寄董卿嘉榮十韻

聞道君牙帳，
防秋近赤霄。
下臨千雪嶺，
卻背五繩橋。
海內久戎服，
京師今晏朝。
犬羊曾熾熳，
宮闕尚蕭條。
猛將宜嘗膽，
龍泉必在腰。
黃圖遭污辱，
月窟可焚燒。
會取干戈利，
無令斥候驕。
居然雙捕虜，
自是一嫖姚。
落日思輕騎，
高天憶射雕。
14.1

Sent to Sir Dong Jiarong: Ten Couplets

I have heard that your ivory-pole tent,1
guards the west near high russet wisps.2
You look out on a thousand snowy peaks,
with your back to Five Rope Bridge.3
In this seagirt world, long in uniform,
in the capital court now goes on until late.
Those dogs and sheep ran amok,4
the palace gate-towers are still dismal.
It is fitting for a fierce general to taste gall,5
Dragon-spring must be at his waist.6
The Yellow Plan has been fouled and shamed,7
the moon-cave should be burnt up.8
You should seize the advantage of arms,
don’t let their scouts act with impunity.
At last, a pair of Barbarian-Snatching Generals,9
you are naturally a Fleet Huo Qubing.10
I think on you, light rider in the setting sun,
recalling shooting eagles under high autumn skies.11

---

1 The mark of a commander.
2 Literally “guards against autumn,” autumn being associated with the west and
   further being the season for raids. Dong Jiarong is clearly a commander of an
   army high in the mountains, defending against Tibetan incursions.
3 A suspended bridge, perhaps over the Min River.
4 This refers to the Tibetan occupation of Chang’an.
5 As King Goujian of Yue did to nurture his vow to revenge himself on Wu.
6 The name of a famous sword.
7 The capital.
8 The place in the west where the moon rests, here referring to the dwellings of the
   Tibetans.
9 The title conferred on the Eastern Han general Ma Wu. Du Fu here hopes that
   Dong Jiarong will be a second Ma Wu.
10 A famous Western Han general who fought the Xiongnu.
11 The refers to the Northern Qi general Hulü Guang. For the feat of shooting a large
   eagle, he was called the “Eagle-shooting Commander.”
立秋雨院中有作

雲臺畫形像，
皆為掃氛妖。

山雲行絕塞，
大火復西流。
飛雨動華屋，
蕭蕭梁棟秋。
窮途愧知己，
暮齒借前籌。
已費清晨謁，
那成長者謀。
解衣開北戶，
高枕對南樓。
樹濕風涼進，
江喧水氣浮。
禮寬心有適，
節爽病微瘳。
主將歸調鼎，
吾還訪舊丘。
The portraits painted for Cloud Terrace are all for sweeping away demonic vapors.

14.2

Composed in the Rainy Compound at the Beginning of Autumn

Mountain clouds move over this remote frontier, Antares once again flows to the west.¹
Driving rain stirs the splendid roof,
whistling in the wind, beams and rafters turn autumn.
At road’s end, a debt of gratitude to my true friend,
in twilight years I borrow the chopsticks before me.²
I have wasted my time paying my respects on clear mornings,
how can I perfect plans for my superior?
I untie my robes and open the north door, my relaxed pillow faces the southern tower.
The trees are wet, the wind’s cool comes in,
the river is noisy, vapors float on the water.
His relaxing courtesies feel agreeable to my heart,
the season is brisk, my illness a little better.
When the Commander returns to season the cauldron,³
I will again visit my former hills.

---

¹ Sign of early autumn.
² That is, he serves as an adviser. In the wars that led to the founding of the Han dynasty, Zhang Liang borrowed Liu Bang’s chopsticks to mark out a strategy for opposing Xiang Yu.
³ To become minister in the capital.
奉和軍城早秋

嚴武，軍城早秋

昨夜秋風入漢關，
朔雲邊雪滿西山。
更催飛將追驕虜，
莫遣沙場匹馬還。

14.3

奉和軍城早秋

秋風嫋嫋動高旌，
玉帳分弓射虜營。
已收滴博雲間戍，
更奪蓬婆雪外城。

14.4

院中晚晴懷西郭茅舍

幕府秋風日夜清，
澹雲疏雨過高城。
葉心朱實看時落，
階面青苔先自生。
復有樓臺銜暮景，
不勞鐘鼓報新晴。
Yan Wu, Early Autumn in the Army Quarter

Last night the autumn wind entered the passes of Han, northland clouds and frontier snow fill the western mountains. They hasten the Flying General even more to pursue the proud barbarians,\(^1\) to the sandy desert he will not allow a single horse to return.

14.3

A Companion Piece For “Early Autumn in the Army Quarter”

The autumn wind coils around stirring the high banners, the commanders tent distributes bows to shoot barbarian camps. We have already taken Dibo’s garrison in the clouds,\(^2\) next we will snatch Pengpo’s city beyond the snows.

14.4

Late Sunlight in the Compound, Thinking of My Thatched Cottage in the Western Suburbs

At headquarters the autumn wind is cool night and day, pale clouds and sparse rain pass the high city wall. Red berries in the heart of leaves sometimes fall as I watch, on the stairs’ surface green moss has already grown. Also there are towers and terraces catching the evening light, no need for bells and drums to announce the recent clearing.

---

\(^1\) Li Guang was the “Flying General” of the Western Han.

\(^2\) Dibo was a mountain near Weizhou, which Yan Wu had recaptured from the Tibetans.
浣花溪里花饶笑，
肯信吾兼吏隐名。

宿府

清秋幕府井梧寒，
独宿江城蜡炬残。
永夜角声悲自语，
中天月色好谁看。
风尘荏苒音书绝，
关塞萧条行路难。
已忍伶俜十年事，
强移栖息一枝安。

到村

碧涧虽多雨，
秋沙先少泥。
蛟龙引子过，
荷芰逐花低。
老去参戎幕，
归来散马蹄。
At Washing-Flower Creek the flowers are full of smiles,¹
will they believe I combine the names of clerk and recluse?

14.5
Staying Overnight at Headquarters

Clear autumn at headquarters, the tung tree by the well is cold,
I spend the night alone in this river city, the wax torch dying.
Through the long night the sound of the horn sadly speaks to itself,
the color of the moon mid-sky is quite fine—but who looks at it?
The dust of armies goes on and on, all news is cut off,
in the dreariness of barrier passes, hard traveling.
I have put up with rootless wandering, it’s been this way ten years,
I make myself move to take a roost on one secure branch.

14.6
Reaching the Village

Although it rained much on the emerald stream
the autumn sands from before had little mud.
Dragons pass by, leading their young,
lotus and waternut flowers sink lower one by one.
Getting old, I joined army headquarters,
I gallop my horse going home.

¹ That is, they are blooming at his thatched cottage in the western suburbs of
Chengdu. This also suggests mockery (also xiao 笑) of Du Fu’s claim to be both
recluse and Yan Wu’s subaltern at headquarters.
村雨

稻粱須就列，
榛草即相迷。
蓄積思江漢，
疏頑惑町畦。
暫酬知己分，
還入故林棲。

14.7

村雨

雨聲傳兩夜，
寒事颯高秋。
挈帶看朱紱，
開箱睹黑裘。
世情只益睡，
盜賊敢忘憂。
松菊新霑洗，
茅齋慰遠遊。

14.8

獨坐

悲愁迴白首，
倚杖背孤城。
I needed to join the official ranks for my millet and rice, 
the underbrush now makes me lose my way. 
I have a store of longing for Yangzi and Han, 
careless and dull, these fields lead me astray.¹ 
For a while I’ll repay my true friend’s portion for me, 
then I’ll go back to lodge in my former groves.

14.7

Rain in the Village

The sound of rain has carried on for a pair of nights, 
season of cold, the high autumn sky whistles. 
I pick up my sash and look at my crimson apron,² 
open my trunk and eye my black furs. 
In the world as it is, the only thing to do is sleep more, 
but with raiders and marauders dare I forget cares? 
Pines and chrysanthemums, newly soaked and washed, 
a thatched studio consoles my far roaming.

14.8

Sitting Alone

In sorrow I turn my white head, 
I lean on my staff, my back to the lonely walls.

¹ That is, the security of remaining in Chengdu shakes his resolve. 
² An anachronistic metonymy for office.
江斂洲渚出，
4 天虛風物清。
滄溟恨衰謝，
朱紱負平生。
仰羨黃昏鳥，
投林羽翮輕。

14.9

倦夜

竹涼侵臥內，
野月滿庭隅。 
重露成涓滴，
4 稀星乍有無。 
暗飛螢自照，
水宿鳥相呼。 
萬事干戈裏，
8 空悲清夜徂。

14.10

陪鄭公秋晚北池臨眺

北池雲水闊，
華館闢秋風。

倦夜
The River draws back, isles and shoals appear, the heavens are empty, the things of the scene clear. In the vast dark I resent aging and decline; my crimson apron has betrayed my life.1
Looking up, I envy the evening birds, lodging in forests, their wings so light.

14.9
Weary at Night

The bamboo’s cool intrudes into my bedroom, a wilderness moon fills the corner of the yard. The heavy dews begin to drip and trickle, sparse stars, suddenly there, then not. Flying in darkness, fireflies cast their own light, staying the night on the water, birds call to each other. All that happens amid the clash of arms—
I grieve in vain that clear night forges on.

14.10
Accompanying the Duke of Zheng [Yan Wu] Gazing Out Over the Northern Pool Late on an Autumn Day

At the northern pool clouds and waters are broad, the splendid lodge opens to autumn’s wind.

1 An anachronistic metonymy for office.
独鹤先依渚，
衰荷且映空。
采菱寒刺上，
蹋藕野泥中。
素semicolon分曹往，
金盘小径通。
萋萋露草碧，
片片晚旗红。
杯酒霑津吏，
衣裳与钓鱼翁。
异方初艳菊，
故里亦高桐。
摇落关山思，
淹留战伐功。
严城殊未掩，
清宴已知终。
何补参军乏，
欢娱到薄躬。

14.11

遣闷奉呈严郑公二十韵

白水鱼竿客，
清秋鹤发翁。
A lone crane had been by the isle from before,
dying lotuses shine against the sky.
Picking waternuts over the cold thorns,
trampling lotus-root in wilderness mud.
Pale oars go, divided in groups,
golden plates come all along the small path.
Flourishing, the dewy plants are emerald,
sheet by sheet, the late afternoon flags are red.
A cup of ale graces the clerk at the crossing,
clothes are given to an old fisherman.
In this strange land the gorgeous chrysanthemums begin,
in my home village too the tung trees are tall.
The falling of leaves, thoughts of barrier mountains,
lingering here, deeds of battle to be done.
City under curfew, but not yet locked up,
we already know to end the pure feast.
How could I amend the Adjutant’s deficiencies?—
yet these pleasures come to my humble person.

14.11

Expelling Melancholy, Respectfully Presented to Yan, Duke of Zheng:
Twenty Couplets

White waters, sojourner with a fishing rod,
clear autumn, old man with crane-white hair.
遣悶奉呈嚴鄭公二十韻

胡為來幕下，
祗合在舟中。
黄卷真如律，
青袍也自公。
老妻憂坐瘠，
幼女問頭風。
平地專欹倒，
分曹失異同。
禮甘衰力就，
義忝上官通。
疇昔論詩早，
光輝仗鉞雄。
寬容存性拙，
剪拂念途窮。
露裛思藤架，
煙霏想桂叢。
信然龜觸網，
直作鳥窺籠。
西嶺紆村北，
南江繞舍東。
竹皮寒舊翠，
椒實雨新紅。
浪簸船應坼，
杯乾甕即空。
Why did I come here to headquarters,
when I should just be in a boat?
The yellow scrolls are truly like laws,¹
but even the blue robes come back from the office.²
My wife worries I will have aches from sitting,
my young daughter asks me about my headaches.
On level ground I specialize in tottering,
others take sides, failing to agree.
Your gracious treatment makes me willingly apply my waning energies,
your sense of right shames my friendship with a senior official.³
Long ago we early discussed poetry,
now glorious, you dominate by grasping the axe.⁴
Your generous tolerance lets me keep my natural clumsiness,
you are concerned for my desperate straits, trimming and brushing me.⁵
When the dew drips, I think of my wisteria trellis,
when mist billows, I fancy cinnamon groves.⁶
Truly, a tortoise that ran into the net,
indeed a bird peering out of a cage.
The western ridges wind north of my village,
the river to the south bends east of my cottage.
Bamboo skin, in the cold has its former azure,
pepper berries, freshly red in the rain.
Tossed in waves, my boat will surely split,
the cup is dry, the jug is empty.

¹ The yellow scrolls record an official’s achievements and failures.
² Blue robes belong to lower-ranked officials.
³ Du Fu is politely suggesting that he is an embarrassment to Yan Wu.
⁴ The sign of Yan Wu’s position as commander of the army in Shu.
⁵ “Trimming and brushing” refers to Yan Wu’s having recommended Du Fu for position.
⁶ That is, he longs for a retired life at his thatched cottage.
藩籬生野徑，
斤斧任樵童。
束縛酬知己，
蹉跎效小忠。
周防期稍稍，
太簡遂匆匆。
曉入朱扉啟，
昏歸畫角終。
不成尋別業，
未敢息微躬。
烏鵲愁銀漢，
駑駘怕錦幪。
會希全物色，
時放倚梧桐。

14.12–14

送舍弟穎赴齊州三首

岷嶺南蠻北，
徐關東海西。
此行何日到，
送汝萬行啼。
Through my hedge has appeared a wilderness path,
I let young woodcutters ply their hatchets.
I have put myself in bondage to repay my true friend,
time slips by as I exert minor loyalty.
I hope to take careful precautions just a bit,
but I’m too slipshod, always scrambling.
When I enter in the morning, the vermilion door opens,
returning at dusk, the painted horn finishes.
I’m not able to make it back to my estate,
I have not dared let my humble person rest.
The magpie worries about the River of Stars,
the worn-out nag fears the brocade covering.
I hope to to keep my creaturely nature intact,
sometime I will be released to lean against my tung tree.

14.12–14

Seeing Off My Brother Ying On His Way to Qizhou

I

Min’s peak lies north of the southern Mon,
Xu Pass lies just west of the Eastern Sea.
What day will you reach there on your journey?—
I see you off with ten thousand strands of tears.

1 Of headquarters.
2 Perhaps over the obligation to form a bridge across it on the Seventh Eve.
3 That is, it fears being charged with undertaking a distant journey.
絕域惟高枕，
清風獨杖藜。
危時暫相見，
衰白意都迷。

風塵暗不開，
汝去幾時來。
兄弟分離苦，
形容老病催。

江通一柱觀，
日落望鄉臺。
客意長東北，
齊州安在哉。

諸姑今海畔，
兩弟亦山東。
去傍干戈覓，
來看道路通。

短衣防戰地，
匹馬逐秋風。
莫作俱流落，
長瞻碣石鴻。
In a remote region I only rest aloof from things,
in the clear breeze I lean on my cane alone.
In times of peril we saw each other a brief while,
aging, white-haired, our minds both in a daze.

II

Dust in the wind darkens without clearing away,
you go off, but when will you come again?
For brothers separation is bitter,
age and illness hasten the change in my looks.
The river passes through to One Pillar Pavilion,¹
the sun sets on Gazing Homeward Terrace.²
My sojourner’s thoughts will be ever in the northeast:
where indeed is Qizhou?

III

All our aunts now live by the sea,
two of our brothers live East of the Mountains.
You go off to find them near the clash of arms,
coming back, look to see if the roads are passable.
Short robes, a place where they defend embattled land,³
a single horse moving with autumn’s wind.
Let us not both drift about, down and out,
I will ever spy for the swan from Jie Rock.⁴

¹ A famous site in Jingzhou.
² In Chengdu.
³ “Short robes” essentially refers to commoners, but here conscript commoners.
⁴ That is, a letter from the east. Qiu suggests this is a figure for his brothers themselves.
14.15

嚴鄭公階下新松(得霑字)

弱質豈自負，
移根方爾瞻。
細聲聞玉帳，
疏翠近珠簾。
未見紫煙集，
虛蒙清露霑。
何當一百丈，
欹蓋擁高簷。

14.16

嚴鄭公宅同詠竹(得香字)

綠竹半含籜，
新梢纔出牆。
色侵書帙晚，
陰過酒樽涼。
雨洗娟娟淨，
風吹細細香。
但令無剪伐，
會見拂雲長。
The Young Pine by the Stairs of Yan, Duke of Zheng
(I got the rhyme zhan)

With such frail substance how can you be sure of yourself? — now that your roots are transplanted people look at you. Your faint sounds can be heard in the ivory tent, you sparse azure lies near the beaded curtains.
You have never seen the purple mist gather,\(^1\) you merely receive the moisture of clear dew.
When will you be a hundred yards tall, a leaning canopy hugging the high eaves?

At the Residence of Yan, Duke of Zheng, We All Write on Bamboo
(I got the rhyme xiang)
The green bamboo half retain their sheaths,
new tips are just rising over the wall.
Their colors cross onto the book wrappers late in day,
their shadows pass the ale cups cool.
The rains wash them charmingly pure,
the wind blows their faint, faint fragrance.
If only you do not have them cut away,
someday you will see them so tall that they brush the clouds.

---

1 This should be the aura of the palace.
14.17

晚秋陪嚴鄭公摩訶池泛舟(得溪字)

湍駛風醒酒，
船迴霧起堤。
高城秋自落，
雜樹晚相迷。
坐觸鴛鴦起，
巢傾翡翠低。
莫須驚白鷺，
為伴宿清溪。

14.18

奉觀嚴鄭公廳事岷山沱江畫圖十韻

沱水臨中座，
岷山到北堂。
白波吹粉壁，
青嶂插雕梁。
直訝杉松冷，
兼疑菱荇香。
雪雲虛點綴，
沙草得微茫。
14.17

Late Autumn, Accompanying Yan, Duke of Zheng, Sailing on Maha Pool (I got the rhyme 翕 [xi] )

The swirling currents race, the wind soars me from ale,
the boat turns, fog rises over the embankment.
High walls, autumn strips the leaves,
trees of mixed kinds, late in the day we grow lost.
Their places bumped, mandarin ducks rise,
their nests tipping over, kingfishers fly low.
No need to alarm the white egrets,
they spend the night on the clear creek as our companions.

14.18

Viewing a Painting of Min Mountain and the Tuo River in the
Courtroom of Yan Wu, Duke of Zheng: Ten Couplets

The River Tuo hangs over the midst of the guests,
Min Mountain has come to the northern hall.
White-capped waves blow on plaster walls,
green cliffs are stuck between carved beams.
I was just exclaiming at the chill from pines and fir,
and it seemed that water-chestnuts were fragrant as well.
Snow clouds, in flux, adorn the scene,
and the plants in the sand lend a distant blur.

1 Note: “The pool is in the precincts of the district office. It was made by Maha Xiao and thus got its name” 池在府内萧摩訶所开因是得名.
嶺雁隨毫末，
川蜺飲練光。
霧紅洲蕊亂，
拂黛石蘿長。
暗谷非聞雨，
丹楓不為霜。
秋成玄圃外，
景物洞庭旁。
繪事功殊絕，
幽襟興激昂。
從來謝太傅，
丘壑道難忘。

14.19–20

過故斛斯校書莊二首

此老已云歿，
鄰人嗟未休。
竟無宣室召，
徒有茂陵求。
妻子寄他食，
園林非昔遊。
Geese on summits follow the brush-tip,  
on the river a rainbow drinks light from white silk.¹
A sifting haze of red, isle blossoms in confusion,  
a brushing of eyebrow-black, rock-vines stretch long.  
The darkened valley, not so on account of rain,  
red maples not due to the frost.
Autumn harvest, beyond Xuanpu,²  
the things of the scene, from beside Lake Dongting.
As a work of painting, the achievement is rare,  
the reclusive heart is stirred in a rousing way.
Long ago for Grand Tutor Xie  
the Way in his hills and ravines was hard to forget.³

14.19–20

Passing By the Estate of the Late Editing Clerk Husi⁴

I

This old man has already passed away,  
the neighbors have not ceased sighing for him.
In the end, no summons to Xuanshi Hall,⁵  
there was only a quest, as at Maoling.⁶
His wife and children board with others,  
no excursions in gardens and groves as before.

¹ “White silk” refers to a river.
² Xuanpu was a section of the Kunlun Range, the dwelling of the immortals.
³ Yan Wu is being compared to *Xie An who, though serving in court, missed the landscape around his villa where he had earlier lived in seclusion.
⁴ SB original note: “An old Confucian in great difficulty, he was sick in Yong and Shu; I sigh that he was given an office only after he passed away” 老儒艱難時病于庸蜀歎其歿役方授一官. Wyyh note: “He was given an office only after he passed away; his given name was Rong” 没後方受一官公名融.
⁵ *Jia Yi was summoned back from exile so that the Han Emperor could consult with him.
⁶ When the poet *Sima Xiangru was sick and dying Emperor Wu of the Han sent an envoy to collect his writings. Qiu suggests this refers to his posthumous appointment as editing clerk.
空堂緇帷在，
淅淅野風秋。

II

燕入非旁舍，
鷗歸祗故池。
斷橋無復板，
臥柳自生枝。
遂有山陽作，
多慚鮑叔知。
素交零落盡，
白首淚雙垂。

14.21

懷舊

地下蘇司業，
情親獨有君。
那因喪亂後，
便有死生分。
老罷知明鏡，
悲來望白雲。
自從失詞伯，
不復更論文。
In the empty hall the funeral hangings remain\(^1\)
flapping in the autumn of wind in the wilds.

II

The swallows enter no nearby cottage,\(^2\)
gulls return only to their former pool.
No planks are restored on the broken bridge,
a willow, laid flat, still grows branches.
Then I compose one of those Shanyang pieces,\(^3\)
I am put to great shame by how well Bao Shu knew me.\(^4\)
All my real friends have fallen away,
white-haired, a pair of tears falls.

14.21

Thinking of a Late Friend\(^5\)

Under the ground, Su, Director of Studies,\(^6\)
in closeness of feeling there is only you.
How is it, after so much war and destruction,
we happen now to be parted by death?
I can tell from the clear mirror that I now am truly old,
sadness comes, I gaze on white clouds.
Ever since I lost the elder of letters,
never again will I discuss literature.

---

1  This was a curtain hiding the coffin.
2  That is, the swallows return to Husi’s house.
3  Referring to Xiang Xiu’s \textit{fu} on passing by Xi Kang’s dwelling after the latter’s death.
4  The great \textit{Spring and Autumn Annals} period minister of Qi, Guan Zhong, was recommended by his friend Master Bao.
5  Original note: “He was previously named Yu, but to avoid a taboo with the emperor’s name, he changed his name to Yuanming” 公前名預緣避御諱改名源明.
6  Su Yuanming.
哭台州鄭司戶蘇少監

故舊誰憐我，
平生鄭與蘇。
存亡不重見，

喪亂獨前途。
豪俊何人在，
文章掃地無。

羈遊萬里闊，

凶問一年俱。
白日中原上，
清秋大海隅。

夜臺當北斗，

泉路窅東吳。
得罪台州去，
時危棄碩儒。
移官蓬閣後，

穀貴歿潛夫。
流慟嗟何及，
銜冤有是夫。

道消詩發興，

心息酒為徒。


14.22

Weeping for Revenue Manager Zheng of Taizhou and Vice-Director Su

Who of my old friends really cared about me?—
for my whole life it was Zheng and Su.
The living and dead will not meet again,

in war and destruction I go ahead on the road alone.
Of our finest who remains?—
the earth has been swept bare of literature.

In my voyage through a vast ten thousand leagues

the ill tidings came together in a single year.
One, in broad daylight on the central plain;
one, in clear autumn by the great sea’s corner.
The Terrace of Night faces the Northern Dipper,¹

the road to the underworld, faint in Eastern Wu.²

Found guilty, Zheng went off to Taizhou,
in a time of peril they rejected a grand Confucian scholar.
After they shifted Su’s office to Penglai Palace,³

grain was expensive, and the recluse perished.
What good does it do to burst into tears?—
there were these men who suffered such wrongs.
Hopes dashed, the mood came for poems,⁴

the mind blank, ale was our companion.

¹ The Terrace of Night is here the tomb of Su Yuanming.
² Referring to Zheng Qian.
³ The location of the Library of which Su was Vice-Director.
⁴ “My hopes dashed,” literally “my Way is reduced,” generally refers to failed aims, in this case probably political advancement.
許與才雖薄，
追隨跡未拘。
班揚名甚盛，
嵇阮逸相須。
會取君臣合，
寧詮品命殊。
賢良不必展，
廊廟偶然趨。
勝決風塵際，
功安造化爐。
從容詢舊學，
慘澹閟陰符。
罷落嫌疑久，
哀傷志力輸。
俗依絹谷異，
客對雪山孤。
童稚思諸子，
交朋列友于。
情乖清酒送，
望絕撫墳呼。
瘧痢餐巴水，
瘡痍老蜀都。
飄零迷哭處，
天地日榛蕪。
They thought well of me, though my talent was meager,
in our fellowship, my actions were unrestrained.
The fame of Ban and Yang flourished greatly,\(^1\)
24 Xi and Ruan, untrammeled, counted on each other.\(^2\)
   Had they happened to find concord between ruler and officer,
   why would they have weighed differences in rank?
The worthy and good are not necessarily successful,
only by luck does one scurry in the halls of state.
A victory was decided in war’s dust,
the deed settled the Forge of Creation.\(^3\)
Su, at ease, sought out his former studies;
32 Zheng, in depression, hid his “Secret Tallies.”\(^4\)
   Brushed away, long regarded with suspicion and dislike,
   what makes me miserable is how their goals slip away.
For customs, I follow the strange ways of Mian’s valleys,
a sojourner, I face the snowy mountains alone.
As a youth I admired these two masters,
among acquaintances I ranked them as true friends.
Heart’s wish gone awry to send them off with clear ale,
and I despair of being able to sweep their grave-mounds, crying out.\(^5\)
   With malaria and diabetes, I dine by Ba’s waters,
among wounds, I grow old in Shu’s capital.
Cast adrift, I can’t find the place to weep,
Heaven and Earth grow daily more covered with weeds and scrub.

---

1  The writers Ban Gu and *Yang Xiong, here referring to Zheng and Su. This follows from line 19.
2  The eccentric drinkers *Xi Kang and *Ruan Ji, referring to Zheng and Su. This follows from line 20.
3  This refers to Suzong’s victory over the rebels. According to Zhuangzi, Heaven and Earth are a forge, and Creation, the smith.
4  A work of military strategy. Zheng Qian was in exile.
5  The services due to the dead.
別唐十五誡，因寄禮部賈侍郎 (賈至)

九載一相逢，
百年能幾何。
復為萬里別，
送子山之阿。
白鶴久同林，
潛魚本同河。
未知棲集期，
衰老強高歌。
歌罷兩淒惻，
六龍忽蹉跎。
相視髮皓白，
況難駐羲和。
胡星墜燕地，
漢將仍橫戈。
蕭條四海內，
人少豺虎多。
少人慎莫投，
多虎信所過。
飢有易子食，
獸猶畏虞羅。
Parting from Tang Jie (15), by Whom I Send this to Jia Zhi, Vice-Director

If we meet just once in every nine years,
how often will it be in life’s hundred?
Again we part ten thousand leagues
as I see you off to the folds of the mountains.
White cranes, long in the same woods,
fish deep underwater, always in the same river.
Not knowing when I will share your hermit’s roost,
I force myself, feeble and old, to sing out.
The song is finished, we both are gloomy,
as the sun’s six dragons slip suddenly away.
Looking at each other, hair gleaming white,
yet worse, we cannot halt Xihe.¹
The star of the Hu has fallen in Yan,²
but Han generals still brandish their pikes.³
Within this dreary sea-girt world
people grow few, wild dogs and tigers, many.
Take care not to lodge where there are few people,
many tigers may truly be passed by.
Among the starving, they sometimes trade children to eat,
even wild beasts still fear the hunters’ nets.

---

1. The goddess who drives the sun’s carriage.
2. This refers to the death of Shi Chaoyi, then one of the commanders of the rebellion.
3. Probably a reference to Pugu Huai’en, then a loyalist general, who sought to prolong conflict for his own interests.
子負經濟才，
天門鬱嵯峨。
飄飄適東周，
來往若崩波。
南宮吾故人，
白马金盤陀。
雄筆映千古，
見賢心靡他。
念子善師事，
歲寒守舊柯。
為吾謝賈公，
病肺臥江沱。

14.24

初冬
垂老戎衣窄，
歸休寒色深。
漁舟上急水，
獵火著高林。
日有習池醉，
愁來梁甫吟。
干戈未偃息，
出處遂何心。
You bear talents to manage government, 
the emperor’s gates rise towering. 
Tossed along, you are going to eastern Zhou,¹
back and forth like a tumbling wave. 
In the southern palace my old friend² 
has a white horse with golden trappings. 
His mighty brush shines through all time, 
his heart has no other thought than to meet worthy men. 
I think on how you are good at taking a teacher, 
in the cold of the year you keep to your former bough. 
Greet Lord Jia on my behalf, 
with sick lungs I lie by the tributaries of the river.

14.24

Early Winter

Getting old, my army uniform is tight,³ 
the look of cold weather is deep when I go home to rest. 
Fishing boats go up against swift currents, 
hunting fires are lit in the tall forests. 
Daily I get drunk by the Xis’ pool,⁴ 
when sadness comes, the “Liangfu Song.”⁵ 
The clash of armies has still not stopped, 
serving or retiring, which heart’s desire to follow?

---

1 Luoyang. 
2 Referring to the Board of Rites where Jia Zhi was employed. 
3 Yan Wu was a military commissioner, so members of his staff were technically military officials. 
4 The Xi family pool was in Xiangyang, where the Jin governor *Shan Jian always got drunk. This probably refers to outings with Yan Wu. 
5 The “Liangfu Song” was a favorite of *Zhuge Liang, the minister of the Shu ruler Liu Bei in the Three Kingdoms period.
I
简易高人意，
匡床竹火炉。
寒天留远客，
碧海挂新图。
虽对连山好，
贪看绝岛孤。
群仙不愁思，
冉冉下蓬壶。

II
方丈浑连水，
天台总映云。
人间长见画，
老去恨空闻。
范蠡舟偏小，
王乔鹤不群。
此生随万物，
何路出尘氛。
14.25–27

Looking At the Landscape Paintings that Li Gu Requested of His Younger Brother, the Assistant

I

This noble man’s mood is simple and plain,
a square couch, a brazier with burning bamboo.
In cold weather he detains a visitor from afar,
and hangs a new picture of the emerald sea.
Although it is fine to face linked mountains,
he craved to look at remote isles standing alone.
The flocks of immortals have no worries
and gradually descend to Penglai.

II

Fangzhang, continuous waters all around,¹
Tiantai shining through the clouds everywhere.
In the mortal world we always see paintings,
getting old, I hate just hearing about such places.
Fan Li’s boat is quite small,²
Qiao the Prince’s crane does not join flocks.³
This life follows along with all things,
what road will take me out of the clouds of dust?

¹ Fangzhang was one of the immortal isles.
² *Fan Li
³ *Wangzi Qiao.
III

高浪垂翻屋，
崩崖欲壓床。
野橋分子細，
沙岸繞微茫。
紅浸珊瑚短，
青懸薜荔長。
浮柪並坐得，
仙老暫相將。

冬至至後日初長，
遠在劍南思洛陽。
青袍白馬有何意，
金谷銅駝非故鄉。
梅花欲開不自覺，
棣萼一別永相望。
愁極本憑詩遣興，
詩成吟詠轉淒涼。
III

The high waves are almost toppling the roof,
collapsing cliffs are going to press down on the couch,
The wilderness bridge can be distinguished in detail,
the sandy banks wind into a vague blur.
Red steeping, coral branches short,
green suspended, hanging moss long.
The floating raft can seat two,¹
let the old immortal take me with him right away.

14.28

After the Solstice

After the winter solstice has arrived the days begin to get longer,
far off in Jiannan, I am longing for Luoyang.
A blue robe and white horse, what do they matter to me?—²
they are not my home, with its Golden Valley and the bronze camels.³
The plum blossoms are about to open, but I don’t notice them,
for once parted from the sugarplum calyx I am ever gazing.⁴
At sorrow’s height I always rely on poems to vent my mood,
when a poem is done and I chant it, I get even more gloomy.

¹ *Riding the raft.
² The marks of serving at headquarters in Chengdu.
³ Golden Valley is near Luoyang and the Han bronze camels were a famous site in the city.
⁴ *Sugarplum.
寄賀蘭銛

朝野歡娛後，
乾坤震蕩中。
相隨萬里日，
總作白頭翁。

歲晚仍分袂，
江邊更轉蓬。
勿云俱異域，
飲啄幾回同。

正月三日歸溪上有作簡院內諸公

野外堂依竹，
籬邊水向城。
蟻浮仍臘味，
鷗泛已春聲。

藥許鄰人斬，
書從稚子擎。
14.29

Sent to Helan Xian

After the pleasures of court and wilds,
we are amid the great shaking of Earth and Heaven.
We went one after the other through days of myriad-league travels,
and have both become white-haired old men.
Late in the years our sleeves have parted once more,
once again, a dandelion puff tossed along by the river.
Don’t think about how in a strange land
we were together a few times nibbling and drinking.

14.30

See Note

14.31

A Composition Returning to My Creek on the Third Day of the First Month, a Message to the Gentlemen of the Official Compound

Out in the wilds my hall rests by bamboo,
beside the hedge the waters head toward the city.
Lees afloat, still the flavor of winter ale,
gulls bouyant, already voices of spring.
I permit my neighbor to dig out herbs,
I have my children carry my books.
弊廬遣興奉寄嚴公

白頭趨幕府，
深覺負平生。

野水平橋路，
春沙映竹村。　
風輕粉蝶喜，
花暖蜜蜂喧。

把酒宜深酌，
題詩好細論。
府中瞻暇日，
江上憶詞源。

跡忝朝廷舊，
情依節制尊。
還思長者轍，
恐避席為門。

營屋

我有陰江竹，
能令朱夏寒。
White-haired, I dash here and there at headquarters,
deeply sensing I have betrayed my life.

14.32
Expressing what Stirred Me at My Broken-down Hut: Respectfully Sent to Lord Yan

Wilderness waters level with the bridge road,
spring sands shine by a village in bamboo.
The breeze is light, powdery butterflies delight,
the flowers warm, honey bees make noise.
Taking ale in hand, it is fitting to pour fully,
writing poems, I like to discuss them in detail.
If at headquarters you catch sight of a day of leisure
recall being the fountainhead of verse by the river.
My traces make me unworthy before my old friend from court,
but my feelings rest with the exalted commissioner.
Then I think on the carriage track of my superior,
feared he will avoid a gate made with a mat.¹

14.33
Working on the House

I had bamboo that cast shade on the river,
and could make even red summer cold.

¹ In the Western Han, Chen Ping was so poor that he used a worn-out mat as his gate, but was nevertheless visited by great men in their carriages.
除草

草有害於人，
曾何生阻修。

除草

陰通積水內，
高入浮雲端。
甚疑鬼物憑，
不顧剪伐殘。
東偏若面勢，
戶牖永可安。
愛惜已六載，
茲晨去千竿。
蕭蕭見白日，
洶洶開奔湍。
度堂匪華麗，
養拙異考槃。
草茅雖薙葺，
衰疾方少寬。
洗然順所適，
此足代加餐。
寂無斤斧響，
庶遂憩息歡。

14.34
Their shadows reached down into deep waters, their heights entered edges of drifting clouds. I strongly suspected goblins were lurking there and cut them away without a second thought.

To the east now follows the lay of the land, I will feel always secure by the window.

I hung onto them fondly for six whole years, this morning I got rid of a thousand canes. In the whistling wind I can see the bright sun, surging waters reveal the swift flood.

I planned my hall not aiming for splendor, nurturing simplicity differs from “the recluse’s joy.”

Though only grass and rush have been cut for the thatching, old and sick, I now feel a bit more relaxed. Content, I can go with what suits me, this is enough to replace eating more. It is still now, no echoes from the axe, and I hope to achieve the delights of repose.

14.34

Getting Rid of Thornplants

There are plants that do harm to people, when do they ever grow in remote, hard to reach spots?

---

1 “The recluse’s joy,” kaopan 考槃, comes from the interpretation of the Shi poem of the same name. Du Fu seems to be acknowledging that his “recluse’s” dwelling is near the city.

2 Original note: “This is getting rid of the qian plant” 去䕭草也. The qian 䕭 is a thorny plant which produces a swelling when it touches the skin.
其毒甚蜂蠆，
其多彌道周。
清晨步前林，
江色未散憂。
芒刺在我眼，
焉能待高秋。
霜露一霑凝，
蕙葉亦難留。
荷鋤先童稚，
日入仍討求。
轉致水中央，
豈無雙釣舟。
頑根易滋蔓，
敢使依舊丘。
自茲藩籬曠，
更覺松竹幽。
茲夷不可遏，
疾惡信如讎。
Their poison is worse than bees or wasps,
they are so numerous they fill the roadside.
In cool dawn I walked through the woods in front,
the look of the river did not dispel my melancholy.
These thorns were right before my eyes,
how could I wait until autumn was at its height?
Once the frost and dew soak and freeze,
even the leaves of the basil cannot be saved.¹
Hoe over shoulder, I went ahead of my boy,
when the sun went in, we were still attacking them.
We transported them into the middle of the river,
of course we had a pair of fishing boats.
The stubborn roots easily grow new creepers,
dare I let them stay on the hills of my home?
After this, my hedge affords a wide view,
and I feel that the pines and bamboo are even more secluded.
Cutting them away should not be overlooked,
truly I hate their evil like an enemy.

Around this time Du Fu was given an honorary appointment on the Board
of Works that allowed him to wear the red cord of his office. He also seems
to have resigned his position on Yan Wu’s staff.

¹ That is, if he tries to get rid of them after the plants wither in autumn, it will be
hard to tell them apart from desirable plants.
春日江村五首

I

農務村村急，
春流岸岸深。
乾坤萬里眼，
時序百年心。
茅屋還堪賦，
桃源自可尋。
艱難昧生理，
漂泊到如今。

II

迢遞來三蜀，
蹉跎有六年。
客身逢故舊，
發興自林泉。
過懶從衣結，
頻遊任履穿。
藩籬頗無限，
恣意向江天。
14.35–39
River Village on a Spring Day

I

In village after village farm work is urgent,
spring currents grow deeper on shore after shore.
Heaven and Earth, eyes that see thousands of leagues;
in the sequence of seasons, heart of life’s hundred years.
I can still write poems on my thatched cottage,
Peach Blossom Spring can of course be sought.
In troubled times, blind to making a living,
I’ve drifted on to the ways things are now.

II

From far, far away I came to Shu,
and now six years have slipped away.
As a sojourner I meet old friends,
my elation, brought out by woods and streams.
Excessively lazy, I let my clothes go patched,
often roaming, I don’t care if my shoes are worn through.
My hedge is especially unbounded,
letting my thoughts run free, I face the river skies.
III

種竹交加翠，
栽桃爛熳紅。
經心石鏡月，
到面雪山風。
赤管隨王命，
銀章付老翁。
豈知牙齒落，
名玷薦賢中。

IV

扶病垂朱綬，
歸休步紫苔。
郊扉存晚計，
幕府愧群材。
燕外晴絲卷，
鷗邊水葉開。
鄰家送魚鱠，
問我數能來。

V

群盜哀王粲，
中年召賈生。
III

I planted bamboo, crisscrossing increased their azure,
I set out peach trees, a dazzle of pink.
Lingering in mind, the moon in Stone Mirror,\(^1\)
reaching my face, wind from the Mountains of Snow.
The crimson brushes follow from royal command,\(^2\)
the silver seal is entrusted to an aging man.
How could they know that my teeth have fallen,
that my name would be a flaw among the presented worthies?

IV

My sick body supported, I have red cords hanging,\(^3\)
coming home on leave, I tread purple moss.
At my gate on the outskirts I have plans for my late years,
put to shame by the many talents at headquarters.
Beyond the swallows sunlit floss curls,
beside the gulls leaves of water-plants open.
Neighboring households send fish and turtles
and ask me if I could come see them often.

V

Bands of brigands made Wang Can lament,\(^4\)
in his middle years Jia Yi was called to court.\(^5\)

---

1 'The Stone Mirror was one of the sites of Chengdu.
2 A pair of crimson brushes marks his position in the Secretariat.
3 'The mark of office.
4 *Wang Can.
5 *Jia Yi.
登樓初有作，
前席竟為榮。宅入先賢傳，
才高處士名。異時懷二子，
春日復含情。

春遠

肅肅花絮晚，
菲菲紅素輕。
日長唯鳥雀，
春遠獨柴荊。數有關中亂，
何曾劍外清。故鄉歸不得，
地入亞夫營。

See Notes
Climbing a tower, Wang first made a composition, 
4 bringing his mat forward, Jia ended up in glory. Their houses entered the biographies of former worthies, 
their talent was greater than the fame of retired gentlemen. In different times my thoughts have turned to these two, 
8 and on a spring day again I hold in my feelings.

14.40
See Notes

14.41
Spring Goes Far Away

In the stillness the willow flower floss grows late, 
a sifting flurry, red and white toss lightly. 
As days lengthen, just the sparrows, 
4 spring goes far away, only my ramshackle house. Often there is fighting Within-the-Passes, 
and when was Jianwai ever peaceful?¹
I cannot get to return to my homeland, 
8 the place is now in Yafu’s camp.²

14.42–44
See Notes

¹ Sichuan, where Du Fu was at the time.
² Zhou Yafu was the general of Han Wendi, famous for his discipline and Thinwillow Camp near Chang’an. Zhou Yafu here probably refers to Guo Ziyi who fortified the area near Fengtian in 765 to defend against attacks by the Tanguts and Tibetans.
14.45–47

三韻三篇

I

高馬勿唾面，
長魚無損鱗。
辱馬馬毛焦，
困魚魚有神。
君看磊落士，
不肯易其身。

II

荡荡万斛船，
影若扬白虹。
起樯必椎牛，
挂席集眾功。
自非风动天，
莫置大水中。

III

烈士恶多门，
小人自同调。
I

Don't spit in the face of a noble horse,
don't harm the scales of a big fish.
If you shame the horse, its pelt will grow scruffy,
if you distress the fish, the fish has divine powers.
Just look at the high-minded gentleman,
he won't treat his person lightly.

II

Mighty, that boat of ten thousand tonnes,
its reflection like a white halo rising around the moon.
When they raise the mast, they always bludgeon an ox,1
to hoist the sail, they assemble the labor of a crowd.
Unless there's a wind that shakes the heavens,
don't put it into deep water.

III

The ardent gentleman hates many kinds of things,
the lesser naturally just go along.

---

1 'The mast is raised when the boat is ready to set out. An ox is sacrificed for the voyage.'
名利茲可取，
殺身傍權要。
何當官曹清，
爾輩堪一笑。

天邊行

天邊老人歸未得，
日暮東臨大江哭。
隴右河源不種田，
胡騎羌兵入巴蜀。
洪濤滔天風拔木，
前飛鳥鶂後鴻鵠。
九度附書向洛陽，
十年骨肉無消息。

莫相疑行

男兒生無所成頭皓白，
牙齒欲落真可惜。
憶獻三賦蓬萊宮，
自怪一日聲輝赫。
If fame and profit can be seized,
4 they will risk death to be close to the powerful.
When will officials be uncorrupt?—
your sort will deserve a mocking laugh.

14.48

The Ends of the Earth: A Ballad

An old man at the ends of the earth unable to go home,
at sunset he weeps looking east out over the great river.
In Longyou and at the Yellow River’s source they plant no fields,
4 Hu riders and Tibetan troops enter Ba and Shu.
Huge waves flood the heavens, the winds pull up trees,
the bald condor flies ahead, behind, snow-goose and swan.
Nine times I’ve given a letter to be taken to Luoyang,
8 for ten years from my flesh and blood there has been no news.

14.49

Do Not Suspect Me: A Ballad

A manchild who achieved nothing in life, his hair is gleaming white,
his teeth about to fall out, truly it is a pity.
I recall presenting three fu in Penglai Palace,
4 and I myself think it strange that in one day my fame shone gloriously.
集賢學士如堵牆，
觀我落筆中書堂。
往時文彩動人主，
此日飢寒趨路旁。

晚將末契托年少，
當面輸心背面笑。
寄謝悠悠世上兒，
不爭好惡莫相疑。

赤霄行

孔雀未知牛有角，
渴飲寒泉逢觝觸。
赤霄懸圃須往來，
翠尾金花不辭辱。
江中淘河嚇飛燕，
銜泥卻落羞華屋。
皇孫猶曾蓮勺困，
衛莊見貶傷其足。

老翁慎莫怪少年，
葛亮貴和書有篇。
The Scholars of the Assembled Worthies stood around me like a wall watching me as I plied my brush in the Secretariat Hall. My writing’s flourish in days gone by stirred the ruler of men, but these days, cold and starving, I scurry by the road.

Late I offer a senior man’s friendship to dependence on younger men, they express genuine feelings to my face, behind my back they mock me.

I send word to the lads of these times, idle and ordinary, I’m not trying to compete with you, do not suspect me.

14.50

The peacock never even knew that the ox had horns, it drank from a cold spring in thirst and met with a goring.

Though it goes back and forth in the high red clouds to Xuanpu, its azure tail-feathers with golden spots could not avoid being put to shame.

The pelican in the river shoos the flying swallows away, they dropped the mud they held in their beaks and are ashamed at a splendid house.

Even an imperial scion once was in trouble in Lianshao, Bao Zhuang of Wei was criticized and his feet came to harm.

Let an old fellow take warning not to blame young men, Zhuge Liang valued harmony, there’s a chapter in his writings.

---

1 Xuanpu is one of the abodes of the gods in the Kunlun Mountains.
2 The swallows carry mud in their beaks to build a nest in the rafters.
3 Han Xuandi, fond of wandering men-at-arms before he became emperor, was humiliated at the salt fields at Lianshao.
4 This refers to a story in the Zuozhuan of Bao Qian who, after having stirred anger in Qi, was accused and had his feet cut off. Confucius was supposed to have commented that his wisdom was less than the mallow in not being able to protect his feet.
5 Zhuge Liang wrote a treatise called “Valuing Harmony.”
丈夫垂名動萬年，
記憶細故非高賢。

14.51

聞高常侍亡
歸朝不相見，
蜀使忽傳亡。
虛歷金華省，
何殊地下郎。
致君丹檻折，
哭友白雲長。
獨步詩名在，
祗令故舊傷。

14.52

去蜀
五載客蜀郡，
一年居梓州。
如何關塞阻，
轉作瀟湘遊。
萬事已黃髮，
殘生隨白鷗。
A true man leaves his name for ten thousand years—
to always remember petty slights is not for a noble and worthy man.

_in the first month of 765, less than a year after his recall to the court,
Gao Shi died._

**14.51**

Hearing of the Passing of Attendant-in-ordinary Gao

I didn’t see him after he went back to court,
a messenger to Shu suddenly brought news of his death.
In vain you passed through the Chancellery,
but how are you different from those Gentlemen in the underworld.
To make your ruler a sage you broke the cinnabar railing,
weeping for my friend, the white clouds last long.
You stood apart, your fame as a poet endures,
just making your old friends feel pain.

**14.52**

Leaving Shu

For five years I sojourned in Shu,
one year I lived in Zizhou.
How did the passes become so blocked?—
instead I will roam to the Xiao and Xiang.
All that happened, already with yellowing hair,
the rest of my life, following the white gulls.

---

1 This is Gao Shi.
2 This is taken to refer to Su Shao’s posthumous report to his brother that Confucius’s disciples Yan Hui and Zixia were literary Gentlemen in the underworld.
3 *Zhu Yun.
4 The mark of great old age.
安危大臣在，
不必泪长流。

南国旱无雨，
今朝江出云。
入空纔漠漠，
灑迥已紛紛。
巢燕高飛盡，
林花潤色分。
晚來聲不絕，
應得夜深聞。

漾舟千山内，
日入泊荒渚。
我生本飄飄，
今復在何許。
石根青楓林，
猿鳥聚儔侶。
Rejoicing Over the Rain

For peace or peril our great officials remain,
8 I need not weep in the long current.

In early summer of 765 Du Fu’s steady patron Yan Wu died at the age of forty, and Du Fu acted on his longstanding desire to go down the Yangzi. His itinerary can be followed with some precision.

14.53

Rejoicing Over the Rain

In the southern lands, drought without rain,
but this morning the river brought forth clouds.
Entering the sky, they billowed and spread,
4 sprinkling remote places, already thickly.
The nesting swallows have flown high and away,
8 and I’m sure I’ll get to hear it late at night.

14.54

Spending the Night at Blue Creek Station, Respectfully Thinking of Supernumerary Zhang Zhixu (15)

I sail my boat among a thousand mountains,
the sun sets, I moor at an isle with wild growth.
All my life I’ve been tossed along,
4 where is it that I find myself now?
At the root of rocks, a forest of green maples,
gibbons and birds gather with companions.
月明遊子靜，
畏虎不得語。
中夜懷友朋，
乾坤此深阻。  
浩蕩前後間，
佳期付荊楚。

狂歌行贈四兄

與兄行年校一歲，
賢者是兄愚者弟。
兄將富貴等浮雲，
弟竊功名好權勢。
長安秋雨十日泥，
我曹鞴馬聽晨雞。
公卿朱門未開鎖，
我曹已到肩相齊。

吾兄睡穩方舒膝，
不襪不巾蹋曉日。
男啼女哭莫我知，
身上須繒腹中實。
The moon is bright, the travelers quiet,
8 fearing tigers, we cannot talk.
At midnight I thought of my friend,
heaven and earth are so thick with barriers.
Swept wildly along, one who came first and one, later,
12 our meeting I entrust to Jingzhou.¹

14.55

A Wild Song to My Older Brother (4)

Compared to you my years are short one year,
the wise one is the elder, the younger is the fool.
You take wealth and honor to equal drifting clouds,
4 I secretly favored deeds and fame, and loved power.
With autumn rains in Chang'an there were ten days worth of mud,
my sort decked out the horses hearing the rooster at dawn.
The vermilion gates of lords and grandees had not yet been unlocked,
8 but my sort had already arrived, jostling shoulder to shoulder.

My older brother slept soundly then, stretching out his knees,
with neither socks nor turban he stepped out in the morning light.
Your boy cried, your girl wept they didn't understand you,
12 they needed clothes for the body, solid food in the belly.

¹ Zhang Zhixu had been exiled to Jiangling (Jingzhou); he got there first, and Du Fu will arrive later.
宴戎州楊使君東樓

今年思我來嘉州。
嘉州酒重花繞樓。
樓頭喫酒樓下臥，
長歌短詠還相酬。

四時八節還拘禮，
女拜弟妻男拜弟。
幅巾鞶帶不掛身，
頭脂足垢何曾洗。

吾兄吾兄巢許倫，
一生喜怒長任真。
日斜枕肘寢已熟，
啾啾唧唧為何人。

宴戎州楊使君東樓

勝絕驚身老，
情忘發興奇。
座從歌妓密，
樂任主人為。

重碧拈春酒，
輕紅擘荔枝。
This year you thought of me and came to Jiazhou,
Jiazhou’s ale is strong, flowers surround the building.
Upstairs we drink our ale, downstairs we lie down,
with long songs and short chants we answer one another.

Four seasons, eight holidays still constrained by ceremony,
your girl bows to the younger brother’s wife, your boy bows to the
brother.
The hairband and the cummerbund have never touched your body,
oily hair and dirty feet when have they ever been washed?

Older brother, older brother, the ilk of Chaofu and Xu You,¹
a lifetime of joys and angers, you ever act as your nature demands.
As the sun slants you rest your head on your arm already sound asleep,
all my muttering and the sighing is for whom?

If this poem is genuine, it is not actually Du Fu’s “brother” but some senior
of the same generation. Jiazhou was on Du Fu’s river route out of Chengdu.

¹ *Xu You.

Feasting at the Eastern Tower of Yang, Prefect of Rongzhou

Such perfect scenery startles this aging body,
reserve forgotten, the mood stirred is rare.
You let the singing girls be intimate with the guests,
delights are allowed as the host would have it.
I pick up spring ale, heavy and emerald,
I split open lychees, light and pink.
樓高欲愁思，
横笛未休吹。

渝州候嚴六侍御不到先下峽

聞道乘騮發，
沙邊待至今。不
知雲雨散，
虛費短長吟。
山帶烏蠻闊，
江連白帝深。
船經一柱觀，
留眼共登臨。

撥悶

聞道雲安麴米春，
纔傾一盞即醺人。
乘舟取醉非難事，
下峽消愁定幾巡。
長年三老遙憐汝，
捩柁開頭捷有神。
The tower is so high I am about to have sad thoughts,
but the horizontal flute has not ceased playing.

14.57

At Yuzhou I Awaited Censor Yan (6), He Didn’t Come so I Went Ahead Down the Gorges

I heard that the dappled gray had set out,¹
until today I waited by the sands.
Not knowing the clouds and rain had dispersed,
I spent myself in long and short songs for naught.
Mountains line the far reaches of the Black Mon,
the river stretches deep away to White Emperor Castle.²
When my boat passes One Pillar Lodge,³
I will keep an eye out so that we can climb and look out together.

14.58

Getting Rid of Melancholy

I’ve heard tell of Yun’an’s “mash-rice spring” ale,
down just a single cup and at once you’re sloshed.
Getting drunk while taking a boat is not a hard thing to do,
as I go down the Gorges, to melt away sorrow I will certainly take a few shots.
Old river-hands, seasoned pilots think of you fondly from afar,⁴
they turn the rudder, launch the prow, nimbly with the aid of gods.

¹ An officer of the censorate was associated with riding or driving a dappled gray.
² Kuizhou.
³ A famous site in Jiangling.
⁴ The “you” here is the ale of Yun’an.
已辨青錢防雇直，
當令美味入吾唇。

宴忠州使君侄宅
出守吾家侄，
殊方此日歡。
自須遊阮舍，
不是怕湖灘。
樂助長歌逸，
杯饒旅思寬。
昔曾如意舞，
牽率強為看。

禹廟
禹廟空山裏，
秋風落日斜。
荒庭垂橘柚，
古屋畫龍蛇。
雲氣虛青壁，
江聲走白沙。
I’ve already set aside green cash to pay for the hire and ale,
I will have that sweet flavor to enter my lips.

14.59

Feasting at the Residence of my Nephew, Prefect of Zhongzhou

Coming out to govern, a nephew of my family,
in a strange place, the pleasures of this day.
Of course I had to visit Ruan’s house,¹
it wasn’t that I feared the “lake rapids.”²
The music adds to the untrammeled nature of long songs,
our cups have plenty of consolation for thoughts of travel.
Long ago I danced with a ruyi staff,³
now, if dragged, I’ll make myself get up and watch.

14.60

Yu’s Temple

Yu’s Temple in the deserted mountains,
autumn wind, the setting sun slants down.
A weed-grown courtyard, hung with tangerines,
ancient chambers, painted with dragons.
Cloudy vapors puff slowly over green cliffs,
river sounds speed across white sands.

¹ Ruan Ji and his nephew Ruan Xian lived on different sides of the street.
² There were dangerous rapids downstream from Zhongzhou; Du Fu is saying that he stops here for the sake of his nephew and not because he hesitates to run the rapids.
³ In the Eastern Jin, Wang Yi’s nephew Wang Rong, after drinking, got up and danced with an iron ruyi staff. The ruyi was a Buddhist staff.
題忠州龍興寺所居院壁

忠州三峽內，
井邑聚雲根。
小市常爭米，
孤城早閉門。
空看過客淚，
莫覓主人恩。　
淹泊仍愁虎，　
深居賴獨園。

哭嚴僕射歸櫬

素幔隨流水，
歸舟返舊京。　
老親如宿昔，
部曲異平生。　
風送蛟龍匣，　
天長驃騎營。
Long I’ve known that he rode on four vehicles,¹
his dredging and cutting brought the Three Ba regions under control.

14.61
On the Wall of the Compound where I Stayed in Longxing Temple at Zhongzhou
Zhongzhou, within the Three Gorges,
district towns cluster by roots-of-cloud.²
In small markets they always crowd to get rice;
isolated city, they lock their gates early.
Just look at the tears of this passing traveler—
do not try to find the kindness of a host.
Lingering here I keep worrying about tigers,
I dwell deep away, relying on Jetavana Park.³

14.62
A Lament when the Coffin of Vice-Director Yan Wu was being Sent Home
The white hangings go along with the current,⁴
the homeward boat takes you back to the capital.
Your aged mother is as she used to be,
but the regiments differ from when you lived.
The winds see off the casket figured with dragons,
the heaven stretches on in the camp of the Fleet General.⁵

¹ According to the Classic of Documents, Yu had four different means of conveyance, depending on whether he was traveling on level land, water, mud, or mountains.
² “Roots-of-cloud” is a kenning for mountains.
³ The temple, which gives foods and lodging to the traveler.
⁴ The white draperies, signifying mourning, marked the boat that was carrying Yan Wu’s coffin.
⁵ The “Fleet General” was the Han commander Huo Qubing; here it is used to refer to Yan Wu.
旅夜書懷

一哀三峽暮，
遺後見君情。

14.63

旅夜書懷

細草微風岸，
危檣獨夜舟。
星垂平野闊，
月湧大江流。
名豈文章著，
官應老病休。
飄零何所似，
天地一沙鷗。

14.64

放船

收帆下急水，
卷幔逐回瀦。
江市戎戎暗，
山雲黪黪寒。
荒林無徑入，
獨鳥怪人看。
I lament until dusk falls on the Three Gorges,
8 after your death I see your feelings for me.

14.63

Writing of My Feelings Traveling by Night

Thin plants, a shore with faint breeze,
looming mast, lone night boat.
Stars suspended over the expanse of the wild plain,
4 the moon surges as the great river flows on.
My name will never be known from my writings,
aging and sick, I should quit my post.
Wind-tossed, what is my likeness?—
8 between Heaven and Earth, a single sandgull.

14.64

Setting Out by Boat

We lower sail to go down the swift waters,
rolling the canopy back, we follow twisting rapids.
River markets, hidden in haziness,
4 mountain clouds, cold in a billowing blur.
Tangled forests, no paths enter;
a solitary bird scolds the person watching.
雲安九日鄭十八攜酒陪諸公宴

寒花開已盡，
菊蕊獨盈枝。
舊摘人頻異，
輕香酒暫隨。
地偏初衣袴，
山擁更登危。
萬國皆戎馬，
酣歌淚欲垂。

答鄭十七郎一絕

雨後過畦潤，
花殘步屐遲。
把文驚小陸，
好客見當時。
We have moored beneath the wall-tower,
8  when will night’s darkness end?

14.65

The Double Ninth at Yun’an, Zheng (18) Brings Ale to Accompany Various Gentlemen at a Feast

The cold-weather flowers have all finished blossoming, chrysanthemum blooms alone fill the stalks. Those who used to pluck them have often changed, their light fragrance goes along with the ale just a brief while. The place is remote, clothes begin to be padded, mountains crowd around, again climbing a steep spot. Everywhere in the land are war-horses, tipsily singing, my tears are about to fall.

14.66

Answering the Gentleman Zheng (17) with a Quatrain

After the rain I pass through wet plots, few flowers remain, my walking clogs go slowly. Writing in hand, I’m amazed at the younger Lu,¹ in loving guests, I see Dangshi.²

---

¹ The Western Jin writer Lu Yun. Since Lu Yun was always paired with his brother Lu Ji (261–303), this probably refers to the writings of Zheng Bi (18), who would be younger than this Zheng (17).
² *Zheng’s lodge.
14.67

別常徵君

兒扶猶杖策，
臥病一秋強。
白髮少新洗，
4 寒衣寬總長。
故人憂見及，
此別淚相望。
各逐萍流轉，
8 來書細作行。

14.68–69

長江二首

I

眾水會涪萬，
瞿塘爭一門。
朝宗人共挹，
4 盜賊爾誰尊。
孤石隱如馬，
高蘿垂飲猿。
14.67

Parting from Chang, Summoned Gentleman

My son supports me, still leaning on my cane,
I’ve been bedridden for more than the whole autumn.
My white hair seems thin when newly washed,
my winter clothes are too large and long.
My old friend has worried about me,
at this parting, we gaze on each other in tears.
Each of us will turn in the current with the duckweed,
when you send a letter, make the lines small.¹

14.68–69

The Long River

I

A host of streams meet at Fu and Wan,
at Qutang Gorge they vie for a single gateway.
People all bow to it on its journey to court in the sea,
you rebels and renegades, whom do you revere?²
A lone rock, hidden, resembles a horse,³
from high vines dangle gibbons drinking.

¹ So that you can write more on a page.
² That is, the rebels do not go to the court to submit as the rivers run naturally to
the “court” of the sea.
³ This is Yenyu Rock in the Yangzi River.
承聞故房相公靈櫬自閬州啟殯歸葬東都有作二首

I

歸心異波浪，
何事即飛翻。

II

浩浩終不息，
乃知東極臨。
眾流歸海意，
萬國奉君心。
色借瀟湘闊，
聲驅灩澦深。
未辭添霧雨，
接上遇衣襟。

14.70–71

承聞故房相公靈櫬自閬州啟殯歸葬東都有作二首

I

遠聞房太尉，
歸葬陸渾山。
一德興王後，
孤魂久客間。
This homesick heart differs from the waves—
why then does it so churn over?

II

Vast and flooding, never resting,
now I understand how it approaches the farthest east.
The intention of all streams: to return to the sea;
the thoughts of all the domains: to serve their Lord.
Its color borrows from the broad Xiao and Xiang,
its sounds speed over the depths by Yanyu Rock.
It does not refuse additions from rain or fog,
rising to meet them, it encounters the folds of my gown.¹

14.70–71

Composed when I Heard that the Casket of the Former Minister Fang
had been Taken from its Temporary Resting Place in Langzhou and
Returned to the Eastern Capital for Burial

I

From afar I heard that Commander-in-chief Fang
has been sent back to be buried at Mount Luhun.²
After restoring the king, sharing virtue with him,
his lonely soul was long a sojourner.

¹ That is, the waves rise.
² Near Luoyang.
孔明多故事，
安石竟崇班。
他日嘉陵涕，
仍霑楚水还。

II

丹旐飞飞日，
初传发阆州。
风尘终不解，
江汉忽同流。
剑动亲身匣，
书归故国楼。
尽哀知有处，
为客恐长休。

14.72–73

将晓二首

I

石城除欬枻，
铁锁欲开閬。
鼓角悲荒塞，
星河落曙山。
A Kongming with many former acts,\(^1\)
an Anshi, at last exalted in rank.\(^2\)
In other days, my tears by the Jialing River,\(^3\)
come back, again soaking Chu’s waters here.

II

The day when the cinnabar spirit-banners were flying,
we first had the news of his setting out from Langzhou.
The dust of war never clears,
and suddenly Yangzi and Han join their currents.
His sword stirs in its new case by his body,
his writings return to the mansion in his homeland.
I know there will be a place where I can lament fully,\(^4\)
but I fear my own eternal rest while still a wayfarer.

14.72–73

Almost Dawn

I

On the stone walls they stop striking the watch clappers,
iron chains, soon to open the gates.
Drums and bugles sadden this wild frontier,
the star-river sinks into brightening mountains.

---

1 Kongming is *Zhuge Liang, the minister of the Shu Kingdom. In the Jin, Chen Shou compiled *The Former Acts of Zhuge Liang, Minister of Shu.*
2 Anshi was *Xie An, posthumously raised to Grand Mentor, as Fang Guan was posthumously made Commander-in-chief.*
3 Du Fu had lamented at Fang Guan’s temporary tomb in Langzhou; see 13.31.
4 At his formal tomb in Luoyang.
懷錦水居止二首

巴人常小梗，
蜀使動無還。
垂老孤帆色，
飄飄犯百蠻。

II

軍吏回官燭，
舟人自楚歌。
寒沙蒙薄霧，
落月去清波。
壯惜身名晚，
衰慚應接多。
歸朝日簪笏，
筋力定如何。

14.74–75

懷錦水居止二首

I

軍旅西征僻，
風塵戰伐多。
猶聞蜀父老，
不忘舜謳歌。
Ba folk always raise minor resistance,¹
Shu envoys often never return.
Getting old, the colors of my lone sail,
tossed along, trespasses the land of the hundred Mon.

II

An orderly turns back with the government torch,
the boatmen break out into songs of Chu.
Cold sands, veiled by a thin mist,
sinking moonlight departs from the clear waves.
In my prime I regretted that fame came late,
decrepit, I’m ashamed at so many social exchanges.
Returning to court, with daily hatpins and badges,
could the strength of my sinews really take it?

¹ Referring to the rebellions in Sichuan.
² That is, songs of an age of peace in Xuanzong’s reign.
天險終難立，
柴門豈重過。
朝朝巫峽水，
遠逗錦江波。

萬里橋南宅，
百花潭北莊。
層軒皆面水，
老樹飽經霜。
雪嶺界天白，
錦城曛日黃。
惜哉形勝地，
回首一茫茫。

青絲白馬誰家子，
麤豪且逐風塵起。
不聞漢主放妃嬪，
近靜潼關掃蜂蟻。
A natural fastness, but hard at last to hold,\(^1\)
ever again will I pass my ramshackle gate.
Every morning the waters in the Wu Gorges
draw the waves of Brocade River from afar.

\[\text{II}\]

A cottage south of the Thousand League Bridge,
an estate north of Hundred Flowers Pool.
High balconies all face the waters,
\(4\) old trees are sturdy from living through the frost.
Snow Ridges, white edging the heavens,
Brocade City, yellow in fading sunlight.
Alas, this place of splendid scenes—
\(8\) I turn my head and it is utterly a blur.

\[\text{14.76}\]

Green Silk\(^2\)

In green silk and white horse, who is that fellow?—
course and tough, after him dust rises in the wind.
Hasn’t he heard that the ruler of Han dismissed so many court ladies,\(^3\)
or that recently at Tong Pass ants and hornets were swept away?\(^4\)

---

1 That is, the Shu rebels depend upon their topographical advantage, but in the end it will not save them.
2 The Tang general Pugu Huai’en, an Uighur, rebelled in 765 and formed an alliance with the Uighurs, Tibetans, and other peoples. The poem is based on a comparison between Pugu Huai’en and the infamous mid-sixth-century Northern general Hou Jing who was allowed to enter the territory of the Liang when fleeing a defeat in the north. There was a children’s ditty about Hou Jing that went: “Green silk and white horse come from Shouyang.” Hou Jing later rebelled, captured the capital Jiankang, and virtually destroyed the Liang. In doing so he dressed in a green gown and rode a white horse to fulfill the prophecy of the verse.
3 To cut down on expenses, Daizong dismissed a thousand court ladies from the palace, an act considered to be laudably frugal.
4 An achievement of the Tang general holding Tong Pass, who defeated a contingent of Tibetan cavalry after their occupation of Chang’an.
三絶句

I

前年渝州殺刺史，
今年開州殺刺史。
群盜相隨劇虎狼，
食人更肯留妻子。

II

二十一家同入蜀，
惟殘一人出駱谷。
自說二女齧臂時，
迴頭卻向秦雲哭。

III

殿前兵馬雖驍雄，
縱暴略與羌渾同。
When the cavalry before the palace halls smash you, it will be in the tenth month and you will be ground to pieces at once. Better to face forward, hands behind back, and return to the palace gates,¹ by some miracle imperial grace may come down from the Dais of Jade.

¹ A sign of submission.

14.77–79
Three Quatrains

I

Last year at Yuzhou they killed the prefect, this year at Kaizhou they killed the prefect. Bands of renegades one after another, worse than jackals and wolves, they eat men, and are hardly willing to leave the wives and children.

II

Twenty-one families together entered Shu, there remained only one man emerging from Camel Pass.² He told of when his two daughters chewed their own arms,³ he turned his head and looked back toward Qin’s clouds weeping.

³ This is a sign of starvation.

III

Cavalry before the palace halls, though bold and well-trained, but in violence they’re pretty much the same as Qiang and Tuyuhun.

² This refers to the flight of Qin peasants to Shu following repeated depredations by the Tibetans and their allies.
聞道殺人漢水上，
婦女多在官軍中。

14.80

遣憤

聞道花門將，
論功未盡歸。
自從收帝里，
誰復總戎機。
蜂蟻終懷毒，
雷霆可震威。
莫令鞭血地，
再濕漢臣衣。

14.81–83

十二月一日三首

I

今朝臘月春意動，
雲安縣前江可憐。
一聲何處送書雁，
百丈誰家上水船。
I heard how they killed men beside the River Han—
their wives and daughters are now mostly with the imperial army.

14.80
Expressing My Outrage

I’ve heard that the Uighur generals,
have still not gone back after the assessment of merit.¹
Ever since we retook the imperial city,
who has had general charge of army matters?
Hornets and scorpions ultimately harbor poison,
with peals of thunder we should show our authority.
Don’t let ground bloody from whipping²
again wet the robes of a Han official.

14.81–83
The First Day of the Twelfth Month

I

This morning in winter’s last month intimations of spring are stirring,
in front of the seat of Yun’an county the river is charming.
From somewhere a single cry, wild goose bearing a letter,
a hundred-yard tow, whose is it, the boat going upstream?

¹ The Uighurs sent a contingent with the Tang general Guo Ziyi, and together they
defeated the Tibetans. When a squadron later came to court in Chang’an, the
depleted treasury was inadequate to reward them fully.
² This refers to an incident of 762 in which Li Shi, the Prince of Yong, met the
Uighur Khan in Xiazhou, when the latter was joining in an attack on Shi Chaoyi.
Feeling that the prince had not shown him the proper deference, the Khan had
several of the prince’s attendants flogged, two of whom died of their wounds.
未將梅蕊驚愁眼，
要取椒花媚遠天。
明光起草人所羨，
肺病幾時朝日邊。

II

寒輕市上山煙碧，
日滿樓前江霧黃。
負鹽出井此溪女，
打鼓發船何郡郎。

III

即看燕子入山扉，
豈有黃鸝歷翠微。
短短桃花臨水岸，
輕輕柳絮點人衣。

春來准擬開懷久，
老去親知見面稀。
他日一杯難強進，
重嗟筋力故山違。
The First Day of the Twelfth Month

Not yet having the plum blossoms to amaze my sad eyes,
we’re going to get pepper flowers to lend charm to these far-off skies.
Those who do drafts in Mingguang Palace are envied by others,
sick in the lungs, when will I go to dawn court beside the sun?¹

II

With light cold over the market, the mountain mist is emerald,
the sun, full before the tower, turns the river fog yellow.
Carrying salt from the wells, the girls of this creek,²
a boat sets off with beating drums, lads of what district?
Lifting my eyes at New Pavilion, the scenery strikes me,³
writing at Maoling, diabetes lasts long.⁴
I don’t feel bad that the spring flowers are not gorgeous,
the sojourner in Chu hears only oars accompanying him on his journey.

III

Soon to watch the swallows entering mountain doors,
will there not be orioles passing through the azure foliage?²
Ever so briefly the peach blossoms will look out from the waters’ banks,
ever so lightly willow floss touches a person’s clothes.
Once spring comes, I have made plans for a long time to cheer my
heart,
getting old, kin and friends I get to see but rarely.
In days to come a single cup will be hard to force down,
I repeatedly sigh how sinews’ strength makes me stray from the
mountains of home.

¹ Beside the emperor.
² Yun’an had salt wells. The southwest in general was called “The Five Creeks,” the
the land of the Mon peoples.
³ Echoing the famous scene of Jin exiles gathering at New Pavilion south of the
Yangzi and recalling the scenery of Luoyang. Hence this suggests the poet’s
thoughts of home.
⁴ This alludes to the Western Han writer Sima Xiangru who lay sick and died at his
home near Maoling, after which the emperor sent someone to collect his writings.
14.84

又雪

南雪不到地，
青崖霑未消。
微微向日薄，
4 脄脽去人遙。
冬熱鴛鴦病，
峡深豺虎驕。
愁邊有江水，
8 焉得北之朝。

14.85

雨

冥冥甲子雨，
已度立春時。
輕箑煩相向，
4 纖絺恐自疑。
煙添纔有色，
風引更如綵。
直覺巫山暮，
8 兼催宋玉悲。
14.84

Snow Again

Snow in the south doesn’t reach the ground,
on the green slope it soaks without melting.
Ever so slight, it thins in the sunlight,
in my silent gazing, far away from me.
Winter is hot, the mandarin ducks are ill,
deep in the Gorges, tigers and jackals exult.
There are the river’s waters beside my sorrow,
how can I get to go north to court?

14.85

Rain

Dark was the rain on the cycle’s first day,¹
we have already passed the start of spring.
I had to bother to face a light fan,²
but now I’m afraid I have doubts about wearing light clothes.
Only when mist is added does it have woman’s beauty,
when the wind pulls it, it is even more like silk.
I am just aware of twilight at Wu Mountain,
where it also urged on the grief of Song Yu.³

---

¹ The first day of a sixty-day cycle.
² The fan anticipates spring’s warmth, but it is still cold due to the rain.
³ In a poetic exposition attributed to *Song Yu, the goddess of Wu Mountain said that she was the evening rain.
14.86

南楚

南楚青春異，
暄寒早早分。 
無名江上草， 
隨意嶺頭雲。 
正月蜂相見，
非時鳥共聞。 
杖藜妨躍馬，
不是故離群。

14.87

水閣朝齊奉簡雲安嚴明府

東城抱春岑， 
江閣鄰石面。 
崔嵬晨雲白， 
朝旭射芳甸。 
雨檻臥花叢， 
風床展書卷。 
鈎簾宿鷺起，
丸藥流鸂鳿。
14.86
In the South, Chu

In the South, Chu, green spring is strange:
warmth splits from cold quite early.
Unnamed are the plants by the River,
4 moving as they please, clouds over the ridges.
In the first month bees appear;
unseasonable, different birds heard at the same time.
Going about with my cane is prevented by bounding horses,
8 it is not that I purposefully keep away from others.

14.87
Skies Clearing at Dawn in the River Tower, a Message Respectfully Sent
to Magistrate Yan of Yun’an

The east of the city is embraced by spring summits,
the river tower neighbors a face of rock.
Looming above, morning clouds white,
4 dawnlight shoots onto fragrant meadows.
A rainy porch, clumps of flowers laid prostrate,
breezy couch, my scrolls spread unrolled.
A hooked up curtain, last night’s egret rises aloft,
8 a pill of medicine, gliding orioles warble.
呼婢取酒壺，
續兒誦文選。
晩交嚴明府，
矧此數相見。

14.88

杜鵑

西川有杜鵑，
東川無杜鵑。
涪萬無杜鵑，
雲安有杜鵑。
我昔遊錦城，
結廬錦水邊。
有竹一頃餘，
喬木上參天。

杜鵑暮春至，
哀哀叫其間。
我見常再拜，
重是古帝魂。

生子百鳥巢，
百鳥不敢嗔。
仍為餧其子，
禮若奉至尊。
I call the maidservant to fetch a jug of ale,
pick up from my son in reciting the *Anthology*.¹
Magistrate Yan is a friend made late,
on top of everything I get to see him often.

14.88

The Cuckoo²

Western Sichuan does have cuckoos,
Eastern Sichuan has no cuckoos.³
Fuzhou and Wanzhou have no cuckoos,
but Yun’an does have cuckoos.
Long ago I visited Brocade City,
and built my cottage by the Brocade River.
There was more than an acre of bamboo
and tall trees that reached the heavens above.
The cuckoo would come at the end of spring,
and mournfully call out among them.
When I heard it, I would always bow,
honoring the soul of the ancient emperor.
It has its young in the nest of different birds,
but the different kinds of birds dare not get angry.
On its behalf they feed its chicks,
a ritual like serving His Majesty.

---

¹ The *Wen xuan*, an important early sixth-century anthology.
² The cuckoo was supposed to be the metamorphosis of the ancient Shu ruler Wangdi, who debauched the wife of one of his ministers and turned into this bird that supposedly wept tears of blood. The cuckoo was believed to lay its eggs in the nests of other birds—clearly related to the etiological story of Wangdi taking the wife of his minister—and having its young raised by them.
³ These are Xichuan and Dongchuan, the two circuits of Sichuan, each with its own army and military commissioner.
子規

鴻雁及羔羊，
有禮太古前。
行飛與跪乳，
識序如知恩。
聖賢古法則，
付與後世傳。
君看禽鳥情，
猶解事杜鵑。
今忽暮春間，
值我病經年。
身病不能拜，
淚下如迸泉。

14.89

子規

峽裏雲安縣，
江樓翼瓦齊。
兩邊山木合，
終日子規啼。
眇眇春風見，
蕭蕭夜色淒。
客愁那聽此，
故作傍人低。
Swans and geese and lambs
have observed ritual from before high antiquity;
20 flying in lines and kneeling to suck,
they recognize precedence as if they understood kind love.
The ancient rules of sages and worthies
have been entrusted to later ages to transmit.
24 Just look at the sentiments of birds
who still know how to serve the cuckoo.
Now here I am again at the end of spring
having been sick all year long.
28 Being sick, I cannot bow,
my tears fall like a spurting spring.

14.89

Cuckoo

Yun’an county in the Gorges,
mansion by the river, its winglike tiles even.
On both sides the mountain trees merge,
and all day the cuckoo cries.
Far and faint, heard in spring breeze,
dreary in the gloomy colors of night.
How can the sojourner, with his sorrows, listen to this? — 1
8 on purpose near to me it sings softly.

___

1 The cuckoo’s cry was supposed to sound like “Best go home.”
客居

客居所居堂，
前江後山根。
下塹萬尋岸，

蒼濤鬱飛翻。
蕙青眾木梢，
邪豎雜石痕。
子規晝夜啼，

壯士斂精魂。
峽開四千里，
水合數百源。
人虎相半居，

相傷終兩存。
蜀麻久不來，
吳鹽擁荊門。
西南失大將，

商旅自星奔。
今又降元戎，
已聞動行軒。
舟子候利涉，

亦憑節制尊。
Lodging As a Sojourner

The hall where I lodge, lodging as a sojourner, has the river in front and the mountain’s base behind. Down into this gulch, a ten-thousand-foot slope, where gray waves swell, crashing over.

All the treetops are a luxuriant green, slanting and straight, cracks on rock mixed together. The cuckoo cries there day and night, and the bold man’s soul shrinks back. The gorges open for four thousand leagues, as the waters bring together several hundred streams. Half inhabited by men, half by tigers, they harm each other but at last both survive.

Hemp from Shu has long not come, and Wu’s salt is held up at Jingmen. The southwest lost its chief general, and merchants fled like shooting stars. Recently another commander has been sent down, I have heard that his great coach has set out. The boatmen will wait until it is advantageous to venture, this too depends on respect for his command.

---

1 This refers to the killing of Guo Yingyi, the military commissioner of Jiannan in 765.
2 Du Hongjian, sent to the region in 766.
我在路中央，
生理不得論。
臥愁病腳廢，
徐步視小園。
短畦帶碧草，
悵望思王孫。
鳳隨其凰去，
籬雀暮喧繁。
覽物想故國，
十年別荒村。
日暮歸幾翼，
北林空自昏。
安得覆八溟，
為君洗乾坤。
稷契易為力，
犬戎何足吞。
儒生老無成，
臣子憂四藩。
箧中有舊筆，
情至時復援。
I am in the middle of my journey,
I can’t get to consider making a living.
I lie in sorrow, my sick feet useless,
or walk slowly to look at the small garden.
The short patch is bordered by emerald grasses,
I gaze deeply troubled, longing for the Prince.¹
The phoenix has gone off, along with his mate,
sparrows in the hedge make a dense racket at dusk.
Observing these things, I imagine my homeland,
for ten years I’ve left my tumble-down village.
At sunset how many wings return to rest?—
dusk comes in vain to the northern woods
How can I get to turn over the eight dark seas
and wash clean the universe for my lord?
If Hou Ji and Qi found the effort easy²
how would the Dog Rong be worth overwhelming?³
A man of learning, aging, without achievements,
serveit of the throne, worrying about the frontiers all around.
In my trunk I have an old brush,
when the feeling takes me, I sometimes pick it up again.

¹ The “prince” here is a poetic figure for a friend who should return.
² Ministers of the sage-king Shun.
³ The ancient tribe of the Dog Rong conventionally refers to the Tibetans.
14.91

石硯

平公今詩伯，
秀發吾所羨。
奉使三峽中，
長嘯得石硯。
巨璞禹鑿餘，
異狀君獨見。
其滑乃波濤，
其光或雷電。
聯坳各盡墨，
多水遞隱現。
揮灑容數人，
十手可對面。
比公頭上冠，
貞質未為賤。
當公賦佳句，
況得終清宴。
公含起草姿，
不遠明光殿。
致于丹青地，
知汝隨顧眄。
The Inkstone

Lord Ping, senior among current poets,
his outstanding talent is what I admire.
Sent on a mission in the Three Gorges,
he gave a long hoot, obtaining this inkstone.
A huge uncut stone, the remains of Yu's hewing,
you alone saw its rareness of form.
Its glossy smoothness was that of a wave,
its rays sometimes flash lightning.
Linked depressions, each entirely black,
with much water, some show and some are hidden.
Room for several men to ply the brush,
ten masters could be face to face.
I compare it to the cap upon your lordship's head,
it's pure substance can never be thought base.
It faces your composition of fine lines,
and, moreover, gets to stay through your leisure time.
Your lordship has the quality of one who can draft edicts,
you will not stay far from Guangming Palace.
When brought to that place of green and cinnabar,
I know that you, inkstone, will, with him, be seen with regard.

1 Note: “Vice-Censor Ping's” 平侍御者.
2 That is, the cap of a Censor.
3 A Han palace where edicts were drafted.
4 In the palace.
贈鄭十八賁

溫溫士君子，
令我懷抱盡。
靈芝冠眾芳，
安得闕親近。
遭亂意不歸，
竄身跡非隱。
細人尚姑息，
吾子色愈謹。
高懷見物理，
識者安肯哂。
卑飛欲何待，
捷徑應未忍。
示我百篇文，
詩家一標準。
羈離交屈宋，
牢落值顏閔。
水陸迷畏途，
藥餌駐修軫。
古人日以遠，
青史字不泯。
14.92

Given to Zheng Bi (18)

This fine gentleman of mild courtesy
makes me feel the utmost for him.
As the divine mushroom crowns all sweet plants,

how can I fail to draw close to him in friendship?
Meeting disorders, you do not intend to return,
you hide yourself, but not with the acts of a recluse.
The meaner sort esteem snatching any comfort,

while your countenance, sir, grows ever more circumspect.
Your lofty thoughts see the pattern of things,
how could those who know you sneer in disdain?

What are you waiting for, flying so low?—¹

I’m sure that you cannot bear to take shortcuts.
You showed me a hundred pieces of writing,
these are a very model for poets.

In my wanderings I form ties with Qu and Song,²

down and out, I meet Yan and Min.³
I stray on a perilous journey by water and land,
I halt my long wagon for medicines.
The ancients grow farther day by day,

yet the words in the green histories do not perish.

¹ In the humble post of a county magistrate.
² The Chu poets Qu Yuan and Song Yu.
³ Confucius’s disciples Yan Hui and Minzi Qian.
步趾詠唐虞，
追随飯葵堇。
數杯資好事，
異味煩縣尹。
心雖在朝謁，
力與願矛盾。
抱病排金門，
衰容豈為敏。

賈生慟哭後，
寥落無其人。
安知蔡夫子，
高義邁等倫。
獻書謁皇帝，
志已清風塵。
流涕灑丹極，
萬乘為酸辛。
天地則創痍，
朝廷當正臣。
異才復間出，
周道日惟新。
I sing of Yao and Shun as we go about,
in your company I dine on mallow and violet shoots.
I depend on this man of many interests for a few cups,
I trouble the county’s governor for novel flavors.
Although my heart is set on going to court,
my strength and my wishes are in conflict.
To push open those golden gates with such sickness
is hardly smart for this aging face.

14.93

Parting from Editorial Director Cai (14)

After Jia Yi was moved to weep,¹
there was a still void with no suitable person.
Who would have thought that Master Cai’s
lofty sense of right would have surpassed his peers?
He paid respects to the emperor, presenting a letter,
his aims were to clear the dust of war.
Flowing tears sprinkled the cinnabar pole star,²
the Lord of Myriad Chariots felt bitter pain for him.³
Although Heaven and Earth have scars and wounds,
in the court there stood an upright officer.
Rare talents emerge from time to time,
and the Way of Zhou is daily renewed.

¹ *Jia Yi wept in the courtyard of the palace out of concern for the empire.
² *The court.
³ *The emperor.
使蜀見知己，
別顏始一伸。
主人薨城府，
扶櫬歸咸秦。
巴道此相逢，
會我病江濱。
憶念鳳翔都，
聚散俄十春。
我衰不足道，
但願子意陳。
稍令社稷安，
自契魚水親。
我雖消渴甚，
敢忘帝力勤。
尚思未朽骨，
復睹耕桑民。
積水駕三峽，
浮龍倚長津。
揚舲洪濤間，
仗子濟物身。
鞍馬下秦塞，
王城通北辰。
玄甲聚不散，
兵久食恐貧。
Sent to Shu, he met a close friend,¹
faces, long parted, for the first time relaxed.
But his host perished in the city,
he accompanies the coffin back to Qin.
On the roads of Ba I encountered you,
now you meet me, sick by the river’s marge.
I think back intently on the capital at Fengxiang,
together, then apart, suddenly ten springs have passed.
My own decline is not worth discussing,
I wish only that your opinions be expressed.
You will make the Altars of Earth and Grain gradually more secure,
that there be agreement, fish’s affinity for water.
Although my diabetes is terrible,
dare I forget the emperor’s earnest endeavors?
I still long, ere my bones rot away,
to again behold the folk plowing and tending mulberries.
Deep waters drive down the Three Gorges,
floating dragons lie by the long fords.
You sail your skiff among huge billows,
we rely on you to aid all creatures.
Saddling your horse, you will go down to Qin’s frontiers,
through the king’s city on through to the Pole Star.²
Black armor clusters and does not disperse,
I fear that those long in arms will be short of food.

¹ This is either Du Fu himself or Guo Yingyi, the military commissioner of Jiannan.
² Through Luoyang to the court in Chang’an.
寄常徵君

窮谷無粟帛，
使者來相因。
若憑南轅使，
書札到天垠。

14.94

寄常徵君

白水青山空復春，
徵君晚節傍風塵。
楚妃堂上色殊眾，
海鶴階前鳴向人。
萬事紛紜猶絕粒，
一官羈絆實藏身。
開州入夏知涼冷，
不似雲安毒熱新。

14.95

寄岑嘉州

不見故人十年餘，
不道故人無素書。
願逢顏色關塞遠，
豈意出守江城居。
In poor valleys there is no grain or cloth,  
and the taxmen come one after another.  
If you rely on someone sent on a mission south  
a letter may come to this rim of the world.

14.94

Sent to Chang, Summoned Gentleman

White waters and green mountains, it is spring again in vain,  
the Summoned Gentleman’s later days are passed near the dust of war.  
A Chu consort in the hall, her beauty different from others,  
an ocean crane by the steps sings out facing people.  
Ten thousand problems all jumbled, and still no grain to eat,  
bound to a single post, yet, in fact, hiding away.  
When summer comes to Kaizhou, you can feel coolness,¹  
not like here at Yun’an with its poisonous heat renewed.

14.95

Sent to Cen of Jiazhou²

I haven’t seen my old friend for more than ten years,  
I can’t bear that my old friend has never sent a letter.  
I wished to meet him face to face, the frontier passes too far,  
I never expected he would come out to govern and live in a river city.

¹ Chang was serving in Kaizhou.
² Original note: “The prefecture lies beyond the river in Shu” 州據蜀江外.
外江三峡且相接，
斗酒新诗终自疏。
谢朓每篇堪讽诵，
冯唐已老听吹嘘。
泊船秋夜经春草，
伏枕青枫限玉除。
眼前所寄选何物，
赠子云安双鲤鱼。
The outer river and the Three Gorges are connected to one another,
yet a measure of ale and new poems are still remote.
Every piece by our Xie Tiao deserves to be chanted out loud,¹
8 Feng Tang is already too old, so recommend me as you please.²
I moored my boat on an autumn night, now I pass through the plants
of spring,
bedridden among green maples, cut off from the steps of jade.
What object from before my eyes will I send you?—
12 from Yun’an I present to you a pair of carp.³

After staying a half a year in Yun’an (and discovering how hot it was), in
late spring of 766 he decided to continue on downriver to Kuizhou at the
head of the Qutang Gorge. This was the prefectural seat, rich in history,
with an old Han fortress, White Emperor Castle, at the edge of the Tang
city. Du Fu stayed in Kuizhou less than two years, lived in three different
places, and wrote more than four hundred poems, including a great many
of his most famous works.

¹ Cen Shen is figured as the Qi poet Xie Tiao.
² *Feng Tang refers to Du Fu himself.
³ A “pair of carp” or “paired carp” refers to a letter-case, and hence, a letter.