

Classic Poetry Series

**Yuan Zhongdao**  
**- poems -**

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# Yuan Zhongdao()

# Record Of A Dream

The road before me completely dark;  
I know not where I am.  
Black water vast without bounds;  
No raft to sail upon.  
Above I cannot see the heavens;  
Below I cannot see the earth.  
Hear the growl of a mad dog;  
Right in my path he faces me and barks.  
On all sides not a soul to be seen;  
Again I try to seek the road back;  
Long and long for my old home.  
Black, black are the surrounding pines;  
Enter main rooms and hear no voices;  
Go through the side rooms and see no one.  
Grass is matted and chokes the courtyard;  
Wind is mournful and blows all around.  
Something or maybe nothing; I'm alarmed.  
Going in I can't find anyone; outside all is unclear.  
Slowly, slowly, where I've been recedes;  
My dreaming soul returns and I sweat like rain.

Yuan Zhongdao