

AS I PREPARE TO RETURN TO THE CAPITAL TO TAKE UP A POST

Du Mu (803-852)

Sun warms, mud thaws, the snow now half-gone.
Travelers find grass sweet, neighs of horses keen.
On roads to Nine Petal Mountain clouds cover shrines.
Willows brush bridges in Blue Bow River towns.
Flying high as the geese, your ambition.
My heart's swirling banner, ever shaken.
We come the same way but never together return;
always alone, though green home be found again.

—*Translated by Mark Francis*

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