

Fall 1986

## Wind; Under the Silver River translated by Nancy Hunter

Li Shang-yin

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## *Wind*

It lifts my hairpin, circling the peacock.  
It worries my sash, brushing against the paired mandarins.  
Who asked you to come to my sleeping mat?  
It's fasting time, my secluded chamber's locked.

*Li Shang-yin*

*Translated from the Chinese  
by Nancy Hunter*

## *Under the Silver River*

I gaze in disappointment at the Milky Way  
and play my jade pipes.  
The tower's wintry, the courtyard cold  
and welcome this first light.  
Under the heavy quilt an old dream  
has come to an end.  
Last night in the far tree  
a hen flapped down from her roost  
and was gone.  
The moon over the arbor, then rain  
and as the familiar scent rose, I remembered  
wind on the screen, the guttering candle  
set way from clear frost.  
No need to rise from Mount K'ou like the prince.  
The zither of Hsiang, the flute of Ch'in  
carry enough feelings inside.

*Li Shang-yin*

*Translated from the Chinese  
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