

li bai viii-1

the qiu pu songs (1 of 17)

the qiu pu river is always autumnal
it is bleak and it brings sadness to men
here the sorrow of the wanderer knows no bounds
as he climbs the eastern da lou mountain

he looks to the west to see chang an
below he sees the water in the stream
he sings a song to the waters of the river
and wonders if you remember him in your thoughts

from a distance he sends a handful of tears
and wishes you to carry them on to yang zhou

murphy wondering why a sacred place was called the bad hills

2/22/2011 8:58 AM

li bai viii-2

the qiu pu songs (2 of 17)

monkeys of the qiu pu wail their complaints to the evening
above, the yellow mountain bears his white head
the qing xi river waters are not from long zhou mountain
and yet one hears a heart rending tumult in its frenzied waters

one would like to leave and move on but cannot
a short journey leads only to a longer one
how many years will pass until i can return
tears fall freely in the lonely boat

murphy a child of nomads holed up in his winter cave

2/22/2011 9:09 AM

li bai viii-3

the qiu pu songs (3 of 17)

the golden pheasant of the qiu pu
is rarely seen on the earth or in the sky
this mountain pheasant shuns the clear water
he dares not look upon the reflection of his feathers

murphy choosing plain attire so as to pass unnoticed

2/22/2011 9:24 AM

li bai viii-4

the qiu pu songs (4 of 17)

i came to qiu pu with jet black temples
then the thinning hair changed one morning
the melancholy cries of the monkeys led to a paling
long and short, it has now become white threads

murphy seventy and replete, with only a tinge of grey

2/22/2011 9:30 AM

li bai viii-5

the qiu pu songs (5 of 17)

in qiu pu there are many white monkeys
they bounce in the trees like flakes of snow
carrying their children through the branches
then drop to drink playing with moonlight on the water

murphy always surprised at the energy of the young

2/22/2011

li bai viii-6

the qiu pu songs (6 of 17)

full of sorrow i am a guest in qiu pu
to feel better i wander among flowers
mountains and rivers remind of yen xian
and the weather is like chang sha

murphy wishing he were anywhere but here

2/23/2011 8:31 AM

li bai viii-7

the qiu pu songs (7 of 17)

i am drunk on horseback like ji lun shan
in the cold i sing to the cattle as did ning qi
aimlessly i hum the song of shining white rocks
my black sable fur completely soaked in tears

murphy helpless to lift his depression

2/23/2011 8:37 AM

li bai viii-8

the qiu pu songs (8 of 17)

of all the thousand hills of qiu pu
the water-wagon mountain is the most peculiar
the sky seems to fall through the overhanging rocks
the stream tugging at moss laden branches

murphy at one with natural world

2/23/2011 8:47 AM

li bai viii-9

the qiu pu songs (9 of 17)

the isolated jiang zu rocks jut from the waters of the qing xi
the blue sky reflects off their smoothness like a painted screen
poems carved into these rocks come from ancient times
lush green moss embellishing the characters

murphy an acolyte in the brotherhood of scribblers

2/23/2011 8:56 AM

li bai viii-10

the qiu pu songs (10 of 17)

the rhododendron bushes are in the thousands
the privet trees tens of thousands
the mountains teem with white herons
white monkeys screaming in all the canyons

friend, stay away from qiu pu
the melancholy monkeys exhaust the hearts of strangers

murphy choosing never to see another afternoon soap

2/23/2011 9:03 AM

li bai viii-11

the qiu pu songs (11 of 17)

the raksha rocks protrude into the airspace of the birds
the jiang zu rock rises in the middle of fish traps
the water is swift, the boat carrying the stranger, me, speeds on
flowers on the bank's hanging branches brush my face

murphy reveling in the fast pace of the morning

2/24/2011 7:50 AM

li bai viii-12

the qiu pu songs (12 of 17)

this water reminds me of rippling white silk
this land reaches into the heavens with its mountains
oh, but i could use a nice moonlit night
sitting in the boat, smelling flowers, sipping wine

murphy always up for a party

2/24/2011 7:58 AM

li bai viii-13

the qiu pu songs (13 of 17)

translucent water clearly reflects the silver moon
in the bright moonlight a white heron glows in its flight
young men listen to the songs of girls picking water chestnuts
together they return to their homes singing along the way

murphy looking out his window into a perfect night

2/24/2011 8:07 AM

li bai viii-14

the qiu pu songs (14 of 17)

the fires of the smeltery light heaven and earth
red sparks fly up and mix with the purple smoke
a bashful young man walks out into a moonlit night
his songs stir the emotions in the cold valley

murphy free to roam after a long day's work

2/24/2011 8:16 AM

li bai viii-15

the qiu pu songs (15 of 17)

my whitening hair would make a long, long rope
yet would not fathom the depth of my sorrow
i see clearly when i look in the mirror
this is now autumn, the time of hoary frost

murphy scraping the stubble off his wrinkled old face

2/24/2011 8:21 AM

li bai viii-16

the qiu pu songs (16 of 17)

the old farmer of qiu pu
spends the night on the water catching fish
his wife and children catch white pheasant
they spread their nets in the deep bamboo grove

murphy setting his snares for the rabbits

2/25/2011 8:28 AM

li bai viii-17

the qiu pu songs (17 of 17)

when in the area around tao bo
i always heard a clarity of speech
silent now i bid farewell to the mountain monk
i bow my head under his white cloud of friendship

murphy ritually paying his dues

2/25/2011 8:33 AM

li bai viii-18

the song of the landscape painting on the wall of zhao yan, district secretary of dang tu xian

the o mei mountain rises above the western horizon
the lo fou mountain is adjacent to the southern sea
the painter gives expression to his mind with his brush
and mountains and seas unfold before us in waves
the whole of the wall lifts us up to its blue of sky
reddish clouds envelop the red wall of zhe giang as mists rise from cang wu
one sees the dong ting lake and the rivers xiao and xiang in the blurred distance
the three streams and seven lakes carry the spirits on their waters
stormy waves roil and twist yet go nowhere
a single boat once set sail and then never returned
the sailors in the far distance do not move away nor do come nearer
carried by the wind to the horizon, yet stuck in the water
the heart trembles, the eye is dazzled, the joy is inexhaustible

when your eyes reach the top of the three mountains
they see a waterfall gush out from the rugged peaks
from a jumbled cairn of rocks the rushing water shoots into roaring waves
the high rock steps of the eastern wall disappear into a light fog
the trees in the forest are tangled into an impenetrable gloom
under these trees one could not discern day from night
and if you lean close to listen you cannot hear any crickets

nestled among the tall pines are powerful daoist priests
among them the immortal from nan chang sits in silence
the immortal from nan chang is master zhao yan
in his youth he has already taken a prominent place among the scholars
when he has finished his work day he gathers friends around him
just as the immortal in the painting has gathered his friends

how can we properly extol the beauty of this painting
zhao yan, you are forever preserved in these mountains
wait until your work is done and then withdraw from the world
let the people from the peach blossom spring in wu ling share your mirth

murphy properly in awe of a fresh apt metaphor

2/28/2011 8:38 AM

li bai viii-19

the song of of prince yung lin, the campaign in the east (1 of 11)

prince lin moved his troops to the east in the first month of the year
the son of heaven engaging him from a distance with the imperial standards
as soon as the high galleys set out, the wind and the waves subsided
and the rushing waters of the xiang and han rivers turned into a duck pond

murphy sensing miracles afoot

2/28/2011 8:46 AM

li bai viii-20

the song of of prince yung lin, the campaign in the east (2 of 11)

the rebellion of an lu shan threw lo yang into great confusion
people fled to the south as once before in the year 311
now, one can only call on another xie an shi from the eastern mountains
for you, oh prince, it should be easy to dampen the high swirling sands from Mongolia

murphy betting on a simple outcome

2/28/2011 9:06 AM

li bai viii-21

the song of of prince yung lin, the campaign in the east (3 of 11)

the thunder of drums pervades wu chang
the flags flutter like clouds over xun yang
the prince brings no harm and the three provinces of wu rejoice
spring with its beautiful colors is on its way

murphy hoping against hope

3/1/2011 8:21 AM

li bai viii-22

the song of of prince yung lin, the campaign in the east (4 of 11)

nanking with its writhing mountains has always been an imperial city
prince lin, the emperor's son, asks after its historical sites
spring breezes have just begun to warm the zhao yang palace
once again one views the bright moon above the zhi qiao balcony

murphy welcoming march with its promise of warmth

3/1/2011 8:29 AM

li bai viii-23

the song of prince yung lin, the campaign in the east (5 of 11)

the two emperor's are on their travels and have not returned to chang an
the thought of the cypress trees by the five imperial tombs are cause for sighs
the provincial governors do nothing to free lo yang from an lu shan
one looks forward to the return of the heroic prince from the outer districts

murphy worriedly reading the dispatches from the front

3/1/2011 12:00 PM

li bai viii-24

the song of prince yung lin, the campaign in the east (6 of 11)

bei gu mountain is the key strategic point for wu province
from its top one sees the entire country laid out as if on a map
camp fires on the many mountains extend to the blue sea
flags of troops line both sides of the river between the green mountains

murphy being briefed on the tactical position before leaving on his patrol

3/1/2011 12:10 PM

li bai viii-25

the song of prince yung lin, the campaign in the east (7 of 11)

the prince leaves the three streams and occupies the area of the five lakes
his galleys swim across the sea to reach yang zhou
the ships of war are crowded with men of the tiger guard
every sailor carries on board these brave dragon sons

murphy lost in his latest novel of the napoleonic sea wars

3/1/2011 12:17 PM

li bai viii-26

the song of prince yung lin, the campaign in the east (8 of 11)

a gale blows through the hoisted sails but the prince holds his position
the water roils, the mountains tremble, the barbarian crescent breaks
the prince came storming down the river like wang jun of the qin dynasty
when he descended down the mighty yang zi in si chuan

murphy in awe of the bravery of sailors of england in the time of wooden ships

3/3/2011 11:40 AM

li bai viii-27

the song of prince yung lin, the campaign in the east (9 of 11)

emperor qin shi huang wanted to cross the waters but knew there was no bridge
han wu di uselessly killed crocodiles in xun yang for no purpose
the warships of my prince outshines these deeds of the qin and the han dynasties
his expedition can be compared only to emperor tai zong crossing the liao river

murphy truly convinced the events of today are more important than any others in history

3/4/2011 9:03 AM

li bai viii-28

the song of prince yung lin, the campaign in the east (10 of 11)

the emperor respected the heroic prince and called him back over the passes to chu
but the prince would return only after sweeping the country of rebels
first he cleared around his home in the area of lakes yun and meng
then he took nan ging and made the little mountain there his own

murphy doing the job right the first time he was asked

3/4/2011 9:13 AM

li bai viii-29

the song of prince yung lin, the campaign in the east (11 of 11)

i ask the prince to lend me the whip with a jade handle
so i can use it to guide the rebels into pairs, then we sit on the beautiful mat
the south wind dampens the mongolian dust for a time
and we decide now to go west to chang-an to be close to the emperor

murphy finishing up the details before going home again

3/4/2011 9:19 AM

li bai viii-30

song of the abdicating emperor ming huang di as he travels to the southern capital (1 of 10)

the dust of the barbarians settled easily over the qian zhang terrace in chang an
as the emperor hastened to the west and took the road to si chuan
the pass of sword mountain tower is five thousand feet high
the stone floors and towers of the new palace reached up to the highest heaven

murphy making the best of a bad situation

3/4/2011 11:36 AM

li bai viii-32

song of the abdicating emperor ming huang di as he travels to the southern capital (3 of 10)

the splendor of trees in the spring at cheng du is similar to those in shen si
we are moving into the new residence after leaving chang an
the color of the willows is not up to the green in shen si
but the splendor of the flowers rivals the reds back in the shang yang palace

murphy eternally complaining when anything is changed

3/4/2011 11:54 AM

li bai viii-31

song of the abdicating emperor ming huang di as he travels to the southern capital (2 of 10)

the sky opens up and in the distance lies cheng du fu
tens of thousands of buildings, a thousand gates on view in the tableau
plants, trees, clouds, mountains; all an embroidery before us
i wonder if shen si has anything which could compare

murphy seeing the new york skyline for the first time in 1953

3/4/2011 11:42 AM

li bai viii-33

song of the abdicating emperor ming huang di as he travels to the southern capital (4 of 10)

who would say the journey of the emperor to si chuan was arduous
as the imperial train moved west all the people rejoiced to see him
on the earth the emperor moved from the wei river to the jin jiang
and the heavens saw fit to have yu lei mountain receive his majesty

murphy easily his own center of interest wherever he is

3/6/2011 8:40 AM

li bai viii-34

song of the abdicating emperor ming huang di as he travels to the southern capital (5 of 10)

currently the same customs and law prevail throughout the empire
why should the jin jiang be inferior to the meandering river in chang an
the stone mirror of the wu dan mountain is still brighter than the moon in the sky
the women of the imperial harem can still look for their eyebrows' reflections

murphy making himself at home in the strangest of places

3/6/2011 8:48 AM

li bai viii-35

song of the abdicating emperor ming huang di as he travels to the southern capital (6 of 10)

the clear jin jiang reaches above the yang zi for thousands of miles
light craft and heavy ships are taken down to giang su
although chang an can boast of the imperial park of shang lin yuan
cheng du has the beautiful balcony of the scattered flowers

murphy finding beauty wherever he finds himself

3/6/2011 8:58 AM

li bai viii-36

song of the abdicating emperor ming huang di as he travels to the southern capital (7 of 10)

the jin stream powers its way from here to the east
the seven bridges north of the city are like the seven stars hanging in the heavens
here within the four seas the emperor holds court
just as he does on o mei mountain crowned by the immortals

murphy having the same rhythm of life no matter where he is

3/6/2011 9:04 AM

li bai viii-37

song of the abdicating emperor ming huang di as he travels to the southern capital (8 of 10)

the prince of qin opened the way to si chuan and left the statue of the golden cattle
the han river seems to emanate from the lower reaches of the milky way
the son of heaven has come here with his his sacred footsteps
so cheng du fu now will always be an imperial city

murphy leaving his spoor wherever he goes

3/6/2011 9:12 AM

li bai viii-38

song of the abdicating emperor ming huang di as he travels to the southern capital (9 of 10)

the water is clear, the sky is blue, the wind raises no dust
the weather is altogether milder than in shen si
beautiful maidens from all the provinces follow the imperial carriage
now the spring on the jin stream is even more beautiful than before

murphy shining up the property before it is to be sold

3/6/2011 9:17 AM

li bai viii-40

the song of the moon over o mei mountain

the moon over o mei is half full
its reflection clear on the waters of the ping jiang stream
in the night i leave from qing xi through the three gorges
i fear , oh moon, i will not see you on this trip to chung qing

murphy always worried about foul weather when he travels

3/6/2011 9:33 AM

li bai viii-39

song of the abdicating emperor ming huang di as he travels to the southern capital (10 of 10)

the double barrier of the sword towers is si chuan's northern gate
the old emperor ming huang di went through them to the north like a passing cloud
the young emperor su zong opens for him the purple palace
and both rulers reign like the sun and moon over the heavens and earth

murphy safe and snug in his trundle bed

3/6/2011 9:24 AM

li bai viii-41

the song of the moon over o mei mountain, for si chuan priest yan on his departure to chang an

when i was visiting the three gorges area in si chuan
i saw the bright moon in the west of o mei mountain
the moon behind the mountain shines to the east on to the blue sea
it follows a man while he travels ten thousand miles

from the yellow crane balcony i watch the white moonlight
i look down and suddenly see you become a stranger to o mei
but the moon of o mei will now accompany you
the wind blows from the west to carry you to the streets of chang an

the major streets of chang an lie athwart the nine heavens
the moon of o mei mountain also shines there in shen si
as a golden lion of Buddha you will sit on a high throne
holding a jade handled whisk you will discuss deep mysteries

i am like a cloud forever stuck over wu and yue
you will meet the emperor and walk through the red palace gates
your glory will radiate through the entire imperial city
and when you return you will once again see the moon over o mei

murphy living in the outback on kangaroo meat

3/7/2011 8:04 AM

li bai viii-42

the song of the red wall, a farewell

two dragons fight each other to see who is stronger
the warships beside the red wall are swept from the world
their blazing fire rises in the sky to illuminate the sea of clouds
it is here that zhou yu gave cao cao a devastating blow

as you go down the blue stream to the green sea
and follow the path of zhou yu punishing the rebels
send me the full details old friend
i need your letters to strengthen my heart and spirit

murphy far from the fray in fact not spirit

3/7/2011 8:18 AM

li bai viii-43

the song of jiang xia

i remember the time when i was a pretty little girl
and kept my yearning heart firmly in hand
when i was told i would have to marry
i took myself away from thoughts of eternal longing
who would have thought that marrying a merchant
would create so much pain and grief
since the time we became husband and wife
how seldom has he been at home

early on he drove down to yang zhou
and i came with him to the yellow crane balcony
my eyes saw the sailors pull in from the distance
my heart followed the flowing waters of the stream
on leaving he merely said his travels would take a year
but now three autumns have passed me by
his long absence breaks my heart
and i harbor only bitter feelings toward him

our neighbors to the right and left traveled away with him
and their return trip north to south was within a month
i still do not know where he has gone
if he had written only once i could guess
once, even, i was in nan pu, a bit south of here
and asked a young barmaid about him
she was a passenger on a boat from xi jiang
she was in the fresh flower of sixteen

she too had become the wife of a man
but only i have so many sorrows
before the mirror my tears constantly flow
but i must not shed them before the people
would it not be better that i in my frivolous youth
would follow him from morning til night

i regret having become the wife of a businessman
for now i am disconnected from my youth forever
right now i could enjoy life with him
but since he left i feel my beauty is fast fading

murphy always a sucker for a sad story

3/7/2011 9:38 AM

lu bai viii-44

the song of desire to become an immortal genius

a crane flies east over the blue sea
ecstatic, he knows where he would land
an immortal is singing there waiting for him
he is warmly expected at the tree of gems

the stories of yao and shun no longer hold surprises
the other chatter of the world should be ignored
the great turtle does not carry the three ghost mountains in your head
you must fly to be taken to the summit of peng lai

murphy studying the sacred formulas of the cherokee

3/8/2011 8:23 AM

li bai viii-45

the song of the immortal princess you shen

the immortal princess you shen
visited the summit of tai hua mountain
she stirred the sky drums at first light
and was suddenly swept up by a pair of dragons

flexing her hands she crackled with lightning
then walked on the clouds without any sound
after a time she stopped on shao shi mountain
where she met zi wang mu the goddess of fairies

murphy listening to his grandfather speak of leprechauns

3/8/2011 8:37 AM

li bai viii-46

the song of the qing xi river

the qing xi rivers cleanses the heart
its waters different from other waters
one wonders whether the xin an stream in zhe giang
shows its bed as clearly as the waters here

the people walking its shore reflect as clearly as in a mirror
the birds flying over seem as if painted on a screen
in the evening one listens to the cries of the great apes
the heart of the wanderer is captured by this distant area

murphy remembering the clear waters at san angelo springs

3/8/2011 8:49 AM

li bai viii-47

song dedicated to yin ming zuo, in gratitude for his gift of a silk embroidered fur coat

i quietly chant from the poem of xie tiao
“the cold north wind howls in the driving rain”
though he is gone forever, and his home in the green mountains deserted
now you set before me as beautiful a work, oh master yin
this coat gleams like a five colored cloud
it shines like a rainbow stretching across the sky
the sparkle and glitter of the silk embroidery dazzle the eye
it equals the work of the maids of the moon goddess
its color rivals the golden pollen of the cypress
its green embroidery the rich oozing sap of crushed moss
the deep green of lush mountains, the brightness of islands in the sea
then the light pink of the clouds seen in the evening
dense hair of the fur abundant as heavy dew on morning’s flowers
how many years it must have taken to fashion so sumptuous a garment

my old friend has given me this jacket and i cannot give it back
as i accept it the landscape around is suddenly bathed in light
then at once verses of xie ling yun, count of kang lo, come to mind
it is as if poetic inspiration arises from this garment
from the lapel “the wooded gorges dark shadows move along”
from the sleeves “red morning clouds gather flying mists of the night”
all immortals would sigh deeply, overcome at the sight of this cloak
i would ride around in it sitting on a white deer up into the heavens
over the thousands of mountains and ten thousands of hills
in my hand magic purple fungus, my laughter scattered by the winds

si ma xiang ru cannot boast more of his cloak of kingfisher feathers
wang gung’s coat of white crane feathers cannot be compared to mine
my coat looks as if a thousand snowflakes fell on the jasper terrace
and each falling flake carried the fragrance of the spring wind
from you has come this marvelous coat to carry me into the sky
so i can make a proper appearance before the 36 gods of heaven
peering down from such a height i cannot see you
but such a separation of you and my soul brings no sadness

murphy reflecting on the fact his entire wardrobe is made up of gifts

3/9/2011 8:35 AM

li bai viii-48

death song

the roc flew on and shook the eight regions of the earth
in the middle of the heavens he collapsed, his energy gone
the last wind gusts from his wings touched a thousand generations
as did qu yuan, he fluttered to the east, his left wing catching on a fu sang tree
he now belongs to posterity, the only way he survives
confucius is also gone, who will shed tears for the death of the roc

murphy understanding myths are the road maps of culture

3/9/2011 8:50 AM

li bai viii-49

after an old idea

one is the hanging dodder plant
the other the flowering tu si
sunlight cannot find its way through either
you hang askew, protected from the spring winds
you can thrust from the pine at a hundred feet
you wrap around her with your family
who says it is easy to reach you

each of you on a different slope of the green mountain
the hanging dodder has a strong smell
the tu si flowers break the hearts of men
both their branches wind around each other
their leaves flutter in the wind
their seeds do not root in the ground
who is attracted to their distinctive scent

within them i spy a nest of two kingfishers
who nest the night above the purple mandarin ducks
if you can distinguish the difference of these plants
can you also still the tides of the oceans

murphy studying herbs with the medicine priest

4/4/2011 9:11 AM

li bai viii-50

the partridge

the tip of mount gu zhu emerges
in the light of the autumn moon
a partridge settles down
in the trees of the southern slope

it has made its nest there
with a wild mongolian goose
it laments, "my husband would lead me away
off to yan men far in the north

and i have already heard
from the golden pheasant from tatar
how often birds from the south
get into trouble in the cold north

the cold there is so bitter
it would burn both sword and spear
i will not build my nest on cang wu mountain
i will not leave this place

i swear i would rather perish
than to leave my homeland"
so moaned the distressed partridge
who wept unending tears

murphy keeping close to the warm hearth of his birthplace

4/5/2011 9:48 AM

li bai viii-51

song of general le si qi

in high antiquity the district around li yang was engulfed
and was changed into a vast lake of water still there today
densely wooded mountains surround these waters
dragons and tigers conceal their vitality within

mists have risen in this area for hundreds of years
a dreary atmosphere beneath wind drifting clouds
when suddenly general le si qi arrived on the scene
his wonderful strengths exceeding those of a hundred men

murphy believing totally in the myth of hercules

4/5/2011 1:53 PM

li bai viii-52

the song of the beautiful brushstroke

the young priest huai su called seng
is renowned for his beautiful calligraphy
his brushstrokes can emulate all the fish in the northern seas
rabbits of the zhong shan mountains sacrificed their fur for the hairs of his brush
collected in the 8th and 9th month when the weather begins to freshen

now deep drinking friends and poets fill the great hall
there stands a chest filled with paper and silk
with grinding stones from xuan zhou shining with black ink
my teacher huai su is drunkenly ensconced in his hammock
and fills in a few moments hundreds of sheets with his characters

it is like a whirlwind stormed down in a raging downpour
flower petals are flung around, snowflakes fall
then he stands upright and turns his restless hand to the wall
he forms bold gigantic characters as he writes
wildly thrown out while one hears the cries of ghosts and demons

again and again dragons and coiling snakes appear
the images twisted and crumpled like terrible lightning
they look like the states of qu and han waging war
how many houses in the seven districts south of tong ting lake
sport screens covered with his beautiful brushstrokes

i think of wang xi zhi and zhang zhi
how many others have tried to perfect their artistry
old zhang xu is already dead so he needs no mention here
but the style of my teacher huai su is not that of the old calligraphers
he is praised most highly for his startling originality
reminding one of the writhing sword dance of the woman gong sun

murphy practicing his italic hand

4/7/2011 9:06 AM

li bai viii-53

in response to the censor lu, the song of tong tang lake

you glorify the beauty of tong tang lake
saying it surpasses the river ruo ye xi in zhe giang
now, exactly where are these tong tang waters
far in the distance to the west of xun yang

there the leafy trees are festooned with graceful tendrils of green ivy
and everywhere along the shore are gatherings of white egrets
stone gate mountain rises in its middle and splits the flat surface of the lake
the “gold sand pond” is hundreds of fathoms deep and reflects the clouds and sun

there an old fishermen who has long fished these waters
yes, rowing and singing is not his only joy
we have seen each other often, yet we do not know each other
he comes out here and disappears across the tong tang lake
the waters are so clear the feet of wading girls seem whiter
beautiful girls like those of wu on the banks of the huan sha
the longer i experience the clear waters the more mysterious it seems
one would think here were the wu ling billowing green waves of spring
and the people of the qin had their peach blossom spring with their dogs and chickens
but compared to tong tang lake the peach blossom spring is put to shame

i cannot bear to be long parted from the beautiful area of tong tang lake
ten times i have visited and each leaving has been reluctant
the landscapes are so beautiful that the heart is enchanted
then a bird suddenly appears in the sky
the moon emerges from behind the green mountains to light ones way
the autumn winds rustle through the groves of bamboo
i sing the song of white snow stretching up to see the milky way
i dangle my feet in the waters of the lake and kick up white waves
liang hong and his wife de yao saw no more beauty in the mountains of gui ji
than one can see here at tong tang lake to delight the heart

murphy agog in the mountains of northwest Arkansas

4/7/2011 9:19 AM