

Fall 1986

## Silk of scented phoenix tail lies in thin folds; The Lady in the Moon translated by Nancy Hunter

Li Shang-yin

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### Recommended Citation

Shang-yin, Li (1986) "Silk of scented phoenix tail lies in thin folds; The Lady in the Moon translated by Nancy Hunter," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 27 , Article 39.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss27/39>

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## *Silk of scented phoenix tail lies in thin folds*

Silk of scented phoenix tail lies in thin folds.  
Hunched within the green brocade canopy,  
she sews all through the long nights.  
Her fan, like a slice of the moon's soul,  
can't hide her shame—  
When his carriage rolled out, their words  
had been carried off in the sound of thunder.  
In the silence the candle already flickers.  
No word had come to justify the red wedding wine.  
By the river bank his dappled horses are still tied  
to the courtesan's drooping willow.  
How can she wait for news, a good Southwest Wind?

Li Shang-yin

*Translated from the Chinese  
by Nancy Hunter*

## *The Lady in the Moon*

In candlelight shadows deepen  
on the mica clouds in banks  
across my screen.

The Milky Way slowly falls.  
The morning star sinks.

Chang O must regret stealing  
the drink of immortality,  
condemned every night to  
the jade green sea, blue sky.

Li Shang-yin

*Translated from the Chinese  
by Nancy Hunter*