's little boat which was stuck fast in the grass yesterday is now sailing along the ditch. Look now, in this moment of feeble sunlight, how beautiful the rainbow is, rising from the church and fading to a vague iridescence at our side.

九十二 冬天



上帝在它的水晶宫里。我的意思是，现在在下雨，普儿。下雨。秋天留下来的最后几朵花，顽强地黏着枯枝不放，挂满钻石。每颗钻石里都有一整个天空、一座水晶宫、一位神。你看这朵玫瑰，里面包着另一朵水做成的玫瑰。你摇她，看见了吗？那朵晶莹的水花从花瓣上掉下，宛若花魂，亦如我的灵魂一样变得郁闷、忧伤。

水必然和阳光一样令人快活。如果不信，只要看看那些精力充沛、面色红润的小孩，在雨中光着腿奔跑，有多么兴高采烈。看看麻雀突如其来闹哄哄一大群飞到常春藤那边，好像要去上学一样，这是你的医生达尔朋的说法，普儿。

雨正在下。今天我们不去田野了。这是沉思的日子。你看屋檐下的排水管里雨水奔流。看翠绿的树叶上雨水冲刷。看孩子们的小船，昨天还紧黏在草丛里，现在沿着水沟畅行无阻。瞧，此刻阳光微弱，彩虹真是美丽，从教堂那边升起，到我们这边淡化成一道模糊的虹影。

97. Pure Night

THE CRENELATED WHITE ROOFS stand out sharply against the gay blue sky, frosty and starlit. The silent north wind gives brisk caresses with its sharp purity. All the townspeople think that they are cold and hide in their houses behind closed doors. We, Platero, shall go slowly, you with your coat and my cloak, and I with my soul, through the neat and solitary town.

What inner force elevates me as if I were a tower of rough-hewn stone with a pinnacle of silver! Look how many stars there are! So many that it makes one dizzy. One might think that the sky were reciting to the earth a glowing rosary of ideal love.

Platero, Platero! I would give my whole life and should hope that you might be willing to give yours, for the purity of this lofty night in January—lone, bright and crisp.

九十七 纯洁的夜

快活的蓝天，繁星如霜，设有炮门的白屋顶衬着天空，看来格外抢眼。无声的北风以冷冽的纯洁，轻快地爱抚大地。镇上的人都觉得寒冷，把门紧紧关起来躲在屋子里。普儿，我们要慢慢儿走，你穿着软毛和我的斗篷，我携带自己的灵魂，穿过清爽孤独的小镇。

内在的力量使我升华，仿佛变成一座粗石砌成的石塔，顶着白银塔尖。繁星知多少啊！多得令人昏眩！还以为苍穹正向大地念诵灿灿发光的玫瑰经，歌颂理想的爱情。

普儿啊，普儿！我愿意献出我整个生命，也希望你愿意献出你的，来换取正月里崇高夜晚的纯洁——孤独、明亮、寒冷。

98. The Crown of Parsley

"LET'S SEE who will get there first! "

The prize was a book of prints, which I had received the night before from Vienna.

"Let's see who will get to the violets first! One, two, three! ..."

The girls set out running in a gay pink-and-white hubbub beneath the yellow sun. For a moment one could hear amid the silence which the quiet effort of their panting chests created in the morning hour, the slow striking of the town clock in its tower, the fine humming of a mosquito on the pine-clad hill covered with blue iris, water running in the brook. The girls were just reaching the first orange tree when Platero, who was loitering there, caught the spirit of the game and joined them in their lively race. So as not to lose, they could not protest or even laugh.

I shouted to them, "Why, Platero is winning! Platero is winning! "

Yes, Platero reached the violets before anyone else and stayed there, rolling in the sand.

The girls came back protesting and panting, pulling up their stockings, arranging their hair: "That doesn't count! That doesn't count! Why no! No! No! "

九十八 香芹冠

“比比看谁第一个到那里。”

奖品是一本图画书，从维也纳寄来，昨天晚上收到的。

“看谁第一个到紫罗兰那里！一、二、三……”

女孩子们发出一阵白里透红的快活叫嚷，在黄色的太阳底下跑了起来。一时之间，你可以听见：喘息的胸口在晨光中暗自使劲的声音；镇上的钟在钟楼里缓缓报时；铺满蓝鳶尾花、密布松林的山丘上，有只蚊子在细细哼唧；水也在溪里奔流。女孩们跑到第一棵橙树，普儿正好在那里闲逛，也感染了游戏的情绪，加入她们活泼的竞赛。她们怕输，无暇抗议，连笑也不敢。

我对她们大叫：“哎呀！普儿要赢了！普儿要赢了！”

没错，普儿比谁都先跑到紫罗兰花丛，留在那边的沙地上打滚。

女孩们回来了，又抗议又喘气，边拉长袜边整理头发：“那不算数，那不算数！哎！不算！不算！不算！”

I told them that Platero had won that race and it was only fair to reward him in some way. All right, since Platero did not know how to read, the book should remain as a prize for another race among them; but we had to give Platero some prize.

Reassured about the book, with flushed faces, they jumped and laughed: "Yes! Yes! Yes! "

Then, thinking of myself, I thought that Platero had probably received the greatest possible prize in his own effort, as I do in my verses. And plucking a bit of parsley from the box by the caretaker's cottage, I made a crown and put it—a fugitive and maximum honor—on his head, as if he were a winner in Spartan games.

我告诉她们普儿赢了这场比赛，应该想个方法奖励它才公平。好吧，既然它不会读书，这本书就留作下次比赛的奖品。但是，我们总该给普儿一个奖励啊！

她们看书保住了，涨红了脸又跳又笑说：“好！好！好！”

然后我想到自己，我觉得普儿应该已经在自己的努力里得到最大的奖赏了，就像我在写诗里得到的一样。我从管理员小屋旁的盒子里拉出一把香芹，做成一只花冠，把短暂、至高的荣耀戴在它头上，仿佛是斯巴达人竞赛中的冠军。

99. The Three Kings

HOW EXCITED THE CHILDREN were tonight, Platero! We could not get them to bed. Finally sleep slowly overcame them, one in an armchair, another on the floor against the fireplace; Blanca in a low chair; Pepe on the window seat, his head against the nail-heads on the door, so that the Kings should not pass by unseen. And now, at the center of this place withdrawn from life's confusion, their vivid and magical sleep seems like the pulsing of a full, sound heart.

Before supper I went upstairs with them all. What a chattering on the stairs which are so frightening to them on other nights!

"The skylight doesn't scare me, Pepe; does it scare you?" said Blanca, holding tightly to my hand. We put each child's shoes on the balcony, among the citron. Now, Platero, Montemayor, Tita, Maria Tesesa, Lolilla, Perico and you and I are going to dress up in sheets, coverlets and old hats. At midnight we shall parade below the children's windows, masked and carrying lights, beating brass mortars, blowing horns and the conch shell which is up in the farthest room. You will walk ahead with me; I shall be Gaspar and shall wear a white beard made of flax; you will be caparisoned in the Colombian flag, which I brought from the house of my uncle, the consul. The

九十九 三王来朝^①

孩子们今晚兴奋得不得了，普儿！没办法让他们上床睡觉。睡意终究渐渐征服他们，一个倒在摇椅，一个靠着壁炉坐在地板上；布兰卡在矮椅子上；贝贝在窗座上，头顶着门上的钉头饰，这样三王经过时才不会错过。此刻，生动奇妙的睡眠远离人世的纷扰，就在此地的中心，有如一颗饱满、健全的心脏在跳动。

晚饭前，我和所有小孩一起上楼。大家在楼梯上聊得好不热闹，不像平常晚上怕死这里呢！

“我不怕这个天窗，贝贝。你怕吗？”布兰卡说道，紧拉住我的手。我们把每个小孩的鞋子，放在阳台上的香橼之间。普儿，现在蒙特马约、蒂塔、马利亚·特雷莎、洛利利亚、佩里科，还有你跟我，要拿被单、床罩、旧帽子化装去。晚上十二点，我们的化装行列要提灯经过孩子们的窗下，敲打铜白，吹响号角和放在楼上最偏僻房间的那只海螺壳。我们俩要走在前头。我扮成加斯帕尔^②，戴亚麻线做的白胡子，你身上要披哥伦比亚国旗，就是我从做领事的叔叔家里带回来的那面。孩子们忽然醒来，惊异的眼睛依然睡意朦胧，他们发

children, awakened suddenly, their astonished eyes still heavy with sleep, will peep through the window panes in their night clothes, trembling and marveling. Afterward we shall march on in their sleep through all the early morning hours, and late tomorrow morning, when the blue sky coming through the shutters dazzles them, they will go half dressed up to the balcony and be masters of all the treasure.

Last year we had a hilarious time. You will see what fun we are going to have tonight, Platero, my little camel!

抖惊叹,身穿睡衣从窗玻璃偷看。于是我们会在他们的睡梦中继续游行到天亮。明早天大亮时,蓝天从百叶窗透进来使他们眼花,他们会衣衫不整地跑上阳台,变成一切宝藏的主人。

去年我们玩得很痛快。你看今晚我们又可以好好乐一乐了,普儿,我的小骆驼!

① 三王来朝:基督教传说,耶稣12月25日夜诞生,1月6日东方三王前来朝拜。当夜送给孩子的礼物,都放在鞋子里。

② 加斯帕尔:朝拜耶稣诞生的三王之一,其坐骑为骆驼。

100. *Wine*

I HAVE TOLD YOU, Platero, that the soul of Moguer is bread. No. Moguer is like a wineglass of clear heavy crystal which, the whole year long, beneath the round of blue sky, awaits its golden wine. When September comes, if the Devil doesn't water down the festivities, that cup is filled with wine to the brim and almost always to overflowing, like a generous heart.

At that time the whole town smells of wine, of greater or lesser quality, and has the ring of glass. It is as if the sun were to bestow itself, free, in liquid beauty for the sheer joy of being held in the clear confines of the white town, and of quickening its good blood. Every house on every street is like a bottle on the shelves of Juanito Miguel or of El Realista when the setting sun touches it.

I remember Turner's "The Fount of Indolence," which seems in its lemon yellow to be wholly painted with new wine. Thus is Moguer, a fount of wine which, bloodlike, rushes endlessly to any of its wounds; a spring of gaiety touched with sadness, which rises like the April sun each spring, but goes down each day.

一〇〇 酒

我告诉过你，普儿，摩格尔的灵魂是面包。其实不然。摩格尔像一只厚重的透明水晶杯，终年在圆顶苍穹下等待玉液琼浆。到了九月，要是魔鬼没有在庆典里掺水，杯中的酒总会满注欲溢，像一颗慷慨的心。

届时全镇弥漫各种等级的酒香，玻璃杯玎玲不绝。阳光似乎为了能共享盛会，盛在白色小镇透明的围墙里，使全镇喜气更加活络，也得变成液态的美丽，毫无保留地献出自己。当夕阳抚摸小镇，每条街上的每户人家，看起来宛若胡安尼托·米格尔，或艾尔·里斯达架上的酒瓶。

我记起透纳^①的《慵懒之泉》，柠檬黄的泉水好像全用新酿的酒画成。摩格尔就是这样的酒泉，像血一样不断汨汨涌向每个伤口——悲喜交融的欢乐之泉，有如每年春天的四月太阳升起，但是每天依旧要落下。

① 约瑟夫·透纳(1775—1851):英国风景画家。



101. *Carnival*

HOW HANDSOME Platero looks today! It is Carnival Monday, and the children who have dressed in costume have put Moorish trappings on him, all heavily worked in arabesques of red, blue, white and yellow.

Rain, sun and cold. The twisting colored papers are blown in parallel lines along the sidewalk by the bitter wind of the afternoon, and the shivering maskers turn anything into pockets for their blue cold hands.

When we reach the square, a group of women dressed as lunatics, with long white shirts and garlands of green leaves in their flowing black hair, pull Platero into the center of their riotous circle and whirl gaily about him.

Confused; Platero pricks up his ears, raises his head, and, like a scorpion surrounded by fire, tries nervously to escape in any direction. But he is so small that the lunatics are not afraid of him and continue whirling and singing and laughing around him. The children, seeing him captive, bray to make him bray. The whole square is now an insolent concert of brass, braying, laughter, songs, tambourines and mortars.

At last, making up his mind like a man, Platero breaks through the circle and comes trotting and crying to me, his rich trappings in disarray. Like me he wants to have nothing to do with Carnival. We were not made for this sort of thing.

一〇一 嘉年华会

普儿今天看起来真潇洒！今天是嘉年华会的星期一，化妆妥当的孩子给它披戴摩尔式的饰物，上面绣满阿拉伯式图样，有红、有蓝、有白、有黄。

雨水、太阳、寒意。人行道上的卷曲彩纸，被午后刺骨的寒风沿平行方向吹动。发抖的假面人，手冻得发青，手能往哪儿藏便把哪儿当口袋。

我们到达广场时，一群扮成疯子的女人，着白色长衬衫，飞扬的黑发上戴着绿叶编的花冠，把普儿拉到她们狂欢的圆圈中央，围着它快乐地旋转。

普儿糊涂了，竖起耳朵，把头抬高，像一只被火围困的蝎子，紧张地四面找逃路。但是它那么小，这些疯女人不怕它，继续围着它旋转、唱歌、嬉笑。孩子们看它被俘虏，便学驴声逗引它嘶鸣。现在整个广场变成肆无忌惮的大合奏，有铜号、驴鸣、笑声、歌唱、铃鼓和铜白。

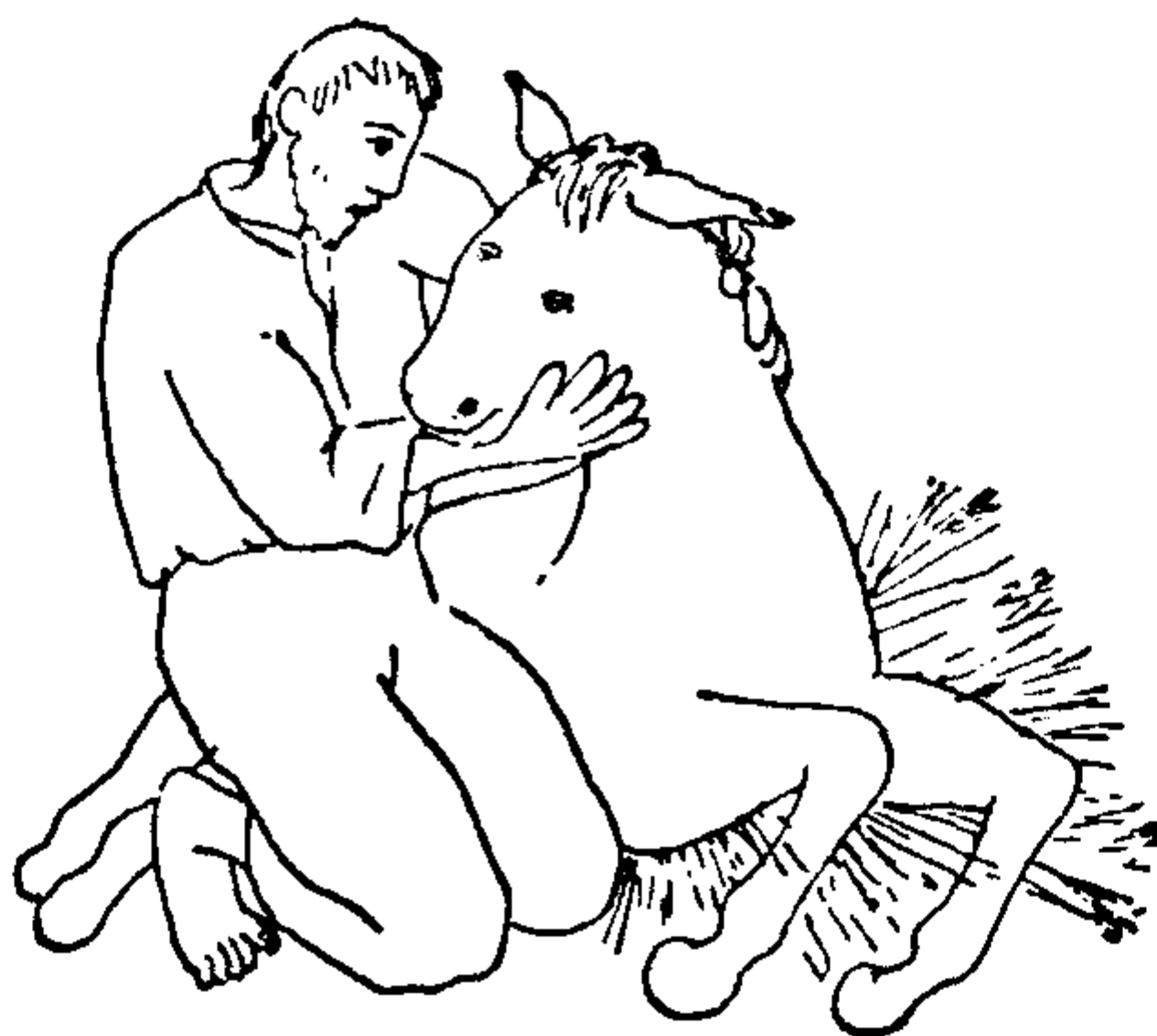
普儿终于像男子汉下了决心突破包围，惊叫着朝我奔来，华丽的行头都乱了。它跟我一样不想和嘉年华会有什么牵连。这类事情，我们天生就不合适。

102. *The Donkey of The Sand Vendor*

LOOK, PLATERO, at the donkeys of Quemado; sluggish, downtrodden, bearing their red heaping loads of wet sand in which are stuck, as if in their hearts, the rods of wild olive used to beat them.

一〇二 卖沙人的驴子

普儿，看看克马多的驴群：慢吞吞、垂头丧气的，载着袋袋湿润的红沙，上面插着用来打它们的野生橄榄枝条，仿佛插在它们心上……。



103. Death

I FOUND PLATERO stretched out on his bed of straw, his eyes soft and sad. I went to him, patted him, talked to him and tried to help him up.

The poor animal gave a sudden jerk and got one leg kneeling. He could not do it. Then I stretched his foreleg out on the floor, patted him again tenderly and sent for his doctor. As soon as he saw him, old Darbón drew in his great toothless mouth to the nape of his neck and rocked his congested head back and forth, pendulum-like, on his chest.

“Not good, is it?”

I do not know what he answered ... That the poor animal was sinking... Nothing could be done... That a pain... Some poisonous root... The dirt in the grass.

By noon Platero was dead. His little cotton belly had swollen up like a globe, and his discolored legs stuck stiffly skyward. His curly coat looked like the moth-eaten flax of old doll's hair which falls at the touch in dusty sadness.

Flying about the silent stall was a beautiful butterfly, its three colors shining each time it passed through the ray of sunlight from the little window.

一〇三 死亡

我发现普儿摊躺在它的草床上，眼睛柔和而悲伤。我到它身边，轻轻拍它，同它说话，想扶它站起来。

可怜的驴子突然一下抽搐，跪起一只腿。它站不起来。于是我把它的前腿平放在地上，又温柔地拍拍它，把它的医生找来。老达尔朋才看过它，无牙的大嘴立刻转向颈背，在胸前来回晃动充血的头颅，有如钟摆。

“很糟，是不是？”

我不知道他回答些什么……可怜的家伙快死了……没有办法……一阵疼痛……某种有毒的根……草里的土……。

正午前普儿死了。它那棉花肚胀成球形，变色的四肢直挺挺指着天空。卷曲的毛像旧洋娃娃给虫蛀坏的亚麻假发，一碰即脱，抖落悲伤的尘埃。

寂静的厩房里，有只美丽的蝴蝶环室飞舞，每次掠过小窗透进来的阳光，翼上的三彩便为之一亮。

104. Nostalgia

PLATERO, YOU DO SEE US, don't you?

You do see how the clear cold water in the orchard well is laughing in peace; how the painstaking bees fly around the green and mauve rosemary turned gold and rose in the sunlight lingering over the hill?

Platero, you do see us, don't you?

You do see the sad, lame, tired little donkeys of the washer-women climbing the red slope to the old fountain, in the vast purity uniting heaven and earth in a single crystal splendor?

Platero, you do see us, don't you?

You really do see the children dashing among the rockroses whose own flowers are posed on their branches like a light swarm, of tremulous white butterflies, speckled crimson?

Platero, you do see us, don't you?

You really do see us? Yes, you see me. And I hear in the cloudless sunset, softening the whole valley filled with vineyards, your gentle, doleful bray...

一〇四 怀念

普儿，你看见我们了吧？

你一定看到了果园里清澄、冰凉的井水祥和地欢笑；看到了辛勤的蜜蜂绕着迷迭香飞，原来是翠绿、淡紫的花丛，在山头残留的阳光里，变成金黄和玫瑰红。

普儿，你看见我们了吧？

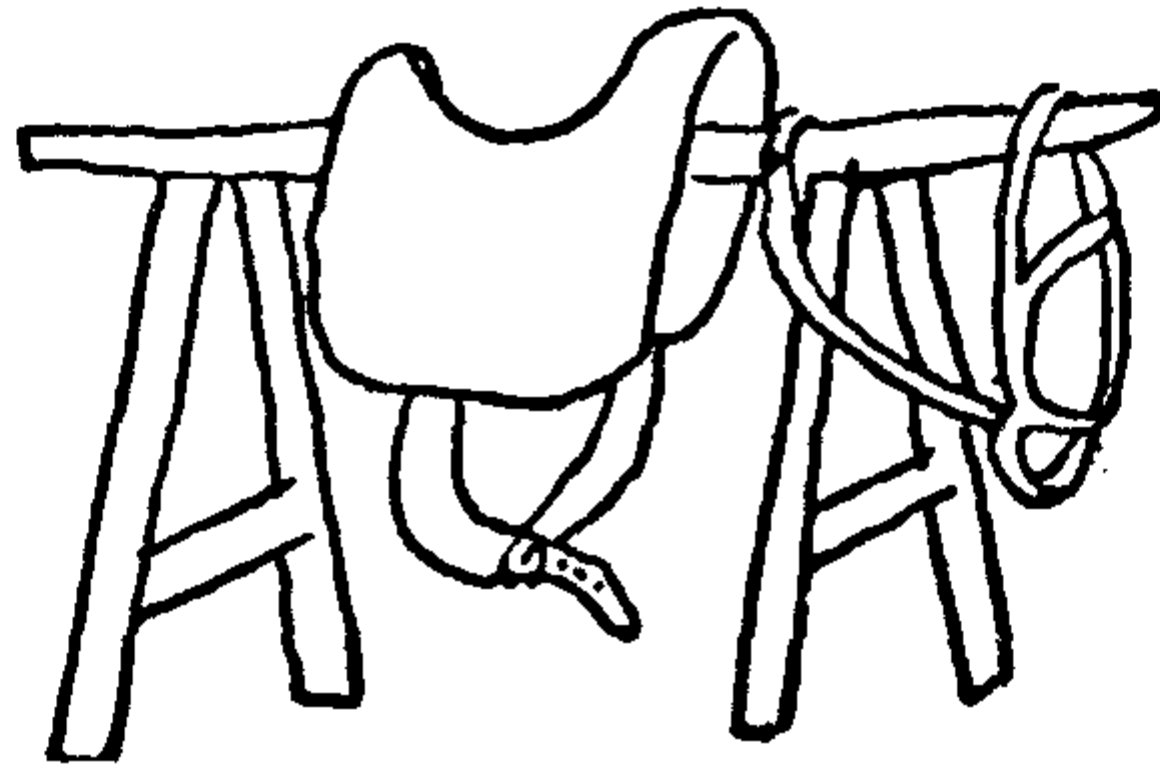
你一定看到了洗衣妇那些忧郁、跛腿、疲倦的小驴子，爬上红土坡到古泉去，走在无垠的纯洁里，天地在其中也连成一片透明的绚烂。

普儿，你看见我们了吧？

你真的看见孩子们在岩蔷薇之间奔窜了吗？枝头上栖满花朵，像群轻盈、颤抖的白蝴蝶洒上红斑。

普儿，你看见我们了吧？

你真的看见我们了吗？是的，你看见我了。在无云的夕照里，我听到你温柔、忧愁的鸣声，使整个满布葡萄园的山谷温柔起来……。



105. The Sawhorse

I PUT POOR PLATERO'S saddle, bit and halter over the wooden sawhorse and carried them all to the corner of the loft where the cribs of the children stand forgotten. The loft is broad, quiet and sunny. From it one can see the whole countryside around Moguer; the red windmill to the left; straight ahead, Montemayor, with its white hermitage all wrapped about with pines; behind the church the hidden orchard of La Piña; to the west the sea, high and shining in the summer tides. At vacation time the children go to play in the loft. They make coaches with endless teams of broken chairs; with newspapers painted red they make theaters, churches, schools ...

Sometimes they climb on the lifeless sawhorse, and with an impetuous, restless clapping of hands and stir of feet, they trot through the meadows of their dreams:

"Giddap, Platero, giddap! "

一〇五 木驴

我把可怜的普儿的鞍具、辔头、缰绳架在木马上，整个抬到阁楼的角落里，孩童用的小床就丢在那儿，被人遗忘了。阁楼宽敞、安静、阳光充足。从那里看得见整个摩格尔附近的田野：红磨坊在左边；正前方是蒙特马约山，山上有小白屋密密地掩藏在松林里；教堂后面，松子园给挡住看不到；海在西边，夏日来潮，高涨、闪耀。假期中，孩子们会跑到阁楼玩耍。他们把破椅子衔接成一长串当作马车，把报纸涂成红色当作剧院、教堂、学校……。

有时他们爬上没有生命的木马，焦躁不停地拍手蹬腿，在他们梦想的草原上奔驰：

“快啊，普儿，快啊！”

106. Melancholy

THIS AFTERNOON I went with the children to visit Platero's grave in the orchard at La Pifia, beneath the sheltering pine. All around, April had decked the damp ground with great yellow iris.

Up above in the treetops, their green dyed zenith-blue, the tit-mice were singing and their slight trills, gay and flowering, floated off through the golden air of the mild afternoon like a clear dream of new love.

As we drew near, the children gradually stopped their shouting. Quiet, serious, their shining eyes on mine, they now flooded me with anxious questions.

"Platero, my friend," I said to the earth, "if you are now in a field in heaven as I think you are, carrying youthful angels on your soft, furry back, I wonder if perhaps you have forgotten me. Tell me, Platero, do you still remember me?"

As if in answer to my question, a delicate white butterfly which I had not seen before flew insistently from iris to iris, like a soul.

一〇六 忧郁

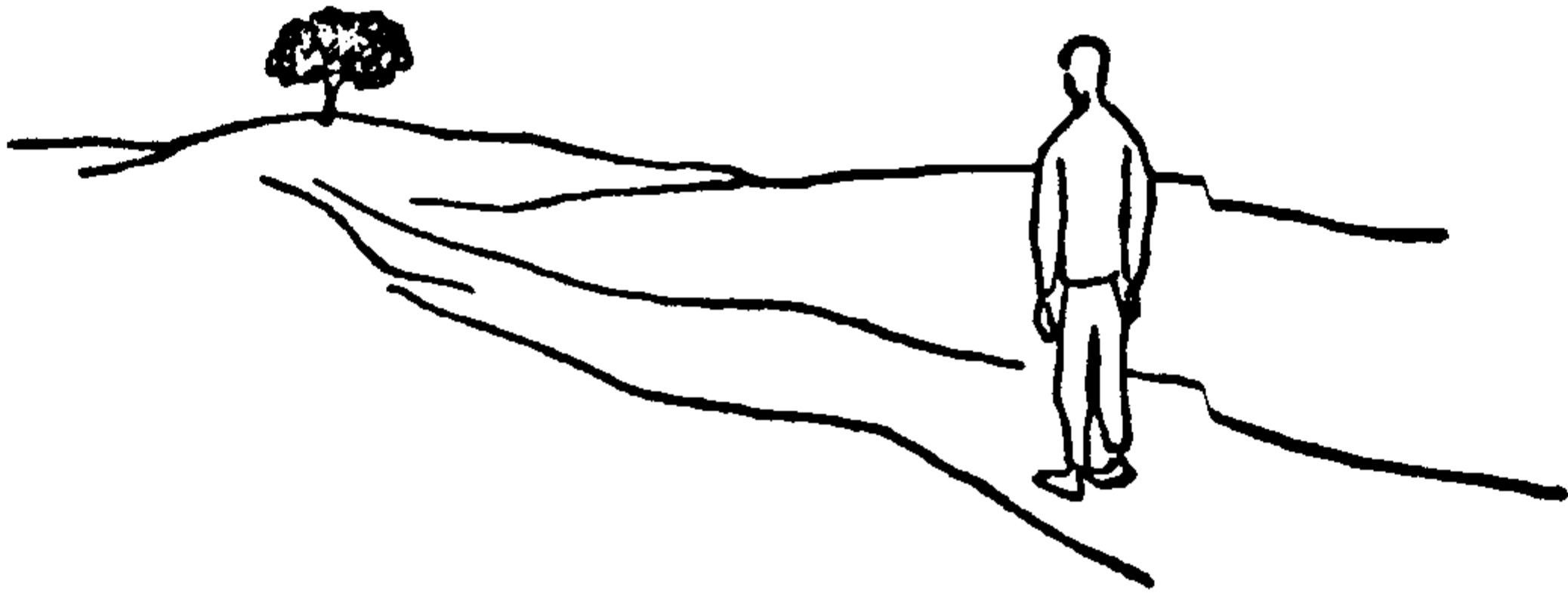
今天下午，我同孩子们一起去看普儿的坟墓，就在松子园里那棵圆形松树的庇荫下。四月在周围潮湿的地上饰满硕大的黄鳶尾花。

小山雀在染成天蓝色的绿树顶上鸣唱，细小的颤音快活地绽放，飘荡在温馨午后的金黄色空气中，好像新恋情透明的梦。

墓地就快到了，孩子们逐渐停止叫嚷。他们现在安静而严肃，闪亮的眼睛望着我的眼睛，向我倾注疑问。

“普儿，我的朋友”，我对泥土说：“要是此刻你正在天国的草原里，我想你一定在那儿，软绵绵、毛茸茸的背上驮着小天使，说不定你已经忘了我。告诉我，普儿，你还记得我吗？”

仿佛为了回答我的问题，有只我不曾见过的纤巧白蝶，在鳶尾花间不断飞舞，有如一缕幽魂。

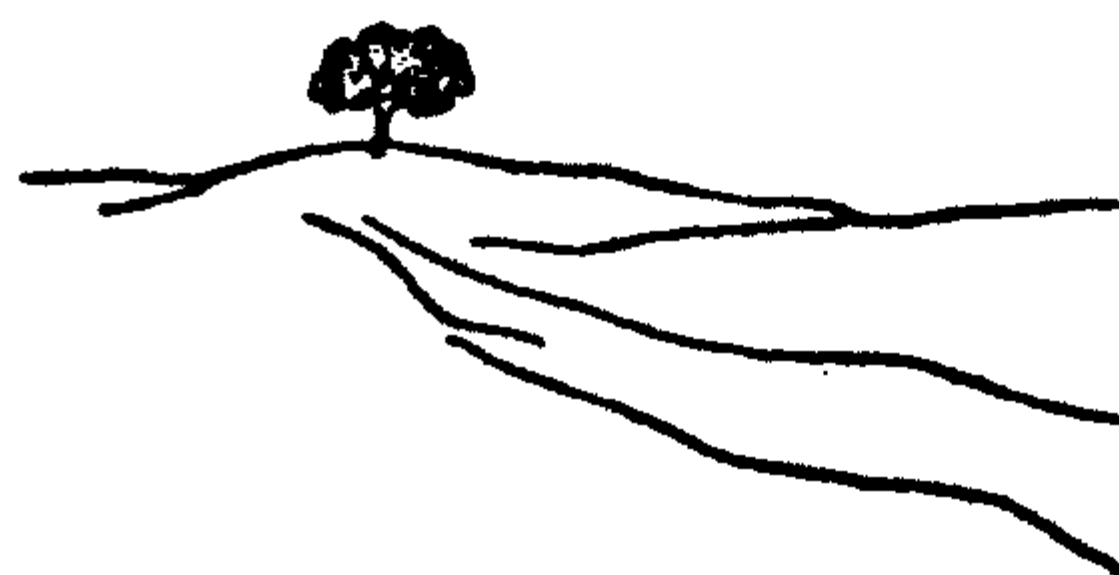


107. To Platero in the Heaven of Moguer

GENTLE, TROTTING PLATERO, my dear little donkey who so often carried my soul—only my soul! —along those deep paths of prickly pears, mallows, and honey-suckle: for you this book which tells of you, now that you can understand it.

It will reach your soul, now grazing in paradise, through the soul of those landscapes of Moguer, a soul which must have gone up to heaven with yours; mounted on its paper back it bears my soul, which, riding upward between flowering thorns, becomes kinder, more peaceful and purer each day.

Yes. When I come slowly and pensively at sunset among the golden orioles and the orange blossoms, past the solitary orange tree to the pine which lulls your sleep of death, I know that you, Platero—happy in your meadow of everlasting roses—will see me stop before the yellow iris which have sprung from your crumbled heart.



一〇七

给在摩格尔天上的普儿

温柔、活泼的普儿，我亲爱的小驴子，多少次你驮着我的灵魂——仅仅我的灵魂——沿着长有霸王仙人掌、锦葵、忍冬的深径行走：这本写你的书，既然你已经能懂了，我要献给你。

此刻你的灵魂已在天堂里吃草，摩格尔山川草木的灵魂必然跟着升天，而此书也随着带到你那儿。我的灵魂骑在书的纸背上，穿过荆棘花丛飞升上天，日日变得更仁慈、安详、纯净。

是的。当我在落日里穿过金莺群和橙花丛，徐缓、沉思地走过那棵孤单的橙树，来到伴你长眠的松树前，我知道，普儿——快活地徜徉在开满永恒玫瑰的草原里——你会看见我驻足在那株发自你破碎心房的黄莺尾花前。

[G e n e r a l I n f o r m a t i o n]

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