VERSE

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)