

Classic Poetry Series

Lu Yu
- poems -

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Lu Yu((-))

Caught In A Drizzle On The Way To Sword Gate Mountain

War dust and wine stains mix on my clothes.
My soul melts when I roam from a long distance.
Is this body of mine really that of a poet?
In a drizzle I enter Sword Gate on a donkey.

Lu Yu

Idleness

I keep the rustic gate closed
For fear somebody might step
On the green moss. The sun grows
Warmer. You can tell it's Spring.
Once in a while, when the breeze
Shifts, I can hear the sounds of the
Village. My wife is reading
The classics. Now and then she
Asks me the meaning of a word.
I call for wine and my son
Fills my cup till it runs over.
I have only a little
Garden, but it is planted
With yellow and purple plums.

Lu Yu

'Plum Flowers' To The Tune Of 'Fortune Teller'

By a broken bridge outside the horse relay station
plum flowers bloom for no one.
Already it is evening and sad and lonely
and they are beaten by rainy wind.

They don't wish to compete for spring,
though other flowers envy their early blossoming.
When petals drop to the mud and are ground to dust
the fragrance remains the same

Lu Yu