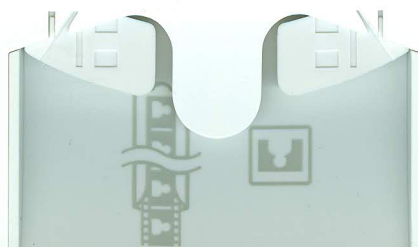




Shi : poem, poetry



(transliteration)

LÙ ZHAI

Kōng shān bù jiàn rén

Dàn wén rén yù xiāng

Fān jǐng (yǐng) rù shēn lín

Fù zhào qīng tái shàng

from Nineteen Ways
of Looking at Wang Wei

Eliot Wembaeger
& Octavio Paz

(text)

鹿柴

空山不見人，
但聞人語響。
返景入深林，
復照青苔上。

19

Empty mountains:

no one to be seen.

Yet—hear—

human sounds and echoes.

Returning sunlight

enters the dark woods;

Again shining

on the green moss, above.

—Gary Snyder, 1978

Three translations of poem 1
on previous page

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4

The Form of the Deer

So lone seem the hills; there is no one in sight there.

But whence is the echo of voices I hear?

The rays of the sunset pierce slanting the forest,

And in their reflection green mosses appear.

—W.J.B. Fletcher, 1919

12

Deer Fence

Empty hills, no one in sight,

only the sound of someone talking;

late sunlight enters the deep wood,

shining over the green moss again.

—Burton Watson, 1971



Han-Shan

粵自居寒山 曾經幾萬載
巖中人不 到白雲常變
快活枕石 頭天地任變改

任運遯林 泉棲遯觀自在
細草作臥 褥青天為被蓋

I

The path to Han-shan's place is laughable,
A path, but no sign of cart or horse.
Converging gorges—hard to trace their twists
Jumbled cliffs—unbelievably rugged.
A thousand grasses bend with dew,
A hill of pines hums in the wind.
And now I've lost the shortcut home,
Body asking shadow, how do you keep up?

Since I came to Cold Mountain
how many thousand years have passed
accepting my fate I fled to the woods
to dwell and gaze in freedom
no one visits the cliffs
forever hidden by clouds
soft grass serves as a mattress
my quilt is the dark blue sky
a boulder makes a fine pillow
Heaven and Earth can crumble and change

Tr. Red Pine

Tr. Gary Snyder

Han Shan

可笑寒山道 而無車馬蹤 聯溪難記曲 疊嶂不知重
泣露千般草 吟風一樣松 此時迷徑處 形問影何從

Tr. Red Pine

3

The Cold Mountain Road is strange
no tracks of cart or horse
hard to recall which merging stream
or tell which piled-up ridge
a myriad plants weep with dew
the pines all sigh the same
here where the trail disappears
form asks shadow where to

44

7

I settled at Cold Mountain long ago,
Already it seems like years and years.
Freely drifting, I prowl the woods and streams
And linger watching things themselves.
Men don't get this far into the mountains,
White clouds gather and billow.
Thin grass does for a mattress,
The blue sky makes a good quilt.
Happy with a stone underhead
Let heaven and earth go about their changes.

Tr. Gary Snyder

45

IV

Trying to talk light into dark mysteries:
 all moon bright night,
 searching reason, sun coming on to dawn.
 Ten thousand schemes, just muddy tracks.
 True magic, just to see the *true self* come:
 true self, and the *thus come* Buddha, One.

V

The gorge is long, rocks, and rocks and rocks, jut up,
 the torrent's wide, reeds almost hide the other side.
 The moss is slippery even without rain.
 The pines sing: the wind is real enough.
 Who's ready to leap free of the world's traces:
 come sit with me among white clouds?

VI

My old landlady
 got rich three or four years ago.
 Used to be poorer than me,
 now she laughs that I don't have money.
 She laughs that I've fallen behind.
 I laugh that she's gotten ahead.
 Both of us laughing, no stopping us.
 Landlady, and Lord of the West.

VII

How many T'ien T'ai mountain monks,
 don't really know what's up,
 and just talk idle nonsense?

Shih Te (8th century)

I

You say, "If you want to be happy,
 there's no way but to be a hermit.
 Flowers in the grove are better than brocade.
 Every single season's colors new.
 Just sit by a cliff and turn your head
 to watch the moon's ball roll."
 And me? I ought to be at joyous ease,
 but I can't help thinking of the people in the world.

II

When I was young I studied books, and swordsmanship,
 and rode off with a shout to the capital,
 where I heard the barbarians had been driven off already . . .
 there was no place left for heroes.
 So I came back to these crested peaks,
 lay down and listened to the clear stream's flow.
 Young men dream of glory:
 monkeys riding on the ox's back.

Fr. J.P. Seaton

Climbing Mountains in Dream

Nights hiking Sung Mountain in dream,
just a goosefoot walking-stick and me:
a thousand cliffs, ten thousand canyons,
I wander until I've explored them all,
my stride in dream as it was in youth,
strong and sure and so free of disease.
When I wake, spirit become itself again
and body returned to flesh and blood,
I realize that in terms of body and spirit,
body grows sick while spirit's immune,
and yet body and spirit are both mirage,
dream and waking merest appearance.
Scarcely able to hobble around by day
then roaming free all night with ease:
in the equal division of day and night
what could I gain here, and what lose?

*In the Mountains, Asking the Moon
In the Mountains, Asking the Moon*

It's the same Chi'ang-an moon when I ask
which doctrine remains with us always.
It flew with me when I fled those streets,
and now shines clear in these mountains,
carrying me through autumn desolations,
waiting as I sleep away long slow nights.
If I return to my old homeland one day,
it will welcome me like family. And here,
it's a friend for strolling beneath pines
or sitting together on canyon ridgetops.
A thousand cliffs, ten thousand canyons—
it's with me everywhere, abiding always.

Tr. David Hinton

Po Chi'ang-an (772-846)

小松

發地纔過膝蟠根已有靈巖霜百草白深院一株青後
夜蕭騷動空階蟋蟀聽誰於千歲外吟遶老龍形

LITTLE PINES

(5-character regulated verse, CTS 840)

Poking up from the ground barely above my knees,
already there's holiness in their coiled roots.
Though harsh frost has whitened the hundred grasses,
deep in the courtyard, one grove of green!
In the late night long-legged spiders stir;
crickets are calling from the empty stairs.
A thousand years from now who will stroll
among these trees,
fashioning poems on their ancient dragon shapes?

MORNING TRAVEL

Rising early
to begin the journey;
not a sound
from the chickens next door.
Beneath the lamp,
I part from the innkeeper;
on the road, my skinny horse
moves through the dark.
Slipping on stones
newly frosted,
threading through woods,
we scare up birds roosting.
After a bell tolls
far in the mountains,
the colors of daybreak
gradually clear.

早行
早起赴前程
雞尚未鳴
主人燈下
別羸馬
暗中行
躑石新霜
滑穿林
宿鳥驚
遠山鐘動
後曙色
漸分明

Chia Tao

Tr. Mike O'Connor

Chi - chi

Tr. Burton Watson

It Snowed in South Valley (1063)

TWELFTH MONTH, fourteenth day. Light snow during the night.
Next morning early I set out for the village of South Valley, stopped for
a bite and a drink on the way, and reached there by evening.

12 It snowed in South Valley – a priceless sight.

I raced my horse to get there before it could melt,
pushing back branches, following the trail alone,
ahead of dawn, first to cross the ocher bridge –
to find roofs caved in, nowhere to spend the night,
villagers starving: their listless voices show it.
Only the twilight crow knows how I feel –
he flies up and the cold limb sheds a thousand flakes.

New Year's Eve (1071)

18 New Year's Eve – you'd think I could go home early
but official business keeps me.
I hold the brush and face them with tears:
Pitiful convicts in chains,

little men who tried to fill their bellies,
fell into the law's net, don't understand disgrace.
And I? In love with a meager stipend
I hold on to my job and miss the chance to retire.
Don't ask who is foolish or wise;
all of us alike scheme for a meal.
The ancients would have feed them a while at New Year's –
would I dare to do likewise? I am silent with shame.

NO TITLE. Written in Hangchow. In 1090, when Su wrote another poem on the same rhyme, he described the circumstances under which he wrote this poem. "New Year's Eve I was on duty in the city office, which was full of prisoners in chains. Evening came and still I could not get away and return to my quarters, and so I wrote a poem on the wall." By custom, cases involving the death penalty had to be settled before the New Year, and it was such cases that kept the poet at his office.

子雍

(1645-?)



ZIYONG. Ziyong's family was originally from Liaodong Province in the far north, but had followed the Qing armies to Beijing. Later her father settled in what is today Hubei Province, where he and his wife lived a life of farming and study. Ziyong was an only child; her mother was in her late forties when she gave birth to her. A serious child, when she reached marriageable age, she protested vehemently and insisted that she wanted to live a life of vegetarian renunciation, fasting, and embroidering buddhas. Her parents reluctantly agreed. However, Ziyong soon decided that she wanted to further her spiritual knowledge, and she began to seek out many of the eminent Chan masters of the time, and several decades later, received Dharma transmission from a Linji Chan master by the name of Gulu Pan (dates unknown). She later became the abbess of a number of convents in the Beijing area. No doubt many of her devotees were the ladies of the royal family, and in time the Kangxi emperor bestowed upon her the honorary title of Compassionate Vehicle of Universal Salvation. Later, Ziyong took an extended pilgrimage to the south to visit sites associated with past masters of the Linji lineage as well as sacred Buddhist mountains and temples. Along the way, she visited various temples and met with many eminent monks. She so impressed the lay donors of one area in Jiangnan Province that they convinced her to become the head of a convent that they had restored. Ziyong appears to have spent many years in the south, and it is unclear when (if ever) she returned to the capital.

行脚偈

猶憶挑包昔日忘
遊山玩水出雲鄉
揚眉瞬目皆三昧
大地無非般若堂

Traveling Gatha

I still recall how, with my bag on a pole,
I forgot my yesterdays,
Wandered the hills, played in the waters,
went to the land of the clouds.
The lift of an eyebrow, the blink of an eye—
all of it is samadhi;
In this great world there is nowhere that is
not a wisdom hall.

山行

策杖穿林撥落紅
忽聞清磬度秋風
再來只恐無尋處
好記懸岩一古松

Traveling in the Mountains

My bramblewood stick cuts through the
woods, stirs up the fallen reds,
Suddenly I hear the clean sound of chimes
carried by the autumn breeze.
I'm just worried that if I come again, I won't
know how to find this place,
So I try to fix in my mind that solitary old
pine hanging from the cliff.¹⁷⁸