Classic Poetry Series

Jia Dao
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive
Jia Dao()
Dong Yè Sòngrén

Bàn mingqi mashàng cun qiáo,
Hua luò méi xi xue wèi xiao.
Rì duan tian hán chóu sòng kè,
Chu shan wúxiàn lù tiáoyiáo.

Jia Dao
Failing To Locate A Friend

I have heard
there has arrived in Yangzhou
an old friend
Playing the flute.

Many people come
But no one meets him;

is it possible
he's inside the maze?

Jia Dao
Farewell To Tian Zhou On Retreat On Hua Mountain

Deep and hidden, cicadas
fill the dusk;
startled, you awaken
from stone bed sleep.

Near your hut,
a waterfall
falls
thousands of feet.

Pines near the altar
drip dew;
the mountain moon
shines in vast, clear space.

When a crane passes over,
you must see
riderless, it should bear
an immortal.

Jia Dao
For Mr. Ling Hu

With hiking stick
he makes good time in the mountains;
asks everyone he meets,
how far is it to Zizhou.

But the Yangzi's
in fact too far by foot;

and the travelers,
feeling for him, all feel for him.

Jia Dao
Green Dragon Temple's Mirror Room

In the past, one evening I stayed here,
In the Mirror Room on Complete South Mountain.
Lonely candle, an abandoned perch on a ridge,
Chime of stone bells blizzard scattered.
Old trees crack in the cold,
Deep spring water frozen stiff.
Careless and lazy, so much left undone,
I've lost my path to the Way.

Jia Dao
Jì Lìnhú Xianggong

Cèzhàng chí shanyì,
 Féngrén wèn Zizhou.
Changjiang nà kedào,
Xíngkè tí sheng chóu.

Jia Dao
Kouhào

Zhongyè wù zì qi,
Jí ci bai chī quan.
Línmù hán bái lù,
Xingdou zài qīng tian.

Jia Dao
Looking For A Recluse Without Success

Below the pines I ask the boy
He says his master had gone to find herbs
He's somewhere on this mountain
But the clouds are too thick to know where

Jia Dao
Overnight At Hanging Falls

Early morning
leave from Waterdrop;

by dusk arrive
at Hanging Falls.

The forest moon
is blocked by clouds;

a mountain lamp
shines desolately.

Jia Dao
Overnight At Mountain Temple

Massed mountains tower in the cold light,
A simple study facing this sight.
Shooting stars penetrate sparse trees,
The moon saunters toward recoiling mist.
To this summit few visitors come,
No cranes flock to the lofty pines.
Only one eighty year old monk,
Who never hears of worldly affairs.

Jia Dao
Poem

In the middle of the night,
I suddenly rise;
draw water from
the high falls.
The forest holds
(as in a mouth) white dew;

the clear sky:
stars.

Jia Dao
Seeing Off The Mountain Monk Chu Returning To Japan

Sail spread, you're ready
to depart on autumn waters,
to enter a deep, far realm
between realms.

Away from the Eastern Sea
so many years-
today your return
begins in China.

While absent from home,
your hair's turned white;
but at wave's end
blue hills will rise.

Separated by water,
we'll be in each other's thoughts;
but no letters
to distract your quiet life.

Jia Dao
Seek Hermit, Don'T Find Him

Ask disciple beneath the pines,
Says Master's gone to gather herbs.
He's somewhere in these mountains,
Dense Fog, who knows where...

Jia Dao
Seeking But Not Finding The Master

Under the pines
I ask the boy;
he says: 'My Master's gone
to gather herbs.

I only know
he's in those mountains,

in those deep clouds...
but I don't know where.'

Jia Dao
Seeking But Not Finding The Recluse

Under pines
I ask the boy;
he says: 'My master's gone
to gather herbs.
I only know
he's on this mountain,

but the clouds are too deep
to know where.'

Jia Dao
Sòng Chu Shanrén Guì Rìtong

Xuán fan dài qiushui,
Qù rù yaomíng guan.
Donghai jinián bié,
Zhonghuá círì huán.
Àn yáo sheng báifà,
Bo jìn lù qingshan.
Gé shuǐ xiāng sì zài,
Wú shu yeshì xián.

Jia Dao
Sòng Tián Zhuó Rù Huàshan

You shen zú mù chán,
Jīng jué shí chuáng mián.
Pùbù wú qian rèn,
Cáotáng pùbù bian.
Tán sòng juan di lǜ,
Yuè yuè jué liáo Tian.
Hè guò jun xu kàn,
Shàng tóu yingyou xian.

Jia Dao
Sù Shansì

Zhòng xiù song hânsè,
Jìng lú xiàng cì fēn.
Liu xìng tòu shu mù,
Zou yuè nìxíng yún.
Juéding rén lái shào,
Gào sòng hè bù
Yì sēng nián bashí,
Shìshì wèicéng wén.

Jia Dao
Tí Qinglóngsì Jìnggongfáng

Yi Xi céng liúsū,
Zhongnán yáo luò shí.
Gu deng gang she yan,
Cán qìng xue feng chuí.
Shù lao yín hán zhé,
Quán shēn chū jìng chí.
Shuyòng qí you shì,
Duo shì shàngfang qí.

Jia Dao
Tí Yinzhe Ju

Suí you cháimén chang bù guan,
Piàn yún Gumù bàn shen xian.
Yóu xián zhù jiu rén zhi chù,
 Jiàn ni yí jia gèng shàng shan.

Jia Dao
Visiting The Absent Hermit

Beneath the pine-trees, I ask of a lad I see.
Away is the master gathering herbs, says he,
Up in this mountain, but where? I cannot tell,
For there the clouds are deep and dense as be.

Jia Dao
Winter Night Sendoff

At dawn you mount, ride swiftly over the village bridge,
Petals fall on Plum Stream, snow still frozen.
Short days, frigid sky, I grieve at your departure,
Endless Chu Mountains, your road ever remote.

Jia Dao
Written On The Dwelling Of A Recluse

Even though you have a brushwood door,
it hasn't been shut for a long time;
A few clouds, a few trees
have been your only companions.
Still, I suspect if you stay longer,
people will learn of this spot;
We'll see you moving
higher on the mountain.

Brushed on a Hermit's Hut
Although you brushwood door is hardly ever shut,
And a slice of clouds one solitary tree
help you idle away your time.
Yet I suspect if you stay here longer people will find you,
Then you'll move even deeper in the mountains!

Jia Dao
Xún Yinzhe Bú Yù

Song xià wèn tóngzi,
Yán shí cāi yào qù.
Zhi zài cǐ shān zhōng,
Yún shēn bù zhī chu.

Jia Dao
Wénshuo dào Yángzhou,
Chuixiao you jiù yóu.
Rén lái duo bù jiàn,
Mòshì shàng milóu.

Jia Dao
Yé Xuánquán Yì

Xiao xíng lìshuǐ lóu,
Mù dào Xuánquán Yì.
Lín yuè zhí yún zhé,
Shan děng zhào chóu jì.

Jia Dao