

Classic Poetry Series

Du Mu
- poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Du Mu()

A Confession

With my wine-bottle, watching by river and lake
For a lady so tiny as to dance on my palm,
I awake, after dreaming ten years in Yangzhou,
Known as fickle, even in the Street of Blue Houses.

Du Mu

A Message To Han Cho The Yangzhou Magistrate

There are faint green mountains and far green waters,
And grasses in this river region not yet faded by autumn;
And clear in the moon on the Twenty-Four Bridges,
Girls white as jade are teaching flute-music.

Du Mu

A Mooring On The Qin Huai River

Mist veils the cold stream, and moonlight the sand,
As I moor in the shadow of a river-tavern,
Where girls, with no thought of a perished kingdom,
Gaily echo A Song of Courtyard Flowers.

Du Mu

A Night At A Tavern

Solitary at the tavern,
I am shut in with loneliness and grief.
Under the cold lamp, I brood on the past;
I am kept awake by a lost wildgoose.
...Roused at dawn from a misty dream,
I read, a year late, news from home
And I remember the moon like smoke on the river
And a fisher-boat moored there, under my door.

Du Mu

By The Purple Cliff

On a part of a spear still unrusted in the sand
I have burnished the symbol of an ancient kingdom....
Except for a wind aiding General Zhou Yu,
Spring would have sealed both Qiao girls in CopperBird Palace.

Du Mu

Drinking Alone

Window outside straight wind snow
Embrace stove open wine flask
How like fishing boat rain
Sail down sleep autumn river□
Outside the window, wind and snow blow straight,
I clutch the stove and open a flask of wine.
Just like a fishing boat in the rain,
Sail down, asleep on the autumn river.

Du Mu

Drunken Sleep

Autumn wine rain in well made
Cold house fall leaf in
Hermit really much asleep
More pour one cup empty□
The beer's brewed well amid the autumn rain,
The cold house sits amid the falling leaves.
The hermit spends a lot of time asleep,
He pours and drains another cup of beer.

Du Mu

Entering Shangshan

Early enter Shangshan hundred li cloud
Blue stream bridge under water sound divide
Flow water old sound person old ear
This time call not able listen
I enter Shangshan early, under a hundred miles of cloud,
Beneath the bridge a blue stream, the sound of the water divided.
The flowing water's old sound reaches the ears of the old,
This time I cannot bear to listen to its call.

Du Mu

I Climb To The Leyou Tombs Before Leaving For Wuxing

Even in this good reign, how can I serve?
The lone cloud rather, the Buddhist peace....
Once more, before crossing river and sea,
I face the great Emperor's mountain-tomb.

Du Mu

In The Autumn Night

Her candle-light is silvery on her chill bright screen.
Her little silk fan is for fireflies....
She lies watching her staircase cold in the moon,
And two stars parted by the River of Heaven.

Du Mu

Ji'An Prefecture: An Occasional Poem

Two poles set sun stream bridge on
Half thread light mist willow reflection in
How much green lotus mutual support hatred
Instant turn head back west wind□

Two poles of bamboo in the setting sun on the bridge over the stream,
Half a thread of light mist among the reflected willows.
How many green lotuses hatefully supporting each other,
Instantly I turn my head, my back to the western wind.

Du Mu

Mountain Travel

Far on cold mountain stone path slant
White cloud live place be households
Stop carriage because love maple forest evening
Frost leaf red than second month flower
Far away on the cold mountain, a stone path slants upwards,
In the white clouds is a village, where people have their homes.
I stop the carriage, loving the maple wood in the evening,
The frosted leaves are redder than the second month's flowers.

Du Mu

On Parting

Much feeling but seem all without feeling
Think feel glass before smile not develop
Candle have heart too reluctant to part
Instead person shed tear at dawn□
Much feeling- but it's just as if there's none,
I think behind my cup, but cannot smile.
The candle has a heart- it too hates parting,
In our place, it sheds a tear at dawn.

Du Mu

Parting I

She is slim and supple and not yet fourteen,
The young spring-tip of a cardamon-spray.
On the Yangzhou Road for three miles in the breeze
Every pearl-screen is open. But there's no one like her.

Du Mu

Parting II

How can a deep love seem deep love,
How can it smile, at a farewell feast?
Even the candle, feeling our sadness,
Weeps, as we do, all night long.

Du Mu

Pure Brightness Festival

Pure Brightness time rain disordered and confused
Road on traveller almost broken spirit
Politely ask inn what place be
Shepherd boy far point apricot blossom village
At the time of the Pure Brightness festival, the rain is swirling round,
On the road, the spirit of the traveler is almost broken.
He politely asks at what place an inn can be found?
A shepherd boy points far away to apricot blossom village.

Du Mu

Sent To Assistant Magistrate Han Chuo Of Yangzhou

Green hills indistinct water far away
Autumn end river south grass trees wither
Twenty four bridges bright moon night
Jade person what place welcome blow flute□
Green hills are indistinct, water stretches far,
The end of autumn south of the river- grass and trees are withered.
Twenty-four bridges under the bright moon tonight,
Where are the beautiful people blowing flutes of welcome?

Du Mu

Spring South Of The River

Thousand li orioles call green reflect river
Water village hill rampart wine banner wind
South dynasty 480 temples
How many pavilions mist rain in□
Orioles call for a thousand li, green's reflected in the river;
Waterside village; hillside rampart; wine; a banner in the wind.
In the time of the southern dynasties, there were four hundred and eighty
temples;
How many pavilions there are now in the mist and rain.

Du Mu

The Garden Of The Golden Valley

Stories of passion make sweet dust,
Calm water, grasses unconcerned.
At sunset, when birds cry in the wind,
Petals are falling like a girl's robe long ago.

Du Mu