

WANG YUANDING

TUNE: DRUNK IN TIME OF PEACE

COLD FOOD DAY

Nursling crows caw out cry on cry,  
Breaking the early day of spring.  
Last night the drizzle moistened the sand far and nigh,  
Thousands of homes sweetened by the breeze on the wing.  
The lovebirds tiles of painted house are washed clean,  
The colored ropes of the swing wet before the bower.  
I wake to find the sun redden the window screen  
And hear the street cry of selling apricot flower.

XUE ANGFU

TUNE: AUTUMN SWAN ON FRONTIER

Busy for far-flung fame as swallows in flight,  
Culture hangs by a thread, none cares to be polite.  
Time flies away as fast as flashing light,  
Like frosted silk the hair on our forehead turns white.  
All say it is good to retire,  
But to be a hermit none has the desire.  
Up to now only  
The poet-hermit still feels lonely.