

## ON THE BORDER

*Wang Changling (?-756)*

In bare mulberry trees cicadas sound.  
The eighth month, on a bleak frontier road.  
Over the border, back from the border again:  
everywhere, yellow weeds.  
Always, soldiers of the northland  
have grown old on stretches of sand.  
Do not follow wandering swordsmen  
who make boast of valiant steeds.

—*Translated by Mark Francis*

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