

Classic Poetry Series

Cao Cao
- poems -

Publication Date:

2012

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Cao Cao()

Hao Li Xing

Gallant men there were, from the Eastern lands,
rallying against the nefarious ones.

At Mengjin, where the last Alliance met,
they vowed
to free the Capital from the evil shroud.

Though their forces were one, their minds
divided; hesitant they marched
like geese leaderless.

And not long after,
they fought
among themselves; for profit they sought.

The younger Yuan himself an emperor made,
In the north the other carved a seal of jade.

When last did armour leave the soldiers' frames?
Lice and fleas infest the long-worn metal.
From a myriad families people are lost
to untimely death, while
sun-blached bones lie bare in fields
abandoned, nor a cock-crow heard for a thousand li.
Of a hundred men who live here now,
would even one be left
by the morrow?
That very thought breaks my heart with sorrow.

Cao Cao

Mo Shang Sang

Driving a rainbow,
Riding crimson clouds,
I ascend the Nine Peaks to the Gates of Jade.

Crossing Heaven's River ,
Reaching Mount Kunlun ,
I meet the Western Goddess, pay my respects to the Sun.

Chisong's my companion,
With Xianmen I am friends
I learn to nurture my spirit with the Tao that transcends.

My food's the immortal's lingzhi ,
My drink's from fragrant springs,
My staff is made of laurel, and on my head an orchid ring.

No mortal affairs or troubles,
No limits to where I go,
As swift as the wind blows in the universe I travel.

Though the shadow has moved not,
A thousand miles I've passed
Ageless as the mountains but forgetting not the past.

Cao Cao

Though The Tortoise Lives Long

Though the tortoise blessed with magic powers lives long,
Its days have their allotted span;
Though winged serpents ride high on the mist,
They turn to dust and ashes at the last;
And a noble-hearted man though advanced in years
Never abandons his proud aspirations.
Man's span of life, whether long or short,
Depends not on Heaven alone;
One who eats well and keeps cheerful
Can live to a great old age.
And so, with joy in my heart,
I hum this song.

Cao Cao

To My Wine

To my wine I sing
of the times of peace,
when officers shall not make calls at the door.
The ruler is bright and virtuous,
His ministers loyal and trustworthy.
Abiding by propriety and courtesy,
The people have no cause for lawsuits.

From three years of farming, nine years of stores,
The granaries overflow with grains
While the elderly have no need to labour.
Rainfall is abundant and of proper time,
The myriad of crops a great harvest yields.
From the highways are pulled back mighty steeds,
Their manure used to fertilize the fields.

From dukes down to viscounts,
all love the common people,
demoting the unworthy, raising up the good
As fathers and brothers they nurture the people.
Those who defy the law
are punished according to the severity;
though none is so selfish as to take roadside property.
The jails are all empty,
and on Solstice day no sentences are pronounced.

All live to eighty or ninety,
and pass away only of old age.
The ruler's compassion touches all creatures equally.

Cao Cao

Walking From Xiamen And Looking At The Blue Sea

East face Jieshi mountain
And gaze blue sea
Water how dancing gently
Mountain island towering
Trees grow thick
Hundred grasses lush
Autumn wind soughs
Big waves rise up
Sun moon their journey
As if from this in
Milky way splendid
As if from this in
Very lucky very lucky oh
Song sing wish□

East of Jieshi mountain, I gaze at the blue sea.
The water dances so gently, the mountain island towers.
Trees here grow thick, a hundred grasses are lush.
The autumn wind soughs, great waves rise up.
The path of the sun and moon, seems to come from within.
The splendid Milky Way, seems to come from inside.
Oh, I am so lucky, to be singing my song!

Cao Cao