Wind; Under the Silver River translated by Nancy Hunter

Li Shang-yin
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

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by Nancy Hunter