

Ji Yun (1724-1805)

*translated from Chinese by Ouyang Yu*

A SAIL IN THE GLASS

countless welcoming good mountains along the river  
my eyes are lit up as soon as I'm out of hangzhou  
misty river banks with mixed sky and green  
a sail in the glass

Gao Panlong (1562-1626)

*translated from Chinese by Ouyang Yu*

ON THE PILLOW OF STONE

my heart as clean as flowing waters

my body as light as white clouds

now, evening in the depth of a quiet mountain

i hear the faint sound of a temple bell

Gu Mei (woman poet) (?-1650)

*translated from Chinese by Ouyang Yu*

LOVEBIRDS

you say flowers are as red as my face  
i say willows are as green as your clothes  
when shall we turn into a pair of lovebirds  
flying together through leaves and flowers?

Jiang Shiquan (1725-1785)

*translated from Chinese by Ouyang Yu*

GOOD IS EVERYTHING *MOHU*

i don't like to write about sunny hills but rainy ones

the same way a woman breathes into a mirror to look at herself

good is everything *mohu* in the human world

to make it easy for wind horses and cloud chariots to move around

*Translator's note:* there is no other way to translate the word *mohu* than to keep it as it is. It means, among other things, blurred, blurry, indistinct, dim, vague, obscure, etc. Borrow it into English if you like but never try to match it up for you do not have the equivalents.

Lin Bu (967-1028)

*translated from Chinese by Ouyang Yu*

BANANA RAN

autumn hills are as impossible to paint as autumn thoughts are boundless  
red leaves float on the clear creek and green trees point to the white clouds  
a bird comes down in the cool shade and the setting sun brings noisy cicadas  
who, i wonder, on the pillow will listen to tonight's banana rain?

A word about *Lin Bu*: He never married in his lifetime but preferred to grow plums and raise cranes. Hence the reference *meiqi hezi* (plum wife crane son or, more clearly, he's married to the plum as his wife and has cranes as his sons).

Du Mu (803-852)

translated from Chinese by Ouyang Yu

I LOVE THE MAPLE TREES AT DUSK

the cold mountain up in the distance with diagonal stone paths  
families only found where white clouds rise  
i stop my carriage and sit down for i love the maple trees at dusk  
their leaves, after frost, are redder than february flowers