

Poetry Series

**Louisa Dai**  
**- poems -**

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Louisa Dai()

# A New Moon Rises In An Old Poem

A new moon rises in an old poem,  
And leans upon my window.  
Her graceful smiles mellow  
My osmanthus to bloom.

Thro' highway I speed fast  
After her charming peers.  
She slips to the forest  
Of neon-lighted skyscrapers.

Again, on my table  
I see her back,  
Quiet, toasted and small,  
A piece of fresh cake.

Louisa Dai

# Autumnal Sense

Autumnal Sense

Sand and Sky (Tune)

by Ma ZhiYuan (1250-1324)

Dry vines; drowsy crows; trees old.  
Tiny bridge; murmuring creek; cottage,  
Lean nag along wind on ancient road.  
Sun westward.  
Man, heartbroken, on his voyage.

(Tr. Louisa Dai)

&#31179; &#24605;  
&#22825; &#20928; &#27801; (&#26354; &#35843; &#65289;  
&#65288; &#39532; &#33268; &#36828; &#65289; &#65288; 1250-  
1324&#65289;

&#26543; &#34276; &#32769; &#26641; &#26127; &#40486; &#65292;  
&#23567; &#26725; &#27969; &#27700; &#20154; &#23478; &#65292;  
&#21476; &#36947; &#35199; &#39118; &#30246; &#39532; &#12290;  
&#22805; &#38451; &#35199; &#19979; &#65292;  
&#26029; &#32928; &#20154; &#22312; &#22825; &#28079; &#12290;

Louisa Dai

# Break

I drop my heavy footsteps into a bar.

Cool air pierces my weary bone.

Ice cream is melting

To quench my thirst scorching.

I watch the road-passers baked by sun.

Their hasty paces beat a heavy metal song

And echo the screams of apple and pineapple.

I sip clearness of fruit as drug pill.

Like in the presser a fresh apple,

I come out of bar to be thawed

In the hustling-bustling road.

Louisa Dai

# Football Is Round

A shooting ball is swooshing;  
People in globe are watching.  
On a sudden  
Hails of cheers, vales of tears.  
At losers' silence, winners're proud  
Football is round.

In the humming of vuvuzel  
Behind yellow and red card  
All pass in the eyes of eagle  
Nothing is impossible.  
Football is round  
For entertaining goal.

Louisa Dai

# Honey

I taste honey  
With a smelling toast,  
Too sweet;

I think of you, my honey  
In a morning breakfast,  
Too bitter.

Drops of honey  
Into a cup of water.  
I quaff.  
No sweet, and no bitter.

Louisa Dai

# June

Leaves of last purple magnolia

Fall in soft incessant rain.

Petals' smell of white-milky gardenia.

From woman's neckline remain

In the sulky moist air.

Over-ripened bayberries

Drop their darkening red juices.

And Lotus closes her smile in gloam.

June is lurking the flame

That audaciously burned in May.

Louisa Dai

# Sunset On River

Sunset on river spreads its ember,

Half cold jade, half warm amber.

Lovely third night of ninth moon,

Pearly dew, and bow-like moon.

(Translated from a same named poem made by Bai Juyi <772-846> in Tang Dynasty)

&#26286; &#27743; &#21535;

&#30333; &#23621; &#26131; (772-846) (&#21776 ;)

&#19968; &#36947; &#27531; &#38451; &#38138; &#27700; &#20013;  
&#65292;

&#21322; &#27743; &#29791; &#29791; &#21322; &#27743; &#32418;  
&#12290;

&#21487; &#24604; &#20061; &#26376; &#21021; &#19977; &#22812;  
&#65292;

&#38706; &#20284; &#29645; &#29664; &#26376; &#20284; &#24339;  
&#12290;

Louisa Dai