

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Li Yu**  
**- poems -**

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Li Yu()

# A Heavenly Woman's Imprisoned In The Palace

Peng lai compound shut heaven level woman  
Painted hall day sleep people not speak  
Throw pillow jade cloud glossy  
Embroidered clothes smell extraordinary fragrance  
Secretly come pearl lock move  
Startle wake silver screen dream  
Face freely smile full full  
Mutual watch not limit love  
A heavenly woman's imprisoned in the palace at Penglai Hill,  
All are silent as she sleeps by day in the painted hall.  
Her glossy hair is spread like cloud on the pillow,  
Her embroidered clothes bear a wondrous fragrance.  
I secretly come and slide the pearl lock back,  
She's startled from her dream behind the silver screen.  
Her smiling face is overflowing with bliss,  
We gaze at each other with unbounded love.

Li Yu

## Beneath The Moon, Before The Steps (

Oriental cherry fall all steps front moon  
Appear bed sorrow rest on smoke enveloped  
Distant like last year this day regret also same  
Two braids not in order cloud wan and sallow  
Tears wet red wipe chest  
What place seem yearn suffer  
Gauze window drunk dream in□  
Beneath the moon, before the steps, all cherry blossom has fallen,  
Enwreathed in smoke, she looks sorrowful lying in bed.  
She feels the same regret today as one long year ago.  
Both braids like cloud in disarray, her face is wan and sallow,  
The crimson corset wet from wiping tears.  
But what's the reason why she suffers so?  
She lies in a drunken dream before the window.

Li Yu

# How Can A Man Escape Life's Sorrow And Regret?

Life sorrow regret how can avoid  
Overwhelm sorrow alone my feeling what limit  
Old country dream again return  
Wake come two tears fall  
High tower who do climb  
Long remember autumn clear scene  
Past events already become empty  
Go like a dream in  
How can a man escape life's sorrow and regret?  
What limit is there to my solitary grief?  
I returned to my homeland in a dream,  
As I awakened, I shed two tears.  
Who now will climb up those high towers,  
I remember those clear autumn scenes.  
Those past events have lost their meaning,  
They disappear as in a dream.

Li Yu

# How Many Tears

How many tears

Cut face repeat across cheek

Worry not with together tears speak

Phoenix flute not to tears time play

Heart break more without doubt□

How many tears

Criss-cross your cheeks and run across your face!

Don't try to speak when worry makes you weep,

Nor play the flute when it will bring your tears,

Or surely then your heart will break.

Li Yu

# I Climb The Western Tower In Silence

Not speak alone up west tower moon like sickle  
Quiet lonely wutong deep courtyard lock clear autumn  
Cut not sever mind still disorder is parting sorrow  
Separate is just like taste in heart head  
I climb the western tower in silence, the moon like a sickle.  
Clear autumn is locked in the deep courtyard, where a wutong tree stands lonely.  
Sorrowful parting has cut, but not severed our ties; my mind is still wild.  
Separation is just like a taste in head and heart.

Li Yu

# Last Night The Wind And Rain Together Blew

Last night wind together rain  
Curtain curtain sough autumn song  
Candle die water-clock exhausted often oh  
Rise sit not able calm  
Human affairs everywhere like flow water  
Consider come a dream float life  
Drunk country road sure should often go  
This outside not able continue  
Last night the wind and rain together blew,  
The wall-curtains rustled in their autumn song.  
The candle died, the water-clock was exhausted,  
I rose and sat, but could not be at peace.  
Man's affairs are like the flow of floodwater,  
A life is just like floating in a dream.  
I should more often go drunken through the country,  
For otherwise I could not bear to live.

Li Yu

## Light Mist Envelopes The Dim Moon

Flower bright moon dim enveloped light mist  
Today night good to darling side to  
stockings tread fragrant steps  
Hand carry gold thread shoes  
Painted hall south side meet  
One time snuggle person tremble  
Servant be out come hard  
Teach you reckless love  
Light mist envelopes the dim moon and bright flowers,  
A perfect night to go to her darling's side.  
In stocking soles, she treads the fragrant steps,  
And carries in one hand her gold threaded shoes.  
They meet by the south side of the painted hall,  
And trembling fall into each other's arms.  
'It's hard for me to creep out like a servant,  
To teach my darling the recklessness of love.'

Li Yu

# My Idle Dreams Roam Far

Idle dream far

South land positively fragrant spring

Boat on wind string river surface clear

Full city fly catkins light dust

Busy extremely look flower people

Idle dream far

South land positively clear autumn

Thousand li rivers hills cold colour far

Reed flower in depths moor solitary boat

Flute at moon bright night My idle dreams roam far,

To the southern land where spring is fragrant.

Wind and strings play on a boat on the river's clear surface,

The city is full of catkins flying like light dust.

People are occupied admiring the flowers.

My idle dreams roam far,

To the southern land where autumn is clear.

For a thousand li over rivers and hills cold colours stretch far,

Deep in flowering reeds, a solitary boat is moored.

Beneath the bright moon, a flute plays in the tower.

Li Yu

# Oh When Will Autumn Moon And Spring Flowers End

Spring flower autumn moon what time finish?  
Past events know so many  
Small tower last night again east wind  
Old country cot bear recollect moon bright at  
Carve balustrade marble steps must still remain  
Simply red face change  
For gentleman can be how much sorrow?  
Just like a river spring water to east flow□  
Oh when will autumn moon and spring flowers end?  
How many past events I've known.  
The east wind buffeted my room again last night,  
I cannot bear to remember the bright moon of the old country.  
The marble steps and carved balustrades must still be there,  
The people's rosy cheeks are all that's changed.  
How much sorrow can one man have to bear?  
As much as a river of spring water flowing east.

Li Yu

# Outside The Curtains The Rain Is Murmuring

Curtain outside rain murmur  
Spring trace waning  
Silk covers not resist fifth watch cold  
Dream in not know oneself be visitor  
One time seek pleasure  
Alone self not lean on railings  
Without limit rivers hills  
Parting time easy meet time hard  
Flow water fall flower spring go with  
Heaven on man world□  
Outside the curtains the rain is murmuring,  
And spring is waning,  
Silk bedding cannot resist the fifth watch cold.  
While in my dream, I forget I am a guest,  
And covet pleasure!  
I should not lean alone on these railings,  
The land is unlimited;  
It's easy to part- to meet again is hard.  
Spring's gone like blossom fallen on flowing water,  
My paradise too!

Li Yu

# The East Wind Blows Over The Water

East wind blow water sun hold hill  
Spring come great be idleness  
Fall flower scattered wine rail pendants tinkling  
Playing and singing drunk dream inside  
Pendant sound quiet evening dress lack  
For whom organise jadeite hair  
Accept successive brightness cherish red complexion  
Dusk alone lean on railings  
The east wind blows over the water, the sun sits by the hill,  
Though spring has come, the idleness persists.  
Fallen blossom is scattered amid wine and tinkling pendants by the rail,  
She listens to playing and singing in a drunken daze.  
The pendants are now silent, her evening wear undone,  
For what man's sake is she to dress her hair?  
Her fair appearance too will pass as time slips by,  
At dusk, she leans alone upon the railing.

Li Yu

# The Wind Returns; My Little Courtyard Is Green And Overgrown

Wind return little courtyard overgrown green  
Willow see spring appear extend  
Lean on railing half day alone no word  
As before bamboo sound new moon like those days  
Playing and singing not disperse wine cups outside at  
Pool face ice begin melt  
Candle bright fragrance dim painted hall deep  
Complete temples complete frosty remnant snow think hard allow  
The wind returns; my little courtyard is green and overgrown,  
The willows seem to have grown again this spring.  
I lean for a long time on the railings; alone, without a word,  
The sound of bamboo and the new moon are just like in days gone by.  
The playing and singing have not yet ceased; the wine cups remain,  
The ice on top of the pool begins to melt.  
Bright candles and a faint fragrance are deep in the painted hall,  
It's hard to think I must allow my temples all to turn white.

Li Yu