

Classic Poetry Series

Li Qingzhao
- poems -

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Li Qingzhao()

To The Tune Of A Variation Of Rinsing Silk Stream

Thousands of light flakes of crushed gold for its blossoms,
And the trimmed jade for its layers of leaves,
This flower has the air of Scholar Yen Fu.
How brilliant!
Plum flowers are too common;
Lilicas, too coarse, when compared with it.
Yes, it is penetrating frangence drives away my fond dreams
of far away places.□
How merciless!□

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of Bodhisattiva Aliens

Soft breezes, mild sunshine, spring is still young.
The sudden change to light apparel
brightened my spirit.
But upon awakening from slumber, I felt the chilly air;
The plum flower withered in my hair.
Where can I call my native land?
Forget - I can not, except in wine when I drown my care.
Incense was lighted when I went to sleep;
Though the embers are now cold,
the warmth of wine still holds.

The cry of returning wild geese has stopped; evening clouds look azure.
Snow is falling outside the windows, smoke from the chimney rises straight
upward.
Under the candle-light glistens the phoenix hairpin,
On which the man-shaped ornament is light.
The sounding horn announces the approach of daybreak;
Stars are driven back by the light of early dawn.
It is difficult to enjoy spring flowers.
The west wind is still too cold.

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of Complint Against The Prince

Over the lake the breezes come, waves expand, hight and far.
Autumn approaches its end, blossoms are scanty and fragrance rare.
Water lustrous, mountains bright -hued show their affection and friendliness to
us mortals.

Words are never sufficient to describe

The boundless beauty of nature, Lotus seeds are ripe, leaves are old. Dew drops,
clear and cool, have washed and duckweed flowers and sprinkled the grass on
the islets.

Heorns, resting on the sand, do not turn their heads,
As if they, too, hate to see
People leave so soon.

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of Happy Event Is Nigh

The wind ceases; fallen flowers pile high.

Outside my screen, petals collect in heaps of red
and snow-white.

This reminds me that after the blooming of the cherry-apple tree.

It is time of lament the dying spring.

Singing and drinking have come to an end;
jade cups are empty;

Lamps are flickering.

Hardly able to bear the sorrows and regrets of my dreams,
I hear the mournful cry of the cuckoo.

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of Intoxicated Under The Shadow Of Flowers

Light mists and heavy clouds,
melancholy the long dreary day,
In the golden center
the burning incense is dying away.
It is again time
for the lovely Double-Ninth Festival;
The coolness of midnight
penetrates my screen of sheer silk
and chills my pillow of jade.
After drinking wine at twilight
under the chrysanthemum hedge,
My sleeves are perfumed
by the faint fragrance of the plants.
Oh, I cannot say it is not enchanting,
Only, when the west wind stirs the curtain,
I see that I am more gracile
than the yellow flowers.

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of Lamentation

It was far into the night when, intoxicated,
I took off my ornaments;
The plum flower withered in my hair.
Recovered from tipsiness, the lingering smell of wine
broke my fond dream.
Before my dreaming soul could find my way home.
All is quiet.
The moon lingers,
And the emerald screen hangs low.
I caress the withered flower,
Fondle the fragrant petals,
Trying to bring back the lost time.

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of Like A Dream

I always remember the sunset
over the pavilion by the river.
So tipsy, we could not find our way home.

Our interest exhausted, the evening late,
we tried to turn the boat homeward.
By mistake, we entered deep within the lotus bed.
Row! Row the boat!
A flock of herons, frightened,
suddenly flew skyward.

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of Rinsing Silk Stream

Let not the deep cup be filled
with rich, amber-colored wine;
My mind was eased of sorrow
even before I become intoxicated.
Distant bells have already echoed
in the evening breeze.
My dream is broken
as the scent of incense vanishes.
Too small, the hairpin of the gold
of warding-of-cold
loosens its hold of my tresses.
I awake to find myself blankly facing
the red flickering glow
of the candle

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of Song Of Peace

Year by year, in the snow,
I have often gathered plum flowers,
intoxicated with their beauty.
foundling them impudently
I got my robe wet with their lucid tears.
This year I have drifted to the corner
of the sea and the edge of the horizon,
My temples has turned grey.
Judging by the gust of the evening wind,
There's hardly a chance that I will be able
enjoy the plum blossoms.

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of Song Of The South

In the sky, the River of Stars is moving.
In the world of mortals, my curtains are hanging down.
It is getting chilly on my tear-soaked pillow and mat.
I get up to loosen my silk robe, wondering how advanced is the night.
Tiny the lotus seeds hugged by petals emerald-colored.
Few the arrowroot leaves in faded shades of gold.
The same old weather and the same old robe,
But my feelings and thoughts differ from those of bygone times.

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of Thinking Of Maiden Chin

I ascent high on the sotried pavilion,
Below, mountains scatter in disorder;
The unclutivated plain extends
far in the light mist.
In the light mist,
Crows have returned to their mests;
The evening horn is heard in the dusk.
Burnt-out incense, left-over wine
my melancholy heart!
[The evening wind] hastens
The wu tong leaves fall.
The wu tong leaves fall,
Again the autumn becaomes beautiful,
Again the heart is lonesome.

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of To Rouge The Lips

Lonely in my secluded chamber,
A thousand sorrows fill every inch
of my sensitive being.
Regretting that spring has so soon passed,
That rain drops have hastened the falling flowers,
I lean over the balustrade,
Weary and depressed.
Where is my beloved?
Only the fading grassland
stretches endlessly toward the horizon;
Anxiously I watch the road for your return.

Li Qingzhao

To The Tune Of Wu Ling Spring Late Spring

Wind ceased, the dust is scented with fallen flowers.
Though day is getting late, I am too weary
to attend my hair.
Things remain as ever, yet his is here no more,
and all is finished.
Fain would I speak, but tar flow first.
They say that at the Twin Brooks spring is still fair.
I, too, wish to row a boat there.
But I am afraid that the little skiff
on the Twin Brooks
Could not bear the heavy load of my grief.

Li Qingzhao