

**A Sigh from a Jade Staircase**

Her jade-white staircase has grown cold with dew,  
Her silk soles wet, so long she lingered there.  
Why does she wait, her casement drawn half-to,  
Watching through glass the autumn moon's white glare?

—*Li Po (699-762) (Translated from the  
Chinese by Graeme McD. Wilson)*

**River Lodge**

I lie in this lodge that overlooks the river.  
The mountain-paths sink in the rising mist.  
Thin evening clouds trail out along the cliff-sides.  
Reflected moonlight warps in the water-twist.  
Egrets and cranes stand neckless in repose.  
Huge savage beasts howl hunting through the night  
And I lie awake obsessed by the fact of war,  
By my helplessness to put the least thing right.

*Tu Fu (712-770) (Translated from the  
Chinese by Graeme McD. Wilson)*