

## AT QI'AN PREFECTURE IN LATE AUTUMN

*Du Mu (803-852)*

Wind blowing thin shadows on a bank of willows.  
The prefect's home seems but a rustic fellow's.  
Cloudy shapes, watery forms, well suit the guest  
—chanting his heart out, singing forth his soul.  
In the rainy night failing lamps, chessmen at rest.  
On a lone bed sobering up to the first goose call.  
How on this red bank the ancient heroes struggled.  
Now only the spot for an old angler's pole.

*—Translated by Mark Francis*

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