

Classic Poetry Series

Liu Yuxi
- poems -

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Liu Yuxi()

Black Shirt Lane

By the bridge over Qin-wei River,
Wild flowers and grass had grown over.
In Black Shirt Lane, nothing much differed,
And at the entrance it was the same sunset ever.
Into the halls of dignities, the swallows once flown,
But now they are finding their way in ordinary homes.

Liu Yuxi

Returning Home

During my youth I left home and returned there in my old age,
My accent is unchanged but my hair had turned white.
The children saw me but they do not recognize me,
With smiles they asked me where I came from.

Liu Yuxi