過客相尋

窮老真無事，
江山已定居。
地幽忘盥櫛，
客至罷琴書。
掛壁移筐果，
呼兒問煮魚。
時聞繫舟楫，
及此問吾廬。

豎子至

樓梨且綴碧，
梅杏半傳黃。
小子幽園至，
輕籠熟柰香。
山風猶滿把，
野露及新嘗。
欲寄江湖客，
提攜日月長。
19.1

A Visitor Comes By Looking For Me

Poor and old, truly with nothing to do, 
by mountains and river I have fixed my dwelling. 
The place so secluded I forget to wash and comb, 
4 when the visitor comes, I put away zither and books. 
I move fruit from the basket hung on the wall, 
call to my son to find out about boiling a fish. 
Sometimes I hear that a boat is being tied up, 
8 coming here to visit my cottage.

19.2

The Servant Boy Comes

When apple and pear for the while are adorned with emerald, 
and plum and apricot only half show yellow, 
the young lad comes from the secluded garden, 
4 with a light basket in which the ripe crabapple is fragrant. 
The mountain breeze still fills my hand, 
wilderness dew has brought it this moment of fresh taste. 
I want to send some to a sojourner on rivers and lakes, 
8 but the days and months stretch too long to take them.
19.3

園
仲夏流多水，
清晨向小園。
碧溪搖艇闊，
朱果爛枝繁。
始為江山靜，
終防市井喧。
畦蔬繞茅屋，
自足媚盤飧。

19.4

歸
束帶還騎馬，
東西欲渡船。
林中才有地，
嶽外絕無天。
虛白高人靜，
喧卑俗累牽。
他鄉悅遲暮，
不敢廢詩篇。
19.3

Garden

In midsummer, much water in the streams, in clear dawn I head to my little garden. The sapphire creek, broad enough to ply a skiff; crimson fruits, so dense that branches are dazzling. At first it was for the tranquility of river and mountains, in the end it was keeping the market’s noise away. Garden vegetables grow around my thatched cottage— they are enough to lend charm to my plate of dinner.

19.4

Returning

Tightening my sash, I again ride my horse, then I cross in a boat east to west. Only in the woods do I find space, beyond the gorges, no sky at all. Empty and pure white, the lofty man is serene,¹ but I am pulled by common ties of the noisy ordinary world. In a strange land to enjoy my twilight years I dare not abandon writing poems.

¹ “Empty and pure” is a quality of the mind described in the Zhuangzi.
園官送菜

園官送菜把，本數日闕。矧苦苣、馬齒，掩乎嘉蔬，傷小人妒害君子，菜不足道也，比而作詩。

清晨蒙菜把，
常荷地主恩。
守者愆實數，
略有其名存。
苦苣刺如針，
馬齒葉亦繁。
青青嘉蔬色，
埋沒在中園。
園吏未足怪，
世事因堪論。
嗚呼戰伐久，
荊棘暗長原。
乃知苦苣輩，
傾奪蕙草根。
小人塞道路，
為態何喧喧。
又如馬齒盛，
氣擁葵荏昏。
19.5

The Garden Officer Sends Vegetables

Preface:
The garden officer sends a vegetable bunch, but he has actually been remiss for several days. Worse, the bitter lettuce and horse-tooth amaranth overwhelm the better vegetables. I am hurt that a petty man does harm to a fine gentleman out of spite— the issue of the vegetables themselves is not worth bringing up. Making a comparison, I wrote this poem.

In the clear morning I receive my bunch of vegetables and am ever grateful to the local master’s grace.¹

The one in charge of this cheats on the count

so pretty much only the name remains.²

The bitter lettuce has thorns like needles,
the leaves of horse-tooth amaranth are also lush.³

Green, green, the colors of the better vegetables are buried away in the central garden.

The garden officer himself is not worth blaming,
but it deserves to be discussed with the situation of the times.

Alas that warfare has gone on so long

that thorns and brambles darken the long plain.

Now I realize that things like bitter lettuce overwhelm the roots of sweet basil.

So petty men stuff the roads.

how noisy and clamorous their manner.

Also it seems that horse-tooth amaranth flourishes so that its aura crowds out mallow and field perilla.

¹ This may be the local commander Bo Maolin.
² That is, the ability to say that one has delivered vegetables.
³ Leafy vegetables are best when young and tender.
園人送瓜

點染不易虞，
綢麻雜羅絛。
一經器物內，
永掛麤刺痕。
志士采紫芝，
放歌避戎軒。
畦丁負籠至，
感動百慮端。

19.6

園人送瓜

江間雖炎瘴，
瓜熟亦不早。
柏公鎮夔國，
滞務茲一掃。
食新先戰士，
共少及溪老。
傾筐蒲鴿青，
滿眼顏色好。
竹竿接嵌竇，
引注來鳥道。
沈浮亂水玉，
愛惜如芝草。
It’s not easy protect against contamination,
20 strands of hemp mix with gossamer and damask.
Once these pass through the cookware
they always leave marks of their coarseness and thorns.
The man of high aims plucks the purple mushroom,
he sings out, avoiding the army carts.
But when the garden worker comes, basket on back,
I am stirred by a hundred sources of care.

19.6

A Gardener Sends Melons

Though it is hot and muggy by the river,
still the melons don’t ripen too early.
Lord Bo guards the domain of Kui
4 and has here swept away all unpleasant tasks.
When they are fresh, they go first to the soldiers,
he shares a little, even for this old man by the creek.
A basketful of “reed-doves” green
8 fill my eyes with their fine color.
Stalks of bamboo are joined to a hillside springhead
drawing water from the paths of birds.
Sunken or floating, scattered in crystal waters,
12 I treasure them like elixir mushrooms.

---

1 *Four graybeards.
2 A kind of melon.
課伐木

落刀嚼冰霜，
開懷慰枯槁。
許以秋蒂除，
仍看小童抱。
東陵跡蕪絕，
楚漢休征討。
園人非故侯，
種此何草草。

19.7

課伐木

課隸人伯夷、幸秀、信行等入谷斬陰木，人日四根止。維
條伊枚，正直侹然。晨征暮返，委積庭內。我有藩籬，是
缺是補，載伐篠簜，伊仗枝持，旅次于小安。山有虎，知
禁。若恃爪牙之利，必昬黑樘突。夔人屋壁，列樹白菊，
鍼為牆，實以竹，示式遏。為與虎近，混淪乎無良，賓客
憂害馬之徒，苟活為幸，可嘿息已。作詩付宗武誦。
When the knife falls, I chew ice and frost,
relaxing my mood, consoling my withered state.
He promised that when the stalks are removed in autumn,
I will again see a young lad carrying some.
The traces of the Count of Dongling are lost in weeds,¹
Chu and Han have ceased their campaigns.
Our gardener is not that former count,
but how busy he was in planting these!

19.7
Assessing the Task of Cutting Down Trees

Preface:
I exhorted my servants Boyi, Xingxiu, Xinxing, and others to go into
the valley and chop trees on the northern slope, with each of them
to cut just four each day, only those with branches and trunks that
were straight and standing upright. They went off in the morning and
returned at twilight, leaving a pile in the courtyard. I have a fence, and
they shall mend the places where there are openings. I had them cut
bamboo, large and small, using it for supports, and my lodging became
a bit more secure. There are tigers in the mountain, but how to stop
them is known. If they are to depend on the sharpness of their claws and
teeth, they must always attack in the murky dark. By the walls of their
houses people of Kuizhou plant rows of white [chrysanthemums], which
they plaster into outer walls, reinforcing it with bamboo, by which they
demonstrate “fending off.”² Because they are close to tigers and mixed
in among bad people, visitors here worry about the sort that harm the
horses and consider themselves lucky just to stay alive.³ One had best
sigh quietly. I composed this poem and entrusted it to Zongwu to recite.

¹ *Shao Ping.
² While the earliest texts read “chrysanthemums,” this seems to describe using a row
of some other tree or shrub to serve as the anchor for an outer wall of plaster and
bamboo. “Fending off” [an aggressor] is a phrase from the Classic of Poetry.
³ Primarily suggesting the tigers, but echoing a metaphor for governance in the Zhuangzi: a herdboy tells the Yellow Emperor that governing the world is just like
taking care of horses—one should simply do nothing that harms the horses.
長夏無所為，
客居課奴僕。
清晨飯其腹，
持斧入白谷。
青冥曾巔後，
十里斬陰木。
人肩四根己，
亭午下山麓。
尚聞丁丁聲，
功課日各足。
蒼皮成積委，
素節相照燭。
藉汝跨小籬，
當仗苦虛竹。
空荒咆熊羆，
乳獸待人肉。
不示知禁情，
豈惟干戈哭。
城中賢府主，
處薦如白屋。
蕭蕭理體淨，
蜂蠆不敢毒。
虎穴連里閭，
隄防舊風俗。
Through the long summer there is nothing to do, 
lodging here, I set a task for my bondservants. 
In the cool morning I fed their bellies,
then they took axes into White Valley. 
After passing layered ridges into the dark blue sky, 
for ten leagues they chopped north-slope trees. 
Each person shouldered just four 
and at noon they came down to the foot of the mountain. 
I seem to still hear the sound of their chopping, 
and I assess the achievements of each to have been enough for the day. 
The dark gray bark became a pile, 
in integrity they shone on each other. 
I rely on you to go beyond my little hedge, 
I suffer having to depend on hollow bamboo.¹ 
Bears roar in the deserted wilderness, 
and the nursling cubs wait for human flesh.² 
If you do not show that you know how to stop them, 
you will weep not only because of war. 
In the city the worthy governor 
lives in high rank as if in a commoner’s house. 
He is strict, pure in the essentials of government, 
so that wasps and scorpions dare not sting. 
But tiger lairs stretch right up to the villages, 
defending against them is an old custom here.

¹ That is, the wood will serve as the frame, whose interstices will be filled with bamboo. 
² Presumably tiger cubs.
泊舟滄江岸，
久客慎所觸。
舍西崖嶠壯，
雷雨蔚含蓄。
牆宇資屢修，
衰年怯幽獨。
爾曹輕執熱，
為我忍煩促。
秋光近青岑，
季月當泛菊。
報之以微寒，
共給酒一斛。

19.8

柴門

泛舟登瀼西，
迴首望兩崖。
東城乾旱天，
其氣如焚柴。
長影沒窈窕，
餘光散嘩呀。
大江蟠嵌根，
歸海成一家。
I moored my boat on the shore of the gray river, long a traveler, I am cautious about what I might encounter. West of my cottage the slope is high and steep, thunder and rain have made dense vegetation cover what is hidden therein. Walls and roof need frequent repairs, in my waning years I fear being in isolation. You think little of the persistent heat, but on my behalf you have endured the vexation. The autumn light is close to those green summits, in fall’s last month one should float chrysanthemums. I repay you with a light coolness, and provide you all with a gallon of ale.¹

19.8

Scrapwood Gate

I sailed over in my boat and climbed Rangxi, then turned and gazed at the two slopes.² Over the eastern walls, a drought-dry sky, the air was like burning kindling. The tall reflections sink into hidden depths, the last light scatters through the gaping chasm. The great river winds around the rugged base, home toward the sea to be one family.³

¹ Du Fu is addressing his servants, saying that they must have suffered from the summer heat (the sun being closer to the mountain ridges), and that he will repay them with ale and cool autumn weather in the ninth month.
² Of the Qutang Gorge.
³ That is, all the rivers are reunited in the sea.
下衝剖坤軸，
竦壁攢鎧鋭。
蕭颯灑秋色，
氣昏霾日車。
峽門自此始，
最窄容浮查。　
禹功翊造化，
疏鑿就欹斜。　
巨渠決太古，
眾水為長蛇。
風煙渺吳蜀，
舟楫通鹹麻。　
我今遠遊子，
飄轉混泥沙。　
萬物附本性，
約身不願奢。　
茅棟蓋一床，
清池有餘花。　
濁醪與脫粟，
在眼無咨嗟。　
山荒人民少，
地僻日夕佳。　
貧病固其常，
富貴任生涯。
Dashing downward, it hacks Earth’s axis,
the jutting cliffs are a cluster of Moye swords.¹
With briskness spread the colors of autumn,
a haze buries the sun’s carriage.
The opening to the gorges begins here,
at its narrowest it admits only a floating raft.
Yu’s deed aided Ongoing Transformation,
cutting and dredging where the land slanted.
This immense sluice was cut in high antiquity,
then all the rivers formed this long snake.
Between Wu and Shu, remote in the wind and mist
boats transported hemp and salt.
I am now a far traveler,
tossed along and mired in mud and sand.
All things adhere to their basic natures,
through self-restraint, I do not wish for luxury.
A thatched roof to cover a single bed,
a clear pool with abundant flowers.
Unstrained brew and coarse grain—
when they are before my eyes, I have no cause to sigh.
The mountains are wild, few people live there,
the place is remote, fine both at dawn and dusk.
Being poor and sick is indeed the norm,
let wealth and privilege come in my life as they may.

¹ Moye is one of the legendary swords of antiquity.
老於干戈際，
宅幸蓬華遮。
石乱上雲氣，
杉清延月華。
赏妍又分外，
理懼夫何誇。
足了垂白年，
敢居高士差。  
书此豁平昔，
迥首猶暮霞。

19.9

槐葉冷淘

青青高槐葉，
采掇付中廚。
新麩來近市，
汁滓宛相俱。
入鼎資過熟，
加餐愁欲無。
碧鮮俱照筋，
香飯兼苞蘆。
經齒冷於雪，
勸人投比珠。
I grow old at the edge of a world in arms,
lucky that my cottage of canes hides me.
Rocks in tangles rise up to cloud vapors,
fir trees, cool, welcome moonlight.
Enjoying these charms is also unexpected,
content with the way things go, why should I boast?
It is enough for me, even approaching a hundred years,
I wouldn’t dare place myself in the rank of lofty recluses.
Writing this relaxes how I felt before,
I turn my head and still there are twilight’s rose clouds.

19.9

Cold Noodle Soup with Sophora Leaves

Green are the high sophora tree leaves,
we pluck them and send them to the kitchen.
Fresh noodles come from the market nearby,
they are combined with the juice and crushed leaves.
They are put in the kettle to ensure they will be quickly done,
I eat more, worrying that it will soon be gone.
Emerald freshness shines together on the chopsticks,
frAGRANT rice along with reed shoots.
Passing my teeth it is colder than snow,
I urge others, offering them like pearls.
願隨金騕褭，
走置錦屠蘇。
路遠思恐泥，
興深終不渝。
獻芹則小小，
薦藻明區區。
萬里露寒殿，
開冰清玉壺。
君王納涼晚，
此味亦時須。

19.10

上後園山腳

朱夏熱所嬰，
清旭步北林。
小園背高岡，
挽葛上崎崟。
曠望延駐目，
飄颻散疏襟。
潛鱗恨水壯，
去翼依雲深。
勿謂地無疆，
劣於山有陰。
I wish to go with a golden charger, 
12 galloping off to serve this in the Brocade Lodge.¹
The road is long, I worry about getting bogged down, 
but the impulse is deep and never alters.
Presenting celery was a minor thing,²
16 offering waterplants makes clear my humble earnestness.³
Thousands of miles away in Cold Dew Palace 
they break the ice in a clear jade pot.⁴
Late in the day when the ruler is enjoying the cool, 
20 this flavor too is needed for the occasion.

19.10
Climbing the Foothills by My Rear Garden

In fiery summer, encumbered by the heat, 
in cool dawnlight I walked through the woods to the north. 
My small garden has its back against a high hill, 
holding onto rattan vines, I climbed the steep slope. 
A broad vista invited the eyes to rest, 
the ruffling breeze parted my loose gown-folds. 
Sunken scales hate when waters are rough, 
8 departing wings stay deep in the clouds. 
Don’t claim that earth is boundless, 
it’s inferior to the shaded north slope of this mountain.

¹ That is, he wants to take them to the palace. 
² The story of the rustic who thought celery was so good he would present it to the 
nobility, but they couldn’t stand it. 
³ According to the Zuo Tradition (Yin 3), these are among the plants that can be 
offered in rituals to the spirits. 
⁴ Ice was stored away for the emperor’s comfort in summer.
石槐遍天下，
水陆兼浮沈。
自我登陇首，
十年经碧岑。
剑门来巫峡，
薄倚浩至今。
故园暗戎马，
骨肉失追寻。
时危无消息，
老去多归心。
志士惜白日，
久客藉黄金。
敢为苏门啸，
庶作梁父吟。

19.11

季夏送乡弟韶陪黄门从叔朝谒

令弟尚为苍水使，
名家莫出杜陵人。
比来相国兼安蜀，
归赴朝廷已入秦。
Rock-yuan trees are found all over the world,\(^1\) one can drift and sink on land and water alike.

Ever since I climbed Longshou, for ten years I’ve passed emerald summits.
From Swordgate I came to the Wu Gorges, with meager means, swept along wildly until now.
My home gardens are darkened by warhorses, I’ve lost track of my own flesh and blood.
The times perilous, there is no news,
getting older, I often want to return.
A man of high aims treasures the day, but one long a sojourner depends on gold.
Dare I try to yodel at Sumen? — \(^2\)
I hope rather to make the Liangfu Song.\(^3\)

\(^1\) A tree whose bark can be eaten.
\(^2\) This refers to the free and easy Sun Deng, encountered by *Ruan Ji at Sumen Mountain.
\(^3\) This probably refers to *Zhuge Liang’s favorite song, here associated with his being called to help Liu Bei, the founder of the Shu-Han Kingdom.
\(^4\) This is Du Hongjian, who had been sent to take command in Shu and was then returning to Chang’an.
\(^5\) Original note: “Shao recently had been appointed as the Emissary to Kaijiang county; he has come from Chengdu on the Waijiang down through the gorges on a boat” 韶比兼開江使通成都外江下峽舟船. When Great Yu climbed Mount Heng he dreamed of a man in red embroidery who called himself the “Blue Waters Emissary.”
\(^6\) The clan home of the Dus.
舍舟策馬論兵地，
拖玉腰金報主身。
莫度清秋吟蟋蟀，
早聞黃閣畫麒麟。

19.12

灩澦

灩澦既沒孤根深，
西來水多愁太陰。
江天漠漠鳥雙去，
風雨時時龍一吟。
舟人漁子歌回首，
估客胡商淚滿襟。
寄語舟航惡年少，
休翻鹽井橫黃金。

19.13–14

七月一日題終明府水樓二首

I

高棟曾軒已自涼，
秋風此日灑衣裳。
Leaving aside your boat and whipping your horse where military matters are considered,\(^1\) wearing jade and gold at your waist you will inform the ruler personally. Don’t pass all clear autumn to the singing of the crickets, you will soon hear that the Chancellery Director will have a portrait in Unicorn Hall.\(^2\)

19.12

Yanyu Rock

Yanyu has sunken underwater, its lone roots lie deep, much water comes from the west, I worry about Great Yin.\(^3\) The river sky spreads far and wide, birds go off in pairs, in wind and rain always the dragon hums. Boatmen and fishermen sing and turn their heads, but for merchants and Hu traders tears fill their lapels. I send word to those rash young men in the boats, don’t let the salt wells’ produce spill and waste your gold.

19.13–14

The First Day of the Seventh Month, On Magistrate Zhong’s Tower by the River

I

The high beams and tiered railings are cool of themselves, on this day the autumn wind ruffles over our clothes.

---

1 Probably Jingzhou farther downriver, from which there was a passable route north to Chang’an.
2 In recognition of his achievements.
3 Great Yin is associated with north and the element water; Du Fu is worried about too much rain and the rising river, which will hide Yanyu Rock underwater and increase the perils of going through the Gorges.
翛然欲下陰山雪，
不去非無漢署香。
絕壁過雲開錦繡，
疏松夾水奏笙簧。
看君宜著王喬履，
真賜還疑出尚方。

宓子彈琴邑宰日，
終軍棄繻英妙時。
承家節操尚不泯，
為政風流今在茲。
可憐賓客盡傾蓋，
何處老翁來賦詩。
楚江巫峽半雲雨，
清簟疏簾看弈棋。
Unrestrained, about to fall, snow from the Mountains of Shadow,\(^1\) not leaving is due to no absence of fragrance of that Han office.\(^2\)

Clouds passing the sheer cliff spread embroidery and brocade, sparse pines lining the waters play mouth organs.

I look at you as fit to wear Wang Qiao’s sandals,\(^3\) these were truly granted, I suspect, from the court of imperial manufactories.

II

Fuzi strummed the zither when he was governing a city,\(^4\)
Zhong Jun threw away the cloth tally when he was a fine hero.\(^5\)
You continue your family’s principles, still not declining,\(^6\) panache in governance is now to be found right here.

Moving, how all the guests are carriage-awning tilting officers,\(^6\) and how is it that this old man comes to compose poems?
The River in Chu and Wu Gorges is half in clouds and rain, on cool mats and with open curtains I watch a game of chess.

---

1 Comparing the coolness to the Mountains of Shadow in Central Asia, where snow falls in the summer.

2 The four Secretarial Court Gentlemen of the Han held “chicken-tongue” fragrance in their mouths so that it was fragrant when they spoke. This absurd combination of three negatives simply suggests that Du Fu stays here because it is better than the fragrance of the Secretarial Court Gentlemen.

3 Original note: “Magistrate Zhong belonged to the Personnel Evaluation Section, with added responsibility in presenting the seasonal ordinances, thus this line. I hope to see his appointment of presenting the ordinances made permanent” 終明府，功曹也，兼攝奏節令，故有此句，佇觀奏即真也. *Wang Qiao.

4 According to *Lüshi chunqiu*, Fuzi Jian was governor of Shanfu and spent his days playing his zither. The city was well-governed.

5 When Zhong Jun was going to Chang’an, the officer at Hangu Barrier gave him a cloth tally for when he came back through the pass. Zhong Jun said that when a real man goes to Chang’an, he never goes back and so threw away the tally. Later in the employ of Han Wudi, Zhong Jun did come back through the barrier and the officer identified him as the man who threw away the tally.

6 When acquaintances who are officials meet on the road, they draw their carriages close together to chat, with the result that the carriage awnings tilt.
19.15

行官張望補稻畦水歸

東屯大江北，
百頃平若案。
六月青稻多，
千畦碧泉亂。
插秧適云已，
引溜加溉灌。
更僕往方塘，
決渠當斷岸。
公私各地著，
浸潤無天旱。
主守問家臣，
分明見溪畔。
芊芊炯翠羽，
剡剡生銀漢。
鷗鳥鏡裏來，
關山雲邊看。
秋菰成黑米，
精齧傳白粲。
玉粒足晨炊，
紅鮮任霞散。
other side of the city. Following Eastern Rang upstream, there was an area suitable for planting rice, “East Camp,” so-called because Gongsun Shu had used it as a military farm to feed his troops. Under Bo Maolin in Du Fu’s time, the area was also used for government fields (no doubt, to assure a steady supply of grain to Bo Maolin’s troops). At the beginning of autumn in 767 Du Fu moved to East Camp to watch over the harvest, probably at the behest of Bo Maolin.

19.15

Zhang Wang the Field Supervisor Returns After Attending to the Irrigation of the Rice Fields

East Camp, north of the Great River, has hundreds of acres flat as a table.
In the sixth month there is much green rice,
a thousand fields with emerald streams running everywhere.
Transplanting the sprouts has just been completed,
they divert streamlets to increase irrigation.
One after another they go off to the square pond
and open the ditches by the sharp slope.¹
“It reaches public and private fields alike,
well irrigated so that there be no drought.
As the official in charge I asked the household officers:
they saw it clearly by the creek.”²

Sprouts are flourishing, dazzling kingfisher feathers,
sharp pointed growth brings forth a River of Stars.³
Gulls come within this mirror,
the barrier mountains can be seen at the edge of clouds.
In autumn the wild rice will form its black grains,
measures of hulled rice will convey their white glitter.
The jade grain will be enough for cooking breakfast,
let the red rice spread in rosy clouds.

¹ Probably the slopes of the earthen banks between the wet fields.
² The situation is unclear. I follow a line of Chinese commentators who take these four lines as Zhang’s words to Du Fu.
³ Perhaps a figure for the sprouts growing in the water.
終然添旅食，
作苦期壯觀。
遺穗及眾多，
我倉戒滋蔓。

19.16

秋行官張望督促東渚耗稻向畢清晨遣女奴阿稽豎子阿段往問

東渚雨今足，
佇聞粳稻香。
上天無偏頗，
蒲稗各自長。
人情見非類，
田家戒其荒。
功夫競搰搰，
除草置岸旁。
穀者命之本，
客居安可忘。
青春具所務，
勤墾免亂常。
吳牛力容易，
並驅動莫當。
In Autumn, Field Supervisor Zhang Wang Has Finished Overseeing the Weeding

In the end it will add to my sojourner’s fare,
the work is hard, but we expect a splendid sight.
The leftover heads of grain should reach all alike,

24 I caution against too great bounty in my own granary.¹

19.16

In Autumn, Field Supervisor Zhang Wang Has Finished Overseeing the Weeding of the Grainfields at East Isle; One Cool Morning I Send My Serving Girl Aji and My Servant Boy Aduan to Go and Check Out the Situation.

At Eastern Isle the rain has now been enough,
I wait to hear that the non-glutinous rice is fragrant.
Heaven above is never one-sided,

4 reeds and rushes each grow tall.
Human nature is to see what does not belong,
farming families defend against plants running wild.
They compete in hard work in their efforts,

8 cutting weeds and setting them by the slope.
Grain is the basis of life,
living here as an outsider, how can I forget this?
In green spring all prepare for their tasks,

12 they put their all into plowing so as not to disrupt the norms.
It is easy for the strength of Wu water-buffalos,
driven in pairs, nothing can ever resist them.

¹ That is, some grains should be left for the gleaners.
豐苗亦已概，
雲水照方塘。
有生固蔓延，
靜一資防。
督領不無人，
提携頗在綱。
荊揚風土暖，
肅肅候微霜。
尚恐主守疏，
用心未甚藏。
清朝遣婢僕，
寄語逾崇岡。
西成聚必散，
不獨陵我倉。
豈要仁里譽，
感此亂世忙。
北風吹蒹葭，
蟋蟀近中堂。
荏苒百工休，
鬱紆遲暮傷。
And the lush sprouts have become thick,
16 clouds and water reflect in the square pool.
Whatever lives indeed spreads out,
to stay concentrated on one thing depends on preventing this.
A person to oversee this work is not lacking,
20 but watching over it depends especially on being systematic.
The climate is warm in Jingzhou and Yangzhou,
they wait for the light frost with its sharp chill.
Still I fear lest the person in charge be remiss,
24 that he not be effective in his efforts.
In the dawn cool I send my servants,
to go over the high hills and take word.
With the autumn harvest, what is gathered must be distributed,
28 we should not make only our own granary overflow.
It is not that I seek praise as a good neighbor,
I am moved by the urgency of these troubled times.
The north wind will blow on reeds and cattails,
32 the cricket will approach the center of the hall.
As time passes all labors will cease,
and within me will swell the pain of years’ end.
三伏適已過，
驕陽化為霖。
欲歸瀼西宅，
阻此江浦深。
壞舟百版坼，
峻岸復萬尋。
篙工初一棄，
恐泥勞寸心。
佇立東城隅，
悵望高飛禽。
草堂亂懸圃，
不隔崑崙岑。
昏渾衣裳外，
曠絕同層陰。
園柑長成時，
三寸如黃金。
諸侯舊上計，
厥貢傾千林。
邦人不足重，
所迫豪吏侵。
Blocked by Rain I am Unable to Return to the Orange Grove in Rangxi

The dog days of summer are already past, domineering sunlight turns to steady rain. I wanted to return to my cottage at Rangxi, but I am blocked here far back on the shore. Ruining boats, a hundred planks split, the steep banks are thousands of yards apart. The boatmen have now given up entirely—they fear getting enmired, troubling their minds. I stand long at the corner of the eastern walls, sadly gazing on high-flying birds. My thatched hut is confused with Hanging Garden, though not blocked by the pinnacles of Kunlun. Everything beyond my clothes is a murky haze, cut off now, the same as being in layers of cloud. When the oranges in my garden are fully grown, they are three inches like yellow gold. When the regional lord used to make his report to the throne, he would use up a thousand groves for his tribute gift. The people of this land don’t value them, oppressed by the demands of bullying tax-collectors.

---

1 A region of the immortals in the Kunlun Mountains. That is, in the rain it seems obscured in the distance and as far away as the Kunlun Range.
客居暫封植，
日夜偶瑤琴。
虛徐五株態，
側塞煩胸襟。
焉得輟雨足，
杖藜出嶇嶔。
條流數翠實，
偃息歸碧潯。
拂拭烏皮几，
喜聞樵牧音。
令兒快搔背，
脱我頭上簪。

19.18

又上後園山腳

昔我游山東，
憶戲東嶽陽。
窮秋立日觀，
矯首望八荒。
朱崖著毫髮，
碧海吹衣裳。
蓐收困用事，
玄冥蔚強梁。
Coming to live here as an outsider, I immediately planted them, 
day and night they match jade zither sounds.\textsuperscript{1} 
The manner of these five trees is easy-going, 
their being so blocked makes my feelings swell within. 
How can I get these raindrops to stop, 
leaning on my staff, I’ll go out to the rough cliffs. 
I’ll count the azure fruits on the branches, 
then I’ll return to emerald strands to rest. 
I’ll brush off my armrest of black leather 
and rejoice to hear the sounds of wood-gatherers and herders. 
I’ll have my son vigorously scratch my back 
and take the pins out of my hair.

\textbf{19.18}

Once again Climbing the Base of the Mountain by My Rear Garden

Long ago I roamed East of the Mountains, 
I recall amusing myself on the south slope of the Eastern Marchmount.\textsuperscript{2} 
At autumn’s end I stood on Sunview Peak 
lifted my head and viewed the far wilds all around. 
The crimson slopes showed the most minute detail, 
from the emerald sea the wind blew my robes. 
Rushou had a hard time doing his job,\textsuperscript{3} 
Xuanming had abundant indomitable force.\textsuperscript{4}

\textsuperscript{1} Presumably in the sound of the wind. 
\textsuperscript{2} Mount Tai. 
\textsuperscript{3} Rushou was the god in charge of autumn. 
\textsuperscript{4} Xuanming was the god of winter.
逝水自朝宗，
镇石各其方。
平原独憔悴，
农力废耕桑。
非闇风露凋，
曾是戍役伤。
於时国用富，
足以守边疆。
朝廷任猛将，
远夺戎虏场。
到今事反覆，
故老泪万行。
龟蒙不复见，
况乃怀故乡。
肺萎属久战，
骨出热中肠。
忧来杖匿剑，
更上林北冈。
瘴毒猿鸟落，
峡乾南日黄。
秋风亦已起，
江汉始如汤。
登高欲有往，
荡析川无梁。
The passing waters went to the court of the sea,
the guardian rocks each held its place.¹
The central plain alone looked forlorn,
in farmwork plowing and sericulture had been abandoned.
This had nothing to do with harm from wind and dew,
it was, in fact, harm caused by corvee and campaigns.
At that time the state was wealthy
with ample resources to hold its borders.
The court employed fierce generals
to seize the far pastures of the nomads.
But now things have turned upside-down,
an old man has ten thousand streams of tears.
Mounts Gui and Meng are no longer to be seen,²
even more I long for my own home region.
Lungs sick, thus continuously trembling,
bones sticking out, fire in the bowels.
When worries come I clasp the sword in the case
and once more climb the hill north of the grove.
Poisonous vapors bring down birds and gibbons,
the gorges are dry, the sun in the south is yellow.
The autumn wind has already risen,
but Yangzi and Han are now like boiling water.
I climb the heights and want to go somewhere,
all are swept apart, the stream has no bridge.

¹ Each of the nine regions of China has its guardian mountain.
² Mountains near Mount Tai.
哀彼遠征人，
去家死路旁。
不及父祖塋，
累累塚相當。

19.19

奉送王信州崟北歸

朝廷防盜賊，
供給愍誅求。
下詔選郎署，
傳聲典信州。
蒼生今日困，
天子向時憂。
井屋有煙起，
瘡痍無血流。
壤歌唯海甸，
畫角自山樓。
白髮寐常早，
荒榛農復秋。
解龜逾卧轍，
遣騎覓扁舟。
徐榻不知倦，
潁川何以酬。
I lament those men on far campaign,
leaving home, they die by the roadside.
Not so fortunate as the tombs of their fathers and grandfathers,
whose grave-mounds lie piled side by side.

19.19
Respectfully Seeing off Wang Yin of Xinzhou on His Return North

The court defends against brigands and rebels,
it feels compassion about exactions to supply the troops.
A summons was sent to select a Director,
the word was spread that you would take charge of Xinzhou.¹
The common folk are in hardship these days,
the Son of Heaven was worried before.
From village homes there is now smoke rising,
no more blood flows from their wounds.
The stick-toss song is only in fields by the sea,²
painted bugles sound from these mountain towers.
With white hair, I normally go to bed early,
farmers harvest again from fields once overgrown with scrub.
Once you removed your badge, it exceeded “lying in the carriage rut.”³
you sent riders to seek my little boat.
You were unwearied in readying the pallet for Xu,⁴
how can I repay the man of Yingchuan?⁵

¹ Xinzhou was an old name for Kuizhou.
² The legendary song of the peasants from the time of Yao, indicating a world at peace. Du Fu evidently restricts such peace to the southeast.
³ This refers to the story of Hou Ba in the Eastern Han; when he was recalled to court from a local post, the peasants were so upset that they lay down in front of the carriage wheels.
⁴ *Xu Chi.
⁵ Yingchuan was Chen Fan’s toponym; see *Xu Chi. Chen Fan is used to represent Wang Yin.
塵生彤管筆，
寒膩黑貂裘。
高義終焉在，
斯文去矣休。

別離同雨散，
行止各雲浮。
林熱鳥開口，
江渾魚掉頭。

尉佗雖北拜，
太史尚南留。
軍旅應都息，
寰區要盡收。

九重思諫諍，
八極念懷柔。
徙倚瞻王室，
從容仰廟謀。

故人持雅論，
絕塞豁窮愁。
復見陶唐理，
甘為汗漫遊。
Dust rises on the vermilion brush and pen,¹
the cold makes my black sable coat glossy.²
Your high sense of right at last endures,
but culture will be ended when you have gone.
After parting, we will disperse like the rain,
each like a floating cloud, one going, one staying.
The forests are hot, the birds open their beaks,
the river is murky, the fish toss their heads.
Although Weituo bowed facing north,³
the Grand Historian still lingers in the south.⁴
Campaigning armies will surely all cease,
the entire territory must be recovered.
The nine-tiered court longs for forthright criticism,
those in all the far-flung corners yearn for a gentle policy.
Lingering here, I have gazed to the royal house,
now at ease, I look up to you in making dynastic policy.
My old friend has upright arguments,
on this far frontier they relieve the depths of my cares.
Again seeing the principles of Yao,⁵
I will gladly go roaming in a limitless expanse.

---

¹ In the Han members of the Secretariat received a vermilion brush and pen from the court. Du Fu’s honorary position was in the Secretariat; the dust signifies his idleness.
² Su Qin, the wandering debater of the Warring States, wore a black sable coat.
³ Weituo, the king of Southern Yue, was enfeoffed by Han Gaozu and “faced north;” i.e., assumed the position of a subject.
⁴ Sima Tan.
⁵ Sage king of antiquity when the world was perfectly governed and at peace.
驅豎子摘蒼耳
江上秋已分，
林中瘴猶劇。
畦丁告勞苦，
無以供日夕。
蓬莠獨不焦，
野蔬暗泉石。
卷耳況療風，
童兒且時摘。
侵星驅之去，
爛熳任遠適。
放筐亭午際，
洗剉相蒙冪。
登床半生熟，
下著還小益。
加點瓜薤間，
依稀橘奴跡。
亂世誅求急，
黎民糠粃窄。
飽食復何心，
荒哉膏粱客。
By the river it is already the fall equinox,
in the forests the miasma is still terrible.
The garden workers complain of how hard things are,
that there is nothing to provide our daily needs.
Only the weeds have not withered and dried,
wild vegetables are hidden by rock and stream.
What’s more cocklebur can cure inflammations,
my servant boy picks them whenever he can.
In pre-dawn starlight I hurry him off,
let him go far as he can without restraint.
He set down his basket at the point of noon,
washed and peeled, we covered them over.
We brought them to the table when half-cooked,
using our chopsticks, they did some good.
When you add some bits to melon or chives,
they suggest the taste of tangerine.
A turbulent age, hard-pressed by exactions,
the common folk are short of even chaff and bran.
How can one have the heart to eat one’s fill?—
unbridled indeed are those who have fat fine grain.
富贵家厨肉臭，
战地骸骨白。
寄语恶少年，
黄金且休掷。

19.21

甘林

舍舟越西岡，
入林解我衣。
青芻適馬性，
好鸟知人归。
晨光映远岫，
夕露见日晞。
迟暮少寝食，
清旷喜荆扉。
经过倦俗态，
在野无所违。
试问甘藜藿，
未肯羡轻肥。
喧静不同科，
出处各天机。
勿矜朱门是，
陋此白屋非。
Meat reeks in the kitchens of rich families,
while on the battlefields the skeletons are white.
I send word to those young ne’er-do-wells—
stop throwing away your gold!

19.21

Orange Grove

I left the boat and crossed over the western hill,
entered the grove and untied my gown.
Fresh hay suits a horse’s nature,
and good birds know that I am back.
Morning light shines against a far-off pinnacle,
last evening’s dew is dried by the sun.
I eat and sleep less in my twilight years,
delighting in the clear openness of my scrapwood gate.
From what I’ve been through, I’m weary of the world’s ways,
in the wilds there is nothing that goes against the grain.
Should you ask, I enjoy goosefoot and wild beans,
I cannot envy those with light robes and sleek horses.
Noise and stillness are not the same level,
service and retirement each follow Heaven’s devices.
Don’t boast that crimson gates are best
and despise this plain cottage as worse.
暇日小園散病將種秋菜督耕牛兼書觸目

明朝步鄰里，
長老可以依。
時危賦斂數，
脫粟為爾揮。
相攜行豆田，
秋花藹菲菲。
子實不得喫，
貨市送王畿。
盡添軍旅用，
迫此公家威。
主人長跪問，
戎馬何時稀。
我衰易悲傷，
屈指數賊圍。
勸其死王命，
慎莫遠奮飛。

19.22

假日小園散病將種秋菜督勤耕牛兼書觸目

不愛入州府，
畏人嫌我真。
及乎歸茅宇，
旁舍未曾嗔。
Tomorrow morning I’ll walk to the neighbor’s place,
an old fellow on whom I can rely.
“The times are dangerous, tax demands are frequent,
I’ll make you a distribution of unpolished rice.
Hand in hand we’ll go to the bean field
where the autumn blooms are fragrant and dense.
When the beans are formed, we won’t get to eat them,
but sell them in the market to send to the king’s domain.¹
All will supply the needs of our campaigning armies,
pressed by the authority of the common weal.”
My host will kneel and ask
when the war-horses will become fewer.
As I decline, I am easily touched by sadness,
on my fingers I count the rebel sieges.
I urge him to die for the king’s command
and warn him not to fly off afar.

19.22
On a Day Off in My Small Garden Exercising for My Health, About
to Plant Autumn Vegetables, I Superintend the Plow Oxen and Write
What I See

I don’t love going to the prefectural seat,
I dread that people will despise my honest nature.
But when I get back to my thatched cottage,
the cottages next door have never reviled me.

¹ That is, they will use them for tax.
暇日小園散病將種秋菜督勤耕牛兼書觸目

老病忌拘束，
应接丧精神。
江村意自放，
林木心所欣。
秋耕属地湿，
山雨近甚匀。
冬菁饭之半，
牛力晚来新。
深耕种数畝，
未甚後四邻。
嘉蔬既不一，
名数颇具陈。
荆巫非苦寒，
采撷接青春。
飞来雨白鶴，
暮啄泥中芹。
雄者左翮垂，
损伤已露筋。
一步再血流，
尚经矰缴勤。
三步六号叫，
志屈悲哀频。
鸞凰不相待，
侧颈诉高旻。
Old and sick, one detests restraint,  
receiving guests ruins my mood.  
In this river village my thoughts are free,  
and my heart delights in the forest trees.

Autumn plowing is right when the ground is wet,  
recently the mountain rains have been quite even.  
Winter’s flowering leeks can be half our food,

the oxen’s strength renews as the year grows late.  
Plowing deeply I plant several acres,  
I’m not very much behind my neighbors.  
Since the best vegetables are not of a single kind,

their various names are all here to be seen.  
It is not bitter cold in Jingwu,  
so we pick and gather all the way to spring.  
A pair of white cranes came flying,

at twilight they pecked celery seeds in the mud.  
The male’s left wing hung limp,  
it was hurt, and the muscle was showing.  
At every step its blood flowed again,

still suffering the strain from the well-aimed arrow.  
Every three steps it cried out half a dozen times,  
its will broken, its sorrow urgent.  
The phoenix will not wait for it,

it bends its neck and complains to the high heavens.
杖藜俯沙渚，
为汝鼻酸辛。

19.23

雨

山雨不作泥，
江云薄为霧。
晴飞半嶺鹤，
风乱平沙树。
明灭洲景微，
隐见巖姿露。
拘悶出门游，
曠绝经日趣。
消中日伏枕，
卧久尘及履。
岂无平肩舆，
莫辨望乡路。
兵戈浩未息，
蛇虺反相顧。
悠悠邊月破，
鬱鬱流年度。
针灸阻朋曹，
糠粑对童孺。
Leaning on my cane I look down on sandy isles,  
on your behalf my nostrils sting.

19.23

Rain

Mountain rains do not make mud,  
the river clouds thin into fog.  
Clear skies have a crane flying halfway up the ridge,  
the wind blows wildly trees on level sands.  
Light faint on the isles, appearing and disappearing,  
hidden and then seen, the cliff’s shape comes through.  
Feeling the blues, I go wandering out my gate,  
the utter expanse engages what eyes pass over.  
With my diabetes I am daily bedridden,  
I was lying down so long my shoes got dusty.  
Of course I could get a palanquin,  
but I can’t make out the road that will take me home.  
Weapons spread far and wide, never put down,  
vipers look around at one.  
Far in the distance the frontier moon wanes,  
welling with cares as the years drift past.  
Needle and moxa block me from friends,  
with chaff and bran I face my children.
一命須屈色，
新知漸成故。
窮荒益自卑，
飄泊欲誰訴。
尪羸愁應接，
俄頃恐違迕。
浮俗何萬端，
幽人有獨步。
龐公竟獨往，
尚子終罕遇。
宿留洞庭秋，
天寒瀟湘素。
杖策可入舟，
送此齒髮暮。

19.24

溪上

峽內淹留客，
溪邊四五家。
古苔生迮地，
秋竹隱疏花。
塞俗人無井，
山田飯有沙。
Those of low rank must put on a submissive face,
new acquaintances gradually become old friends.
In this poor wilderness I am even more humbled,
swept along, to whom can I state my plaint?
Emaciated, I worry about receiving guests,
fearing in an instant to cross them.
The world's shallow ways are thousands,
but the recluse walks alone.
Pang Degong at last went off alone,¹
in the end a Master Shang is rarely encountered.²
I would stay over in the autumn on Lake Dongting,
in cold weather, the paleness of Xiao and Xiang.
Walking with my staff, I should get in my boat,
and send off these twilight years of my life.

19.24

On the Creek

A soujourner tarrying in the Gorges,
beside the creek, four or five homes.
Ancient moss grows in cramped places,
autumn bamboo hide the sparse flowers.
By frontier customs people don’t dig wells,
food from mountain fields has sand.

¹ *Pang Degong.
² An Eastern Han recluse who left family responsibilities and went off into the mountains.
西江使船至，
时复问京华。

19.25

树间

岑寂双柑树，
婆娑一院香。交柯低几杖，
垂实碍衣裳。满岁如松碧，
同时待菊黄。几回霜叶露，
乘月坐胡床。

19.26

白露

白露团柑子，
清晨散马蹄。
圃开连石树，
船渡入江溪。凭几看鱼乐，
回鞭急鸟栖。
When the courier boat from West River comes,
time and again I ask about the capital.

19.25
Between the Trees

In lofty serenity, a pair of orange trees,
spreading full, a yardful of fragrance.
Crossing boughs hang low on armrest and staff,
hanging fruits block my clothes.
For a full year, as green as the pine,
they wait for chrysanthemums to yellow at the same time.
How often have I been soaked by dew from their leaves
as I sit on my folding chair in the moonlight?

19.26
White Dew

White dew forms globes on the oranges,
in clear dawn I let my horse’s hooves go at will.
The garden reveals trees stretching to the rocks,
the boat crosses the creek that enters the river.
Leaning on my armrest I watch the fishes’ joy,
my homeward riding crop is sped by birds coming to roost.
諸葛廟

漸知秋實美，
幽徑恐多蹊。

19.27

諸葛廟

久游巴子國，
屢入武侯祠。
竹日斜虛寢，
溪風滿薄帷。
君臣當共濟，
賢聖亦同時。
翊戴歸先主，
併吞更出師。
蟲蛇穿畫壁，
巫覡醉蛛絲。
欻憶吟梁父，
躬耕也未遲。

19.28

見螢火

巫山秋夜螢火飛，
簾疏巧入坐人衣。
Gradually I realize the beauty of autumn fruits:
to my secluded path I fear too many side-trails.¹

19.27
Zhuge Liang’s Temple

Long I traveled in the land of Ba
and often entered the Warrior Count’s temples.
Sun on bamboo slants on his empty shrine,
creek breeze fills the thin curtains.
Ruler and subject then worked together,
a worthy man and sage, living at the same time.
He pledged to support the First Ruler,
he sent the army forth again to swallow the foe.
Insects and snakes pierce the wall paintings,
a shaman is drunk among spider webs.
All at once I recall his “Song of Liangfu,”
it’s not yet too late to plow my own land.

19.28
Seeing Fireflies

On an autumn night at Wu Mountain the fireflies are flitting,
where curtains are open they cleverly enter and alight on my clothes.

¹ Made by people coming to pick his oranges.
忽驚屋裏琴書冷，
復亂簷邊星宿稀。
卻繞井阑添箇箇，
偶經花蕊弄輝輝。
滄江白髟愁看汝，
來歲如今歸未歸。

19.29

夜雨

小雨夜復密，
迴風吹早秋。
野涼侵閉戶，
江滿帶維舟。
通籍恨多病，
為郎忝薄遊。
天寒出巫峽，
醉別仲宣樓。

19.30

更題

只應踏初雪，
騎馬發荊州。
Suddenly startled awake in my room, zither and books have grown cold,
then again in the eaves they are mixed with constellations growing sparse.
Back around the well railing they increase one by one,
by chance they pass through the flower petals creating moments of glow.
By the gray river with white hair I look at you in sadness—
in the coming year when it is as it is now, will I have returned home or not?

19.29

Night Rain

The light rain gets dense again at night,
whirling winds blow in early autumn.
Wilderness coolness gets in my closed door,
the river is full, lined with tied up boats.
On the registers, I hate being often sick,¹
as a Director I’m shamed by these pointless travels.
When the weather gets cold I will leave the Wu Gorges,
then drunk, depart from Wang Can’s tower.²

19.30

Another on the Same

I’m sure I’ll tread through the first snows
when I ride my horse, setting forth from Jingzhou.³

¹ The registers allowed officials entrance into the imperial city.
² In Jingzhou, where *Wang Can wrote the “Poetic Exposition in Climbing a Tower.”
³ Following from the preceding poem, Du Fu speculates on leaving Jingzhou and returning to the capital.
直怕巫山雨，
真傷白帝秋。
群公蒼玉佩，
天子翠雲裘。
同舍晨趨侍，
胡為淹此留。

19.31–32

舍弟觀歸藍田迎新婦，送示兩篇

I

汝去迎妻子，
高秋念卻回。  
即今螢已亂，
好與雁同來。
東望西江水，
南遊北戶開。
卜居期靜處，
會有故人杯。

II

楚塞難為路，
藍田莫滯留。
I fear the rains of Wu Mountain,
4 and am truly pained by autumn of White Emperor Castle.
Gray pendants of jade on all the lords,
the Son of Heaven’s cape of kingfisher cloud.
Those of the same bureau rush to serve in morning,
8 so why am I lingering here?

19.31–32

My Younger Brother Guan Is Going Back to Lantian to Fetch a Wife;
I Show Him these Two Pieces when Sending Him Off

I
You are going to fetch your wife,
I think on your return in high autumn.
Right now the fireflies are in wild disorder,
4 best that you come back with the wild geese.
I gaze east on West River’s waters,
when you travel south, my north window will be opened.1
In siting a dwelling look for a calm spot,
8 and there will be occasion for a cup with old friends.

II
It’s hard to find a good route on this Chu frontier,
don’t linger long at Lantian.

1 Waiting for Guan’s return from the north.
衣裳判白露，
鞍馬信清秋。
滿峽重江水，
開帆八月舟。
此時同一醉，
應在仲宣樓。

19.33

別李秘書始興寺所居

不見秘書心若失，
及見秘書失心疾。
安為動主理信然，
我獨覺子神充實。

重聞西方止觀經，
老身古寺風泠泠。
妻兒待來且歸去，
他日杖藜來細聽。
Who cares about white dew on your clothes?—
4 let your horse lead the way in clear autumn.
When river waters fill the gorge in layers,
I will set sail in an eighth month boat.
At that moment let us both be drunk,
8 right in Wang Can’s tower.¹

19.33

Parting From Li of the Palace Library Where He is Staying in Shixing Temple

Not seeing the Librarian my heart feels lost,
getting to see the Librarian I lose heart’s torment.
Stillness governs action, that principle is true indeed,
4 I alone am aware that you have achieved a fullness of spirit.

Again I hear you recite that Western Sutra of Cessation,
for my old body, an ancient temple where the breeze is cool.
My wife and children await my coming, I’ll go back now for a while,
8 someday, leaning on my staff, I’ll come to listen in detail.

¹ *Wang Can.*
送李八秘書赴杜相公幕

青簾白舫益州來，
巫峽秋濤天地回。
石出倒聽楓葉下，
櫓搖背指菊花開。
4
貪趨相府今晨發，
恐失佳期後命催。
南極一星朝北斗，
五雲多處是三臺。
8

巫峽敝廬奉贈侍御四舅別之澧朗

江城秋日落，
山鬼閉門中。
行李淹吾舅，
誅茅問老翁。
4
赤眉猶世亂，
青眼只途窮。
Seeing Off Librarian Li (8) On His Way to Minister Du’s Headquarters

When the white barge with green curtains came from Yizhou, with autumn billows in the Wu Gorges, heaven and earth were turning. Where rocks came out, from below you listened to the leaves of maples falling,

as the sweep moved back and forth you pointed behind to chrysanthemums in bloom.

Eager to rush to the Minister’s office this morning you set out, fearing to miss the appointment set, a later command hurried you.

A single star at the utmost south will go to court at the Northern Dipper,

where the five-colored clouds are many, there are the Three Terraces.

At My Humble Cottage in the Wu Gorges Respectfully Presented to the Censor, My Fourth Maternal Uncle, Parting on His Way to Fengzhou and Langzhou

The autumn sun sets on the river city, the “mountain wraith” is within my closed gates.

On his journey I detain my uncle, who visits this old man who built a thatched hut.

“Red eyebrows,” still an age in turmoil, looked on kindly, but still at the end of my road.

---

1 Original note: “The Minister is going to pay a duty call at court, and Li is now setting out late” 相公朝謁, 今赴後期也.
2 The star of the “utmost south” governs Yizhou, Chengdu. Li will go from there to accompany Du Hongjian at court.
3 The Three Terraces are an asterism associated with the Three Lords, here Du Hongjian.
4 One of the deities celebrated in the “Nine Songs” of the Chuci. The “Mountain Wraith” was associated with the wilderness around Mount Wu.
5 The Red Eyebrows was a millennarian sect that rebelled in the Eastern Han and here stands for current rebels.
傳語桃源客，
8 人今出處同。

19.36

孟氏
孟氏好兄弟，
養親唯小園。
承顏胝手足，
4 坐客強盤飧。
負米夕葵外，
讀書秋樹根。
卜鄰慚近舍，
8 訓子學誰門。

19.37

吾宗
吾宗老孫子，
質樸古人風。
耕鑿安時論，
4 衣冠與世同。
在家常早起，
憂國願年豐。
Pass these words to travelers to Peach Blossom Spring: nowadays going forth in service or staying in reclusion are the same.

19.36

The Mengs

The Mengs are good brothers, taking care of their parents with only a small garden. Hands and feet grow calloused serving their elders, and they force a plate of food on a guest. They carry rice beyond the evening mallows, and read books by the roots of autumn trees. I am embarrassed to be so near in choosing my neighborhood, to educate sons, which school should I follow?

19.37

Of My Family Line

Old nephew of my family line, plain and solid, the manner of the ancients. Plowing and digging wells, an argument for settling the times, cap and gown, same as others of the age. At home he always rises early, worrying for the state, he wishes the harvest be abundant.

---

1 *Peach Blossom Spring. In Langzhou, where his uncle was going.
2 Confucius’s disciple Zilu himself ate wild vegetables (“evening mallows”) but went over a hundred leagues to get rice for his parents.
3 That is, the Meng family has an excellent tradition in teaching sons to be filial, echoing the story of Mengzi’s mother who moved in order to have her son in a good neighborhood.
4 Original note: “Du Chongjian of the Provisioning Unit of the Guards” 衛倉曹崇簡.
5 This refers to the “Toss-stick Song,” by legend sung in the peaceful age of Yao, telling of peasants digging wells and plowing, with no connection to the ruler’s power.
語及君臣際，
经书满腹中。

忽忽峡中睡，
悲风方一醒。

西来有好鸟，
为我下青冥。

羽毛净白雪，
惨澹飞云汀。

既蒙主人顾，
举翮唳孤亭。

持以比佳士，
及此慰扬舲。

清文动哀玉，
见道发新硎。

欲学鸱夷子，
待勒燕山铭。

谁重断蛇剑，
致君君未听。

志在麒麟阁，
无心云母屏。
When talk turns to the situation between ruler and official,
the Classics fill his belly.

19.38
Respectfully Responding to What Administrative Assistant Xue (12) Presented Me

I slept in a daze in the gorges,
then a mournful wind woke me up.
There was a fine bird coming from the west,
from the dark blue sky it descended for me.
Down and feathers as pure as white snow,
it flew in the gloom over the cloudy beach.
Having received the host’s regard,
it spread its wings and screeched at the lone pavilion.
Let me use this to compare to a fine gentleman
who came here to console me, about to set sail.
Your clear writings give the moving sound of jade,
perceiving the Way, they come as if fresh from the whetstone.
You want to imitate Master Leather Winesack,¹
but will wait until you have carved an inscription on Mount Yanran.²
Who values the sword that can cut a snake in half?—
present it to the ruler, but the ruler does not heed.
Your aims are to be in Unicorn Gallery,
you have no heart for the mica screen.³

---

¹ Fan Li, who became a recluse on the Five Lakes after helping Goujian of Yue defeat Wu.
² As the Eastern Han general Dou Xian did after defeating the khan of the Northern Xiongnu.
³ Zheng Hong was commander-in-chief in the Eastern Han, and would keep humble in a court appearance, hiding behind a mica screen.
卓氏近新寡，
豪家朱门扃。
相如才调逸，
银汉会双星。
客来洗粉黛，
日暮拾流萤。
不是无膏火，
劝郎勤六经。
老夫自汲澣，
野水日泠泠。
我歎黑头白，
君看银印青。}
卧病识山鬼，
為农知地形。
谁矜坐锦帐，
苦厭食鱼腥。
东西两岸坼，
横水注沧溟。
碧色忽惆怅，
风雷搜百靈。
空中右白虎，
赤节引娉婷。
自云帝季女，
噀雨凤凰翎。
Madam Zhuo has been recently widowed,

20 a powerful family, its crimson gates closed. 
Sima Xiangru's style of talent is untrammeled, 
in the Silver River, two stars meet. 1
When a guest arrives all powder and paint is washed away, 2
at twilight she gathers flitting fireflies. 3
It is not that there is no oil for fire, 
but rather to encourage you to be diligent at the Six Classics. 
This old fellow himself draws from the mountain stream, 

28 where wilderness waters babble daily. 
I sigh how my black hair has whitened, 
you see how my silver seal glints green. 4
Lying sick, I’m acquainted with the “mountain wraith,” 

32 acting as a farmer, I know the lay of the land. 
Who can boast of sitting under a brocade awning?— 5
but I’m terribly sick of the smell of eating fish. 
From east to west the two shores split open, 

36 water coursing through pours toward the dark sea. 
The emerald colors suddenly grow gloomy 
as in wind and thunder the hundred spirits gather. 
There is a white tiger in the sky on the right, 

40 red standards lead in a beauty. 6
She says she is Heaven’s Emperor’s youngest daughter, 
spitting out rain from the phoenix's wings.

---
1 This refers to the Han fu writer *Sima Xiangru marrying the widowed Zhuo Wenjun, perhaps suggesting that Xue recently married a widow. Their meeting is compared to the meeting of the Oxherd and the Weaver Woman stars on the seventh night of the seventh month.
2 Like the Eastern Han recluse Liang Hong’s wife, Meng Guang, who willingly gave up her life of luxury to accompany her husband in the life of a poor recluse.
3 “Ju Yin. She is helping him with his studies.
4 The “silver seal,” the mark of Du Fu’s office, was actually a pouch in the shape of a fish; unlike Du Fu’s hair, this is dark.
5 The Han provided these for members of the Secretariat staying in the palace for dawn court.
6 The Goddess of Wu Mountain.
襄王薄行跡，
莫學冷如冰，
千秋一拭淚，
夢覺有微馨。
人生相感動，
金石兩青熒。
丈人但安坐，
休辨渭與涇。
龍蛇尚格鬥，
灑血暗郊坰。
吾聞聰明主，
治國用輕刑。
銷兵鑄農器，
今古歲方寧。
天王日儉德，
俊乂始盈庭。
榮華貴少壯，
豈食楚江萍。

19.39

寄狄明府博濟

梁公曾孫我姨弟，
不見十年官濟濟。
She thinks King Xiang’s behavior was heartless, so do not imitate the cold of ice. For a thousand autumns she has wiped away tears, when I woke from the dream, there was a faint fragrance. Human lives stir one another, firm as metal and stone, a pair of glowing lights. Just sit calmly a while, sir, cease to distinguish Wei and Jing. Dragons and serpents are still in combat, bloodshed darkens the remote plain. I have heard that our sagacious ruler will rule the domain by lighter punishments. He melts down weapons and casts farm tools, from now on the years will be peaceful. Our Son of Heaven daily shows frugality’s virtue, outstanding men now fill the court. For glory value your young manhood, how will you ever eat duckweed by the Chu river?

19.39
To Magistrate Di Boji
The great-grandson of the Duke of Liang, my own distant cousin by marriage, in the past ten years I have not seen you, a rapid succession of offices.

1 The Goddess of Wu Mountain came to King Xiang of Chu in a dream. Presumably King Xiang’s behavior is “heartless” because he did not meet with her again.
2 The Wei was proverbially muddy and the Jing, clear. Distinguishing them is a figure for evaluative judgments.
3 Di Boji was the great grandson of Di Renjie 狄仁傑, minister in empress Wu’s reign.
寄狄明府博濟

大賢之後竟陵遲，
浩蕩古今同一體。
比看叔伯四十人，
有才無命百寮底。
今者兄弟一百人，
幾人卓絕秉周禮。
在汝更用文章為，
長兄白眉復天啟。
汝門請從曾翁說，
太后當朝多巧詆。
狄公執政在末年，
濁河終不汙清濟。
國嗣初將付諸武，
公獨廷諍守丹陛。
禁中決策請房陵，
前朝長老皆流涕。
太宗社稷一朝正，
漢官威儀重昭洗。
時危始識不世才，
誰謂荼苦甘如薺。
汝曹又宜列鼎食，
身使門戶多旌棨。
Descendants of a most worthy man at last fall into decline,
in the vast sweep of present and past the pattern is always the same.
When I have considered your brothers, uncles, cousins—forty or so in all—
they have talent but no success, at the bottom of the hundred offices.
Now among all your relations, a hundred men,
how many are outstanding, and continue the rites of Zhou?¹
In your case you still make use of literary writings;
your older brother has the white brows and Heaven makes him wise.²
Let me talk about your family from your great-grandfather,
when the Empress ruled there were many artful slanders.
Lord Di managed the government in her final years,
the muddy Yellow River never sullies the clear River Ji.
When first she was going to take the succession and give it to the Wus,³
he alone remonstrated in court and preserved the cinnabar throne.
When the palace decided its policy to seek the prince at Fangling,⁴
the elders from the previous reign all were shedding tears.
The altars established by Taizong were in one morning set right,
the dignity of the Han officers was again washed shining bright.
Only in perilous times could one discover talent greater than all in his age,
who claimed then that the bitter lettuce is sweet as shepherd’s purse?⁵
It would be fitting that you and yours dine with tripods in rows,⁶
that the gate to your compound have many banners and bunted pikes.⁷

¹ This refers to carrying on the tradition of Di Renjie.
² This refers to Ma Liang in the Sanguo zhi. There were five brothers, all talented; but a folk verse said the one with the white eyebrows, Ma Liang, was the best.
³ This refers to Empress Wu wanting to make her nephew Wu Sansi the Heir Apparent.
⁴ This was to receive the Prince of Luling, later Zhongzong, as Heir.
⁵ From the Classic of Poetry. The heart is so bitter that bitter lettuce seems sweet as shepherd’s purse. That was the situation for the Lis. With their restoration it is that way no longer.
⁶ A standard figure for a powerful clan.
⁷ The sign of the home of a high court official.
览道州元使君结《舂陵行》兼《贼退后示官吏作》二首，志之曰：当天下分忧之地，效汉官良吏之目，今盗贼未息，知民疾苦，得结辈十数公，落落然参错天下为邦伯，万物吐气，天下少安可待矣。不意复见比兴体制，微婉顿挫之词，感而有诗，增诸卷轴，简知我者，不必寄元。

遭乱髮盡白，
轉衰病相鶼。   
沈綿盗賊際，
狼狽江漢行。
歎時薬力薄，
為客羸瘵成。
Why are you tossed along between Min and the River Han
paying hopeful respects to princes and counts so often visiting their
gates?

Even more with the mountains so high and the waters with waves,
the autumn winds howling, soaked by the dew.

When the tigers are hungry
they come down from the cliffs;
when the kraken stretches,
it comes out of limpid waters.

Go back as soon as possible,
the brown dirt soils your clothes, specks easily get in your eyes.

19.40

A Companion Piece for Yuan Jie’s “Chongling: A Ballad”

I have looked over the “Chongling: A Ballad” and “To Be Shown to the Officials and Clerks After the Marauders Withdrew” by Yuan Jie, Prefect of Daozhou. My comment is this: In a place where the Son of Heaven delegates his worries, Yuan emulates the category of the good officer among Han officials.¹ Now when rebels and marauders have not ceased, he understands the despair and suffering of the people; if we could get a dozen or so of the likes of Yuan Jie and distribute them as exceptional governors throughout the empire, then we could expect that all will vent their pent-up distress and that the world will be a little bit more peaceful. I never expected to again see the style of comparison and affective image, and subtle, modulating words. Moved, I wrote a poem to add to the scroll. I send this note to those who understand me; one need not send it to Yuan Jie.

Encountering turmoil, my hair all turned white,
increasingly frail, illness encumbers me.
Bed-ridden, at the edge of rebels and marauders,
in desperate straits, I go to Yangzi and Han.
I sigh for the age, medicine’s strength weakens,
infirmities form in my sojourning.

¹ The emperor “delegating his worries” was a set phrase for a local official.
吾人詩家秀，
博采世上名。
粲粲元道州，
前聖畏後生。
觀乎舂陵作，
欻見俊哲情。
復覽賊退篇，
結也實國楨。
賈誼昔流慟，
匡衡常引經。
道州憂黎庶，
詞氣浩縱橫。
兩章對秋月，
一字偕華星。
致君唐虞際，
純樸憶大庭。
何時降璽書，
用爾為丹青。
獄訟永衰息，
豈唯偃甲兵。
淒惻念誅求，
薄斂近休明。
乃知正人意，
不苟飛長纓。
This man is the finest of poets,
for broadly culling, famed in the age.
Splendid is Yuan Jie of Daozhou,
the former sage would hold in awe this man born later.¹
Observing his composition on Chongling
I suddenly saw the sentiments of one exceptionally wise.
Then reading his piece on the marauders’ withdrawal,
Jie is truly a pillar of the dynasty.
Jia Yi long was ago moved to lament;²
Kuang Heng ever cited the Classics.³
This man of Daozhou worries for the common folk,
the breath of his words sweeps grandly.
The two works face the autumn moon,
each word is the match of a bright star.
He will bring his lord to the level of Yao and Shun,
recalling Dating in pure simplicity.⁴
When will a letter with the imperial seal come down,
to use you as a great official?
Suits and court cases will continually diminish,
it won’t be just a matter of laying down arms.
Moved to compassion, he will think on exactions,
with minimal taxes, we will approach fair and enlightened rule.
Now I understand the upright man’s mind,
he does not improperly set the long ribbons flying.⁵

---
¹ In the Analects Confucius said: “Those born later may be held in awe.”
² In *Jia Yi’s famous memorial on reforming government.
³ A Western Han official who always cited the Classics when presenting an argument in court.
⁴ One of the rulers of high antiquity.
⁵ This seems to refer to the ribbons of high office; that is, Yuan Jie is concerned with the tasks of his present post, rather than seeking personal advancement.
凉飆振南嶽，
之子寵若驚。
色沮金印大，
興含滄浪清。
我多長卿病，
日夕思朝廷。
肺枯渴太甚，
漂泊公孫城。
呼兒具紙筆，
隱几臨軒楹。
作詩呻吟內，
墨澹字欹傾。
感彼危苦詞，
庶幾知者聽。

秋日夔府詠懷奉寄鄭監李賓客一百韻

絕塞烏蠻北，
孤城白帝邊。
飄零仍百里，
消渴已三年。
雄劍鳴開匣，
群書滿繫船。
He is a cool gust shaking the southern marchmount,
this man, when favored, is as if alarmed.
His complexion blanches before the greatness of a golden seal,
his excitement holds the purity of Canglang.\(^1\)
I suffer greatly the illness of Sima Xiangru,\(^2\)
day and night I think on the court.
My lungs are dried out, my thirst is terrible,
swept along to Gongsun Shu’s city.\(^3\)
I call to my son to ready paper and ink,
leaning on my armrest, I look down from the railing.
I composed this poem within while chanting,
the ink is not dark and the characters slant.
Moved by that man’s words of hardship,
I hope that those who understand will heed them.

19.41

Writing My Feelings in Kui on an Autumn Day, Respectfully Sent to
Director Zheng and Li, Adviser to the Heir Apparent: One Hundred
Couplets

Farthest frontier, north of the Black Mon folk,
a lone city by White Emperor Castle.
Tossed about, hundred leagues farther on,\(^4\)
diabetic for already three years now.
The male sword cries out in the open case,\(^5\)
a collection of books fills my moored boat.

---

1 Canglang was a legendary site of reclusion.
2 Diabetes.
3 Kuizhou.
4 Du Fu came to Kuizhou from Yun’an, about a hundred li upstream.
5 This refers to a pair of swords, one male and one female, forged by an ancient smith of Yue. This is a figure for ambition of someone forgotten and neglected.
亂離心不展，
衰謝日蕭然。
筋力妻孥問，
菁華歲月遷。
登臨多物色，
陶冶賴詩篇。
峽束滄江起，
巖排石樹圓。
拂雲霾楚氣，
朝海蹴吳天。
煮井為鹽速，
燒畬度地偏。
有時驚疊嶂，
何處覓平川。
鸂鶒雙雙舞，
獼猴壘壘懸。
碧蘿長似帶，
錦石小如錢。
春草何曾歇，
寒花亦可憐。
獵人吹戍火，
野店引山泉。
喚起搔頭急，
扶行幾屐穿。
Separated by turmoil, the heart does not unfold,
wasting away, daily more dreary.
Wife and children are concerned for my sinews’ strength,
but the years and months have sent off my prime.
Climbing for a view, there are many fine things,
for fashioning my spirit, I rely on my poems.
The gorges constrain the gray river rising,
the cliffs array round tree-canopies among rocks.
The latter brush the clouds, buried in Chu vapor;
the river goes to the sea, pressing hard on Wu skies.
Boiling well-water makes salt quickly;
they cross to remote places to burn off fields.
At times I am amazed by the layers of precipices,
where can one find level land?
Tufted ducks dance in pairs,
apes hang in clusters.
Emerald vines, dangling long like sashes,
brocade stones, as small as coins.
Never do spring plants die,
cold-weather flowers too are adorable.
Hunters fan up the encampment fires.\footnote{These are the fires of the military garrison.}
a wilderness inn draws from a mountain spring.
I was called awake, scratching my head urgently,
how many clogs have I worn out, walking with my cane?
兩京猶薄產，
四海絕隨肩。
幕府初交辟，
郎官幸備員。
瓜時猶旅寓，
萍泛苦夤緣。
藥餌虛狼藉，
秋風灑靜便。
開襟驅瘴癘，
明目掃雲煙。
高宴諸侯禮，
佳人上客前。
哀箏傷老大，
華屋豔神仙。
南內開元曲，
常時弟子傳。
法歌聲變轉，
滿座涕潺湲。
弔影夔州僻，
回腸杜曲煎。
即今龍廄水，
莫帶犬戎膻。
耿賈扶王室，
蕭曹拱御筵。
In the two capitals I still have some meager resources,
but abroad in the world close friends are gone.
When headquarters first called me to service,1
I was fortunate to fill the ranks as a Vice-Director.
In the season for melons I am still a sojourner,2
I suffer going on incessantly like a duckweed adrift.
Medicines, strewn about, to no effect,
but the autumn wind spreads some comfort and ease.
It opens gown’s folds, drives off malarial haze,
sweeps away clouds and mist and makes the eyes see clearly.
A grand feast, ceremonies of the nobility,3
the fair women stand before the important guest.
The mournful zither saddens this aged man
in the splendid chamber, with gorgeous immortals.
It is a Kaiyuan melody from the Southern Palace
in ordinary times passed on by members of the Troupe.4
A dharma song, the notes shifting and changing,
and all the guests were shedding tears.
I lament my lone shadow in far-off Kuizhou,
my twisting gut seared by thoughts of Duqu.5
Now the waters of Dragonstable
everywhere bear the stench of the Dog Tribes.6
Geng and Jia supported the royal house,7
Xiao and Cao bow to the imperial seat.8

---
1 The headquarters of Yan Wu, Military Commissioner in Chengdu.
2 *Zuo Tradition* (Zhuang 8). This refers to the time when one’s term of office is up
and one is awaiting reappointment, which has not come.
3 The “nobility” here is Bo Maolin, the Commander at Kuizhou.
4 Original note: “At a banquet held by Commander Bo, Vice Censor in chief, I
heard the song of Li Xiannu of the Pear Garden Troupe” 都督柏中丞廷, 聞梨
園弟子李仙奴歌.
5 Du Fu’s home near Chang’an.
6 Original note: “Dragonstable Gate of the Western Capital is the gate to the imperial
pasture; the Wei River flows inside the gate” 西京龍廄門, 苑馬門也, 渭水流苑
門內. Du Fu is referring to the brief Tibetan occupation of Chang’an in 763.
7 The loyalist Tang generals are here figured as Geng Yan and Jia Fu, Han Guang-
wudi’s generals.
8 The early Han ministers Xiao He and Cao Shen.
乘威滅蜂蠆，
戮力效鷹鸇。
舊物森猶在，
凶徒惡未悛。
國須行戰伐，
人憶止戈鋋。
奴僕何知禮，
恩榮錯與權。
胡星一彗孛，
黔首遂拘攣。
哀痛絲綸切，
煩苛法令蠲。
業成陳始王，
兆喜出於畋。
宮禁經綸密，
臺階翊戴全。
熊羆載呂望，
鴻雁美周宣。
側聽中興主，
長吟不世賢。
Using our might, they eliminated scorpions and wasps,\(^1\)
joining forces, they emulated hawk and falcon.
What we had before is still here, intimidating and stern,
but those wicked men have never repented their evils.
The dynasty needs to carry out assaults,
but people think fondly on stopping pike and javelin.
That slave knew nothing of ceremony,\(^2\)
an abundance of grace wrongly gave him authority.
Once the Hu star came with a comet-flare,
then the common folk were caught fast.
An imperial decree was moving, filled with sorrow and pain,\(^3\)
complex and troubling laws were abolished.\(^4\)
The legacy established, the first kingship was set forth,\(^5\)
rejoicing at the omens, he went forth on a hunt.\(^6\)
In the forbidden precincts the strands of governance were secret,
on the Three Terraces aid and support were complete.\(^7\)
As for a bear, he took back Lù Wang,\(^8\)
“Swan and Wild Goose” praised King Xuan.\(^9\)
Indirectly I’ve listened to word about our ruler of the Restoration
I always chant of his unprecedented worthies.\(^10\)

---

\(^1\) Rebels.
\(^2\) Probably An Lushan.
\(^3\) Probably referring to Daizong’s 765 decree blaming himself.
\(^4\) This probably refers to the remission of one of the field taxes in 766.
\(^5\) That is, the dynasty’s traditions were set forth to Daizong on taking the throne.
\(^6\) This alludes to Zhou Wenwang meeting his minister Jiang *Taigong (Lù Wang)*
when on a hunt, before which he was given the omen that he would catch
something that was not a bear. Completing the imperial legacy (stabilizing the
dynasty) would depend on finding a worthy minister.
\(^7\) The Three Terraces are the Three Lords of State.
\(^8\) *Taigong.*
\(^9\) A poem in the *Classic of Poetry* praising Zhou Xuanwang, responsible for the
restoration of the Zhou, to whom Daizong is compared.
\(^10\) Referring to Zheng Shen and Li Zhifang.
音徽一柱数，
道里下牢千。
郑李光时论，
文章并我先。
阴阳尚清省，
沈宋欻联翩。
律比崑崙竹，
音知燥湿弦。
风流俱善价，
愜当久忘筌。
置驿常如此，
登龙盖有焉。
虽云隔礼数，
不敢坠周旋。
高视收人表，
虚心味道玄。
马来皆汗血，
鹤唳必青田。
Excellent news from One-Pillar [Lodge] comes often,\(^1\)
the leagues of road to Xialao are a thousand.\(^2\)
Zheng and Li are glorious in contemporary opinion,
both are ahead of me in literary composition.
Yin Keng and He Xun, still clear and concise,\(^3\)
Shen Quanqi and Song Zhiwen are suddenly continued.\(^4\)
Their pitch-pipes compare to Kunlun bamboo,\(^5\)
from their tones can be known the dryness or wetness of strings.\(^6\)
In panache, they both have great worth,
suiting what is appropriate, they have long forgotten the fishtrap.\(^7\)
Zheng is always thus in establishing guest-lodges,\(^8\)
as for rising to dragon status, indeed there is such a Li here.\(^9\)
Although I am prevented from paying them due respects,
I dare not let the opportunity to associate with them slip from me.
For one excellent discernment gathers the model of men,
for the other an unperturbed mind savors the Way’s mysteries.
Horses reach one, all sweating blood,\(^10\)
for the other cranes screech, ever those of Qingtian.\(^11\)

---

\(^1\) Original note: “Zheng [Shen] is in Jiangling” 鄭在江陵. The famous One-Pillar Lodge was in Jiangling. The line means that Zheng Shen writes to him often.

\(^2\) Original note: “Li Zhifang is at Yiling” 李在夷陵. Xialao Garrison was in Yiling.

\(^3\) Poets of the sixth century, compared to Zheng Shen and Li Zhifang.

\(^4\) Poets of the late sixth and early seventh century, also compared to Zheng and Li.

\(^5\) The Yellow Emperor sent Ling Lun to the Kunlun Mountain to cut the bamboo used for the pitch-pipes that established the proper tones. This praises the euphony of Zheng’s and Li’s writing.

\(^6\) Like a master of the zither they know how to change the way they play according to changes in the atmosphere that make the strings wet or dry.

\(^7\) In the *Zhuangzi* words are the fishtrap; when one gets the meaning, one forgets the fishtrap.

\(^8\) Zheng’s lodge.

\(^9\) Transformation from carp to dragon was achieved by passing Dragongate on the Yellow River. This was long a figure for rising in status. In the Han it was said that meeting Li Ying was like passing Dragongate.


\(^11\) The cranes of Qingtian belong to the world of Daoists, hence those drawn by Li’s capacity to “savor the Way’s mysteries.”
羽翼商山起，
蓬萊漢閣連。
管甯紗帽淨，
江令錦袍鮮。
東郡時題壁，
南湖日扣舷。
遠遊淩絕境，
佳句染華箋。
每欲孤飛去，
徒為百慮牽。
生涯已寥落，
國步乃迍邅。
衾枕成蕪沒，
池塘作棄捐。
別離憂怛怛，
伏臘涕漣漣。
露菊班豐鎬，
秋蔬影澗瀍。
共誰論昔事，
幾處有新阡。
富贵空回首，
喧爭懶著鞭。
兵戈塵漠漠，
江漢月娟娟。
Supporting wings arose from Mount Shang,¹
Penglai connected to the towers of Han.²
Guan Ning’s gauze hat is pure,³
Director Jiang’s brocade gown is fresh.⁴

In that eastern commandery Li sometimes writes poems on walls,
by Southern Lake Zheng daily raps the sides of the boat.
In far excursions they cross to remote realms
and excellent lines dye their splendid note-paper.
I always want to go flying off alone to them,
but I am helplessly dragged down by a hundred cares.
My life is already dreary and bleak,
and the dynasty’s fate is facing hard times.
My quilt and pillow have fully sunken in weeds,
my pond has been left to ruin.⁵
Separations beset me with worries,
at summer and winter festivals, my tears stream.
Dewy chrysanthemums glow in Feng and Hao,⁶
autumn vegetables cast reflections in the Jian and Chan.⁷
With whom can I discuss past matters?—
in how many places have paths newly been formed?⁸
I look back in vain to honor and wealth,
in the noise and contention I don’t care to whip on my horse.
Weapons and pikes, the dust billowing,

Yangzi and Han, the moon charming.

¹ This refers to the *Four Graybeards, who came down from Mount Shang to ensure the position of Han Gaozu’s Heir Apparent, hence appropriate for Li Zhifang as Advisor to the Heir Apparent.
² Penglai was the name of the Han library, hence appropriate for Zheng Shen, Director of the Imperial Library.
³ A recluse of the Three Kingdoms period, known for his black informal hat. Here it refers to Zheng Shen who was once a recluse.
⁴ Jiang Zong, who received a brocade gown from the last Chen ruler when he was Heir Apparent. This refers to Li Zhifang’s position in court.
⁵ This refers to his home in Chang’an.
⁶ The Western Zhou capitals near Chang’an and here referring to Chang’an.
⁷ Luoyang.
⁸ Paths either to tombs or between fields.
局促看秋燕，
萧疏听晚蝉。
雕虫蒙记忆，
烹鲤问沈绵。
卜羡君平杖，
偷存子敬毡。
囊虚把钗钏，
米尽坼花钿。
甘子阴凉叶，
茅斋八九椽。
阵图沙北岸，
市暨瀼西巅。
羁绊心常折，
栖迟病即痊。
紫收岷岭芋，
白种陆池莲。
色好梨胜颊，
穰多栗过拳。
敕厨唯一味，
求饱或三鳣。
In frustration I watch the autumn swallows,
in the bleakness listen to autumn cicadas.
I have received your remembrance of my “insect carving,”
carp-case letters enquired after my bedridden state.
For divination I envy Junping’s cane,
robbed, I still have Zijing’s quilt.
Purse empty, I take bracelets and hairpins,
the orange tree shades with its cool leaves,
a thatched study of eight or nine beams.
The Eight Formations, on the shore north of the sands,
the city wharf, on the ridge west of the inlet.
Bound by duty away from home, my heart always felt crushed,
but staying on here, my sickness at once improved.
Purple gathered, Min ridge taros;
white planted, Lu pool lotuses.
When their colors are best, pears are redder than cheeks,
when their flesh is fullest, chestnuts bigger than fists.
Edict to the kitchen: just one dish,
to get to eat my fill, sometimes I eat three eels.

---

1 That is, their comments on poems he sent.
2 The Han diviner Yan Junping would go out everyday and tell fortunes. When he had a hundred cash, he would hang the coins from his cane, go back, close his gate, and study the Laozi.
3 One night a thief came to Wang Xianzhi’s house. Discovering the thief, Wang Xianzhi told him that he could take everything but his green quilt, which was an old family possession.
4 The Eight Formations were a group of stones in the Yangzi shallows near Kuizhou, believed to have been arranged by Zhuge Liang, the Shu minister, illustrating the tactics to be used by the Shu army in attacking Wu.
5 Original note: “People in the Gorges look on the place where boats are moored at a town as the ‘wharf’; where the Yangzi’s waters go off sideways into a mountain valley, the locals call an ‘inlet’”.
6 The Lu family of Wu was noted for its white lotuses.
7 In the Eastern Han, Yang Zhen was a learned scholar. A stork deposited three eels before his hall, which was interpreted to mean that he would rise to a high rank, which he did.
兒去看魚笱，
人來坐馬韁。
縛柴門窄窄，
通竹溜涓涓。
塹抵公畦稜，
村依野廟壖。
缺籬將棘拒，
倒石賴藤纏。
借問頻朝謁，
何如穩晝眠。
誰云行不逮，
自覺坐能堅。
霧雨銀章澀，
馨香粉署妍。
紫鸞無近遠，
黃雀任翩翾。
困學違從眾，
明公各勉旃。
聲華夾宸極，
早晚到星躔。
懇諫留匡鼎，
諸儒引服虔。
不過輸鰥直，
會是正陶甄。
My son goes off to watch the fish weir, 
someone comes astride a horse blanket. 
Tied up scrapwood, my gate so narrow, 
a stream of water trickles through bamboo pipes. 
A ditch reaches the “ridge” of the public fields, 
a village lies by the empty land of a wilderness shrine. 
Hole in my hedge, I take briars to fend off intrusion, 
fallen rock, I use rattan to wrap it. 
Let me ask: can frequent visits to court 
compare to peacefully sleeping in daylight? 
Who says that my progress falls short of others?—
I realize that I can be secure right where I sit. 
In foggy rains the silver seal loses its luster, 
with its fragrance, the whitewashed office has charms. 
Purple phoenixes have no care for the distance, 
let the brown sparrow just flit about here. 
I had to struggle in my studies and failed to follow the crowd, 
each of these excellent gentlemen endeavored at it. 
The splendor of their repute supports the Pole Star, 
sooner or later they will reach the star orbit. 
Kuang Heng will be retained for his earnest remonstrance, 
Fu Qian will be recommended by Confucian scholars. 
If they do nothing more than practicing their blunt directness, 
the chance will come to right the potter’s wheel.

---

1 Original note: “When farmers in the capital region want to indicate the distance of fields, they generally speak of so many ‘ridges’” 京師農人指田遠近, 多云幾稜.
2 The silver seal was the Han equivalent of the Tang fish-pouch, which held Du Fu’s badge of office.
3 The Secretariat.
4 Zheng and Li can go far, while Du Fu will stay where he is.
5 That is, assists the throne.
6 That is, you will join the three heads of state.
7 A Han official famous for his remonstrances.
8 A famous classical scholar of the Eastern Han.
9 The potter’s wheel refers to ongoing Creation and, by extension, to the process of moral government.
宵旰憂虞軫，
黎元疾苦駒。
雲臺終日畫，
青簡為誰編。
行路難何有，
招尋興已專。
由來具飛楫，
暫擬控鳴弦。
身許雙峰寺，
門求七祖禪。
落帆追宿昔，
衣褐向真詮。
安石名高晉，
昭王客赴燕。
途中非阮籍，
查上似張騫。
披拂雲寧在，
淹留景不延。
風期終破浪，
水怪莫飛涎。
他日辭神女，
傷春怯杜鵑。
Dressing in dark, not eating until night, cares and worries abundant,¹ for common folk, distress and bitterness team together. Their portraits will be there all the day long on Cloud Terrace,² for whom else would green-slip histories be compiled? What hardship is there in traveling? — my excitement focused on a quest. Long before I readied oars that fly, soon I intend to draw the twanging string.³ I have vowed myself to that temple by Double Peak, as disciple I’ll seek Chan’s Seventh Patriarch. I’ll lower my sail to pursue my past,⁴ robed in homespun I’ll go toward the Truth. Anshi’s was of great fame in the Jin,⁵ for King Zhao clients headed to Yan.⁶ On the road I will be no Ruan Ji,⁷ on my raft, I will resemble Zhang Qian.⁸ Brushed aside, how can clouds still remain? — lingering here, the daylight will not extend. When the wind comes, I’ll finally break through the waves, water monsters will not drool at me. Some day to come, I’ll take leave of the Goddess,⁹ I dread the cuckoo feeling springtime pain.

---

¹ This is the condition of the emperor.
² Du Fu is referring to the eventual success of Zheng and Li.
³ The boat will go down the gorges like an arrow.
⁴ That is, to atone for the past.
⁵ Anshi is the Eastern Jin statesman *Xie An. Original note: “In his noble simplicity Zheng has achieved the manner of Tutor Xie [An]” 鄭高簡得謝太傅之風.
⁶ Original note: “Li is kin of the imperial line and has the fine qualities of King Zhao of Yan. Yan represented remote descendants of the Zhou house” 李宗親, 有燕昭之美。燕, 周之裔.
⁷ Who wept “at the end of his road.”
⁸ The Han explorer, commissioned by Emperor Wu to find the source of the Yellow River. In Du Fu he is often conflated with the story of the man who took the eighth month raft to heaven.
⁹ The Goddess of Wu Mountain, in the area of Kuizhou.
淡交隨聚散，
澤國遙迥旋。
本自依迦葉，
何曾藉偓佺。
爐峰生轉眄，
橘井尚高褰。
東走窮歸鶴，
南征盡跕鳶。
晚聞多妙教，
卒踐塞前愆。
顧凱丹青列，
頭陀琬琰鐫。
眾香深黯黯，
幾地肅芊芊。
勇猛為心極，
清羸任體孱。
金箝空刮眼，
鏡象未離銓。
Serene friendship will have meetings and partings as they may,
I will roam about circling the watery lands.
I basically adhere to Kāshyapa,¹
when did I ever rely on Woquan?²
Lushan’s peaks appear in the blink of an eye,³
the tangerines and well are still out of reach.⁴
Rushing east put the crane returning home in desperate straits,⁵
campaigning south, everywhere kites falling from the sky.⁶
Late I have learned of that doctrine of many subtleties,
at last I will follow it to block former transgressions.
Where Gu Kaizhi’s polychrome painting is arrayed,⁷
Dhūta Temple, where the jadelike stele is carved.⁸
All kinds of incense from deep in the darkness,
how many places solemn and burgeoning?
With courageous resolve for mind’s ultimate state,⁹
pure and frail, let my body be feeble.
The golden scalpel shaved my eyeballs in vain,¹⁰
I have never left the measure of images in a mirror.¹¹

¹ Kāshyapa was the foremost of Buddha’s disciples, who headed the Buddhist community after Buddha achieved nirvana. Chan traced its ancestry to Kāshyapa, so Du Fu may be reiterating his interest in Chan.
² An immortal.
³ Lushan was where the great monk Huiyuan built his temple.
⁴ *Su Dan. That is, the search for immortality is hopeless.
⁵ *Dinglingwei.
⁶ When the Eastern Han general *Ma Yuan marched to Vietnam, he reached a point where the miasma was such that a kite fell from the sky.
⁷ Waguan Temple in Jinling, with a painting of the Buddhist layman Vimalakīrti by the famous Jin painter Gu Kaizhi.
⁸ A famous stele by Wang Jian of the early sixth century.
⁹ Terms of Buddhist self-perfection.
¹⁰ This refers to a parable in the Nirvāṇa sutra in which a doctor cures blindness by shaving a man’s eyeballs with a golden scalpel, a power that is compared to the Nirvāṇa sutra itself. Even though the blindness was cured, he still did not know how to see.
¹¹ That is, by Buddhist doctrine the phenomenal world is no more than images in the mirror of mind.
寄劉峽州伯華使君四十韻

峡內多雲雨，
秋來尚鬱蒸。
遠山朝白帝，
深水謁夷陵。

遲暮嗟為客，
西南喜得朋。
哀猿更起坐，
落雁失飛騰。

伏枕思瓊樹，
臨軒對玉繩。
青松寒不落，
碧海闊逾澄。

昔歲文為理，
群公價盡增。
家聲同令聞，
時論以儒稱。

太后當朝肅，
多才接跡昇。
翠虛捎魍魎，
丹極上鲲鵬。
19.42

Sent to Liu Bohua, Prefect of Xiazhou: Forty Couplets

Within the Gorges there is much cloud and rain, when autumn comes, muggy vapors still well up. Distant mountains come to court at White Emperor, deep waters go to pay their respects at Yiling. I sigh at being a sojourner in my twilight years, but rejoice at finding a friend in the southwest. Mournful gibbons, restlessly rising and sitting in turn, a wild goose sinking, failing to mount up in flight. Bedridden, I think of you, an alabaster tree, looking out from my railing, I face the Jade Rope.1 The green pine does not shed its needles in the cold, the emerald sea gets ever clearer in its vastness. In bygone years she governed by literary culture, and his worth increased among all gentlemen.2 In family reputation we both have excellent repute,3 contemporary judgment commended them as Confucian scholars. The Empress was severe in holding court, men of great talent continuously advanced. In the azure void they cut down trolls,4 to the cinnabar dais they raised Peng birds.5

---

1 A constellation that appears low in the sky near dawn.
2 Referring to Liu Bohua’s literary ancestor, Liu Yunji, who served Empress Wu.
3 Liu Yunji had been a colleague of Du Fu’s grandfather Du Shenyan in Empress Wu’s reign.
4 ‘That is, they got rid of evil people in court.
5 ‘That is, they advanced spectacular talents, like the legendary *Peng bird.
宴引春壺滿，
恩分夏簟冰。
雕章五色筆，
紫殿九華燈。
學並盧王敏，
書偕褚薛能。
老兄真不墜，
小子獨無承。
近有風流作，
聊從月繼徵。
放蹄知赤駿，
捩翅服蒼鷹。
卷軸來何晚，
襟懷庶可憑。
會期吟讕數，
益破旅愁凝。
雕刻初誰料，
纖毫欲自矜。
神融躡飛動，
戰勝洗侵凌。
妙取筌蹄棄，
高宜百萬層。
白頭遺恨在，
青竹幾人登。
At feasts they drew draughts from full spring jugs, 
her grace apportioned the iciness of summer mats.  
Finely wrought compositions, five-color brushes, 
24 purple halls, nine-flower lamps.  
In learning they were paired with Lu’s and Wang’s wit,¹ 
in calligraphy, joined with Chu’s and Xue’s skill.²  
You, my brother, truly did not come down in the world,³ 
but I alone have carried on nothing.  
Recently you have compositions of panache, 
and I would like to request them of you monthly.  
I know the russet charger by its hooves set free; 
32 I admire the gray hawk beating its wings.  
How late came the scroll and roller!—⁴  
my own feelings may find support herein.  
I look forward to reciting them frequently, 
36 ever more breaking my obsession with travel’s sorrows.  
Who would have guessed such fine crafting?—  
you may boast of the fineness of detail.  
Spirit infuses them, emulating those who have soared off; 
40 in combat victorious, sweeping away those who offer insult.  
Their subtlety borrows the abandonment of fishtrap and snare,⁵  
their height is appropriately a million layers.  
Yet a lingering resentment remains for this white-haired old man, 
44 how many men can make it into the green bamboo slips?⁶

¹ Seventh-century poets and prose stylists, Lu Zhaolin and Wang Bo.  
² Chu Suiliang (597–658) and Xue Ji.  
³ That is, Liu Yunji’s posterity, Liu Bohua, preserved the family reputation.  
⁴ With Liu Bohua’s poems.  
⁵ A Zhuangzi parable comparing the relation between language and meaning to a fishtrap and snare. Once you get your prey, you abandon the fishtrap and snare; once you get the meaning, you abandon the words.  
⁶ Of history.
回首追談笑，
勞歌跼寢興。
年華紛已矣，
世故莽相仍。
刺史諸侯貴，
郎官列宿應。
潘生雲閣遠，
黃霸璽書增。
乳贙號攀石，
餓鼯訴落藤。
藥囊親道士，
灰劫問胡僧。
憑久烏皮綻，
簪稀白帽棱。
林居看蟻穴，
野食行魚罾。
筋力交凋喪，
飄零免戰兢。
皆為百里宰，
正似六安丞。
I look back, recalling our merry conversations,
struggling with my songs, I am cramped up sleeping and waking.
My years have been tumultuous indeed,

52 problems of the times continue endlessly.
A prefect is as honored as the nobility,
a Director corresponds to the constellations.
Yet Pan Yue’s cloud-touching tower is remote,¹

for Huang Ba, letters with the imperial seal increase.²
The nursing xuan howls, climbing the rocks,³
starving flying squirrels complain, dropping from vines.
For my medicine pouch I befriend Daoists,

56 I ask Hu monks about kalpa fires.⁴
From leaning too long my black leather armrest split,
hatpins are few, my white hat at an angle.⁵
Living in the woods, I watch the ant-holes,

60 I ply my fishnet to eat in the wilds.
Strength of sinews withers and fades everywhere,
tossed away here, can I help quaking?
We both are masters of a hundred leagues,⁶

64 I resembled the aide of Liu’an.⁷

---

¹ Pan Yue was a Director when he wrote his “Poetic Exposition on Autumn Stirrings.” This corresponds to Du Fu’s nominal post as Vice-Director.
² A minister of Han Xuandi’s reign whose accomplishments were such that he was often employed.
³ A xuan was said to be a doglike creature, originally from the West, of exceptional ferocity.
⁴ A kalpa is a Buddhist aeon. When excavating Kunming Pool in Han times a layer of ash was discovered. Dongfang Shuo told Emperor Wu that he should ask a Hu monk, who told him that these were the ashes left after the last kalpa fires had burned over the earth.
⁵ Because his hair is thin with age.
⁶ A “master of a hundred leagues” is a county magistrate. Liu is a prefect, far superior to a county magistrate, and Du Fu was never a county magistrate. No one understands this.
⁷ Huan Tăn (c. 43 BCE–28 CE) was exiled to Liu’an as an aide for having remonstrated with Guangwudi.
姹女縈新裹，
丹砂冷舊秤。
但求椿壽永，
莫慮杞天崩。
煉骨調惰性，
張兵撓戟矜。
養生終自惜，
伐叛必全懲。
政術甘疏誕，
詞場愧服膺。
展懷詩頌魯，
割愛酒如澠。
咄咄寧書字，
冥冥欲避矰。
江湖多白鳥，
天地有青蠅。

高秋蘇肺氣，
白髮自能梳。
藥餌憎加減，
門庭悶掃除。
Plenty of “The Maiden” in my new wrapper,\(^1\)
cinnabar pellets cold on old scales.
I seek only the everlasting life of the cedrela,\(^2\)
worry not that the heavens will collapse in Qi.\(^3\)
I refine my bones, tune my disposition,
deploy my troops and flourish my pike.
In the end I pity myself about nurturing life,
in attacking the rebels, one must crush them all.
In the art of governance I am willing to be foolish,
I am embarrassed by your deference on the field of letters.
To express feelings, for the Poems they praise Lu,\(^4\)
cutting off what I love, ale like the Sheng River.\(^5\)
How could I write words in the air going *duoduo*?—\(^6\)
rather I want to avoid the stringed arrow in the dark heavens.
On the rivers and lakes are many white birds,
in Heaven and Earth there are blueflies.\(^7\)

19.43
Autumn’s Cool Clarity

High autumn clears the asthma in my lungs,
I can comb my white hair for myself.
I hate the changing dosage of my medicines
too glum to sweep my gate and yard.\(^8\)

---

1 “The Maiden” was a term for liquid mercury, used in medicines.
2 This is a tree referred to in the *Zhuangzi* with an extremely long lifespan.
3 The *Liezi* has a story of a man from Qi who worried that the sky would fall.
4 Liu’s poetry is like Lu, the home of the orthodox tradition of the *Classic of Poetry*.
5 Original note: “[Ale] was what I always used to love, but I had to stop because of diabetes” 平生所愛，消渴止之.
6 *Writing in air.
7 Slanderers.
8 To welcome guests.
杖藜还客拜，
爱竹遣儿书。
十月江平稳，
轻舟进所如。

19.44

秋峡

江涛万古峡，
肺气久衰翁。
不寐防巴虎，
全生狎楚童。
衣裳垂素发，
门巷落丹枫。
常怪商山老，
兼存翊赞功。

19.45

摇落

摇落巫山暮，
寒江东北流。
烟尘多战鼓，
风浪少行舟。
Leaning on my cane, I bow back to guests,
loving my bamboo, I sent my son to write on them.
In the tenth month the river is level and calm,
in my light boat, I’ll go ahead as I please.

19.44

Autumn Gorges

River billows, gorges for eternity,
trouble breathing, old man long in decline.
On guard against Ba tigers, I do not sleep,
preserving life, I grow familiar with Chu lads.
On my robes hangs pale white hair,
red maples shed their leaves at my gate.
I always marvel at the old men of Mount Shang,
they together had the merit of helping the throne.¹

19.45

Leaves Shaking and Falling

Leaves shaking and falling, it grows late on Mount Wu,
the cold river flows northeast.
Smoke and dust, many battle drums,
wind and waves, few boats are sailing.

¹ *Four Graybeards. That is, they not only lived a life of reclusion, but also were able to help the imperial throne at a crucial moment.
鵝費羲之墨，
貂余季子裘。
長懷報明主，
臥病復高秋。

聞說江陵府，
雲沙淨眇然。　
白魚如切玉，
朱橘不論錢。
水有遠湖樹，
人今何處船。
青山各在眼，
卻望峽中天。
I have wasted Wang Xizhi’s ink for geese,\(^1\) of sable there remains Su Qin’s cape.\(^2\)

My thoughts are always on repaying our ruler, lying sick, high autumn again.

\textbf{19.46}

The Narrows of the Gorges

I’ve heard of the Jiangling district that its cloudy sands are pure in the distance.
Its white fish are like cut jade, its red tangerines can be had for nothing.
Its waters have trees past the far lake, but where is his boat now?\(^3\)

Each of the green mountains will be in my eyes as I look back on the sky in the gorges.

---

1 The great fourth-century calligrapher Wang Xizhi was fond of geese, and copied out the \textit{Laozi} in exchange for a flock. Du Fu is presumably referring to using his calligraphy (or other cultural skills) to get by.

2 The King of Zhao gave the persuader gold and a sable cape and sent him to Qin to persuade the King of Qin. After more than ten failed attempts to persuade, Su Qin’s sable cape was worn out.

3 Presumably the boat of his brother, returning to Jingzhou after his journey to Lantian.