

AT JI GATE

Gao Shi (702-765)

Dark, dark, to the Great Wall's west.
Sun sinks, sky turns to smoke and dust.
Though Hun horsemen press close
to their fate Han troops hold fast.
Ancient trees fill the empty pass.
Yellow clouds lay men waste.

—*Translated by Mark Francis*

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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 2 Spring 2006