



第三十一屆梁實秋文學獎
翻譯類譯詩組題目

I.

Time Tryeth Truth

By T. S.

Time tryeth Truth Convicting all that strive
Fain Systems, dead Chymeraes to revive,
And he hath brought to light by good success
The Law which nature never doth transgress.
Sol keeps his throne, and round about him shines
Upon six worlds which walk in single lines,
And eight less Globes, again encompassing
One Th' Earth, four Jove, Three Saturn with his Ring:
All sing their Maker's Praise, and show his power
In due proportion moving every hour.
Thrice happy they that leaving mandring wayes
Sloe duely walk to their Creator's praise.

[from John Foster's *Almanack* (Boston, 1681)]

Source: *American Poetry of the Seventeenth Century*, The Pennsylvania State University Press (1985), pp. 511



II.

The Unifying Principle

By A. R. Ammons

Ramshackles, archipelagoes, loose constellations
are less fierce, subsidiary centers, with the
attenuations of interstices, roughing the salience,

jarring the outbreak of too insistent commonalty:
a board, for example, not surrendering the rectitude
of its corners, the island of the oaks an

admonishment to pines, underfigurings (as of the Bear)
that take identity on: this motion is against
the grinding oneness of seas, hallows distinction

into the specific: but less lovely, too, for how
is the mass to be amassed, by what sanction
neighbor touch neighbor, island bear resemblance,

how are distinction's hard lines to be dissolved
(and preserved): what may all the people turn to,
the old letters, the shaped, characteristic peak

generations of minds have deflected and kept
a particular tread that sometimes unweaves, taking
more shape on, into dance: much must be



tolerated as out of timbre, out of step, as being not
in its time or mood (the hiatus of the unconcerned)
and much room provided for the wretched to find caves

to ponder way off in: what then can lift the people
and only when they choose to rise or what can make
them want to rise, though business prevents: the

unifying principle will be a
phrase shared, and old cedar long known, general
wind-shapes in a usual sand: those objects single,

single enough to be uninterfering, multiple by
the piling on of shared sight, touch, saying:
when it's found the people live the small wraths of ease.