漫成二首

I

野日荒荒白，
春流泯泯清。
渚蒲随地有，
村径逐门成。
只作披衣惯，
常从漉酒生。
眼前无俗物，
多病也身轻。

II

江皋已仲春，
花下复清晨。
仰面贪看鸟，
回头错应人。
读书难字过，
对酒满壶频。
近识峨眉老，
知余懒是真。
10.1–2

Haphazard Compositions

I

The sun over the wilds is a blurry white,
the spring current has a murky clarity.
Island reeds are to be found where there is land,
4 a village path forms according to the gates.
I am well accustomed to just throwing on my clothes,
and I always live by filtering ale.
There is nothing low and common in my eyes—
8 often sick, I still find my body growing lighter.

II

On the river floodplain it is already mid-spring,
under the flowers once again a clear morning.
I raise my face, avid to watch the birds,
4 I turn my head, mistakenly to answer someone.
When I read, I pass over the hard words,
with ale before me, full pots are frequent.
Recently I’ve gotten to know an old fellow from Emei,
8 he understands that my indolence is my true nature.
春夜喜雨

好雨知時節，
當春乃發生。
隨風潛入夜，
潤物細無聲。
野徑雲俱黑，
江船火獨明。
曉看紅濕處，
花重錦官城。

春水

三月桃花浪，
江流復舊痕。
朝來沒沙尾，
碧色動柴門。
接縷垂芳餌，
連筒灌小園。
已添無數鳥，
爭浴故相喧。
10.3

Delighting in Rain on a Spring Night

A good rain knows its appointed time,  
right in spring it brings things to life.  
It enters the night unseen with the wind  
and moistens things finely, without a sound.  
Over wilderness paths, the clouds are all black,  
a boat on the river, its fire alone bright.  
At daybreak look where it’s wet and red—  
the flowers will be heavy in Brocade City.¹

10.4

Spring Waters

In the third month “peach blossom waves,”²  
the River’s current returns to its old high mark.  
With dawn it swallowed the spit of sand,  
its sapphire colors stir by my ramshackle gate.  
Tying bits of line together, I let the sweet bait dangle,  
a “tube wheel” waters my small garden.³  
Countless birds have been added,  
all trying to bathe together and willfully making a racket.

¹ Chengdu.  
² So called because high waters came when the peach trees blossomed.  
³ This is generally understood as a kind of waterwheel used for irrigation.
10.5

江亭

坦腹江亭暖，
長吟野望時。
水流心不競，
雲在意俱遲。
寂寂春將晚，
欣欣物自私。
故林歸未得，
排悶強裁詩。

10.6

早起

春來常早起，
幽事頗相關。
帖石防隕岸，
開林出遠山。
一丘藏曲折，
緩步有躋攀。
童僕來城市，
瓶中得酒還。
10.5
River Pavilion

Sunning my belly, the river pavilion warm,
long recite poems as I gaze on the wilds.
The water flows on, the heart does not contend;
the clouds still here, my thoughts just as slow.
In stillness the spring is growing late,
cheerfully each thing is filled with its own concerns.
Not yet able to go back to the groves of home,
I push back gloom and force myself to trim a poem.¹

10.6
Getting Up Early

When spring comes, I always get up early,
what goes on in my seclusion really engages me.
I heap rocks to keep the bank from collapsing,
and clear the grove to bring out the far mountains.
One hill hides fine twists and turns,
with slow steps I sometimes climb my way up.
My servant boy comes from the city market,
back after having gotten ale in a jug.

¹ “Trimming a poem” is composition on the model of cutting cloth to a pattern. The term tends to be used for the careful composition of regulated poems.
落日

落日在簾鉤，
溪邊春事幽。
芳菲緣岸圃，
樵爨倚灘舟。
啓雀爭枝墜，
飛蟲滿院遊。
濁醪誰造汝，
一酌散千憂。

可惜

花飛有底急，
老去願春遲。
可惜歡娛地，
都非少壯時。
寬心應是酒，
遣興莫過詩。
此意陶潛解，
吾生後汝期。
**10.7**

Setting Sun

When the setting sun is on the curtain hook,  
by the creek spring’s experiences are tranquil.  
Sweet scents, a garden that follows the bank,  
gathering kindling and cooking, a boat pulled up at the rapids.  
A pecking bird falls off, fighting over a branch,  
flying insects roam filling the yard.  
Who fashioned you so, thick brew,  
that one draught disperses a thousand cares?

**10.8**

Too Bad

How come flowers are in such a hurry to fall?—  
getting older, I want spring to slow down.  
Too bad that spots of pleasure and joy  
are not at all as they were when I was young and strong.  
To ease the mind there’s only ale,  
nothing excels poems for expressing my mood.  
Tao Qian understood what I have in mind,  
but I was born after him.

---

1 *Tao Qian.*
10.9
独酌
步屧深林晚，
开樽独酌迟。
仰蜂黏落絮，
行蚁上枯梨。
薄劣惭真隐，
幽偏得自怡。
本无轩冕意，
不是傲当时。

10.10
徐步
整履步青蘋，
荒庭日欲晡。
芹泥随燕觜，
花蕊上蜂须。
把酒从衣湿，
吟诗信杖扶。
敢论才见忌，
实有醉如愚。
10.9
Pouring for Myself

I stroll late deep in the woods,
I open the jug and am slow to pour a cup for myself.
A bee facing upward, stuck to fallen floss,
4 ants in line climb a dried-up pear tree.
An inferior sort, true reclusion puts me to shame,
yet I can enjoy myself in secluded places.
I have no thoughts of coach and cap,¹
8 but it’s not a case of scorning these times.

10.10
Walking Slowly

I put on my shoes and walk through green weeds,
in my overgrown yard the sun is sinking.
Mud and grass-blades go with beaks of swallows,²
4 flower stamens catch on antennae of bees.
Ale in hand, I let my clothes get wet,
chanting poems, I roam freely using my cane.
I dare not claim that my talents made me despised,
8 but it does happen that I get drunk as a fool.

¹ That is, of high office.
² To make their nests.
10.11

寒食

寒食江村路，
風花高下飛。
汀煙輕冉冉，
竹日淨暉暉。
田父要皆去，
鄰家問不違。
地偏相識盡，
雞犬亦忘歸。

10.12

石鏡

蜀王將此鏡，
送死置空山。
冥寞憐香骨，
提攜近玉顏。
眾妃無復歎，
千騎亦虛還。
獨有傷心石，
埋輪月宇間。
10.11

Cold Food Festival

Cold Food, on the road by my river village
wind-blown flowers fly high and low.
Mist on the beach, light and gradually moving,
sun in bamboo, pure and glowing.
Farmers—always go off when invited;
neighbors—never fail to pay visits.
The place is remote, everyone knows one another,
even dogs and chickens forget to go home.

10.12

Stone Mirror

A Shu king took this mirror,
placed it on the deserted mountain when he saw off the corpse.
He pitied her sweet bones in death’s darkness,
she could take it in hand and bring it near her jade-like face.
All his court ladies sighed no more,
a thousand riders returned without her.
Only this heartbreaking stone,
a buried disk under the moonlit vault.

---

1 This is in late spring one or two days before the Qingming Festival, so called because making fires was forbidden.
2 This was placed at the gate of the tomb of a beloved consort of one of the ancient kings of Shu.
3 Previously jealous of the favor she once enjoyed.
10.13

琴臺

茂陵多病後，
尚愛卓文君。
酒肆人間世，
琴臺日暮雲。
野花留寶靨，
蔓草見羅裙。
歸鳳求凰意，
寥寥不復聞。

10.14–15

春水生二絕

二月六夜春水生，
門前小灘渾欲平。
鸕鷀鸂鶒莫漫喜，
吾與汝曹俱眼明。
10.13
The Zither Terrace

After great sickness at Maoling, he still loved Zhuo Wenjun. Their tavern was in the mortal world, the Zither Terrace, among sunset clouds. Wildflowers still keep her sweet beauty-marks, the ground-vines show her gossamer skirts. His purport—the homeward phoenix seeking its mate—is no longer heard in the vast silence.

10.14–15
Spring Floods Come

I

On the sixth night of the second month the spring floods came, the little rapids before my gate were almost entirely level. Cormorants and tufted ducks, be not so rashly delighted, you and I together have our eyesight cleared.

1 This poem concerns the Western Han poet *Sima Xiangru, a native of Chengdu. The Zither Terrace was a local site where Sima Xiangru was reputed to have played his zither.
2 *Sima Xiangru.
3 In the Tang women often applied flower-patterned patches as beauty-marks.
4 “The Phoenix Seeks Its Mate” was a zither song that was attributed to *Sima Xiangru, who was said to have composed it for Zhuo Wenjun.
II

一夜水高二尺强，
数日不可更禁当。
南市津头有船卖，
无钱即买繫篱旁。

10.16

江上值水如海势聊短述

为人性僻耽佳句，
语不惊人死不休。
老去诗篇浑漫与，
春来花鸟莫深愁。
新添水檻供垂釣，
故著浮槎替入舟。
焉得思如陶谢手，
令渠述作与同遊。
II

In one night the water rose more than two feet, after several days it will not be possible to hold it back any more. At the ford of the southern market there is a boat for sale, I have no money to buy it right now and tie it beside my hedge.

10.16

By the River I Came on Waters that Looked Like a Sea: A Short Account

As a person I’m one-sided by nature, addicted to lovely lines, if my words don’t startle others, in death I will not quit. As I get older my poems are pretty much easy-going, when spring comes the birds and flowers don’t upset me very deeply. I’ve recently added a porch by the water to serve for dangling a hook, for a long time I’ve used a floating raft to replace using a boat. How can I find masters with thoughts like Tao and Xie?—1 I would make them compose as we roam together.

---

1 Tao is *Tao Qian; Xie may be the mid-fifth-century poet Xie Lingyun or the late fifth-century poet Xie Tiao.
水檻遣心二首

I

去郭軒楹敞，
無村眺望賒。
澄江平少岸，
幽樹曉多花。
細雨魚兒出，
微風燕子斜。
城中十萬戶，
此地兩三家。

II

蜀天常夜雨，
江檻已朝晴。
葉潤林塘密，
衣乾枕席清。
不堪祗老病，
何得尚浮名。
淺把涓涓酒，
深憑送此生。
10.17–18
Expressing My Heart by My Deck on the Water

I
Away from town walls, porch and pillars face openness,
with no village, my view reaches far.
The clear river, level, lessens the banks;
secluded trees, though late, have many flowers.
In the fine rain the fish come out,
swallows slant in the faint breeze.
The city has a hundred thousand households,
but in this spot, two or three homes.

II
Shu’s weather, it always rains at night,
but my river deck is already in dawn’s clear skies.
The leaves are moist, thick around the forest pool,
my clothes are dry, pillow and mat cool.
I cannot bear just being old and sick,
but how can I esteem insubstantial fame?
I take this shallow trickle of ale,
deeply dependent on it to see me through this life.
10.19

江漲

江發雖夷漲，
山添雨雪流。
大聲吹地轉，
4 高浪蹴天浮。
魚鱉為人得，
蛟龍不自謀。
輕帆好去便，
8 吾道付滄洲。

10.20

朝雨

涼氣曉蕭蕭，
江雲亂眼飄。
風鴛藏近渚，
4 雨燕集深條。
黃緝終辭漢，
巢由不見堯。
草堂樽酒在，
8 幸得過清朝。
10.19

The River Floods Over

The river sets out, flooding from foreign lands, the mountains add currents from rain and snow. With a loud sound it blows the land turning, high waves roll on, dash to the heavens. Fish and turtles are captured by people, krakens and dragons cannot fend for themselves. It’s just right to go off with my light sail, for my Way is given over to gray-green isles.

10.20

Dawn Rain

A cool air whistles in the morning, river clouds toss along, confusing the eyes. Wind-blown ducks hide on a nearby isle, swallows in the rain roost deep in the branches. Huang and Qi at last took leave of Han,1 Chaofu and Xu You did not meet Yao.2 In my thatched cottage a mug of ale remains, luckily I get to pass the cool dawn.

---

1 *Four Graybeards.
2 *Xu You.
10.21

晚晴

村晚驚風度，
庭幽過雨霑。
夕陽薰細草，
江色映疏簾。
書亂誰能帙，
杯乾可自添。
時聞有餘論，
未怪老夫潛。

10.22

高柟

柟樹色冥冥，
江邊一蓋靑。
近根開藥圃，
接葉制茅亭。
落景陰猶合，
微風韻可聽。
尋常絕醉困，
臥此片時醒。
Late in the day sudden gusts go through the village,
a passing rain soaks my secluded yard.
Evening sunlight makes the slender plants give off fragrance,
the river’s colors shine through the slats of my blinds.
My books in disorder, who can put them in their cases?—
my cup is dry, but I can add to it myself.
Sometimes I hear that there are comments—
no one blames this old fellow for sinking from sight.¹

The nanmu tree’s color is very dark,
one canopy of green beside the river.
Near its roots I made an herb garden,
touching its leaves I constructed a thatch pavilion.
When the sun sinks, its shade is still unbroken,
in a light breeze its tones are good to listen to.
Usually when I reach the height of discomfort from drinking,
I lie down here and sober up in a moment.

¹ This plays on the name of an Eastern Han work by Wang Fu, Discussions of One Who Sinks from Sight.
10.23

惡樹

獨繞虛齋徑，
常持小斧柯。
幽陰成頗雜，
惡木剪還多。
枸杞因吾有，
雞棲奈汝何。
方知不材者，
生長漫婆娑。

10.24–30

江畔獨步尋花七絕句

I

江上被花惱不徹，
無處告訴只顛狂。
走覓南鄰愛酒伴，
經旬出飲獨空床。
10.23

Bad Trees

All by myself I circle the path around my empty study,
always holding the handle of a little ax.
The shade, giving privacy, has become quite mixed,
4 I cut the bad trees, but they grow many again.
Matrimony vines are there because I planted them,
but what can I do about you “chicken-roost” shrubs?
Now I understand that things without useful substance,
8 grow great and flourish for nothing.

10.24–30

Strolling Alone By the Riverside, Looking for Flowers: Seven Quatrains

I

By the river I suffer unceasing torment from flowers,
with no one to address my complaint to, I just get crazier.
I rush off to my southern neighbor, an ale-loving companion,1
he’s been out for ten days drinking, leaving an empty bed.

1 Original note: “Husi Rong was my drinking buddy” 斛斯融吾酒徒.
江畔獨步尋花七絕句

II
稠花亂蕊畏江濱，
行步欹危實怕春。
詩酒尚堪驅使在，
未須料理白頭人。

III
江深竹靜兩三家，
多事紅花映白花。
報答春光知有處，
應須美酒送生涯。

IV
東望少城花滿煙，
百花高樓更可憐。
誰能載酒開金盞，
喚取佳人舞繡筵。

V
黃師塔前江水東，
春光懶困倚微風。
桃花一簇開無主，
可愛深紅愛淺紅。
II
Dense flowers, a tangle of stamens make me wary of the riverbank,
I walk, stepping precariously, truly scared of spring.
But, still able to be commanded by poetry and ale,
I need not yet be watched over as a white-haired old man.

III
The River deep, the bamboo calm, two or three homes,
messing in others’ business, red flowers half-hide white flowers.
To respond to spring’s bright weather I know there is a way:
I really must have fine ale to go with me the rest of my years.

IV
I gaze east to the “little city,” flowers fill the mist,1
the tall building, the “Hundred Flowers,” is even more attractive.
Who can come bringing ale and set out golden cups
and call to get fair women to dance on embroidered mats?

V
Before Reverend Huang’s pagoda, the River’s waters go east,
in spring’s bright weather I am languid, leaning in the light breeze.
A single clump of peach blossoms bloom without an owner,
do I dote more on the deep red ones or on the light red ones?

1 The “little city” was the market and tavern section of Chengdu. This would also be
the courtesan district.
VI

黃四娘家花滿蹊，
千朵萬朵壓枝低。
留連戲蝶時時舞，
自在嬌鶯恰恰啼。

VII

不是愛花即欲死，
只恐花盡老相催。
繁枝容易紛紛落，
嫩葉商量細細開。

10.31

進艇

南京久客耕南畝，
北望傷神坐北窗。
晝引老妻乘小艇，
晴看稚子浴清江。
俱飛蛱蝶元相逐，
並蒂芙蓉本自雙。
茗飲蔗漿攜所有，
瓷甖無謝玉為缸。
VI

At the home of Miss Huang Four flowers fill the lane,
a thousand buds, ten thousand buds press the branches low.
Lingering there, sporting butterflies dance now and again,
and charming orioles, self-absorbed, just right for singing out.

VII

It’s not that I dote on flowers so much that I want to die right now,
I just fear that when the flowers are gone, old age will press upon me.
The densely packed branches will easily shed petals in thick flurries,
may the tender leaves consider just opening bit by bit.1

10.31

Going Ahead in My Skiff

Long a sojourner in the Southern Capital, I plow my southern acres,2
gazing north wounds the spirit as I sit by my north-facing window.3
By day I take my wife to ride in a tiny skiff,
under sunny skies we watch the children bathe in the clear river.
Butterflies flying together, always they follow each other,
lotuses sharing a single stalk, by nature form pairs.
Cane syrup to drink with our tea, we’ve brought along what we have,
and our pottery jar will not take second place to a jug made of jade.

---

1  That is, he is asking the trees to flower more slowly.
2  When Xuanzong fled to Chengdu as An Lushan’s forces advanced on Chang’an,
    Chengdu became the “Southern Capital.”
3  That is, gazing toward Chang’an.
一室他鄉遠，
空林暮景懸。
正愁聞塞笛，
獨立見江船。
巴蜀來多病，
荊蠻去幾年。
應同王粲宅，
留井岘山前。

所思
苦憶荊州醉司馬，
謫官樽俎定常開。
九江日落醒何處，
一柱觀頭眠幾回。
可憐懷抱向人盡，
欲問平安無使來。
故憑錦水將雙淚，
好過瞿塘幷瀟堆。
10.32

One Cottage

One cottage, far in a strange land,
the evening sun suspended over a deserted forest.
Just now it saddens me to hear frontier flutes,

4 I stand alone and see boats on the river.
Since I came to Ba and Shu, I have often been sick,
in how many years can I go to Jing-Mon?¹
I’m sure it will be the same as Wang Can’s lodgings,

8 with a well left there, before Mount Xian.²

10.33

Someone On My Mind

I intensely recall Jingzhou’s drunken Assistant,³
this banished official’s goblet and plate are surely always set out.
When the sun sets at Nine Rivers, where will you sober up?—

4 up in One Pillar Lodge how many times have you slept?⁴
Too bad that these feelings are now all pouring out for him,
I want to find out if he’s all right, but no messenger comes.
Thus I depend on the waters of Brocade River to take this pair of tears,

8 they will easily pass the Qutang Gorge and Yanyu Rock.⁵

¹ Jingzhou, farther down the Yangzi.
² The poet “Wang Can stayed in Xiangyang, and the supposed well of his house was one of the local sights.
³ Original note: “Cui Yi of the Ministry of Personnel” 崔吏部漪.
⁴ The most famous site in Jingzhou.
⁵ Two places famous for their perils on the Yangzi River passage from Chengdu to Jingzhou.
聞斛斯六官未歸

故人南郡去，
去索作碑錢。
本賣文為活，
翻令室倒懸。
荊扉深蔓草，
土銼冷疏煙。
老罷休無賴，
歸來省醉眠。

赴青城縣出成都，寄陶、王二少尹

老被樊籠役，
貧嗟出入勞。
客情投異縣，
詩態憶吾曹。
東郭滄江合，
西山白雪高。
文章差底病，
回首興滔滔。
10.34

Hearing That the Official Husi (6) Has Not Returned

My old friend has gone off to a southern commandery, he’s gone to seek cash for writing stele inscriptions. He always made a livelihood selling his writing,

but instead it has caused his home to be all topsy-turvy. His ramshackle gate is deep in vines, his earthenware crock is cold with infrequent smoke. You’re old and retired, quit being irresponsible,

when you go home, drink yourself to sleep less often.

10.35

Leaving Chengdu on My Way to Qingcheng County, Sent to the Two Vice-Governors Tao and Wang

Old, I’m forced to travel by being in a cage,¹ poor, I sigh that I have to struggle, whether going out or staying home. With a wayfarer’s feelings I lodge in another county,

but I recall us three, how it was writing poems. The gray river joins around the eastern part of the city, on the western mountains the white snow is up high. What sickness will writing cure?—

yet looking back the inspiration comes flooding.

¹ That is, he is not free in his doings.
野望因過常少仙

野橋齊渡馬，
秋望轉悠哉。
竹覆青城合，
江從灌口來。
入村樵徑引，
嘗果栗皴開。
落盡高天日，
幽人未遣回。

丈人山

自為青城客，
不唾青城地。
為愛丈人山，
丹梯近幽意。

丈人祠西佳氣濃，
緣雲擬住最高峰。
掃除白髮黃精在，
君看他時冰雪容。
10.36

Gazing on the Wilderness and Subsequently Visiting Chang Shaoxian

A wilderness bridge, our horses cross abreast,
my autumn view extends on ever more.
The bamboo merge, covering Qingcheng County,
the River comes out from Guankou.
A woodman’s path leads me into the village,
tasting nuts, the chestnut’s wrinkles open.
When the sun in the high sky has completely set,
the recluse has not yet sent me back.

10.37

The Senior Mountain

Being a visitor in Qingcheng
I do not spit on the ground of Qingcheng,
because I cherish the Senior Mountain,
its ladder of cinnabar is close to my reclusive mood.1

West of the shrine to the Senior the auspicious vapors are thick,
following the clouds I intend to halt at the very highest peak.
To sweep away my white hair the yellow elixir is there,
some day to come, just take a look at my face of ice and snow.2

Qingcheng County was in Shuzhou, not far from Chengdu. According to legend, the Yellow Emperor had visited it and built a shrine there, making it the “Senior” over the Marchmounts of the four directions and center. A Daoist temple had been built there.

1 The “ladder of cinnabar” refers to a mountain peak rising into the clouds and hence a way to seek the immortals.
2 That is, the poet will become an immortal.
寄杜位

近聞寬法離新州，
想見懷歸尚百憂。
逐客雖皆萬里去，
悲君已是十年流。

千戈況復塵隨眼，
鬢髮還應雪滿頭。
玉壘題書心緒亂，
何時更得曲江遊。

送裴五赴東川

故人亦流落，
高義動乾坤。
何日通燕塞，
相看老蜀門。

東行應暫別，
北望苦銷魂。
凜凜悲秋意，
非君誰與論。
10.38

Sent to Du Wei

Recently I’ve heard that your sentence was eased and that you have left Xinzhou,
I can imagine you longing to go home, still beset by a hundred cares.
Even though all those banished went off ten thousand leagues,
I’m saddened that for you it has been ten years in exile.
In the clash of arms even more the dust has followed your eyes,
as for your hair, I’m also sure that snow now fills your head.
At Jade Fort Mountain I write a letter, my heart in turmoil,
when again will we be able to roam about Twisting River?

10.39

Seeing Off Pei (5) Setting Off for East River Circuit

Even my old friend goes a-wandering,
his lofty sense of right stirs Heaven and Earth.
When will we get through to Yan’s passes—
we watch each other grow old in Shu.
I’m sure this journey east will be but brief parting,
gazing north melts the soul with bitterness.
Biting cold, the mood of grieving over autumn—
with whom can I discuss this other than you?

---

1 An original note: “Wei’s home in the capital was near the western side of the Twisting River. The end of the poem gives an account of this” 位京中宅近西曲江, 詩尾有述.
10.40

送韓十四江東觀省

兵戈不見老萊衣，
歎息人間萬事非。
我已無家尋弟妹，
君今何處訪庭闈。
黃牛峽靜灘聲轉，
白馬江寒樹影稀。
此別應須各努力，
故鄉猶恐未同歸。

10.41

柟樹為風雨所拔歎

倚江柟樹草堂前，
古老相傳二百年。
誅茅卜居總為此，
五月髣髴聞寒蟬。

東南飄風動地至，
江翻石走流雲氣。
幹排雷雨猶力爭，
根斷泉源豈天意。
10.40

Seeing Off Han (14) to Visit His Parents in Jiangdong

An age in arms, one does not see the clothes of Laolaizi,¹
I sigh how in this mortal world everything has gone wrong.
I have already lost my home where I could find my brothers and sister,
now where are you going to visit your parents’ chambers?
Yellow Ox Gorge is still, but the sound of rapids turns,
White Horse River is cold, the shadows of trees have sparse leaves.
Parting here, we really must each do our utmost to take care,
yet still I fear that to our homelands we will not both return.

10.41

A Lament for My Nanmu Tree Uprooted by Storm

A nanmu tree next to the River, in front of my thatch cottage,
old-timers tell me that it’s two hundred years old.
Cutting thatch and siting my dwelling were mainly because of this,
in midsummer one seemed to hear cold-weather cicadas.
From the southeast whirling gusts came shaking the land,
The River churned, stones sped, streaming with cloudy vapors.
The trunk pushed back the thunder and rain, still contending in
strength,
but its roots were cut off from the springs below—how could that have
been Heaven’s will?

¹ *Laolaizi.
茅屋為秋風所破歌

八月秋高風怒號，
卷我屋上三重茅。
茅飛度江灑江郊，
高者掛罥長林梢，
下者飄轉沈塘坳。
南村群童欺我老無力，
忍能對面為盜賊。
公然抱茅入竹去，
脣焦口燥呼不得。
Gray waves and old trees are things my nature adores,  
a green awning, towering tall upon the shore.  
Men in the wilds often lingered here, fearing the frost and snow,  
travelers did not pass it by, but listened to its pipes and flutes.¹

The tiger is fallen, the dragon upturned and cast in a briar patch,  
tear-tracks and spots of blood fall on my bosom.²  
Whenever I have new poems, where will I recite them?—  
from this point on my thatched cottage lacks all attraction.

¹ The “pipes and flutes” here are the sounds made by the wind whistling through the crevices of the tree.  
² Blood in tears suggests the intensity of grieving.
石笋行

君不見益州城西門，
陌上石筍雙高蹲。
古來相傳是海眼，
苔蘚蝕盡波濤痕。
I went back leaning on my cane, sighing to myself. In a moment the wind died down and the clouds were the color of ink, they billowed over the autumn sky growing blacker toward dusk. The cloth covers were years old and as cold as iron, my darling son slept badly and kicked rips in the lining. The roof leaked above the bed, there was no place dry, the raindrops came like threads of hemp, never breaking. I have been through death and destruction and had but little sleep, but how can I last through the soaking of this long night? If only I could get a great mansion of a million rooms, broadly covering the poor scholars of all the world, all with joyous expressions, unshaken by storms, as stable as a mountain. Alas, when will I see such a roof looming before my eyes?— then I would think it all right if my cottage alone were ruined and I suffered death by freezing.

10.43
The Stone Shoots: A Ballad

Have you not seen by the west gate of Yizhou City, by a field lane the “Stone Shoots,” a pair crouching high. Since ancient times it’s been said that these were “eyes of the sea,” mosses and lichens have eaten away all traces of waves and billows.

---

1 These were a pair of dolmens outside of Chengdu.
2 Chengdu.
3 Springs that connect directly with the ocean underground.
君不見
秦時蜀太守，
刻石立作三犀牛。
自古雖有厭勝法，
天生江水向東流。
蜀人矜誇一千載，
泛溢不近張儀樓。
In heavy rains one often finds rare green gems—
these things are a muddle and hard to explain clearly.
I suspect that in olden days these were tombs of a minister or grandee,
they set the stones up as markers, and they still survive today.
It is too bad that common ways love to obscure the truth,
it’s also like lesser officials who flatter His Majesty.
Government by cultural influence is thrown in confusion, the larger
form is lost,
then one sees those who endanger the state receive generous grace.
Alas, you Stone Sprouts, commanding empty fame,
those who don’t know better in later times will still come running here
to look.
How can I get a bold man to cast them beyond the horizon,
to make people doubt no more, having seen what’s behind it all?

10.44
The Stone Rhinoceroses: A Ballad

Have you not seen
how Shu’s governor in the time of Qin,
had stone carved and set up three rhinoceroses.
Since ancient times although there have been magic techniques to
suppress disasters,
Heaven produces the River waters that flow off to the east.
People of Shu boast that for over a thousand years
the river flooding does not come near Zhang Yi’s Tower.¹

¹ The Warring States persuader Zhang Yi was credited with building the walls of
Chengdu. The southwestern tower was called “Zhang Yi’s Tower.”
今年灌口損戶口，
此事或恐為神羞。
終藉隄防出眾力，
高擁木石當清秋。
先王作法皆正道，
詭怪何得參人謀。
嗟爾三犀不經濟，
缺訛只與長川逝。
但見元氣常調和，
自免洪濤恣凋瘵。
安得壯士提天綱，
再平水土犀奔茫。

君不見
昔日蜀天子，
化作杜鵑似老烏。
寄巢生子不自啄，
群鳥至今與哺雛。
雖同君臣有舊禮，
骨肉滿眼身羁孤。
This year Guankou Mountain has lost population;
one might suspect that this event will embarrass the god.
Ultimately we depend on dikes and levees, that come from collective
effort,
piling wood and stone high to resist the autumn floods.
When the former kings laid down laws it always followed the right Way,
how can weird mythical spirits be a part of human plans?
Alas for you, three rhinos, you did not take care of problems,
eroding and losing pieces, you only go off with the long river.
If only one sees that the Primal Vapor is always in harmony,
one can naturally prevent the great waves from unleashing their
depredations.

How can we find a strong fellow to maintain Heaven’s order?—
with our water and soil once again calm, the rhinos will flee and fade
afar.

10.45

The Cuckoo: A Ballad

Have you not heard
    how Shu’s Son of Heaven in olden days
turned into a cuckoo, just like an old crow?
It lodges its young in another’s nest and doesn’t peck food for them,
and to this day other birds provide nurture for its chicks.
Though this is the same rite that existed between a ruler and his
subject, its own flesh and blood fill its eyes everywhere, but the bird itself is
alone.

1 This is the legend of the Shu king Du Yu, who seduced the wife of one of his officers
    and was subsequently transformed into a cuckoo. According to lore, the cuckoo
    places its young in the nests of others.
2 That is, the subject provides for the ruler’s needs.
逢唐興劉主簿弟

分手開元末,
連年絕尺書。
江山且相見，
戎馬未安居。
劍外官人冷，
關中驛騎疏。
輕舟下吳會，
主簿意何如。
For its living it works to hide away deep within the trees, 
8 in the fourth month and the fifth month it cries out particularly. 
Its voice is one of sorrow and pain, its beak flows with blood, 
and whatever matter it complains of, it is always intense in its passion. 
How could it be that only with ruin you burst forth with such 
distress?—

12 you are ashamed to bear wings and plumage and are pained at this 
foolish form. 
Gray Heaven’s transformations who can reckon them?—
everything turns upside down, nothing happens never. 
Everything turns upside down, nothing happens never, 
16 how can you recall in your palace the crowds of officials scurrying?

10.46
Meeting Assistant Magistrate Liu of Tangxing

We parted at the end of the Kaiyuan Reign, 
4 for years on end no letter passed between us. 
Now amid mountains and rivers we meet for a while, 
war horses have not let us bide peacefully. 
Beyond Swordgate the official holds a sinecure, 
from Within-the-Passes post riders are infrequent. 
Going down to Wu-Kuai in a light boat—
8 what does the assistant magistrate think of this idea?
敬簡王明府

葉縣郎官宰，
周南太史公。
神仙才有數，
流落意無窮。
驥病思偏秣，
鷹愁怕苦籠。
看君用高義，
恥與萬人同。

重簡王明府

甲子西南異，
冬來只薄寒。
江雲何夜盡，
蜀雨幾時乾。
行李須相問，
窮愁豈有寬。
君聽鴻雁響，
恐致稻梁難。
10.47

A Note Respectfully Sent to Magistrate Wang of Tangxing

Ye County’s Court Gentleman magistrate,¹
the Grand Keeper of Records in Zhounan.²
One has the fated talent to be an immortal,
the other roams around, his thoughts endless.
The steed grows sick, thinks most of fodder,
the falcon grieves, fears suffering the cage.
I see how you use a high sense of right,
ashamed to be the same as ten thousand others.

10.48

Another Note to Magistrate Wang

In the seasonal cycle the southwest is different,
when winter comes, there is only faint cold.
On what night do clouds on the river end?
when do Shu rains ever dry?
Your courier now asks how I am—
how could my extreme sorrow have found surcease?
Listen to the echo of the swan and wild goose,
I fear they convey hardships over grain to eat.

---

¹ *Wang Qiao.
² When Han Wudi performed the Feng and Shan sacrifices, Sima Tan was sick and stayed in Zhounan. Du Fu is referring to himself.
10.49

百憂集行

憶年十五心尚孩，
健如黃犢走復來。
庭前八月梨棗熟，
一日上樹能千回。

即今倏忽已五十，
坐臥坐少行立。
強將笑語供主人，
悲見生涯百憂集。

入門依舊四壁空，
老妻覩我顏色同。
癡兒未知父子禮，
叫怒索飯啼門東。

10.50

徐卿二子歌

君不見
　　徐卿二子生絕奇，
感應吉夢相追隨。
10.49

A Hundred Cares Gather: A Ballad

I recall when my age was fifteen, my mind was still a child’s,
I was sturdy as a yellow calf running back and forth.
In the eighth month in our yard the pears and dates were ripe,
in one day I could climb that tree a thousand times.

At present—in a flash—I’m already fifty,
for the most part sitting and lying down, standing and walking less often.
I force myself to be amusing when serving my patrons,
but sadly I see the span of my life and a hundred cares gather.

Coming in my gate, as ever the four walls are bare,
my old wife looks at me, our faces are the same.
My childish boys do not yet know the proper way to treat their father,
they shout angrily demanding food and weep east of the gate.

10.50

Song of Lord Xu’s Two Sons

Have you not seen
Lord Xu’s two sons, born utterly remarkable,
in response to auspicious dreams they came one after the other.
孔子釋氏親抱送，
並是天上麒麟兒。

大兒九齡色清澈，
秋水為神玉為骨。

小兒五歲氣食牛，
滿堂賓客皆回頭。
吾知徐公百不憂，
積善哀哀生公侯。
丈夫生兒有如此二雛者，
名位豈肯卑微休。

10.51

戲作花卿歌

成都猛將有花卿，
學語小兒知姓名。  
用如快鶚風火生，
見賊唯多身始輕。  
綿州副使著柘黃，  
我卿掃除即日平。

子璋髑髏血模糊，
手提擲還崔大夫。
Confucius and the Buddha personally brought them in their arms, both are from Heaven, unicorn foals.

The elder is nine years old, his color clear and fresh, autumn waters are his soul, jade is his bones.

The younger son is five years old, his temperament is to eat an ox, the guests that fill the hall all turn their heads. I understand that Lord Xu has no worries at all, a continuous flood of accumulated virtue has produced these dukes or counts. When a man has sons like these, two chicks, how could his fame and position end up small or low?

---

10.51

A Song for Lord Hua Playfully Written

Of the fierce generals of Chengdu there is our Lord Hua, little children learning to speak all know his name. He acts like the fleet eagle, a fire fanned by the wind, only where he sees many foes does his body become light. Mianzhou’s Vice-Commissioner put on the imperial yellow, our lord here swept him away, conquered in a day.

Duan Zizhang’s skull, all blurred by blood, he carried back in hand to toss it to Grand Master Cui.

---

1 The Shizi notes that the young of tigers and leopards, though the patterns have not formed in their fur, still have the temperament to eat an ox.

2 This is Hua Jingding, the commander of one of the armies of Cui Guangyuan, Metropolitan Governor of Chengdu.

3 Duan Zizhang, who had rebelled and set himself up as Prince of Liang.
李侯重有此節度，
人道我卿絕世無。
既稱絕世無，
12 天子何不喚取守京都。

10.52
贈花卿

錦城絲管日紛紛，
半入江風半入雲。
此曲只應天上有，
人間能得幾回聞。

10.53–54
少年行二首

I

莫笑田家老瓦盆，
自從盛酒長兒孫。
Count Li once again holds the post of Military Commissioner there,\(^1\) everyone says that our lord Hua is peerless in the age. Since he is praised as peerless in the age, why does the Son of Heaven not call him to protect the capital?

The problem of rebellion was not confined to the generals of northeast China, and Sichuan was a very volatile region. Duan Zizhang, the prefect of nearby Mianzhou, had rebelled in early summer and attacked the military commissioner of “East River” (the eastern Circuit of the two military regions into which the Sichuan area was divided). He somehow was victorious, and the military commissioner fled to Chengdu. The rebellion was short-lived; a month later Duan Zizhang was defeated by the military commissioner of “West River” and beheaded.

10.52

To Lord Hua

In Brocade City the music of pipes and strings is heard all over every day, half enters the wind on the river, half enters the clouds. This melody should only exist in heaven, how many times can one get to hear it in this mortal world?

10.53–54

Young Men: Two Ballads

I

Laugh not at the field hand’s old pottery bowl, since the time it first held ale his children and grandchildren have grown up.

\(^1\) Li Huan, the military commissioner of Eastern Sichuan, who had fled to Chengdu after his defeat by Duan Zizhang. Hua Jingding’s victory has restored him to his post.
贈虞十五司馬

傾銀注瓦驚人眼，
共醉終同臥竹根。

II

巢燕養雛渾去盡，
江花結子已無多。
黃衫年少來宜數，
不見堂前東逝波。

10.55

贈虞十五司馬

遠師虞秘監，
今喜識玄孫。
形像丹青逼，
家聲器宇存。
淒涼憐筆勢，
浩蕩問詞源。
爽氣金天豁，
清談玉露繁。
佇鳴南岳鳳，
欲化北溟鯤。
交態知浮俗，
儒流不異門。
Whether tipping ale into silver or pouring into pottery, it startles a person’s eyes, both get drunk and at last are the same, lying by roots of bamboo.

II

The swallows have raised their chicks in the nest and have pretty much all gone off, the river flowers that form seeds are already not many more. The young man in the yellow tunic should come often—do you not see before the hall the waves departing eastward?

10.55

Presented to Assistant Yu (15)

I took as my teacher Library Director Yu from far before, now I am delighted to know his great-great-grandson. You appearance is quite close to his portrait, family’s fame, the quality of his temper survives. I love the bent of his brushwork, now lonely and cold, and wonder about the source of his diction, so wild and free. Brisk weather, the metal heavens gaping vast, in our disinterested chat, abundant jade drops of dew. I expect the phoenix of the southern marchmount to sing out, about to transform, the Kun leviathan of northern deeps. I know how friendships lack substance these days, but as Confucian scholars, we are not of a different lineage.

---

1 The yellow tunic suggests wealth and high station.
2 Taizong’s literary courtier Yu Shinan (558–638).
3 In the imperial gallery.
4 The autumn sky, metal being the phase of autumn.
5 Assistant Yu. The southern marchmount is Mount Heng.
6 *Peng.
過逢連客位，
日夜倒芳尊。
沙岸風吹葉，
雲江月上軒。
百年嗟已半，
四座敢辭喧。
書籍終相與，
青山隔故園。

病柏

有柏生崇岡，
童童狀車蓋。
偃蹇龍虎姿，
主當風雲會。
神明依正直，
故老多再拜。
豈知千年根，
中路顏色壞。
出非不得地，
蟠據亦高大。
歲寒忽無憑，
日夜柯葉改。
Meeting you on passing by, I am placed among your guests, day and night we quaff the fragrant goblets. The wind blows the leaves on sandy shores, cloudy river, the moon rises past the balcony. I sigh that my hundred-year span is already half over, dare I refuse the noisy company of these guests? In the end I would give you my books, green mountains block me from my home.

10.56

Sick Cypress

A cypress there was that grew on the high hill, spreading wide, shaped like a carriage awning. Rising aloft, the appearance of dragon or tiger, it dominated the conjunction of wind and cloud. Sacred beings stay with the upright and straight, so old folks often bowed to it. Who could have thought that these thousand-year roots would appear so ruined mid-course? Not that it didn’t find a secure place to grow, roots coiling and clasping, it stood high and grand. But in the cold season it suddenly lost support, from day to day its boughs and needles changed.

---

1 *Wang Can.*
病橘

群橘少生意，
虽多亦奚为。
惜哉结实小，
酸澀如棠梨。
剖之盡蠹蟲，
采掇爽其宜。
紛然不適口，
豈只存其皮。
萧萧半死叶，
未忍别故枝。
玄冬霜雪積，
況乃回风吹。
The cinnabar phoenix leads its nine chicks,  
and singing sadly soars away.  
The owl finds its own purposes satisfied,  
and bores holes in it to raise its young.  
From what land came the traveler,  
standing there the while, sighing long in amazement?  
Calmly he seeks pattern in the essence of things—  
all is swept along and cannot be trusted.

10.57

Sick Orange Trees

A group of orange trees, little life in them,  
though many, what use are they?  
Too bad, indeed, that their fruits are so small,  
sour and sharp as the wild pear.  
Cut them open, all maggots,  
when you pick them, they fail their purpose.  
All over the place, but not fit to eat,  
why should we simply preserve their rinds?  
Whistling in the wind, half-dead leaves,  
unable to bear leaving their old branches.  
In black winter the frost and snow pile up,  
and even more, the whirling gusts blow.
嘗聞蓬萊殿，
羅列潇湘姿。
此物歲不稔，
玉食失光明。
寇盜尚憑陵，
當君減膳時。
汝病是天意，
吾念罪有司。
憶昔南海使，
奔騰獻荔枝。
百馬死山谷，
到今耆舊悲。

10.58

枯椶

蜀門多椶櫚，
高者十八九。
其皮割剝甚，
雖眾亦易朽。
徒布如雲葉，
青青歲寒後。
交橫集斧斤，
凋喪先蒲柳。
I have heard that in Penglai Palace
those with the looks of Xiao and Xiang are arrayed.¹
If these don’t ripen in season,
the imperial fare loses all splendor.
Yet rebels are still running wild,
it is time for the ruler to diminish fine feasts.
Your sickness is indeed Heaven’s will,
but I’m concerned he will fault those in charge.²
I recall that couriers from the Southern Sea long ago
raced furiously to present lychees.³
A hundred horses died in mountain valleys,
to this day old men of those times still deplore it.

10.58
The Withered Palms

At the gates of Shu are many coir palms,
and eight or nine of ten are tall.
Their bark has been cut and peeled away,
and though many, they also die easily.
In vain they spread leaves like the clouds,
so green even after the year turns cold.
From this way and that, axes gathered,
and they withered and perished before the willow.

¹ Celebrated for their oranges.
² That is, palace officials will be blamed for the failure of the oranges to ripen.
³ Lady Yang, the Noble Consort (Guifei), loved lychees, and Xuanzong used the imperial post system to have them delivered fresh.
傷時苦軍乏，
一物官盡取。
嗟爾江漢人，
生成復何有。
有同枯椶木，
使我沈嘆久。
死者即已休，
生者何自守。
啾啾黃雀啄，
側見寒蓬走。
念爾形影乾，
摧殘沒藜莠。

10.59

枯椶

楩椶枯崢嶸，
鄉黨皆莫記。
不知幾百歲，
慘慘無生意。
上枝摩皇天，
下根蟠厚地。
巨圍雷霆坼，
萬孔蟲蟻萃。
I am pained how the age suffers demands for the army, officials have taken every single thing. Alas, you folk of Yangzi and Han, what have you left for your livelihood? Your case is something the same as these withered palms, and makes me sigh and brood long. The dead, they’re finished for good, but how can the living maintain themselves? A brown sparrow twittered pecking at them, to the side it saw a wintry dandelion puff speed by: I think on how dry your form is, breaking up, and sinking in foxtail and pigweed.

**10.59**

Withered Nanmu Tree

A nanmu tree bare and towering, no one in the area takes note of it. Who would have thought after so many centuries it would become so gloomy and lifeless? The highest branches rub the august heavens, the lower roots coil in the thick earth. Its immense girth, split by claps of thunder, in thousands of holes ants and insects gather.
不見

凍雨落流膠，
衡風奪佳氣。
白鵠遂不來，
天雞為愁思。
猶含棟梁具，
無復霄漢志。
良工古昔少，
識者出涕淚。
種榆水中央，
成長何容易。
截承金露盤，
裊裊不自畏。

10.60

不見

不見李生久，
佯狂真可哀。
世人皆欲殺，
吾意獨憐才。
敏捷詩千首，
飄零酒一杯。
匡山讀書處，
頭白好歸來。
Summer downpours washed the oozing sap away,
blasts of wind carried off the sweet scent.
Then the white swan came no more,
and the pheasant brooded mournfully on it.
It still holds provision for rafter and beam,
though its goals to reach wispy heights are gone.
Since olden days fine craftsmen have been few,
and those who recognize it shed tears.
Plant an elm in the midst of the water,
and how easily it grows tall!
But if cut to bear the golden dew-pan,¹
it sways teetering with no fear for itself.

10.60
I Have Not Seen²

Long I have not seen Li Bai,
his playing the madcap is truly to be lamented.
All the people in the world want to kill him,
but I alone am moved by his talents.
Clever and quick, a thousand poems,
roaming lost, one cup of ale.
Kuang Mountain was where you studied,
white-haired now, it would be best to go back.

¹ The “golden dew-pan,” constructed by Han Wudi, was held by the statue of an immortal on a column. Its purpose was to catch the heavenly dew from which an elixir of immortality could be made.
² An original note in SB: “Recently I have had no news of Li Bai” 近無李白消息.
10.61

草堂即事

荒村建子月，
獨樹老夫家。
霧裏江船渡，
風前徑竹斜。
寒魚依密藻，
宿鷺起圓沙。
蜀酒禁愁得，
無錢何處賒。

10.62

徐九少尹見過

晚景孤村僻，
行軍數騎來。
交新徒有喜，
禮厚愧無才。
賞靜憐雲竹，
忘歸步月臺。
何當看花蕊，
欲發照江梅。
10.61

An Account at My Thatch Cottage

An unkempt village in the “foundational” month,\(^1\)
a lone tree, there an old fellow’s home.
Within the fog the river boats cross,
4 bamboo on the path slant with the wind.
Wintry fish lie close to dense water-plants,
egrets, passing the night, rise from circular sands.
Shu’s ale can keep out melancholy,
8 but without money how can I buy on credit?

10.62

Vice Governor Xu (9) Stops By

Late in the day, my lone village remote,
several outriders of the governor came.
I feel unwarranted delight at this new association,
4 you are most generous, but I am ashamed that I lack talent.
Appreciating serenity, you love bamboo in the clouds,
you forget return as we stroll on the moonlit terrace.
When will you come see the flowers?—
8 the plums that reflect in the river are about to bloom.

---

\(^1\) In October of 761 Suzong decreed that the new year would begin in the eleventh month (the second of December). This was a new “prime,” with 建子 建子 being the “foundational first (zi) month.”
10.63

范二員外邈、吳十侍御鬱特枉駕，闕展待，聊寄此

暫往比鄰去，
空聞二妙歸。
幽棲誠簡略，
衰白已光輝。
野外貧家遠，
村中好客稀。
論文或不愧，
肯重款柴扉。

10.64

王十七侍御掄許攜酒至草堂奉寄此詩便請邀高三十五使君同到

老夫臥穩朝慵起，
白屋寒多暖始開。
江鸛巧當幽徑浴，
鄰雞還過短牆來。
繡衣屢許攜家醞，
皂蓋能忘折野梅。
10.63

Supernumerary Fan Miao (2) and Vice Censor in Chief Wu Yu (10)
Went out of Their Way to Visit, But I Was Absent to Receive Them, So
I Send This

I had gone off to a neighbor’s for a while
and heard that these two fine men had gone home.
Living in seclusion, I’ve been truly remiss in courtesy,
aging and white-haired, I have the distinction of your regard.
My poor home lies far off in the wilderness,
fine visitors in this village are rare.
In discussing literature I will perhaps be put to shame,
would you again favor my ramshackle door?

10.64

Attendant Censor Wang Lun (17) Had Ale Brought to My Thatch
Cottage; Respectfully I Send This Poem and Invite Him to Visit along
with Governor Gao (35)

This old man sleeps soundly, too lazy to get up at dawn,
it is very cold in his plain cottage, but now warmth first appears.
River storks by chance are facing secluded paths as they bathe;
a neighbor’s chickens again come passing over the low wall.
One in brocade robes has frequently agreed to bring along home brew;¹
can the one with black awning forget to snap a spray of wild plum?²

¹ The brocade robes were a poetic sumptuary mark of the censorate, hence Wang Lun.
² The black carriage awning was the Han mark of a governor, hence Gao Shi.
戲假霜威促山簡，
須成一醉習池迴。

10.65
王竟攜酒高亦同過共用寒字
臥疾荒郊遠，
通行小徑難。
故人能領客，
攜酒重相看。
自愧無鮭菜，
空煩卸馬鞍。
移樽勸山簡，
頭白恐風寒。

10.66–67
陪李七司馬皂江上觀造竹橋即日成往來之人免冬寒入水聊題短作簡李公二首

伐竹為橋結構同，
褰裳不涉往來通。
I will playfully borrow your frost-like authority to urge our Shan Jian that before he returns he must get entirely drunk at the Xi Family Pool.¹

10.65

Wang at Last Brings Ale and Gao Drops By with Him (we all used the rhyme han)

I lay sick far off in suburban wilds, hard to get through down this small path. My old friend was able to bring a visitor, carrying ale, he again comes to look in on me. I’m ashamed that I have no fish or fine food, in vain have I troubled you to unsaddle your horses. I urge Shan Jian to drink, moving the cups elsewhere² those with white hair fear the cold of the wind.³

10.66–67

In the Company of the Adjutant Li (7), by the Black River We Survey the Construction of a Bamboo Bridge. It was Completed That Very Day, and Travelers Going Back and Forth Could Avoid Entering the Water in Winter’s Cold. I Chanced to Write a Short Composition Which I Sent to Li

I

When cutting bamboo to make a bridge, the construction is the same,⁴ not lifting one’s robes to ford now, people go back and forth.

---

¹ The censor’s severity was conventionally compared to the frost. *Shan Jian here stands for Gao Shi. The Xi family pool was one of the famous sites of Xiangyang, where Shan Jian used to get drunk.
² *Shan Jian.
³ Urging Gao Shi to drink. Original note in SB: “Gao always says, ‘Your age is close to mine and not necessarily less than mine’; hence I teased him with this line.” 高每云, 汝年幾, 且不必小於我。故此句戲之.
⁴ That is, the same as wood construction.
天寒白鶴歸華表，
日落青龍見水中。  
顧我老非題柱客，  
知君才是濟川功。  
合歡卻笑千年事，
驅石何時到海東。

II

把燭成橋夜，
回舟坐客時。  
天高雲去盡，
江迥月來遲。  
衰謝多扶病，
招邀屢有期。  
異方乘此興，
樂罷不無悲。
When the weather is cold the white cranes will come back to the commemorative column, as the sun sets, the green dragon will be seen within the water. Considering my old age I will not be the traveler who wrote on the pillar, but I know your talents are of merit in crossing the stream. Sharing pleasure, we turn to laugh at what happened a thousand years ago, if driving stones, when will they ever reach the sea’s eastern edge?

II

Taking candle in hand the night the bridge was completed, the time when the guests sailed around in a boat. The heavens were high, the clouds all gone, the river stretched far, the moon slow to come. In my failing years I often have to do things when sick, there are often dates when I am invited. In this strange land we follow our elation, when the pleasure is done, I am not without sadness.

1 This alludes to a story that in the 280s two cranes were heard beside a bridge commenting that the snow that year was no less than in the time of Yao.
2 Many associations come together in this line. First, Qiu Zhao’ao cites the story of a bridge guarded by a green dragon. There was a “dragon bamboo,” and on at least one level the “green dragon” is the reflection of the bamboo bridge. Then there is the story of Fei Zhangfang whose bamboo staff turned into a dragon.
3 This alludes to a story of *Sima Xiangru setting off to Chang’an from Chengdu. At the Shengxian Bridge he wrote on the pillar that he would never cross it again unless riding a red carriage pulled by a four-horse team (that is, unless he succeeded in Chang’an).
4 This plays on an old figure in which the ruler is the boat and the ministers his oars for getting across the river.
5 This refers to Qin Shihuang’s fantastic project to build a bridge over the ocean to where the sun rises. He had a wizard conjure stones to run to the ocean as he whipped them along.
李司馬橋了承高使君自成都回

向來江上手紛紛，
三日成功事出群。
已傳童子騎青竹，
總擬橋東待使君。

入奏行，贈西山檢察使竇侍御

竇侍御，
驥之子，
鳳之雛。

年未三十忠義俱，
骨鲠絕代無。
炯如一段清冰出萬壑，
置在迎風寒露之玉壺。

蔗漿歸廬金碗凍，
洗滌煩熱足以寧君軀。
政用疏通合典則，
戚聯豪貴耽文儒。

兵革未息人未蘇，
天子亦念西南隅。
10.68

Adjutant Li’s Bridge is Finished, and Governor Gao is Returning from Chengdu

Just recently by the River, hands were in a flurry,  
the work was done in just three days, something exceptional. 
I’ve already heard that children riding green bamboo horses; 
all intend to wait for the governor east of the bridge.1

10.69

Going to Present a Report: A Ballad Presented to Vice Censor in Chief Dou, Investigating Commissioner of Xishan

Vice Censor in Chief Dou,  
son of a peerless steed,  
chick of the phoenix.  
4 Not yet thirty years old, right and loyalty combined,  
stern uprightness unmatched in any age.  
Gleaming like a patch of clear ice coming from ten thousand ravines,  
put in a jade pot in Wind-Greeting Palace or Cold Dew Palace.  
8 Sugar-cane sap sent to the kitchen iced in a golden bowl,  
washing away bothersome heat he can ease the ruler’s body.  
In his governance he employs perfect understanding that coincides with regulations,  
linked to the powerful and noble by kinship ties, he loves literary men of learning.  
12 The clash of arms has not yet ceased, the people have not recovered,  
the Son of Heaven also broods on this corner of the southwest.

1 This refers to a story in the History of the Latter Han. When Guo Ji was made governor of Bingzhou and was making his first official tour of the area under his jurisdiction, he was met by more than a hundred young children riding toy horses made of bamboo. When he asked the children why they had come so far, they replied that they were happy to hear of his arrival, and therefore had come to officially meet and welcome him.
吐蕃憑陵氣頗麤，
竇氏檢察應時須。

運糧繩橋壯士喜，
斬木火井窮猿呼。
八州刺史思一戰，
三城守邊卻可圖。

此行入奏計未小，
密奉聖旨恩宜殊。
繡衣春當霄漢立，
彩服日向庭闈趨。

省郎京尹必俯拾，
江花未落還成都。
江花未落還成都，
肯訪浣花老翁無。

為君酤酒滿眼酤，
與奴白飯馬青芻。

得廣州張判官叔卿書使還以詩代意

鄉關胡騎遠，
宇宙蜀城偏。
忽得炎州信，
遙從月峡傳。
The Tibetans overrun us, their tempers especially crude,  
Master Dou's investigation is needed to respond to these times.

Shipping grain by rope bridges our bold troops rejoice,  
chopping trees by volcanic wells desperate gibbons cry out.¹

The governors of the eight prefectures long for a single battle,  
the three fortresses protect the frontier, one may plan this way instead.

In this journey to report to the court the issues are not small,  
in secretly receiving the imperial will the favor shown you is properly rare.

With embroidered robes in springtime you will stand in the Milky Way,²  
in brightly colored clothes daily you can scurry at your parent’s home.³

To be a ministry chief or a metropolitan governor can surely be picked up with ease,  
before the river flowers fall you will return to Chengdu.

Before the river flowers fall you will return to Chengdu,  
would you be willing to visit an old man at Washing-Flowers Creek?

I’ll buy ale for you, buy enough to fill your eyes,  
I’ll give your servants white rice and your horses green fodder.

¹ Natural gas deposits used to burn water from the salt wells to extract the salt.
² The embroidered robes are the mark of a censor.
³ *Laolaizi. “Scurrying in the courtyard” is associated with the son of Confucius.
雲深騶騎幕，
夜隔孝廉船。
卻寄雙愁眼，
相思淚點懸。

10.71

魏十四侍御就弊廬相別

有客騎騶馬，
江邊問草堂。
遠尋留藥價，
惜別到文場。

入幕旌旗動，
歸軒錦繡香。
時應念衰疾，
書疏及滄浪。

10.72

贈別何邕

生死論交地，
何由見一人。
悲君隨燕雀，
薄宦走風塵。
The clouds are deep around Fleet-Horse’s camp,¹
night hides the boat of the Filial and Incorrupt.²
I send you back, from a pair of sad eyes,
8 spots of tears running down from longing.

10.71

Vice Censor in Chief Wei (14) Comes to My Humble Hut to Part

I had a visitor come riding a dappled gray,³
he visited my thatched hall by the river.
Seeking me from afar, he left money for medicine,
regretting to part, he comes to the arena of letters.
Entering headquarters, his banner stirred,
brocade and embroidery fragrant, his carriage returns.
From time to time he should think of one failing and sick
8 and send letters here to Canglang.⁴

10.72

Presented to He Yong on Parting

In the place we formed friendship until death,
how will I see this one man?
I grieve that you go with the sparrows and swallows,
a minor official, rushing through windblown dust.

1 The Han general *Huo Qubing, the Fleet-Horse General, here referring to the military commissioner in Guangzhou.
2 In the Eastern Jin, Zhang Ping was selected as Filial and Incorrupt, a recommendation by a local official that he was suited for office. When he reached the capital he went to pay his respects to the metropolitan governor of Danyang, Liu Dan. The next day Liu Dan sent servants to find out where his boat was, which was taken as a sign of Zhang Ping’s bright prospects. Here it refers to Zhang Shuqing.
3 The regalia of a censor.
4 Canglang here is where a recluse lives, waiting his proper time to serve.
綿谷元通漢，
沱江不向秦。
五陵花滿眼，
傳語故鄉春。

絕句
江邊踏青罷，
回首見旌旗。
風起春城暮，
高樓鼓角悲。

贈別鄭煉赴襄陽
戎馬交馳際，
柴門老病身。
把君詩過日，
念此別驚神。
地闊峨眉晚，
天高峴首春。
為於耆舊內，
試覓姓龐人。
Miangu County has always reached through to the Han River,  
the River Tuo does not head toward Qin.  
At Five Barrows flowers fill the eyes,  
8 send me word of spring in my homeland.

10.73
Quatrain
Meadow walks by the river are over,¹  
I turn my head and see banners.  
Wind rises, twilight falls in the spring city,  
from a high tower drums and bugles mourn.

10.74
Presented to Zheng Lian on Parting for Xiangyang
At a time when warhorses gallop back and forth,  
someone is sick and old at a ramshackle gate.  
I take your poems in hand to pass the days,  
4 brooding on this parting alarms the spirit.  
The land is broad, late at Mount Emei,  
the heavens high, spring on Mount Xian.²  
On my behalf among the gaffers there³  
8 try to find someone whose name is Pang.⁴

¹ “Meadow walks” (literally “treading the green”) were associated with the Clear and Bright (Qingming) festival of late spring.  
² Mount Xian is one of the sites of Xiangyang.  
³ “Gaffers,” qijiu 耆舊, was a term associated particularly with the old men of Xiangyang.  
⁴ *Pang Degong.
10.75

重贈鄭煉絕句

鄭子將行罷使臣，
囊無一物獻尊親。
江山路遠羈離日，
裘馬誰為感激人。

10.76

江頭五詠，丁香

丁香體柔弱，
亂結枝猶墊。
細葉帶浮毛，
疏花披素豔。
4 深栽小齋後，
庶近幽人占。
8 晚墮蘭麝中，
休懷粉身念。
10.75

Another Presented to Zheng Lian: A Quatrain

Master Zheng is about to go, he has ended his service here, not a single thing in his purse to present to his honored parents. His journey is far among rivers and hills, the days he travels alone—who among those with fur capes and sleek steeds is stirred by him?

10.76

Five Songs by the River: Cloves

The clove tree’s body is pliant and weak, intertwining wildly, its branches still droop. Fine leaves bear a light down, 4 sparse flowers spread white sensuousness. I plant it deep behind my small study, hoping to be near the recluse to possess it. As for falling eventually among orchid and musk;\(^1\) 8 cease to harbor concerns that you will be powdered.

---

\(^1\) That is, among other aromatics.
江頭五詠，麗春

百草競春華，
麗春應最勝。
少須好顏色，
多漫枝條剩。
紛紛桃李枝，
處處總能移。
如何貴此重，
卻怕有人知。

江頭五詠，栀子

栀子比眾木，
人間誠未多。
於身色有用，
與道氣傷和。
紅取風霜實，
青看雨露柯。
無情移得汝，
貴在映江波。
10.77

Five Songs by the River: Poppy

All the plants do their utmost in spring flowering,
but the poppy is surely the champion of all.
Things that are few must have fine color,
when many, stalks and branches are abundant in vain.
Peach and plum branches have profusion,
but you can plant them pretty much anywhere.
How is it that it is prized so greatly
but fears that people will know about it?

10.78

Five Songs by the River: Gardenia

Compared to ordinary trees, gardenias
are truly not many in the human world.
On the body its colors are useful,
as for the Way, its energy harms balance.
For red, take the berries after wind and frost,
for green, look at the branches in rain and dew.
I have no inclination to transplant you—
you are best reflected in river waves.

---

1 In some editions “Poppy” (Lichun 麗春), an “old style” verse, is removed from the set and included in the “old style verse” section.
2 It was used as a dye.
3 It is a “cold” plant that is not good to eat too much.
江頭五詠，鸂鶒

故使籠寬織，
須知動損毛。
看雲莫悵望，
失水任呼號。
六翮曾經剪，
孤飛卒未高。
且無鷹隼慮，
留滯莫辭勞。

江頭五詠，花鴨

花鴨無泥滓，
階前每緩行。
羽毛知獨立，
黑白太分明。
不覺群心妒，
休牽眾眼驚。
稻粱沾汝在，
作意莫先鳴。
10.79

Five Songs by the River: Tufted Duck

Weave its cage wide on purpose,
you should know that moving can harm its feathers
Don’t let it gaze sadly at the clouds,
out of the water, let it cry out as it will.
Its wings have been clipped,
if it flies alone, it never goes high.
Yet it has no worries about hawks or kites,
don’t refuse the effort to keep it here.

10.80

Five Songs by the River: Mottled Duck

The mottled duck has no muck or mud,
it always walks slowly by the stairs.
It knows that its feathers are unique,
black and white distinguished too clearly.
It is unaware the hearts of the crowd are jealous—
don’t attract the amazement of many eyes.
By grain grace will enrich your presence here,
just take care not to sing out too soon.
西山白雪三城戍，
南浦清江万里橋。
海內風塵諸弟隔，
天涯涕淚一身遙。
唯將遲暮供多病，
未有涓埃答聖朝。
跨馬出郊時極目，
不堪人事日蕭條。

畏人
早花隨處發，
春鳥異方啼。
萬里清江上，
三年落日低。
畏人成小築，
褊性合幽棲。
門逕從榛草，
無心待馬蹄。
10.81

Gazing on the Wilds

White snow in the western mountains, three garrison cities,¹
the clear River’s southern shore, the Ten Thousand League Bridge.
The dust of war in this sea-girt world, from all my brothers cut off,
4 tears streaming at the heavens’ edge, my single person afar.
I have only my declining years to nurture my frequent illness,
I have not even a drop or speck to repay this sagely reign.
I trot my horse out in the meadows and sometimes gaze as far as I can,
8 I cannot bear how human affairs get daily more dreary.

10.82

Wary of People

Early flowers come out wherever I go,
spring birds cry out in a strange land.
Ten thousand leagues away, by the clear river
4 for three years the sinking sun has drawn low.
Wary of people, I have made a small building,
my odd nature is suited to lodging hidden.
Let the path to my gate grow scrub and grass,
8 I have no heart to wait for horses’ hooves.²

---

¹ Songzhou, Weizhou, and Baozhou, the three fortress-prefectures that guarded Shu against a Tibetan invasion.
² Of visitors.
屏跡三首

I

衰年甘屏跡，
幽事供高臥。
鳥下竹根行，
龜開萍葉過。
年荒酒價乏，
日併園蔬課。
猶酌甘泉歌，
歌長擊樽破。

II

用拙存吾道，
幽居近物情。
桑麻深雨露，
燕雀半生成。
村鼓時時急，
漁舟箇箇輕。
杖藜從白首，
心跡喜雙清。
10.83–85

Hiding My Traces

I

In declining years I gladly hide my traces,
seclusion provides for resting above it all.
A bird walks, having descended to roots of bamboo,
4 a turtle passes, sweeping duckweed leaves open.
The harvest was bad, I lack the price of ale,
I make a day’s food last two, seeking garden vegetables.
But I still sing, pouring a drink from a sweet spring,
8 as my song lasts long, I tap the cup and break it.

II

By ineptness I preserve my Way,
I dwell hidden, close to the sense of things.
Mulberry and hemp deepen in rain and dew,
4 swallows and sparrows, half grown to maturity.
From time to time the village drums beat urgently,
fishing boats, each of them light.
Let my hair turn white as I lean on my cane,
8 I rejoice that both mind and traces are pure.¹

¹ In this sense, “traces” implies what a person has done.
III

晚起家何事，
無營地轉幽。
竹光團野色，
舍影漾江流。
失學從兒懶，
長貧任婦愁。
百年渾得醉，
一月不梳頭。

10.86

少年行

馬上誰家白面郎，
臨階下馬坐人床。
不通姓字粗豪甚，
指點銀瓶索酒嘗。
III

I get up late, nothing to be done at home,
without bustle, the place becomes more secluded.
Light on bamboo concentrates wilderness colors,
the reflection of my cottage ripples in the river's current.
I allow my son to be lazy, abandoning study,
and let my wife worry about being always poor.
May I attain a hundred years of general drunkenness
and not comb my hair for a whole month.

10.86

Young Men: A Ballad

Who is that on horseback, a callow young noble,
who gets off his horse at the steps, and sits on someone else's couch?
He doesn't give his name, rough and aggressive in the extreme,
pointing out a silver pitcher, he demands ale to taste.
百寶裝腰帶，
真珠絡臂鞲。
笑時花近眼，
舞罷錦纏頭。

嚴武，寄題杜拾遺錦江野亭

漫向江頭把釣竿，
懶眠沙草愛風湍。
莫倚善題鸚鵡賦，
何須不著鵃鶖冠。
腹中書籍幽時曬，
肘後醫方靜處看。
興發會能馳駿馬，
應須直到使君灘。
A hundred jewels adorn the sash at her waist.
pearls wrap around her leather armlets.
When she smiles, flowers near the eyes;
when the dance is done, brocade wraps her head.¹

**Du Fu’s patron Yan Wu celebrated the rustic image Du Fu created for himself, and Du Fu responded with a polite invitation.**

Yan Wu, On Reminder Du’s Wilderness Pavilion By the Brocade River

For nothing by the riverside you take fishing pole in hand,
lazily sleep among sandy plants loving the breezy rapids.
Rely not on your skill at composing an “Exposition on the Parrot,”²
why must you not wear the pheasant cap³
All the books in your belly get sunned in your solitude,
the prescriptions you carry with you are scrutinized in tranquility.
When inspiration strikes, I’m sure you can ride a fine steed
and I suspect you will make it all the way to the Governor’s Rapids.⁴

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¹ The gift of brocade for a turban was a common reward for a performer.
² *Mi Heng.
³ The sumptuary mark of a court gentleman in the Western Han.
⁴ In Sichuan; Yan Wu is playing on his rank.
奉酬嚴公寄題野亭之作

拾遺曾奏數行書，
懶性從來水竹居。
奉引濫騎沙苑馬，
4 幽棲真釣錦江魚。
謝安不倦登臨費，
阮籍焉知禮法疏。
枉沐旌麾出城府，
8 草茅無徑欲教鋤。
Respectfully Answering Lord Yan’s “On My Wilderness Pavilion,” Which He Sent Me

As Reminder I once sent to His Majesty writings of several lines, lazy by nature I have always dwelt among water and bamboo. In the entourage with too much honor I rode a horse from Sandy Park, living in seclusion I truly angle for fish from the Brocade River.\(^1\)

Our Xie An does not weary of expenses for mountain climbing;\(^2\) how could Ruan Ji recognize his own carelessness in courtesy?\(^3\)

If you go out of your way with your banners coming forth from the city, my thatched cottage has no path, I will have one cleared for you.

\textit{The arrival of Du Fu’s friend Yan Wu as the military commissioner meant a change in Du Fu’s circumstances. Here was both a friend and a reliable patron.}

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1. As opposed to “angling” for a position.
2. This refers to the time when *Xie An was living in seclusion on his estate at Guiji. Xie An is here a figure for Yan Wu.
3. The third-century eccentric *Ruan Ji is here a figure for Du Fu.