

Snow Village

Snow shawls this mountain village.
Even the stony road
Has snuggled under snowfall,
So snugly has it snowed.

Do not open the outer gate
For who on earth would call?

Though the moon, of course, is welcome
Any time at all.

—*Sin Hum (1566-1628;*
translated from the Korean by Graeme Wilson)

Old Age

Ageing is an agony.

Just white hairs, I'd thought;
But now that teeth are falling out
And hearing is a sort
Of fought-off deafness, it seems nothing
That my hair is white.

And she looks at me, she looks at me,
My darling of the night,
As though some bitter cucumber
Were sullyng her sight.

—*Anonymous*
(18th Century; translated from the Korean by Graeme Wilson)