

THINKING OF MY YOUNGER BROTHERS ON A MOONLIT NIGHT

Du Fu (712-770)

War drums have cut off all human motion.
Cry of a lone wild goose at the front in autumn.
A white dew from this night begins:
the moon as bright as over homeland.
My brothers are scattered to the winds—
no home to ask whether dead or living on.
Letters often miss their destination;
more so now that the fighting never ends.

—*Translated by Mark Francis*

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