

ON THE NINTH DAY, CLIMBING A HEIGHT

Du Mu (803-852)

Geese take wing, the river brims with shades of autumn.
With guest and flagon I ascend the delicate green.
In this dusty world hearty laughs are a rare occasion.
Let's pluck chrysanthemums, fill our hair for the return.
Only dead drunkenness suits such a fine season;
no need to climb a height in sunset lament.
It's ever been like this since the ancients.
What use sopping tears alone above Ox Mountain?

—*Translated by Mark Francis*

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