

1. *Congratulate The Groom* (Desember 1923)

Waving farewell, I set off my journey.

The desolate glances we give each other make things worse,

Yet again emphasizing our bitter feelings.

Eyes and brows reflect your tension,

As you hold back hot tears that seek to flow.

I know you have misunderstood our past exchanges;

What drifts before our eyes are clouds and fog,

Even though we thought none knew each other as well as you and I.

When people feel such pain,

Does Heaven know?

At dawn today, thick frost on the way to East Gate,

A fading moon and half the sky reflected in our patch of pond-

Both echo our desolation.

The sound of the train's whistle cuts straight to me.

From this time on I'll be everywhere alone.

I'm begging you to sever these tangled ties of emotion.

I myself would like to be a rootless wanderer,

And have nothing to do with lover's whispers.

The mountains are about to tumble down.

Clouds dash across the sky.

(Spence, 1999: 66).

2. *The Immortals* (11 Mei 1957)

My proud poplar is lost to me,

and to you your willow;

Poplar and willow

soar to the highest heaven.

When they asked Wu Kang

what he had to give them

He presented them

with cassia wine.

The lonely goddess

who dwells in the moon

Spreads her wide sleeves

to dance for the good souls

in the boundless sky.

Suddenly word comes

of the Tiger's defeat on earth,

And they break into tears

that fall as torrential rain.

(Ch'ên, 347).

Versi lain dari terjemahan bait kedua puisi *The Immortals*

Chang E in her loneliness

Spreads her billowing sleeves,

As though the vast emptiness of space

She dance for these virtuous souls.

Suddenly word comes that down on Earth,

The Tiger has been subdued.

*And the tears that they shed
Fall like a torrent of rain.
(Spence, 1999: 138).*

3. ***The Long March*** (September 1935)

*The Red Army fears not the trials of the Long March
And thinks nothing of the thousand mountains and river.
The Wuling Ridges spread out like ripples;
The Wumeng Range roll like balls of clay.
Warmly are the cliffs wrapped in clouds and washed by the Gold Sand;
Chilly are the iron chains lying across the width of the Great Ferry.
A thousand acres of snow on the Min Mountains delight
My troops who have just left them behind.
(Ch'ên, 336).*

4. ***The Occupation of Nanking by the PLA*** (April 1949)

*A Tumult rises with wind and rain from Mount Chung
As a million matchless troops cross the Great River.
The mountain is a recoiling dragon, the city a seated tiger,
both more regal than ever.
The sky is inverted, the earth turned upside down,
and our spirits are soaring.
We should whimp up our courage and pursue the routed bandits;
we must not imitate Pa Wang in vainly seeking a reputation for charity.
Had heaven feelings it would long since have grown old!
People are beginning to talk of a sea turning into mulberry fields.
(Ch'ên, 342).*

5. **To Liu Ya-tzu (April 1949)**

*I can never forget the tea we took in Canton
 And the poem you asked for in Chungking as the leaves were turning yellow.
 Thirty-one years have passed and I am back in this ancient capital;
 At the season of falling flowers I am reading your beautiful verses.
 Beware of breaking your heart with too much sadness;
 Always take a farsighted view of world events.
 Do not say that the waters of Lake K'unming are too shallow;
 For watching fish they are better than Fuch'un River.
 (Ch'ên, 343).*

6. **Farewell to the God of Plagues**

*The waters and hills displayed their green in vain
 When the ablest physicians were baffled by these pests.
 A thousand villages were overrun by brambles and men were feeble;
 Ghosts sang their ballads in a myriad desolate houses.
 Now, in a day, we have leapt round the earth
 And inspected a thousand Milky Ways.
 If the Cowherd asks about the god of plagues,
 Tell him that with joy and sorrow he has been washed away by the tide.

 Thousands of willow branches sway in the spring wind;
 The six hundred million on this great land are all saintly.
 As they wished, the peach blossoms have turned into waves
 And the green mountain ranges into bridges.
 On lofty Wuling rise and fall silver hoes,
 Iron arms shake the earth and tame the broad rivers.*

*'Where are you bound, God of Plagues?
For your farewell we'll burn candles and paper boats.'*
(Ch'ên, 349).

7. ***Return to Shaoshan (June 1959)***

*I curse the tim that has flowed past
Since the dimly-remembered dream of my departure
From home, thirty-two years ago.
With red pennons, the peasants lifted their lances;
In their black hands, the rulers held up their whips.
Lofty emotions were expressed in self-sacrifice:
So the sun and moon were asked to give a new face to heaven.
In delight I watch a thousand waves of growing rice and beans,
And heroes everywhere going home in smooky sunset.*
(Ch'ên, 350).

8. ***Lushan (1 July 1959)***

*Beside the Great River the mountain rises majestically.
I ascend four hundred spirals to reach its verdant peaks.
Coldly I scan the worl toward the sea;
Warmly the wind carries rain to this riverside.
Clouds hang above the nine tributaries flowing by the tower of the
Yellow Crane;
Waves race down to the ancient state of Wu, giving off white mist.
Who knows where Magistrate T'ao has gone?
Could he be farming in the Land of Peach Blossoms?*
(Ch'ên, 351).

9. ***Reply to a Friend*** (1961)

Clouds fly over Mount Chiu-yi

As gods, riding the wind, descend from heaven.

A myriad teardrops created the spots on bamboos;

A thousand pieces of rosy cloud from the garments of the gods.

The white breakers in Lake Tung-t'ing, like snow, rise to the sky;

The songs of the people of Long Islet make the earth vibrate.

I want to dream of the immensity

Of this country of hibiscuses upon which the morning sun always shine.

(Ch'ên, 353).

10. ***A Reply to Kuo Mo-jo*** (17 September 1961)

Since the thunderstorm has broken out over this earth

A spirit has emerged from a heap of skeletons.

The Monk though stupid, is capable of correction,

But the evil spirit will bring disasters.

The Monkey King raises his mighty staff

To disperse the spectral dust that fills the world.

Let us hail him today,

For the noxious fog is returning once again.

(Ch'ên, 355).

11. ***Winter Clouds*** (26 December 1963)

Fluttering snow weighs down the winter clouds.

All flowers have wilted.

Up in the sky cold currents flow;

On the ground warmth still breathes.

Alone, a hero drives away tigers and leopards.

The brave have no fear of bears.

The plum tree welcomes a snowy sky,

Caring nothing for the flies frozen to death.

(Ch'ên, 358).

