

Classic Poetry Series

Jia Dao
- poems -

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Jia Dao()

Dong Yè Sòngrén

Bàn míngqì 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 Lìng hú Xiànggōng

Cèzhàng chí shānyì,
Féng rén wèn Zìzhōu.
Chángjiāng nà kèdào,
Xíngkè tì shēng chóu.

Jia Dao

Kouhào

Zhongyè wù zì qí,
Jí cǐ bāi chí quán.
Lín mù hán bái lù,
Xíng dōu zài qīng tiān.

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 cìrì huán.
Àn yáo sheng báifà,
Bo jìn lù qingshan.
Gé shuǐ xiàng sī zài,
Wú shu yeshì xián.

Jia Dao

Sòng Tián Zhuó Rù Huàshan

Youshen zú mù chán,
Jingjué shí chuáng mián.
Pùbù wu qian rèn,
Caotáng pùbù bian.
Tán song juan di lù,
Yuè yuè jué liáo Tian.
Hè guò jun xu kàn,
Shàng tóu yingyou xian.

Jia Dao

Sù Shansì

Zhòng xiù song hánsè,
Jing lú xiàng cǐ fēn.
Liu xíng tòu shu mù,
Zou yuè nìxíng yún.
Juéding rén lái shào,
Gao song hè bù
Yì sēng nián bāshí,
Shìshì wèicéng wén.

Jia Dao

Tí Qinglóng sì Jìnggongfáng

Yì Xī céng liúsù,
Zhōngnán yáo luò shí.
Gū dēng gāng shē yān,
Cán qìng xué fēng chuī.
Shù lǎo yīn hán zhé,
Quán shēn chū jìng chí.
Shuō yòng qì yǒu shì,
Duō shì shàngfāng qì.

Jiā Dào

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 shì cai yào qù.
Zhi zài cǐ shān zhōng,
Yún shēn bù zhī chū.

Jia Dao

Xún rén Bùyù

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

Jia Dao

Yé Xuánquán Yì

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

Jia Dao