

CHINESE POETRY

Deer Fence/Enclosure      *By Wang Wei (699–761)*

空山不見人，	Kong shan bu jian ren	Empty mountain not see people
但聞人語響。	Dan wen ren yu xiang	Only hear people talk sound
返景入深林，	Fan jing ru shen lin	Return brightness enter deep forest
復照青苔上。	Fu zhao qing tai shang	Again shine green moss upon

I see no one in the deserted hills  
Hear only the echo of men's speech.  
Sunlight cast back comes deep in the woods  
And shines once again upon the green moss

*Translated by Stephen Owen*

On the empty mountain, seeing no one,  
Only hearing the echoes of someone's voice;  
Returning light enters the deep forest,  
Again shining upon the green moss.

*Translated by Richard W. Bodman and Victor H. Mair*

## 十五從軍征

1. 十五從軍征
2. 八十始得歸
3. 道逢鄉里人
4. 家中有阿誰
5. 遙看是君家
6. 松柏冢纍纍
7. 兔從狗竇入
8. 雉從梁上飛
9. 中庭生旅穀
10. 井上生旅葵
11. 春穀持作飢
12. 採葵持作羹
13. 羹飢一時熟
14. 不知貽阿誰
15. 出門東向看
16. 淚落沾我衣

*Anonymous, Han Dynasty*

1. fifteen	--	Join	Army	Go-on-an-expedition
2. eighty	--	Then	Able-to	Return
3. way	Meet	village	district	Man
4. home	Middle	There-is	---	Who
5. from-a-distance	Look	Is	Your	Home
6. pine	Cypress	Mound	Clustered	Clustered
7. rabbit	From	Dog	Hole	Enter
8. pheasant	From	Rafter	On-above	Fly
9. middle	Yard	Grow	Wild	Grain
10. well	On;upon	Grow	Wild	Mallow
11. beat/grind	grain	For/hold	Make	Rice
12. pick	Mallow	For/hold	Make	Soup
13. soup	Rice	One	Time	Cooked
14. not	Know	Give	(participle)	Who
15. go-out-of	Door	Eastward	Face	Watch
16. tears	Drop	Drench	My	clothes

<p>Kenneth Rexroth's 1970 translation:</p> <p>"HOME"</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. At fifteen I joined the army.</li> <li>2. At twenty-five I came home at last.</li> <li>3. As I entered the village I met an old man and asked him,</li> <li>4. "Who lives in our house now?"</li> <li>5. "Look down the street, there is your old home."</li> <li>6. Pines and cypresses grow like weeds.</li> <li>7. Rabbits live in the dog's house.</li> <li>8. Pigeons nest in the broken tiles.</li> <li>9. Wild grass covers the courtyard.</li> <li>10. Rambling vines cover the well.</li> <li>11. I gather wild millet and make a pudding</li> <li>12. And pick some mallows for soup.</li> <li>13. When soup and pudding are done,</li> <li>14. There is no one to share them.</li> <li>15. I stand by the broken gate,</li> <li>16. And wipe the tears from my eyes.</li> </ol> <p>Kenneth Rexroth. One Hundred More Poems from the Chinese. New Directions (1970)</p>	<p>Wai-lim Yip's 1976 translation:</p> <p>At Fifteen I Went to War</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. At fifteen I went to war</li> <li>2. At eighty now I made it home</li> <li>3. Meeting one from my village:</li> <li>4. "Who now is at home?"</li> <li>5. "Over there is your house."</li> <li>6. Pines, cypresses, tombs in clusters</li> <li>7. Rabbits come in from dog-holes.</li> <li>8. Pheasants fly upon the beams.</li> <li>9. Middle of court: wild grains rise.</li> <li>10. Well's edge: wild mallows grow.</li> <li>11. Grind grains to make rice.</li> <li>12. Pick mallows to make soup.</li> <li>13. Rice and soup soon ready.</li> <li>14. But for whom?</li> <li>15. Go to the east gate to look out:</li> <li>16. Tears drench my clothes</li> </ol> <p>Wai-lim Yip. Chinese Poetry: Major Modes and Genres. University of California Press (1976).</p>
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