

**At the Chinese Frontier**

The north wind rasps on barren trees  
Whose jagged branches throw  
Shadows yet more jagged  
Into the moonlit snow.

Through endless miles of wilderness  
On either frozen hand  
Our line of frontier-fortresses  
Extends across the land.

I stand with my sword beside me.  
I shout and my shout rolls forth  
Free, unhindered, echoless  
Into the shivering north.

— *Kim Chang-so (1390 - 1453)*  
*Translated from the Korean*  
*by Graeme Wilson*