

Three Poemes by Claudio Damiani translated by Christine Chen

New York Compact Newspaper in edition#877 dated 16/05/2026.

本刊发布于纽约综合新闻报第877期 2026年5月16日。

汉译：佩英()

克劳迪奥·达米亚尼 (Claudio Damiani)

意大利作家、诗人。20世纪80年代参与创办文学杂志 *Braci*

，倡导“新古典主义”诗学。已出版十部诗集，多次获奖；其《在出生之前》获维亚雷焦文学奖 (Viareggio

Prize意大利文学界最高荣誉之一)。诗风受拉丁诗人与文艺复兴传统影响，语言简洁，重视情感表达。

美好时光

多么美好，此刻

与所有时光并无不二致

我写诗

一如自古以来那样写

一如眼前这只猫清洗自己

时间静静流过

独自在屋里

她几乎总是独自一只

做该做的一切

未曾遗忘点滴

此刻，她伏下来，四下张望——

时间静静流逝

多么美好，此刻

一如所有时光那样结束

多么美好哦，我们非永恒

我们并非不同于

那些故人：活过又死去

平静走向死亡

仿佛踏上一条路——

看来艰难陡峭，开始时

后来才知，其实并不难

——选自《我的房子》（From La mia casa ,1994）, 约翰·萨特里亚诺 英译

How lovely that this time

How lovely that this time
is like all other times,
that I write poems
the way poems have always been written,
that this cat before me is washing herself
and her time is passing
despite the fact she's alone, almost always alone in the house,
yet she does all that she does and forgets nothing
-- now for instance she is lying down and looking around --
and her time is passing.
How lovely that this time, like every time, will end,
how lovely that we are not eternal,
that we are not different
from anyone else who has lived and died,
who has calmly gone to death
as if on a path that seemed hard and steep at first,
but instead was easy.

(From La mia casa, 1994, translated by John Satriano)

与五岁儿子一起

乔瓦尼，你说得对——
死后，还是这里更好
这里，你与所爱之人同在
知道自己在哪里
即使不总是快乐
会悲伤，也会愤怒
天上

你不知道与谁相遇
不知道身在何处、如何存在
甚至害怕那高处
不知道脚该落哪儿
我也会想：乔瓦尼
天上，我还见得到你吗？
抑或再也见不到？
但然，当然会
我会等你，你也会来
然后我们一起——
即使不明白以何种方式
即使不明白如何存在
没有关系的

--选自《英雄》（Eroi, 2000年），英译伊曼纽尔·迪·帕斯夸莱（Emanuel di Pasquale）

With my son, five years old

Giovanni, you rightly say
it's better to be here than in heaven
when we die
because here you are with those dear to you,
you know where you are, even if you are not always happy,
at times you are sad, at times you are angry,
instead in heaven you do not know who you are with,
it's hard to understand where and how one would be
and you are a bit afraid to be so high,
and one does not understand where the feet would stand on.
And even I think: Giovanni, in heaven will I see you
or will I not see you?
But of course, of course we will see each other,
I will wait for you and you will come,
and then we will stay there, even if we don't quite know in what way,
even if we don't quite know how, it does not matter.

相拥穿过罗马的小巷

相拥走过罗马小巷
夜潮湿，回荡着你的笑
石板路上，我们踱步前行
误撞柱影与角落
偶尔走进昏暗的小酒馆，饮一口红酒
歌声滚烫，溢出门外——
古老的灵魂在侧凝望
阴影缓缓向我们靠拢
我们向每一个人挥手
每个人也挥手致意我们
世上所有语言在此皆可流通
脚下的石头逐一发出声响
足音如乐，铺成回声的河流
我们行走在层层叠叠的年代之上——
少女走向神庙
无数灵魂排列成长队
微火般在合拢的掌心中明灭
城市沉睡，被时间悄然遗忘
我们在某些细小之物前驻足
在壁龛与碎片间停留——
它们是熔岩中凝固的宝石
拱门在前方——张开
我们穿过
小巷愈来愈窄
偶尔又倏然展开
通向悬空的阳台
是眼睛：凌空观景
脚下，城市翻涌如海
无数灯光汇聚
夜空倒悬的星群与军阵
最终，我们抵达一棵大树——

枝条如手臂，端正伸展
是一位戴冠冕的王
金色的叶片轻轻作响
分梳着光。
星汉其中，星汉其外
星汉其外，星汉其内
我立一端，你立另一端
我握着一根枝条
你亦在彼端握着另一枝

——选自

《恩底弥翁》(Endimione2019) , 英译朱莉娅·阿根蒂耶里、布朗·特里纳、乔丹·麦科德 (Giulia Argentieri、Bron Treanor、Jordan McCord)

Embraced we walked through the alleys of Rome

Embraced we walked through the alleys of Rome,
damp was the night that echoed your laugh
we stamped our feet on cobblestones and bumped
into columns and corners, and sometimes
we'd walk in a dive to drink some red wine and leave
singin glustily,
observed by old
spirits while shadows approached around us
and to each one we waved and each one
waved back, we spoke
every language,
our feet touched
each stone, the paving played the sound
of our footsteps, we walked upon layers
of ages and lives, maidens making their way to the temple
and we followed every procession of souls
little flames held between their joint hands
the city asleep, abandoned
at certain trivia we stopped still
or at a niche or at fragments set

like precious stones in steaming lava.
The arches widened in openings
that let us pass through,
the alleys were tunnels
more and more narrow that at times would end
on a balcony like a suspended belvedere.
Below us the great city was swarming
an army of small candles like stars in the sky.
We finally reached a big tree
its branches like arms tidy and neat
like a regal figure crowned
with clinking golden leaves, locks divided
equally from one side to the other
all that was in was outside
and all that was out was inside,
I stood at one end, and you at the other
holding a branch in my hand
and you on the other side held in yours
the other branch.

(From *Endimione*, *Interno Poesia*, 2019, translated by Giulia Argentieri, Bron Treanor, Jordan McCord)

诗歌赏析：

克劳迪奥·达米亚尼的诗歌具有鲜明而独特的“新古典主义”气质：语言简洁、透明、克制，却蕴含深厚的人文情感与哲学意味。他并不依赖复杂意象或晦涩结构，而是在日常生活、亲情关系、时间流逝与城市记忆中，缓慢呈现生命最本真的状态。《美好时光》借猫清洗身体与诗人写诗的日常动作，写出人与万物顺应时间、接受终将消逝命运的平静；《与五岁儿子一起》则以近乎童真的对话讨论死亡与重逢，使终极命题获得温柔而真实的人间温度；《相拥穿过罗马的小巷》更像一首充满历史回声的城市夜曲，将爱情、文明、宗教、星空与古老灵魂交织在一起，具有拉丁诗歌与文艺复兴传统的恢弘气息。他的诗风沉静而辽阔，在细小事物中照见永恒，于温柔克制中呈现深远精神光辉。（佩英）

Editorials:

Claudio Damiani's poetry embodies a distinctive form of "New Classicism": its language is clear, restrained, and transparent, yet filled with profound human feeling and philosophical

depth. Rather than relying on obscure imagery or complex structures, he reveals the essential truth of life through everyday moments, family bonds, the passage of time, and the memory of cities.

In *How Lovely That This Time* the ordinary acts of a cat washing itself and a poet writing become meditations on time, mortality, and the quiet acceptance of human finitude. *With My Son, Five Years Old* approaches death and reunion through an almost childlike dialogue, giving ultimate questions a tender and deeply human warmth. *embraced We Walked Through the Alleys of Rome* unfolds like a nocturnal urban elegy filled with historical echoes, weaving together love, civilization, religion, starlight, and ancient spirits in a manner reminiscent of the Latin poetic and Renaissance traditions. Damiani's poetry is serene yet expansive, illuminating eternity through the smallest details and revealing a lasting spiritual radiance through gentleness and restraint. (By Christine Chen)

https://www.meipian.cn/5mdv0egb?first_share_to=copy_link&share_depth=1&first_share_uid=29579109