

獵書者

Frank Dempster Sherman

一杯咖啡，蛋，和麵包入肚
已夠撐他逛整個上午：
全不在意經過的行人阿誰，
他蹣跚的走著眼簾低垂；
他穿著奇異的舊帽和外衣，
顯明那樣式早已經過時；
看來他像是心不在焉，一
踉蹌的步伐，從這邊到那邊。
他對於時髦，光亮櫥窗的店鋪
全然是虛華，一不曾停步瞻顧。
他的思想定在塵封的卷帙
隱埋在發霉的書架那裡。

The Book-Hunter

A cup of coffee, eggs, and rolls
Sustain him on his morning strolls:
Unconscious of the passers-by,
He trudges on with downcast eye;
He wears a queer old hat and coat,
Suggestive of a style remote;
His manner is preoccupied,—
A shambling gait, from side to side.
For him the sleek, bright-windowed shop
Is all in vain,—he does not stop.
His thoughts are fixed on dusty shelves
Where musty volumes hide themselves.
Frank Dempster Sherman, 1885

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