

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Yao Sui**  
**- poems -**

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# Yao Sui()

# Untitled

Sky's winds and sea's tides.  
Men of the past have likewise been here.  
Saints of wine, wizards of verse.  
I climbed to gaze out.  
Sun is far, heaven is high.  
Mountains join water, vast and obscure.  
Waters join sky, remote and mysterious.  
Through with making a name for myself,  
I laugh and chant verse;  
Haven't waited for any old monk to invite me!

UNTITLED

Things grow, things fall;  
I lie on my bed at midnight.  
All about me are puppets on stage;  
Man's life, unreal; like a bubble.  
Who in the mist of danger  
Finds light?

UNTITLED

Beneath my writing brush  
Themes of wind and moon pass by.  
Before my eyes  
The number of my children increases and increases.  
People ask me, "How goes it."  
I tell them  
The sea of men is vast;  
Not a day without shifts  
In life's winds and waves.

UNTITLED

To the passionate Mr. Wang she sent a note:  
"Tonight let's meet for love;  
Be sure to be there."  
She waited until the wife was asleep.  
Softly she tapped outside his window.

Yao Sui