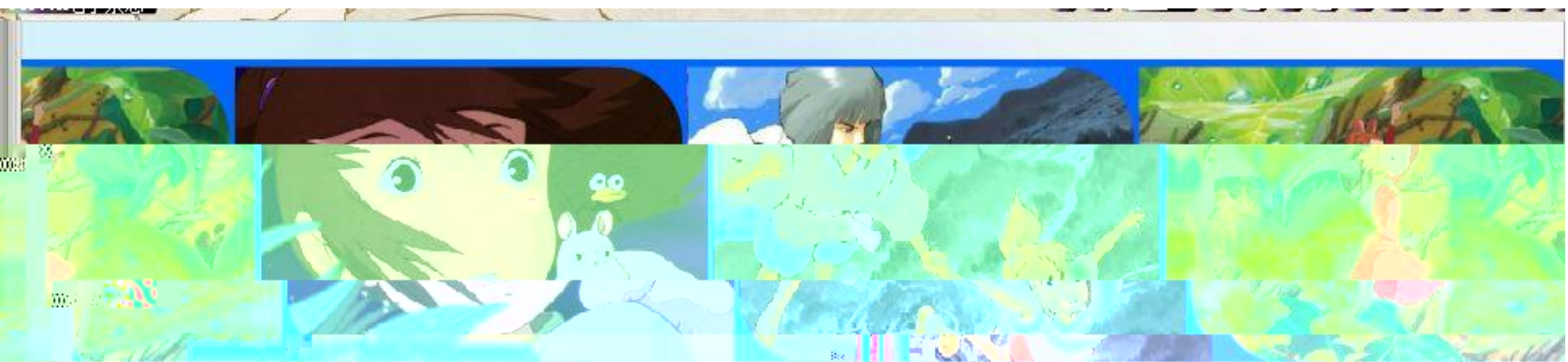






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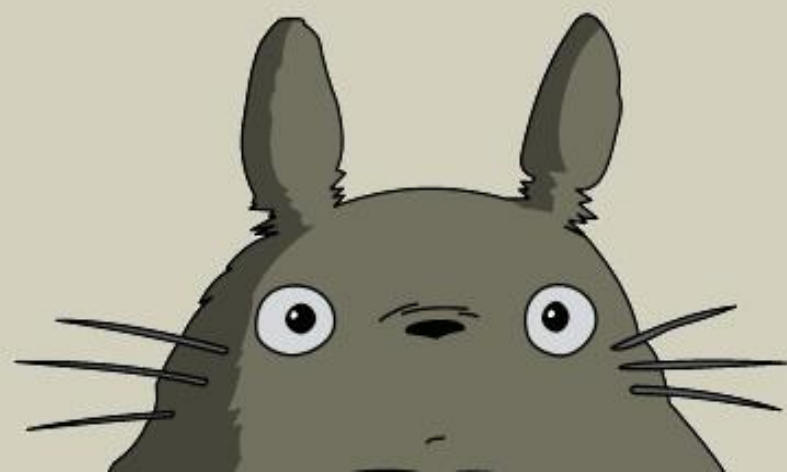
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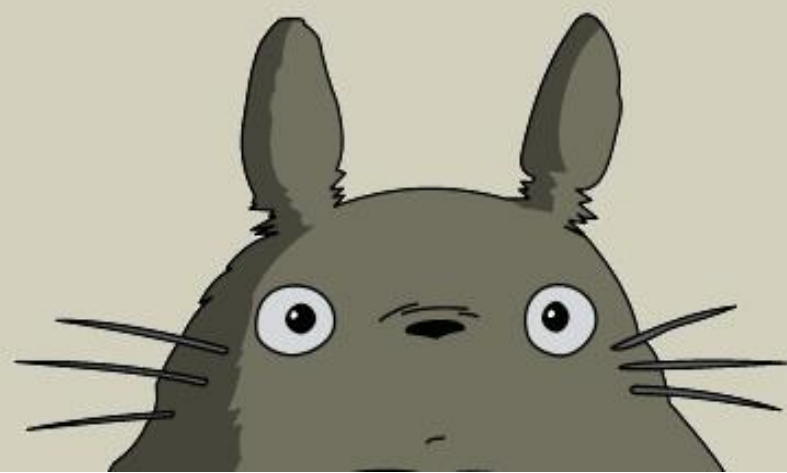
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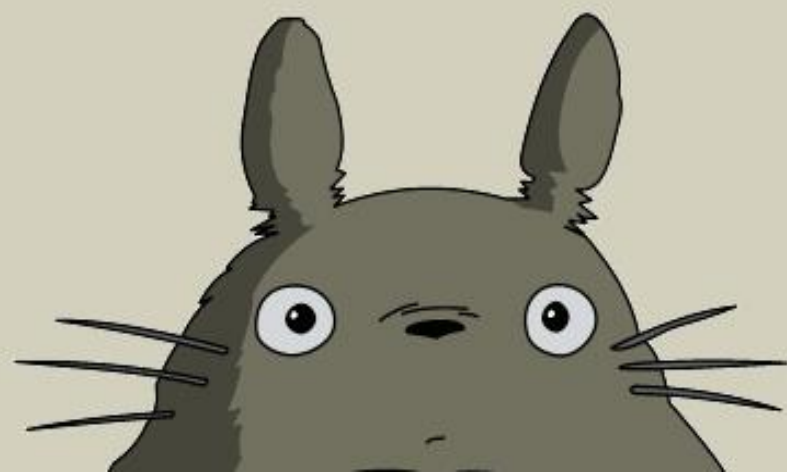
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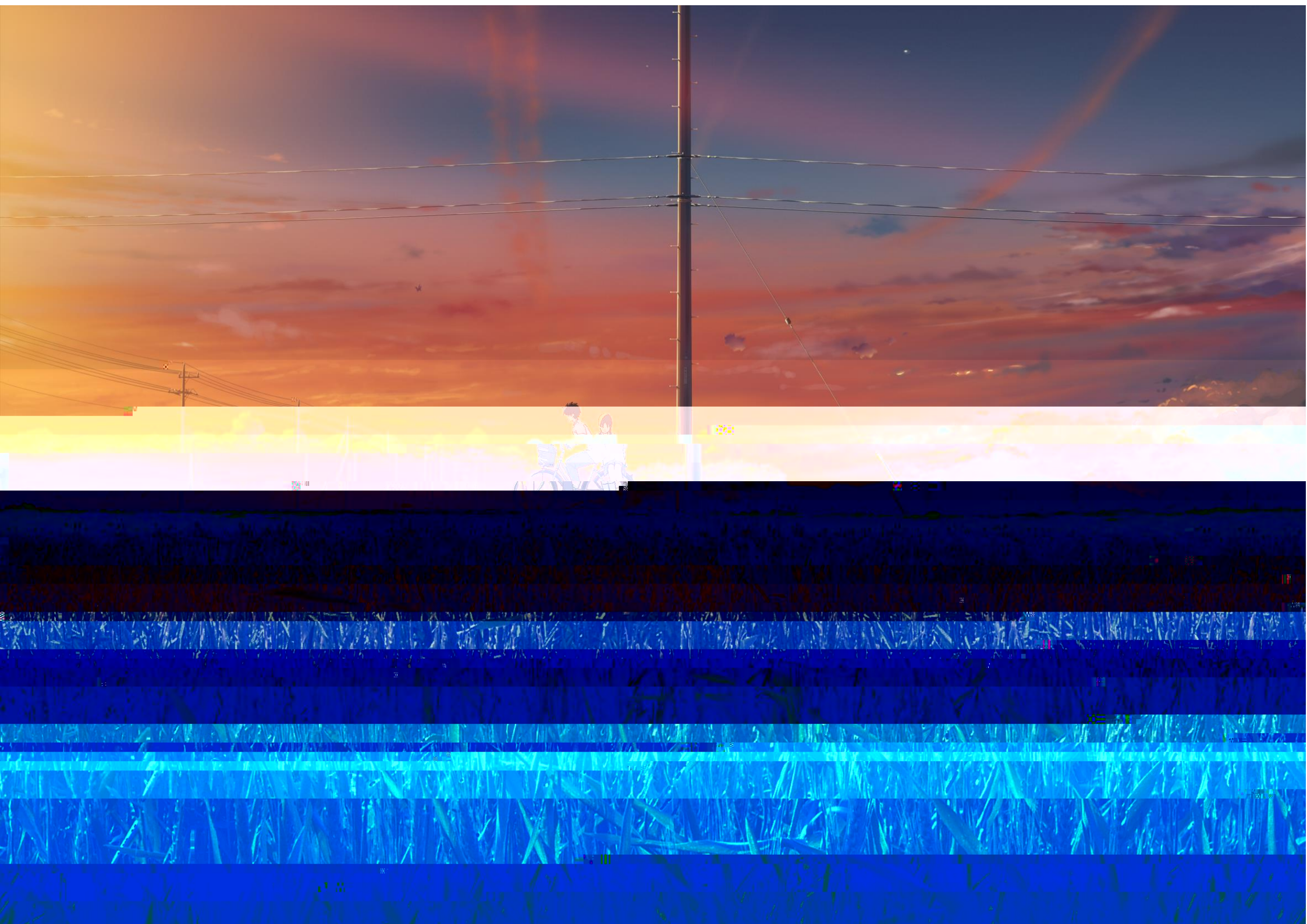






Wilson, Christopher David





*Verde que te quiero verde.
Verde viento. Verdes ramas.
El barco sobre la mar
y el caballo en la monta?a.
Con la sombra en la cintura
ella sue?a en su baranda,
verde carne, pelo verde,
con ojos de fr ? plata.
Verde que te quiero verde.
Bajo la luna gitana,
las cosas le est?n mirando
y ella no puede mirarlas.*

*Verde que te quiero verde.
Grandes estrellas de escarcha,
vienen con el pez de sombra
que abre el camino del alba.
La higuera frota su viento
con la lija de sus ramas,
y el monte, gato gardu?o,
eriza sus pitas agrias.
?Pero qui ?n vendr ?? ?Y por d ?nde...?
Ella sigue en su baranda,
verde carne, pelo verde,
so?ando en la mar amarg*





*Vino el que yo quer á
el que yo llamaba.
No aquel que barre cielos sin defensas.
luceros sin caba?as,
lunas sin patria,
nieves.
Nieves de esas ca ñas de una mano,
un nombre,
un sue?o,
una frente.
No aquel que a sus cabellos
at óla muerte.*

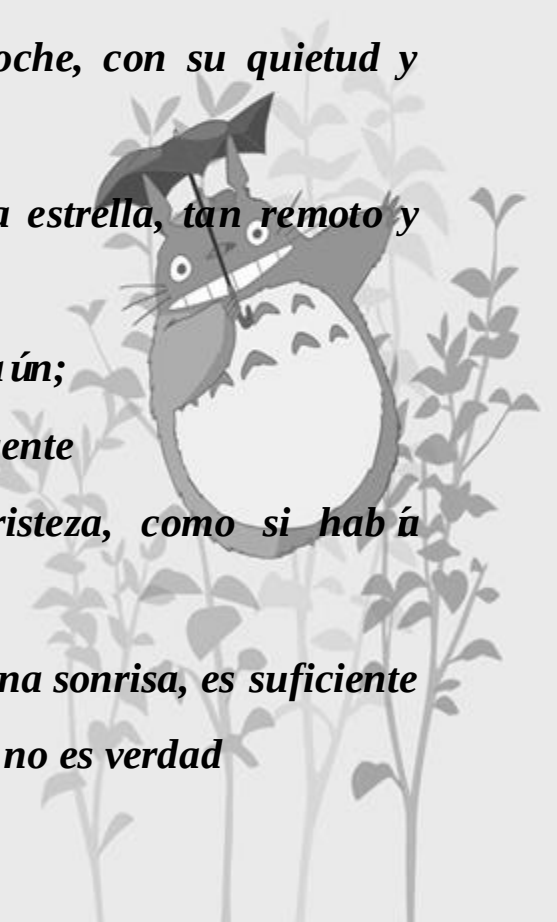
*El que yo quer á.
Sin ara?ar los aires,
sin herir hojas ni mover cristales.
Aquel que a sus cabellos
at óel silencio.
Para sin lastimarme,
cavar una ribera de luz dulce en mi pecho
y hacerme el alma navegable.*





*Me gusta que usted sea a ún
es como a través de usted están ausentes
Y me oyes desde lejos y mi voz no te toca
Parece como a través de sus ojos hab á volado
lejos
Y parece que un beso ha sellado la boca
Como todas las cosas están llenas de mi alma
Su emerge de las cosas, se llenan de mi alma
Usted es como mi alma, una mariposa de los
sue?os
Y usted es como la palabra melancol ú
Me gusta que usted sea a ún;
y le parece muy lejos
Suena como si usted está lamentando, una
mariposa cooing como una paloma
Y me oyes desde lejos,*

*y mi voz no se encuentra
Quiero llegar a ser a ún en su silencio
Y quiero hablar con usted con su silencio
Que es brillante como una lámpara, simple
como un anillo
Ustedes son como la noche, con su quietud y
constelaciones
Su silencio es el de una estrella, tan remoto y
franco
Me gusta que usted sea a ún;
es como si usted está ausente
Distante y sordo de tristeza, como si hab á
muerto
Una palabra entonces, una sonrisa, es suficiente
Y estoy feliz, feliz de que no es verdad*







My parents' divorce was final. The house had been sold and the day had come to move. Thirty years of the family's life was now crammed into the garage. The two-by-fours that ran the length of the walls were the only uniformity among the clutter of boxes, furniture, and memories. All was frozen in limbo between the life just passed and the one to come.

The sunlight pushing its way through the window splattered against a barricade of boxes. Like a fluorescent river, it streamed down the sides and flooded the cracks of the cold, cement floor. I stood in the doorway between the house and garage and wondered if the sunlight would ever again penetrate the memories packed inside those boxes. For an instant, the cardboard boxes appeared as tombstones, monuments to those memories.

The furnace in the corner, with its huge tubular fingers reaching out and disappearing into the wall, was unaware of the futility of trying to warm the empty house. The rhythmical whir of its effort hummed the elegy for the memories boxed in front of me. I closed the door, sat down on the step, and listened reverently. The feeling of loss transformed the bad memories into not-so-bad, the not-so-bad memories into good, and committed the good ones to my mind. Still, I felt as vacant as the house inside.



A workbench to my right stood disgustingly empty. Not so much as a nail had been left behind. I noticed, for the first time, what a dull, lifeless green it was. Lacking the disarray of tools that used to cover it, now it seemed as out of place as a bathtub in the kitchen. In fact, as I scanned the room, the only things that did seem to belong were the cobwebs in the corners.

A group of boxes had been set aside from the others and stacked in front of the workbench. Scrawled like graffiti on the walls of dilapidated buildings were the words "Salvation Army." Those words caught my eyes as effectively as a flashing neon sign. They reeked of irony. "Salvation - was a bit too late for this family," I mumbled sarcastically to myself.

The houseful of furniture that had once been so carefully chosen to complement and blend with the color schemes of the various rooms was indiscriminately crammed together against a single wall. The uncoordinated colors combined in turmoil and lashed out in the greyness of the room.

I suddenly became aware of the coldness of the garage, but I didn't want to go back inside the house, so I made my way through the boxes to the couch. I cleared a space to lie down and curled up, covering myself with my jacket. I hoped my father would return soon with the truck so we could empty the garage and leave the cryptic silence of parting lives behind.



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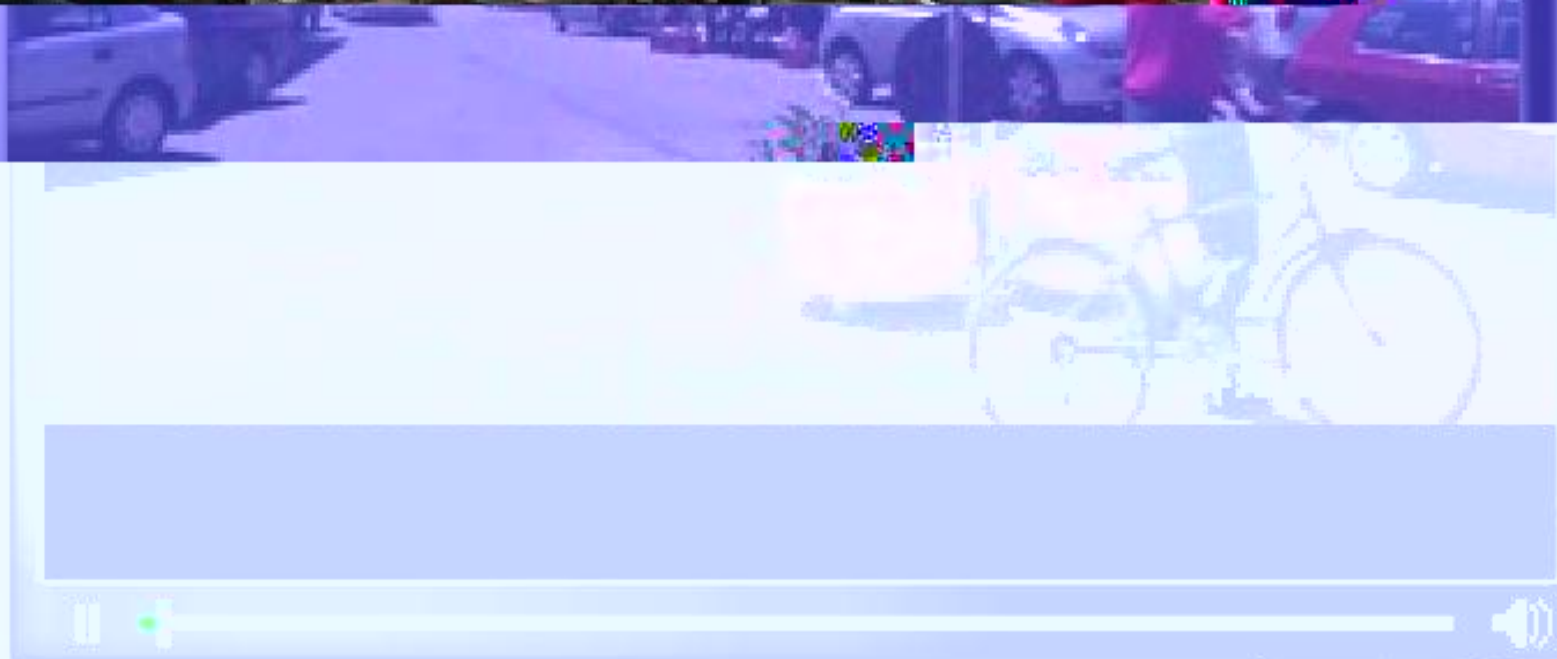
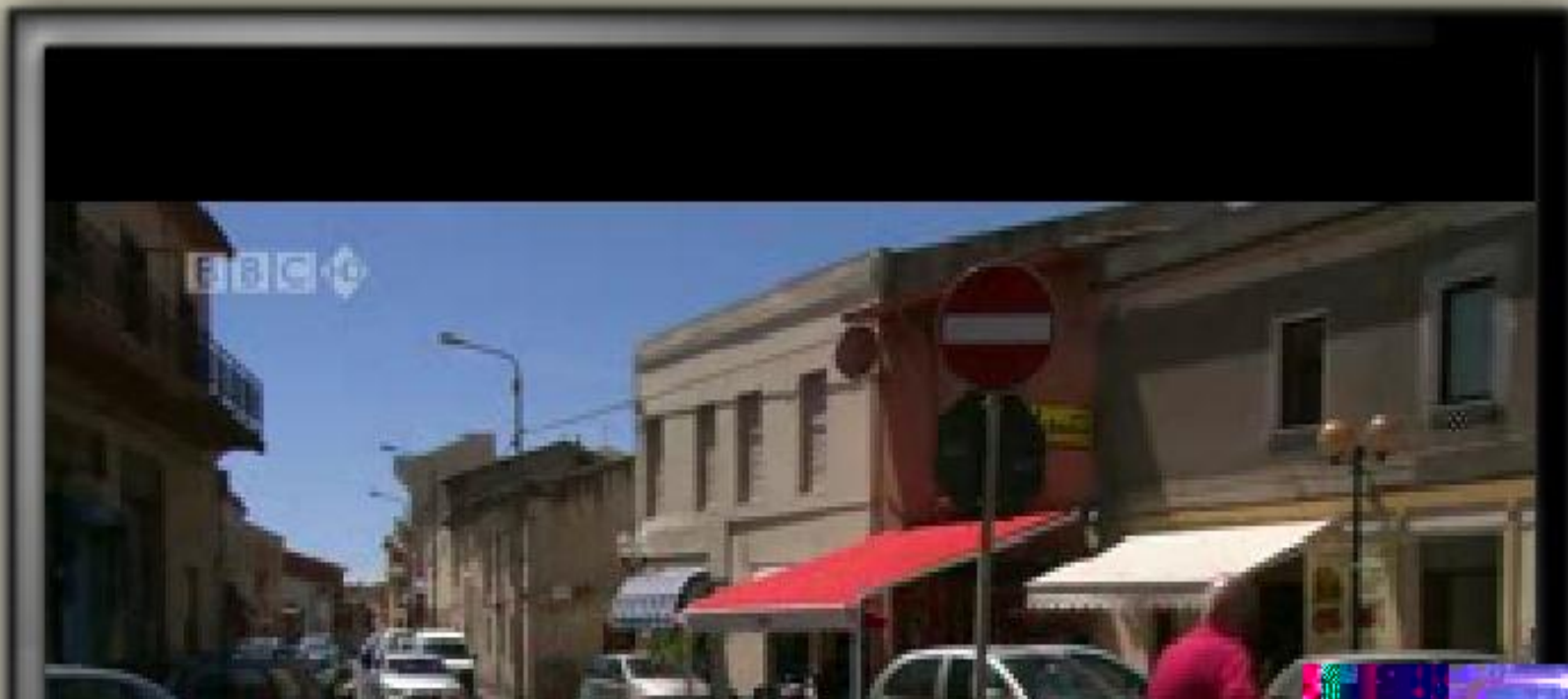
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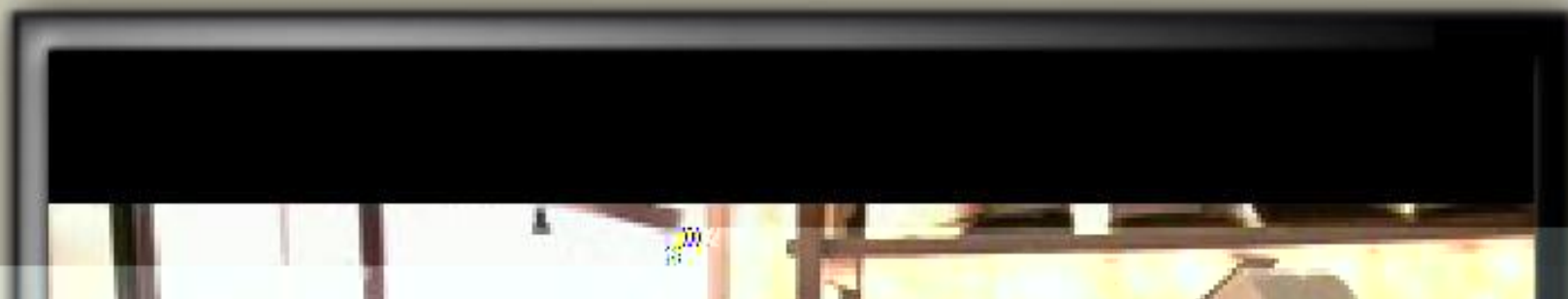
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<http://v.qq.com/page/x/w/e/x012958niwe.html>







Scene one

V Flatcher?

F: have you already dressed up? I have reserved a seat for you at LIZZ. can't wait to see you.

V: I am almost done.

F: don't forget the lipstick I bought you. You must look gorgeous wearing it.

V: see you (mua~~~~wearing it on, hanging out the phone, then, went down.)

F P

P: entering the crime scene.

Scene two

M C Poppy Violet

C: detective Morgan? I am detective Jessy.

M: Jessy Claude. I meant to ask you something when we spoke on the phone before.

C: Yep.

M: Why here ?

C: I don't follow.

M: Well, all these efforts to get transferred. It's the first question that popped into my head. You actually fought to get reassigned here. I've just never seen it done that way before.

C: I thought I could do some good. Look, it would be great if we didn't start out kicking each other in the asses. But you are calling the shots, Lieutenant.

M:Yes. I want you to look, and I want you to listen.

C: I wasn't guarding the Taco Bell. I've worked Homicide five years.

M: Not here.

C: I understand that.

M: For the following days, detective, you'll do me the favor of remembering that. You know, this

town is one with no peace. A few days ago, I got a anonymous call reporting that a girl working in a pharmaceutical factory stole some potassium cyanide, deadly, you know.

M: Yes, this is detective Morgan. Ok, Un-huh, say it again. Now, it's time for you to do some good, let's go.

C You all right?

M: You called me?

Poppy: Yes, sir. I found my sister lying on the ground the minute I came in. I don't know what happened!

M: You think she died from natural causes?

C:Possible. But she was still young.

M(to Poppy): How old is your sister?

P(sad): 26.

P: She was in poor health, especially her heart problem, very serious.

M: Does she have any other relative

P Her husband, Henry Fletcher.

M: Call him to come.

she was quite wealthy.

C:perfectly sound analysis, but I was hoping you'd go deeper.

Flatcher: What happened? Oh, my god! What

M So you are Henry F?

F: It's me. Sir.

M: I am sorry to inform you that your wife has dead.

F: What?! How come?

M can I have a word with you?

F why do you want me to do this?

M: we do not have much time. Mr.F, just do me a favor and we would explain this to you later.

M thank you very much for your cooperation.

P F if you have any new information, please contact us.

F I need to make a phone call.

P: (smiling to F) need my help?

P Fletcher?



F: what?

P: come on, they've already gone. Here is only you and me.

F so?

P: there is no need to pretend any more.

F: pretend what?

F I have to go to the bedroom.

F

P are u over absorbed in this performance P don't!

F What 's wrong?

P: put it down!

F: I don't know what you are talking about. This is just a lipstick.

P: please, I beg you. Put it down.

F: I know this is hard for you. But you have to know that this is nothing more than a lipstick.

Calm down, poppy.

P desperate, no no

F what on earth are you doing? Poppy?

P clear your mouth, right now.

F: but why? Why should I?

P: the lipstick, it is poisonous. Any touch of it can cause deadly result! I killed violet with that.

P: just as we planed.

F as we planned? Are you crazy?

P: you love me, which I am sure. We killed her for our happiness. Now that she is dead, we can finally live happily ever after. But you have to

C I have already recorded all of your conversation.

F: I still don't understand. why? Why did you do this?

P because we love each other deeply, Flatcher. We always do.

F



F what made you become suspicious of her?

M: a colleague from her pharmaceuticals factory reported to me that she stole the poison. Your wife was already drugged when we arrived. She hang on to the deadly lipstick, then I had the idea that might be lipstick. And we found that it is the lipstick, it was poisoned.

F: poisoned?

M: take it easy. The one I gave to you is harmless. The reason why I need you to put up the fake scene is that one lipstick is not enough to charge her. Now that the things are done, thank you very much for your help and cooperation.

F my plan finally worked out. do not blame me. Since your deceased father left you that much money, I cannot get it unless you two girls die. Now, I am the owner of the great fortune. Silly Poppy, she still believes that I love her. I just gave her some fa?ade that I wanted to be only with her. And she went straight to kill you! Granted that, it was me who gave you the lipstick, y



