8.1

除架

束薪已零落，
瓠叶转萧疏。
幸结白花了，
宁辞青蔓除。
秋虫声不去，
暮雀意何如。
寒事今牢落，
人生亦有初。

8.2

废畦

秋蔬拥霜露，
岂敢惜凋残。
暮景数枝叶，
天风吹汝寒。
绿霑泥滓尽，
香与岁时闌。
生意春如昨，
悲君白玉盘。
8.1

Taking Down a Trellis

Sticks lashed together are falling apart,
the gourd leaves grow ever more withered and sparse.
Right when the white flowers have done forming fruit,
how can it object that its green vines be removed?
The voices of fall insects have not left it,
what is on the minds of the twilight wrens?
The cold now makes things leafless and bleak—
human life too has its beginnings.¹

8.2

Abandoned Fields

Autumn vegetables, surrounded by frost and dew,
I dare not feel bad about their ruin.
In the evening light I count the leaves on the stalks,
heaven’s winds blow you cold.
The green is gone, soaked in mud and mire,
their fragrance ends with the season of the year.
As for the life in them, spring seems in the past,
and I grieve for my lord’s plate of white jade.

¹ "Overbearing" (Dang 蕩) from the Classic of Poetry: "Heaven bore the teeming folk, / his Charge cannot be trusted. / All have beginnings, / few can keep it to the end" 天生烝民，其命匪諶。靡不有初，鮮克有終. This refers to Heaven’s favor being lost by the royal house of Shang; gourds, like dynasties, begin well and end in ruin.
夕烽

夕烽來不近，
每日報平安。
塞上傳光小，
雲邊落點殘。
照秦通警急，
過隴自艱難。
聞道蓬萊殿，
千門立馬看。

秋笛

清商欲盡奏，
奏苦血霑衣。
他日傷心極，
征人白骨歸。
相逢恐恨過，
故作發聲微。
不見秋雲動，
悲風稍稍飛。
8.3

Evening Beacon Fires

Evening beacon fires come not from nearby, every day they bring word of peace. On the frontiers the lights passed on are small, by the clouds the falling specks fade. Shining in Qin, they communicate emergency, when they pass Long, there are troubles.¹ I have heard that at Penglai Palace by the thousand gates, they stop their horses to look.

8.4

Autumn Flute

If you play the clear shang mode to the utmost,² the playing is so bitter that bloody tears soak your clothes. In other days it pained the heart in the extreme, soldier on campaign, his white bones return. Fearing that anyone here will feel too much rancor, on purpose he plays the notes softly. You do not see autumn clouds stir, as the sad airs fly little by little.

¹ Qinzhou was west of Long. Evidently only beacon fires communicating emergencies were passed along from tower to tower all the way to Chang’an.
² The note shang was associated with sorrow and melancholy.
日暮
日落風亦起，
城頭烏尾訛。
黃雲高未動，
白水已揚波。
羌婦語還哭，
胡兒行且歌。
將軍別換馬，
夜出擁雕戈。

野望
清秋望不極，
迢遞起層陰。
遠水兼天淨，
孤城隱霧深。
葉稀風更落，
山迥日初沈。
獨鶴歸何晚，
昏雅已滿林。
8.5

Twilight

At twilight the winds also rise,
atop the wall crow-tails ruffle.¹
Brown clouds so high they do not stir,
but silvery waters lift their waves.
A Qiang woman talks, then weeps,
a Hu lad walks singing.
The general changes to another horse
and at night goes forth holding an inlaid pike.

8.6

View of the Wilds

I cannot gaze to clear autumn’s full extent,
far in the distance layered shadows rise.
Distant waters, clear and level with sky,
lone city walls are deep, shrouded in fog.
The leaves few, the wind brings more down,
the mountains remote, where the sun just now sinks.
How late the solitary crane returns!—
crows of dusk have already filled the woods.

¹ Although this is what the poet sees, it echoes a Han street verse: “Atop the wall crows, / tails ruffle” 城上鳥，尾畢逋．
空囊

翠柏苦猶食，
明霞朝可餐。
世人共鹵莽，
吾道屬艱難。

不爨井晨凍，
無衣床夜寒。
囊空恐羞澀，
留得一錢看。

病馬

乘爾亦已久，
天寒關塞深。
塵中老盡力，
歲晚病傷心。
毛骨豈殊眾，
馴良猶至今。
物微意不淺，
感動一沈吟。
Empty Purse

8.7

Empty Purse

The azure cypress is bitter, but still is eaten, bright wisps at dawn can make a meal.

Men of this age have all let things run wild, and my way finds itself in hardship.

No wood for the fire, the well frozen at dawn, without robes, bed cold by night.

Fearing shamefaced awkwardness if my purse were empty, I hold on to one copper cash.

8.8

Sick Horse

I have ridden you already a long time now, in cold weather deep in the barrier passes.

In the dust, aging, you used all your strength, now late in the year sickness pains the heart.

Pelt and bone no different from the ordinary, well-trained and docile even now.

The creature insignificant; its meaning, not shallow, I brood long, moved and stirred.

---

1 Cypress seeds were famine food.
2 The cloud wisps were the food of immortals, here used ironically as famine food.
8.9

蕃劍

致此自僻遠，
又非珠玉裝。
如何有奇怪，
每夜吐光芒。
虎氣必騰上，
龍身寧久藏。
風塵苦未息，
持汝奉明王。

8.10

銅瓶

亂後碧井廢，
時清瑤殿深。
銅瓶未失水，
百丈有哀音。
側想美人意，
應悲寒甃沈。
蛟龍半缺落，
猶得折黃金。
8.9

Tibetan Sword

It was brought here from a faraway land, yet not adorned with pearls or jade. How is it that there is some marvel within, every night emitting rays of light? A tiger-temper must leap upward, how can a dragon body stay hidden long?1 Sadly the wind-blown dust does not cease, I will take you in hand to serve my wise prince.

8.10

Bronze Pitcher

After the wars the emerald well was abandoned, in untroubled times it was deep behind marble halls. This bronze pitcher never was cut off from the water, the hundred-yard well-rope made mournful sounds. Indirectly I imagine the fair lady’s state of mind—surely she grieved when it sank below cold well-tiles. The dragons have half fallen off, but it still can bring a price in gold.

1 *Sword-dragon.
8.11

送遠

帶甲滿天地，
胡為君遠行。
親朋盡一哭，
鞍馬去孤城。
草木歲月晚，
關河霜雪清。
別離已昨日，
因見古人情。

8.12

送人從軍

弱水應無地，
陽關已近天。
今君度沙磧，
累月斷人煙。
好武寧論命，
封侯不計年。
馬寒防失道，
雪沒錦鞍韉。
8.11

Seeing Someone Off to a Far Place

Men in armor fill Heaven and Earth,
why then do you travel afar?
Friends and kin all have wept for you,
and your saddled horse leaves the solitary city.
Plants and trees, it is late in the year,
at barriers and rivers the frost and snow will be bright.
Parting was already “just like yesterday”—¹
in this we see the sentiments of the ancients.

8.12

Sending Someone Off into the Army

By the Ruo River I’m sure the land is gone,
Yang Pass is already close to the heavens.²
Now you will cross the deserts,
for months on end cut off from the smoke of dwellings.
Lover of war, how can your fate concern you?—
no reckoning the years until you will be enfeoffed.³
Your horse, cold, will prevent you from losing the way,⁴
the snows swallow up your brocade saddle-cloth.

¹ Du Fu is alluding to a line in Jiang Yan’s (444–505) “Ancient Parting”: “It seems like yesterday I saw you off” 送君如昨日.
² Both the Ruo River and Yang Pass were in the Longyou Circuit and represent going off into the frontier.
³ Enfeoffment was the speculative reward of those who served with distinction in the Central Asian campaigns. In Tang practice this actually meant receiving an office.
⁴ Duke Huan of Qi lost his way when returning from a campaign and made it back by letting his horse follow its instincts.
8.13

示姪佐

多病秋風落，
君來慰眼前。
自聞茅屋趣，
只想竹林眠。
滿谷山雲起，
侵籬澗水懸。
嗣宗諸子姪，
早覺仲容賢。

8.14–16

佐還山後寄三首

1

山晚浮雲合，
歸時恐路迷。
澗寒人欲到，
村黑鳥應棲。
野客茅茨小，
田家樹木低。
Du Fu had a “nephew” (a member of the extended family belonging to a younger generation) living near Qinzhou, whom he hoped to rely on for support.

8.13

To My Nephew Zuo

I was very sick as the autumn wind was waning, you came to console me with your presence. Since I heard of the enticements of your reed-thatched house, all I can do is fancy resting there in the bamboo grove. Mountain clouds rise, filling the valley, soaking your hedge, a stream hangs in a little falls. Of all the children and nephews of Ruan Ji it was early recognized that Zhongrong was most worthy.

Du Fu’s unsubtle suggestion that he, along with his wife, children, and servants, move in with Du Zuo clearly fell on deaf ears (ears no doubt further deafened by Du Fu’s suggestion that what he wants is to lie around in Du Zuo’s bamboo grove). Du Zuo seems to have promised grain, which was not forthcoming.

8.14–16

Sent after Du Zuo Returned to the Mountains

I
Late in the mountains the drifting clouds merge, I fear you will lose your way in return. Where the torrent runs cold you have almost made it, the village is black, birds have surely roosted. Sojourner in wilderness, thatched cottage small, a farming home where trees are low.

1 Original note: “Zuo’s thatched cottage is in Eastern Bough Valley” 佐草堂在東柯谷.
2 Zhongrong was the courtesy name of Ruan Xian, the nephew of *Ruan Ji, also one of the Seven Sages of the Bamboo Grove, here representing Du Zuo.
佐還山後寄三首

舊諳疏懶叔，
須汝故相攜。

II

白露黃粱熟，
分張素有期。
已應舂得細，
頗覺寄來遲。
味豈同金菊，
香宜配緑葵。
老人他日愛，
正想滑流匙。

III

幾道泉澆圃，
交橫落幔坡。
葳蕤秋葉少，
隱映野雲多。
隔沼連香芰，
通林帶女蘿。
甚聞霜薤白，
重惠意如何。
Long have you known your careless, lazy uncle well,
I need you now particularly to take my hand.

II

With the white dew, the yellow millet is ripe,¹
you earlier promised to give me a portion.
I’m sure it’s been pounded fine already,
I really feel that you’ve been slow to send it.
In flavor hardly the same as yellow chrysanthemum,
a fragrance fit to be matched with green mallow.
This old man loved it in former days,
now I imagine it smooth and runny on my spoon.

III

In several channels a spring irrigates your garden,
crisscrossing, they fall through the screened slope.²
Drooping down, the autumn leaves grow few,
wilderness clouds many, casting shadow, then bright.
Across the pond stretch fragrant water-nuts,
the woods are spread throughout with hanging moss.³
I’ve heard much about how white your frosty chives are—
what do you think about gracing me with those as well?

1 White dew was the sign of the ninth lunar month, the last of autumn.
2 This is uncertain, but probably a light cloth covering to keep birds out of the fields.
3 Usnea longissima, which can be boiled and eaten.
8.17

從人覓小猢猻許寄

人說南州路，
山猿樹樹懸。
舉家聞若駭，
為寄小如拳。
預哂愁胡面，
初調見馬鞭。
許求聰慧者，
童稚捧應癡。

8.18

秋日阮隱居致薤三十束

隱者柴門內，
畦蔬繞舍秋。
盈筐承露薤，
不待致書求。
束比青鬚色，
圓齊玉箸頭。
衰年關鬲冷，
味暖併無憂。
8.17

I Tried to Get a “Hu Monkey” from Someone and He Promised to Send Me One

People say that on the roads in southern regions mountain gibbons hang in every tree. The whole family was shocked hearing this, and you will send me one as small as a fist. I anticipate smiling at its face like a sad Hu, I’ll first train it to see the horse-whip.¹ You promised to find me a clever one, my children will go wild holding it.

8.18

On a Autumn Day the Recluse Ruan Brings Thirty Bunches of Chives

Inside the recluse’s ramshackle gate garden vegetables turn autumn around the house. A basket full of chives soaked with dew, didn’t wait for me to send a letter asking. Tied in bunches they compare to green hay’s color, rounded, even with the tips of jade chopsticks. In my waning years, my viscera are cold, they taste warm, and I have no more worries.²

¹ The interpretation of this line is uncertain.
² In Chinese materia medica Chinese chives are a “warm” food.
8.19

秦州見詔目薛三璩授司議郎，畢四曜除監察。與二子有故，遠喜遷官，兼述索居，凡三十韻

大雅何寥閼，
斯人尚典刑。
交期余潦倒，
4 材力爾精靈。
二子聲同日，
諸生困一經。
文章開突奧，
8 遷擢潤朝廷。
舊好何由展，
新詩更憶聽。
別來頭併白，
12 相見眼終青。
伊昔貧皆甚，
同憂歲不寧。
棲遑分半菽，
16 浩蕩逐流萍。
俗態猶猜忌，
妖氛忽杳冥。
At Qinzhou I Saw the List in an Edict

At Qinzhou I Saw the List in an Edict in Which Xue Ju (3) Was Made Remonstrating Secretary and Bi Yao (4) Took Investigating Censor. I Have Old Association with Both of These Men, and from Afar I Am Delighted in Their Transfers. I Also Give an Account of My Simple Life: In All Thirty Couplets.

The Great Odes are lost in the distance, but such men as these are still canonical models. When we were in contact, I was too unrestrained, while you had spiritual energy in talent’s power. You two became famous on the very same day; common scholars are trapped in a single Classic. Your compositions reveal the secret recesses, your promotions lend a luster to the court. How can I express our former good relations?—again I recall listening to your recent poems. Since we parted, the hair of us all has whitened, when we meet, may you ever show your eye-pupils. In the past we were all extremely poor, jointly worried that these years were not tranquil. Sharing meals half of beans, we wandered restlessly, swept along, we went with the drifting duckweed. Ordinary people still behaved with distrust and dislike, demonic vapors all at once blurred everything.

---

1 Du Fu is referring to himself and his narrowness.
2 A demonstration of respect and friendship. *Ruan Ji.
3 The outbreak of the An Lushan Rebellion.
獨慚投漢閣，
俱議哭秦庭。
還蜀祇無補，
囚梁亦固扃。
華夷相混合，
宇宙一膻腥。
帝力收三統，
天威總四溟。
舊都俄望幸，
清廟肅惟馨。
雜種雖高壁，
長驅甚建瓴。
焚香淑景殿，
漲水望雲亭。
法駕初還日，
群公若會星。
宮臣仍點染，
柱史正零丁。
I alone am ashamed to have jumped from the tower of Han,¹
we all discussed weeping in the courtyard of Qin.²
I returned to Shu, but was simply of no help,³
you were imprisoned in Liang, and locked up fast.⁴
Chinese and barbarian were mixed together,
the whole universe had a uniform stench.
The emperor’s power brought in the “three calendars,”⁵
Heaven’s majesty united the sea-girt world.
The former capital expected the emperor’s arrival soon,
the pure ancestral temple was solemn and fragrant.
Though those half-breeds had high walls,
we galloped on, more forceful than a pitcher of water on a roof.⁶
Burning incense in Pure Light Basilica,
brimming waters at Cloud-gazing Pavilion.
The day when the imperial coach first returned
the crowds of gentlemen were like gathered stars.
The palace official was still tainted,⁷
the censor had then fallen into isolation.⁸

---

¹ Suspecting that Wang Mang’s agents had come to arrest him, the great Han intellectual *Yang Xiong jumped from an upper storey of the palace library to avoid them and seriously injured himself. Qiu takes this as referring to Du Fu trapped in rebel-occupied Chang’an.

² After Wu Zixu led the Wu army and took the Chu capital of Ying, Baoxu of Shen wept for seven days in the courtyard of the Qin palace, until the ruler agreed to send an army and save Chu. Qiu takes this as Suzong requesting help from the Uighurs.

³ During the Three Kingdoms period when the Shu general Huang Quan surrendered to Wei, he explained that he couldn't surrender to Wu and there was no way back to Shu. Du Fu speaks of himself as finding a way “back to Shu”; that is, joining Suzong’s court.

⁴ The Western Han writer Zou Yang was imprisoned in Liang. This refers to Xue Ju and Bi Yao being taken prisoner by An Lushan.

⁵ A ruler was supposed to understand the three beginnings of the calendar, representing the ancient dynasties of Xia, Shang, and Zhou, corresponding to man, earth, and heaven. In other words, Suzong got the universe under correct ritual control.

⁶ A pitcher of water spilling from a roof was a figure for irresistible force.

⁷ Xue Ju, tainted by having been with An Lushan.

⁸ Bi Yao.
官忝趨棲鳳，
朝回歎聚螢。
喚人看驥裘，
不嫁惜娉婷。
掘劍知埋獄，
提刀見發硎。
侏儒應共飽，
漁父忌偏醒。
旅泊窮清渭，
長吟望濁涇。
羽書還似急，
烽火未全停。
師老資殘寇，
戎生及近坰。
忠臣辭憤激，
烈士涕飄零。
上將盈邊鄙，
元勳溢鼎銘。
仰思調玉燭，
誰定握青萍。
Unworthy of my post, I hurried past Roosting Phoenix Tower, back from court, I sighed about your gathering glowworms.\(^1\) I called people to look at these Yaoniao steeds,\(^2\) not married, I pitied your grace and charm.\(^3\)

They dug up the sword, knowing it was buried by the prison,\(^4\) when the knife was lifted, it was fresh from the whetstone.

Those dwarves there surely all ate their fill, the fisherman hated the one who was singularly sober.\(^5\)

Journeying along, I went all the way up the clear Wei,\(^6\) chanting long, I gazed at the turbid Jing.\(^7\)

Winged dispatches again seem urgent, beacon fires have not entirely stopped.

Our army ages, lending force to remaining rebels, the Rong live on, reaching the near suburbs.\(^8\)

Loyal officials are outraged in their words, brave soldiers stream with tears.

Top generals fill the frontiers, supreme merit floods tripod inscriptions.\(^9\)

I yearn for someone to harmonize the jade candle,\(^10\) who will decide to grasp Green Duckweed?\(^11\)

---

1 That is, he sighs at their poverty. *Ju Yin.
2 A famous horse, here a figure for Xue and Bi.
3 Marriage here is a figure for being brought into government.
4 *Sword-dragon.
5 In “The Fisherman,” the poet Qu Yuan encountered a fisherman who advised him to go with the times and be sullied; Qu Yuan preferred to maintain his purity, saying “All the world is drunk, and I alone am sober.” This refers to others in court despising Xue Ju and Bi Yao, who maintain their principles.
6 Referring to his move to Qinzhou, near the head of the Wei River.
7 The Wei was supposed to be a clear river, as opposed to the muddy Jing. Here the Jing stands for Chang’an.
8 This refers to Shi Siming, a Turk. After breaking the siege of Yê, Shi Siming crossed the Yellow River and attacked Luoyang.
9 That is, officials are taking credit for accomplishments while the rebellion continues.
10 The “jade candle” represents the four seasons moving in harmony and hence, a world at peace.
11 Green Duckweed was a sword of antiquity. Du Fu is asking who will take a sword and end the rebellion?
隴俗輕鸚鵡，
原情類鶺鴒。
秋風動關塞，
高臥想儀形。

寄彭州高三十五使君適虢州岑二十七長史參三十韻

故人何寂寞，
今我獨淒涼。
老去才雖盡，
秋來興甚長。
物情尤可見，
辭客未能忘。
海內知名士，
雲端各異方。
高岑殊緩步，
沈鮑得同行。
The ways of Long despise parrots,\textsuperscript{1}
my feelings of the plain are as for the wagtails.\textsuperscript{2}
The autumn wind stirs the frontier passes,
I rest aloof, imagining your appearance.

\textit{Du Fu has many poems from Qinzhou written for the sake of poetry, but he also has many poems doing the social “business of poetry,” which was particularly urgent at this juncture because he had no means of support. He writes to Du Zuo asking to be taken in; and when that doesn’t work, he asks for millet and chives. On a different level, reading of the promotions of Xue Ju and Bi Yao, he writes to them reminding them that he spoke on their behalf when he was in court and they were out of favor.}

8.20

To Gao Shi (35), Prefect of Pengzhou, and Cen Shen (27), Aide in Guozhou: Thirty Couplets\textsuperscript{3}

What dreary silence from my old friends,
I now feel especially lonely and isolated.
Though my talent is used up as I get old,
when autumn comes, my inspiration grows remarkably.
I can see quite well how things go,
but I cannot forget these poets.
Well-known gentlemen in this sea-girt world,
at clouds’ edge, each in a different place.\textsuperscript{4}
Gao and Cen proceed with a most relaxed gait,\textsuperscript{5}
Shen and Bao find those of the same level.\textsuperscript{6}

\textsuperscript{1} Referring to *Mi Heng’s “Parrot Fu,” in which the parrot is a figure of one with literary talents. Qinzhou is in the Long region.
\textsuperscript{2} “Wagtails.
\textsuperscript{3} Original note: “At the time I was suffering from malaria” 時患瘧病.
\textsuperscript{4} “Clouds’ edge” may refer to Gao’s and Cen’s success or the distance of their appointments.
\textsuperscript{5} Referring to their confidence in poetic composition.
\textsuperscript{6} The fifth-century poets Bao Zhao and Shen Yue (441–513).
寄彭州高三十五使君適虢州岑二十七長史參三十韻

意愜關飛動，
篇終接混茫。
舉天悲富駱，
近代惜盧王。
似爾官仍貴，
前賢命可傷。
諸侯非棄擲，
半刺已翱翔。
詩好幾時見，
書成無信將。
男兒行處是，
客子鬥身強。
羈旅推賢聖，
沈綿抵咎殃。
三年猶瘧疾，
一鬼不銷亡。
隔日搜脂髓，
增寒抱雪霜。
徒然潛隙地，
有覯屢鮮妝。
何太龍鍾極，
于今出處妨。
無錢居帝里，
盡室在邊疆。
When their mood is content, they consider flying into motion,\(^1\)
when a piece concludes, it joins primal chaos.
All the world laments Fu Jiamo and Luo Binwang,
recent times regret the loss of Lu Zhaolin and Wang Bo.\(^2\)
The likes of you have noble offices,
but the fate of such former worthies can cause pain.
A regional lord is not a rejected man,\(^3\)
“half a prefect” has already taken wing.\(^4\)
When will I see your fine poems?—
a letter is done but there is no messenger to take it.
For a true man wherever he goes is fine,
the traveler does his best to stay strong of body.
On my journeys I commend wise men and sages,\(^5\)
laid up by illness, I run up against disaster.
After three years I still suffer from malaria,
that one demon will not vanish away.
Every other day it seeks out my fat and marrow,
as the cold increases, I clasp frost and snow.
All in vain I hide out in some remote crack,
shamefaced, I often put on fresh make-up.\(^6\)
In such an extreme of wasting away
I am now blocked from both serving and reclusion.
I have no money to live in the imperial city,
the whole household is here on the frontier.

---

\(^1\) That is, composing a poem.
\(^2\) Fu Jiamo, Luo Binwang, Lu Zhaolin, and Wang Bo were all poets of the second half of the seventh century.
\(^3\) Gao Shi. Prefects were commonly figured as “regional lords,” the high nobility of the local domains of antiquity.
\(^4\) Cen Shen. Administrative aides were called “half a prefect.”
\(^5\) Confucius and Mencius.
\(^6\) People put on make-up and hid away to escape the malaria demon.
劉表雖遺恨，
龐公至死藏。
心微傍魚鳥，
肉瘦怯豺狼。
隴草蕭蕭白，
洮雲片片黃。
彭門劍閣外，
虢略鼎湖旁。
荊玉簪頭冷，
巴箋染翰光。
烏麻蒸織臘，
丹橘露應嘗。
豈異神仙宅，
俱兼山水鄉。
竹齋燒藥竈，
花嶼讀書床。
更得清新否，
遙知對屬忙。
舊官寧改漢，
淳俗本歸唐。
濟世宜公等，
安貧亦士常。
蚩尤終戮辱，
胡羯漫猖狂。
Although Liu Biao had lingering regret,
36 Pang Degong hid out until he died.¹
My heart is secluded, companion of birds and fish,
my flesh is gaunt, fearful of wolves and jackals.
Longyou’s grasses, white in the whistling wind,
the Tao River’s clouds are each one yellow.
Peng Gate Mountain lies past Sword Tower,²
Guolue is beside Tripod Lake.³
One with Jing Mountain’s jade, cold in hairpins,
44 the other with Ba notepaper, the dipped brush gleams.
One with black sesame, steamed and then dried,
the other with reddish tangerines that just now can be tasted with dew.
How are they different from lodgings of gods and immortals?—
48 both are lands with mountains conjoined with waters.
A studio in bamboo, a stove to burn medicines,
flowering isles, a couch for reading.
Have you gotten any more clear and fresh verses?—
52 from afar I know how busy you are making parallel lines.
Your old office has not changed since Han times;⁴
pure customs have ever been attributed to Tang.⁵
Saving the age is right for you and your sort,
56 contentment in poverty is also a gentleman’s constant.
Chiyou was at last brought low and killed,⁶
the Hu and Jie have run wild in vain.

¹ *Pang Degong.
² In Sichuan, where Gao Shi is stationed.
³ In He’nan, where Cen Shen is stationed.
⁴ Gao Shi’s office as prefect.
⁵ Cen Shen’s post in Guozhou, ancient domain of Tang, whose famous purity of customs was due to its establishment by the sage-king Yao.
⁶ Chiyou was the rebel against the Yellow Emperor; here he stands for An Lushan.
寄岳州賈司馬六丈巴州嚴八使君兩閣老五十韻

衡嶽啼猿里，
巴州鳥道邊。
故人俱不利，
謫宦兩悠然。
開闢乾坤正，
榮枯雨露偏。
長沙才子遠，
釣瀨客星懸。
憶昨趨行殿，
殷憂捧御筵。
討胡愁李廣，
奉使待張騫。
無復雲臺仗，
虛修水戰船。
蒼茫城七十，
流落劍三千。
I will wait until the demon vapors are stilled,
for the time being I’ll wrap up grain to go discuss literature.¹

8.21

Sent to the Two Gentlemen of the Ministries, Jia Zhi (6), Vice Prefect of Yuezhou, and Yan Wu (8), Prefect of Bazhou: Fifty Couplets

From within the gibbons’ crying on Marchmount Heng,
to beside the bird-paths in Bazhou,
old friends, neither have prospered,
banished officials, both far in the distance.
A work of founding, Heaven and Earth set right,²
some flourish, some wither, rain and dew partial.³
The man of talent lies far off in Changsha,⁴
fishing the rapids, the wandering star remote.⁵
I recall hurrying through the temporary palace,
with heavy cares I served the imperial mat.
Punishing the Hu, we worried our Li Guang,⁶
we waited for a Zhang Qian to undertake a mission.⁷
The guardsmen on Cloud Terrace were no more,
boats for naval battle were built in vain.⁸
Lost in a blur, seventy cities,⁹
fled or fallen, three thousand swordsmen.¹⁰

¹ That is, he will go on a journey to visit them.
² Referring to the restoration under Suzong.
³ That is, imperial grace.
⁴ *Jia Yi. This refers to Jia Zhi.
⁵ *Yan Guang. This refers to Yan Wu.
⁶ *Li Guang, here standing for a top Tang general.
⁷ *Zhang Qian. Here Zhang Qian probably stands for an ambassador to Tibet or to the Uighurs.
⁸ This refers to the naval maneuvers conducted by Han Wudi in Kunming Pool.
⁹ These were the seventy cities of Qi taken by the Warring States Yan general Yue Yi. Here it refers to the loss of northeastern territory to the rebel forces.
¹⁰ These were the retainers of King Wen of Zhao in the Warring States. Here they stand for the imperial army.
畫角吹秦晉，
旄頭俯澗瀍。
小儒輕董卓，
有識笑苻堅。
浪作禽填海，
那將血射天。
萬方思助順，
一鼓氣無前。
陰散陳倉北，
晴曛太白巔。
亂麻屍積衛，
破竹勢臨燕。
法駕還雙闕，
王師下八川。
此時沾奉引，
佳氣拂周旋。
貔虎開金甲，
麒麟受玉鞭。
侍臣諳入仗，
厩馬解登仙。
Painted bugles blew in Qin and Jin,
the Fur Standard looked down on the Jian and Chan.¹
The minor scholar had contempt for Dong Zhuo,²
those with understanding mocked Fu Jian.³
Rashly he acted as that bird that would fill the sea,⁴
how could he take blood as shooting Heaven?⁵
Ten thousand regions longed to help and serve,
once stirred, nothing stood up against their energy.
Shadow dispersed north of Chencang,
clear skies cast sunset glow on the summit of Taibai.⁶
Corpses, tangled as hemp, were stacked at Wei,⁷
our momentum, like splitting bamboo, looked out on Yan.⁸
The imperial coach returned to the paired palace gates,
the royal army descended on the eight rivers.⁹
At this time I was graced to serve and lead him in,
an auspicious aura swept all around.
Leopard and tiger troops took off their metal armor,
unicorn steeds received the jade horse-whip.¹⁰
Attendant officials were familiar with court array,
his stabled horses understood how to become immortal.

¹ The Fur Standard was a constellation associated with the Hu, hence invasion. The Jian and Chan are two rivers near Luoyang.
² Dong Zhuo was the warlord at the end of the Han, here standing for An Lushan.
³ Fu Jian was the ruler of the Former Qin in the North in the fourth century. He intended to defeat the Eastern Jin but failed.
⁴ The Red Emperor’s daughter drowned in the ocean and was transformed into the jingwei bird, who took rocks and twigs and dropped them in the sea, with the intention of filling it up. An Lushan’s rebellion is taken as such an impossible venture.
⁵ The Shang king Wuyi once filled a leather sack with blood, hung it up and shot at it, claiming he was shooting Heaven.
⁶ Chencang refers to Suzong’s headquarters at Fengxiang; Mount Taibai was also in the district.
⁷ Weizhou, where Guo Ziyi inflicted a major defeat on the rebels in 758.
⁸ An old figure for the momentum of an army: after you cut through a few joints, bamboo splits easily. The old state of Yan was An Lushan’s base.
⁹ The eight rivers mark the capital region.
¹⁰ The imperial coach.
寄岳州賈司馬六丈巴州嚴八使君兩閣老五十韻

花動朱樓雪，
城凝碧樹煙。
衣冠心慘愴，
故老淚潺湲。

哭廟悲風急，
朝正霽景鮮。
月分梁漢米，
春得水衡錢。

內蕊繁於缬，
宮莎軟勝綿。
恩榮同拜手，
出入最隨肩。

晚著華堂醉，
寒重繡被眠。
爨齊兼秉燭，
書枉滿懷箋。

每覺昇元輔，
深期列大賢。
秉鈞方咫尺，
鍛翮再聯翩。

禁掖朋從改，
微班性命全。
青蒲甘受戮，
白髪竟誰憐。
Flowers stirred as snow on crimson towers,
the city held a mist in emerald trees.
Officials in caps and gowns were grieved at heart,
the tears of oldsters fell in streams.
Weeping at the ancestral temple, mournful winds blew hard,
at the New Year’s court gathering bright skies were fresh.¹
Their monthly portion, grain from Liang and Hanzhong,
in spring they got Treasury cash.²
Inner court petals, more abundant than silk-knot flowers,
palace sedge, in softness outdoing cotton.
Basking together in grace, we all bowed with folded hands,
in palace service, we went shoulder to shoulder the most.
Afternoons we loved to get drunk in splendid halls,
in the cold we repeatedly slept under embroidered quilts.
We rode bridle to bridle, candles taken in hand as well,³
you went out of your way to send notes filled with feeling.
I always sensed you would be promoted to the highest offices,
and deeply anticipated you would be ranked as great worthies.
Grasping the Potter’s Wheel was only a foot away,⁴
then wings were clipped each in quick succession.
At palace side-gates friends and associates changed,
my life was preserved in a minor rank.
At the green rush mat I was willing to be executed,⁵
in the end no one felt sorry for this white hair.

¹ This is the gathering of local officials in court for the New Year.
² This was money minted for the imperial household, named after the office in the Han that was in charge of its production.
³ The bridles suggest daytime excursions; the candles in hand suggest extending merrymaking into the night.
⁴ The Potter’s Wheel is like English “the reins of government.”
⁵ When Shi Dan heard that Han Yuandi was going to remove his Crown Prince, he went to the “green rushes,” the inner court mat for the emperor, and wept remonstrating. Du Fu is referring to his support for Fang Guan.
寄岳州賈司馬六丈巴州嚴八使君兩閣老五十韻

弟子貧原憲，
諸生老伏虔。師資謙未達，
鄉黨敬何先。舊好腸堪斷，
新愁眼欲穿。翠乾危棧竹，
紅膩小湖蓮。賈筆論孤憤，
嚴詩賦幾篇。定知深意苦，
莫使眾人傳。貝錦無停織，
朱絲有斷弦。浦鷗防碎首，
霜鶻不空拳。地僻昏炎瘴，
山稠隘石泉。且將棋度日，
應用酒為年。典郡終微眇，
治中實棄捐。安排求傲吏，
比興展歸田。
Among the disciples the poorest was Yuan Xian,1
of the Confucians the oldest was Fu Qian.2
I humbly allow that I’ve never achieved being a teacher,
why did my fellow townsmen put me first in respect?
The plight of old friends can break my heart,
a new sorrow as the eyes want to see through to them.
From the bamboo, azure dry, of perilous plankways,3
to the lotus of the small lake, red and glossy.
Jia’s brush must deliberate his solitary rage,
while how many new poems has Yan composed?
I know well the bitterness of your deep thoughts,
don’t let just anyone pass them around.
Cowrie-like brocade, the weaving never stops,4
crimson thread, sometimes the bowstring snaps.5
Though gulls on the shore guard against having their heads shattered,
the frost hawk does not let its talons go empty.
One place is remote, darkened by fiery miasma,6
in the other mountains are thick, blocking rocky streams.7
For the while play chess to pass the days,
you should use ale for the passing years.
Governing a commandery is in the end insignificant,
a prefect’s Assistant is truly being cast away.
At peace with change, seek to be that proud clerk,8
in your metaphors and images display return to your fields.

1 One of Confucius’s disciples.
2 The ninety-year-old Fu Sheng, a Western Han scholar of the Classic of Documents, is intended.
3 The wooden walkways that characterized the mountain roads to Sichuan.
4 This figure, from the Classic of Poetry, refers to others fabricating slander.
5 From a Bao Zhao poem, the thread is an image of what is straight or upright.
6 Yuezhou, where Jia Zhi is.
7 Ba, where Yan Wu is.
8 Zhuang Zhou (Zhuangzi).
寄張十二山人彪三十韻

去去才難得，
蒼蒼理又玄。
古人稱逝矣，
吾道卜終焉。
隴外翻投跡，
漁陽復控弦。
笑為妻子累，
甘與歳時遷。 
親故行稀少，
兵戈動接聯。
他鄉饒夢寐，
失侶自迍邅。
多病加淹泊，
長吟阻靜便。
如公盡雄俊，
志在必騰騖。

8.22

寄張十二山人彪三十韻

獨臥嵩陽客，
三違潁水春。
艱難隨老母，
慘澹向時人。
You, with talents hard to find, go farther and farther, 
the reasons of gray Heaven are even more mysterious. 
The ancient declared “I’ll be off!”

I divine that my way will end here. 
But I’ll make tracks to beyond Long, 
at Yuyang bows are drawn again.
I laugh at being encumbered by wife and children, 
and would willingly go off with the days and years. 
Old friends are getting fewer, 
the clash of arms continues without a break. 
In a strange land I sleep with abundant dreams, 
companions lost, I find myself blocked. 
Frequent illness increases my lingering, 
long moaning blocks me from ease and calm. 
Extraordinary heroes like you, gentlemen, 
if your aims endure, will surely mount on high.

If the long regulated poem congratulating Xue Ju and Bi Yao on their promotions contained a rhetorically veiled but unmistakable request that they help him out, Du Fu’s poem to Jia Zhi and Yan Wu is more ambiguous. In their present posts they are in no position to help him out. The closing prediction that their fortunes will change and they will “mount on high” is both conventional praise and personally hopeful. Indeed Yan Wu was to have his political fortunes restored and served as Du Fu’s generous patron in Chengdu.

8.22

Sent to Zhang Biao (12), Mountain Man: Thirty Couplets

Resting alone, sojourner of Mount Song’s south slopes, 
thrice missed now, spring by the Ying’s waters. 
In the troubles you brought along your old mother, 
sad and gloomy, you face the people of the times.

1 Master Mu.
2 Yuyang was the rebel base.
謝氏尋山屐，
陶公漉酒巾。
群凶彌宇宙，
此物在風塵。
歷下辭姜被，
關西得孟鄰。
早通交契密，
晚接道流新。
靜者心多妙，
先生藝絕倫。
草書何太古，
詩興不無神。
曹植休前輩，
張芝更後身。
數篇吟可老，
一字買堪貧。
將恐曾防寇，
深潛託所親。
寧聞倚門夕，
盡力潔飧晨。
疏懶為名誤，
驅馳喪我真。
索居猶寂寞，
相遇益悲辛。
With Mr. Xie’s clogs to travel in mountains,\textsuperscript{1}  
and Master Tao’s ale-straining headband.\textsuperscript{2}  
Hosts of monsters fill the universe,  
and such creatures are out in the wind-blown dust.  
Under Mount Li you took leave of Jiang’s blanket,\textsuperscript{3}  
West-of-the-Passes you found Meng’s neighborhood.\textsuperscript{4}  
In our early association we had very close ties,  
meeting you later, you had recently joined the Daoists.  
The serene have many marvels in the heart,  
and you, sir, have arts without compare.  
How utterly ancient your draft script is,  
and your poetic inspiration never wants divinity.  
Cao Zhi must give up being your predecessor,\textsuperscript{5}  
you are the reincarnation of Zhang Zhi.\textsuperscript{6}  
You can grow old chanting your various pieces,  
to buy even one of your characters could make one poor.  
Out of fear you took precautions against the rebels,  
hiding far away, you lodged your dear relative.  
One certainly hears nothing of her leaning at the gate,\textsuperscript{7}  
you do your utmost to provide her pure breakfasts.  
Lazy and careless, I was led astray by fame,  
I have lost my genuineness rushing here and there.  
Living in isolation, still silent and dreary,  
meeting you increased my bitter sorrow.

\textsuperscript{1} Xie Lingyun’s famous mountain-climbing clogs that were put on in different direction according to whether one was climbing or going down a mountain.  
\textsuperscript{2} *Tao Qian. According to legend, when he found good ale, he would strain it with his headband and then put it back on his head.  
\textsuperscript{3} Referring to filial brothers who shared a blanket.  
\textsuperscript{4} Mencius’s mother moved several times until she found a neighborhood proper for her son’s upbringing. West-of-the-Passes is in the Chang’an region.  
\textsuperscript{5} The most famous poet of the early third century.  
\textsuperscript{6} Zhang Zhi was the Eastern Han master of draft script.  
\textsuperscript{7} The mother at the gate looking for her son’s return.
流转依边徼，
逢迎念席珍。
时来故旧少，
乱后别离频。
世祖修高庙，
文公赏从臣。
商山犹入楚，
渭水不离秦。
存想青龙秘，
骑行白鹿驯。
耕巖非谷口，
结草即河滨。
肘后符应验，
囊中药未陈。
旅怀殊不惬，
良觌渺无因。
自古皆悲恨，
浮生有屈伸。
此邦今尚武，
何处且依仁。
鼓角凌天籁，
关山倚月轮。
Now drifting along in the border region,
when welcomed, I brood on being the treasure on the mat.\(^1\)
Recently old friends have gotten fewer,
\(^{32}\) once the rebellion broke out, partings grew frequent.
Our Guangwudi built a high ancestral temple,\(^2\)
Duke Wen rewarded the officers who went with him.\(^3\)
Even those of Mount Shang still entered Chu,\(^4\)
\(^{36}\) but the man of the Wei River does not leave Qin.
Concentrating your thoughts, secrets of the green dragon,\(^5\)
a white deer is trained for you to ride.
Your plowing by the cliff is not just like “Valley-mouth,”\(^6\)
in plaiting thatch you go right to the river’s edge.\(^7\)
I’m sure the talismans carried over your shoulder can be proof,\(^8\)
in your pouch the elixir has not yet gone bad.
My feelings on travel are not at all content,
\(^{44}\) there is no way to have a fine encounter with you, so far away.
Since ancient times all have felt sadness and bitterness,
in this life adrift there are times to extend and contract.
This region now honors military virtues,
\(^{48}\) in no way do they rely on human kindness to others.
Drums and bugles overwhelm the piping of Heaven,\(^9\)
barrier mountains rest by the orb of the moon.

---

\(^1\) The scholar who looks to be appreciated, in this case Du Fu.
\(^2\) The founder of the Eastern Han built the ancestral temple in Luoyang as Suzong, also a “Restoration” emperor, repaired the ancestral temple in Chang’ an.
\(^3\) After years of wandering, Chong’ er returned to Jin to become Duke Wen and rewarded those who had gone with him. So Suzong also rewarded those who had been with him in the restoration.
\(^4\) *Four Graybeards. Mount Shang was also called Mount Chu. Du Fu seems to being playing on the alternative name of the mountain and the kingdom.*
\(^5\) “Concentrating one’s thoughts” is a technical term in Daoist meditation. The person meditating is protected by the Green Dragon and a lion.
\(^6\) Zheng Pu.
\(^7\) Heshang Gong, the “Lord by the River,” studied Laozi’s *Daode jing* there and wrote his famous commentary on it.
\(^8\) A mark that one had transcended earthly ties.
\(^9\) The “piping of Heaven” is the circulation of *qi* in the cosmos, as described in the *Zhuangzi.*
寄李十二白二十韻

官場羅鎮磧，
賊火近洮岷。
蕭索論兵地，
蒼茫鬥將辰。
大軍多處所，
餘孽尚紛綸。
高興知籠鳥，
斯文起獲麟。
窮秋正搖落，
回首望松筠。

8.23

寄李十二白二十韻

昔年有狂客，
號爾謫仙人。
筆落驚風雨，
詩成泣鬼神。
聲名從此大，
汩沒一朝伸。
文彩承殊渥，
流傳必絕倫。
Training fields are arrayed through the Defense Command and the Barrens,

fires of marauders approach the Tao and Mount Min. Dismal is this place of tactics and strategy, gloomy are these times of battling commanders. The Grand Army is dispersed in many places, but the remaining spawn are still scattered everywhere. High elation is understood by the bird in a cage, a work of culture is stirred by the capture of the unicorn. End of autumn, just when the trees shed their leaves,

I turn my head to gaze on the pine and bamboo.

To Li Bai (12): Twenty Couplets

In years gone by there was a wild fellow who called you “The Banished Immortal.” Your brush set to paper, stirred wind and rain, a poem completed made gods and spirits weep. From this point on your fame grew great, once sunken away, in one morning you spread your wings. Your writing’s flair received special favor, when circulated, it was always without compare.

8.23

To Li Bai (12): Twenty Couplets

In years gone by there was a wild fellow who called you “The Banished Immortal.” Your brush set to paper, stirred wind and rain, a poem completed made gods and spirits weep. From this point on your fame grew great, once sunken away, in one morning you spread your wings. Your writing’s flair received special favor, when circulated, it was always without compare.

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1 These may be more general, “forts and gravel land.” In parallel with proper names I have taken it to refer to the Shenxian Defense Command and the Lesser Barrens.
2 Referring to the Tibetan incursions.
3 Referring to enemies, both rebels and Tibetan invaders.
4 That longs to return to the seclusion of its native place.
5 The famous last entry of the Spring and Autumn Annals, at which Confucius gave up in despair, when a unicorn was captured and no one recognized what it was.
6 Which stay green through the winter, referring to Zhang Biao.
7 Original note: “No sooner did He Zhizhang of Guiji see Bai than he dubbed him an immortal banished from Heaven” 會稽賀知章一見白號為天上謫仙人.
8 He Zhizhang, an eccentric and imperial librarian.
寄李十二白二十韻

龍舟移棹晚，
獸錦奪袍新。
白日來深殿，
青雲滿後塵。
乞歸優詔許，
遇我宿心親。
未負幽棲志，
兼全寵辱身。
劇談憐野逸，
嗜酒見天真。
醉舞梁園夜，
行歌泗水春。
才高心不展，
道屈善無鄰。
處士禰衡俊，
諸生原憲貧。
稻粱求未足，
薏苡譁何頻。
五嶺炎蒸地，
三危放逐臣。
The dragon boat moved its oars late in the day,
gown of beast-figured brocade was snatched away anew.¹
In broad daylight you went deep into the palace,
those of the blue clouds filled the dust behind you.²
Begging to go home, a generous edict permitted,
you met me, close friends by enduring dispositions.
You did not betray your aim to live in seclusion,
you also preserved your person from favor or humiliation.
Merrily chatting, you were fond of this rustic and free person,³
craving ale, you revealed your authentic nature.
We danced drunk by night in the gardens of Liang,⁴
we walked singing in spring by the Si’s waters.⁵
Your talent is great, but your heart is not soothed,
your way was humbled, in goodness no peer.
A recluse, as splendid as Mi Heng,⁶
one of the scholars, as poor as Yuanxian.⁷
You never could get enough rice,
Job’s tears, how frequent the slander.⁸
The five Southern Alps are a place of fiery steam,
Three Perils, an officer in exile.⁹

¹ At a party Dongfang Qiu finished his poem first, and Empress Wu awarded him a brocade gown; but when Song Zhiwen presented his poem, the Empress thought it was even better and took away the gown from Dongfang Qiu and gave it to Song Zhiwen.
² “Those of the blue clouds” were high officials.
³ Du Fu.
⁴ The garden of the Western Han Prince of Liang, where poets gathered.
⁵ As Confucius did.
⁶ *Mi Heng.
⁷ Yuanxian was the disciple of Confucius known for his poverty.
⁸ Job’s tears, a kind of grain from South China, was first brought to the heartland by the Eastern Han general *Ma Yuan. At the time he was slandered by the claim that he had brought back pearls for himself.
⁹ For his participation in the rebellion of the Prince of Yong, Li Bai was banished to Yelang, nowhere near the Southern Alps or Three Perils in northwest China. These simply are figures for the hardships Li Bai endured in exile.
幾年遭鵩鳥，
獨泣向麒麟。
蘇武先還漢，
黃公豈事秦。
楚筵辭醴日，
梁獄上書辰。
已用當時法，
誰將此義陳。
老吟秋月下，
病起暮江濱。
莫怪恩波隔，
乘槎與問津。

8.24

所思(得台州鄭司戶虔消息)

鄭老身仍竄，
台州信所傳。
為農山澗曲，
臥病海雲邊。
世已疏儒素，
人猶乞酒錢。
徒勞望牛斗，
無計剷龍泉。
For how many years did he encounter the owl?—
he wept alone, confronting the unicorn.
Su Wu first returned to Han,

how could Lord Huang serve the Qin?
The day he refused the ale at the Chu banquet,
the time he sent his letter to the prince from the Liang prison.
They have already applied the law of the present,

who will set forth the truth here?
Old now, you chant under the autumn moon,
rising from sickness by the shores of the twilight river.
Do not repine against being blocked from waves of grace,

you will ride the raft and ask of the ford.

8.24

The One I Long For (Receiving news of Zheng Qian, Revenue Manager in Taizhou)

Old Zheng is still hiding himself away,
a letter was brought from Taizhou.
He farms at the bend of a mountain rill,
and lies sick at the edge of ocean clouds.
The age has become estranged from Confucian natures,
but people still give him money for ale.
In vain I trouble myself to gaze between Oxherd and Dipper,
there is no way to dig out Dragonspring.

---

1 *Jia Yi.
2 *Su Wu. This suggests that Li Bai was held captive by the Prince of Yong.
3 Lord Xiahuang, one of the *Four Graybeards.
4 *Master Mu.
5 Zou Yang was imprisoned by the Prince of Liang and sent a famous letter protesting his innocence. This refers to Li Bai in prison.
6 *That is, ask Heaven how to resolve this and get on. *Riding the raft. Confucius was traveling and sent a disciple to ask two ploughmen where the ford was. The ploughmen turned out to be wise recluses, and took the question in a grand figurative way.
7 *Sword-dragon.
8.25

別贊上人

百川日東流，
客去亦不息。
我生苦漂蕩，
何時有終極。

贊公釋門老，
放逐來上國。
還為世塵嬰，
頗帶憔悴色。

楊枝晨在手，
豆子雨已熟。
是身如浮雲，
安可限南北。

異縣逢舊友，
初忻寫胸臆。
天長關塞寒，
歲暮飢凍逼。

野風吹征衣，
欲別向曛黑。
馬嘶思故櫪，
歸鳥盡斂翼。
8.25

Parting from Reverend Zan

All rivers flow eastward day after day,
the wayfarer too goes without resting.
In my life I have suffered being swept along,
when will there finally be an end?

Reverend Zan, an old Buddhist,
was banished here to the west of the capital.
Still trapped by the dust of the world
he bears a terribly worn and haggard look.

In the morning a willow branch is in his hand,¹
his beans have ripened in the rain.
The body is like a drifting cloud,
how can it be restricted to either north or south?

In this strange county I met my old friend,
at first delighted to express feelings and thoughts.
The skies stretch long, the barrier passes cold,
at year’s end hard-pressed by hunger and freezing.

Wind from the wilds blows my travel clothes,
getting dusky and black as we are ready to part.
The horse neighs, longing for its old stable,
the birds have returned and all folded their wings.

---
¹ A dentifrice, one of the things a monk should carry.
兩當縣吳十侍御江上宅

古來聚散地，
宿昔長荆棘。
相看俱衰年，
出處各努力。

8.26

兩當縣吳十侍御江上宅

寒城朝煙澹，
山谷落葉赤。
陰風千里來，
吹汝江上宅。
鵝雞號枉渚，
日色傍阡陌。
借問持斧翁，
幾年長沙客。
哀哀失木狖，
矯矯避弓翮。
亦知故鄉樂，
未敢思宿昔。
昔在鳳翔都，
共通金閨籍。
天子猶蒙塵，
東郊暗長戟。
Since olden days places of gathering and scattering have always grown brambles and briars.
We look at each other, both in waning years,
let us each do our best, whether serving or withdrawn.

8.26

In Liangdang County, at Attendant Censor Wu’s (10) House by the River

Cold city walls, the dawn mist pale,
in the mountain valley fallen leaves are dark red.
The shadowy north wind comes from a thousand leagues
and blows on your house by the river.
The jungle fowl cries out on Winding Isle,¹
the sunlight falls by the field paths.
May I ask the old man with axe in hand²
how many years was he a sojourner in Changsha?
Ever wailing, the monkey that has lost its tree,
wings that evade the bow fly higher and higher.
You too know well joys of being home,
you dare not long for how it used to be.
Before, at the capital in Fengxiang,
we both were on the palace registry.
The Son of Heaven was still covered in dust,³
the eastern suburbs were darkened by long pikes.

¹ In the place where Censor Wu [Yu] was exiled.
² Wu Gang committed a fault while studying to be an immortal and was condemned to eternally chop at the cassia tree in the moon. This is a figure for Wu Yu.
³ That is, in flight, away from the capital.
兵家忌間諜，
此輩常接跡。
台中領舉劾，
君必慎剖析。
不忍殺無辜，
所以分白黑。
上官權許與，
失意見遷斥。
仲尼甘旅人，
向子識損益。
朝廷非不知，
閉口休歎息。
余時忝諍臣，
丹陛實咫尺。
相看受狼狽，
至死難塞責。
行邁心多違，
出門無與適。
於公負明義，
惆悵頭更白。
The military men hated spies,
that sort always came, one after another.
The Censorate took care of all charges brought,
you always investigated the truth with care.
You could not bear to kill the guiltless,
therefore you distinguished black and white.
For a while high officials approved of you,
but then frustrated, you were exiled.
Confucius willingly became a traveler,
Master Xiang recognized harm and gain.¹
It is not that the court did not know better,
but they closed their mouths and ceased their sighs.
I was then a remonstrating officer,
the cinnabar throne was truly but a foot away.
I watched you suffer being beaten down,
I cannot mend my error for the rest of my life.²
In my farings the heart has often missed its mark,
coming out your gate, nothing seems right.
In your case I have betrayed the bright truth,
depressed, my hair gets even whiter.

¹ Xiang Chang was an Eastern Han scholar of the Classic of Changes. On reading to the hexagrams “Harm” and “Gain,” he said, “I have understood that poverty is better than wealth and humble status better than honor, but I don’t yet know how life compares to death.”
² Du Fu apparently failed to speak out in Wu’s defense.
8.27

發秦州

我衰更懶拙，
生事不自謀。
無食問樂土，
無衣思南州。
漢源十月交，
天氣如涼秋。
草木未黃落，
況聞山水幽。
栗亭名更佳，
下有良田疇。
充腸多薯蕷，
崖蜜亦易求。
密竹復冬筍，
清池可方舟。
雖傷旅寓遠，
庶遂平生遊。
此邦俯要衝，
實恐人事稠。
應接非本性，
登臨未銷憂。
After only three months in Qinzhou, in early winter of 759, Du Fu took his family south, first to Tonggu, and then on to Chengdu. In the poems that follow Du Fu documents every stage of the harrowing journey.

8.27

Leaving Qinzhou

In my waning years I grow even more lazy and inept, I haven’t thought out how to make a living. Having no food, I seek out a happy land; short of clothes, I long for southern prefectures. At the Han River’s source in the tenth month the weather is as cool as autumn. The plants and trees have not yellowed and shed, I’ve further heard of the tranquility of its landscape. The fame of Chestnut Pavilion is even finer, below it there are good fields. There are plenty of yams to fill our bellies, and cliff honey is easy to find. Among the dense bamboo are also winter sprouts, and on clear pools one may link boats side by side. Though pained to lodge as a sojourner so far away, I hope to realize the journey of a lifetime. This land here looks down on a strategic thoroughfare, I really do fear the conflux of human affairs. Visiting and reciprocating is not in my nature, climbing for a view does not melt away cares.

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1 Original note: “An account of my journey in the second year of the Qianyuan Reign, going from Qinzhou to Tonggu County. Twelve poems” 乾元二年自秦州赴同谷縣紀行十二首．
2 That is, the first month of winter.
3 In Tonggu, near Qinzhou.
4 Qinzhou.
谿谷無異石，
塞田始微收。
豈復慰老夫，
惘然難久留。

日色隱孤戍，
烏啼滿城頭。
中宵驅車去，
飲馬寒塘流。

磊落星月高，
蒼茫雲霧浮。
大哉乾坤內，
吾道長悠悠。

8.28

赤谷

天寒霜雪繁，
遊子有所之。
豈但歲月暮，
重來未有期。

晨發赤谷亭，
險艱方自茲。
亂石無改轍，
我車已載脂。
These stream valleys have no remarkable rocks, and frontier fields produce only a scant harvest. How can these comfort an old fellow any more? —
24 disappointed, I cannot linger here long.
The sunlight was hidden behind a lone outpost, crows cried out, filling the tops of the walls.
At midnight I drove my wagon away
28 and watered my horses in the current from cold ponds.
Scattered through sky, the stars and moon were high, in the vast expanse clouds and fog drifted.
In this immensity between Heaven and Earth my way goes on long into the distance.

Du Fu begins by worrying about the coming winter and painting an idyllic picture of Tongzhou—certainly based on hearsay and reinforced by wishful thinking. The following poems trace his journey to Tonggu. When Tongzhou turned out to be far from his expectations, he was forced to cross the mountains in winter to reach Chengdu.

8.28

Red Valley

The weather is cold, frost and snow are heavy, and the traveler is going somewhere.
Not only is the year drawing to a close, 4 I have no plans to come this way again.
At dawn I set out from Red Valley station, it is hard going from this point on.
Among jumbled rocks there is no changing course, 8 my wagon has been well-oiled.
山深苦多風，
落日童稚飢。
悄然村壚迥，
煙火何由追。
貧病轉零落，
故鄉不可思。
常恐死道路，
永為高人嗤。

8.29

鐵堂峽

山風吹遊子，
縹緲乘險絕。
硤形藏堂隍，
壁色立積鐵。
徑摩穹蒼蟠，
石與厚地裂。
修纖無垠竹，
嵌空太始雪。
威遲哀壑底，
徒旅慘不悅。
水寒長冰橫，
我馬骨正折。
Deep in the mountains the wind is terribly strong,
as the sun sets the children are hungry.
A hamlet lies remote in the silence,
but how can we seek out its hearth fires?
Sick and poor, I grow ever more lost,
I cannot even think of home.
I always fear that I will die on the road
and forever be mocked by lofty men.

8.29
Iron Hall Gorge

The mountain wind blows on the traveler,
tossed afar, I mount the sheer steepness.
The gorge hides the shape of a great hall,
where the cliffs’ colors stand as massed iron.
Our path winds, rubbing the gray vault,
the rock and deep earth are rent asunder.
Tall and slender, boundless bamboo,
sparking tracery in primeval snows.
Wending our way along the base of this mournful gorge,
the travelers are gloomy and cheerless.
The water is cold, long with ice athwart it,
my horse’s bones are ready to snap.
生涯抵弧矢，
盗賊殊未滅。
飄蓬逾三年，
回首肝肺熱。

8.30

鹽井

鹵中草木白，
青者官鹽煙。
官作既有程，
煮鹽煙在川。
汲井歲榾榾，
出車日連連。
自公斗三百，
轉致斛六千。
君子慎止足，
小人苦喧闐。
我何良歎嗟，
物理固自然。
In my lifetime I’ve braved bows and arrows,  
and the rebels are hardly wiped out.  
Wind-tossed dandelion puff for more than three years  
I turn my head, liver and lungs burning.

8.30
Salt Well

In the salt-lands plants and trees are white,  
the green is the smoke from the official salt-works.  
Since there are set schedules in official work,  
the smoke from boiling salt lies over the river.  
They toil yearlong, drawing from the wells,  
wagons go out daily, one after another.  
For the officials, it’s three hundred cash for six kilos,  
which then brings in six thousand for sixty.  
A gentleman should take care when there’s enough,  
these lesser men are terribly raucous.  
But then why do I heave such sighs? —  
this has always been the way things go.

---

1 Referring to the salt merchants buying from the salt-works.
8.31

寒硤

行邁日悄悄，
山谷勢多端。
雲門轉絕岸，
積阻霾天寒。
寒硤不可度，
我實衣裳單。
況當仲冬交，
泝沿增波瀾。
野人尋煙語，
行子傍水餐。
此生免荷殳，
未敢辭路難。

8.32

法鏡寺

身危適他州，
勉強終勞苦。
神傷山行深，
愁破崖寺古。
8.31

Cold Gorge

It gets daily more dismal on our journey,  
the forms of mountains and valleys are many.  
A gate for clouds bends to a sheer slope,  
where a massed blockage buries heaven's cold.  
We cannot cross through Cold Gorge,  
our clothes are indeed too thin.  
Even more at the juncture of mid-winter,  
the swirling waters increase their waves.  
Men of the wilds seek a smoky fire and talk,  
the travelers dine beside the waters.  
In this life I've avoided shouldering a falchion,  
I dare not refuse the hardships of the road.

8.32

The Temple of the Dharma Mirror

My person in peril, I go to another prefecture,  
all my efforts end up in bitter suffering.  
The spirit feels pain going so deep in the mountains,  
yet sadness dissolves before the ancient cliff temple.
青陽峽

嬋娟碧蘚淨，
蕭槭寒藿聚。
回回山根水，
冉冉松上雨。
洩雲蒙清晨，
初日翳復吐。
朱甍半光炯，
戶牖粲可數。
拄策忘前期，
出蘿已亭午。
冥冥子規叫，
微徑不復取。

8.33

青陽峽

塞外苦厭山，
南行道彌惡。
岡巒相經互，
雲水氣參錯。
林迥峽角來，
天窄壁面削。
溪西五里石，
奮怒向我落。
Winsome, its emerald lichens pure, 
crackling in wind, wintry bamboo sheaths cluster. 
Waters at the mountain-foot twist and turn, 
and rain gradually grows stronger on the pines.
Oozing clouds hide the clear morning, 
the rising sun is concealed and then breaks through.
Its red roof-tiles are half in that sparkling light,
doors and windows, gleaming, can be counted.
I lean on my staff, forget the stage ahead, 
as I emerge from the vines it’s already noon.
When the cuckoo screeches in the darkness,
I do not take the narrow path further.

8.33

Greenlight Gorge

I am sick to death of mountains on the frontier, 
going south, the way gets steadily worse.
Hills and ridges continue in all directions, 
vapors of water and cloud mix together.
The woods are remote, jagged gorge edges come, 
the heavens are narrow, the cliff face pared flat.
West of the creek, five leagues of rock, 
roused to rage, it seems falling toward us.
仰看日車側，
俯恐坤軸弱。
魑魅嘯有風，
霜霰浩漠漠。
昨憶踰隴阪，
高秋視吳嶽。
東笑蓮華卑，
北知崆峒薄。
超然侔壯觀，
已謂殷寥廓。
突兀猶趁人，
及兹歎冥寞。

8.34

龍門鎮
細泉兼輕冰，
沮洳棧道濕。
不辭辛苦行，
迫此短景急。
石門雲雪隘，
古鎮峰巒集。
旌竿暮慘澹，
风水白刃澀。
Looking up, the sun’s coach is tilted,
looking down, I fear earth’s axis will buckle.
Goblins whistle when the wind blows,
frost and sleet spread everywhere.
I recall recently crossing Long’s slopes,
in high autumn I looked on Wu Mount.
I laughed that Lotus Peak in the east was low,¹
and realized Kongtong in the north was meager.
Surpassing, it matched the grandest gaze,
I thought it mighty in the empty immensity.
Upthrust, it still followed me,
but reaching here, I sigh that it is lost in darkness.

8.34

Dragongate Fort

Thin streams combine with light ice,
from the sodden ground the plankway is wet.
Yet I do not balk at this bitter journey,
hard-pressed by the shortness of the swift days.
A stone gateway, blocked by clouds and snow,
an ancient fort where peaks and ridges gather.
Its flagpole seems forlorn in the twilight,
where winds and waters are tarnished bare blades.

¹ A central peak of Mount Hua.
胡馬屯成皋，
防虞此何及。
嗟爾遠戍人，
山寒夜中泣。

熊羆咆我東，
虎豹號我西。
我後鬼長嘯，
我前狨又啼。

天寒昏無日，
山遠道路迷。
驅車石龕下，
仲冬見虹蜺。

伐竹者誰子，
悲歌上雲梯。
為官采美箭，
五歲供梁齊。

苦云直筍盡，
無以充提攜。
奈何漁陽騎，
颯颯驚烝黎。
When Hu horses camp at Chenggao,¹
what good is defending a place like this?
I sigh for you men in far outposts,
the mountains cold, you weep in the night.

8.35

Stone Niche

Bears roar to my east,
tigers and leopards howl to my west;
demons give long shrieks behind me,
and before me baboons cry out.
The weather is cold; murky, no sunlight,
the mountains are far, the way is lost.
I drove my wagon to below Stone Niche
and in mid-winter saw a rainbow.²
Who is that fellow cutting bamboo,
singing sadly as he climbs the ladders to clouds?
He gathers good arrows for the officials,
for five years they’ve supplied Liang and Qi.
But, sad to say, the straight shafts are gone,
and there’s no way to provide aid.
Nothing can be done about Yuyang cavalry³
in a whoosh alarming the common folk.

¹ Near Luoyang, referring to Shi Siming’s army threatening the city.
² A rainbow in winter was a prodigy.
³ The rebels.
積草嶺

連嶂積長陰，
白日遞隱見。
颼颼林響交，
慘慘石狀變。
山分積草嶺，
路異明水縣。
旅泊吾道窮，
衰年歲時倦。
卜居尚百里，
休駕投諸彥。
邑有佳主人，
情如已會面。
來書語絕妙，
遠客驚深眷。
食蕨不願餘，
茅茨眼中見。
8.36

Plantheap Ridge

Long shadows mass on a line of peaks,
the bright sun hides, then appears.
Gusting wind and pattering rain, forest sounds mingle,
the somber shapes of the rock change.
The mountain divides at Plantheap Ridge,
another road leads to Brightwater County.
Traveling and lodging, my road is at an end,
in my decline, weary of the years.
It is still a hundred leagues to site my dwelling,
I will halt my wagon and lodge with excellent gentlemen.
There is a fine host in the town,
I feel as if we had already met.
The words in the letter he sent were splendid,
the far traveler is amazed at such deep regard.
I wish for no more than to eat bracken ferns,¹
and a reed-thatched hut to appear in my eyes.

¹ *Bo Yi and Shu Qi.*
8.37

泥功山
朝行青泥上，
暮在青泥中。  
泥濘非一時，
版築勞人功。  
不畏道途永，
乃將汩沒同。  
白马為鐵驪，
小兒成老翁。  
哀猿透欲墜，
死鹿力所窮。  
寄語北來人，
後來莫匆匆。

8.38

凤凰台
亭亭凤凰台，
北对西康州。
西伯今寂寞，
凤声亦悠悠。
Mudwork Mountain

At dawn we walked upon green mud
and at dusk we were there in green mud.
The mud and muck not of the moment,
4 planks and pounding cost human effort.
I don't dread the distance of the journey
but that we may all sink together.
My white horse becomes an iron-black steed,
8 my little boy turns into an old man.
A mournful gibbon, leaping over, fell in,
a dead deer there, its strength gave out.
I send word to those coming from the north,
12 don't be in too great a hurry coming here later.

Phoenix Terrace

Rising high, Phoenix Terrace,
facing West Kangzhou to the north.
The Earl of the West is now lost in silence,
4 the phoenix too is far, far away.

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1 Original note: “The mountain is so steep and high that no one makes it to the mountaintop” 山峻人不至高頂.
2 King Wen of Zhou, for whom a phoenix appeared.
山峻路絕蹤，
石林氣高浮。
安得萬丈梯，
為君上上頭。
恐有無母雛，
飢寒日啾啾。
我能剖心出，
飲啄慰孤愁。
心以當竹實，
炯然忘外求。
血以當醴泉，
豈徒比清流。
所重王者瑞，
敢辭微命休。
坐看彩翮長，
舉意八極周。
自天銜瑞圖，
飛下十二樓。
圖以奉至尊，
鳳以垂鴻猷。
再光中興業，
一洗蒼生憂。
深衷正為此，
群盜何淹留。
The mountain too steep, the road breaks off,
a forest of stone with vapors floating on high.
How can I get a ladder of ten thousand yards
and for you climb to the very top?
I suspect there will be a motherless chick,
hungry and cold, that wails each day.
I can cut out my heart,
it can drink and peck to console its lonely sorrow.
My heart can act as the fruit of bamboo,¹
gleaming, it needs seek nothing else.
My blood can act as a spring of sweet water,
how can one compare it merely to a clear stream.
What is important is a good omen for the king,
dare I refuse to end my humble life?
Soon one will see its colored wings grow,
it its intent, to rise and circle the world’s eight ends.
In its beak it will hold an auspicious diagram from Heaven,²
it will fly down to the twelve towers.³
The diagram will be to present to His Majesty,
the phoenix is to pass on the Great Enterprise.
The legacy of the Restoration will cast new light,
wash the cares of the common folk entirely away.
My deepest feelings are exactly these,
how can the rebel hordes last on?

¹ Phoenixes eat only the fruit of bamboo.
² A phoenix presented one to the Yellow Emperor.
³ On Kunlun or built by the Yellow Emperor to welcome the spirits.
乾元中寓居同谷縣作歌七首

I

有客有客字子美，
白頭亂髮垂過耳。
歲拾橡栗隨狙公，
天寒日暮山谷裏。  
中原無書歸不得，
手腳凍皴皮肉死。  
嗚呼一歌兮歌已哀，
悲風為我從天來。

II

長镵長镵白木柄，
我生託子以為命。
黃獨無苗山雪盛，
短衣數挽不掩脛。
此時與子空歸來，
男呻女吟四壁靜。  
嗚呼二歌兮歌始放，
閭里為我色惆悵。
After a difficult journey Du Fu lodged briefly in Tonggu, a city south of Qinzhou. He had obviously been invited by a local official or member of the gentry; but when Du Fu actually showed up with his family, he received no support. In less than a month, he set off for Chengdu.

8.39–45

Songs Written While Residing in Tonggu County in the Qianyuan Reign

I

There is a sojourner, a sojourner, his given name, Zimei,
a head of tangled white hair hangs down past his ears.
For his harvest he gathers chestnut-oak acorns as the monkey-keeper wills,¹

the weather, cold at twilight in the mountain valley.
No letters come from the central plain, he cannot get to return,
hand and feet chapped from frostbite, the skin is dead.
Alas, I sing my first song, the song is already full of lament,

and on my behalf a sad wind comes down from the heavens.

II

Long harrow, long harrow, handle of white wood,
my life is entrusted to you as my destiny.
No sprout from the wild taros, the mountain snows are heavy,

I often tug at my short robe, but it doesn’t cover my shins.
At this moment together with you I return home empty-handed,
my boy moans, the girl groans, the four walls are still.
Alas, I sing my second song, and the song now gets wild,

on our behalf the village looks distressed.

¹ This refers to the famous parable in the *Zhuangzi* about the monkey-keeper, who gives the monkeys “three [chestnut-oak acorns] in the morning and four at night,” at which the monkeys are enraged; the monkey-keeper then offers to give them “four in the morning and three at night,” at which the monkeys are delighted.
III

有弟有弟在遠方，
三人各瘦何人強。
生別展轉不相見，
胡塵暗天道路長。
東飛鴐鵝後鶖鶬，
安得送我置汝旁。
嗚呼三歌兮歌三發，
汝歸何處收兄骨。

IV

有妹有妹在鍾離，
良人早歿諸孤癡。
長淮浪高蛟龍怒，
十年不見來何時。
扁舟欲往箭滿眼，
杳杳南國多旌旗。
嗚呼四歌兮歌四奏，
林猿為我啼清晝。

V

四山多風溪水急，
寒雨飒飒枯樹濕。
III

I have younger brothers, I have younger brothers in places faraway, each of the three has grown gaunt, which of them is strong? Parted in life, I toss and turn and cannot see them,  

4 Hu dust darkens the heavens, and the road is long. A wild goose is flying east, with a bald heron behind, how could I get them to take me and set me by your side? Alas, I sing my third song, my songs come forth thrice,  

8 where will you go and how will you gather your elder brother’s bones?

IV

I have a sister, I have a sister, she is in Zhongli, her husband perished early, the fatherless children were babes. The waves are high on the long Huai, krakens and dragons rage.  

4 for ten years I have not seen her, when will she come? I want to go in a tiny boat, but arrows fill my eyes, the southern lands lie far, far away, there are many flags and banners. Alas, I sing my fourth song, my song performed fourfold,  

8 on my behalf forest gibbons cry out in clear daylight.

V

Much wind in the mountains all around, the creek waters run fast, cold rain in the whistling winds, the leafless trees are wet.
乾元中寓居同谷縣作歌七首

黄蒿古城云不开，
白狐跳梁黄狐立。
我生何为在穷谷，
中夜起坐万感集。
呜呼五歌兮歌正长，
魂招不来归故乡。

VI

南有龙兮在山湫，
古木巃嵷枝相樛。
木叶黄落龙正蛰，
蝮蛇东来水上游。
我行怪此安敢出，
拔剑欲斩且复休。
呜呼六歌兮歌思迟，
溪壑为我回春姿。

VII

男儿生不成名身已老，
三年饥走荒山道。
长安卿相多少年，
富贵应须致身早。
山中儒生旧相识，
但话宿昔伤怀抱。
Ancient walls covered with brown artemesia, the clouds do not break,
the white fox leaps about, the brown fox stands still.
Why is it I live this life within this poor valley?—
restless at midnight, ten thousand cares gather.
Alas, I sing my fifth song, and the song stretches on long,
the soul is summoned but does not come to return to its native home.

VI

To the south there is a dragon in a mountain tarn,
ancient trees are towering, with boughs bending down.
The tree leaves yellow and fall, the dragon is asleep,
vipers come from the east, swimming in the waters.
I marveled at this in my travels, how could I dare go forth?—
I drew my sword to cut them in half, but then desisted.
Alas, I sing my sixth song, the thoughts in the song linger on,
on my behalf creek and ravine will bring back the beauty of spring.

VII

Man-child born and achieved no fame, his body is already old,
for three years hurrying hungry over desolate mountain ways.
The ministers in Chang’an are mostly younger men,
for wealth and honor one truly must dedicate oneself early.
Confucians in these mountains are former acquaintances,
talking only about the past brings pain to my feelings.
鳴呼七歌兮悄終曲，
仰視皇天白日速。

萬丈潭

青溪合冥寞，
神物有顯晦。
窟壓萬丈內。

跼步凌垠堮，
側身下煙靄。
前臨洪濤寬，
卻立蒼石大。

山危一徑盡，
岸絕兩壁對。
削成根虛無，

倒影垂澹濛。
黑知灣澴底，
清見光炯碎。
孤雲到來深，
飛鳥不在外。

高蘿成帷幄，
寒木壘旌旆。
Alas, I sing my seventh song, and in silence end the tune,
looking up I see in sovereign Heaven the bright sun speeding.

8.46

Myriad Fathom Pool

The blue creek matches the silent, mysterious dark,
the divine creature at times shows itself, at times hides.
The dragon rests coiled under massed waters,
its lair bearing the weight of myriad fathoms.
With careful pace I cross cliff’s margin,
body leaning, descend into mist and haze.
Coming forward, I look out on a breadth of huge billows,
drawing back, I stand on the large gray rock.
The mountain perilous, the single path runs out,
bank split, two walls stand face to face.
Hewn and made, rooted in nothingness,
reflections are suspended inverted in the quivering.
The black tells of the vortex’s bottom;
the clear parts reveal splinters of flashing light.
A lone cloud comes deep within,
and the flying birds are not outside.
High vines form a general’s tent,
and wintry trees heap banners and pennants.

1 Original note: “Written in Tonggu County” 同谷縣作.
遠川曲通流，
嵌竇潛洩瀨。
造幽無人境，
發興自我輩。
告歸遺恨多，
將老斯遊最。
閉藏修鱗蟄，
出入巨石礙。
何當炎天過，
快意風雨會。
Far rivers send currents winding through to here,
caves and channels seep swift gushing unseen.
I have reached a hidden place, a realm without man,
the thoughts it inspires come from ourselves.
Saying goodbye, much regret lingers,
growing old now, this visit, the finest.
Concealed below, the long scales sleep,
its comings and goings blocked by the mighty stone.
O how can I get to visit in summer’s blazing weather,
when it exults in the conjunction of wind and rain?