

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Yu Xuanji  
- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2012

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Yu Xuanji()

# Poem For The Willows By The River

Jade's colour joins the river's barren banks;  
smoky clouds dance themselves into distant mansions.  
Reflections spread on the surface of the autumn river;  
flowers fall on the heads of fishermen.  
Old roots hide the haunts of fishes;  
branches bend to moor visiting boats.  
The night sighs and sighs with wind and rain,  
and unsettling dreams return more sadness to me.

Yu Xuanji

## Selling Wilted Peonies

Facing the wind, she raises a sigh as the petals fall and fall;  
fragrant thoughts all sink and vanish with yet another spring.  
No one asks about them, because their price is high,  
though even butterflies can't come close to a fragrance that's so strong.  
Red petals that should only have grown in a palace,  
jade-green leaves tainted by the dust of the road  
if only they were moved into the imperial gardens,  
young nobles would regret having no means to buy!

Yu Xuanji

## Sent To A Neighbour Girl

The day's shyness is covered with a silken sleeve;  
spring sadness makes it hard to rise and put my makeup on.  
It's easy to come by a pearl without price;  
what's hard is to find a lover with a heart.  
On the pillow, hidden teardrops;  
among the flowers, a broken heart  
but still I can peep at Song Yu,  
so why regret Wang Chang?

Yu Xuanji

## Silk-Washing Temple

As the states of Wu and Yue piled plot upon plot,  
the silk-washing goddess offered ease;  
a pair of laughing dimples turned the prince's head,  
and a hundred thousand soldiers let fall their shining spears.  
Fan Li, having succeeded, went into retirement;  
Wu Xu died for his advice, and his country was wiped out.  
And yet, today, by the long river at Zhuji,  
there's nothing but a green hill named Zhu Luo.

Yu Xuanji

# Thanking Scholar Li For His Gift Of A Bamboo Mat

The precious mat is newly spread in my kingfisher-green chamber,  
a deep, clear river of jade turning at right angles.  
Yet surely it must share the feelings of the cloudlike fan,  
facing the silver bed together, fearing an early fall.

Yu Xuanji

# To Grand Secretary Liu

The Eight Ministries control the valiant troops;  
songs and carols fill the road anew.  
On the River Fen, third-month rains;  
on the Jin River, a hundred-flower spring.  
Prisons and jails have been locked up empty;  
weapons of war are now covered in dust.  
Scholars and monks watch Midnight[2] perform;  
visiting guests get drunk on scarlet mats.  
The brush and the inkstone move at ease in your hand;  
poems and letters sit surrounding you.  
Even those of minor talent are well cared for;  
they are men who may dine on fish.

Yu Xuanji

## To Guo Xiang

From dawn to dusk I'm drunk, singing songs of myself,  
lovesick with every new spring.

Out in the rain, there's a messenger with letters,  
and under my window, someone with a broken heart.

Rolling up beaded blinds, I see mountains;  
sorrows renew themselves like fragrant grass.

Since the day we parted, at your feasts  
how often has the rafter dust fallen?

Yu Xuanji

## To The Perfect Master

Coloured clouds cut into clothing,  
fragrant incense from embroidered veils;  
the flowers and leaves of the lotus are,  
the \_\_\_ cloak of the landscape is thin.  
Halt your steps—hear the orioles singing,  
open the cage—let the crane fly free.  
Sleep in spring in the high hall!  
Wake to the heavy dusk rain

Yu Xuanji