

THE COLLECTED
SONGS OF *Cold*
Mountain

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TRANSLATED BY

RED
PINE

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EXPANDED



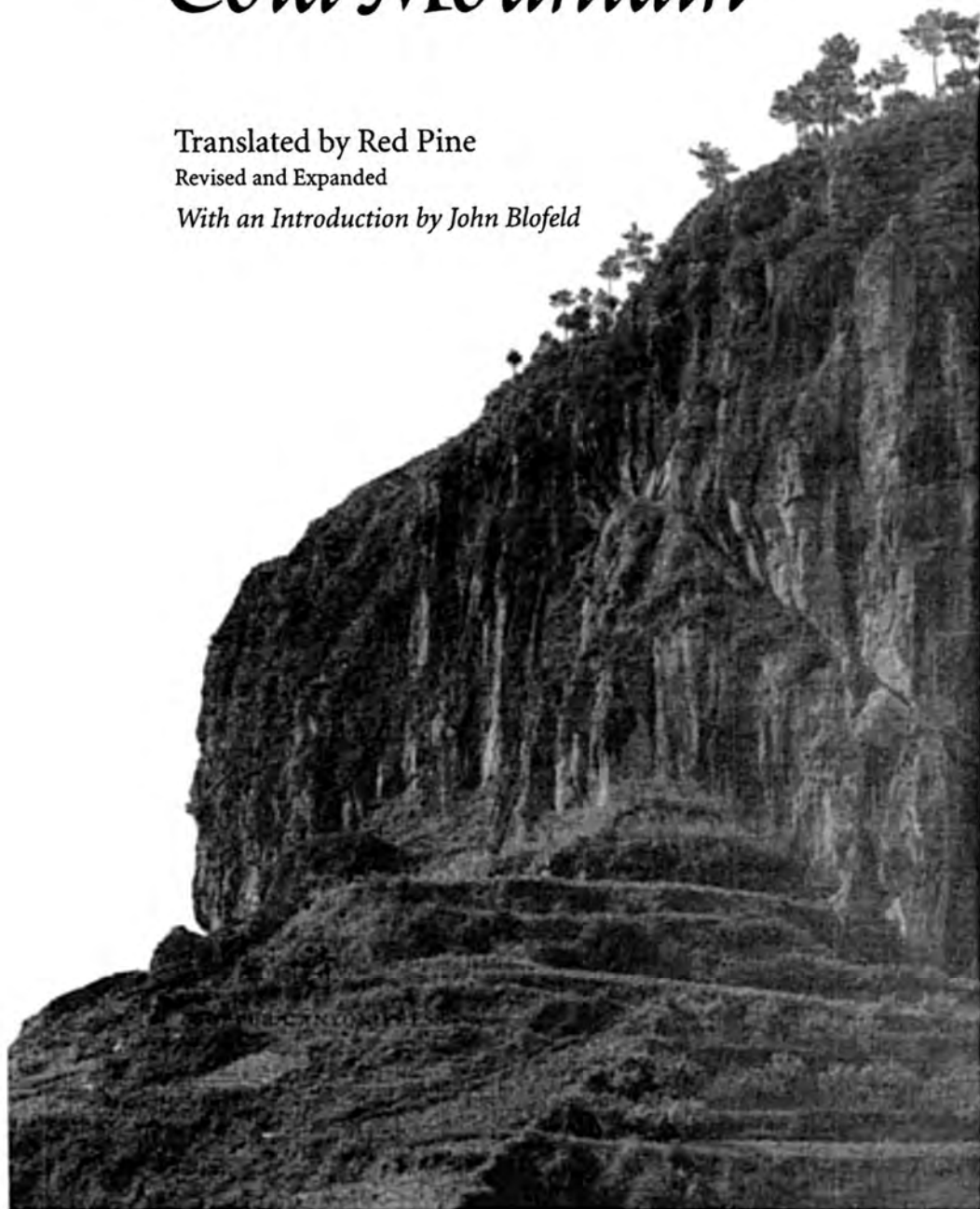
THE COLLECTED SONGS OF

Cold Mountain

Translated by Red Pine

Revised and Expanded

With an Introduction by John Blofeld





寒山詩

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THE COLLECTED SONGS
OF COLD MOUNTAIN



TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

If China's literary critics were put in charge of organizing a tea for their country's greatest poets of the past, Cold Mountain would not be on many invitation lists. Yet no other poet occupies the altars of China's temples and shrines, where his statue often stands alongside immortals and bodhisattvas. He is equally revered in Korea and Japan. And when Jack Kerouac dedicated *The Dharma Bums* to him in 1958, Cold Mountain became the guardian angel of a generation of Westerners as well.

In trying to explain the reason for such high regard in the face of official disdain, I am reminded of the literary judgment of Wang An-shih (1021–1086). Wang was one of the most famous prime ministers in Chinese history. He was also one of his country's greatest writers, and Cold Mountain was his favorite poet. Among the series of nineteen poems he wrote in imitation, this is number seven:

I have read ten thousand books
and plumbed the truths beneath the sky
those who know know themselves
no one trusts a fool
how rare the idle man of Tao
up there three miles high
he alone has found the source
and thinks of going nowhere else

Wang thought that a poem or essay should do more than impress and entertain us with its style. It should possess and convey some moral or spiritual value. While Wang enjoyed the elegance and erudition displayed by China's more established poets, he preferred the sanctuary of Cold Mountain's simpler, more unpretentious poems. Unfortunately, China's literary judges did not share Wang's sympathetic appreciation, and Cold Mountain's three hundred surviving poems did not become part of the official literary canon until nearly a thousand years after they were written.

Prime Minister Wang, however, was not alone. The great Neo-Confucian poet and philosopher Chu Hsi (1130–1200) was so concerned about their reprinting, he asked his Buddhist friend Abbot Chih-nan to make

sure the characters were big enough for an old man to read. And so, Cold Mountain's poems have been passed down to us by those who valued honesty, humor, and insight into the human condition above literary refinement.

Still, despite the continued interest in his poems, Cold Mountain's identity has remained a mystery. He called himself Han-shan, or Cold Mountain, after the cave he chose for his home. The cave is located in Chekiang province at the base of Hanyen, or Cold Cliff, a two-day walk from the East China Sea. It's actually more of a huge overhang than a cave. Roughly sixty meters across, thirty meters deep, and ten meters high, it faces south toward the course of the sun and the moon. Even now, Cold Mountain's old home attracts few visitors. In May of 1989 and again in October of 1991, Layman Fang of Kuoching Temple arranged for a motorized rickshaw to take me and two friends there. Although it was only thirty-five kilometers, it took nearly an hour and a half to reach, such was the condition of what passed for a road.

An old farmer whose wife had died and whose children had grown up and moved away had built a roofless hut inside the cave. He invited us to share his lunch of noodles and red pepper paste, then guided us around the area. In the centuries that followed Cold Mountain's disappearance, Buddhists built a monastery just beyond the base of the cliff. It had since been replaced by terraced fields of corn and peanuts, but our host told us he still dug up the occasional temple tile.

Although Cold Mountain's name was linked with this remote and rocky place, he often availed himself of the hospitality of Kuoching Temple at the foot of Mount Tientai, a long day's hike to the northeast. Tientai first gained attention in the third century after two herb gatherers one day hiked out of its forests two hundred years after hiking in. Not long afterward, people began moving there to cultivate the Tao and the Dharma.

Ko Hung, the most celebrated Taoist writer of the fourth century, called Tientai the perfect place for would-be immortals to carry out their alchemic and yogic transformation. Sun Ch'ò, an equally renowned man of letters of the same era, said that Tientai represented the spiritual blossom of all mountains. And the monk Chih-yi founded the influential Tientai school of Buddhism there in the sixth century. In his will, Chih-yi asked his followers to build a temple on the site of his former hut. It was completed in 598, the year after his death, and named Tientai Temple. In

605, this was changed to Kuoching (Purifier of the Kingdom), and it soon became one of the foremost centers of Buddhist teaching and practice in all of China.

Despite Kuoching's famous philosopher monks, whenever Cold Mountain visited, he preferred the company of Big Stick (Feng-kan) and Pickup (Shih-te), two men equally cloaked in obscurity. According to the few early accounts we have of him, Big Stick suddenly appeared one day riding through the temple's front gate on the back of a tiger. He was over six feet tall. And unlike other monks, he didn't shave his head but let his hair hang down to his eyebrows. He took up residence in a room behind the temple library and came and went as he liked. Whenever anyone asked him about Buddhism, all he would say was, "Whatever." Otherwise, he hulled rice during the day and chanted hymns at night.

One day Big Stick was walking along the trail that led between Kuoching and the nearby county seat of Tientai. Upon reaching the cinnabar-colored outcrop of rock known as Redwall, he heard someone crying. Searching in the bushes, he found a ten-year-old boy. The boy said he had been left there by his parents, so Big Stick picked him up and brought him back to Kuoching. The monks tried to locate his parents, but no one came forward to claim him. So Pickup, as Big Stick called him, stayed at the temple and was placed under the care of Ling-yi, the chief custodian, who put the boy to work in the main shrine hall.

One day while he was dusting the statues, Pickup went up to the altar and ate a piece of fruit left by a worshiper in front of the statue of Shakyamuni. Then in front of the statue of Kaundinya, the Buddha's first disciple, he yelled, "Hinayana monk!" The other monks who saw this reported it to Ling-yi. The chief custodian chided the monks for their lack of forbearance but agreed to put Pickup to work in the kitchen, instead, where it seems he spent the remainder of his years at the temple. This was where Cold Mountain met him. And the two became such close friends, their images are still used by Chinese in their homes to represent marital harmony.

In addition to leaving behind the poems that follow, the Three Hermits of Tientai also left behind a number of stories about themselves that were recorded by Lu-ch'iu Yin in his preface in the T'ang dynasty (618–906) and Tsan-ning (*Sung Kaosengchuan*), Tao-yuan (*Chuantenglu*), and Chih-nan (in the preface to his edition) in the Sung (960–1279). From their accounts I have pieced together the preceding and following sketches.

According to one such story, Cold Mountain once asked Big Stick, "If you don't polish a brass mirror, how can it reflect anything?" Big Stick said, "An ice pitcher has no reflection. Monkeys grab for the moon in the water." Cold Mountain replied, "That doesn't reflect a thing." And he asked Big Stick to explain. Big Stick said, "If nothing appears, what's to explain?"

Another day Big Stick said to Cold Mountain, "If you'll go to Mount Wutai with me, you'll be my equal. If you won't go with me, you won't be my equal." Cold Mountain replied, "I won't go." Big Stick said, "Then you won't be my equal." Cold Mountain asked, "What are you going to do on Wutai?" Big Stick answered, "I'm going to pay my respects to Manjushri." To which Cold Mountain replied, "Then you're not my equal."

And so Big Stick made the long trip by himself to the mountain in north China where pilgrims still report meeting the Bodhisattva of Wisdom. While he was paying his respects at one of the shrines on Wutai, Big Stick met an old man and asked him if he wasn't Manjushri. The old man said, "How could there be two Manjushris?" Big Stick bowed down. But before he could rise, the old man vanished.

Meanwhile, back at Tientai, Cold Mountain was relentless in poking fun at the mountain's more pretentious monks. Once when the monks were grilling eggplants, Cold Mountain grabbed a string of them and swung them against a monk's back. When the monk turned around, Cold Mountain held up the eggplants and said, "What's this?" The monk cried out, "You lunatic!" Cold Mountain turned to another monk and said, "Tell this monk he's wasting salt and soy sauce."

Another time, when Cold Mountain was herding oxen past the temple, he sang: "I have a jewel / inside my body / but nobody knows." Suddenly he drove the oxen over to where the monks were giving a lecture about the precepts to a group of novices. Leaning against the gate, he clapped and chuckled, "What a throng! What's all this milling about?" One of the monks shouted angrily, "You stupid lunatic! You're interrupting our lecture on the precepts!" Cold Mountain laughed, "No anger. That's the precepts. When your mind is pure, then you're a monk. Our natures are one. There's no distinction in the light of the Dharma." Driving the oxen away, he shouted the names of deceased monks. The oxen bellowed in response. Cold Mountain said, "You didn't keep the precepts your last lives. You had human faces but animal hearts. Now you've incurred this misfortune, and

who's to blame? The Buddha's power is great, but you were ungrateful for his kindness."

One day while Pickup was sweeping the kitchen, the abbot said to him, "People call you Pickup because Big Stick picked you up and brought you here. But what's your original name? And where are you from?" Pickup put down the broom and stood there with his hands folded. The abbot didn't understand that putting down precedes picking up. Cold Mountain slapped his chest and cried, "Great Heavens!" Pickup asked him, "What are you yelling about?" Cold Mountain answered, "Haven't you noticed that when someone to the east dies, his neighbor to the west sends his condolences?" They both danced around and left in tears of laughter.

Just outside the kitchen, there was a statue of the god charged with protecting the temple. Whenever the monks put food before the god, birds carried it off. One day Pickup beat the statue with his staff, saying, "If you can't protect your own food, how can you protect the temple?" That night the god appeared in a dream to all the monks of the temple and recounted his beating at the hands of Cold Mountain's friend. The next morning the monks all gave the same account of their dreams. When they inspected the god's statue and found it had actually been damaged, they sent a report to the prefect, who replied, "Worthy men conceal their traces, bodhisattvas show many faces. It is only proper to acknowledge them. Let Pickup be called a worthy man."

The prefect's name was Lu-ch'iu Yin, and the prefectural seat where he served was in Taichou, fifty kilometers to the southeast in what is now the town of Linhai. Earlier, before he was to leave for his new post, he was troubled by a severe headache that no doctor was able to cure. Then one day a monk appeared who introduced himself as Big Stick and said, "This poor wayfarer has come from Tientai presuming he might be of some assistance to His Lordship." When Lu-ch'iu Yin told him about his illness, Big Stick smiled and laughed, "Illnesses are caused by the illusions of the four elements that make up the body. To get rid of this illness we'll need some pure water." He then took a mouthful of water from a gourd he carried with him and sprayed it on the prefect, who immediately recovered. While the prefect sat there astonished, Big Stick told him, "Taichou suffers from maritime miasmas. When you get there, take good care of yourself."

Recovering from his astonishment, the prefect asked if there were any

worthy men in Taichou to whom he could look for instruction. Big Stick said, "After you arrive, remember to call on Manjushri and Samantabhadra." The prefect asked, "Where can I find these two bodhisattvas?" And Big Stick said, "When you see them, you won't recognize them. When you recognize them, you won't see them. If you want to see them, don't take their appearances into account. Manjushri is living incognito as Cold Mountain at Kuoching Temple. And Samantabhadra is disguised as Pickup. They dress like paupers and act like lunatics. They run errands and tend the stove in the monastery kitchen." Big Stick then said good-bye, and Lu-ch'iu Yin began his journey.

Three days after arriving in Taichou, Lu-ch'iu Yin went to the local temple and inquired whether Big Stick's information was correct. When it turned out to be true, he ordered the magistrate of Tientai County to find out if Cold Mountain and Pickup were still there. The magistrate's reply came back: "Thirty-five kilometers southwest of here are some cliffs. People have seen a pauper there called Cold Mountain who often visits Kuoching Monastery and spends the night there. And in the monastery kitchen there's a layman named Pickup."

Lu-ch'iu Yin then made a special trip to Kuoching to pay his respects. After an exchange of greetings with the temple's senior monks, he said, "A monk named Big Stick used to live here. Could I see where he stayed? And where can I find Cold Mountain and Pickup?" One of the monks, whose name was Tao-ch'iao, replied, "Big Stick's former residence is behind the sutra library. It's vacant now, because no one is able to stay there. A tiger is often heard roaring inside. And Cold Mountain and Pickup are both working in the kitchen."

The monks led the prefect to Big Stick's old room. But when they opened the door and stepped inside, all they saw were tiger tracks. The prefect asked the monks what Big Stick did when he was there. Tao-ch'iao said, "He just hulled grain and ground flour for the monastery. When he wasn't busy doing that, he chanted hymns and sang songs to amuse himself." The monks then led Lu-ch'iu Yin to the monastery kitchen.

As he entered, he saw two men standing in front of the stove talking and laughing. As he bowed before them, the two men yelled and laughed, "Big Stick sure has a loose tongue! If you didn't recognize Amitabha, what are you bowing to us for?" The monks who had crowded around were all dumbfounded and asked each other, "Why would a high official bow to

these lunatics?" Meanwhile, Cold Mountain and Pickup ran out through the temple gate. The prefect told the monks to stop them, but they were too late. Still, he left instructions to call them both back to Kuoching and see that they were properly cared for.

After he returned to Taichou, Lu-ch'iu Yin sent messengers with clothes, incense, medicine, and other necessities. But Cold Mountain and Pickup never returned to Kuoching. Finally the messengers went to the cliffs thirty-five kilometers southwest of Kuoching to present the prefect's gifts. When Cold Mountain saw them coming, he yelled, "Thieves! Thieves!" and squeezed himself into a crevice in the cliffs. Then he yelled, "You'd better get to work!" and the crevice closed around him.

Just beyond the western edge of the cave, the old farmer who was living in Cold Mountain's former home showed us the place in the cliffs where Cold Mountain supposedly disappeared. Several vines led down from the spot, and we pulled ourselves up to a fine view of the hills to the south but no trace of Cold Mountain. As for Pickup, an Indian monk later claimed to have found his remains on another cliff one kilometer south-east of Kuoching, and the cliff was subsequently named for the temple's former Master of the Broom.

Meanwhile, when he heard about their disappearance, Lu-ch'iu Yin told Tao-ch'iao to collect whatever Cold Mountain and Pickup had left behind. The monk found more than three hundred poems Cold Mountain had written on trees and rocks and walls around the temple and the nearby villages. He put them together with several dozen poems Pickup had written on the walls of the earth-god shrine. To this collection, Lu-ch'iu Yin added a preface, and thus began the series of editions that have been passed on to later generations.

While it is impossible to know if any of this is true, it is Lu-ch'iu Yin's place in this story and not Cold Mountain's that has aroused the most suspicion. Lu-ch'iu Yin was originally a local military official who helped bring the rebel Li Tzu-t'ung to heel in 621 and was rewarded by being made prefect of Lichou (Chinhua), a town two hundred kilometers west of Taichou. Although we don't know in what other posts Lu-ch'iu served in the interim, according to the list of officials compiled by Tseng Hui between 998 and 1003 and recorded later in Ch'en Ch'i-ch'ing's (fl. 1208-24) *Chiating chihchengchih*: 8, he was prefect of Taichou from 642 to 646.

The problem with this date is that neither the government title nor the

insignia of office listed before his name in the preface were used until after 650 (see Ch'en Hui-chen's *Hanshantzu yenchiu*: pg. 17–21). More important, during Lu-ch'iu Yin's tenure, what is now Tientai County was called Shihfeng. And yet in his preface he calls it Tanghsing, a name it did not acquire until 761. Either someone altered the preface to conform with later usage or Lu-ch'iu Yin's name was appropriated to give another person's preface and Cold Mountain's poems the imprimatur of official sanction as well as the stature associated with greater age.

The latter possibility becomes more certain when we consider Tu Kuang-t'ing's (850–933) *Hsienchuan shihyi* in the *Tai ping kuangchi*: 55. Tu claimed that the Taoist Hsu Ling-fu (c. 760–841) was the man responsible for collecting the poems and providing them with a preface. Although the question of whether or not Hsu's preface was the one subsequently transmogrified into the one attributed to Lu-ch'iu Yin or was simply replaced by it remains unresolved, many scholars now reject Lu-ch'iu Yin's association with the poems as well as the traditional dating of Cold Mountain in the first half of the seventh century.

In his *Sung Kaosengchuan*: 19, Tsan-ning (919–1002) also questioned Lu-ch'iu Yin's place in all this and went so far as to suggest there must have been another later prefect with the same name. Unfortunately, Tsan-ning could find no proof that two such men ever existed, certainly not as prefects of Taichou. Still, he refused to accept the first half of the seventh century as the date for Cold Mountain and presented two pieces of evidence for a later date.

First, Tsan-ning noted that Feng-kan (Big Stick) was seen preaching in the capital in 712, or seventy years after curing the prefect's headache. Tsan-ning's basis for this claim was a note in Wei Shu's (d. 757) *Liangching hsinch'i* that a monk named Feng-kan appeared in Ch'ang-an that year. Unfortunately, the Feng-kan mentioned by Wei Shu was Feng-kan (Border Stick) and not Feng-kan (Big Stick). Tsan-ning was aware of the different characters used in the two names but read them as variants and concluded the two monks were the same person. But if they were, Tsan-ning offered no corroborating evidence that would place Big Stick at the beginning of the eighth century. Nor could he offer any evidence that would separate Big Stick from his friends, for all three attested to regular get-togethers (see Cold Mountain's poem 44, Big Stick's poem 3, and Pickup's poem 22).

Second, in the course of compiling his biographies of T'ang-dynasty monks, Tsan-ning came across an account of Wei-shan Ling-yu's (771–853) visit to Tientai. According to this account, following his ordination, Wei-shan (also pronounced Kuei-shan) met Cold Mountain on the trail to Kuoching Temple. Cold Mountain said, "Every stream on every mountain stops when it enters a lake. When you find the priceless jewel, take pity on the masters." (*Sung kaosengchuan*: 11) Two hundred years later, Chih-nan presented a different account in the preface to his 1189 edition of Cold Mountain's poems. According to this version, Cold Mountain and Pickup were standing on either side of Kuoching's main gate when Wei-shan arrived. As Wei-shan entered, they roared three times. When Wei-shan didn't respond, Cold Mountain said, "Don't you remember when we parted on Vulture Peak [where the Buddha delivered many of his sermons]?" When Wei-shan still didn't respond, Pickup raised his staff and said, "What does our elder brother call this?" Again, Wei-shan didn't answer. Finally, Cold Mountain said, "Enough! Don't bother asking him. Since the last time we met, he's spent three lifetimes as a king and has forgotten everything."

Although Tsan-ning said this meeting occurred during the years 806–820, Yu Chia-hsi (1833–1955) has concluded that it must have taken place in 793 (see his *Ssuku tiyao piencheng*: 20). In any case, Tsan-ning could cite no additional evidence supporting this later date and could not decide whether Cold Mountain and his friends lived in the early or the late eighth century.

For all his tireless scholarship, Tsan-ning overlooked additional records that would, I'm sure, have led him to decide in favor of the later date. The first such record was Tu Kuang-t'ing's (850–933) claim that Cold Mountain moved to the Tientai Mountains in the years 766–779. I find it curious that Tsan-ning failed to add this log to the fire. But the *Tai ping kuangchi*, in which Tu's account was preserved and published in 979, was not in widespread circulation until the sixteenth century. Or perhaps Tsan-ning, who was a Buddhist monk, was simply put off by Tu's claim that Cold Mountain's poems were collected by a Taoist. Tsan-ning was also unaware of a poem in which the poet Hsu Ning (fl. 806–824) reported meeting Cold Mountain during a trip to Kuoching. This meeting apparently took place between the years 822 and 824 while Hsu was visiting Pai Chu-yi in nearby Hangchou (for the poem, see my note to poem 204).

Also, in his 1189 preface to the poems, Chih-nan reported the following meeting between Chao-chou Ts'ung-shen (778–897) and Cold Mountain. Chao-chou was looking at some ox tracks on the trail to Kuoching, and Cold Mountain asked, “Does the abbot recognize the oxen?” Chao-chou said, “No, I don’t.” Cold Mountain said, “They’re the five hundred arhats on this mountain.” Chao-chou asked, “If they’re arhats, how can they be oxen?” Cold Mountain exclaimed, “Great Heavens!” When Chao-chou laughed out loud, Cold Mountain said, “What are you laughing about?” Chao-chou exclaimed, “Great Heavens!” Cold Mountain said, “Now the servant is acting like the master.”

This last item entered the story fairly late, too late for Tsan-ning to mention. And I suspect, as with Chih-nan’s more colorful account of Wei-shan’s visit to Kuoching, that it was added to bring Cold Mountain into the Zen tradition rather than to let him remain in the thrall of Taoists. Still, why would anyone invent stories about meetings that took place in the late eighth or early ninth century if one of the participants lived in the early seventh century?

This brings us back to the Taoist who apparently first collected Cold Mountain’s poems, namely Hsu Ling-fu (no relation to Hsu Ning). Hsu moved to the Tientai Mountains from Hengshan in 815 and lived there for the rest of his life. If Tu Kuang-t’ing was correct in attributing the collection of Cold Mountain’s poems to Hsu, and since Hsu did not mention Cold Mountain in his *Tientaishanchi*, which he completed in 825, the two must have met sometime after 825 and before Hsu’s death in 841. If Tu was also correct about Cold Mountain’s disappearance a dozen years after the collection of his poems, we can assume Cold Mountain died around 850.

Certainly he could not have lived much later, since Kuan-hsiu (832–912) and Li Shan-fu (c. 835–905) refer to both Cold Mountain and Pickup in the past tense in poems written at the end of the ninth century. Also, in his *Sung kaosengchuan*: 13, Tsan-ning claimed that Ts’ao-shan Pen-chi (840–902) wrote a commentary to Cold Mountain’s poems, which, unfortunately, no longer exists, but which would have required at least a few decades between its composition and the composition of the poems to which it was addressed. Finally, Tu Kuang-t’ing also reported that one day in 872 Cold Mountain appeared in the Tientai Mountains as a beggar and reappeared a few days later on horseback accompanied by a

half-dozen white-robed attendants. Clearly, by 872, Cold Mountain had joined the immortals.

If, then, we put Cold Mountain's death around 850, and if Tao-yuan's *Chuantenglu*: 27 is correct in putting his age at 120 (in poem 195 Cold Mountain tells us he was over a hundred, and this is supported by combining the ages given in poems 131 and 291), he would have been born around 730, which brings me to my own portrait of the poet.

Cold Mountain, I believe, was born in the ancient town of Hantan at the western edge of the Yellow River floodplain. In poem 28, he implies he had a Hantan accent, and he mentions Hantan again in poem 47. Except for the twin capitals of Loyang and Ch'ang-an, he mentions no other city in any other poem. Curiously, Hantan was named for a hill west of town called Hanshan. The "han" was not the same "han" as the one for Cold Mountain, but it is odd that he called himself Han-shan, when, in fact, the place where he lived was never called Hanshan, but rather Hanyen, or Cold Cliff.

Hantan was located three hundred kilometers north of the city of Loyang, which itself was located three hundred kilometers east of Ch'ang-an. During the T'ang dynasty, Loyang and Ch'ang-an served as its western and eastern capitals, and from Cold Mountain's poems we know that he was familiar with both. Apparently his family moved to Ch'ang-an when he was young. In poem 178, he recalls his early years there, and in poems 19, 20, 39, and 48, he takes us inside the palace. If his family did move to Ch'ang-an, poem 21 suggests they must have been well off. And in poem 101, he recalls hunting on horseback near the Pingling Hills west of Ch'ang-an. Some of China's most famous emperors were buried beneath these hills, and only nobles, high officials, and their friends were allowed to hunt there.

Although such poems as 176 indicate Cold Mountain was born to privilege, such privilege did not guarantee a career in the only two esteemed professions: the civil service and the military. Both required a sound body, and, as Cold Mountain implies in verses 25, 49, 71, 81, 113, 259, and 271, he had a bad leg, perhaps as the result of a riding injury, and he had to drag himself around on great wooden clogs (according to the biographical sketches of Tsan-ning, Tao-yuan, and Chih-nan). Privilege, however, did provide him with a good education, and such poems as 51, 57, 63, 64, and 65 reflect the voice of someone who might have earned his

living in the service of some high official assigned to the eastern capital of Loyang. And if poem 81 is autobiographical, this employer was apparently in charge of taxation or conscription.

At some point Cold Mountain must have married, and he mentions a wife in poems 21, 31, 134, and 137. But in poem 111, he tells us he left his family. While this separation may have been the result of a growing interest in Buddhist or Taoist practice, it could also have been precipitated by the most traumatic event of the T'ang dynasty: the An Lu-shan Rebellion of 755. Again, poem 178 would seem to refer to this turning point in dynastic fortunes. In December of that year An Lu-shan captured Loyang and made it the capital of a new dynasty, the Greater Yen, with himself as its first emperor. Although this faux-dynasty lasted only a few years, thousands of T'ang officials offered their services. Cold Mountain's employer, I suspect, was among them.

When T'ang forces recaptured Loyang in October of 757, the court pardoned all but the highest officials who had served the rebels. I suggest Cold Mountain's employer was not among those pardoned, and Cold Mountain suspected the net would eventually be widened to include him. Though he may have been slow afoot, he was nimble enough to avoid capture and fled to one of the most remote parts of the empire. In poem 131, he tells us he moved to Cold Mountain when he was thirty, which would have been around 760 if the date of birth reconstructed above is correct. In the entire history of Chinese culture, no other poet of similar stature has managed to preserve the veil of mystery concerning his true identity as well as Cold Mountain, and I propose that this was not literary conceit but a matter of life and death.

Although his poems are almost completely free of contemporary allusions, in poems 62, 173, and 178, we can detect the occasional veiled commentary on events of the latter half of the eighth century and the world he left behind. Still, having survived the political and military maelstrom of Loyang, Cold Mountain convincingly acquired the garb, if not the shaved head, of the Buddhist worthy untrammelled by worldly concerns or ties. Whether or not he was actually a monk is uncertain, although in poem 267 he says he "left home," which is how monks still describe entering the priesthood. However, even if he did "leave home," it is unclear whether he entered the Buddhist or the Taoist order. Perhaps he tried both, and perhaps he renounced both. Certainly his poems reflect an

understanding of both spiritual traditions, and he has been claimed by both orders. But he poked fun at Buddhists as much as at Taoists and presented himself as a man free of spiritual conceit, whatever its name.

As for how he might have appeared to others, in poem 207 he confirms the picture preserved in the early biographical sketches of him: a birch-bark hat, big wooden clogs, a patched robe, a pigweed staff, and a demeanor interpreted by others as craziness. And so he lived out his years in the Tientai Mountains beyond the land of red dust and wrote poems that have been esteemed ever since for their spiritual honesty, poignancy, and humor. And he wrote his poems for everyone, not just the educated elite.

This, then, is as much as I dare venture about Cold Mountain. Other portraits are possible, but this one seems to me the most reasonable based on his poems as well as the few early records we have about him. Still, there are those who would prefer to place him two hundred years earlier in the first half of the seventh century. Records supporting this earlier date include Chih-pan's *Fotsu tungchi* (1256), Pen-chueh's *Shihshih tungchien* (1270), and Hsi-chung's *Shihshih tzuchien* (1336). However, all of these records have no other basis than the earlier claim that Lu-ch'iu Yin was the author of the preface and the collector, through Tao-ch'iao, of the poems. But even if we do not press those who cling to the earlier date for an explanation of Cold Mountain's acquaintance with Wei-shan, Chao-chou, Hsu Ning, and Hsu Ling-fu, we have to ask why, if Cold Mountain and his friends lived in the first half of the seventh century, do their poems mention things that did not exist or occur until well into the following century?

To resolve this dilemma, several modern scholars have come up with an enterprising solution: two Cold Mountains. Following the lead of Jo Fan's *Hanshantzu shihyun*, which first appeared in 1963 in *Yuyenhsueh luntsung*, E.G. Pulleybank has used rhyme words to divide Cold Mountain's poems into two groups: Han-shan 1 and Han-shan 11 (see his "Linguistic Evidence for the Date of Han-shan" in *Studies in Chinese Poetry and Poetics*: 1978). Han-shan 1 rhymes, he says, were common in the late sixth and early seventh centuries, while Han-shan 11 rhymes occurred in the late eighth and early ninth centuries. Hence, there must have been at least two authors of the poems.

Pulleybank, however, overlooks the fact that such Han-shan 1 poems as 113, 119, and 178 refer to events of the eighth century. While linguistic

analysis may work in a perfect world, it fails here. I suggest, instead, that Cold Mountain, like most Chinese today, spoke at least two dialects, one of which was more archaic than the other(s) and that this is reflected in his poems. Even today we find pronunciations in the region south of Tientai which are very close to those of a thousand years ago. Of course, scholars are born to doubt, while I would rather accept a good story when it presents itself.

The first piece of this story presented itself to me in 1974 when I was living at Haiming Monastery in the hills south of Taipei. The abbot of the monastery was Wu-ming, who for many years had headed the Buddhist Association of Taiwan and who was the senior Linchi (Rinzai) monk on the island as well. He also had helped finance publication of a new edition of Cold Mountain's poems that included a commentary by Tseng P'u-hsin, a Buddhist layman who was living on the east coast of Taiwan. Tseng's edition also included Burton Watson's English translations—pirated no doubt. Wu-ming gave me a copy soon after I arrived, and it wasn't long before I was trying my own hand at rendering the poems. By the time I left the monastery several years later, I had translated nearly a hundred. And, after moving into a converted farm shed at Bamboo Lake on the other side of the Taipei Basin, I decided to try for 150. A year later, I sent the results of my efforts to two presses that specialized in such genres. I was so surprised at having my translations rejected, I had no idea what I should do next.

At that time I was also translating a Ch'ing-dynasty martial arts text for an Australian friend. One day he suggested I send my Cold Mountain translations to John Blofeld, whose works he saw me frequently reading. Blofeld had published dozens of books about Chinese Buddhism and Taoism, and I had cut my Classical Chinese teeth on his translation of *The Zen Teaching of Huang-po*. Although I was hesitant to invade the privacy of someone I had never met, I took my friend's advice, and Blofeld graciously answered. And every week for the next year I sent my latest versions and received them back the following week with his comments and asides, including his own poems (in Chinese). He also encouraged me not to stop with 150 but to translate all 300. And so I did. And when I was done, he suggested I send the results to a press with whom he had also published several books. Unfortunately, John's editor saw no market value in such an edition.

In the meantime, I had also begun going over my translations with Mike O'Connor, an American poet who was living in Taipei at the time. In addition to providing a very helpful critique of my work, Mike introduced me to Copper Canyon Press, a small nonprofit publisher in Port Townsend, Washington, which offered to print the results of my first efforts at rendering Chinese poetry in English.

Having finally found a publisher, I realized I also needed an introduction. Again I turned to Blofeld. John suggested I come to Bangkok, where he had been living for over thirty years and where we could talk about what was needed. A few weeks later, I knocked on his gate. On its two leaves were painted the yin and yang symbol of Taoism, and over it was written in Chinese a line from a poem by Li Pai: "*Pieh-yu-t'ien-ti* (There's another world)." I knew the poem by heart. And while I waited, I recited the rest of the line to no one in particular: "*Fei-jen-chien* (beyond the world of Man)."

Suddenly a young woman opened the door to the Garden of Immortals and ushered me inside. She bowed and motioned for me to follow her up the stairs. It was a traditional Thai house, built on stilts, and most of the rooms were located on the second floor. John met me on the veranda and told me I was just in time to join him and Bom, his adopted Thai daughter, for a dinner of curried vegetables and mint soup. Afterwards John and I adjourned to his study, which was also his bedroom. While we talked, Blam, the woman who had met me earlier at the gate, brought us bottles of Thai whiskey and soda water and a plate of limes, to which I added the aroma of a Honduran cigar. In addition to discussing our ideas for the proposed introduction and our impressions of Cold Mountain, I also showed John another collection of Buddhist poetry I had begun working on, namely the poems of the fourteenth-century monk named Stonehouse. We moved to John's bed, where we could both stretch out together against the headboard, and we took turns reading Stonehouse's poems in the songlike rhythm of old Chinese verse and summoning memories of our encounters with other Chinese poets.

I have seldom enjoyed an evening as much, but I finally bid my host good night and retired to the guest bedroom. In my sleep I heard John chanting Tibetan mantras in his shrine room, and the next morning I found his handwritten introduction on the dining room table. He had written it during the night, and it required no subsequent change or

addition. Once more I am honored to present it to readers, along with my own revised translations and preface, both of which have, I hope, benefited from the fifteen-year hiatus since their first appearance.

Red Pine

End of the Summer that Never Came, Year of the Rabbit

Port Townsend, Washington

INTRODUCTION BY JOHN BLOFELD

Reprinted from the 1983 edition.

Facets of Cold Mountain's striking personality may be clearly glimpsed through his poems. Were that not so, there would be no way to lift the barrier of reticence he erected to preserve his cherished seclusion. So little biographical evidence has survived that what is known about his life, if shorn of myth and conjecture, would scarcely fill a page. It is to his poems that we turn for light upon his background; but it is legitimate to fill out the sparse details by creative reconstruction; for hermits not very different from Cold Mountain in their way of life formed a regular (perhaps "irregular" would be more apposite) feature of Chinese society from at least as far back as the fourth century of our era right down to the 1940s. Indeed, I was privileged to come to know some of them during years of wandering among China's hills and streams.

Imperial China, except during scattered periods of temporary decline, was governed by a hereditary emperor supported by an aristocracy not of blood but learning, who tightly controlled the administration. These men were selected by a series of highly literary examinations which formed virtually the only road to advancement. The scholar-officials who triumphed in the highest round of examinations received such liberal shares of imperial favor that they had plenty of opportunity to indulge the elegant tastes with which their literary studies had endowed them. As ministers, viceroys, governors, and the like, they dwelt in palatial mansions sprawling amidst beautifully landscaped gardens all set about with pools, grottoes, rare plants, ancient trees, and such flowers as winter-plum; pear and apricot blossom; peonies, lotus, and more than a hundred varieties of chrysanthemum, that budded in turn with the seasons. Grotesque rocks, sometimes brought from more than a thousand miles away, were particularly prized. In such surroundings, clad in brocaded silks, they passed their leisure hours, composing poems and various literary effusions, caressing the silken strings of priceless lutes, practicing calligraphy, playing a kind of chess with 160 pieces a side; enjoying flowers, hovering clouds, and moonlight, to accompaniments of wine and song; savoring the fragile beauty of their wives and concubines or, for a change, patronizing

sophisticated and hugely expensive courtesans so talented as to be able to cap the most erudite poems, sing and play the lute enchantingly, and arouse their patrons' senses with a hundred practiced arts.

All this sounds idyllic, but the system had severe drawbacks. A large proportion of the population dwelt in such poverty as to make so much luxury a gross offense in the eyes of scholars concerned for the state of society as a whole. Then, again, the highly conventional nature of the scholars' training led, at times, to excesses of pedantry which often became a bar to the advancement of geniuses whose very brilliance led them to stray from the beaten track in search of new areas of thought and learning. It was possible for candidates to fail in the higher examinations because their thoughts ranged beyond the prescribed literary and philosophical confines. Finally, there were not infrequent periods when the system got out of hand, corruption took over, and high civil service posts were quietly sold to those rich enough to pay for them, regardless of their perhaps indifferent scholarship.

There is evidence in Cold Mountain's poems of bitter disappointment of some kind and/or disgust with the prevailing system. Several poems testify to his familiarity with the colorful life and elegant surroundings of high functionaries living in the capital. Was he at one time a young official on his way up the ladder of fame who drew down upon himself the anger or jealousy of his superiors, or who voluntarily opted out of the system on account of revulsion against its rigidity and extravagance? Or was he merely an unsuccessful candidate for the higher examination? It is hard to say. In any case, he seems to have followed the path chosen by many disappointed scholars throughout China's long history, perhaps in a mood of "If you don't care about me that's just as well, for I scorn to care about you or any of the things you stand for." The milieu to which he retreated perhaps directly from the glittering life of the capital was the "world of mountain men" — a free society of eccentric recluses from backgrounds ranging between scholarly elegance on the one hand to total illiteracy on the other. They tended to dwell in solitude or, more often, in secluded communities in relatively inaccessible places, preferably well-wooded hills. Seeking beauty in nature rather than in art, they built their simple dwellings in places chosen for a combination of such features as curious rock conformations, streams, cataracts, waterfalls, handsome trees, lush vegetation, and so on — places where moonlit scenes, the music of the

wind in the pines, the dazzling rainbow-tinted spray of plunging water, the swish and creak of bamboo clumps, soft carpets of wildflowers or pine needles, the ghostly wail of gibbons, an occasional tiger's roar, and the thunder of mountain torrents supplied in their natural form effects that landscape gardeners in the capital strove in vain to reproduce at no matter what huge expense. Here the air was pure, and genuine solitude achievable with the greatest ease.

Mountain men were variously motivated, however. Some were Buddhist monks who had turned their backs on "the world of dust," bent on treading the rugged path towards Enlightenment that led to Nirvana's bliss. Some were Taoist recluses cultivating joyous tranquility by studying nature's cyclic changes and learning to flow effortlessly with life's current, instead of battling upstream against formidable odds like the status-minded, power-and-wealth-hungry city-dwellers. Yet others were people of no particular religious faith who, like our own hippies, had decided to sever the restraints of conventional and social ties and create a new life in accordance with an image built of their own dreams—but, on the whole, they were much more genuinely unconventional than the hippies, who soon allowed themselves to become the victims of a whole new set of conventions.

The majority of these mountain men, whether overtly religious or not, would probably describe their manner of life as "hsiu Tao," which literally means "practicing the Way." The term Tao (Way) was for some two millennia at least used by Chinese of all religious and philosophical persuasions to mean whatever they individually regarded as "the highest good," "ultimate truth," "the absolute," "the goal of existence," etc. To those familiar with Taoist teaching, it meant the invisible, formless matrix that gives rise to the endless succession of forms which are no more apart from or different from the matrix than waves are apart from or different from the sea. To Chinese Buddhists the Tao was synonymous with the One Mind or Pure Consciousness, which they held to be not only the impersonal creator, but the very substance (or rather "non-substance") of the entire universe. The use of a term meaning "way" to describe the vast, unfathomable reality of which every form is but a transient manifestation has very subtle implications, pointing to the non-dual nature of reality; for, if reality is in fact non-dual, then the source, the way to the goal, the wayfarer, and the goal are all indivisible from one another.

What this means in practice is that one seeks to attain to a state of intuitive understanding in which the unity of "I" and "other" is experienced as vividly as the heat of fire or the coldness of ice. Once this has taken place, one can thenceforward respond with total spontaneity to every situation, just as plants bend spontaneously towards the sunlight. By that experience, one is liberated from all negative emotions such as fear, anxiety, envy, malice, etc., for it is seen that nothing can, in an ultimate sense, ever be "wrong." Whatever happens to a wave, it gains and loses nothing, for it is not apart from the sea, and, whether it rises or falls, it adds nothing to and takes nothing from the sea.

Thus realization of the identity of one's true nature and the true nature of the Tao leads to acceptance of health and illness, gain and loss, up and down, life and death as being equally essential to the natural functioning of things, and therefore in no way to be deplored. Theoretically, such realization is achievable anywhere at all; but, in practice, it is easier to achieve when living close to nature, as the mountain men did. Sunshine and rain, the thunder of cataracts, the whispering of streams, the moon riding upon a sea of cloud, the expression glimpsed in the badger's eyes, the creak and sigh of bamboos, the angle of a leaning pine, the pattern of moss on an ancient rock, the voices of insects and songs of birds, the hooting of owls and feathers of cranes—these and the myriad aspects of nature were recognized as direct intimations of the marvelous functions of the sublime, illimitable, boundless, indivisible Tao. Buddhists and Taoists had somewhat different concepts of the Tao; but, as both recognized that the Tao is beyond all conceptualization, they had no difficulty in accepting that they were pursuing, by slightly different means, an identical intuitive experience that would liberate them forever from the bonds of desire, passion, and ignorance and result in imperturbable and essentially joyous tranquility.

Cold Mountain apparently shared the characteristics of all the various types of mountain men, while retaining occasional hankerings for the worldly life he had renounced. Buddhist asceticism is evident in his frequent diatribes against gluttony; Buddhist compassion, in his denunciations of the murder of animals to fill the flesh-pots; Buddhist preference for chastity, in his sometimes unkind reflections upon gaily adorned girls and their presumed lasciviousness—but, in this last respect, his attitude is more equivocal, for some of his poems hint at susceptibility to female

charms. On the other hand, he seems to have felt scorn for those Buddhists who place unbounded faith in the sacred sutras, as though he preferred to regard Buddhism as a means of mental development to which sutras do no more than point the way, so that success depends chiefly on practice, and too much reliance on sutras amounts to mistaking a finger pointing to the moon for the moon itself. To my mind, Cold Mountain owed more to Taoism than to Buddhism, so complete was his unconventionality and so profound his empathy with nature, but he did not fail to castigate as quacks those wandering Taoists who earned their living as healers by combining natural remedies with magic charms. In making these observations, I may be guilty of being oversubjective; for some of them might be hard to justify by reference to particular poems. My impressions are grounded rather upon the general effect made on my mind by reading all three hundred.

As to Cold Mountain's affinity with those mountain men who had faith in no particular religion, being primarily rebels against convention with a fondness for nature in the raw, this is evident from the fact that, although very well acquainted with the tenants of Buddhism and Taoism, he was too impatient with all kinds of restriction to allow tenants of any kind to limit his freedom of thought and action. That, while living an extremely spartan life in the company of the moon, passing clouds, and the creatures of the forest, he seems to have been visited by occasional longings for lovely women, and for the fame, honor, and material advantages enjoyed by successful scholars, may be an erroneous understanding on my part, due to the fact that his poems are not, as far as one can tell, arranged in chronological order. However, I choose to hold that view because I recognize Cold Mountain as a pellucidly honest person and, at the same time, believe that if recluses all over the world shared that degree of honesty, there would be very few accounts of holy men totally surmounting once and for all every kind of desire for sensual satisfaction. However much a hermit may *on the whole* prefer solitude, there must surely be times when memories of worldly joys, either experienced or once longed for, *temporarily* disturb his serenity. No doubt many hermits with established reputations as having transcended "the world of dust" would carefully mask such backslidings and feel ashamed of them; not so Cold Mountain, whose freedom was apparently nearly absolute as to permit him to inform all-comers of whatever thoughts happened to be passing through his

mind at a given moment. To misquote an amusing song sung by Siamese cats in a Disney film, his attribute can be expressed by the line: "I am Cold Mountain, if you please. I am Cold Mountain, if you don't please!"

Many Chinese regard Cold Mountain as a *sheng-jen*—a sage. Probably he was, but sages are human and thus liable to err. With momentary disappointment, I detected in some of his poems suggestions of un-sagelike bitterness. Sometimes he seems to resent that so few people came to the mountains purposely to seek him out; yet, had many visitors done so, he might have penned some trenchant poems complaining of these intrusions on his self-chosen solitude. Occasionally he hints at some grave injustice done to him in the past—perhaps the imperial examiners had failed to recognize his talents as superior to those of individuals whom they had selected in his stead for careers leading to fame and riches. Based on evidence from several of the poems, we have good reason to suppose that Cold Mountain was crippled to some extent, or at least had a limp that was sufficiently noticeable to draw unwelcome attention. As the higher official posts were reserved for scholars who had passed a medical test as well as displaying considerable intellectual powers and good judgment, it is possible that this physical defect affected his career. In any case, his poems reveal an on-and-off sensitivity on the subject, which may lead one to conclude quite reasonably that the limp or malformation, or whatever it was, contributed to his feeling of dissatisfaction with "the world of dust." However, we cannot be at all sure of the extent to which it played a part in his renunciation of worldly joys. As to beautiful women, he sometimes speaks of them with a bitterness that ill accords with Buddhist compassion, besides coming strangely from the brush of a poet who, in other poems, reveals a lingering fondness for—to use a Chinese expression—"joys behind hibiscus curtains." But his frankness about his own weaknesses points to a virtue highly prized by Buddhists, that of total indifference to praise and blame; it also points to his having achieved a state at which all serious Taoists aim, that of *tzu-jan*—complete spontaneity. I confess I was wrong to be disappointed when first I came upon certain revelations due to Cold Mountain's ingenuous frankness. He was a flesh-and-blood sage, not a bronze or porcelain image.

Unfortunately, Tientaishan, the mountain where Cold Mountain passed his years of seclusion, is among the relatively few important Chinese sacred places I have not visited, so I cannot give a firsthand account

of it. However, the descriptions I have read show that it is very similar to the realms of mountain men one finds scattered throughout the length and breadth of China. Each differs from the others in having unique features of architecture and natural beauty; and, for climatic reasons, there are variations of foliage as wide as those which give a Scots *loch* and an Italian *lago* their distinctive atmospheres, but the features common to all China's sacred mountains are more numerous and striking than the differences. All, without exception, have a scattered profusion of Buddhist temples and/or Taoist hermitages as well as much smaller retreats for little groups of recluses or for solitary individuals, besides wayside shrines to nature-divinities and so on. This is because all such places have certain needs in common; namely, they should have the natural loveliness that leaves upon the mind fleeting intuitions of the presence of divinity; be hard enough of access to deter large-scale invasions by sightseers, yet near enough of access to some market center to ensure regular supplies of frugal necessities not obtainable in a wholly untamed wilderness, e.g. cloth and lamp-oil; be provided with adequate sources of potable water; and include some charming spots well sheltered from the wind where huts, hermitages, or temples can be built. Almost invariably, hilly or mountainous areas were chosen, as China's flatlands are all under intensive cultivation and liberally besprinkled with villages, townships, and cities. I wish I had such a skill with words as to be able to communicate something of the charm and the other-worldly atmosphere of these sacred places, whose general configuration is best revealed by works of Chinese landscape painters. I shall at least try to take you on a journey to an abode of mountain men much like the Tientai range where Cold Mountain dwelt.

Imagine a narrow path paved with blocks of granite, leading from checkered rice-fields spreading to the horizon in three directions into some foothills whose nearby summits mask loftier peaks beyond. The path is so narrow that one expects it to peter out among the rocks, and there are no signposts to indicate that it leads anywhere in particular; but now and then we come upon sheer walls of rock on which, blurred by the rains of centuries, have been chiseled poems in huge characters faithfully modeled on the calligraphy of bygone scholars famed for their skillful brushstrokes. These are the only visible signs that we are soon to tread on holy ground. Passersby, chiefly farmers returning from the hills with loads of firewood, are few; but, as the path becomes steeper and sometimes

takes the form of stairways cut into living rock, we notice how the middle of each stair has been worn down by the feet of generation upon generation of mountain men and pilgrims. At first the slopes are sparsely wooded, on account of a thousand years of depredation by farmers; but higher up, the trees begin to close in. From time to time the voices of innumerable birds and insects are drowned by the roar of unseen cataracts. Suddenly there comes into sight a triple-arched gateway of ancient stone with upward-curving roofs tiled in green porcelain — but, like the path it straddles, it seems to lead nowhere in particular, for all is wild beyond. Sometimes we cross bridges spanning swiftly running streams; most are composed of dangerously rotted planks or perhaps formed of half a tree-trunk that has been split down the middle and placed flat-side upwards; others are beautifully fashioned wooden structures, roofed, turreted, and provided with lacquered name-boards, e.g. “Bridge to the Sea of Clouds.” Here the tangled woods are dense and loud with the cries of birds indignant at our passing.

Next we climb a knoll crowned by a two-storied pavilion of lacquered wood, its name-board inscribed “Moon Viewing Turret.” Presently the path briefly changes direction to skirt a shrine erected to propitiate troublesome fox-fairies; it is fronted by a bronze incense-burner tightly packed with ash in which stands a forest of faded crimson incense-stubs. If we fail to pause and prostrate ourselves, we risk our lives; for a vixen displeased by such discourtesy may thenceforth visit us at night in the guise of a humanly irresistible young lady avid for amorous attentions, who will soon obtain the very last drops of our life force in a pleasant but nonetheless deadly manner. Did Cold Mountain’s sagehood protect him from such hazards, or did wisdom prompt him to bow his head to the earth in homage — just in case?

Hitherto, the only sounds have been the splash of water, the cries and chirruping of birds and insects, the rustlings made by small animals, or, at one spot, the rhythmic blows of a woodsman’s axe. Now, from far away, the liquid note of a giant bronze bell trembles on the air, a welcome indication of our being able to find shelter before nightfall, if we hurry. Simultaneously comes the sound of rapid footsteps from behind us. Someone wearing a dilapidated Taoist hat from which protrudes an unkempt topknot hurries by, his coarse blue robe and butterfly-wing sleeves bellying around him as he passes; he is not quite running, but striding up

the precipitous path so rapidly that it is amazing to see and hear no sign of labored breathing. His robe is belted so carelessly that his chest and lean stomach are bared to the wind; clearly he cares not a rap for decorum, since he does not pause to give a courteous greeting in the Chinese manner; but soon we hear him exchanging banter with two small urchins who come trotting down the path, bowed beneath loads of firewood and carrying baskets of mushrooms, "tree-ears," and other forest delicacies.

After another hour or so of climbing, the vegetation begins to thin out, the variegated trees and bushes on the lower slopes giving place to pines and cedars. The ground now rises more gently and, in places, is almost flat, for we have reached a wide plateau, beyond which tall, dark peaks rear up against a pellucid evening sky of fading azure. The din of gushing cascades has been left far behind, the streams here meander gently among blue-green rocks covered with dripping moss. Suddenly two golden pheasants rooting among the fallen pine-needles rise with a whir of wings and merge with the gathering dusk. The path takes a few more turns and, unexpectedly, we come face to face with a high wall undulating like a dragon's back with the contours of the ground. There is a gateway crowned with a blue-tiled roof that contrasts oddly with the gray roofs of the low one-storied buildings clustered round a courtyard within the wall's circumference. Above the half-opened doors, the black lacquered board inscribed with green calligraphy proclaims that we have reached the shelter of "Pine Crag Hermitage." From within steps an elderly man with rosy cheeks, gray-white beard, and a soft cloth hat with a hole at the crown, through which protrudes a topknot of gray hair secured in place by a thick jade peg. Clasped hands now appear from the long, wide sleeves of his voluminous maroon-colored robe, and he raises them, still clasped, again and again in greeting. Smilingly, we are invited to enter his "humble abode."

The four sides of the single courtyard are surrounded by lacquered doors and rice-papered lattice windows well protected by the upward-curving eaves of massive roofs. In the center is a miniature landscape complete with mountains, rivers, lakes, and trees, as well as a few tiny porcelain pavilions—all in all, some twenty feet by twelve, the tallest "mountain" not more than five feet high, the whole a marvelous example of nature reproduced in small by art. Pausing to admire it, we follow the old man into a cell furnished with a square table, two chairs, a cupboard,

two plank beds, a calligraphic wall-scroll, and two earthenware vases of bronze and purplish chrysanthemums. Mattresses and quilts are stuffed with cotton-wool, the pillows tightly packed with fragrant hay. Everything is neat and clean. A serving boy brings each of us a large copper basin of steaming water and a flaxen towel. While we are washing, he reappears with a pot of freshly infused local mountain tea and some hard cakes made of sweetened rice-flour.

Supper is served in the refectory, where there are two large round tables set about with stools on a red-tiled floor. Scrolls depicting two landscapes and a tree filled with roosting herons hang upon the walls. We share one table with the seven resident recluses; the other is used by almost a dozen young pupils who also act as serving-boys. The food, plain but delicious, consists mainly of mountain and woodland produce, steamed or fried, with boiled rice and some thimblefuls of heated rice wine. A spirit of simple friendliness and gusty laughter fills the room. There is plenty of antique courtesy, but everyone seems natural and at ease, as though we were longstanding friends returning for a visit.

We may suppose that Cold Mountain's milieu was very much like this during at least a part of his life as a recluse; though if he lived for a while in a Buddhist community, there would have been some small differences, e. g., shaven polls instead of topknots, black or blue cloth robes instead of the brighter colors affected by Taoists, strictly vegetarian food, and certainly no wine. In either kind of community, there would have been a shrine-room or temple hall, where rituals were performed morning and evening, but attendance would have been voluntary, at least for senior members, silent meditation being the core of either practice. In a Taoist hermitage, the spare time left over from spiritual cultivation and from a fair share of the daily chores might have been spent on gardening, collecting forest products (especially curative herbs), playing chess or music, painting, calligraphy, composing poems, studying ancient texts, practicing martial arts, calisthenics, moon-viewing picnics, and, indeed, almost any pastime for which so remote a place could provide facilities. In a Buddhist temple, it would have been much the same, except that music and martial arts would probably not have figured among the range of pastimes.

However, it seems clear from the poems that Cold Mountain also spent some time as a solitary recluse, a genuine hermit with no company but that afforded by the gurgle of streams and stirrings of wild creatures.

Such men usually lived not far from the vicinity of some monastery or hermitage, where they could go to chat with friends from time to time, or to obtain necessities such as tea (in precommunist China regarded as a virtual necessity), medicine, and, perhaps, lamp-oil or cloth to patch their threadbare robes. Even so, their life was very spartan; their dwelling, sometimes no more than a brushwood lean-to; their bed, heaped up pine-needles or straw; their food, mainly forest products which they gathered and cooked for themselves. It may be that the poems give an unintentionally distorted impression of the extent of Cold Mountain's solitude, especially as he is conventionally depicted by artists as a convivial sort of man with a tummy of no mean proportions. Besides, if he were really a solitary forest dweller, where did he store the paper, ink, and brushes needed for writing poems? Chinese writing-paper is a soft, highly perishable commodity, and ink-slabs do not grow on trees ready for use at inspiration's call.

Nevertheless, he may have been a true solitary for varying lengths of time. People do manage to keep alive without much help, such as a Buddhist monk I discovered living all alone in San Ch'ing Ke—an abandoned Taoist abode near Kunming. This old man lived on a diet of grass and wax candles, the latter left behind by the departing Taoists. He told me he had been imprisoned for a year as a suspected communist (!) and had greatly enjoyed the experience of being provided free of charge with just enough poor food to keep him alive and ample time for meditation. Perhaps Cold Mountain was in fact as skeletal as my candle-eating friend, and equally enamoured of solitude. Who can know?

In any case, Cold Mountain, whether a true solitary or a monk or recluse sharing the life of a small community, had the satisfaction of living in surroundings of such beauty that even the emperor, the Son of Heaven, lord of many a fantastically expensive landscaped garden, might have envied him. As for the rest, Cold Mountain, as a poet, surely had ready access to monasteries and hermitages where the arts were nurtured. Except that they lacked the capital's resources of deliciously perfumed, moth-eyebrowed, willow-waisted young ladies, they could provide (albeit on a modest scale) most of the refinements that scholar-officials were trained to appreciate—even hot baths! Monastics do not need a bath every day; but, at least four times a month, Chinese monks had an opportunity to bathe communally in a heated bath the size of a swimming

pool. Hermit or not, Cold Mountain, who had apparently spent some years hobnobbing with well-to-do people in the capital, Ch'ang An, and may have come from a family of scholar-officials, probably made good use of this facility. One must not suppose him to have lived like a wild man. He was no Tarzan of the Apes!

Well, that is Cold Mountain as I see him. The picture may be true or false. Alas, that we do not have enough evidence to know exactly what manner of life he led. There used to be—even in China—hermits who rejoiced in their own stink. Somehow I do not see Cold Mountain, with the delicate perceptions revealed by his poems, as one of them. It is easier to believe that he played at being more solitary than in fact he was.

As to the nature of the Tao sought by Cold Mountain and his fellows, probably each mountain man had his individual concept. The numberless shades of meaning of this word fall into two broad categories. In one sense, the Tao is the originator, container, substance, and goal of the universe—thus nothing lies apart from it. Shapeless, invisible, intangible, it is the creator, substance, and *being* of a myriad transient forms, of which you and I are two, Mount Kanchenjunga forms a third, the garden dung-heap a fourth, the moon a fifth, and so on. The Tao seeks no praise, no worship. The Tao is. In another sense, the Tao is the path one follows in order to be transfused by the inimitable perfection which realization of the goal bestows. Moreover, since there are many kinds of sentient beings at various levels of understanding, the Tao comprises different paths, some long, some short. All lead eventually to the goal.

What goal? Blissful consciousness of perfect identity with the sublime Tao. From this consciousness flows such harmony between reality (the Tao) and its transient manifestation (say, you or me) that henceforth one can act with pure spontaneity in dealing with all life's exigencies, like a tree bending towards the sunlight. Fear and anxiety vanish; for, in an ultimate sense, nothing can ever go wrong. Light and dark, up and down, health and sickness, life and death are all part of the interplay of transient phenomena whereby the Tao manifests the Tao. Your birth added nothing to it. My death will take nothing from it. Nor, in fact, are birth and death valid concepts, except in a wholly relative sense; for, since every atom of my body, mind, personality, etc., is the Tao, nothing came into being at my birth, nothing will cease to be when I die. So ha-ha-ho-ha-ha! Having realized what I really am, I can face all that may come with laughing

equanimity, never sure that a change for the so-called worse (including death, ha-ha-ha) will not turn out to be a change for the so-called better. If it does not turn out that way, that's fine too, for a realized Taoist is too wise to take opposites such as better or worse at all seriously. I am soon to become an emperor — ha-ha-ha-ha! I am destined to be a lousy beggar — ha-ha-ha-ha! It's all a game. Any part will suit me fine. You are going to give me a thirty-two course (plus side dishes) Chinese banquet? Thanks, I'll enjoy that. We have only a bowl or two of inferior-quality boiled rice for dinner? That will go down very nicely. We have nothing on which to dine? Splendid, we shall have more time to sit outside and enjoy the moonlight, with music provided by the wind in the pines.

You see how enviable is the lot of people who have realized the Tao! Nothing can upset them. Youth passes — so does spring. Old age comes — so do winter's lovely snowscapes and the kettles bubbling over glowing charcoal. I'm bursting with energy, so I'll jog or climb Mount Hua. I'm too ill to move, so I'll enjoy my warm bed and meditate. My wife loves me; "O what joys behind hibiscus curtains!" My wife has left me; how peaceful it is now. Old Wang has a delicious concubine. I have a charming blue-eyed cat. Reagan is delighted with his new aeroplane. I have fun with my old bamboo raft. I find that I can sleep in only one bedroom at a time and that my old wadded gown sits lighter than fur. While you sit watching pictures on your color TV set, I stand gazing at ripples in a moonlit pond, thanking the gods for not interrupting with commercials. You *are* a funny creature; so am I — ha-ha! Who isn't?

Well, as you can see, realization is intoxicating; but to reach a point at which you feel the Tao pulsing in your veins and recognize the Pole Star as no less a part of you than your arms and legs — ha-ha-ha — that is quite difficult. If you really want that, you had best live amidst wooded hills, where thundering cascades, the songs of mountain streams, the twinkle in a rabbit's eye, pine-dappled sunshine, the clatter and creak of bamboo clumps, the silence of moss-clad rocks, and the peerless moon by night all speak to you lovingly, laughingly, of the Tao. It's easier there than in a city, palace, or cathedral — much, much easier!

The mountain men, prior to the moment of full realization, must at times have found the recluse's way of life difficult, or had their cherished equanimity disturbed by cravings, regrets, loneliness, boredom, and other stupid feelings of a kind not to be found in the hearts of sages; but all had

the sense to know they had come to the right sort of place to find what they were looking for, and to foresee the delights that realization bestows. Why, otherwise, would they have chosen to be mountain men?

Was the goal they shared with Cold Mountain not rather selfish? It may be thought so; but, though a mountain man seldom gave thought to “good works,” at least he did no harm to sentient beings. He didn’t bully or push to get things done his way, or bore people with pious platitudes, or go around telling them how wrong they were, how right his own beliefs and actions. He never interfered with people, or sought to make a profit at the cost of someone else’s loss. Nor did he get angry, indignant, disgusted, or shocked, so he probably did a great deal less to contribute to the world’s misery than do most philanthropists. Above all, he did not go around laying down the law. You may feel that some of Cold Mountain’s poems were intended as preachments, and perhaps they were; but they are addressed to the world in general, not to any specific individual. One can scarcely resent that! Had he met you and discovered that you like your funny way of life, he would (like all mountain men close to the Tao) have said good luck to you, ha-ha. If you had made no objection to his going on with his funny way of life, ha-ha, he would have looked on you, as a friend, whoever or whatever you might be. In fact he would have admired you even when you are sottish or (worse still) self-righteous, perceiving in you (as in all sentient beings) a living embodiment of the sublime Tao.

Cold Mountain, being Buddhist as well as Taoist, was very properly concerned over the daily murder of living beings to supply our tables with fish, flesh, and fowl. In his poems, he is forthright in condemning this butchery. However, unless he was very different from other mountain men, he would not have made you feel guilty, small, remorseful, or on the defensive by admonishing you personally; for it is the way of Taoists to let people “do their thing.” Guidance, if given at all, should be so subtle that the person concerned doesn’t know he is being guided. Confrontation, to Taoists, is unthinkable.

So there it is. The Tao. The way of mountain men is, very naturally, not everybody’s way—how fortunate, as crowded mountains just would not do. Still, even today, when the mountain men have been swept from their haunts by the red floodwaters of revolution, it is lovely to contemplate what they were and what they stood for. Some of Cold Mountain’s poems are so full of the magic of moonlight, gnarled pines, and running water

that, after reading one, I like to close my eyes and imagine myself in the heart of the scene described. (Described? Well, no. Those brief poems just touch on one or two telling details of a scene, allowing the reader to participate, Taoist fashion, in the poetic act of creation, by supplying the rest from his own mind—the Tao!)

Though “my” Tao has led me into a less strenuous manner of contemplative life, I clearly recognize the mountain men’s choice as superior to all others. They were not nearer the Tao than you or me—since it has from the first been closer to us than our own noses—but they had a far better chance of realizing in this life just how near that is, and of joyfully savoring the bliss that comes with full realization.

What does all this amount to? You (the Tao) go to some mountain forest (the Tao) to follow the path (Tao) that leads to realizing (Tao-ing) the Tao! It sounds crazy, but it’s wonderful. If you don’t believe that, try it for a while—very sincerely, though not of course seriously (in the sense of experiencing humorless dedication, like a religious fanatic), for the Tao is most easily found when laughter comes spontaneously and one is comfortably realized. Strain, tension, solemnity will blind you to its lovely radiance.

John Blofeld

April 6, 1982

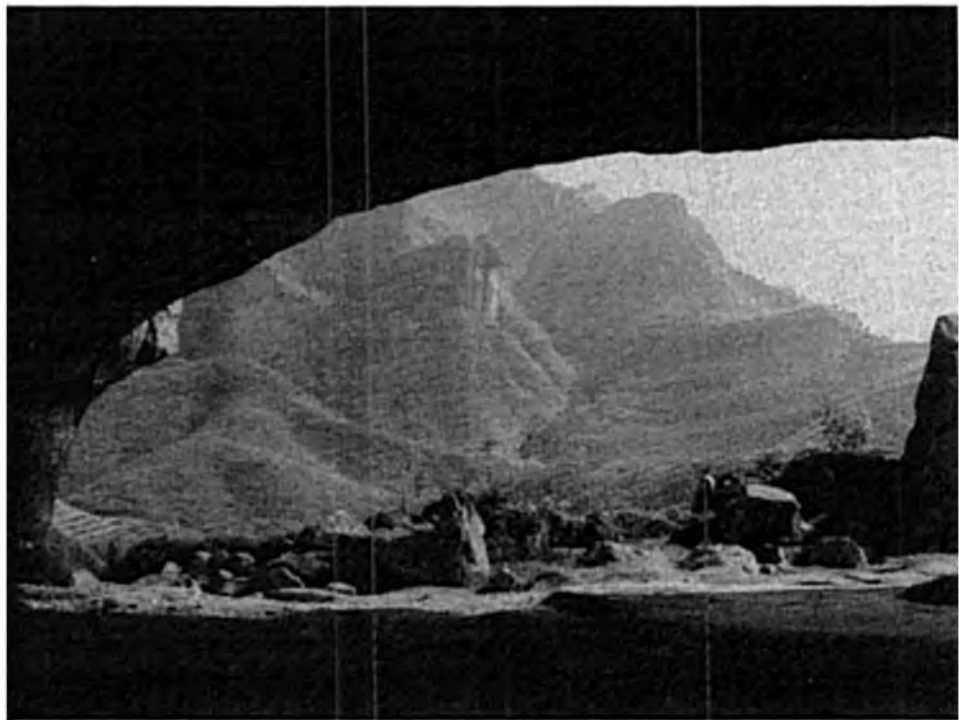
Garden of Immortals,

Bangkok, Thailand

THE POEMS OF

Cold Mountain (Han-shan)

寒
山
詩



The view from Han-shan's cave overlooking the valley to the south

重巖我卜居 鳥道絕人跡 庭際何所有 白雲抱幽石
住茲凡幾年 屢見春冬易 寄語鐘鼎家 虛名定無益

凡讀我詩者 心中須護淨 慳貪繼日廉 諂曲登時正
驅遣除惡業 歸依受真性 今日得佛身 急急如律令

可笑寒山道 而無車馬蹤 聯溪難記曲 疊嶂不知重
泣露千般草 吟風一樣松 此時迷徑處 形問影何從

1. In the first line, *pu-chu* (to choose a home) implies to choose by divination and recalls a poem of that title by the exiled poet Ch'u Yuan (340–278 B.C.). The wording of the third and fourth lines is indebted to T'ao Hung-ching (456–536): "What do mountains contain / ridges covered with clouds" (*Asking What Mountains Contain and Replying in Verse*) and to Hsieh Ling-yun (385–443): "White clouds cling to dark rocks / green bamboos line crystal streams." (*Passing Shihning Villa*) Tripods and bells were cast at great expense for use at sacrificial ceremonies, and the names of ancestors or the men who commissioned them were often carved on their surfaces. Empty names, indeed!
2. Karma refers to the retribution we suffer for our past actions. After asking Subhuti if he could see the Buddha's bodily form, the Buddha told Subhuti, "Thus is the Tathagata seen by means of attributes that are not attributes." (*Diamond Sutra*: 5) In the last line, the phrase *lu-ling* (order) was used during the Han dynasty at the conclusion of official edicts and later by Taoists at the end of supplications to spirits. Citing the *Tufenglu*, Kuo P'eng says *Lu-ling* was also the name of a Taoist spirit who moves at the speed of lightning. Thus the line could also be translated: "Do it as fast as *Lu-ling*."
3. During my own visits to Cold Mountain, I took the paved highway from Tientai and headed northwest. Six kilometers later, just before the village of Fuchien, I turned west onto a two-lane dirt road. After some twenty kilometers, just before the village of

1 Towering cliffs were the home I chose
bird trails beyond human tracks
what does my yard contain
white clouds clinging to dark rocks
every year I've lived here
I've seen the seasons change
all you owners of tripods and bells
what good are empty names

2 All you who read my poems
guard your purity of heart
let your greed be modesty
your flattery be honesty
put an end to evil karma
trust your own true nature
find your buddha body today
do it as fast as an order

3 The Cold Mountain Road is strange
no tracks of cart or horse
hard to recall which merging stream
or tell which piled-up ridge
a myriad plants weep with dew
the pines all sigh the same
here where the trail disappears
form asks shadow where to

Chiehtouchen, I turned south onto a one-lane dirt track that led across the Shihfeng River and through an opening in a nearby ridge. Coming out on the other side of the ridge, I crossed the Huangshui River and explored both forks of the road on the opposite side. Two kilometers to the south along the eastern edge of a rocky massif was *Mingyen* (Bright Cliff). About five kilometers to the west at the western base of the same formation was *Hanyen* (Cold Cliff). The second line was inspired by T'ao Yuan-ming (365–427): "I built my hut among mankind / but hear no sound of cart or horse." (*Drinking Poems*: 5) The last line is also indebted to T'ao Yuan-ming's *Form, Shadow, and Spirit*, in which Form and Shadow turn to Spirit for a solution to their transient existence.

欲得安身處 寒山可長保
微風吹幽松 近聽聲愈好
下有斑白人 喃喃讀黃老
十年歸不得 忘卻來時道

吾心似秋月 碧潭清皎潔
無物堪比倫 教我如何說

山中何太冷 自古非今年
沓嶂恆凝雪 幽林每吐煙
草生芒種後 葉落立秋前
此有沈迷客 窺窺不見天

4. The recitation of sacred writings, such as Lao-tzu's *Taoteching*, and the chanting of incantations are among the techniques used by Taoists in their quest to transcend this mortal state.
5. Asked to define the bodhisattva's door beyond duality, Vimilakirti remained silent, while Manjushri exclaimed, "Just so! Without letters or words is the true door beyond duality!" (*Vimilakirti Sutra*: 9) John Blofeld thought the last line refers to Lao-tzu's "wordless teaching." (*Taoteching*: 2)
6. In addition to their calendar of lunar months, the Chinese divide the year into twenty-four solar periods of fifteen days each. *Mang-chung* (Grain Ears) fifteen days before the summer solstice, and *Li-ch'iu* (Autumn Begins) forty-five days after the solstice. In the last line, the sky's absence prevents the traveler from establishing his bearings.

4 Looking for a refuge
Cold Mountain will keep you safe
a faint wind stirs dark pines
come closer the sound gets better
below them sits a gray-haired man
chanting Taoist texts
ten years unable to return
he forgot the way he came

5 My mind is like the autumn moon
clear and bright in a pool of jade
nothing can compare
what more can I say

6 The mountains are so cold
not just now but every year
crowded ridges breathe in snow
sunless forests breathe out mist
nothing grows until Grain Ears
leaves fall before Autumn Begins
a lost traveler here
looks in vain for the sky

長歌三月響	短舞萬人看	未必長如此	芙蓉不耐寒
城中蛾眉女	珠珮何珊珊	鸚鵡花前弄	琵琶月下彈
俊傑馬上郎	揮鞭指柳楊	謂言無死日	終不作梯航
四運花自好	一朝成萎黃	醍醐與石蜜	至死不能嘗
欲向東巖去	于今無量年	昨來攀葛上	半路困風煙
徑窄衣難進	苔粘履不前	住茲丹桂下	且枕白雲眠

7. Moth antennae, willow leaves, and the crescent moon were the standard metaphors for a woman's eyebrows in Chinese poetry. Pendants were attached to the belt or sash. Parrots are native to China's southwestern provinces and were sent to the capital as tribute by the hill tribes that still inhabit the border regions. During the T'ang dynasty, troupes of musicians and dancers came to the capital of Ch'ang-an from the kingdoms along the Silk Road to celebrate festivals and special occasions. Thus did the lute arrive from Persia, along with more sensual dance styles. During a visit to the capital of the state of Ch'i, Confucius was so overwhelmed by the music known as *Shao*, he lost interest in food for three months, while the sound of the music continued to echo in his ears. Lieh-tzu also records a story about a woman whose songs echoed in the capital of Ch'i for three days (*Liehtzu*: 5.11). The hibiscus withers at the first sign of fall and is also known as the "cold-fearing flower."
8. Willows are a metaphor for the graceful sex. The term was applied in particular to prostitutes, who were often seen leaning from thresholds and balconies of certain streets like willow catkins in spring along river embankments. Buddhists liken spiritual discipline to a raft one uses for crossing the Sea of Suffering. Taoists, meanwhile, find the ingredients

- 7 A moth-browed girl in town
 how her pendants chime
 teasing a parrot before the flowers
 playing a lute beneath the moon
 her singing echoes for months
 thousands watch her briefest dance
 but surely this won't last
 the hibiscus can't bear cold
- 8 A fine young man on horseback
 waves his whip at the willows
 he can't imagine death
 he builds no boat or ladder
 the seasonal flowers are lovely
 until the day they wither and fade
 rock sugar and clarified butter
 mean nothing when you're dead
- 9 I longed to visit the eastern cliff
 countless years until today
 I finally grabbed a vine and climbed
 but halfway there met mist and wind
 the trail was too narrow for clothes
 the moss too slick for shoes
 I stopped beneath this cinnamon tree
 and slept with a cloud for a pillow

for their elixirs in high mountains and still use rope ladders and wooden pegs for climbing to inaccessible places. Rock sugar and clarified butter (ghee) represent the taste of liberation, refined of all impurities.

9. According to Hsu Hsia-k'o's (1586–1641) *Travel Diaries*, Bright Cliff was three or four kilometers east of Cold Cliff. I would put it at two or three. In any case, both cliffs are on opposite sides of the same rocky plateau. The cinnamon trees of the Tientai area were once known for their great size. The tree's cortex is used in medications and elixirs to stimulate the neural-vascular system.

巖前獨靜坐 圓月當天耀
萬象影現中 一輪本無照
廓然神自清 含虛洞玄妙
因指見其月 月是心樞要

吾家好隱淪 居處絕囂塵
踐草成三徑 瞻雲作四鄰
助歌聲有鳥 問法語無人
今日娑婆樹 幾年為一春

琴書須自隨 祿位用何為
投輦從賢婦 巾車有孝兒
風吹曝麥地 水溢沃魚池
常念鷓鴣鳥 安身在一枝

10. Cold Mountain's cave faces south and affords an unobstructed view of the moon's passage from the eastern to the western horizon. The *Shurangama Sutra*: 2 says, "By following another person's finger, we see the moon. But if we look back at the finger and call that the moon, we mistake the moon as well as the finger." Also referring to lunar verities, Lao-tzu says, "Thirty spokes converge on a hub / but it's the emptiness / that makes a wheel work." (*Taoteching*: 11)
11. *Saha* is also Sanskrit and refers to the world where our karma bears its fruit. Hence, a *Saha* tree is a karma-bearing tree. According to Indian cosmology, the length of lives and seasons varies from aeons at the beginning of a world to a finger snap at the end. The early Chinese were of the same opinion: "In the primordial past, there was a huge tree whose springs and falls lasted 8,000 years." (*Chuangtzu*: 1.2)
12. The first three lines refer to a story that appears in the *Liehnuchuan*: 2, "The King of Ch'u heard that Ch'en Tzu-chung was a virtuous man and asked him to serve at court. Ch'en's wife said, 'Husband, you weave sandals for a living and enjoy zither and books in your spare time. Why take on the worries of Ch'u?' Tzu-chung went back outside and sent the carriage away." A covered cart is the conveyance used by those of modest means and recalls the lines of T'ao Yuan-ming (365-427), another man who escaped the lure of public life: "Sometimes I call for a covered cart / sometimes I row a small boat." (*The Return*)

- 10 Before the cliffs I sat alone
 the moon shone in the sky
 but where a thousand shapes appeared
 its lantern cast no light
 the unobstructed spirit is clear
 the empty cave is a mystery
 a finger showed me the moon
 the moon is the hub of the mind
- 11 Give me a hidden eddy
 a residence free from dust and noise
 paths of newly trampled grass
 clouds above for neighbors
 birds to help me sing
 no one asking for sermons
 springtime for this Saha tree
 nowadays lasts how many years
- 12 Zither and books are up to you
 but wealth and power are useless
 send back the carriage and heed the wise wife
 the good son rides in a covered cart
 wind blows across a threshing floor
 water spills from a hatchery pool
 keep in mind the tailorbird
 at home on a single branch

The remaining lines point out the futility of desiring more than one can safely use. Line five refers to Kao Feng, who was so intent on reading, he didn't notice a sudden rain-storm blow away his drying grain (*Mengchiu*). The referent of line six escapes me, though it might have something to do with Fan Li, who was adept at raising fish and was something of a Chinese Midas. Finally, the tailorbird represents moderation of desires and uses but a single branch for its nest (*Chuangtzu*: 1.4).

弟兄同五郡 父子本三州
欲驗飛鳧集 須旌白兔遊
靈瓜夢裡受 神橘座中收
鄉國何迢遞 同魚寄水流

一為書劍客 三遇聖明君
東守文不賞 西征武不勳
學文兼學武 學武兼學文
今日既老矣 餘生不足云

13. The first two lines of this Taoist lament are quoted from a poem by Yu Hsin (513–581) and refer to the separation of Emperor Wu of the Liang dynasty (r. 502–549) and his five sons. The emperor was especially interested in immortality and the afterlife. The third line refers to the Taoist immortal Wang Tzu-ch'iao, who flew to the palace on a pair of wild ducks (*Houhanshu*: Section on Shamans). In the fourth line, the white hare refers to the moon, where it can still be seen mixing the elixir of immortality. The magic melon and sacred orange were fruits that conferred long life. Emperor Ming of the Han dynasty once tasted the melon, but only in a dream (*Shihyichi*: 6). The oranges grew on a tree kept by Yuan Shu. Lu Chi (261–303) stole several to give to his aged mother, but they fell out of his robe as he bowed to leave Yuan Shu's court (*Sankuochih*: Lu Chi). The last line recalls a couplet from Ts'ao Chih's (192–232) *Planting Beans*: "Once we shared the same pond / now we swim in different seas."
14. In the second line, the *Chuantang* edition (p. 1707) has *erh* (two) in place of *san* (three), apparently to fit with lines three and four. But three lords are called for, if, as most commentators suggest, the referent is the following story: "Once when Emperor Wu of the Han dynasty was riding by the Royal Academy, he saw an old man and asked him, 'Sir, when did you enter the Academy? Aren't you a bit old?' The man replied, 'I became a candidate in Emperor Wen's time. But he loved letters, and I loved arms. In Emperor

13 Brothers share five districts
father and sons three states
to learn where the wild ducks fly
follow the white-hare banner
find a magic melon in your dreams
steal a sacred orange from the palace
far away from your native land
swim with fish in a stream

14 A master of the brush and the sword
met three illustrious lords
in the East his advice was ignored
in the West his valor wasn't honored
he mastered the brush and the sword
he mastered the sword and the brush
today now that he's old
what's left isn't worth saying

Ching's reign the Emperor loved beauty, but I was ugly. And now the Emperor loves the young, and I am old." (*Wutikushih*) Here, "the East" refers to the central plains and the government's major source of revenue, while "the West" refers to what is now Kansu province, where the Chinese battled the Hsiung-nu (Huns?) and the Ch'iang (Tibetans) for control of the Silk Road.

年	天	似	人	死	莊
多	生	我	問	將	子
心	百	何	寒	餒	說
尚	尺	由	山	青	送
勁	樹	屈	道	蠅	終
日	剪	與	寒	弔	天
久	作	君	山	不	地
皮	長	心	路	勞	為
漸	條	不	不	白	棺
禿	木	同	通	鶴	槨
識	可	君	夏	餓	吾
者	惜	心	天	著	歸
取	棟	若	冰	首	此
將	梁	似	未	陽	有
來	材	我	釋	山	時
猶	拋	還	日	生	唯
堪	之	得	出	廉	須
拄	在	到	霧	死	一
馬	幽	其	朦	亦	幡
屋	谷	中	朧	樂	箔

15. The second line is from *Chuangtzu*: 32.14. The Chinese use two (and sometimes three) coffins, one inside the other. The fifth line is paraphrased from the *Sankuochih*: 57, "When I die, let the mourners be flies. If only one person in the world knows me, then I will have no regrets." Because of their longevity, cranes are associated with immortals and thus with Taoist priests, who often conduct funeral services to make ends meet. Shouyang Mountain rises on the north shore of the Yellow River's middle reaches across from the strategic town of Tungkuan. At the beginning of the Chou dynasty, the two brothers Po-yi and Shu-ch'i (fl. 1100 B.C.) settled on its slopes and tried to subsist on the blameless diet of ferns and doe's milk rather than eat the products of the surrounding kingdom, whose new overlord they viewed as a usurper. The travel diarist Hsu Hsia-k'o (1586-1641) found their statues in an abandoned temple not far from Cold Cliff and was of the opinion that the carving had been done before Cold Mountain's time. Perhaps this poem was left in their vicinity.
16. Though its condition is dependent on the most recent rain, and it is only wide enough for a single cart, a road does reach Cold Mountain. And the fog does drift inland from the nearby ocean in spring, but ice and snow appear only briefly during the winter. But then, this poem is about a different mountain.

15 Chuang-tzu said for his funeral
 let Heaven and Earth be my coffins
 whenever I reach that state
 all I need is a shroud
 let my body feed flies
 don't bother asking the cranes to mourn
 I'd rather starve on Shouyang Mountain
 for those who live honest death is fine too

16 People ask the way to Cold Mountain
 but roads don't reach Cold Mountain
 in summer the ice doesn't melt
 and the morning fog is too dense
 how did someone like me arrive
 our minds are not the same
 if they were the same
 you would be here

17 Hundred-foot trees produced by Heaven
 get sawed into giant planks
 unfortunate building timber
 gets left in a hidden valley
 its heart stays strong despite the years
 its bark falls off day after day
 if some astute person took it away
 it still could prop up a stable

17. In ancient China, the greatest goal a person could have was to serve his sovereign, the Son of Heaven. Here, obscurity of birth prevents the attainment of this goal, despite the possession of sufficient talent.

驅馬度荒城	荒城動客情	高低舊雉堞	大小古墳塋
自振孤蓬影	長凝拱木聲	所嗟皆俗骨	仙史更無名
鸚鵡宅西國	虞羅捕得歸	美人朝夕弄	出入在庭幃
賜以金籠貯	烏哉損羽衣	不如鴻與鵠	颯颯入雲飛
玉堂掛珠簾	中有嬋娟子	其貌勝神仙	容華若桃李
東家春霧合	西舍秋風起	更過三十年	還成甘蔗滓

18. The Chinese plant evergreens around ancestral graves to remind departed spirits, as well as themselves, that they have not been forgotten. In Cold Mountain's day, the most famous records of immortals were Liu Hsiang's (79–6 B.C.) *Liehhsienchuan* and Ko Hung's (283–343) *Shenhsienchuan*, which record the biographies of more than a hundred early Taoist masters.
19. Parrots are native to Kansu and Szechuan provinces in Western China. When the king of the state of Sung demanded the wife of one of his subjects, the woman sent the king this song: "On South Mountain there is a crow / on North Mountain a net stretches / if the crow flies high / what good is that net / the crow and magpie fly together / they don't envy phoenixes / I'm a simple girl / I don't want the King of Sung." ("The Crow and Magpie Song" in *Kushihyuan*: 1) When the king persisted, she killed herself. No male, other than the emperor and his castrated eunuchs, was allowed within the palace's inner apartments.
20. During the T'ang dynasty, Jade Hall referred to the imperial harem as well as to the Han-lin Academy of scholars, and this poem could be read in either gender. The Chinese attribute translucent complexions to their immortals, both male and female. The natural philosophy associated with the *Yiching* (*Book of Changes*) ascribes the beginning of the year to the northeast with the seasons moving clockwise. Reflecting this cycle within the

18 I spur my horse past ruins
ruins move a traveler's heart
the old parapets high and low
the ancient graves great and small
the shuddering shadow of a tumbleweed
the steady sound of giant trees
but what I lament are the common bones
unnamed in the records of immortals

19 Parrots live in western lands
hunters bring them back in nets
courtesans tease them dawn to dusk
somewhere behind palace curtains
they're given a golden cage
but locked away their plumage fades
not like wild geese and swans
flying up in the clouds

20 Inside Jade Hall is a curtain of pearls
behind it lives a graceful girl
her beauty transcends the immortals
her skin is like that of a peach
spring mists rise in the east
autumn winds stir in the west
thirty years from now
she'll look like chewed sugarcane

imperial precincts, the crown prince and his consorts lived in the palace's eastern wing, the emperor and his principal consorts lived in the central wing (which included Jade Hall), while his minor consorts and those of the deceased emperor lived in the western wing. However, those who became nuns retired to Kanyeh Temple, whose name was a near homophone for *kan-che* (sugarcane).

東 明 又 西 暗	四 時 無 止 息	年 去 又 年 來	萬 物 有 代 謝	九 天 無 朽 摧	山 果 獼 猴 摘	池 魚 白 鷺 銜	仙 書 一 兩 卷	樹 下 讀 喃 喃	家 住 綠 巖 下	庭 蕪 更 不 艾	新 藤 垂 繚 繞	古 石 豎 巉 巖	拍 手 催 花 舞	措 頤 聽 鳥 歌	誰 當 來 歎 賀	樵 客 屢 經 過	父 母 經 營 多	田 園 不 羨 他	婦 搖 機 軋 軋	兒 弄 口 啞 啞
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21. In the first line, the *Chuantang* edition (p. 1707) has *hsu-ching* (teach the classics) for *ching-ying* (keep busy). Woodcutters suggest the remoteness of Cold Mountain's dwelling. The woodcutter also represents the go-between familiar with both mountain and city values.
22. Taoists devote themselves to the development of a spiritual body capable of transcending death. Among the texts Cold Mountain may have had in mind are Ko Hung's (283-343) *Paoputzu* or Sun Ssu-mo's (fl. 650) *Tanching Yaochueh* (both of which have been translated into English) or perhaps the two books that make up Lao-tzu's *Taote-ching*. Chanting was the traditional way to memorize a text, but it was also considered efficacious in itself in the acquisition of spiritual powers.
23. The Chinese consider years as well as seasons cyclical, and they count a sixty-year cycle. Note that the sentiment expressed here is typically Chinese and ignores the usual Buddhist perspective. The Nine Heavens include the sky's zenith and its eight directions. The Yellow Springs are the destination of the dead, named for the sulphuric rock visible in areas of volcanic activity where the earth opens up.

- 21 My parents stayed busy enough
I don't want anyone's land
my wife clacks away at her loom
our baby gurgles and coos
I clap and urge the flowers to dance
prop up my chin and listen to birds
who comes to commend me
woodcutters often stop by
- 22 My home is below green cliffs
I don't cut weeds anymore
new vines spiral down
ancient rocks stand straight
monkeys pick the wild fruit
egrets spear the fish
one or two books by immortals
I chant beneath the trees
- 23 The seasonal round never stops
one year ends and another begins
ten thousand things come and go
the Nine Heavens don't decay
the east grows bright the west grows dark
flowers fade and blossom again
only travelers to the Yellow Springs
depart and don't return

歲去換愁年 春來物色鮮
山花笑綠水 巖樹舞青煙
蜂蝶自云樂 禽魚更可憐
朋遊情未已 徹曉不能眠

手筆太縱橫 身材極魁偉
生為有限身 死作無名鬼
自古如此多 君今爭奈何
可來白雲裡 教你紫芝歌

粵自居寒山 曾經幾萬載
任運遯林泉 棲遲觀自在
巖中人不到 白雲常靄靄
細草作臥褥 青天為被蓋
快活枕石頭 天地任變改

25. During the T'ang dynasty, among the necessary qualifications for public office were excellent calligraphy and good health. The ancient Chinese called the purple-capped mushroom, identified by some as *Ganoderma japonicum*, "the food of the gods." The *Shennung Pentsao* says, "Taken regularly, it makes the body light and impervious to age." The Four Worthies of the Han dynasty were known for their *Mushroom Song*: "Forested mountains / winding valleys / bright purple mushrooms / to keep away hunger / with sages so distant / where can we turn / horses and carriages / bring nothing but worries / merchants and kings / are no match for paupers." (*Kaoshihchuan*)
26. Line three suggests Cold Mountain may have been a refugee or a wanted man. I see the An Lu-shan Rebellion in the background. *Kuan-tzu-tzai* (gaze in freedom) is also the name of Avalokiteshvara, the bodhisattva whose unhindered view is the point of departure of the *Heart Sutra*. Heaven also refers to the emperor and Earth to the empire. Thus the last line also implies unconcern with the fate of the dynasty.

- 24 The new year ends a year of sorrow
spring finds everything fresh
mountain flowers laugh with green water
cliff trees dance with blue mist
bees and butterflies seem so happy
birds and fishes look lovelier still
the joy of companionship never ends
who can sleep past dawn
- 25 Calligraphy unrestrained
physique robust enough
alive a body with limits
dead a ghost with no name
it's been like this since ancient times
what else can you do
join me inside the clouds
I'll teach you magic mushroom songs
- 26 Since I came to Cold Mountain
how many thousand years have passed
accepting my fate I fled to the woods
to dwell and gaze in freedom
no one visits the cliffs
forever hidden by clouds
soft grass serves as a mattress
my quilt is the dark blue sky
a boulder makes a fine pillow
Heaven and Earth can crumble and change

有一餐霞子 其居諱俗遊
論時實蕭爽 在夏亦如秋
幽澗常瀝瀝 高松風颼颼
其中半日坐 忘卻百年愁

妾家邯鄲住 歌聲亦抑揚
賴我安隱處 此曲舊來長
既醉莫言歸 留連日未央
兒家寢宿處 繡被滿銀床

快榜三翼舟 善乘千里馬
莫能造我家 謂言最幽野
巖穴深嶂中 雲雷竟日下
自非孔丘公 無能相致者

27. Breathing the *ch'i*, or charged air, of sunset and dawn is part of the Taoist yogic regimen.
28. Hantan was the capital of the ancient state of Chao and is located midway between Peking and Loyang. It was famous for its singing-girls, and I can't help wonder if it wasn't Cold Mountain's hometown. It's the only town other than the capitals of Loyang and Ch'ang-an mentioned in his poems. Or perhaps he is simply assuming the Hantan manner for the purposes of this seduction in which the embroidered quilt apparently refers to his cloud-wreathed poems and the silver bed to his moonlit cave.
29. The particular warship referred to in this poem came in three sizes and was propelled by oars and poles. It was so fast it was said to have wings. A *ch'ien-li-ma* (thousand-mile horse) was said to be capable of running one thousand miles without resting. Of course, a traditional Chinese mile is only about one-third of an English mile. Such images might represent the government's attempt to track down Cold Mountain for his part in the An Lu-shan Rebellion. "Clouds and thunder" refers to the realm of spirits. Confucius claimed his only merit consisted of passing on the wisdom of the ancients (*Lunyu*: 7.1-2). According to *The Diamond Sutra*: 7, "The Dharma realized and taught by the Tathagata is incomprehensible and inexpressible. It is neither a dharma, nor is it not a dharma." In the last line, some editions have *chiao* (teach) for *chih* (convey).

27 A man who lives on rose-colored clouds
shunned the usual haunts for a home
every season is equally dead
summer is just like fall
a dark stream always babbles
a towering pine wind sighs
sitting here less than one day
he forgets a whole lifetime of sorrow

28 This maid is from Hantan
her singing has the lilt
make use of her refuge
her songs go on forever
you're drunk don't talk of going
stay until the morning comes
where you sleep tonight
her embroidered quilt fills a silver bed

29 Pole your three winged galleons
ride your thousand-mile stallions
you still won't reach my home
it's called *the darkest wild*
my cave is on a distant ridge
clouds and thunder last all day
I'm not Master Confucius
I have nothing to convey

智者君拋我	愚者我拋君	非愚亦非智	從此斷相聞
入夜歌明月	侵晨舞白雲	焉能住口手	端坐鬢紛紛
茅棟野人居	門前車馬疏	林幽偏聚鳥	溪闊本藏魚
山果攜兒摘	臯田共婦鋤	家中何所有	唯有一床書
登陟寒山道	寒山路不窮	溪長石磊磊	澗闊草濛濛
苔滑非關雨	松鳴不假風	誰能超世累	共坐白雲中

30. The "wise ones" refer to the followers of Chih-yi (538–597), the monk responsible for the building of Kuoching Temple and the founding of the Tientai sect. Chih-yi's posthumous name was Chih-che, or Wise One. According to Hui-neng (d. 713), "To still the mind and contemplate purity is a disease, not meditation. To sit all the time constrains the body and doesn't profit the understanding. Listen to my song: 'Alive they sit, never resting / dead they rest never sitting / with a bunch of stinking bones / how can you start your practice?'" (*Sutra of the Sixth Patriarch*: 8) The penultimate line refers to singing (with one's mouth) and dancing (with one's hands). Although this poem seems to celebrate Cold Mountain's departure from Kuoching Temple, the last line makes it clear that he was not a monk.
31. The expression *yi-ch'uang* (a shelf) can also mean "a bed," and some translators have preferred this interpretation. I would think, though, that the presence of his family would encourage him to keep his bed clear of books. In any case, the emphasis here is on both lack of possessions and the importance of books for someone who chooses, rather than is forced into, the simplicity of mountain living.

- 30 Wise ones you ignore me
I ignore you fools
neither wise nor foolish
I'll disappear henceforth
at night I'll sing to the moon
at dawn I'll dance with the clouds
how can I still my mouth and hands
and sit up straight with all this hair
- 31 A mountain man lives under thatch
before his gate carts and horses are rare
the forest is quiet but partial to birds
the streams are wide and home to fish
with his son he picks wild fruit
with his wife he hoes between rocks
what does he have at home
a shelf full of nothing but books
- 32 Who takes the Cold Mountain Road
takes a road that never ends
the rivers are long and piled with rocks
the streams are wide and choked with grass
it's not the rain that makes the moss slick
and it's not the wind that makes the pines moan
who can get past the tangles of the world
and sit with me in the clouds

六極常嬰困 九維徒自論 有才遺草澤 無藝閉蓬門
日上巖猶暗 煙消谷尚昏 其中長者子 個個總無禪

白雲高嵯峨 綠水蕩潭波 此處聞漁父 時時鼓棹歌
聲聲不可聽 令我愁思多 誰謂雀無角 其如穿屋何

杳杳寒山道 落落冷澗濱 啾啾常有鳥 寂寂更無人
浙浙風吹面 紛紛雪積身 朝朝不見日 歲歲不知春

33. The Six Extremes include illness, worry, poverty, hate, weakness, and shortness of life. The Nine Knots are loyalty, honesty, reverence, courage, gentleness, friendliness, resolve, flexibility, and a career of service. The "talented" refer to would-be officials and the "unskilled" to those without such pretensions. *Chang-che-tzu* (sons of elders) is a euphemism for the morally upright and often appears in Buddhist sutras in reference to the early members of the Buddhist order. The last line pokes fun at traditional Buddhist attire, which consisted of an outer robe and short pants underneath: It is only in the last hundred years or so that long pants, tied at the ankle, were added to the monastic wardrobe and the robe dispensed with while performing daily chores.
34. In Chinese literature, the fisherman is often used to represent someone who has succeeded in becoming detached from mortal burdens and has gained some access to the mysteries of the Way. He appears in this guise in Ch'u Yuan's (340-278 B.C.) *The Fisherman* as well as in *Chuangtzu*: 31. The last two lines are from "Walking in the Dew," a poem in the *Shihching*: (Book of Songs), where the sparrows represent unwelcome suitors. Here they represent unwelcome memories. To have forsaken family life for the wilds and not to have attained the Way is sorrowful, indeed.
35. Cold Mountain must be referring to what is now called the Huangshui River, which flows past the massif that includes Cold Cliff and joins the Shihfeng River several

33 As long as we're bound by the Six Extremes
discussing the Nine Knots is futile
talented men remain in the wilds
the unskilled close rough doors
the cliffs are still dark at noon
the valleys stay dim on cloudless days
here you'll find the sons of elders
and none of them owns any pants

34 Where white clouds form high rugged crags
and green water rolling dark waves
I hear a fisherman singing
over and over the song of his oars
verse after verse I try not to listen
it stirs up too much sorrow
who says sparrows don't have horns
how else could they pierce my walls

35 The trail to Cold Mountain is faint
the banks of Cold Stream are a jungle
birds constantly chatter away
I hear no sound of people
gusts of wind lash my face
flurries of snow bury my body
day after day no sun
year after year no spring

kilometers to the north at the village of Chiehtouchen. Although my translation fails to do it justice, Cold Mountain's poetic technique here involves the use of reduplicative binomes at the beginning of every line: *yao-yao* (vague-vague), *lo-lo* (barren-barren), *ch'iu-ch'iu* (chirp-chirp), *chi-chi* (still-still), *hsi-hsi* (gust-gust), *fen-fen* (powder-powder), *chao-chao* (dawn-dawn), *sui-sui* (year-year).

少年何所愁 愁見鬢毛白 白更何所愁 愁見日逼迫
移向東岱居 配守北邙宅 何忍出此言 此言傷老客

聞道愁難遣 斯言謂不真 昨朝始趁卻 今日又纏身
月盡愁難盡 年新愁更新 誰知蓆帽下 元是昔愁人

兩龜乘犢車 驀出路頭戲 一蠶從傍來 苦死欲求寄
不載爽人情 始載被沈累 彈指不可論 行恩卻遭刺

36. Located at the base of the Shantung Peninsula, Taishan is China's most sacred mountain and the temporary abode of recently departed spirits. By Cold Mountain's time, the God of Taishan was acknowledged as possessing the power to assign these spirits to their next lives, and temples in his honor were built throughout China. Peimang is a long ridge of gentle hills north of Loyang. Possessing unusually good geomantic characteristics, it is one of China's oldest cemeteries, with graves dating back to the Neolithic period 5,000 years ago. A museum featuring *in situ* examples of Peimang's grave architecture and art has recently been built on the site.
37. This wide-brimmed, unisex hat featured a surrounding band of material or beads that hid the face and was worn, like dark glasses, to protect the wearer's identity. A similar hat is still worn by farm women in Kuantung province.
38. In the *Lotus Sutra*, the ox cart is used as a metaphor for the Great Vehicle of Salvation, with room for all. The turtles are a scurrilous reference to bald-headed monks and nuns. First among all Buddhist virtues is charity, but here its unwise practice leads to the loss of life. Such are the results of dogma, even Buddhist dogma. Some editions have *ku* (poisonous insect used in black magic) in place of *ch'an* (scorpion).

- 36 What makes a young man grieve
 he grieves to see his hair turn white
 besides that what makes him grieve
 he grieves to see the day draw near
 he goes to stay on Taishan
 or leaves to guard Peimang
 how can I bear to speak these words
 these words pain an old man
- 37 People say cares never depart
 a saying I thought was untrue
 but yesterday what I drove off
 entangles me today once more
 the months depart but cares remain
 and a new year means new cares
 who would guess beneath the big hat
 is someone plagued by old cares
- 38 Two turtles aboard an ox cart
 took part in a highway drama
 a scorpion came alongside
 begging desperately for a ride
 to refuse would violate goodwill
 to accept would weigh them down
 in a moment too brief to describe
 acting kindly they got stung

三月蠶猶小 女人來采花 隈牆弄蝴蝶 臨水擲蝦蟆
羅袖盛梅子 金鏡挑筍芽 鬥論爭物色 此地勝余家

東家一老婆 富來三五年 昔日貧於我 今笑我無錢
渠笑我在後 我笑渠在前 相笑儻不止 東邊復西邊

富兒多鞅掌 觸事難祇承 倉米已赫赤 不貸人斗升
轉懷鉤距意 買絹先揀綾 若至臨終日 弔客有蒼蠅

39. Raising silkworms and spinning their cocoons into silk were among the household duties expected of most women. But the seasonal work did not begin until May, or the fourth lunar month, which was also called the Silkworm Month. The scene is that of a city wall and its adjacent moat and suburban embankment. In traditional Chinese dress, sleeves were a foot or more in width and were used as pockets. These bladed hairpins were originally introduced by Indian monks for use in cataract surgery. By Cold Mountain's time, however, the technique had already fallen into disuse, although the surgical equipment survived in women's hairdos.
41. When rice is stored too long, its husk turns red. The point of the sixth line is that the rich are never satisfied, not even with such a luxury as silk.

39 In April when silkworms are small
girls come gathering flowers
chasing butterflies by the wall
trying to hit frogs in the water
dropping ripe plums into sheer silk sleeves
cutting bamboo shoots with golden hairpins
others can argue about what's fine
this place is better than mine

40 An old lady who lives to the east
got rich a few years ago
before poorer than me
she now mocks my poverty
she laughs that I'm behind
I laugh that she's ahead
it seems we can't stop laughing
from the east and from the west

41 The rich have so many cares
they can't just acquiesce
their granary rice might be bright red
they still won't loan out a peck
their reveries turn to guile
they pick through silk for the best
whenever their final day arrives
the mourners will all be flies

余曾昔睹聰明士 博達英靈無比倫
一選嘉名喧宇宙 五言詩句越諸人
為官治化超先輩 直謂無能繼後塵
忽然富貴貪財色 瓦解冰消不可陳

白鶴銜苦花 千里作一息 欲往蓬萊山 將此充糧食
未達毛摧落 離群心慘惻 卻歸舊來巢 妻子不相識

42. This man succeeded in the civil-service exam, which was held periodically in the capital to fill government posts, and the results of which were posted throughout the empire. One of the skills demanded of candidates was the composition of poetry in prescribed forms.
43. The white crane is the embodiment of a Taoist immortal, in this case a would-be immortal. The bitter flower is his practice. In place of *hua* (flower), some editions have *t'ao* (peach). Either way, the fruit of Taoist practice is meant. Penglai is the home of immortals and is still reported to appear from time to time floating in the mist off the northern Shantung coast. Attempts to find it, however, have always proven futile. Bidding farewell to the ascetics at the start of his own spiritual journey, Gautama said, "Forsaking loved ones renouncing delights / determined to seek a heavenly bliss / you might avoid some sufferings / but not the great one in the end." (*Buddhacharita*: 7)

42 I met a brilliant scholar once
learned and shrewd without peer
his examination fame echoed through the realm
his regulated verse surpassed that of others
his judgments excelled all those of the past
how could he follow in someone else's dust
now rich and honored he chases wealth and beauty
what can you say about broken tiles or melted ice

43 A white crane carries a bitter flower
a thousand miles without resting
he's bound for the peaks of Penglai
with this for his provision
not yet there his feathers break off
far from the flock he sighs
returning to his old nest
his wife and children don't know him

慣居幽隱處 乍向國清中 時訪豐干老 仍來看拾公
獨回上寒巖 無人話合同 尋究無源水 源窮水不窮

生前太愚癡 不為今日悟 今日如許貧 總是前生做
今生又不修 來生還如故 兩岸各無船 渺渺應難渡

璨璨盧家女 舊來名莫愁 貪乘摘花馬 樂榜采蓮舟
膝坐綠熊席 身披青鳳裘 哀傷百年內 不免歸山丘

44. Kuoching Temple was first built in the late sixth century at the request of Chih-yi (538–597), co-founder of the Tientai sect. It is located at the foot of the Tientai Mountains, two kilometers north of the ancient prefectural seat of Taichou and about thirty kilometers northeast of Cold Mountain Cave. Feng-kan (Big Stick) and Shih-te (Pickup) were Cold Mountain's two closest friends, and their poems appear after his in this volume. The spring is that of passion, and the stream is that of karma. The last two lines describe someone who is not destined to be reborn.
45. The two shores are those that separate one life from another. In the last line, some editions have the less interesting *miao-miao-nan-chi-tu* (it's hard to cross such a distance).
46. Lady Lu appears in a song attributed to Emperor Wu of the Liang dynasty (sixth century): "In Loyang lived a girl named Never Sad / Never Sad at thirteen could weave twilled silk / at fourteen she picked mulberries along South Street / and at fifteen she became Lady Lu" (*River Water Song*). The green bearskin and blue phoenix robe were rare possessions of ancient kings. The Chinese didn't use chairs until well after the T'ang dynasty, and people normally knelt or sat on mats. Graves in China were usually located on the nearest south- or east-facing hills outside of town.

- 44 I usually live in seclusion
but sometimes I go to Kuoching
to call on the Venerable Feng-kan
or to visit with Master Shih-te
but I go back to Cold Cliff alone
observing an unspoken agreement
I follow a stream that has no spring
the spring is dry but not the stream
- 45 If you were too dumb the life before
you won't be enlightened today
and if today you're poor
it's due to your previous lives
and if you don't reform this life
your next life will be the same
on either shore there's no ferry
but one day you'll cross the vast divide
- 46 The beautiful Lady Lu
long ago was called Never Sad
she loved to ride through a garden
or row through a pond full of lilies
she knelt on a green bear rug
and wore a blue phoenix robe
but grieved that in less than a hundred years
she couldn't avoid ending up in the hills

氏眼鄒公妻 邯鄲杜生母 二人同老少 一種好面首
昨日會客場 惡衣排在後 只為著破裙 喫他殘齏糲

獨臥重巖下 蒸雲晝不消 室中雖踰鬢 心裡絕喧囂
夢去遊金闕 魂歸度石橋 拋除鬧我者 歷歷樹間瓢

夫物有所用 用之各有宜 用之若失所 一闕復一虧
圓鑿而方柄 悲哉空爾為 驂騑將捕鼠 不及跛貓兒

47. Hantan is between Peking and Loyang, just north of the ruins at Anyang. I assume Tiyen is in the same area but have yet to find it on any map. Or perhaps it is meant to be merely descriptive. It means "downcast eyes."
48. The *chin-ch'ueh* (golden gate) refers to the imperial palace. The sixth line recalls the poems of Ch'u Yuan (340–278 B.C.), who often called his spirit to return from its wanderings among the unvirtuous and depraved. The stone bridge is a natural arch that spans two merging cataracts near the summit of Tientaishan. After crossing its thirty-foot length and less than one-foot width, Hsu Hsia-k'o (1586–1641) wrote: "Looking down at the deep pool below, my hair and bones trembled" (*Travel Diaries*). The hermit Hsu Yu (third millennium B.C.) preferred to drink water with his cupped hands. Once someone gave him a gourd dipper. He took one drink with it and left it hanging on a branch, knocking in the wind.
49. The fifth line is quoted from the fifth of Sung Yu's (290–223 B.C.) *Chiu Pien* (*Nine Arguments*) in the *Chutzu*, where the poet continues: "the common birds all have their roosts / only the phoenix hovers with nowhere to alight." Cold Mountain turns the metaphor around, comparing himself to a crippled cat, and wonders if he might not have done a better job in dealing with the rats that precipitated the An Lu-shan Rebellion of

47 Mistress Tsou of Tiyen
 and Mistress Tu of Hantan
 the two of them equally old
 and sharing the same love of face
 yesterday went to a tea
 but poorly dressed they were shown to the back
 because their skirts were frayed
 they had to eat leftover cake

48 Beneath high cliffs I live alone
 swirling clouds swirl all day
 inside my hut it might be dim
 but in my mind I hear no noise
 I passed through a golden gate in a dream
 my spirit returned when I crossed a stone bridge
 I left behind what weighed me down
 my dipper on a branch click clack

49 Things all have their uses
 and each use has its place
 but if a use gets lost
 it's absent and deficient too
 a round hole and square handle
 such things alas won't work
 a racehorse used to catch a rat
 will never match a crippled cat

755 or the rebellions of the 780s than did the fine steeds that tried to run the government, but tried in vain.

黃泉無曉日	誰家長不死
青草有時春	死事舊來均
行到傷心處	始憶八尺漢
松風愁殺人	俄成一聚塵
駟馬珊瑚鞭	驅馳洛陽道
白髮會應生	紅顏豈長保
但看北邙山	個是蓬萊島
不信有衰老	自憐美少年
竟日長如醉	流年不暫停
埋著蓬蒿下	曉日何冥冥
魂魄幾凋零	遮莫咬鐵口
無因讀老經	骨肉消散盡

50. I imagine this poem was left at the grave of Feng-kan, who was known for his height. It was customary to plant evergreens at grave sites.
51. A dark-maned roan and coral whip are listed as rare possessions in a poem by Emperor Yuan of the Liang dynasty (r. 552–554). During the T'ang, Loyang served as the dynasty's eastern capital. The low slopes of Peimang, which began just beyond the city's North Gate, were the location of the city's ancient cemetery. The island of Penglai is the home of departed immortals (see my note to 43).
52. The ancient Chinese maintained that the individual has two souls, one corporeal and the other ethereal, which merge with earth and air after death. Buddhists advocate chanting scriptures as a means of improving the conditions of one's next life.

50 Show me the person who doesn't die
death remains impartial
I recall a towering man
who now is a pile of dust
the World Below knows no dawn
plants enjoy another spring
those who visit this sorrowful place
the pine wind slays with grief

51 A black-maned roan and coral whip
race down Loyang roads
a handsome egotistic youth
doesn't expect old age
but white hair will appear
and red cheeks won't last long
look at the Peimang Hills
there's your Isle of Penglai

52 They act like drunks all day
and pass the years without a break
but once they're buried beneath the weeds
the morning sun is dim
their flesh and bones disappear
their souls soon fade away
even iron-crushing jaws
can't chant sutras then

各在天一涯	垂柳暗如煙	浪捧鴛鴦兒	相喚采芙蓉	漸滅如殘燭	一向寒山坐
何時復相見	飛花飄似霰	波搖鷓鴣子	可憐清江裡	長流似逝川	淹留三十年
寄語明月樓	夫居離婦州	此時居舟楫	遊戲不覺暮	今朝對孤影	昨來訪親友
莫貯雙飛燕	婦住思夫縣	浩蕩情無已	屢見狂風起	不覺淚雙懸	大半入黃泉

53. The *Huang-ch'uan* (Yellow Springs) are the destination of the dead. The association of a stream with impermanence recalls the scene of Confucius standing beside a river and sighing, "We pass on like this, not stopping day or night!" (*Lunyu*: 9.16)
54. Lotuses are harvested in late summer for the seed pods that form from their flowers as well as for their roots, which serve as a major source of starch. Normally harvesting is done from round wooden tubs that are easier to maneuver among the vegetation than regular boats. Ducks represent freedom. See also my note to verse 109.
55. Somewhere in the Chinese past, people began breaking off willow catkins after the spring thaw and giving them to parting friends. A homophone of the word "willow" means "stay." An anonymous poem of the sixth century entitled *Sung-pieh-hang* (*Ballad of Farewell*) records the event: "The willow turns green and bends to the ground / its flowers scatter and drift through the sky / here is a catkin its flowers have flown / O when, traveler, will you return." (*Kushihyuan*: 4) Such towns as Loyang are still blanketed in late spring with the white fuzz that falls from the willow's budding catkins. When Chinese think of the separation of lovers they invariably recall the story of the herdboy and weaving maid who were turned into stars by the girl's celestial mother, placed on opposite sides of the Milky Way, and allowed to meet only one night a year (the seventh night of the seventh moon). The synchronous flying of swallows impressed the Chinese as an apt

- 53 Once I reached Cold Mountain
I stayed for thirty years
recently visiting family and friends
most had left for the Yellow Springs
slowly fading like a dying candle
or surging past like a flowing stream
today facing my solitary shadow
suddenly both eyes filled with tears
- 54 Gathering lotuses we called to each other
in lovely transparent water
enjoying ourselves unaware of the dusk
we kept watching the rising gale
swells cradled the mandarin ducks
waves rocked the mallards
and us resting our oars
letting our thoughts surge on
- 55 The willows grow dark like mist
their wind-borne flowers drift like snow
husband in a wifeless province
wife in a husbandless county
each on a different shore of the sky
when will they meet again
write this line in moon-viewing towers
no swallow nests allowed

simile for marital harmony. Like swallows elsewhere, they nested under the eaves of elevated structures, such as moon-viewing towers, which were a favorite resort of lovers and friends, together or apart.

朝朝花遷落	桃花欲經夏	金羈逐俠客	可憐好丈夫	玉帶暫時華	有酒相招飲
歲歲人移改	風月催不待	玉饌集良朋	身體極稜稜	金釵非久飾	有肉相呼喫
今日揚塵處	訪覓漢時人	唯有一般惡	春秋未三十	張翁與鄭婆	黃泉前後人
昔時為大海	能無一個在	不傳無盡燈	才藝百般能	一去無消息	少壯須努力

56. The Yellow Springs of the Underworld are meant. A jade belt was worn as a badge of office.
57. It was customary for the wealthy and powerful to surround themselves with men of worth, hoping thereby to have the means to advance their fortunes should the opportunity arise. According to *Vimilakirti*, "The eternal lamp is like the lamp which lights hundreds of thousands of lamps. The dark are all lit, and the light never ends. Thus, *dakinis*, does a bodhisattva lead hundreds of thousands of beings to resolve on unexcelled, complete, and perfect enlightenment, so that the spirit of the Way also never ends." (*Vimilakirti Sutra*: 4)
58. The peach is more than a symbol for long life. Those from the garden of *Hsi-wang-mu*: (the Queen Mother of the West) confer immortality and are occasionally bestowed on well-deserving mortals. Three of the divine fruits were once given to Emperor Wu of the Han dynasty, although his life does not seem to have been thereby prolonged. The Han dynasty (206 B.C. – A.D. 221) was considered China's Golden Age, and the Chinese still call themselves *Han-jen* (People of Han). The scene in the seventh line is one of farewell. Most of China's central plains have been reclaimed from the sea during the past 7,500 years by alluvium washed down from China's Loess Plateau.

- 56 Call friends over when you have wine
call neighbors in if there's meat
all of us bound for the Yellow Springs
we need to act while we're young
a jade belt is transient glory
gold hairpins aren't lasting charms
Old Man Chang and Old Lady Cheng
haven't sent back any news
- 57 A likable excellent fellow
physically quite imposing
not yet thirty springs or autumns
with talents by the hundred
he summons the brave with golden bridles
he gathers good men with dishes of jade
he only lacks one thing
he doesn't pass on the eternal lamp
- 58 The peach would bloom through summer
but the wind and moon won't wait
search for a man of the Han
could one of them still be alive
day after day the petals drift down
year after year we move on
where we raise the dust today
long ago was an endless sea

我見東家女	年可十有八	西舍競來問	願姻夫妻佞
烹羊煮眾命	聚頭作姪殺	含笑樂呵呵	啼哭受殃決
田舍多桑園	牛犢滿厩轍	肯信有因果	頑皮早晚裂
眼看消磨盡	當頭各自活	紙褲瓦作禪	到頭凍餓殺
我見百十狗	個個毛鬚鬚	臥者樂自臥	行者樂自行
投之一塊骨	相與嗱啾爭	良由為骨少	狗多分不平

59. The east is associated with spring and youth, while the west is associated with autumn and old age.
60. Mulberry groves supplied the leaves that fed the silkworms that produced the clothing, while water buffaloes plowed the fields that produced the food. While the karmic law of cause and effect is evident to anyone who plants a seed and sticks around to watch it grow, Cold Mountain's point is that a farmer's desire for wealth includes the desire for a family, which guarantees the reduction of that wealth. Clothing made of mulberry bark was still being worn by the poor during the winter months at the beginning of the twentieth century, as attested by P'eng Te-huai in his autobiography. Roof tiles were once made with a hinge that attached to the tile above. By stringing a cord through the hinge, a tile could also be worn like a fig leaf. Such usage, however, was rare and reserved for jest or emergencies.
61. The dogs here refer to the scruffier members of the monastic community. Although it was rarely an easy life, the monastery provided monks and nuns with food and lodging as well as exemption from taxes and corvée. Naturally some took advantage of their special status. The variant of *ch'u* (they) in place of *le* (please/whim) in lines three and four results in the less interesting: "those who recline, recline / those who ramble, ramble."

59 I met a girl to the east
her age was barely eighteen
men to the west vied to propose
a match was made and they wed
they roasted a sheep and a host of creatures
regaled in wantonness and slaughter
they smiled and laughed with joy
they'll reap their judgment in tears

60 A farmer with acres of mulberry groves
and a stable full of buffalo calves
able to understand cause and effect
the numbskull finally cracks
he envisions it all used up
and everyone on their own
with paper pants and tiles for shorts
dying of hunger and cold in the end

61 I see hundreds of dogs
and every one of them scruffy
lying wherever they please
rambling whenever the whim arises
but throw them out a bone
and watch them growl and fight
as long as bones are rare
a pack of dogs can't share

年	春	髻	洛	駿	極
少	女	高	陽	馬	目
從	街	花	多	放	今
傍	容	甸	女	石	長
來	儀	巾	兒	磧	望
白	相	人	春	騫	白
馬	將	見	日	驢	雲
黃	南	皆	逞	能	四
金	陌	睥	華	至	茫
羈	陸	睨	麗	堂	茫
何	看	別	共	天	鷗
須	花	求	折	高	鴉
久	愁	摻	路	不	飽
相	日	摻	邊	可	腰
弄	晚	憐	花	問	鷺
					鳳
兒	隱	將	各	鷓	飢
家	樹	歸	持	鴉	徬
夫	怕	見	插	在	徨
婿	風	夫	高	蒼	
知	吹	婿	髻	浪	

62. Owls and crows represent rapacious officials. The phoenix eats only the seeds of the bamboo, which flowers but once every decade or so. And it only appears when a virtuous ruler is on the throne. The fine steeds refer to capable officials. Cold Mountain's use of *shih-chi* (rocky ground) refers to what the Chinese (after Mongolian usage) now call *ke-pi* (gobi) and includes the desert regions along China's northwestern frontier, where many officials were exiled for criticizing their more corrupt colleagues. This poem might have been written with the rebellions of 781–86 in mind, when the area along the Han River became autonomous and local rulers appointed the highest officials. In this light, the lame donkey would refer to Lu Ch'i, whose unpopular economic measures and unscrupulous methods aroused widespread antipathy during the 780s and whose name in Chinese shares the same sound as *lu* (donkey). It is also nearly identical in form. Heaven refers to the emperor. The tailorbird, even with a whole forest to itself, builds its nest on a single branch (*Chuangtzu*: 1.4). But here, it can't find even a branch. Finally, *tsang-lang* (waves) recall the last couplet of Ch'u Yuan's (340–278 B.C.) *Fisherman's Song*: "When the waves are clear, I wash my hat (enter public service) / when the waves are muddy, I wash my feet (retire)."
63. Roadside flowers also refer to casual liaisons and flirtations. Here, the women take refuge in numbers. As early as the Han dynasty, court ladies wore their hair in a bun or beehive.

- 62 Straining its eyes it scans the horizon
clouds obscure the four quarters
owls and crows are fed and relaxed
the phoenix is hungry and anxious
fine steeds are grazed on the *gobi*
lame donkeys allowed at court
Heaven is too high to hear
a tailorbird on the waves
- 63 In Loyang so many girls
on a spring day show off their charms
in groups picking roadside flowers
sticking them high in their hair
high in their hair the flowers wind round
someone speaks and they all look down
looking elsewhere for a gentler love
or thinking of husbands at home
- 64 In spring women flaunt their looks
together along South Street
before the flowers they mourn the years
behind the trees they shun the wind
a young man comes alongside
a white horse and golden bridle
why must they flirt so long
their husbands know why

The *Houhanshu* says, "Women in town wore their hair up / everywhere you looked it was one-foot high." (*Biography of Ma Liao*)

64. South Street refers to the area in Loyang south of the palace along the banks of the Lo River. Shen Yueh (441–513) once wrote: "Where is the one I'm thinking of / somewhere on Loyang's South Street" (*From a High Terrace*). And Emperor Wu (r. 502–549) of the Liang dynasty wrote: "At thirteen Mo-ch'iu could weave twilled silk / at fourteen she picked mulberries along South Street" (*Song Beside the River*). The white horse and golden bridle suggest a member of the royal family, perhaps the crown prince, in which case the women's flirtations would be aimed at preserving their husbands' heads, if not in improving their positions, as well as in exercising their fading powers of seduction.

苟欲乘白雲	浩浩黃河水	燒香請佛力	若人逢鬼魅	群女戲夕陽
曷由生羽翼	東流長不息	禮拜求僧助	第一莫驚懼	風來滿路香
唯當鬢髮時	悠悠不見清	蚊子叮鐵牛	捺硬莫采渠	闍奴紫錦裳
行住須努力	人人壽有極	無渠下嘴處	呼名自當去	綴裙金蛺蝶
				為觀失道者
				鬢白心惶惶
				插髻玉鴛鴦

65. At the sight of the emperor's harem my heart would tremble too. The use of red and purple was reserved for the imperial household, as was the use of castrated male servants in the women's quarters.
66. In his *Paoputzu*, Ko Hung (283–243) says, "As long as you know the name of a demon, it has no power to harm you." (Neipien: 17)
67. From its source on the Tibetan Plateau, the Yellow River flows east and eventually into the Pohai Sea, between China and Korea. As it passes through the Loess Plateau south of Inner Mongolia, it picks up so much silt the ratio of silt to water rises to as high as fifty percent during the summer, compared to a peak ratio of less than ten percent for most other major rivers in the world. According to historical records, it has cleared only during prolonged droughts or as a result of landslides in the river's middle reaches. The Taoist sage Lieh-tzu was able to ride the wind, and riding clouds subsequently became a skill of all immortals, a skill made possible by the practice of Taoist yoga and alchemy. Although striving might appear inconsistent with the Taoist practice of *wu-wei* (effortlessness), Cold Mountain's point is that any spiritual practice requires effort, though such effort might be limited to mindfulness.

65 A group of girls play in fading light
wind fills the road with perfume
their skirts are embroidered with butterflies of gold
their hair is adorned with ducks of jade
their maids are dressed in red chiffon
their eunuchs in purple brocade
watching is someone who has lost his way
white temples and a trembling heart

66 Whoever runs into a ghost or spirit
first of all don't be afraid
be firm don't try to grab it
call its name it'll leave
petition the Buddha with incense
bow down and ask a monk's aid
a mosquito that lands on an iron ox
finds nowhere to sink its beak

67 The Yellow River is boundless
flowing east without cease
on and on never clearing
while everyone's lifespan ends
and if you would ride the clouds
how will you grow wings
unless while your hair is black
you make an effort moving or still

庭廓雲初卷	山客心悄悄	枯槁非堅衛	默默永無言	唯齋一宿糧	乘茲朽木船
林明月正圓	常嗟歲序遷	風霜成天疾	後生何所述	去岸三千里	采彼紕婆子
不歸何所為	辛勤采芝朮	土牛耕石田	隱居在林藪	煩惱從何生	行至大海中
桂樹相留連	搜斥詎成仙	未有得稻日	智境何由出	愁哉緣苦起	波濤復不止

68. The bitter fruits of the nimba tree, *Azadirachta indica*, represent the objects of desire and thus the cause of suffering. Among the other Buddhist metaphors present in this poem, the boat refers to our transient body, the sea to suffering, the waves to delusions, a day to a lifetime, the far shore to liberation, and a billion to the number of worlds in a universe, which Buddhists say is a thousand cubed. In the *Nirvana Sutra*: 34, the Buddha says, "Distress is also called 'hateful.' A hateful seed produces a hateful fruit. And a hateful fruit produces a hateful seed. It's similar to the seeds of the nimba tree. Its seeds are bitter, hence its flowers, fruit, stems, and leaves are all bitter." Note that in Chinese the word *k'u* not only means "bitter" but is also used by Buddhists to translate *dukkha* (suffering).
69. Confucius once said, "I wish I could remain silent." Tzu-kung replied, "But if you remained silent, what would we have to record?" (*Lunyu*: 17.19) According to Chuang-tzu, "In ancient times, those who were called hermits didn't hide themselves and refuse to appear or seal their lips and refuse to speak. And they didn't mask their understanding and refuse to reveal what they knew." (16.3) The remark about withering comes from *Chuangtzu*: 2.1 and refers to the appearance of someone engaged in Taoist meditation. Although meditation, itself, is not injurious to one's health, many of the Chinese hermits

- 68 Aboard this boat of rotten wood
gathering fruit of the nimba tree
here we are in the open sea
where the waves never cease
only one-day's food along
shore a billion miles away
what's the cause of our distress
alas it's due to bitterness
- 69 If you're still and never speak
what will posterity have to relate
if you hide in the woods and swamps
how will your wisdom reveal itself
withering isn't healthy
wind and frost bring early ills
a clay ox plowing a rocky field
will never see a harvest day
- 70 A hermit's heart is heavy
he mourns the passing years
he looks for roots and mushrooms
but seeks eternal life in vain
his yard is clear the clouds are gone
the woods are bright the moon is full
why doesn't he go home
the cinnamon trees detain him

I've met have developed rheumatism in their knees from sitting in cold and drafty places, namely caves and rocky ledges.

70. Mushrooms and roots are used in decoctions designed to lengthen a person's life. The association of cinnamon trees with the elixir of immortality is also mentioned in verse 9. The Chinese thought cinnamon trees grew on the moon and under their branches was the elixir of immortality. Meanwhile, on Earth, the cinnamon trees of the Tientai Mountains were especially famous for their size.

朝朝為衣食	快哉混沌身	豬死拋水內	豬喫死人肉	有人坐山陘
歲歲愁租調	不飯復不尿	人死掘地藏	人喫死豬腸	雲袞兮霞纓
千個爭一錢	遭得誰鑽鑿	彼此莫相喫	豬不嫌人臭	秉芳兮欲寄
聚頭亡命叫	因茲立九竅	蓮花生沸湯	人反道豬香	路漫兮難征
				心惆悵狐疑
				年老已無成
				眾喔咿斯騫
				獨立兮忠貞

71. The phraseology and rhythm of this poem recall that of Ch'u Yuan (340–278 B.C.), the banished poet-official of the ancient state of Ch'u. The *Chuantang* edition takes this connection farther by adding that poet's characteristic breath particle *hsi* to lines five and six, and also uses it to replace *tso* (sit) in line one. The tassels were attached to the chin strap which in turn held an official's hat in place. In his poetry, Ch'u Yuan used the fragrances of plants to represent human virtues and vices. A sound body was a prerequisite for government service. Cold Mountain was, I believe, physically unfit for office, perhaps as a result of a riding injury.
72. The grisly scene of the opening line was not uncommon in China even in the twentieth century. In this case, the massacres and devastation of the An Lu-shan Rebellion (755–763) come to mind. Buddhists consider butchering animals a guarantee for rebirth in Hell. Here, however, lotuses of blamelessness rise from the cauldrons of our past karma and provide an escape from Hell's fires.
73. "The Emperor of the South Sea was Form, the Emperor of the North Sea was Formlessness, and the Emperor of the Land Between was Chaos. Form and Formlessness often met in the land of Chaos, and Chaos treated them very graciously. Form and Formlessness discussed how they might repay Chaos, 'Everyone has seven holes to see and hear and to eat and breathe with. It alone has none. Let's drill it some holes.' So every day they

- 71 Someone lives in a mountain gorge
 cloud robe and sunset tassels
 holding sweet plants he would share
 but the road is long and hard
 burdened by regrets and doubts
 old and unaccomplished
 called by others crippled
 he stands alone steadfast
- 72 Pigs devour dead human flesh
 humans savor dead pig guts
 pigs don't mind human stink
 humans say pork smells fine
 throw dead pigs in the river
 bury human bodies deep
 if they ever stop eating each other
 lotuses will bloom in boiling soup
- 73 Chaos was happy
 it neither ate nor peed
 whose drill did it meet
 that gave it these nine holes
 day in working for food and clothes
 year out worrying about rent and taxes
 thousands fight for a coin
 the crowd yells *run for your life*

drilled one hole, and on the seventh day Chaos died." (*Chuangtzu*: 7.7) To Chuang-tzu's seven holes, Cold Mountain has added two more for elimination of bodily wastes and reproduction.

啼哭緣何事 淚如珠子顆
應當有別離 復是遭喪禍
所為在貧窮 未能了因果
塚間擔死屍 六道不欣我

婦女慵經織 男夫懶耨田
輕浮耽挾彈 趾屣拈抹絃
凍骨衣應急 充賜食在先
今誰念於汝 痛苦哭蒼天

不行真正道 隨邪號行婆
口慚神佛少 心懷嫉妒多
背後噎魚肉 人前念佛陀
如此修身處 應難避奈何

74. I imagine this was written as a pallbearer's song. The Six Paths of Karma include rebirth among the denizens of the various hells, hungry ghosts, beasts, humans, gods, and asuras — demi-gods who make war on gods. Some editions have *kan* (concern) for *hsin* (excite).
75. A small crossbow employing shot was used for hunting birds and small game. The Chinese still call out to Heaven for divine intervention in times of need.
76. The Buddha's Eightfold Noble Path is meant: right views, right thought, right speech, right action, right livelihood, right devotion, right concentration, and right meditation. The buddhas in the third line refer to statues inside temples and shrines. The Buddha enjoined his followers not to kill other creatures. Hence most monks and nuns who don't beg for their food avoid eating fish and meat. Chanting the name of a buddha is considered efficacious in gaining an auspicious rebirth. Especially popular is the name of Amita Buddha (O-mi-to-fo), the Buddha of the Western Paradise.

- 74 What's this crying for
these tears as big as pearls
parting is certain
and loss will come again
the reason we're so poor
we're still blind to karma
shoulder the corpse to the graveyard
the Six Paths don't excite me
- 75 The wife got tired of weaving
the husband too lazy to hoe
he amused himself with a crossbow
she danced and strummed a lute
for cold bones clothes are urgent
for a full stomach food comes first
who cares about you now
crying in pain to the sky
- 76 They don't walk the Noble Path
they say they believe as they go astray
their tongues don't stop before buddhas
their hearts overflow with envy
in private they eat fish and meat
in public they chant *O-mi-to-fo*
if this is how they cultivate
how will they deal with disaster

折葉覆松室	卜擇幽居地	死惡黃連苦	有漢姓傲慢	險敬難可測	世有一等愚
開池引澗泉	天台更莫言	生憐白蜜甜	名貪字不廉	實語卻成虛	茫茫恰似驢
已甘休萬事	猿啼溪霧冷	喫魚猶未止	一身無所解	誰能共伊語	還解人言語
采蕨度殘年	嶽色草門連	食肉更無厭	百事被他嫌	令教莫此居	貪姪狀若豬

77. In line five, some editions have *hsien-hsi* (precarious) in place of *hsien-chi* (treacherous). Apparently one of Cold Mountain's temple-wall poems.
78. Crowfoot, or *Coptis teeta*, is among the bitterest of all the herbs in the Chinese pharmacopeia. The Chinese are fond of saying, *Liang-yao-k'u-yao* (a good medicine is a bitter medicine). The last four lines are indebted to Mencius, who said, "I love fish, and I love bear paws. If I can't have both, I'll give up fish for bear paws. I love life, and I love righteousness. If I can't have both, I'll give up life for righteousness. I love life, but there is that which I love more than life. And I hate death, but there is that which I hate more than death." (*Mencius*: 6A.10)
79. As a result of the popularity of Sun Ch'o's (314–371 B.C.) *Yutientaishanfu* (*Rhapsody on a Trip to Mount Tientai*), the mountain's name became synonymous with remote and magical wilderness as early as the fourth century. If Cold Mountain was a wanted man, a better place to lie low would have been hard to find. Around 1100 B.C., the two brothers, Po-yi and Shu-ch'i, starved on a diet of ferns and doe's milk rather than eat the produce of the surrounding realm, whose new ruler they viewed as unrighteous.

- 77 There exists one kind of fool
 thick-headed as a donkey
 although he knows human speech
 his greed resembles a pig's
 his treachery can't be fathomed
 his claims all turn out false
 if anybody talks with him
 tell him don't stay here
- 78 A man descended from Pride
 named Greedy and called Dishonest
 lacks all understanding
 turns his back on menial work
 hates death and the bitterness of crowfoot
 loves life and the sweetness of honey
 can't stop eating fish
 and never grows tired of meat
- 79 I chose a secluded place to live
 Tientai says it all
 gibbons howl and the stream fog is cold
 a view of the peak adjoins my rush door
 I cut some thatch to roof a pine hut
 I made a pool and channeled the spring
 glad at last to put everything down
 picking ferns I pass the years left

益者益其精 可名為有益 易者易其形 可名為有易
能益復能易 當得上仙籍 無益復無易 終不免死厄

徒勞說三史 浪自看五經 洎老檢黃籍 依前注白丁
筮遭連蹇卦 生主虛危星 不及河邊樹 年年一度青

碧澗泉水清 寒山月華白 默知神自明 觀空境逾寂

80. The Taoist regimen focuses on the accumulation of *ching* (essence), of which semen and vaginal fluid, sweat, and saliva are the principal forms, as well as on the transformation of one's mortal body into an immortal, or spirit, body. All but lines two and four are quotes from lost portions of the *Hanwuti neichuan*, which itself cites the long-lost *Taihsien chenching*. For the relevant quotes of these lost texts, we are indebted to the *Taiping kuangchi*: 3, first printed in 981.
81. It was customary when studying texts to repeat them out loud until they were memorized. In Cold Mountain's day, the Three Histories included Ssu-ma Ch'ien's *Shihchi* (*Historical Records*), the *Hanshu* (*History of the Han*), and the *Houhanshu* (*History of the Latter Han*). The Five Classics included the *Yiching* (*Book of Changes*), the *Shuching* (*Book of Documents*), the *Shihching* (*Book of Odes*), the *Lichi* (*Book of Rites*), and the *Chunchiu* (*Spring and Autumn Annals*). The yellow scrolls were population records that were used for purposes of taxation and levy. Cold Mountain's point is that despite years of study, the fruits of one's learning are unlikely to be used other than for mundane purposes, a situation that hasn't changed much since then. Continued Hardship is the heading in the *Book of Changes* for a six in the fourth line of the thirty-ninth hexagram, *Ch'ien*. Although most commentators gloss *ch'ien* as "hardship," its primary meaning is "crippled." *Hsu* (Emptiness) and *Wei* (Danger) are the names of two adjacent positions

- 80 If you would increase increase your essence
that could be called an increase
if you would change change your form
that could be called a change
able to increase able to change
you're sure to join the ranks of immortals
without such increase and change
you won't survive the trauma of death
- 81 I labored in vain reciting the Three Histories
I wasted my time reading the Five Classics
I've grown old checking yellow scrolls
recording the usual everyday names
Continued Hardship was my fortune
Emptiness and Danger govern my life
I can't match riverside trees
every year with a season of green
- 82 Spring water is pure in an emerald stream
moonlight is white on Cold Mountain
silence thoughts and the spirit becomes clear
focus on emptiness and the world grows still

in the northernmost quadrant of the Chinese lunar zodiac. Emptiness includes Equuleus alpha and Aquarius beta, while Danger comprises Aquarius alpha and Pegasus theta and epsilon. According to the *Hsingching* (*Book of Stars*), Emptiness controlled the fortunes of the palace, while Danger governed the occurrence of tragedies. If this poem is autobiographical, it would support my suspicion, noted elsewhere, that Cold Mountain was crippled and thus prevented from occupying anything but a minor official post and that he lived during the dynasty's greatest palace tragedy, namely the An Lu-shan Rebellion. If Cold Mountain was somehow implicated in the rebellion, as many innocent officials were, it would help explain why he lived his life in anonymity.

82. This poem offers a summary of the Tientai meditation technique known as *chih-kuan* (silencing-focusing), or abstraction from thought and contemplation of reality. In his commentary to the *Jenwangching* (*Sutra of the Benevolent King*), Chih-yi defines the latter thus: "When formless wisdom illuminates the formless world, both inside and out are still, for both are seen as empty."

我今有一襦 非羅亦非綺 借問作何色 不紅亦不紫
夏天將作衫 冬天將作被 冬夏遞互用 長年只者是

白拂梅檀柄 馨香竟日聞 柔和如卷霧 搖曳似行雲
禮奉宜當署 高提復祛塵 時時方丈內 將用指迷人

貪愛有人求快活 不知禍在百年身
但看陽燄浮漚水 便覺無常敗壞人
丈夫志氣直如鐵 無曲心中道自真
行密節高霜下竹 方知不枉用心神

83. During the T'ang dynasty, sumptuary regulations restricted the wearing of silks and the colors of red and purple to high officials, their families, and the nobility. Exceptions, however, were made for eminent monks. Cold Mountain is referring to the monk's *kasaya*, or robe, which is saffron yellow and normally worn over one shoulder like a toga.
84. The whisk is one of an abbot's symbols of authority and is used not only to drive away summer heat and flies during ceremonies as well as to dust hard-to-reach places but to remind disciples of the teaching that cannot be represented by words. "Dust" also refers to the dust of sensation. The *fang-chang* (ten-by-ten room) refers to an abbot's private chamber where audiences with his disciples are held.
85. Line three recalls the gatha that concludes the *Diamond Sutra*: "All created things / are like a dream, a mirage, a bubble, or a shadow / like dew or like lightning / regard them like this." Bamboo is unaffected by the cold and bends beneath the weight of snow without breaking.

- 83 I have a coat
neither sheer nor twilled silk
what color you ask
neither red nor purple
in summer it serves as a shirt
in winter it serves as a shawl
winter and summer always in use
yearlong only this
- 84 White whisk and sandalwood handle
a perfume that lasts all day
soft like curling fog
aswirl like drifting clouds
it helps during rites in summer
raised high it flicks dust away
and often inside a ten-foot room
it's used to direct lost men
- 85 Some seek pleasure in love
blind to the trials of a mortal body
others see a bubble or mirage
and realize impermanence undoes us all
a real man's will is straight like iron
in an uncrooked heart the Way is true
dense and tall bamboos in the snow
show you the mind not used in vain

多少叛數人 百計求名利 心貪覓榮華 經營圖富貴
心未片時歇 奔突如煙氣 家眷實團圓 一呼百諾至
不過七十年 冰消瓦解置 死了萬事休 誰人承後嗣
水浸泥彈丸 方知無意智

貪人好聚財 恰如梟愛子 子大而食母 財多還害己
散之即福生 聚之即禍起 無財亦無禍 鼓翼青雲裡

86. In Cold Mountain's day, the line about ice and tiles was a cliché for impermanence. Cold Mountain's friend Pickup began a poem of his own: "For a mud ball dropped in water / big plans make no sense" (48).

87. The belief that owl chicks ate their mother was ancient and appears in Chinese texts as early as two thousand years ago. Its origin and basis, however, remain unknown.

86 So many kinds of people exist
 hundreds of plans for profit and fame
 hearts intent on glory
 always trying to get rich
 minds that never rest
 rushing about like smoke
 dependents gather around
 one yell and a hundred heads nod
 but less than seventy years from now
 ice becomes water and roof tiles break
 dead at last all cares cease
 who will be their heir
 drop a ball of mud in water
 and behold the thoughtless mind

87 A greedy man who piles up wealth
 is like an owl who loves her chicks
 the chicks grow up and eat their mother
 wealth eventually swallows its owner
 spread it around and blessings grow
 hoard it and disaster arises
 no wealth no disaster
 flap your wings in the blue

去家一萬里 提劍擊匈奴 得利渠即死 失利汝即殂
渠命既不惜 汝命有合辜 教汝百勝術 不貪為上謨

瞋是心中火 能燒功德林 欲行菩薩道 忍辱護瞋心

汝輩埋頭癡兀兀 愛向無明羅剎窟
再三勸你早修行 是你頑癡心恍惚
不肯信受寒山語 轉轉倍加業汨汨
直待斬首作兩段 方知自身奴賊物

88. A number of distinct nomadic groups are subsumed by the term *Hsiung-nu* (Hun). In Cold Mountain's day, the Turkish T'u-chueh and the Uighurs were the tribes that gave the Chinese the most trouble on its northern frontiers, while the Tibetans harassed the empire's western borders.
89. In his *Yichiaoching* (*Testament Sutra*), the Buddha says, "An angry mind is worse than a raging fire. Guard against it always, and don't let it get started. Nothing robs you of merit more than anger." Merit refers to the wonderful effects of selfless acts in freeing beings from delusion and suffering. A bodhisattva is one who works for the enlightenment and liberation of others. Forbearance is one of the six virtues cultivated by the bodhisattva. The others are charity, morality, devotion, meditation, and wisdom. In the last line, some editions have *chen* (true) in place of *chen* (anger), in which case the line would read: "forbearance protects the true mind."
90. The demons whose cave is the object of desire are the *rakshasas*. They are described as having black bodies, red hair, green eyes, and a predilection for human flesh. The females of the species are also known for their seductiveness. Lao-tzu says, "The reason we have disaster / is because we have a body." (*Taoteching*: 13)

88 Ten thousand miles from home
 sword raised to strike the Hun
 gain the edge he's dead
 lose it and you're doomed
 though you might disdain his life
 why be ungrateful for yours
 here's the way to always win
 the trick is don't be greedy

89 Anger is a fire in the mind
 it can burn up a forest of merit
 if you travel the bodhisattva path
 forbearance keeps anger away

90 All you senseless buried heads
 preferring unlit demon caves
 I keep urging you to practice
 but you're stubborn and confused
 brushing off Cold Mountain's words
 whirling faster karma's flux
 until beheaded and in two
 you discover a body's curse

惡趣甚茫茫	冥冥無日光	人間八百歲	未抵半宵長
此等諸癡子	論情甚可傷	勸君求出離	認取法中王
天高高不窮	地厚厚無極	動物在其中	憑茲造化力
爭頭覓飽暖	作計相噉食	因果都未詳	盲兒問乳色
天下幾種人	論時色數有	賈婆如許夫	黃老元無婦
衛氏兒可憐	鍾家女極醜	渠若向西行	我便東邊走

91. According to Buddhists, *o-chu* (hateful destinies) include rebirth among hungry ghosts, beasts, or the various hells — the unfortunate results of Desire, Anger, and Delusion. While *Fa-chung-wang* (King of Things) can also refer to the Buddha, here it refers to the mind, which gives rise not only to hateful destinies but also to the way out of them.
92. Cause and effect are the constituents of karma. In the *Nirvana Sutra*: 14, a non-believer trying to understand the four qualities of Nirvana (permanence, joy, independence, and purity) is likened to someone blind since birth trying to understand the color of milk when told that it's like a seashell, rice, snow, or a swan.
93. Chia Nan-feng was famous for her debauchery and intrigue, while her husband, Emperor Hui of the Chin dynasty (r. 290–306), was equally renowned for his mental incompetence. Although she murdered Wei Kuan and his sons, all of whom were known for their good looks, she was herself murdered for trying to have her nephew made crown prince (*Shihshuo hsinyu*: 10.7). Normally Huang-lao refers to both Huang-ti (the Yellow Emperor) and Lao-tzu (author of the *Taoteching*). However Huang-ti was married, while Lao-tzu was born old and never married. King Hsuan of the Warring States Period (r. 342–324 B.C.) chose Chung-li Ch'un to be his queen because of her sagacity and in spite of her repulsive appearance (*Shihshuo hsinyu*: 26.2).

- 91 Hateful destinies cloud the eye
 doubly dark and devoid of light
 eight hundred human years
 wouldn't equal their half-night
 all such fools as these
 of states too sad to tell
 I urge you to leave
 recognize the King of Things
- 92 Heaven is boundlessly high
 Earth is endlessly deep
 between are living things
 dependent on these Powers
 butting heads over food and clothes
 making plans to eat each other
 still unclear about cause and effect
 blind men asking the color of milk
- 93 All kinds of people exist under Heaven
 different types of beauty prevail
 Old Lady Chia had a husband of sorts
 Huang-lao had no wife
 the Wei sons all were handsome
 Miss Chung-li was a fright
 if she moved West
 I'd head East

賢士不貪婪	癡人好鑪冶	麥地占他家	竹園皆我者
努膊覓錢財	切齒驅奴馬	須看郭門外	壘壘松柏下
噴噴買魚肉	擔歸餒妻子	何須殺他命	將來活汝己
此非天堂緣	純是地獄滓	徐六語破堆	始知沒道理
有人把椿樹	喚作白梅檀	學道多沙數	幾個得泥丸
棄金卻擔草	謾他亦自謾	似聚沙一處	成團也大難

94. This particular furnace was for working metals and minting coins rather than for creating the pill that confers immortality. The last two lines owe much to number fourteen in the anonymous Han dynasty series known as the *Nineteen Old Poems*: "Pass through the gate and look straight ahead / all you see are mounds and graves / the old tombs plowed into fields / the pines chopped down for fuel." It was customary to plant evergreens around graves to remind departed spirits that they would not be forgotten.
95. Although the identity of Hsu Liu, *liu* (six), remains a mystery, his older brother, Hsu Wu, *wu* (five), is buried in verse 148. Perhaps the younger brother is Hsu Ling-fu, who knew Cold Mountain and who reportedly collected these poems.
96. *Cedrela odorata*, the cigar-box cedar. The *Nirvana Sutra*: 9 compares a lazy Buddhist to a foolish thief who ignores gold and carries off straw.

- 94 A wise man isn't greedy
 a fool loves a furnace
 his fields encroach on those of others
 the bamboo grove is his
 he strains his arms gathering riches
 grits his teeth and goads his nag
 he should look beyond the town gate
 at all the mounds below the pines
- 95 Haggling over fish and meat
 carrying it home to feed your family
 why do you take the lives of others
 to make sure you survive
 this isn't heaven-bound karma
 more like ballast for hell
 when Hsu Liu says to dig
 you'll know it wasn't right
- 96 Someone points to a cedar
 and calls it sandalwood
 many have sought the Way
 how few have found Nirvana
 abandoning gold and hauling off straw
 they fool themselves and others
 taking a handful of sand
 it's hard to make a ball

蒸沙擬作飯 臨渴始掘井 用力磨碌磚 那堪將作鏡
佛說元平等 總有真如性 但自審思量 不用閒爭競

推尋世間事 仔細總要知 凡事莫容易 盡愛討便宜
護即弊成好 毀即是成非 故知雜濫口 背面總由伊
冷暖我自量 不信奴脣皮

蹭蹬諸貧士 飢寒成至極 閒居好作詩 札札用心力
賤人言孰采 勸君休歎息 題安餠餅上 乞狗也不喫

97. The *Shurangama Sutra* says, "Thus, Ananda, if someone doesn't put an end to sex, practicing meditation is like steaming sand expecting to make rice." (6) The *Suwen ssuchi tiaoshen talun* says, "Waiting for an illness to appear before taking medicine is like waiting until you're thirsty to dig a well." And according to the *Chuantenglu*: 5, one day Master Huai-jang asked Ma-tsu, "Why are you practicing meditation?" And Ma-tsu answered, "I'm trying to become a buddha." Huai-jang picked up a brick next to Ma-tsu's hut and started to grind it on a rock. When Ma-tsu asked what he was doing, Huai-jang replied, "I'm trying to make a mirror." Ma-tsu said, "But how can you make a mirror by grinding a brick?" Huai-jang answered, "And how can you become a buddha by practicing meditation?" As for *chen-ju* (truly real), in his *Tacheng chihsinlun* (*Awakening of Faith in the Mahayana*): 3.1A, Ashvaghosha wrote, "Since all dharmas have always been indescribable, unnamable, inconceivable, and ultimately the same, changeless, irreducible, and indivisible, they are therefore called 'truly real.'" The last two lines of Lao-tzu's *Taoteching* go: "the way of the Sage / is to act without struggling."
98. Following his enlightenment, Chien-ming told Hui-neng, "When someone drinks water, he knows whether it is hot or cold. May I call you my teacher?" (*Wumenkuan*: 23)
99. The disappointment mentioned in the first line refers to failure either to pass the civil service exams or to gain an appointment afterwards. One of the categories in which

- 97 Steam some sand for your dinner
when you're thirsty dig a well
polish a brick with all your might
you still won't make a mirror
the Buddha said we're basically equal
we share the same true nature
figure it out for yourself
give up this useless struggle
- 98 They scrutinize worldly affairs
they want all the details
they weigh nothing lightly
and love to gain an edge
defending themselves bad becomes good
attacking others right becomes wrong
thus we hear their flattering tongues
behind his back it's all his fault
but hot and cold I'll judge for myself
why should I trust the lips of slaves
- 99 Disappointed impoverished scholars
know the limits of hunger and cold
unemployed they like to write poems
scribbling away with the strength of their hearts
but who collects a nobody's words
may as well save your sighs
write them down on rice-flour cakes
even mongrels won't touch them

candidates were tested was poetry. In the penultimate line, Li Yi reads *an-hu* as a compound referring to *Zizania latifolia*, an aquatic grass from which a flour was made. But this would require interrupting the rhythm of the poem. I have read *an* (on) and *hu* as in *hu-ping*, where it means "rice flour." Among my favorite restaurants in Hangzhou is *Koupuli* (Dogs Won't Touch 'Em), famous for its steamed dumplings.

保我不鑿璧	偃息深林下	聯翩騎白馬	尋思少年日	已死必應生	欲識生死譬
信君方得珠	從生是農夫	喝兔放蒼鷹	遊獵向平陵	出生還復死	且將冰水比
焉能同泛濫	立身既質直	不覺今流落	國使職非願	冰水不相傷	水結即成冰
極目波上鳧	出語無諂諛	皤皤誰見矜	神仙未足稱	生死還雙美	冰消返成水

101. Pingling was the old name for the plateau that rose just north of the Wei River and the ruins of the Ch'in dynasty capital of Hsienyang. It was also the location of a number of imperial graves, including that of Emperor Wu of the Han dynasty. It was Emperor Wu who sent Chang Chi as an envoy to Persia and who also sent a fleet of youths to find the islands of the immortals. If this poem is autobiographical, it suggests Cold Mountain was not the bumpkin he is normally portrayed to be. For the use of falcons and white horses as well as hunting in an area near an imperial grave was restricted to the nobility by sumptuary laws.
102. The expression *yen-hsi* (retire) was usually used in reference to those who left the military. Lao-tzu says, "The sage therefore wears coarse cloth / and keeps his jade inside." (*Taoteching*: 70) Ch'u Yuan (340–278 B.C.) once asked the chief diviner, "Is it better to be spirited like a thousand-mile horse / or to bob along like a duck at sea / managing to stay alive / rising and falling with the waves." (*Puchu*: 18–19)

100 For an image of life and death
consider ice and water
water freezes into ice
ice melts back into water
what dies must live again
what lives is bound to die
ice and water don't harm each other
both life and death are fine

101 I recall the days of my youth
off hunting near Pingling
an envoy's job wasn't my wish
I didn't think much of immortals
I rode a white horse like the wind
chased hares and loosed a falcon
suddenly now with no home
who'll show an old man pity

102 I retired to the edge of a forest
and chose the life of a farmer
forthright in my dealings
no flattery in my speech
I prefer unpolished jade
you can have your jewels
I could never join the flock
of bobbing ducks on the waves

不須攻人惡 不須伐己善 行之則可行 卷之則可卷
祿厚憂責大 言深慮交淺 聞茲若念茲 小兒當自見

富兒會高堂 華燈何煒煌 此時無燭者 心願處其傍
不意遭排遣 還歸暗處藏 益人明詎損 頓訝惜餘光

世有聰明士 攻苦探幽文 三端自孤立 六藝越諸君
神氣卓然異 精采超眾群 不識個中意 逐境亂紛紛

103. This series of four adages paraphrases the views of Confucius and his followers. In the *Lunyu (Analects)*, the Sage says, "Attack your own faults and not the faults of others." (12.21) He also says, "Act when acknowledged and retire when ignored." (7.10)
104. This poem is adapted from the following story: In the state of Ch'i, Mrs. Hsu and Mrs. Li did their weaving at night by candlelight together with other village women. Mrs. Li complained to the other women that Mrs. Hsu didn't bring any candles. Mrs. Hsu said, "I'm simply too poor to buy candles. Every day I get up early and do housework and wait on others and always sit at the back. One person more in the room won't make the candles dimmer. And one person less won't make the candles brighter. How can a neighbor begrudge the extra light and not let a poor woman benefit so that she can do her work?" (*Liehnuchuan*: 6)
105. *Yu-wen* (difficult texts) could refer to Taoist writings on the secret of immortality but more likely to those that mask their irrelevance behind an air of importance. The *san-tuan* (three tips) are the sword tip, the brush tip, and the tip of the tongue. The *liu-yi* (six arts) of the Confucian gentleman include ritual, music, archery, charioteering, writing, and mathematics.

103 No need to attack the faults of others
no need to flaunt your own virtues
act when you're acknowledged
retire when you're ignored
rich rewards mean great trials
deep words meet superficial minds
think about what you hear
children must see for themselves

104 Rich men met in an elegant hall
the colored lanterns glowed so bright
then a man who had no candle
thought he would sit nearby
instead he was chased away
back to his place in the dark
how could more eyes ruin the light
strange to begrudge leftover rays

105 There's a brilliant man somewhere
poring over difficult texts
his three tips are unique
his six arts place him apart
his spirit soars above others
his qualities transcend the crowd
but blind to the truth before him
he chases all sorts of distinctions

孟公問其術	我子親教汝	秦衛兩不成	失時成齟齬	施家有兩兒	以藝干齊楚	文武各自備	託身為得所	霜露入茅簷	月華明甕牖	此時吸兩甌	吟詩三兩首	滿卷才子詩	溢壺聖人酒	行愛觀牛犢	坐不離左右	足躡遊方履	手執古藤枝	更觀塵世外	夢境復何為	層層山水秀	煙霞鎖翠微	嵐拂紗巾濕	露霑蓑草衣
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106. The fibrous bark of the coir-palm is still worn as raingear by the poorer farmers of South China. During the T'ang dynasty, most people wore wooden clogs around their yards (similar to those still worn in Japan) and shoes made of hemp when walking long distances. I'm not sure what sort of vine Cold Mountain used, but in negotiating slippery slopes in the coastal regions of South China, I have found the light weight and tensile strength of a banyan's aerial root especially useful as well as widely available. In Buddhist parlance, "dust" refers to sensation and "dreams" to delusions, both of which are obstacles to enlightenment.
107. When Ts'ao Ts'ao instituted a prohibition against alcohol in the early third century, people continued to make their own rice wine surreptitiously and referred to it euphemistically, calling wine free of sediment "the sage." Since Buddhist monks and nuns were prohibited by the precepts of their order from drinking wine, it seems unlikely that Cold Mountain was a monk. The implication of the fourth line is that Cold Mountain did not let his mind wander beyond his immediate surroundings. *Han-lu* (Cold Dew) is a period in the Chinese solar calendar that occurs in early October. A thatched roof and a window frame made from the mouth of a jug are signs of poverty. In the last line, some editions have *wu-pai* (five hundred) for the number of verses, which must be a mistake given the meager amount of accompanying wine.

106 The layered bloom of hills and streams
kingfisher shades beneath rose-colored clouds
mountain mist soaks my cotton bandana
dew penetrates my palm-bark coat
on my feet are traveling shoes
my hand holds an old vine staff
again I gaze beyond the dusty world
what more could I want in that land of dreams

107 My scrolls are filled with the poems of immortals
my jugs overflow with the wine of sages
out working I love to watch buffalo calves
at home I don't go far
and when cold dew soaks my thatched eaves
and moonlight lights my crockery sill
I sip a couple of cups
and hum a verse or two

108 Mister Shih had two sons
they offered Ch'i and Ch'u their arts
skilled in arms or letters
both left home for jobs
Mister Meng asked their secret
so his sons learned how
but they failed in Ch'in and Wei
like buckteeth that never meet

108. Ch'i, Ch'u, Ch'in, and Wei were among the states contending for supremacy 2,500 years ago. Mister Shih, who lived in the small state of Lu between Ch'i and Ch'u, had two sons, one of whom loved books and the other of whom loved weapons. The scholarly son was hired by the Duke of Ch'i to teach his sons, and the one skilled in the martial arts was chosen by the King of Ch'u to command his army. The Mengs were neighbors of the Shihs, and the Meng sons were just as skilled. Hence Mister Meng asked the Shihs to advise his sons how to find similar employment. Unfortunately, the Meng sons tried their luck in the wrong states at the wrong time. The son skilled in letters was castrated and driven out of Ch'in, which was only interested in military skills. And the son who specialized in arms had his feet cut off in Wei, which preferred accommodation to war and didn't want him serving against them for another state (*Liehtzu*: 8.8).

止宿鴛鴦鳥	一雄兼一雌	銜花相共食	刷羽每相隨
戲入煙霞裡	宿歸沙岸湄	自憐生處樂	不奪鳳凰池
或有街行人	材義過周孔	見罷頭兀兀	看時身侗侗
繩牽未肯行	錐刺猶不動	恰似羊公鶴	可憐生懵懂
少小帶經鉏	本將兄共居	緣遭他輩責	剩被自妻疏
拋絕紅塵境	常遊好閱書	誰惜一斗水	活取轍中魚

109. Mandarin ducks normally symbolize conjugal fidelity. But here they are borrowed from the first of eighteen poems written by the poet Hsi K'ang (223–262) to his brother where they represent the freedom and joy would-be officials exchanged for the security and prestige of government service. During the T'ang dynasty, the expression *feng-huang-ch'ih* (phoenix lake) referred to the prime minister's office and prior to that to the central secretariat.
110. Confucius (551–479 B.C.) and his model ruler, the Duke of Chou (circa 1100 B.C.), were the foremost transmitters of the virtues and traditions enshrined in the Chinese classics. Yang Hu (221–278) had a crane that danced but refused to perform when guests appeared (*Shihshuo hsinyu*: 25.47). I imagine this poem scrawled outside a meditation hall. In the last line, some editions have the variant *t'ung-meng* (expand one's feathers), referring to the appearance of Yang's crane in the above story, in place of *meng-tung* (dumb).
111. "Red dust" is a Buddhist cliché for sensation. The mendicant's cry that makes up the last two lines are from *Chuangtzu*: 26.2, where the fish asks for a dipper of water to keep it alive today rather than the promise of a lakeful of water in the future.

- 109 Mandarin ducks roost for the night
a hen along with a drake
they bring each other flowers to eat
then take turns preening their mate
off they fly to play in the mist
returning to sleep on the shore
content with the place they live
they don't usurp the phoenix's lake
- 110 Some people flaunt their practice
their talents surpass Confucius and Chou
look at their eyes in a trance
see their bodies all stiff
pull them with a rope in vain
stick them with an awl to no avail
just like Lord Yang's crane
a pity to be so dumb
- 111 I carried books and a hoe in my youth
when I lived with my older brothers
somehow I met their reproach
I was even disdained by my wife
so I left the world of red dust behind
all I do now is wander and read
who'll spare a dipper of water
to save a poor fish in a rut

變化計無窮	生死竟不止	三塗鳥雀身	五嶽龍魚已
世濁作羶羶	時清為騾駟	前回是富兒	今度成貧士
書判全非弱	嫌身不得官	銓曹被拗折	洗垢覓瘡癥
必也關天命	今年更試看	盲兒射雀目	偶中亦非難
貧驢欠一尺	富狗剩三寸	若分貧不平	中半富與困
始取驢飽足	卻令狗飢頓	為汝熟思量	令我也愁悶

112. The lower paths of rebirth include animals, hungry ghosts, and the denizens of various hells. According to the *Shanhaiching*: 7, the *lung-yu* (dragon-fish) lives in the mountains of the far north and is used as a mount by immortals. The *wu-yueh* (five great mountains) include: Hengshan (Shansi), Huashan, Sungshan, Taishan, and Hengshan (Hunan). The mountain sheep, representing the recluse, keeps its distance from people. While the horse, representing the scholar-official, devotes its strength to the service of its master.
113. Would-be officials who had passed the metropolitan examination conducted by the Board of Rites were also given a placement exam by the Board of Personnel covering their calligraphy, judgment, physique, and speech. But this second exam wasn't instituted until sometime after 736. The phrasing of the fourth line was a cliché for finding fault with a candidate regardless of his qualifications. It was used as such as early as the Han dynasty (see *Houhanshu*: 80).

- 112 There is no limit to changes
 births and deaths never cease
 a bird body on a lesser path
 a dragon-fish on a great peak
 in a chaotic world a mountain sheep
 in peaceful times a fine horse
 last time around a rich man
 this time through a poor clerk
- 113 My writing and judgment aren't that bad
 but an unfit body receives no post
 examiners expose me with a jerk
 they wash away the dirt and search for my sores
 of course it depends on Heaven's Will
 but this year I'll try once more
 a blind man who shoots for a sparrow's eye
 just might score a hit
- 114 A poor donkey is short by a bushel
 a rich dog has three pints to spare
 when poverty isn't equally shared
 we separate comfort and hardship
 but if we let the donkey fill up
 we cause the dog to starve
 I've weighed this for you carefully
 it just makes me depressed

柳郎八十二 藍嫂一十八 夫妻共百年 相憐情狡猾
弄璋字烏繞 擲瓦名娼媼 屢見枯楊羨 常遭青女殺

赫赫誰墟肆 其酒甚濃厚 可憐高幡幟 極目平升斗
何意訝不售 其家多猛狗 童子若來沽 狗咬便是走

吁嗟濁濫處 羅剎共賢人 謂是等流類 焉知道不親
狐假獅子勢 詐妄卻稱真 鉛礦入鑪冶 方知金不精

115. As a tangible symbol of the basic inequality of their future social positions, boy babies were given a piece of jade in the shape of an official's baton to play with and girls were given pottery shards. The *Ch'ing-nu* (Girls from the Blue) are Frost and Snow. The family names here are homophones for willow (Liu) and blue (Lan).

116. This poem paraphrases a story in *Hanfeitzu*: 13, which Han Fei concludes with the observation that likewise those who try to enlighten their sovereign with the Tao are prevented from doing so by fierce officials concerned with maintaining their prerogatives.

117. Zen Buddhists are fond of pointing out unity among differences, that delusion and enlightenment are the same. Cold Mountain's point is that this can also be used as an excuse or as sophistry. Line four recalls Lao-tzu: "The Way of Heaven favors no one / but always helps the good." (*Taoteching*: 79) There once was a fox that memorized the sutras it heard a monk chanting and convinced all the animals to proclaim it their king. The fox then proceeded to the palace of Brahma, where it hoped to find a suitable wife. But it was stopped in its tracks when it heard a lion roar (*Fayuan chulin*: 54). The lion refers to the Buddha. But here, the "lion's mien" refers to the robe of a monk. The last couplet refers to the alchemical pursuit of transmuting base substances into gold. It also refers to the fact that when the body of a spiritual person is cremated small crystalline stones are found among the ashes.

115 Bridegroom Liu is eighty-two
 newlywed Lan eighteen
 husband and wife share a hundred years
 and love but a love perverse
 playing with jade is Tiger
 banging a tile is Little Dumpling
 how often have I seen an old willow bud
 then killed by the Girls from the Blue

116 Whose wine shop is this aglow
 their wine is rich and strong
 colored pennants flap above
 their pints are always fair
 why then is their business bad
 their place is full of dogs
 a lad comes in to buy
 they growl and off he runs

117 I deplore this vulgar place
 where demons dwell with worthies
 they say they're the same
 but is the Tao impartial
 a fox might borrow a lion's mien
 and claim the disguise is real
 but once lead ore enters the furnace
 we soon see if it's gold or base

蘆葦將代席	田家避暑月
蕉葉且充盤	斗酒共誰歡
醉後搯頤坐	雜雜排山果
須彌小彈丸	疏疏圍酒樽
個是何措大	時來省南院
年可三十餘	曾經四五選
囊裡無青蚨	篋中有黃卷
行到食店前	不敢暫回面
大有飢寒客	生將獸魚疏
長存磨石下	時哭路邊隅
累日空思飯	終冬不識襦
唯齋一束草	井帶五升麩

118. Mount Sumeru is the axis of the Buddhist world and as many leagues high as there are grains of sand in the Ganges. In the sutra named after him, Vimilakirti has no trouble putting the whole peak inside a mustard seed (6). At work here is the Buddhist view that since both are products of the mind and thus lack any nature of their own, they are, therefore, equally empty. The pile of fruit here takes Sumeru's place, and its surrounding seas are replaced by cups of wine.
119. South Hall was the location of the Board of Personnel in the T'ang dynasty capital of Ch'ang-an. The Board moved here around 735 and was charged with assigning posts to successful exam candidates, whose names were posted outside its walls. Leading up to the Board's own exam, which was supposed to be held every third year, candidates had to pass a series of district, provincial, and metropolitan exams. See also the note to verse 113. *Ch'ing-fu* (green beetles) refer to money. The expression comes from Kan Pao's (fl. 320) *Soushenchi*: 13, "If you smear the blood of the mother beetle or that of her children on a string of cash and use it first when paying for something, the money will always fly back to you." *Huang-chuan* (yellow scrolls) refer to books in general, but especially to those that formed the basis of the official exams. Some editions have *chuan* (silk) for *chuan* (scroll).

118 The month when farmers escape the heat
who will share a dipper of wine
I've set some wild fruits out
and made a circle of cups
with horsetail rushes for mats
and banana leaves as plates
once you're drunk and sitting propped up
Sumeru is just a pea

119 Who is this poor dreamer
checking South Hall walls again
surely over thirty
he's been through four or five exams
no green beetles in his purse
pack full of yellow scrolls
passing by a food stand
he doesn't dare to look

120 A frequent guest of hunger and cold
born to be different from fishes and beasts
stays alive in the shade of a mill
and cries by the side of the road
for days he imagines food in vain
in winter he knows no coat
all he carries is a bundle of straw
along with five pints of chaff

120. In line three, I have used the variant *mo-shih* (millstone) for *miao-shih* (temples and rocks), knowing there's always a bit of grain that escapes the miller. Line four refers to begging. The reference to a handful of straw is from the poem "White Pony" in the *Shihching* (*Book of Odes*), where the handful of straw is used to feed the pony that carries the poor, yet pure-hearted, scholar back home to his retreat in the hills. According to the memorial of one T'ang official presented in 778, one pint of grain was considered a day's ration for a monk (*Buddhism in China*, pg 250, note 5). Here, the five pints of chaff might also refer to the five skandhas that make up the individual: form, sensation, perception, impulse, and consciousness.

浪造凌霄閣 虛登百尺樓 養生仍天命 誘讀詎封侯
不用從黃口 何須厭白頭 未能端似箭 且莫曲如鉤

雲山疊疊連天碧 路僻林深無客遊
遠望孤蟾明皎皎 近聞群鳥語啾啾
老夫獨坐棲青嶂 少室閑居任白頭
可歎往年與今日 無心還似水東流

富貴疏親聚 只為多錢米 貧賤骨肉離 非關少兄弟
急須歸去來 招賢閣未啟 浪行朱雀街 踏破皮鞋底

121. Several emperors built huge towers to collect *kan-lu* (sweet dew) for its spiritual potency. In his *Shuoyuan*, Liu Hsiang (79–6 B.C.) recounts a story in which a bird hunter explains to Confucius that he is able to catch bigger birds by first catching their young. The Sage then turns to his disciples and advises them to be careful of those they follow lest they, too, are caught (10.28). The yellow beak refers to the babylike image of the Taoist master whose mouth is smeared with pabulum and whose utterances are like the chirpings of a bird. The final couplets of both quatrains are indebted to a children's rhyme recorded in the *Houhanshu*: 130: "Straight as a lute string die by the road / crooked as a fishhook end up a lord."
122. The "toad" is the moon. Due to the uplifting of the Tibetan Plateau, rivers in China generally flow east.
123. The first and third lines paraphrase the opening lines of Ts'ao Shu's "Thinking of the Past" (*Wenhsuan*: 29). During the T'ang dynasty, the most influential people in the capital of Ch'ang-an lived along Red Bird Street, which led south from the main gate of the palace. Leather-soled shoes were more expensive but lasted longer than the more common variety made of hemp.

- 121 Building sky-high pavilions is useless
climbing hundred-foot towers is vain
practicing yoga you'll still die young
indulging in books won't get you enfeoffed
why should you follow a yellow beak
and why must you loathe a white head
even if you're not straight as an arrow
at least don't be crooked as a hook
- 122 Where clouds and mountains are piled to the sky
the forest deep the road remote and travelers nonexistent
far off I see the solitary toad clear and bright
nearby I hear a flock of birds chattering away
an old man alone on a darkening ridge
retiring to my hut I accept white hair
but sigh that today and the years gone by
are mindless like the rivers flowing east
- 123 Wealth and position attract distant kin
all because of more rice and money
poverty and hardship part flesh and blood
not because they're less than brothers
pushed to extremes they return home
the Center for Worthies hasn't opened yet
walking down Red Bird Street is a waste
even leather shoes wear thin

我見一癡漢	仍娶三兩婦	養得八九兒	總是隨宜手
丁戶是新差	資財非舊有	黃檠作驢鞦	始知苦在後
新穀尚未熟	舊穀今已無	就貸一斗許	門外立踟躕
夫出教問婦	婦出遣問夫	慳惜不救乏	財多為累愚
大有好笑事	略陳三五個	張公富奢華	孟子貧軾軻
只取侏儒飽	不憐方朔餓	巴歌唱者多	白雪無人和

124. Households with adult males had to supply labor on government construction projects or conscripts for the army, with the number and their length of service dependent on the household's registered property. Cruppers are placed behind the horse or donkey and are made of wood or leather. Yellow cork, or *Phellodendron amurense*, has an especially bitter taste and smells something like turpentine. Cold Mountain's point is that this man doesn't have the sense of a donkey.

126. Line three refers to Chang Hua (232–300), whose name meant “flower” and who presided over court ceremonies. Line four refers to Mencius (fl 320 B.C.), whose name meant “axle” and who toured the realm offering advice few followed. Lines five and six refer to the royal advisor Tung-fang Shuo (154–93 B.C.), who was unusually tall as well as forthright. He once complained to Emperor Wu that the dwarves in the royal stable received as much food as he did. (*Hanshu*: 65) Also, the character *ju* (dwarves), amended slightly, refers to Confucian scholars. Confucius exhorted his disciples: “When a gentleman eats, he doesn't eat his fill.” (*Lunyu*: 1.14) When King Hsiang of Ch'u asked why he wasn't praised more by the people, Sung Yu said that thousands joined in whenever someone sang the songs of Pa (the region of the Yangtze Gorges, where the songs were often those of river trackers hauling boats upstream), whereas few people knew “White Snow.” (*Wenhsuan*: 45) “White Snow” was originally a tune for the zither

- 124 I once knew a foolish man
who managed to wed two or three wives
and raise eight or nine sons
all of them carefree lads
but those of age are now draftees
and his wealth isn't what it was
when its crupper is yellow cork
a donkey knows pain is close behind
- 125 This year's grain being still unripe
and last year's grain already gone
I went to borrow a peck or two
and wavered outside a gate
the husband came out and said ask his wife
the wife came out and said ask her husband
misers don't help those in need
and wealth just makes them dumber
- 126 Of very funny affairs
I'll briefly mention a few
Lord Chang was a fancy extravagant flower
Mencius was a poor bent axle
as long as the dwarves are full
who cares if Fang Shuo starves
everyone sings the Songs of Pa
nobody knows White Snow

composed by Shih K'uang around 2500 B.C. Whenever it was played, it was said, the gods descended.

老翁娶少婦 髮白婦不耐 老婆嫁少夫 面黃夫不愛
老翁娶老婆 一一無棄背 少婦嫁少夫 兩兩相憐態

雍容美少年 博覽諸經史 盡號曰先生 皆稱為學士
未能得官職 不解秉耒耜 冬披破布衫 蓋是書誤己

可笑五陰窟 四蛇同處居 黑暗無明燭 三毒遞相驅
伴當六個賊 劫掠法財珠 斬卻魔軍輩 安泰湛如蘇

128. The Confucian classics and dynastic histories formed the basis of the official exams. Success in the exams, however, did not guarantee a position, and many candidates spent their careers working as private secretaries or as teachers at their village school.
129. The Five Shades, or *skandhas* in Sanskrit, are the constituents that comprise the individual: form, sensation, perception, impulse, and consciousness. The Four Snakes are the elements that make up the body: earth, water, wind, and fire. The Three Poisons are Delusion, Desire, and Anger and are the motive force of karma. The Six Thieves rob us of peace and freedom and include our six organs of sense: eyes, nose, ears, tongue, skin, and mind. *Dharma* is Sanskrit for *that which is real*, while *Mara* is the personified Director of Delusion. Shakyamuni defeated Mara's legions the night of his Enlightenment (see *Buddhacharita*: 13). In the last line, some editions have *su* (grass) in place of *su* (ghee, or clarified butter used in oil lamps).

127 When an old man takes a young wife
 how can she bear his thin hair
 when an old woman weds a young man
 how can he stand her dried-up face
 but when an old man takes an old wife
 neither abandons the other
 and when a young girl weds a young man
 both show the other affection

128 A courteous handsome young man
 well-versed in the classics and histories
 people address him *Sir*
 everyone calls him a scholar
 but he hasn't found a position yet
 and doesn't know how to farm
 in winter he wears a tattered robe
 this is how books fool us

129 Funny this den of Five Shades
 this painful home of Four Snakes
 no candle lights the darkness
 the Three Poisons keep spinning round
 meanwhile the Gang of Six Thieves
 plunders our Dharma treasure
 wipe out Mara's legions
 and peace will be as clear as ghee

畫棟非吾宅 青林是我家 一生俄爾過 萬事莫言賒
濟渡不造筏 漂淪為采花 善根今未種 何日見生芽

出生三十年 常遊千萬里 行江青草合 入塞紅塵起
鍊藥空求仙 讀書兼詠史 今日歸寒山 枕流兼洗耳

世身多事人 廣學諸知見 不識本真性 與道轉懸遠
若能明實相 豈用陳虛願 一念了自心 開佛之知見

130. During the T'ang dynasty, sumptuary laws restricted the use of painted beams to the homes of officials and the nobility. The raft is a Buddhist metaphor for spiritual practice that ferries one to the far shore of Liberation. In the *Nirvana Sutra*: 29, the Buddha says, "Take for example someone attracted to lotus flowers. When he tries to pick one, he is carried off by the current. It's the same with all beings. They are carried off and drowned by life and death because of their attraction to the five desires."
131. Confucius said, "At thirty, I was set on my path." (*Lunyu*: 2.4) *Hung-ch'en* (red dust) is a cliché for sensation. Lines five and six refer to Taoist and Confucian pursuits, respectively. As he prepared to retire to the mountains, Sun Ch'ü (d 282) meant to say, "I'll lay my head on a rock and rinse my mouth in a stream." Instead he said, "I'll rinse my mouth with rocks and lay my head in a stream." Asked to explain himself, Sun replied, "I'll lay my head in a stream to wash out my ears, and I'll rinse my mouth with rocks to sharpen my teeth." (*Shihshuo hsinyu*: 25.6) Sun was paraphrasing Hsu Yu who washed out his ears when offered the throne. (*Kaoshihchuan*)
132. The final couplet recalls the words of Amitabha, "This mind creates the buddha. This mind is the buddha. The sea of omniscience of the buddhas springs from the thoughts of the mind." *Kuan wuliangshoufo ching* (*Contemplation of Amitabha Sutra*)

- 130 Painted beams aren't for me
the forest is my home
a lifetime suddenly passes by
don't think your cares will wait
those who build no raft to cross
drown while gathering flowers
unless you plant good roots today
you'll never see a bud
- 131 Born thirty years ago
I've traveled countless miles
along rivers where the green rushes swayed
to the frontier where the red dust swirled
I've made elixirs and tried to become immortal
I've read the classics and written odes
and now I've retired to Cold Mountain
to lie in a stream and wash out my ears
- 132 The world is full of busy people
well-versed in countless views
blind to their true natures
they get farther from the Way
if they could see what's real
they wouldn't talk about empty dreams
one thought answers your prayers
revealing a buddha's view

鳥弄情不堪	其時臥草庵	櫻桃紅燦燦	楊柳正毵毵
旭日銜青嶂	晴雲洗綠潭	誰知出塵俗	馭上寒山南
昨日何悠悠	場中可憐許	上為桃李徑	下作蘭蓀渚
復有綺羅人	舍中翠毛羽	相逢欲相喚	脈脈不能語
丈夫莫守困	無錢須經記	養得一牯牛	生得五犢子
犢子又生兒	積數無窮已	寄語陶朱公	富與君相似

133. Birds symbolized friendship. In line three, some editions have *hsiang-yao-yao* (still dark) in place of *hung-shao-shao* (bright red). According to Hsu Hsia-k'o's (1586–1641) *Travel Diaries*, the traditional approach to Cold Mountain was south from *Pingtoutan* (Flat-head Lake), which was near the present village of Pingchen.
134. Line three reflects the adage: "Peach and plum trees don't speak." But a trail forms from the pits of their fruit eaten by those who come to enjoy the flowers of early spring and the fruit of early summer. White calamus is an aromatic member of the iris family and, through its usage by the poet Ch'u Yuan (340–278 B.C.), was associated with virtue. Kingfisher plumes refer to a woman's hair ornaments, which employed iridescent colors similar to those of the kingfisher, if not the plumes themselves. The last couplet is indebted to the final couplet of number ten of the *Nineteen Old Poems*: "Separated by a single surging stream / they look but cannot speak," which describes the separation of the celestial lovers, the Herdboy (Altair) and the Weaving Maid (Vega) on either shore of the Milky Way.
135. Fan Li served as an advisor to King Kou-chien of the ancient state of Yueh. When political intrigue forced him to flee to the small state of T'ao, he regained his wealth through trade and husbandry and became known as Lord Chu. The *Chiminyaoshu* quotes him as saying: "If you want to get rich quick, raise five calves."

- 133 When I can't bear to watch birds play
I lie inside my thatched hut
the cherry trees are bright pink
the willows beginning to sway
the rising sun swallows blue peaks
clearing clouds wash a green pool
who thinks of leaving the dusty rut
and heading south for Cold Mountain
- 134 Yesterday was so long ago
the scene so worthy of sighs
above was a path of peach trees and plums
below was an iris-lined shore
and someone was wearing fine silk
and kingfisher plumes in my home
we saw each other and tried to call
we looked but couldn't speak
- 135 Don't stay poor my friend
try working if you're broke
raise a single cow
she will bear five calves
the calves will bear calves too
your herd will never end
tell Lord Chu of T'ao
you're just as rich as him

之子何遑遑	卜居須自審	南方瘴癘多	北地風霜甚
荒陬不可居	毒川難可飲	魂兮歸去來	食我家園甚
昨夜夢還鄉	見婦機中織	駐梭若有思	擎梭似無力
呼之回面視	況復不相識	應是別多年	鬢毛非舊色
人生不滿百	常懷千載憂	自身病始可	又為子孫愁
下視禾根土	上看桑樹頭	秤槌落東海	到底始知休

136. *Chih-tzu* (this person) is an old usage from the *Shihching* (*Book of Songs*) and refers to a girl ready for marriage. Much of the phrasing in lines three through eight is indebted to Ch'u Yuan's (340–278 B.C.) shamanistic elegies, *Tachao* and *Chaohun*, where the spirit is advised of the dangers of leaving its proper home. The last couplet also saw service as a koan: Once a monk asked an elder, "As for 'Spirit come back home / eat the mulberries in my yard,' what are the mulberries like?" The text supplies two answers: "They're not edible," and "They'll stain your mouth." (*Chuantenglu*: 27)
138. Mulberry leaves are used to feed silkworms. Dropping one's scale into the sea refers to the final summing up of one's life conducted by Yama, Judge of the Dead.

- 136 This person is so uncertain
but choosing a home needs thought
the South has countless plagues
the North harsh wind and frost
you can't live in the wilds
or drink infected water
spirit come back home
eat the mulberries in my yard
- 137 Last night I dreamt I went home
and saw my wife at her loom
she stopped the shuttle as if in thought
then raised it as if without strength
I called and she turned to look
she looked but didn't know me
I guess we'd been apart too many years
and my temples weren't their old color
- 138 A man lives less than a hundred years
but harbors cares for a thousand
assuming his own health is good
he worries about his heirs
down he looks at his rice sprouts
and up at his mulberry trees
the day his scales drop into the sea
he still won't stop till they hit bottom

世有一等流 悠悠似木頭 出語無知解 云我百不憂
問道道不會 問佛佛不求 仔細推尋著 茫然一場愁

董郎年少時 出入帝京裡 衫作嫩鵝黃 容儀畫相似
常騎踏雪馬 拂拂紅塵起 觀者滿路傍 個是誰家子

個是誰定子 為人大被憎 癡心常憤憤 肉眼醉瞢瞢
見佛不禮佛 逢僧不施僧 唯知打大驚 除此百無能

139. Here, the Buddha refers to our buddha nature, which we all possess, though we remain unaware of its presence.
140. Tung Hsien was a handsome courtier and the favorite of Emperor Ai (r. 6 B.C. – A.D. 1), who insisted on his company day and night. When the emperor died, Tung was forced to commit suicide. Clothes of the lightest yellow and horses with white hooves were reserved for the imperial family.
141. *Jou-yen* (carnal vision) refers to perception of the physical realm but also to desires for and of the flesh. The buddhas of line five refer to statues in a temple or shrine. Buddhists consider those who support themselves by killing other creatures the most heinous of persons and doomed to suffer rebirth in the lowest of hells. In the penultimate line, *ta-jou* (sell meat) was slang during the T'ang for the butcher's trade.

139 There exists one kind of person
as dense as a block of wood
he speaks without understanding
and says he hasn't a care
but ask about the Tao and he only stares
ask about the Buddha and he just shrugs
discover in detail
a vast expanse of woe

140 When Master Tung was young
he lived inside the palace
his gown was gosling yellow
he looked just like a picture
he rode a snow-footed horse
red dust rose in clouds
onlookers filled the roadside
who on earth was that

141 Who on earth is that
a man everyone hates
his senseless mind is always upset
his carnal vision is utterly dim
he doesn't bow to the buddhas he sees
he gives no alms to monks
he only knows how to sell meat
otherwise he's helpless

人以身為本
本以心為柄
本在心莫邪
心邪喪本命
未能免此殃
何言懶照鏡
不念金剛經
卻令菩薩病

城北仲家翁
渠家多酒肉
仲翁婦死時
弔客滿堂屋
仲翁自身亡
能無一人哭
喫他杯鬻者
何太冷心腹

下愚讀我詩
不解卻嗤誚
中庸讀我詩
思量云甚要
上賢讀我詩
把著滿面笑
楊修見幼婦
一覽便知妙

142. In the *Nirvana Sutra*: 34, the Buddha likened his sermons to a mirror in which one's true nature is visible. The *Diamond Sutra* ends with this gatha: "All created things / are like a dream, an illusion, a bubble, or a shadow / like dew or like lightning / regard them like this." According to this sutra, only by not grasping form can we see our true mind. Meanwhile, *Vimilakirti* told Manjushri: "I'm sick because other beings are sick. If they weren't sick, my illness would vanish. Where we find birth and death, we find sickness. When beings are able to get free of sickness, bodhisattvas will no longer be sick." (*Vimilakirti Sutra*: 5) A bodhisattva is someone who works for the liberation of others.
144. The first three couplets invert Lao-tzu's treatment of the same subject: "When a great person hears of the Way / he follows it with devotion / when an average person hears of the Way / he doesn't know if it's real or not / when a small person hears of the Way / he laughs out loud / if he didn't laugh / it wouldn't be the Way." (*Taoteching*: 41) Yang Hsiu was adept at solving riddles. He solved this one for Ts'ao Ts'ao around A.D. 200. When the characters for *shao* (young) and *nu* (woman) are combined, the result is the character *miao* (mystery). (*Shihshuo hsinyu*: 11.3)

- 142 People think the body's their root
and the mind they think is its stem
the mind mustn't stray from the root
when it does the root's life ends
still unable to avoid this fate
don't be too lazy to look in the mirror
unless you read the *Diamond Sutra*
you'll make bodhisattvas sick
- 143 Old Chung north of town
filled his home with meat and wine
the day Old Chung's wife died
mourners filled the hall
when at last Old Chung died
not one person cried
they consumed his meat and wine
but had such cold insides
- 144 When stupid people read my poems
they don't understand and sneer
when average people read my poems
they reflect and say they're deep
when gifted people read my poems
they react with full-face grins
the moment Yang Hsiu saw *young woman*
one look and he knew *mystery*

自有慳惜人 我非慳惜輩 衣單為舞穿 酒盡緣歌醉
常取一腹飽 莫令兩腳儼 蓬蒿鑽髑髏 此日君應悔

我行經古墳 淚盡嗟久沒 塚破壓黃腸 棺穿露白骨
欹斜有甕瓶 振撥無簪笏 風至攬其中 灰塵亂埒埒

夕陽下西山 草木光曄曄 復有朦朧處 松蘿相連接
此中多伏虎 見我奮迅鬣 手中無寸刃 爭不懼懾懾

145. Unlined clothes were worn by the poor. In line four, some editions have *ts'ui* (sip) for *ts'ui* (get drunk). Lao-tzu says, "Thus the rule of the sage / empties the mind / but fills the belly." (*Taoteching*: 3)
146. Yellow guts refer to the golden heartwood of cedar trees used for the outer coffin. Stone urns and vases were placed in front of graves for use during visits by friends and relatives. Bamboo tablets were held by officials during court ceremonies as signs of rank and for recording instructions with a writing brush attached to the side.
147. In line one, I have read the variant *hsia* (down) in place of *ho* (shine). Since Classical Chinese doesn't necessarily specify the subject, some commentators read the first line: "The setting sun went down the western hills." The South China tiger roamed mountainous areas throughout China well into the twentieth century, and a few are still seen from time to time. Hsu Hsia-k'o (1586–1641) reported tigers killing scores of people several weeks prior to his own visit to Tientai in 1613. Cold Mountain's friend, Big Stick, also rode around on a tiger, and I have to wonder if this poem is not a jest in his honor.

145 There may be punctilious people
but I'm not the punctilious sort
unlined clothes are good for dancing
no wine means getting drunk on song
try to keep your stomach full
but don't wear out your feet
when weeds penetrate your skull
you'll regret that day

146 My path led through an old cemetery
the tears and sighs were gone
yellow guts spilled from gravemounds
white bones poked out of coffins
urns and vases stood there askew
no brushes or tablets moved
then the wind came stirring
dust and ashes swirled in the air

147 At sunset I went down the western slope
the plants and trees were bright
but there were shady places too
where pines and vines conspired
and tigers no doubt crouched
bristling at my sight
and me without a knife
didn't I tremble in fright

出身既擾擾 世事非一狀 未能捨流俗 所以相追訪
昨弔徐五死 今送劉三葬 日日不得閒 為此心悽愴

有樂且須樂 時哉不可失 雖云一百年 豈滿三萬日
寄世是須臾 論錢莫啾唧 孝經末後篇 委曲陳情畢

獨坐常忽忽 情懷何悠悠 山腰雲漫漫 谷口風颼颼
猿來樹嫋嫋 鳥入林啾啾 時催鬢颯颯 歲盡老惆惆

148. In line one, I have read *ch'u-shen* (start work) as either a mistake or a loan for *ch'u-sheng* (be born). Hsu Wu's younger brother, Hsu Liu (*wu*: five, *liu*: six), appears in poem 95, also at a gravesite, and both poems probably share the same inspiration, namely the death of Hsu Wu. Liu San is also named for his order of birth: *san* (three).
149. Line two is quoted from the *Shuching*: 6, where it is spoken by King Wu (r. 1122–1115 B.C.) of the Chou dynasty prior to his overthrow of the Shang dynasty. Several commentators have noted the similarities between this poem's theme and phrasing and that of number fifteen of the anonymous *Nineteen Old Poems* (c. first century A.D.). Attributed to one of Confucius' disciples, the *Hsiao-ching* (*Book of Piety*) advises what attitudes are properly rendered by a child to its parents. The last chapter describes the proper decorum for a parent's funeral.
150. My translation fails to do justice to Cold Mountain's poetic technique, which ends each line with the reduplicated binomes *hu-hu*, *yu-yu*, *man-man*, *sou-sou*, *niu-niu*, *chui-chui*, *sa-sa*, *ch'ou-ch'ou*.

- 148 Once we're born we're confused
worldly affairs keep changing
still unable to escape the herd
we chase each other around
I recently mourned Hsu Wu's death
today I attended Liu San's funeral
day after day we get no break
this is why I grieve
- 149 If pleasures come be happy
opportunities shouldn't be missed
although we talk of one hundred years
who gets thirty thousand days
lodged in the world but an instant
don't chirp and chatter about money
the *Book of Piety's* final chapter
lays out the end in detail
- 150 Sitting alone I keep slipping away
far off with the cares of my heart
clouds wander by the mountainside
wind rushes out the valley
gibbons swing from the trees
birds call through the forest
time slips past my temples
yearend finds me old with regrets

一人好頭肚 六藝盡皆通 南見趁向北 西見趁向東
長漂如汎萍 不息似飛蓬 問是何等色 姓貧名曰空

他賢君即受 不賢君莫與 君賢他見容 不賢他亦拒
嘉善矜不能 仁徒方得所 勸逐子張言 拋卻卜商語

俗薄真成薄 人心個不同 殷翁笑柳老 柳老笑殷翁
何故兩相笑 俱行諛諛中 裝車競嶸嶸 翻載各瀧凍

151. The Chinese say people learn with their head but store their learning in their belly. As previously noted, the *liu-yi* (six arts) included ritual, music, archery, charioteering, writing, and mathematics. Together they comprised the Confucian training for a gentleman. China's tumbleweed is *Erigeron acris*. In the last line, some editions have *k'ung* (nil) for *ch'iuung* (impoverished).
152. Tzu-chang and Pu-shang were disciples of Confucius. The first two lines paraphrase Pu-shang's view of entering into friendships, while the next four lines paraphrase Tzu-chang's response (*Lunyu*: 19.3). *Jen* (kindness) was the paramount virtue taught by Confucius.

151 A man with a good head and belly
versed in all six arts
in the South he's driven North
in the West he's driven East
forever adrift like duckweed
a tumbleweed that never rests
who is this you ask
a descendant of Poverty his name is Broke

152 If others are worthy accept them
if they aren't then don't
if you're worthy there's room for others
if you aren't there's none for you
praising the adept and consoling the inept
a disciple of kindness finds his place
I urge you to follow Tzu-chang's words
and ignore Pu-shang's advice

153 Pettiness really gets petty
nobody's heart is the same
Old Yin laughed at Old Liu
Old Liu laughed at Old Yin
why did they laugh at each other
both took devious paths
loading their carts higher and higher
until they collapsed and both were ruined

空	教	家	人	須	是
腹	汝	狗	生	憶	我
不	數	趕	一	汝	有
得	般	不	百	欲	錢
走	事	去	年	得	日
枕	思	野	佛	似	恆
頭	量	鹿	說	我	為
須	知	常	十	今	汝
莫	我	好	二	承	貸
眠	賢	走	部	望	將
此	極	欲	慈	有	汝
言	貧	伏	悲	無	今
期	忍	獼	如	更	既
共	賣	猴	野	代	飽
見	屋	心	鹿	事	煖
掛	纔	須	瞋	勸	見
在	富	聽	怒	汝	我
日	須	獅	似	熟	不
東	買	子	家	思	分
邊	田	吼	狗	量	張

155. The compilers of the Buddhist canon divided the words of the Buddha into twelve categories according to their form of delivery: *sutra* (discourse), *jataka* (tale), *gatha* (hymn), and so on. The Tientai school viewed the Buddha's teachings as representing doctrines of varying sublimity intended for different audiences of varying maturity. In the *Nirvana Sutra*: 14, the Buddha said, "The family dog isn't afraid of people, while the wild deer in the forest runs away as soon as it sees someone. Anger is hard to drive off, just like the family dog. And compassion disappears easily, just like the wild deer." *Tz'u-pei* (compassion) refers to the Buddha's teachings. The sutras often liken our ever-changing, ever-chattering mind to a monkey, and the Buddha to a lion, whose roar is the Dharma.
156. Lao-tzu says, "Thus the rule of the sage / empties the mind / but fills the stomach." (*Taoteching*: 3) Cold Mountain is suggesting that a pillow is better used for meditation.

- 154 Those days when I had money
I always loaned you some
now you're full and warm
we meet but you don't share
don't forget when you were poor
you clung like me to hope
ownership keeps changing places
I hope you weigh this well
- 155 For the hundred years of human life
the Buddha preached a twelfefold canon
but compassion is like a wild deer
and anger is like the family dog
you can't drive the dog away
the deer meanwhile prefers to run
to tame your monkey mind
listen to the lion's roar
- 156 I'll tell you a thing or two
that will prove to you I'm wise
don't sell your house because you're broke
when you become rich buy land
an empty stomach won't go far
a pillow isn't just for sleep
hoping people see these words
I've put them on the sunlit side

寒山有裸蟲	身白而頭黑	手把兩卷書	一道將一德
住不安釜灶	行不齋衣衾	常持智慧劍	擬破煩惱賊

寒山多幽奇	登者皆恆懾	月照水澄澄	風吹草獵獵
凋梅雪作花	朽木雲充葉	觸雨轉鮮靈	非晴不可涉

有樹先林生	計年逾一倍	根遭陵谷變	葉被風霜改
咸笑外凋零	不憐內文彩	皮膚脫落盡	唯有真實在

158. In the *Nirvana Sutra*: 39, the Buddha draws a distinction between his mortal body and his buddha body: "In the forest there's a grove of sal trees, and among them one that was alive before the rest. For a hundred years the owner of the grove has watered and protected it. But now aged and sere, its leaves have fallen, and its bark has peeled, revealing what is truly real. So it is with the Tathagata." It was between two sal trees (*Shorea robusta*) that the Buddha entered Nirvana.
159. In the fourth line, Cold Mountain is referring to Lao-tzu's *Taoteching*, which is often divided into two parts: *Tao* (the Way) and *Te* (Virtue). In the *Vimilakirti Sutra*: 11, the Buddha tells the assembled bodhisattvas, "Practice the infinite virtues of the buddhas, and be of tireless resolve in using the sword of wisdom to strike troublesome foes." In this, as well as in other poems, Cold Mountain shows a predilection for mixing Buddhist and Taoist metaphors.

- 157 Cold Mountain has so many wonders
climbers all get scared
water shimmers in the moonlight
plants rustle in the wind
withered plum trees bloom with snow
snags grow leaves of clouds
touched by rain they all revive
unless it's clear you can't get through
- 158 A tree grew here before the grove
its age is twice as great
the shifting earth has gnarled its roots
wind and frost have parched its leaves
people scorn its withered outside
no one sees its fine-grained heart
but when its bark is stripped away
what remains is real
- 159 On Cold Mountain there's a naked bug
its body is white its head is black
its hands hold two scrolls
in one is the Way in the other is Virtue
at home it makes no fire
for the road it packs no clothes
but always it carries the sword of wisdom
ready to strike troublesome foes

有人畏白首	不肯捨朱紱	采藥空求仙	根苗亂挑掘
數年無效驗	癡意瞋怫鬱	獵師披袈裟	元非汝使物
昔時可可貧	今日最貧凍	作事不諧和	觸途成倥傯
行泥屢腳屈	坐社頻腹痛	失卻斑貓兒	老鼠圍飯甕
可貴天然物	獨立無伴侶	覓他不可見	出入無門戶
促之在方寸	延之一切處	你若不信受	相逢不相遇

160. Members of the nobility and government attached their seals to their sashes by means of a cord. A red cord was conferred on men of the highest office. Here it could also refer to the umbilical cord. The last couplet refers to when Shakyamuni, having left the palace and entered the forest, met a hunter wearing a monk's robe. Shakyamuni said, "The clothing you wear is the uniform of tranquility and the sign of buddhas. Why do you wear it and commit this transgression?" The hunter explained that he used the monk's robe to deceive the deer, which were accustomed to the gentleness of the monks. But he agreed to exchange it for the prince's garment of white silk. Thus Shakyamuni acquired the attire of a monk (see *Buddhacharita*: 6). The kasaya, or monk's robe, is a collection of patches sewn into a square and worn over one shoulder.
161. Iritani and Matsumura suggest Cold Mountain is referring to the rotating duty to take care of the village shrine (*Kanzanshi*: pg. 225) and cite Tunhuang text S.5813 in support. I suspect it simply refers to hanging out at the shrine hoping for a handout, regardless of whether it's one's duty or not.
162. The *fang-ts'un* (square inch) is the heart of the mind. *Hsin-shou* (acknowledge) of the penultimate line is part of the expression *hsin-shou-feng-hsing* (acknowledge and practice), which is often used to conclude Buddhist sutras and refers to the Dharma as taught by the Buddha.

- 160 Some people fear a white head
 they can't let a red cord go
 they seek elixirs and long life in vain
 they dig up plants with abandon
 year after year without success
 foolish angry distressed
 a hunter puts on a kasaya
 but it's not meant for him
- 161 A trifle poor in the past
 today I'm utterly broke
 whatever I do doesn't work
 every road is a treadmill
 my legs quake in the mud
 my stomach aches on festival days
 since I lost that calico cat
 my pot is surrounded by rats
- 162 This rare and heavenly creature
 alone without a peer
 look and it's not there
 it comes and goes but not through doors
 it fits inside a square-inch
 it spreads in all directions
 unless you acknowledge it
 you'll meet but never know

閑自訪高僧	煙山萬萬層	師親指歸路	月掛一輪燈
男兒大丈夫	作事莫葬鹵	勁挺鐵石心	真趣菩提路
邪路不用行	行之枉辛苦	不要求佛果	識取心王主
疏食養微軀	布裘遮幻質	任你千聖現	我有天真佛
余家有一窟	窟中無一物	淨潔空堂堂	光華明日日

163. The second stanza of Yung Chia's (665–713) *Song of Enlightenment* begins, "Awakening to the Dharmakaya (body of reality) there is no thing / your original self-nature is the primordial buddha." The primordial buddha (Sanskrit: *bhutatahata*) is the first buddha in every kalpa (aeon), and every kalpa includes a thousand buddhas.
164. *Bodhi* is Sanskrit for "enlightenment." In the *Nirvana Sutra*: 9, the Buddha says, "The head is a palace within which lives the king."
165. In his *Mahaprajnaparamita Shastra*: 9, Nagarjuna used the finger to represent the various teachings of Buddhism whereby one apprehends the ultimate truth, or Dharma, represented by the moon. But Nagarjuna warned his readers not to hold onto the finger or mistake it for the celestial sphere.

- 163 I have a single cave
a cave with nothing inside
spacious and devoid of dust
full of light that always shines
a meal of plants feeds a frail body
a cloth robe masks a mirage
let your thousand sages appear
I have the primordial buddha
- 164 Boys and grown-up men
when you act don't be rash
be firm and iron-willed
stay on the Bodhi Path
don't take any side roads
if you do you'll suffer in vain
and don't go searching for buddhahood
realize the mind is king
- 165 Idle I called on an eminent monk
amid ten thousand mist-covered mountains
the master himself pointed the way home
the moon held up its lone lantern

閑遊華頂上 天朗晝光輝 四顧晴空裡 白雲同鶴飛

寒山有一宅 宅中無欄隔 六門左右通 堂中見天碧
房房虛索索 東壁打西壁 其中一物無 免被人來惜
寒到燒軟火 飢來煮菜喫 不學田舍翁 廣置田莊宅
盡作地獄業 一入何曾極 好好善思量 思量知軌則

166. Though less than a thousand meters above the nearby sea, Huaifeng, or Flower Peak, is the highest of Tientai's eight peaks. White clouds are often used as a metaphor for Zen practitioners, while cranes are a symbol, if not the embodiment, of Taoist adepts. In his *Paoputzu*: 4, the fourth-century Taoist Ko Hung called Tientai "the perfect place for practicing the arts of immortality," and there have always been a few Taoist hermitages on this otherwise Buddhist mountain.
167. The six doors refer to the six senses. In line eight, some editions have *chieh* (borrow) for *hsi* (care). But the miserliness of the former variation seems out of place here, while the absence of a maid fits right in. In line eleven, *t'ien-she-weng* (old farmer) was a stock figure in stories and jokes.

166 Nothing to do I climbed Flower Peak
 one fair and radiant day
 everywhere in the sky
 white clouds flew with cranes

167 Cold Mountain owns a house
 with no partitions inside
 six doors open left and right
 from the hall he sees blue sky
 wherever he looks it's bare
 the east wall greets the west
 nothing stands between them
 no need for anyone's care
 he makes a small fire when cold comes
 cooks plants when hunger arrives
 he isn't like the old farmer
 enlarging his fields and sheds
 creating nothing but hell-bound karma
 once begun it never ends
 think this over well
 think and discover the key

儂家暫下山 入到城隍裡 逢見一群女 端正容貌美
頭戴蜀樣花 燕脂塗粉膩 金釧鏤銀朵 羅衣緋紅紫
朱顏類神仙 香帶氤氳氣 時人皆顧盼 癡愛染心意
謂言世無雙 魂影隨他去 狗咬枯骨頭 虛自舐脣齒
不解返思量 與畜何曾異 今成白髮婆 老陋若精魅
無始由狗心 不超解脫地

一自遁寒山 養命餐山果 平生何所憂 此世隨緣過
日月如逝川 光陰石中火 任你天地移 我暢巖中坐

168. Shu was the name of the ancient state that occupied the western half of Szechuan province. According to Li Yi, it became popular in Shu at the end of the T'ang dynasty for women to wear the racemes of various flowers in their hair. Yen was the name of the ancient state that occupied most of Hopei province in North China. Ever since the time of Chuang-tzu, the Chinese have depicted their immortals with the skin of children: soft and rose-colored.
169. The phrasing here, *tun* (escape) and *shih* (incarnation), reinforces my suspicion that Cold Mountain was, indeed, hiding out and was, in fact, reborn under an assumed name. Standing behind line five is the image of Confucius commenting on our transient existence, "One day the Master stood beside a stream and sighed, 'It passes on like this, not stopping day or night.'" (*Lunyu*: 9.16) Line seven is quoted from Huan T'an's (43 B.C. - A.D. 28) *Hsinlun*: 11.

168 One day I left the mountains
and entered the city gate
and saw a group of girls
their noble and lovely faces
with flowered hairdos of Shu
rouge from Yen powder and oil
golden bracelets chased with silver
sheerest silks of red and purple
their rose-colored cheeks were like an immortal's
their perfume trailed in clouds
the men all turned to look
infatuation darkened their minds
thinking the world had no equals
their hearts and shadows followed behind
dogs gnawing on dry bones
licking their teeth and lips in vain
not knowing how to reflect
how were they different from beasts
and now the girls are white-haired crones
old mean and ghostly
it's always due to their dog hearts
men don't ever get free

169 Since I escaped to Cold Mountain
I've lived on mountain fruit
what worries does life hold
this time I'm following karma
days and months are like a stream
time is but a spark
Heaven and Earth can change
I'm happy here in the cliffs

不達無為功	雖乃得如斯	顯揚一代教	自聞梁朝日	榮華能幾日	我見世間人
損多益少矣	有為多患累	作持如來使	四依諸賢士	眷屬片時親	茫茫走路塵
有聲而無形	與道殊懸遠	建造僧伽藍	寶誌法雲師	縱有千斤金	不知此中事
至今何處是	拆西補東爾	信心歸佛理	四仙傳大士	不如林下貧	將何為去津

170. Line four refers to the time Confucius came to a river in an unfamiliar region and sent one of his disciples to ask two recluses the location of the ford. One of them said, "But your master knows where it is." And the other said, "The whole world is in flood. Who can change it? Rather than follow someone who merely escapes from men, better to follow someone who escapes from the world." (*Lunyu*: 18.6) The ford also refers to the place where one crosses from this world of suffering to the far shore of liberation. To be *lin-hsia* (in the woods) is to be a hermit.
171. The Liang dynasty (502–557) lasted only a few years beyond the reign of its founder, Emperor Wu (r. 502–549). The emperor was a great supporter of Buddhism and three times held himself for ransom, donating the resulting money for the construction of temples and monasteries. During Bodhidharma's reported meeting with the emperor, the Zen patriarch said such meritorious actions were of no help in achieving the Buddhist goal of liberation from suffering. The Four Traditions include wearing clothing made from rags, begging for one's food, meditating under trees, and withdrawing from worldly contact. Pao-chih, Fa-yun, and Fu Hsi were eminent monks of the Liang. Stories concerning Pao-chih and Fu Hsi appear in such Zen compilations as the *Chuantenglu*: 27 and the *Piyenlu*: 1, 67. Pao-chih receives more respectful treatment in verse 192. As for the *Ssu-hsien* (Four Immortals), some commentators include such Taoists as T'ao

170 The people I see in this world
walk dazed in the dust of the road
they don't know where they are
or how to find the ford
their bloom lasts how many days
their loved ones aren't close long
even if I had a ton of gold
I'd rather be poor in the woods

171 Long ago during Liang times
the adepts of the Four Traditions
Master Fa-yun and Pao-chih
the Four Immortals and Philosopher Fu
made known the teachings of a lifetime
and served as the Tathagata's envoys
they built retreats for the Order
and placed their faith in the Dharma
such were their achievements
but actions mean more trouble
and lead away from the Way
they patched the east wall with the west
not knowing the power of inaction
they did great harm and little good
their names remain but not their forms
and where are they today

Hung-ching (456–536), while others think early Buddhist philosophers like Kapila are meant. The term was also used in reference to those who sought salvation in the mountains, the ocean, the air, or the marketplace. During the Buddha's lifetime, his teachings varied with the understanding of his audience, and their whole breadth is meant in line five. *Tathagata* is one of a buddha's ten titles and means "free of karma." In line twelve, Cold Mountain joins my Aunt Pearline in criticizing what she called "Buddhasm" as an unnecessary import from the Western Regions. After all, the effortless Tao already provides all the wisdom anyone might need. The *wu-wei* (inaction) referred to in line thirteen forms one of the basic practices of Taoism, as presented by Lao-tzu and Chuang-tzu. The last line refers to the subsequent rebirths of the above-mentioned monks.

呵嗟貧復病	為人絕友親	甕裡長無飯	甌中屢生塵
篷庵不免雨	漏榻劣容身	莫怪今憔悴	多愁定損人
養女畏太多	已生須訓誘	捺頭遣小心	鞭背令絨口
未解乘機杼	那堪事箕帚	張婆語驢駒	汝大不如母
秉志不可卷	須知我匪席	浪造山林中	獨臥磐陀石
辯士來勸余	速令受金璧	鑿牆植蓬蒿	若此非有益

172. In the seventh line, *ch'iao-ts'ui* (haggard/depressed) recalls a similar usage in Ch'u Yuan's (340–278 B.C.) *The Fisherman*, where the expression is used to describe the exiled poet.
173. Every once in a while the sexist nature of traditional Chinese society becomes painfully evident. Girls were of little use to a family because they had to be married off at their own family's expense, usually not long after they started weaving their trousseau and learning household skills. A *jenny* is a young donkey. Although admittedly far-fetched, I can't help wonder if the last couplet isn't a reference to Chief Minister Chang Yueh and his sons, Chang Chi and Chang Chun, both of whom rose to the highest ranks of government, only to end up on the wrong side of the An Lu-shan Rebellion of the 750s.
174. The first two lines are paraphrased from the *Shihching's* "Cedar Boat" and the remaining lines from stories associated with Chuang-tzu. In the *Yiwen leichu*: 83, Chuang-tzu refuses the offer of gold and jade as an inducement to serve as the prime minister of Ch'u. Elsewhere, he describes the efforts of the sage emperors Yao and Shun (both of whom were once hermits themselves and lured out of retirement) in words similar to those used in line seven (*Chuangtzu*: 23.2).

- 172 I'm poor alas and I'm sick
a man without friends or kin
there's no rice in my pot
and fresh dust lines the steamer
a thatched hut doesn't keep out the rain
a caved-in bed hardly holds me
no wonder I'm so haggard
all these cares wear a man down
- 173 Raise girls but not too many
once born they have to be trained
you'll pat their heads and tell them to be careful
or smack their behinds and yell to be still
and before they learn how to weave
they won't touch a basket or broom
Old Lady Chang cautioned her jennies
you're big but no match for your mother
- 174 A resolute will can't be rolled up
you should know I'm no mat
I wander the woods and mountains
or lie on a boulder alone
sophists come to entreat me
offer me jade and gold
chisel through rock to plant brambles
what a waste of time

以我棲遲處	幽深難可論	無風蘿自動	不霧竹長昏
澗水緣誰咽	山雲忽自屯	午時庵內坐	始覺日頭暈
憶昔過逢處	人間逐勝遊	樂山登萬仞	愛水汎千舟
送客琵琶谷	攜琴鸚鵡洲	焉知松樹下	抱膝冷颼颼
報汝修道者	進求虛勞神	人有精靈物	無字復無文
呼時歷歷應	隱處不居存	叮嚀善保護	勿令有點痕

175. In line five, *shei* is an interrogative that normally means "who." But it was frequently used by poets in the T'ang to mean "why."
176. Confucius said, "The wise are fond of water. The virtuous are fond of mountains. The wise are active and the virtuous tranquil. The wise are joyful and the virtuous long-lived." (*Lunyu*: 6.21) Pipa Valley joins the Han River in its upper reaches and marked the end of the overland route for travelers headed south from Ch'ang-an. From here, they boarded boats and continued downstream to Hanyang, where the Han joins the Yangtze. Parrot Isle was visible from Hanyang's Zither Terrace, where the great zither player Wu Po-ya played for his friend Chung Tzu-ch'i. When Tzu-ch'i died, Po-ya smashed his zither and never played again. During the T'ang, Parrot Isle was a popular place for travelers to spend the night and few poets failed to write at least one poem about the view. It disappeared during a flood in the seventeenth century, and its name was transferred to another nearby island at the beginning of the twentieth century.

- 175 The place where I've retired
the mysteries are hard to explain
without any wind the vines all sway
despite no fog the bamboo stays dark
why do the mountain streams cry
or clouds suddenly gather on the ridge
why am I in my hut at noon
when I first feel the sun's heat
- 176 I recall the places I've been
the scenic spots everyone goes
mad for mountains I climbed the great peaks
fond of water I sailed a thousand rivers
I accompanied friends to Pipa Valley
and carried my zither to Parrot Isle
how could I know beneath the pines
I would hug my knees in a frigid wind
- 177 Hey you followers of the Way
searching exhausts the spirit in vain
we all possess a miraculous creature
with neither form nor name
call and it answers clearly
it doesn't live in hidden places
guard it well I urge you
keep it free of scars

去年春鳥鳴 此時思弟兄 今年秋菊爛 此時思發生
綠水千場咽 黃雲四面平 哀吾百年內 賜斷憶咸京

多少天台人 不識寒山子 莫知真意度 喚作閑言語

一住寒山萬事休 更無雜念掛心頭
閑於石壁題詩句 任運還同不繫舟

178. The green water refers to the Chuchiang Waterway at the southeast corner of Ch'ang-an, where the court often assembled to enjoy the flowers of spring and summer. The expression *huang-yun* (yellow clouds) calls to mind the windblown loess that blankets Ch'ang-an every winter. But it also might refer to the clouds of war. The last couplet would seem to refer to the rebellions and invasions of the 750s, 760s, and 780s, when the capital of Ch'ang-an was repeatedly occupied and the court forced to flee to more defensible areas. In this light, the "hundred years" of the penultimate line would be a sarcastic reference back to the two reign periods of 695 and 696, whose appellations called for a rule of ten thousand years.
179. Tientai was home to many Buddhist monks in the T'ang and a few Taoists as well, all practicing various forms of spiritual cultivation. After his name, Cold Mountain uses the honorific *tzu* (master/sage), which humility demands be reserved for others' use — except, as here, when one is kidding.
180. The third line recalls the original preface to Cold Mountain's poems attributed to Lu-ch'iu Ying: "he wrote his poems on trees and rock walls." The image and wording of the last line are from *Chuangtzu*: 32.1, "Clever people toil, and smart people worry, while those without such abilities seek nothing. They eat their fill and wander about, drifting like unmoored boats, roaming without purpose."

- 178 When birds sang this spring
 I thought about my brothers
 when chrysanthemums bloomed this fall
 I thought about my youth
 green water babbled in a thousand places
 yellow clouds filled the horizon
 alas after less than a hundred years
 recalling the Capital hurts
- 179 How many Tientai people
 don't know the Sage of Hanshan
 unable to fathom his wisdom
 they call it useless advice
- 180 I reached Cold Mountain and all cares stopped
 no idle thoughts remained in my head
 nothing to do I write poems on rocks
 and trust the current like an unmoored boat

非	笑	經	精	可
是	我	眠	神	惜
不	田	虎	殊	百
及	舍	頭	爽	年
時	兒	枕	爽	屋
無	頭	昔	形	左
錢	頰	坐	貌	倒
趁	底	象	極	右
不	紮	牙	堂	復
及	澀	床	堂	傾
一	巾	若	能	牆
日	子	無	射	壁
有	未	阿	穿	分
錢	曾	堵	七	散
財	高	物	札	盡
浮	腰	不	讀	木
圖	帶	啻	書	植
頂	長	冷	覽	亂
上	時	如	五	差
立	急	霜	行	橫

181. The metaphor of the house comes from the *Nirvana Sutra*: 23, where it is used by the Buddha to represent our body. In the seventh line, some editions have *k'uang-feng* (strong wind) for *jen-feng* (let the wind).
182. The *Tsochuan* reports that Yang Yu-chi was able to pierce seven boards with a single arrow (Chengkung: 16). And Ying Ch'ang could read five lines at once (*Sankuochih*: Ying Ch'ang bio). A jade pillow carved in the shape of a tiger's head was unearthed in the fourth century during an excavation of the imperial treasury of the last king of the Shang dynasty (*Shihyichi*: 7). Finally, a couch made of ivory tusks was once presented to Meng Ch'ang-chun by the King of Ch'u (*Chankuotse*: Chitse). This use of *ah-tu-wu* (whatchamacallit) comes from Wang Yen (256–311), who refused to mention the word “money” and introduced this as a substitute (*Shihshuo hsinyu*: 10.9).
183. High hats were conferred on meritorious officials during the early T'ang. A *stupa* is a conical structure erected over the relics of a buddha.

- 181 A pitiful hundred-year house
its sides have caved in
its walls are cracked
its beams are askew
its tiles lie shattered
its decay won't stop
may as well let it blow down
to rebuild would never work
- 182 No matter how lofty your spirit
however imposing your gaze
even if you could pierce seven boards
or read five lines at a glance
or sleep on a tiger-head pillow
or sit on an ivory couch
without any whatchamacallit
you'll be no warmer than ice
- 183 They laugh at me *hey farm boy*
your face is a little thin
your hat isn't high enough
and your belt is far too tight
it's not that I don't know the trends
when you're broke you can't catch up
one day I'll be rich
and stick a stupa on my head

買肉血活活 買魚跳鱗鱗 君身招罪累 妻子成快活
捷死渠家去 他人誰敢遏 一朝如破床 兩個當頭脫

千生萬死何時已 生死來去轉迷情
不識心中無價寶 恰似盲驢信腳行

心神用盡為名利 百種貪婪進己軀
浮生幻化如燈燼 塚內埋身是有無

184. Obviously, the Chinese do not share the Indian custom of *sati*, whereby the wife, willing or not, joins the husband on his funeral pyre. The kind of bed Cold Mountain is referring to consists of woven strips of bamboo stretched across a wooden frame.
185. In the *Nirvana Sutra*: 8, the Buddha's assembled disciples liken their previous ignorance of the enlightened mind to that of a man who falls asleep drunk at a friend's house. Before leaving to attend to other matters, the friend sews a priceless jewel in the man's robe. On waking, the man departs unaware of the treasure he carries, and in the course of his wanderings suffers endless privation and hardship, until at last he encounters his old friend and learns of the jewel he has been carrying. The friend is the Buddha. And the jewel is the enlightened mind. It was not unusual in China for millers to blind the mules they used to turn their grindstones.
186. In some editions this poem is added to the end of verse 195. *Teng-chin* (wick snuff) is the charred portion of a candle or lamp wick.

- 184 Buy meat with blood still dripping
buy fish flapping and flipping
bring punishment down on yourself
to keep your family content
but once you're dead your wife remarries
how could anyone blame her
one day you're like a busted bed
and both of you finally part
- 185 When will the treadmill of life and death stop
each rebirth gets more confusing
until we discover the jewel of our mind
we're like blind mules following our feet
- 186 Exhaust your mind for profit and fame
a hundredfold greed to enhance your body
the transient illusory snuff of a wick
buried in a grave does it still exist

世間何事最堪嗟 盡是三塗造罪楂
不學白雲巖下客 一條寒衲是生涯
秋到任他林葉落 春來從你樹開花
三界橫眠無一事 明月清風是我家

客歎寒山子 君詩無道理 吾觀乎古人 貧賤不為恥
應之笑此言 談何疏闊矣 願君似今日 錢是急事爾

從生不往來 至死無仁義 言既有枝葉 心懷便諛諛
若其開小道 緣此生大偽 詐說造雲梯 削之成棘刺

187. In the second line, I have simplified *san-t'u* (three mires) to include only the lowest of the lower three rebirths, namely the denizens of Hell. The other two are beasts and hungry ghosts. The Three Realms of Existence are Desire, Form, and Formlessness—representing the subjective, objective, and nonobjective states of being attainable on Earth, in Heaven, and beyond Heaven.

189. Near the end of his *Taoteching*: 80, Lao-tzu says, "Let there be a state so near / people hear its dogs and chickens / and live out their lives / without making a visit." He also says, "When the Great Way disappears / we meet kindness and justice / when reason appears / we meet great deceit." (18) The point of the third line is that words lead us away from the root and into the confusion of twigs. The *Yiching chitzu* says, "Insincerity in a person's heart means branches in his words." According to Confucius' disciple Tzu-hsia, "Though small paths might possess some advantages, in the end they bog us down. Thus the gentleman avoids them." (*Lunyu*: 19.4) In his commentary to this, Chu Hsi lists gardening, animal husbandry, divining, and the healing arts as small paths. Cloud-ladders were used to scale fortifications, but here the expression refers to practices aimed at transcending the mortal realm.

187 What is the saddest thing in the world
the rafts of sin people build to reach Hell
ignoring the man in the clouds and cliffs
with one thin robe for the shores of his life
in autumn he lets the leaves fall
in spring he lets the trees bloom
he sleeps through the Three Realms free of concerns
with moonlight and wind for his home

188 Someone sighed *Cold Mountain* sir
your poems possess no sense
I said for the ancients
poverty was no disgrace
to this he answered laughing
such talk is poorly reasoned
well sir then be as you are
with money your concern

189 Live without making visits
die neither kind nor just
words include limbs and leaves
thoughts contain lies and betrayals
people who clear a small path
thereby give rise to great deceit
claiming to build a ladder to the clouds
they whittle it into splinters

一瓶鑄金成一瓶埏泥出二瓶任君看
那個瓶牢實
欲知瓶有二須知業非一將此驗生因
修行在今日

丹丘迴聳與雲齊空裡五峰遙望低
雁塔高排出青嶂禪林古殿入虹霓
風搖松葉赤城秀霧吐中巖仙路迷
碧落千山萬仞見藤蘿相接次連谿
余見僧繇性希奇
巧妙間生梁朝時
饒邈虛空寫塵跡
無因畫得誌公師

190. In the *Nirvana Sutra*: 5, the Buddha compares his mortal body to a clay bottle and his buddha body to one made of gold. Karma includes not only the result but also the causes, or seeds.

191. *Tan-ch'iu* (Cinnabar Hills) is one of several names for the land of immortals. The term was also applied to Tientai by Sun Ch'o (314-371) in his *Yutientaifu*. Among Tientai's eight major peaks is one named *Wufeng* (Five Peaks), with five pinnacles of its own. *Yenta* (Wild Goose Pagoda) refers to the sixth-century pagoda on top of Redwall. *Chih-cheng* (Redwall) is a small peak between Kuoching Temple and the town of Tientai. Its name comes from its bare rock face that resembles a wall of bricks. The most likely referent of *Hsienlu* (Immortal Road) is the trail that leads north from Redwall to Hukuo Temple and on the way passes Peach Blossom Spring, the retreat of several immortals of the distant past.

192. Chang Seng-yao lived during the Liang dynasty when imperial patronage of the arts and religion was exceptionally generous. Seng-yao reportedly was such a skilled painter that sometimes his pictures rose up and flew away. Once, when he was commissioned to paint a picture of Pao-chih, the monk contorted his features and assumed the twelve different faces of Avalokitesvara during the sitting. Unable to proceed, Seng-yao gave up. As the painter was leaving, Master Pao-chih said, "Apparently you still don't know

- 190 One bottle is cast in gold
another is moulded from clay
take a look at these two
which one is bound to endure
knowing these bottles differ
surely you know karma does too
examine the seeds of rebirth
cultivation begins today
- 191 The Cinnabar Hills rise up to the clouds
Five Peaks gaze far below from space
Wild Goose Pagoda towers above a ridge
an ancient Zen hall sits below a rainbow
wind sways the pines and Redwall is bare
fog veils the cliffs and conceals Immortal Road
blue sky reveals a thousand awesome peaks
vine linked to vine stream joined to stream
- 192 Seng-yao I hear was a talented man
and lucky to live during Liang times
although he could draw a hair in thin air
he couldn't paint Master Pao-chih

how to paint the spirit." (*Fotsu tungtsai*: 9) Some editions include four additional lines between the opening and closing couplets: "Tao-tzu's technique was diaphanous as the air / both masters wielded their brushes with skill / they painted portraits with exceptional feeling / ghosts moved dragons flew the spirits were awesome." But including the painter Wu Tao-tzu here is anomalous, since he lived not during the Liang but the T'ang dynasty.

久住寒山凡幾秋
獨吟歌曲絕無憂
饑餐一粒伽陀藥
心地調和倚石頭

眾星羅列夜深明
巖點孤燈月未沈
圓滿光華不磨瑩
掛在青天是我心

老病殘年百有餘
面黃頭白好山居
布裘擁質隨緣過
豈羨人間巧樣模

193. In Sanskrit, *gatha* originally referred to any medicine that dispersed poison. It was later adapted by Buddhists to refer to a four-line hymn that summarized sacred teachings and rid the mind of the poisons of delusion, anger, and desire. The last line implies Cold Mountain is assuming the meditation posture, though not with the same rigidity as he would in a meditation hall. As in the previous verse, some editions include two additional couplets in the middle of this poem: "it's so quiet I don't close my makeshift gate / the spring never stops gushing sweet nectar / in my cave house my clay pot boils on an earthen stove / there's pine pollen and cedar tea and a vial of frankincense." Their insertion here, however, interrupts the connection between songs and gathas and is better read as a separate poem — a poem by some other author, as Cold Mountain would have never used frankincense.
194. In the first line, Cold Mountain suggests that once he retires for the night the sky must make do with stars.

193 How many falls have I spent on Cold Mountain
humming songs to myself without any cares
nibbling a *gatha* whenever I'm hungry
smoothing the mind-ground leaning against rocks

194 The multitude of stars is the late night's light
alone above a cliff before the moon sets
the perfect luminescence the unpolished glow
hanging in the sky is my mind

195 Old and sick final years over a hundred
face brown head white content with mountain life
cloth robe pulled tight I accept my karma
why would I envy the clever ways of others

霜剝萎黃葉	昨見河邊樹	足間青草生	有身與無身	門外有三車	推殘荒草廬
波衝枯朽根	摧殘不可論	頂上紅塵墮	是我腹非我	迎之不肯出	其中煙火蔚
生處當如此	二三餘幹在	已見俗中人	如此審思量	飽食腹膨脝	借問群小兒
何用怨乾坤	千萬斧刀痕	靈床施酒果	遷延倚巖坐	個是癡頑物	生來凡幾日

196. In the *Lotus Sutra*: 3, the Buddha uses the parable of a burning house to represent our mortal existence and the three carts as the seemingly different teachings he creates to lure ignorant children outside to escape the fires of birth, aging, disease, death, grief, and sorrow.
198. This poem was clearly inspired by Kuei Ku's (fl. fourth century B.C.) remarks to his students Su Ch'in and Chang Yi: "Have you two gentlemen never noticed the trees by the river? Cart drivers break off their limbs, and the river exposes their roots. They don't have a foot of shade above, and their trunks are marked by a thousand scars. And yet why is it they bear Heaven and Earth no grudge? Because this is simply their habitat." (*Yiwen leichu*: 36) In line three, some editions have *jui-hui* (shoots) in place of *kan-tsai* (trunks remain).

- 196 Fire and smoke raged within
a ramshackle overgrown hut
I asked a group of children
how long they had lived inside
outside three carts beckoned
still they wouldn't leave
too content and too fat
they were fools indeed
- 197 Is there a self or not
is this me or not
this is what I contemplate
sitting in a trance above a cliff
between my feet green grass grows
and on my head red dust settles
I have even seen pilgrims
leave offerings by my bier
- 198 I saw some trees by the river
more weathered than I can describe
a couple of trunks remained
with thousands of ax-blade scars
their dry yellow leaves had been stripped by the frost
their rotten roots battered by waves
but this is how habitats are
why blame Heaven and Earth

千年石上古人蹤 萬丈巖前一點空
明月照時常皎潔 不勞尋討問西東

憐底眾生病 餐嘗略不厭 蒸豚搵蒜醬 炙鴨點椒鹽
去骨鮮魚膾 兼皮熟肉臉 不知他命苦 只取自家甜

讀書豈免死 讀書豈免貧 何以好識字 識字勝他人
丈夫不識字 何處可安身 黃連搵蒜醬 忘計是苦辛

199. A poem apparently left on *Hanyen* (Cold Cliff), which faces south toward the moon's course and just above the base of which is Cold Mountain Cave.

201. While crowfoot, or *Coptis chinensis*, is among the bitterest of medicinal herbs, garlic is among the most acrid and used here to mask the former's flavor. In this case, crowfoot is used to represent hardship, and garlic, literacy.

199 On ancient rocks are ancient tracks
 below high cliffs there's a clearing
 always bright when the bright moon shines
 no need to ask if it's east or west

200 The unfortunate human disorder
 a palate that never wearies
 of steamed baby pig in garlic
 of roast duck with pepper and salt
 of deboned raw fish mince
 of unskinned fried pork cheek
 unaware of the bitterness of others' lives
 as long as their own are sweet

201 Reading won't save us from death
 and reading won't free us from want
 so why this love of literacy
 the literate are better than others
 a man unable to read
 never finds any peace
 squeeze garlic juice in your crowfoot
 and you'll forget the bitterness

我見謾人漢 如籃盛水走 一氣將歸家 籃裡何曾有
我見被人謾 一似園中韭 日日被刀傷 天生還自有

寒山頂上月輪孤 照見晴空一物無
可貴天然無價寶 埋在五陰溺身軀

或向前溪照碧流 或向巖邊坐磐石
心似孤雲無所依 悠悠世事何須覓

202. In his *Pentsao kangmu*: 26, Li Shih-chen notes: "The leek is also called the 'immortal leek' because it grows again after being cut."
203. The five *skandhas* are aggregates into which the individual can categorize all that characterizes himself without finding a self: form, sensation, perception, impulse, and consciousness.
204. In the early years of the ninth century, Hsu Ning (fl. 806–24) wrote a poem entitled "Seeing Home the Hermit of Cold Cliff": "He doesn't wear silk clothes / to Cold Cliff he returns to sleep / where a night of wind and snow / passes again the cliffside stream." (*Chuantangshih*: 7.10) Undoubtedly the same stream and cliff are meant, and probably the same hermit as well. After reading through the entire *Chuantangshih*, Ch'en Hui-chien concluded that this was the only occurrence of the expression *han-yen* (cold cliff) in all the extant poems of the T'ang dynasty other than those of Cold Mountain (*Hanshantzu yenchiu*: pg. 39–40). Thus, it is reasonable to assume that Cold Mountain lived at least until the early ninth century.

- 202 I see someone deceiving others
running with a basket of water
getting it home in one breath
but what does the basket have left
and I see someone deceived by others
just like a leek in the garden
day after day cut by a knife
still retaining its natural life
- 203 Above Cold Mountain the moon shines alone
in a clear sky it illuminates nothing at all
precious heavenly priceless jewel
buried in the skandhas submerged in the body
- 204 Down to the stream to watch the jade flow
or back to the cliff to sit on a boulder
my mind like a cloud remains unattached
what do I need in the faraway world

我家本住在寒山 石巖棲息離煩緣
泯時萬象無痕跡 舒處周流徧大千
光影騰輝照心地 無有一法當現前
方知摩尼一顆珠 解用無方處處圓
世人何事可吁嗟 苦樂交煎勿底涯
生死往來多少劫 東西南北是誰家
張王李趙權時姓 六道三塗事似麻
只為主人不了絕 遂招遷謝逐迷邪

205. *Dharma* is an analytical term of ancient Indian philosophy that refers to anything held to be real. The magic pearl (Sanskrit: *mani*) is a gem that grants to those who possess it whatever they desire.
206. A *kalpa* is a unit of time equivalent to the existence of a world, from its creation until its final destruction. As elsewhere, the Six Paths include the *devas* of Heaven, the *asuras* who make war on *devas*, humans, beasts, hungry ghosts, and the denizens of Hell. The Three Mires refer to the latter three.

205 My true home is on Cold Mountain
perched among cliffs beyond the reach of trouble
images leave no trace when they vanish
I roam the whole universe from here
lights and shadows flash across my mind
not one dharma appears before me
since I found the magic pearl
I can go anywhere everywhere is perfect

206 What is it about people that makes me sigh
their endless encounters with happiness and pain
their kalpa-long round of births and deaths
their ceaseless travels throughout the four directions
Chang Wang Li and Chao their temporary names
the Six Paths and Three Mires so much tangled hemp
and just because their owners don't get free
they're sent chasing will-o'-the-wisps and lies

余家本住在天台 雲路煙深絕客來
千仞巖巒深可遁 萬重谿澗石樓臺
樺巾木屐沿流步 布裘藜杖繞山回
自覺浮生幻化事 逍遙快樂實奇哉

不見朝垂露 日爍自消除 人身亦如此 閻浮是寄居
慎莫因循過 且令三毒怯 菩提即煩惱 盡令無有餘

水清澄澄瑩 徹底自然見 心中無一事 萬境不能轉
心既不妄起 永劫無改變 若能如是知 是知無背面

207. Another poem by Hsu Ning, this one entitled "Alone at Night on Tientai," reads: "Silver ground autumn moonscape / stone bridge night stream sound / who would guess my clogs would break / and interrupt my mist moss walk." (*Chuantangshih*: 7.10) The dried stalk of pigweed, or *Chenopodium album*, is sometimes used as an impromptu staff. The circumambulation of holy sites is performed in a clockwise direction. *Hsiao-yao* (roaming free) is the title and subject of the first chapter of *Chuangtzu*.
208. Of the four continents situated in the salt sea surrounding the seven rings of mountains that surround Mount Sumeru, Jambu (or Jambudvīpa) is the one to the south. According to this ancient Indian conception, it corresponds to Asia and is itself divided into the kingdoms of elephants (India), treasures (Arabia), horses (the Steppes), and people (China). The Poison Three are delusion, desire, and anger. The seventh line presents an inversion of the Tientai teaching "affliction is enlightenment" (*Chihkuan*: 1), which means that enlightenment does not exist somewhere beyond affliction. Cold Mountain's point is that enlightenment can itself become an obstacle to liberation from affliction. Buddhists distinguish two kinds of Nirvana: provisional, in which one is still subject to karma's final fruits but wherein no new seeds are sown, and complete, in which there is nothing left at all.

207 The Tientai Mountains are my home
mist-shrouded cloud paths keep guests away
thousand-meter cliffs make hiding easy
above a rocky ledge among ten thousand streams
with bark hat and wooden clogs I walk along the banks
with hemp robe and pigweed staff I circumambulate the peaks
once you see through transience and illusion
the joys of roaming free are wonderful indeed

208 We don't see the dew from this morning
in the light of dawn it disappeared
the human body is no different
and Jambu but a temporary home
don't just follow in their wake
let the Poison Three be gone
enlightenment is affliction
let there be nothing left at all

209 When water is so clear it sparkles
you can see the bottom without effort
when your mind doesn't have a goal
no circumstance can distract you
once your mind doesn't chase illusions
even a kalpa holds no changes
if you can be so aware
from such awareness nothing hides

說食終不飽 說衣不免寒 飽喫須是飯 著衣方免寒
不解審思量 只道求佛難 回心即是佛 莫向外頭看

可畏輪迴苦 往復似翻塵 蟻巡環未息 六道亂紛紛
改頭換面孔 不離舊時人 速了黑暗獄 無令心性昏

可畏三界輪 念念未曾息 纔始似出頭 又卻遭沈溺
假使非非想 蓋緣多福力 爭似識真源 一得即永得

210. In the *Shurangama Sutra*, the Buddha says, "Even though you have heard the truth, if you don't practice it, it's the same as having not heard it. It's like someone who only talks about food. Such a person never feels full." In his *Hsieh molun (Bloodstream Sermon)*, Bodhidharma says, "Beings are confused. They are unaware that their own minds are the Buddha. If they knew that their own minds were the Buddha, they wouldn't seek the Buddha outside their minds." (pg. 11)
211. Diagrams of the Wheel of Rebirth are usually divided by six spokes into sections representing the Six Paths of Karma.
212. Unlike the previous poem, this construction of the Wheel divides existence into three states marked by desire, form, and formlessness. Those who dwell in the highest of the Four Heavens of Formlessness are described as being beyond thought as well as beyond no-thought and mistake this for enlightenment. But sooner or later (after 84,000 kalpas we're told), the karma that gets one there runs out, and the wheel takes one back to less happy realms. Note that Cold Mountain's concept of rebirth extends to each thought.

210 Talking about food won't make you full
talking about clothes won't keep you warm
only eating food will make you full
only wearing clothes will keep you warm
people who don't know how to reason
just say a buddha is hard to find
look inside your mind there's the buddha
don't look around outside

211 The suffering of the Wheel is relentless
back and forth stirring up the dust
the ant patrol on its endless round
the Six Paths are nothing but confusion
changing heads and switching faces
doesn't free you from your self
bring this hell of darkness to an end
don't let your mind grow dim

212 The Three-spoked Wheel is relentless
thought after thought it never stops
just when it seems you'll escape
you're dragged back down again
even if you get beyond no-thought
such karma still has its limits
unlike finding your true source
once there you're there forever

昨日遊峰頂 下窺千尺崖 臨危一株樹 風擺兩枝開
雨飄即零落 日曬作塵埃 嗟見此茂秀 今為一聚灰

自古多少聖 叮嚀教自信 人根性不等 高下有利鈍
真佛不肯認 置力枉受困 不知清淨心 便是法王印

我聞天台山 山中有琪樹 永言欲攀上 莫繞石橋路
緣此生悲歎 幸居將已暮 今日觀鏡中 峴峴鬢垂素

213. From such meditation as above Cold Mountain obtains a little firewood. In the *Nirvana Sutra*: 38, the Buddha says, "Those who are wise regard life like a tree at the edge of a cliff or a riverbank." This poem recalls the graveyard meditations of the more ascetic Buddhists.
214. Prior to his Nirvana, the Buddha told his disciples to "be lamps unto yourselves." The *chen-fo* (true buddha) refers to the *sambhogakaya*, or body that every buddha experiences upon enlightenment.
215. In his *Yutientaifu* (*Rhapsody on a Trip to Tientai*), Sun Ch'o (314-371) wrote: "From trees of jade hung lustrous jewels." Taoists collected jade to grind up as part of their elixirs. The stone bridge is a natural arch that spans two merging cataracts on Tientai. Although it's only one foot wide and forty feet across, determined pilgrims such as Hsu Hsia-k'o (1586-1641) report crossing it. See also the note to poem 48. Cold Mountain's reference to his *hsing-chu* (good fortune) recalls the Buddha's frequent refrain that it is rare indeed to be born a human and rarer still to hear the Dharma, or, in this case, the Tao.

213 I hiked yesterday to the summit
and peered down a thousand-foot cliff
a tree stood at the edge
the wind bared its two limbs
the rain had stripped it of leaves
the sun had dried it like dust
alas such a once-verdant bloom
is now a pile of ashes

214 How many ancient sages
have taught us to turn to ourselves
but each of our roots is different
in depth and sensitivity
until we find the true buddha
we strive and suffer in vain
unaware that a clear pure mind
is the mark of the King of Things

215 I have heard on Mount Tientai
somewhere are trees of jade
although I say I'll look
a stone bridge blocks the way
this is why I'm distressed
my good days are almost gone
today when I looked in a mirror
all I saw were wisps of white

我語他不會	時人見寒山	徒閉蓬門坐	念此那堪說	為染在薰蕕	養子不經師
他語我不言	各謂是風顛	頻經歲月遷	隨緣須自憐	應須擇朋侶	不及都亭鼠
為報往來者	貌不起人目	唯聞人作鬼	回瞻郊郭外	五月販鮮魚	何曾見好人
可來向寒山	身唯布裘纏	不見鶴成仙	古墓犁為田	莫教人笑汝	豈聞長者語

216. For the first two couplets, Iritani and Matsumura cite the *Shihliukuo chunchiu*: "City rats get to hear the words of elders." (*Kanzanshi*: pg 293) Confucius is reported saying, "Sweet and strong-smelling herbs cannot be kept in the same container." (*Kungtzu chiayu*: 8)
217. In line two, some editions have *shih-huo* (spark) for *sui-yueh* (months and years). Taoist priests were often likened to cranes, which were thought to live for hundreds of years and on whose backs they were sometimes seen flying to the land of immortals, if, in fact, they did not become cranes themselves. For geomantic reasons, graveyards were usually located just outside the north or west gates of the walls that encircled and protected towns from bandits, invaders, and floods. The last two lines are from *Nineteen Old Poems*: 14.

- 216 A child who doesn't have a teacher
will never catch a city rat
how can he meet virtuous people
much less hear the talk of elders
because we're stained by scents around us
we should choose our friends with care
if you sell fresh fish in summer
don't become a laughingstock
- 217 I close my overgrown door in vain
the months and years keep passing through
I've only heard of men becoming ghosts
I've never seen a crane become immortal
what then can I advise
accept your karma and be content
look beyond the city walls
the ancient graves are plowed into fields
- 218 People who meet Cold Mountain
they all say he's crazy
his face isn't worth a glance
his body is covered in rags
they don't understand my words
their words I won't speak
this is for those to come
visit Cold Mountain sometime

自在白雲閑
從來非買山
下危須策杖
上險捉藤攀
澗畔松常翠
谿邊石自斑
友朋雖阻絕
春至鳥關關

我在村中住
眾推無比方
昨日到城下
仍被狗形相
或嫌褲太窄
或說衫少長
攀卻鶴子眼
雀兒舞堂堂

死生元有命
富貴本由天
此是古人語
吾今非謬傳
聰明每短命
癡騃卻長年
鈍物豐財寶
惺惺漢無錢

219. The monk Chih Tun (314–366) once tried to buy a mountain from the hermit who lived on it. The hermit said he had never heard of a recluse buying mountain land and Chih Tun could have it if he wanted it that badly (*Shihshuo hsinyu*: 25.28). *Kuan-kuan* go the male and female ospreys in the love poem that begins the *Shihching* (*Book of Songs*).
220. In line seven, some editions have the less compassionate *ch'eng* (poke) instead of *luan* (tie), as with a hood in the case of falcons.
221. The first two lines were already popular sayings in Confucius' time: "One day Ssu-ma Niu said with concern, 'Everyone has brothers. I alone have none.' Tzu-hsia replied, 'I have heard people say, 'Life and death are decreed. Wealth and fame are bestowed by Heaven.' As long as a gentleman maintains his dignity and treats others with proper respect, everyone within the Four Seas is his brother. Why should a gentleman feel worried to have no brothers?'" (*Lunyu*: 12.5) While Tzu-hsia attempts to build on the "old sayings," Cold Mountain takes exception to them, finding Heaven much less generous or impartial than the "ancients" claimed.

- 219 People who wander among clouds
don't have to buy the hills
for steep descents you need a staff
and a vine for the sheerer climbs
streamside pines are always green
shoreline rocks are every color
although friends might stay away
in spring the birds *kuan-kuan*
- 220 As long as I stay in the village
people think I have no peer
yesterday down in the city
I was even sized up by the dogs
some contended my pants were too tight
others complained my shirt was too long
cover the eyes of hawks
and sparrows will dance like lords
- 221 Birth and death are decreed
wealth and fame are bestowed by Heaven
these are sayings of the ancients
I'm not passing on lies
geniuses all die young
fools enjoy long lives
stupid creatures are rich
and brilliant scholars are broke

有路不通世	無心孰可攀	石床孤夜坐	圓月上寒山
自樂平生道	煙蘿石洞間	野情多放曠	長伴白雲閒
是渠作障礙	使你事煩拏	高舉手彈指	南無佛陀耶
眾生不可說	何意許顛邪	面上兩惡鳥	心中三毒蛇
不得露其根	枝枯子先墜	決陂以取魚	是求一期利
國以人為本	猶如樹因地	地厚樹扶疏	地薄樹憔悴

222. The last four lines refer to excessive taxation and its consequences.

223. The second line refers to the two-headed bird that appears in the *Samyuktaratnapitaka* and *Abhinishkramana* sutras. One of the bird's heads eats only sweet fruit, while the other is so jealous it keeps eating poisonous fruit until they both die. The three snakes are delusion, desire, and anger. *Na-mo-fo-t'o* (*Homage to the Buddha*) is the Buddhist response to anything, good or bad, and is intended to remind those who use or hear it that the sword of wisdom cuts through all things. In the *Amitayurdhyana Sutra*, the use of its variant, "Homage to Amitabha Buddha," is said to free one from the bad karma of eighty billion kalpas.

- 222 A state relies on people
just as a tree depends on soil
if the soil is deep it thrives
if the soil is thin it withers
and if its roots are exposed
its limbs produce no fruit
draining a pond to catch fish
gains only a short-term profit
- 223 People can't explain
the reason they're so crazy
the two evil birds on top of their heads
the three poison snakes inside their hearts
one or the other blocks their way
making things hard to handle
raise your hands and snap your fingers
Homage to the Buddha
- 224 I enjoy the simple path
between dark vines and mountain caves
the wilderness has room to roam
with white clouds for companions
there's a road but not to town
only mindless men can climb
at night I sit on the rocks alone
until the moon comes up Cold Mountain

大海水無邊 魚龍萬萬千 遞互相食噉 冗冗癡肉團
為心不了絕 妄想起如煙 性月澄澄朗 廓爾照無邊

自見天台頂 孤高出眾群 風搖松竹韻 月現海潮頻
下望山青際 談玄有白雲 野情便山水 本志暮道倫

三五癡後生 作事不真實 未讀十卷書 強把雌黃筆
將他儒行篇 喚作賊盜律 脫體似蟬蟲 咬破他書帙

226. The East China Sea is fifty kilometers southeast of Tientai's Huating Peak. In line six, *t'an-hsuan* (discuss the unseen) refers to a type of spontaneous conversation cultivated by the elite and aimed at expressing underlying principles and character. The same phrase also appears in verse 275. The last couplet recalls Confucius' dictum that the wise love water and the kind love mountains (*Lunyu*: 6.21). The last line also occurs at the beginning of poem 275.
227. Among the chapters in the *Lichi* (*Book of Rites*), number forty is called *Juhsing* (*Conduct of the Learned*). The *Tseitaolu* (*Code for Thieves*) refers to a section of the *T'ang Penal Code*. In Cold Mountain's day, books were still written out by hand on yellow paper, and yellow ink was used to make corrections where readers suspected copyist errors. Chinese books did not have a spine. Hence, the bindings here refer to the protective cases constructed of a series of folding flaps that were secured with a clasp.

225 The Great Sea has no limit
fishes and dragons by the billion
everyone eating someone else
busy stupid lumps of flesh
because the mind never stops
delusions rise like mist
the moon of our nature is clear and bright
in the open it shines without limit

226 I see Tientai summit
rising high above the crowd
the rhyme of pines and bamboo in the wind
the rhythm of the tide in the moonlight
I see the mountain's green reach below
white clouds discussing the unseen
wilderness means mountains and water
I've always loved friends of the Way

227 Four or five dumb upstarts
do things without reason
before they've read a dozen books
they insist on yellow ink
the *Conduct of the Learned* chapter
they label a *Code for Thieves*
they molt like silverfish
and eat through others' bindings

心高如山嶽 人我不伏人 解講圍陀典 能談三教文
心中無慚愧 破戒違律文 自言上人法 稱為第一人
愚者皆讚歎 智者撫掌笑 陽燄虛空花 豈得免生老
不如百不解 靜坐絕憂惱

如許多寶貝 海中乘壞舸 前頭失卻桅 後面又無柁
宛轉任風吹 高低隨浪簸 如何得到岸 努力莫端坐

228. The *Vedas* include the sacred literature of Hinduism. The *San-chiao* (Three Religions) usually include Confucianism, Taoism, and Buddhism, but the term was also used during the T'ang (see K'uei-chi's [631–682] commentary to the *Sandhinirmokana Sutra*) in referring to realism, nihilism, and the middle path between them. The *Vinaya* is that portion of the Buddhist canon which deals with moral precepts or rules used to govern conduct among monks and nuns as well as the laity. *Hsu-k'ung-hua* (flower in the sky) is another term for an illusion. *Ching-ts'o* (sit in silence) usually refers to seated meditation. The goal of Buddhist practice is liberation from suffering.
229. The metaphor of the rotten ship is from the *Nirvana Sutra*: 27. In the last line, Cold Mountain insists there is more to spiritual practice than meditation.

228 His mind is like a great peak
his ego doesn't bow to others
he can lecture on the Vedas
or discuss the Three Religions
in his heart he feels no shame
flouting rules and breaking precepts
he boasts a law for superior men
of whom he is the patriarch
fools all sing his praises
wise men clap and laugh
a will-o'-the-wisp a flower in space
how can he avoid old age
better to know nothing at all
to sit and not speak and have no cares

229 All of you are priceless gems
aboard a rotting ship at sea
in front the mast is gone
in back there is no rudder
heading wherever the wind may blow
moving with the waves
how will you reach shore
don't just sit there stiff

我見凡愚人	多畜資財穀	飲酒食生命	謂言我富足
莫知地獄深	唯求上天福	罪業如毘富	豈得免災毒
財主忽然死	爭共當頭哭	供僧讀疏文	空是鬼神祿
福田一個無	虛設一群禿	不如早覺悟	莫作黑暗獄
狂風不動樹	心真無罪福	寄語兀兀人	叮嚀再三讀
勸你三界子	莫作勿道理	理短被他欺	理長不奈你
世間濁濫人	恰似黍粘子	不見無事人	獨脫無能比
早須返本源	三界任緣起	清淨入如流	莫飲無明水

230. *Vipula* is the name of a mountain in India. It means “huge” in Sanskrit and was often used by the Buddha as a metaphor for things that were without any apparent limit. Buddhists liken the good deeds they do to a field of blessings.
231. The *San-chieh* (Triple World or Three Worlds) includes the realms of Desire, Form, and Formlessness. When it's cooked, millet is like oatmeal, but much stickier. Buddhists use the Sanskrit term *tatha* (suchness: *ju* in Chinese) to represent the incomparable truth. *Wu-ming* (darkness/delusion) is the first of the twelve links in the chain of causation that binds us to the wheel of rebirth.

230 All I see are fools
piling higher gold and grain
getting drunk and eating creatures
imagining they're well-to-do
unaware of Hell's abyss
seeking only Heaven's bliss
but with karma like Vipula
how can they escape disaster
suddenly the rich man dies
people crowd around in tears
then they hire some monks to chant
though such ghostly pay is void
and provides no future blessings
why support the hairless bunch
better to wake up in time
don't create a hell of darkness
be a tree that fears no wind
steadfast and unmoved by fate
tell the blockheads you might meet
read this over once or twice

231 Children of the Triple World
don't do what isn't right
who falls short is scorned
who goes too far isn't suffered
all the world's deluded people
stick together like cooked millet
they don't see the carefree man
on his own beyond their reach
go back to the source right now
let the Three Worlds rise and fall
swim in the River of Suchness
don't drink the Water of Darkness

三界人蠢蠢 六道人茫茫 貪財愛姪欲 心惡如豺狼
地獄如箭射 極苦若為當 兀兀過朝夕 都不別賢良
好惡總不識 猶如豬及羊 共語如木石 嫉妒似顛狂
不自見己過 如豬在圈臥 不知自償債 卻笑牛牽磨

人生在塵蒙 恰似盆中蟲 終日行繞繞 不離其盆中
神仙不可比 煩惱計無窮 歲月如流水 須臾作老翁

232. The Three Worlds are defined in the previous footnote. The Six Paths of Existence include the denizens of the various hells, hungry ghosts, beasts, humans, gods, and *asuras*, demi-gods who make war on gods. The “debt” of the penultimate line is that of karma, while the ox of the last line represents those who practice spiritual discipline.

232 The Three Worlds swarm with people
the Six Paths teem with men
coveting wealth indulging their lust
their hearts as mean as rabid dogs
but hell is like a flying arrow
bringing pain to those it strikes
in a trance from dawn to dusk
none discern the wise
nor can they tell good from evil
they're like pigs and sheep
may as well converse with rocks
they're insanely jealous
nor do they admit their faults
just like pigs inside their pens
unaware their debt is due
they mock the ox that works the mill

233 Our lives are circumscribed by dust
we're like bugs inside a bowl
going in circles all day long
never leaving our bowl
eternal life is beyond our reach
afflictions never end
the months and years flow by
suddenly we're old men

寒山出此語 復似顛狂漢 有事對面說 所以足人怨
心直出語直 直心無背面 臨死渡奈河 誰是嚶囉漢
冥冥泉臺路 被業相拘絆

寄語諸仁者 復以何為懷 達道見自性 自性即如來
天真元具足 修證轉差回 棄本卻逐末 只守一場歎

世有一般人 不惡又不善 不識主人翁 隨客處處轉
因循過時光 渾是癡肉鬻 雖有一靈臺 如同客作漢

234. The *Naiho* (River of Death) separates this life from the purgatory of Yama and the inevitable next life.
235. *Chu-jen-che* (believers) is an expression often used by the Buddha when addressing his disciples. In the third line, *chien-tzu-hsing* (seeing your nature) is an expression used by Hui-neng, Zen's Sixth Patriarch, in expanding his disciples' attention beyond formal meditation to include mindfulness in all activities. *Ju-lai* (naturally so) refers to a buddha's existence apart from any cause or condition and is also used as one of a buddha's ten titles: *Tathagata*.
236. During the T'ang dynasty, Zen masters often referred to the transitory world as the guest and one's own buddha nature as the host. In ancient times, spirit towers were used as celestial observatories to keep the king informed of the portents of Heaven. But here, as in *Chuangtzu*: 23, the term also refers to the mind.

234 Cold Mountain speaks these words
as if he were a madman
he tells people what he thinks
thus he earns their wrath
but a straight mind means straight words
a straight mind holds nothing back
crossing the River of Death
who's that jabbering fool
the road to the grave is dark
and karma holds the reins

235 Here's a message for the faithful
what is it that you cherish
to find the Way to see your nature
your nature is naturally so
what Heaven bestows is perfect
looking for proof leads you astray
leaving the trunk to search among twigs
all you get is stupid

236 There exists one type of person
neither bad nor good
he doesn't recognize the host
he turns toward every guest
he survives by acquiescing
a totally stupid piece of meat
although he has a spirit tower
he acts like a hired man

常聞釋迦佛 先受然燈記 然燈與釋迦 只論前後智
前後體非殊 異中無有異 一佛一切佛 心是如來地

常聞國大臣 朱紫簪纓祿 富貴百千般 貪榮不知辱
奴馬滿宅舍 金銀盈帑屋 癡福暫時扶 埋頭作地獄
忽死萬事休 男女當頭哭 不知有禍殃 前路何疾速
家破冷飈颼 食無一粒粟 凍餓苦悽悽 良由不覺觸

237. In a previous existence, Shakyamuni scattered lotuses and laid his own hair before Dipamkara Buddha so that the latter's feet would not touch the mud. Following this action, Dipamkara prophesied Shakyamuni's future buddhahood (*Juiying penchi Sutra*) and proceeded to list previous and intervening buddhas. The *Avatamsaka Sutra* says, "All tathagatas share the same dharma body, the same mind, the same wisdom." (Quoted in *Chihkuan*: 3.2) *Tathagata* is another name for a buddha and refers to someone who exists independent of time and place.
238. The wearing of red and purple clothing and ornaments was reserved for the highest ministers. Ignorance is the first link on the chain of causation that binds us to the cycle of endless rebirth. Its two aspects include unawareness and delusion.

237 They say when Shakyamuni
first heard Dipamkara's prophecy
Dipamkara and Shakyamuni
spoke only of past and future sages
past and future bodies didn't matter
how they differed didn't differ
for each and every buddha
the mind is a tathagata's realm

238 We hear about the ministers of state
their red and purple ornaments of rank
their limitless wealth and countless honors
their quest for glory their resistance to shame
their courtyards of slaves and stables of horses
their vaults full of silver and gold
but a fool's paradise is brief consolation
for someone who blindly builds his own hell
he suddenly dies and all plans stop
sons and daughters gather to cry
unaware of approaching disaster
what was his headlong hurry
his family is ruined and scattered
without any food to eat
cold and hungry and wretched
and all because of ignorance

上人心猛利 一聞便知妙 中流心清淨 審思云甚要
下士鈍暗癡 頑皮最難裂 直得血淋頭 始知自摧滅
看取開眼賊 鬧市集人決 死屍棄如塵 此時向誰說
男兒大丈夫 一刀兩段截 人面禽獸心 造作何時歇

239. People sentenced to death were executed and their bodies put on display in the town marketplace.

239 The superior man's mind is terribly sharp
 he hears and knows the mystery
 the average man's mind is clear enough
 he thinks and says it's deep
 the inferior man's mind is dull and dim
 a numbskull is hard to crack
 only when his head is bloody
 does he realize it's busted
 he sees the culprit who opened his eyes
 the whole town gathers in judgment
 but then they treat his corpse like dirt
 and who will he tell then
 boys and grown-up men
 one slice cuts in two
 a human face an animal heart
 when will creation end

我	有	六	兄	弟	就	中	一	個	惡	打	伊	又	不	得	罵	伊	又	不	著
處	處	無	奈	何	耽	財	好	淫	殺	見	好	埋	頭	愛	貪	心	過	羅	剎
阿	爺	惡	見	他	阿	娘	嫌	不	悅	昨	被	我	捉	得	惡	罵	恣	情	掣
趁	向	無	人	處	一	一	向	伊	說	汝	今	須	改	行	覆	車	須	改	轍
若	也	不	信	受	共	汝	惡	合	殺	汝	受	我	調	伏	我	共	汝	覓	活
從	此	盡	和	同	如	今	過	菩	薩	學	業	攻	鑪	冶	鍊	盡	三	山	鐵
至	今	靜	恬	恬	眾	人	皆	讚	說										

240. Of the six senses, the mind is the most unruly. There is a separate consciousness associated with each of these senses as well as a seventh (the father) for calculating and an eighth (the mother) for storing. The *rakshasas* are a variety of demon associated with lechery. The three mountains refer to the karma created by the actions of the body, mouth, and mind, while metal refers to the buddha nature within us all.

I have six brothers
and one of them is bad
I'd beat him if I could
I'd scold him but I can't
wherever he goes he's useless
all he wants is wealth and sex
one look and he's in love
his lechery shames rakshasas
our father hates to see him
our mother isn't pleased
finally I caught him
and cursed and beat him hard
and took him to a deserted place
and told him to his face
you have to change your ways
a toppled cart must change its track
if you don't believe this
we'll destroy each other
if you accept my training
we'll survive somehow
we've been friends ever since
better than bodhisattvas
who learns how to make metal
refines three mountains of ore
meanwhile harmony
everybody praises

我見世間人	堂堂好儀相	不報父母恩	方寸底模樣
欠負他人錢	蹄穿始惆悵	個個惜妻兒	爺孃不供養
兄弟似怨家	心中常悒快	憶昔少年時	求神願成長
今為不孝子	世間多此樣	買肉自家啗	抹嘴道我暢
自逞說嘍囉	聰明無益當	牛頭怒目瞋	始覺時已鄉
擇佛燒好香	揀僧歸供養	羅漢門前乞	趁卻閒和尚
不悟無為人	從來無相狀	封疏請名僧	覷錢三兩樣
雲光好法師	安角在頭上	汝無平等心	聖賢俱不降
凡聖皆混然	勸君休取相		

241. The *fang-ts'un* (square inch) is the mind. Lines five and six refer to Lu Po-ta, who borrowed money and swore before a buddha statue that if he failed to repay the loan he would be reborn as an ox. He failed to repay and died a year later. Subsequently, a calf with Lu Po-ta's name on its forehead was born in the herd of his creditor. For line twenty, some editions have: "it's too late for them to escape." *Arhats* are monks. Yunkuang was a monk who thought he was too good to be limited by the precepts. He, too, was reborn as an ox. Some editions add ten more lines to the end of this poem. I've followed the Tientai edition, which deletes them as an interpolation.

I see people everywhere
dignified and fond of form
not repaying their parents' kindness
square-inches of the smallest sort
incurring debts to others
not embarrassed until they have hooves
caring for wives and children
not supporting their parents
treating brothers like enemies
always becoming upset
remembering when they were young
asking the gods to make them older
and now they're unworthy sons
of which the world has plenty
they buy meat and never share
wipe their lips and say they're fine
ramble on about themselves
their wisdom knows no equal
the old ox glares in anger
when he sees his time is up
he picks a buddha to worship
and chooses a monk to support
but when an arhat begs for food
he drives him from his door
unaware of the effortless man
who never assumes any form
he invites eminent clerics
and gives them alms and money
Dharma masters like Yun-kuang
with horns upon their heads
unless your mind's impartial
no sages will appear
fools and sages are the same
end your attachment to form

有鳥五色文 棲梧食竹實 徐動合威儀 鳴中施呂律
昨來何以至 為吾暫時出 儻聞絃歌聲 作舞欣今日

昔日極貧苦 夜夜數他寶 今日審思量 自家須營造
掘得一寶藏 純是水晶珠 大有碧眼胡 密擬買將去
余即報渠言 此珠無價數

一生慵懶作 憎重只便輕 他家學事業 余持一卷經
無心裝標軸 來去省人擎 應病則說藥 方便度眾生
但自心無事 何處不惺惺

242. I suspect the five colors here refer to Cold Mountain's five-character poems, of which this is but one of nearly three-hundred examples. The description of the first four lines refers to the rainbow-hued phoenix, which only alights on the branches of the paulownia, only eats bamboo seeds, and only appears to those who cultivate virtue. When I first translated these poems in Taiwan, I was often visited by a seven-colored bird, a Muller's barbet. Such are the joys of idle endeavour.

243. The first two lines are paraphrased from the *Avatamsaka Sutra*: 10. The blue-eyed stranger is Bodhidharma, the First Patriarch of Zen.

242 I see a bird of five colors
eating bamboo seeds in a paulownia tree
moving with grace and dignity
singing every note in the scale
why did it finally come
appearing briefly before me
whenever it hears the sound of strings
it dances and enjoys the day

243 I was so poor in the past
every night counting the treasures of others
today I finally concluded
I need to work on my own
so I dug and discovered a treasure
consisting of nothing but crystals
then a blue-eyed stranger
made me a secret offer
I told him straightaway
these jewels aren't for sale

244 All my life too lazy to work
favoring the light to the heavy
others take up a career
I hold onto a sutra
a scroll with nothing inside
I open wherever I go
for every illness it has a cure
it heals with whatever works
once your mind contains no plan
wherever you are it's alert

我見出家人 不入出家學 欲知真出家 心淨無繩索
澄澄絕玄妙 如如無倚託 三界任縱橫 四生不可泊
無為無事人 逍遙實快樂

昨到雲霞觀 忽見仙尊士 星冠月帔橫 盡云居山水
余問神仙術 云道若為比 謂言靈無上 妙藥必神祕
守死待鶴來 皆道乘魚去 余乃返窮之 推尋勿道理
但看箭射空 須臾還墜地 饒你得仙人 恰似守屍鬼
心月自精明 萬象何能比 欲知仙丹術 身內元神是
莫學黃巾公 握愚自守疑

245. A person who becomes a monk or nun is said to "leave home." The Three Realms are Desire, Form, and Formlessness. The Four Births include birth by egg, by fetus, by moisture (worms and fishes), and metamorphosis (*devas* and the first beings of every world).
246. During the T'ang, Taoist caps were sometimes decorated with pieces of jade to indicate constellations important to the wearer. Apparently their capes were likewise decorated with the moon. The Yellow Turbans were a Taoist sect of the Han dynasty whose name later became associated with those whose practice emphasized alchemy and magic. The Taoist immortal Wang Tzu-ch'iao rode off on a crane to the land of immortals, while Ch'in Kao rode off on a carp.

245 The homeless people I know
don't practice the homeless profession
you know when people are homeless
their minds are pure and detached
transparent without any secrets
free and naturally so
the Three Realms don't affect them
the Four Births don't restrict them
without any plans or cares
they wander forever content

246 I recently hiked to a temple in the clouds
and met some Taoist priests
their star caps and moon capes askew
they explained they lived in the wild
I asked them the art of transcendence
they said it was beyond compare
and called it the peerless power
the elixir meanwhile was the secret of the gods
and they were waiting for a crane at death
or some said they'd ride off on a fish
afterwards I thought this through
and concluded they were all fools
look at an arrow shot into the sky
how quickly it falls back to earth
even if they could become immortals
they would be like cemetery ghosts
meanwhile the moon of our mind shines bright
how can phenomena compare
as for the key to immortality
within ourselves is the chief of spirits
don't follow Lords of the Yellow Turban
persisting in idiocy holding onto doubts

舍下養魚鳥	樓上吹笙竽	伸頭臨白刃	癡心為綠珠
傳語諸公子	聽說石齊奴	僮僕八百人	水碓三十區
何以長惆悵	人生似朝菌	那堪數十年	親舊凋零盡
以此思自哀	哀情不可忍	奈何當奈何	託體歸山隱
余鄉有一宅	其宅無正主	地生一寸草	水垂一滴露
火燒六個賊	風吹黑雲雨	仔細尋本人	布裹真珠爾

247. The ownerless house refers to the Buddhist concept of life as a transitory collection of parts that contains no self. Lines three through six introduce the parts that make up matter: earth, water, fire, and wind, the four elements of Indian metaphysics. The grass refers to the hair that covers our body and the dew to our circulatory system. The gang of thieves refers to the six senses, which rob us of our serenity, while the black clouds and rain refer to the darkness and manifold forms of delusion. In the *Lankavatara Sutra*: 28, the pearl wrapped in rags refers to the *tathagata-garbha*, the source of all things, i.e., the mind.
248. Shih Ch'i-nu (249–300) was fabulously wealthy and had dozens of concubines, but he loved only Azure Pearl. When the powerful Sun Hsiu sent a messenger requesting her presence, Shih refused to let her go. Sun bore Shih a grudge that resulted in Shih's execution (*Shihshuo hsinyu*: 36.1).
249. Chuang-tzu says, "The one-day mushroom knows nothing of dawn or dusk." (1.2) In line four, some editions have *hsin-chiu* (new and old) for *ch'in-chiu* (friends and kin). In the last line, some editions have *t'o* (escape) for *t'o* (entrust).

- 247 In this village is a house
a house without an owner
earth gives rise to grass
water appears as drops of dew
fire ignites a gang of thieves
wind whips up a black-cloud rain
search inside for the occupant
a pearl concealed in rags
- 248 Here's a poem for you young lords
hear the tale of Shih Ch'i-nu
his eight hundred servants
and thirty water mills
downstairs he raised fish and birds
upstairs he blew flutes and pipes
before a blade he stretched his neck
he was a fool for Azure Pearl
- 249 Why am I so troubled
life is a one-day mushroom
what good is another decade
with friends and family gone
thinking of this makes me sad
and sadness I can't bear
what then shall I do
entrust myself to the hills for good

到頭君作鬼	豈令男女貧	皎然易解事	作麼無精神
檻縷關前業	莫訶今日身	若言由塚墓	個是極癡人
我見黃河水	凡經幾度清	水流如箭急	人世若浮萍
癡屬根本業	無明煩惱坑	輪迴幾許劫	只為造迷盲
二儀既開闢	人乃居其中	迷汝即吐霧	醒汝即吹風
惜汝即富貴	奪汝即貧窮	碌碌群漢子	萬事由天公

250. Lines three through six refer to the Chinese belief that the location of one's grave has a bearing on the lives of surviving family members. Also, the expense of a "proper" funeral can be extremely costly. The answer, of course, is liberation through cultivation — an answer that comes too late to many people.
251. Every few hundred years, the Yellow River becomes clear, usually due to prolonged drought or massive landslides upstream. It was a sufficiently rare occurrence to link it to the appearance of a sage on the throne. Ignorance and delusion are two aspects of the same thing. Ignorance, or unawareness of the truth, begins the chain of karma. Delusion, or belief in a false truth, ends it. They are, however, one and the same. Their never-ending relationship is brought out in Ashvaghosaha's *Awakening of Faith in the Mahayana*.
252. Cold Mountain is being facetious here. His point is that most people think everything comes from Heaven when in reality it is due to their own karma.

- 250 Your rags are due to your past deeds
don't blame your present body
who insists they're from a grave
he's an even bigger fool
when at last you're a ghost
will you impoverish your heirs
the answer is plain and simple
why do you look so pale
- 251 I see the Yellow River
and how many times it clears
its current like an arrow
our lives like so much duckweed
our ignorance springs of karma
our delusion valleys of sorrow
we whirl around countless kalpas
because we keep ourselves blind
- 252 His two aspects are open and shut
between which we all live
he misleads us with fog
he wakes us up with wind
he cares for us with riches
he undoes us with poverty
for the run-of-the-mill crowd of people
everything comes from the Lord of Heaven

余勸諸稚子 急離火宅中
三車在門外 載你免飄蓬
露地四衢坐 當天萬事空
十方無上下 來往任西東
若得個中意 縱橫處處通

可歎浮生人 悠悠何日子
朝朝無閒時 年年不覺老
總為求衣食 令心生煩惱
擾擾百千年 去來三惡道

時人尋雲路 雲路杳無蹤
山高多險峻 澗闊少玲瓏
碧嶂前兼後 白雲西後東
欲知雲路處 雲路在虛空

253. As in poem 196, Cold Mountain uses the parable of the burning house from the *Lotus Sutra*: 3, where the burning house is our transient world, and the three carts are the deer-cart of the *arhat*, who frees himself of passion, the goat-cart of the *pratyekabuddha*, who enlightens himself, and the ox-cart of the *bodhisattva*, who works for the salvation of others.
254. The image of the seventh line is that of the Wheel of Rebirth. The three hateful paths of karma are those that lead to rebirth as beasts, hungry ghosts, or denizens of the various hells.
255. Clouds refer to the realm of Taoists, who seek to transcend this mortal body and ride their deathless spirit through the sky to the land of immortals.

- 253 Children I implore you
get out of the burning house now
three carts wait outside
to save you from a homeless life
relax in the village square
before the sky everything's empty
no direction is better or worse
east is just as good as west
those who know the meaning of this
are free to go where they want
- 254 Sad creatures of a transient existence
life after life without any end
day after day without any rest
year after year growing old unaware
always working for food and clothes
plaguing their minds with afflictions
going in circles for millions of years
back and forth on the three hateful paths
- 255 People search for cloud roads
but cloud roads can't be found
the peaks are high and sheer
the streams are wide and dark
ridges rise in front and back
clouds stretch east and west
I'll tell you where cloud roads are
cloud roads are in space

借皮兼借肉	無衣自訪覓	生長菩提子	五巖俱成粉	瑞草聯谿谷	寒山棲隱處
懷歎復懷愁	莫共狐迷裘	偏蓋天中天	須彌一寸山	老松枕嵯峨	絕得雜人過
皆緣義失所	無食自采取	語汝慕道者	大海一滴水	可觀無事客	時逢林內鳥
衣食常不周	莫共羊謀差	慎莫繞十纏	吸入其心田	憩歌在巖阿	相共唱山歌

256. *Jui-ts'ao* (sacred plants) refer to those used in ceremonies and divination by shamans and fortune-tellers.
257. The Five Peaks refer to the five mountains chosen for special veneration by the Chinese in accordance with the theory of five states of existence: water: Hengshan (Shansi), wood: Taishan (Shantung), fire: Hengshan (Hunan), metal: Huashan (Shensi), earth: Sungshan (Honan). Mount Sumeru is the center of this world and as many leagues high as there are grains of sand in the Ganges. *Bodhi* is Sanskrit for "enlightenment," and a bodhi seed refers to the "fruit" of the tree beneath which Shakyamuni was enlightened as well as to buddhahood itself. A god among gods refers to a fully grown tree as well as to a buddha. The Ten Knots prevent one from escaping the bondage of suffering and include internal shamelessness, external shamelessness, jealousy, meanness, regret, sloth, activity, stupidity, anger, and secrecy.
258. Lines two and four are paraphrased from stories no longer extant but quoted in the *Peiwen yunfu*: 26 and the *Taiping yulan*: 208, in which the fox and goat run off and hide when someone approaches them with offers of gold for their fur and meat.

256 Where Cold Mountain dwells in peace
 isn't on a traveled trail
 when he meets forest birds
 each sings their mountain song
 sacred plants line the streams
 old pines cling to crags
 there he is without a care
 resting on a perilous ledge

257 The Five Peaks turn to dust
 Sumeru becomes an inch-high hill
 the ocean a drop of water
 sucked into the field of the mind
 where a bodhi seed sprouts and grows
 the all-embracing god among gods
 all you friends of the Way
 be sure not to tie the Ten Knots

258 Get your own clothes if you're cold
 don't ask a fox for a robe
 find your own food if you're hungry
 don't ask a goat for a meal
 relying on hides and meat
 you'll harbor regrets and sorrows
 once your conscience is gone
 there's never enough food and clothes

自羨山間樂 逍遙無倚託 逐日養殘軀 閒思無所作
時披古佛書 往往登石閣 下窺千尺崖 上有雲盤礴
寒月冷颼颼 身似孤飛鶴

我見轉輪王 千子常圍繞 十善化四天 莊嚴多七寶
七寶鎮隨身 莊嚴甚妙好 一朝福報盡 猶若棲蘆鳥
還作牛領蟲 六趣受業道 況復諸凡夫 無常豈長保
生死如旋火 輪迴似麻稻 不解即覺悟 為人枉虛老

259. The coiling clouds are associated with transformation and the crane with transcendence.
260. In India, a *chakravartin* (king-of-the-wheel) was a ruler whose chariot could travel in any direction without encountering a border. Such a ruler was described as having a thousand sons and possessing the seven treasures: the golden wheel, elephants, swift horses, the wish-fulfilling gem, able ministers, beautiful women, and loyal ministers. But here I think Cold Mountain understands the seven jewels: gold, silver, beryl, crystal, nacre, carnelian, and coral. The six paths of karma include rebirth as a god, as an *asura* (who makes war on gods), as a human, as an animal, as a hungry ghost, or as a denizen of hell. A torch, when waved in a circle, gives the impression of a wheel of fire, which itself is only an illusion. In his sermons, the Buddha often reminded his disciples how rare it is to be born a human and how much rarer still to hear the Dharma.

259 I love the joys of the mountains
wandering completely free
feeding a crippled body another day
thinking thoughts that go nowhere
sometimes I open an old sutra
more often I climb a stone tower
and peer down a thousand-foot cliff
or up where clouds curl around
where the windblown winter moon
looks like a lone-flying crane

260 Imagine a king-of-the-wheel
surrounded by a thousand sons
transforming the realm with good deeds
adorned by the seven jewels
the seven jewels wherever he goes
adorned by every wonder
until one day his blessings run out
like a bird that nests in the rushes
or a bug on an ox's neck
any of the Six Paths of Karma
how much less can common people
keep what doesn't last
life and death are a whirling torch
rebirths as countless as hemp seeds
unless you wake up soon
you'll waste these human years

平野水寬闊 丹丘連四明 仙都最高秀 群峰聳翠屏
遠望何極 矼矼勢相迎 獨標海隅外 處處播嘉名
我見世間人 生而還復死 昨朝猶二八 壯氣胸襟士
如今七十過 力困形憔悴 卻似春日花 朝開夜落爾
迴聳霄漢外 雲裡路岩嶠 瀑布千丈流 如鋪練一條
下有棲心窟 橫安定命橋 雄雄鎮世界 天台名獨超

261. The first three lines present the view from the summit of Tientaishan. In line one, looking southeast one can see the nearby Shihfeng River winding its way to Linhai thirty km away, where it meets the Yungan River and becomes the Chiao River. As the Chiao continues eastward for another fifty km to the sea, summer rains expand its width to more than two kilometers. In line two, the viewer's gaze begins with the *Tanchiu* (Cinnabar Hills) thirty km to the southeast just north of the floodplain and continues north for fifty km to *Ssuming* (Four Views). Finally, in line three, the lone spire of *Hsientu* (City of Immortals) is barely visible one hundred km to the southwest. The last two lines refer to Tientai, but here Cold Mountain is applying the name to a larger range that encompasses all the peaks he can see from the summit.
263. Near the summit of Tientai, two streams merge and form a waterfall several hundred feet high. At the top of the waterfall is a natural stone bridge which narrows to about a foot. Those who cross it are said to put their lives in destiny's hands.

261 The floodplain river is wide
the Cinnabar Hills extend to Four Views
the City of Immortals is a soaring flower
the crowd of peaks is a vast green screen
far off wherever I gaze
crags all lean in welcome
the lone beacon beyond the sea's edge
everywhere spreads its fame

262 All the people I see
live awhile then die
sixteen only yesterday
a strong and passionate youth
today he's over seventy
his strength and looks long gone
just like a spring day flower
blooming at dawn gone by dusk

263 Rising beyond the sky
a road winds through the clouds
a waterfall's thousand-foot stream
looks like a cascade of silk
below is Refuge Cave
across stands Destiny Bridge
bravely guarding the world
Tientai stands unrivaled

盤陀石上坐 谿澗冷淒淒 靜翫偏嘉麗 虛巖蒙霧迷
怡然憩歇處 日斜樹影低 我自觀心地 蓮華出淤泥

隱士遁人間 多向山中眠 青蘿疏麓麓 碧澗響聯聯
騰騰且安樂 悠悠自清閒 免有染世事 心淨如白蓮

寄語食多漢 食時無逗遛 今生過去種 未來今日修
只取今日美 不畏來生憂 老鼠入飯甕 雖飽難出頭

264 I sit on top of a boulder
the stream is icy cold
quiet joys hold a special charm
bare cliffs in the fog enchant
this is such a restful place
the sun goes down and tree shadows sprawl
I watch the ground of my mind
and a lotus comes out of the mud

265 When hermits hide from society
most retire to the hills
where green vines veil the slopes
and jade streams echo unbroken
where happiness reigns
and contentment lasts
where pure white lotus minds
aren't stained by the muddy world

266 Here's some advice for meat-eating people
who eat without reflecting
living things were formerly seeds
the future depends on current deeds
seizing present joys
unafraid of sorrows to come
a rat gets into the rice jar
but can't get out when he's full

自從出家後 漸得養生趣
伸縮四肢全 勤聽六根具
褐衣隨春冬 糲食供朝暮
今日懇懇修 願與佛相遇

五言五百篇 七字七十九
三字二十一 都來六百首
一例書巖石 自誇云好手
若能會我詩 真是如來母

世事何悠悠 貪生未肯休
研盡大地石 何時得歇頭
四時凋變易 八節急如流
為報火宅主 露地騎白牛

267. To *ch'u-chia* (leave home) is to join a religious order. While Taoists employ yogic exercises in the hope of creating an immortal body, Buddhists use them to maintain their health and to prove to themselves that a self does not exist. Buddhists add the mind to the other five senses.
268. Most Chinese poetry is written with a certain number of characters per line: five- and seven-character lines are usual, while three-character lines are rare. Obviously, not all of Cold Mountain's poems were preserved.
269. In their annual solar cycle, the Chinese count eight *chieh* (festivals): the first day of each of the four seasons and its mid-point. In the last two lines, Cold Mountain once more recalls the parable of the burning house from the *Lotus Sutra*: 3, where the owner of the house is the Buddha, the children playing inside are mortal beings, and the white ox pulls the cart of the Mahayana, which has room for all.

267 Ever since I left home
I've developed an interest in yoga
contracting and stretching the four-limbed Whole
attending intently the six-sensed All
wearing rough clothes all year
eating coarse food morning and night
hard on the trail even now
I'm hoping to meet a buddha

268 My five-word poems number five hundred
my seven-word poems seventy-nine
my three-word poems twenty-one
altogether six hundred rhymes
usually I write them on cliffs
boasting a passable hand
whoever can fathom my verses
is truly the mother of buddhas

269 Daily concerns are endless
the addiction to life never stops
grinding away the rock of the earth
nobody gets a break
seasons wither and change
festivals suddenly pass
answer the owner of the burning house
ride the white ox outside

嘗聞漢武帝爰及秦始皇俱好神仙術延年竟不長
金臺既摧折沙丘遂滅亡茂陵與驪嶽今日草茫茫

憶得二十年徐步國清歸國清寺中人盡道寒山癡
癡人何用疑疑不解尋思我尚自不識是伊爭得知
低頭不用問問得復何為有人來罵我分明了了知
雖然不應對卻是得便宜

270. Emperor Wu of the Han dynasty (r. 141–87 B.C.) built the *Chintai* (Tower of Gold) to communicate with immortals and to collect pure dew in the hopes that it would lengthen his life. The tower was built near the old capital of Hsienyang and was over one hundred feet high. Emperor Wu was buried at Maoling, twenty km west of Hsienyang. The First Emperor of the Ch'in dynasty (r. 247–210 B.C.) died at *Shachiu* (Sand Hill) while traveling from the coast back to Hsienyang. He was buried fifty km east of the capital at the foot of Liyueh (also known as Lishan). Both emperors were known for their interest in elixirs designed to prolong life, and yet their ingestion of such substances as cinnabar may have been instrumental in their deaths.
271. Once again, I can't help wonder if line two doesn't refer to what I suspect was a leg injury. Kuoching Temple was first built in 598 on the site of Chih-yi's former hut the year after his death. Chih-yi was one of the founders of the Tientai sect, and the temple was at first named Tientai Monastery. Its name was changed to Kuoching in 605. During the T'ang and Sung dynasties it was one of the most important and well-endowed monastic centers in China. Apparently, Cold Mountain spent a number of years, if not part of every year, within its walls, though whether as a monk or a layman is not clear.

270 Emperor Wu of the Han they say
and the First Emperor of the Ch'in
both were fond of alchemical arts
but failed to extend their years
the Tower of Gold has been knocked down
Sand Hill is no more
Maoling and Liyueh
today are nothing but weeds

271 I recall twenty years ago
my slow steps ending at Kuoching
the people at Kuoching Temple
agreed Cold Mountain was a fool
and why was I a fool
because I couldn't reason
but I didn't know my self
so how could they
I bowed my head and didn't ask
why ask anyway
people still reproached me
this is something I know well
and though I didn't answer
I came out ahead

驢屎比麝香	只為愛錢財	美舌甜脣嘴	語你出家輩
苦哉佛陀耶	心中不脫灑	諂曲心鉤加	何名為出家
	見他高道人	打鐘高聲和	奢華求養活
	卻嫌誹謗罵	六時學客春	繼綴族姓家
		夜夜不得臥	持經置功課

272. To *ch'u-chia* (leave home) means to become a monk or nun. Visiting monks and nuns were required to help with a temple's minor chores, such as hulling rice. Not lying down at night remains among the more ascetic practices of Buddhists. By *kao-tao* (higher path), Cold Mountain is referring to those whose spiritual practice lies outside the confining walls of a religious order. The last line is a pun on the Buddha's teaching that "all is suffering." As if the two poems were not long enough, some editions mistakenly combine this with the following poem, ignoring the fact that they have different rhymes.

Hey you people who leave home
what does leaving home mean
a big to-do to gain support
adopting another family name
ornate tongues and honeyed lips
obsequious hooklike hearts
all day in your shrine halls
reciting sutras conducting rites
burning incense to buddhas
ringing bells and chanting
doing chores from dusk to dawn
not lying down at night
all because you still love money
so your minds aren't free
someone on the Higher Path
meanwhile you mock and scorn
donkey dung disguised as musk
Great Suffering Buddha

南無佛陀耶	遠遠求彌勒	一朝著病纏	三年臥床席	亦有真佛性	翻作無明賊	朝朝行弊惡	往往痛臂脊	不解善思量	地獄苦無極	著卻福田衣	種田討衣食	作債稅牛犁	為事不忠直	下下低愚者	詐現多求覓	濁濫即可知	愚癡愛財色	君王分輦坐	諸侯拜迎送	堪為世福田	世人須保惜	又見出家兒	有力及無力	上上高節者	鬼神欽道德
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273. Monks and nuns are sometimes called *fu-t'ien* (fields of blessings), because they provide others with opportunities to gain merit. The larger monasteries also served as financial institutions, loaning money with interest. Here, the interest is payable in the very means needed by the borrower to repay the loan. Their backsides are sore from being struck for infringement of monastic rules. Maitreya is the buddha of the future. Cold Mountain's point is that such people ignore their own buddha natures and look instead for buddhahood in the distant future.

Again I see those who leave home
both the able and the weak
those of peerless conduct
gods and spirits praise their virtue
rulers share their seats
nobles welcome and escort them
fit to serve as fields of blessings
they're protected by the world
meanwhile those who lack all wisdom
deal in lies and endless greed
renowned for corruption
bewitched by wealth and beauty
wear the robes of blessedness
still they farm for food and clothes
give out loans with oxen interest
don't act fair in what they do
every day another crime
their backsides are always sore
still they can't imagine
the endless pain of Hell
until one day snared by illness
they lie sick three long years
although they have the buddha nature
it's become the thief of darkness
Homage to the Buddha
they seek Maitreya somewhere else

寒巖深復好 無人行此道
白雲高岫閒 青嶂孤猿嘯
我更何所親 暢志自宜老
形容寒暑遷 心珠甚可保

本志慕道倫 道倫常獲親
時逢杜源客 每接話禪賓
談玄月明夜 探理日臨晨
萬機俱泯跡 方識本來人

元非隱逸士 自號山林人
何曾蒙幘帛 且愛裏疏巾
道有巢許操 恥為堯舜臣
獼猴罩帽子 學人避風塵

275. The first line also ends poem 226. The spring of passion is meant, hence someone whose practice emphasizes moral constraint. The aim of Zen is to strip away our delusions until we discover our "original face." In line five, the expression *t'an-hsuan* (talk about the unseen) refers to a form of spontaneous exchange developed to express the underlying principles of things or the character of people. The expression also occurs in verse 226.
276. In the third line, some editions have *shih-lu* (serve Lu) (the state where Confucius lived) in place of *ho-tseng* (would never). This variant has led several commentators to read lines three through six as referring to the pseudo-recluses, which, however, results in an inferior poem. During the T'ang dynasty, it became quite common for those seeking official posts to "retire" to the countryside in order to be noticed by the court for their "purity." Ch'ao Fu and Hsu Yu were two recluses who lived more than four thousand years ago during the reigns of the sage emperors Yao and Shun. Both men turned down requests to take over the throne from their respective rulers. The "dust and wind" of the last line refers to the mundane world from which hermits escape.

- 274 Cold Cliff's remoteness is what I like
no one travels this way
a great peak penetrates the clouds
a lone gibbon howls on the ridge
what could please me more
my heart content I enjoy old age
the seasons change my appearance
but the pearl of my mind stays safe
- 275 I've always loved friends of the Way
friends of the Way I've always held dear
meeting a traveler with a silent spring
or greeting a guest talking Zen
talking of the unseen on a moonlit night
searching for truth until dawn
when ten thousand reasons disappear
and we finally see who we are
- 276 You're not really hermits
you just call yourselves recluses
they would never wear silk headgear
they prefer a hemp bandana
take the case of Ch'ao and Hsu
ashamed to serve Yao and Shun
you're like monkeys with those hats
aping those who shun the dust and wind

自古諸哲人 不見有長存
生而還復死 盡變作灰塵
積骨如毗富 別淚成海津
唯有空名在 豈免生死輪

今日巖前坐 坐久煙霞收
一道清谿沿 千尋碧嶂頭
白雲朝影靜 明月夜光浮
身上無塵垢 心中那更憂

千雲萬水間 中有一閒士
白日遊青山 夜歸巖下睡
倏爾過春秋 寂然無塵累
快哉何所依 靜若秋江水

277. In the *Nirvana Sutra*: 22, the Buddha says, "Every being in the course of a kalpa piles up enough bones to rival Rajgir's Mount Vipula."

277 Among the sages of the past
 are there any who survived
 they lived and then they died
 all turned to dust and ashes
 their piled-up bones would match Vipula
 their tears of parting form a sea
 their empty names alone remain
 none escaped the Wheel of Birth and Death

278 Today I sat before the cliffs
 I sat until the mist drew off
 a single crystal stream
 a towering ridge of jade
 a cloud's dawn shadow not yet moving
 the moon's night light still adrift
 a body free of dust
 a mind without a care

279 Amid a thousand clouds and streams
 there's an idle man somewhere
 roaming the mountains during the day
 sleeping below the cliffs at night
 watching springs and autumns pass
 free of cares and earthly burdens
 happy clinging to nothing
 silent like a river in fall

泉中且無月	高高峰頂上	雖著離塵衣	世間一等流	長為地獄人	勸你休去來
月自在青天	四顧極無邊	衣中多養蚤	誠堪與人笑	永隔今生道	莫惱他閻老
吟此一曲歌	獨坐無人知	不如歸去來	出家弊己身	勉你信余言	失腳入三塗
歌終不是禪	孤月照寒泉	識取心王好	誑俗將為道	識取衣中寶	粉骨遭千擣

280. Yama is the Judge of the Dead. The jewel inside the clothes refers to the story in the *Lotus Sutra*: 8, where a man gets drunk and falls asleep at a friend's house. Meanwhile, the friend sews a precious jewel in the lining of the man's clothes. Afterwards the man goes on his way unaware of the jewel he carries and suffers great hardships trying to earn a living. When by chance the two meet again, the friend berates the man for devoting himself to such mundane pursuits while possessing a jewel that would bestow on him all that he would ever need. The friend turns out to be the Buddha and the jewel turns out to be our buddha nature or enlightened mind. Meanwhile, in the *Lankavatara Sutra*: 28, the jewel refers to the mind hidden in the illusion of our body.
281. As in previous poems, to "leave home" means to become a monk or nun. A monk or nun's robe is said to protect its wearer from the dust of the six senses.
282. Apparently, *Hanchuan* (Cold Spring) was the name Cold Mountain gave to the stream that was visible from his cave. The Chinese do not distinguish a spring from its stream until its stream joins another tributary. Cold Mountain's point is that words, like the spring, merely reflect the truth.

- 280 Stop right now I implore you
don't provoke Old Yama
one mistake and down you go
pounded by a thousand blows
and in Hell you'll long remain
parted from this life forever
take my words to heart I urge
find the jewel inside your clothes
- 281 There exists one type of person
deserving of our laughter
he leaves home disguised
making laymen think he's wise
though his clothes are free of dust
beneath them flourish fleas and lice
he'd be better off at home
discovering his inner mind
- 282 From a lofty mountain peak
the view extends forever
I sit here unknown
the lone moon lights Cold Spring
in the spring there is no moon
the moon is in the sky
I sing this one song
a song in which there is no Zen

有個王秀才 笑我詩多失 云不識蜂腰 仍不會鶴膝
平側不解壓 凡言取次出 我笑你作詩 如盲徒詠日

我住在村鄉 無爺亦無孃 無名無姓第 人喚作張王
並無人教我 貧賤也尋常 自憐心的實 堅固等金剛

寒山出此語 此語無人信 蜜甜足人嘗 黃檗苦難吞
順情生喜悅 逆意多瞋恨 但看木傀儡 弄了一場困

283. A *hsiu-ts'ai* (graduate) was the designation applied to someone who passed the first of several exams that led to an official appointment. Among the eight errors of versification identified by Shen Yueh (441–513), a wasp's waist referred to cases where the second and fifth words in a five-word line have the same tone. A crane's knee referred to when the last word of the first and third lines have the same tone. Here, lines two, four, and five all betray the first error, while the crane's knee appears in lines one and three. Regulated verse recognizes two basic tones: flat tones and inflected tones. All rhyme words must be flat, and naturally Cold Mountain ignores this rule as well.
284. *Hsing-ti* (family rank) refers to a son's order of birth among the male siblings in his family. Chang and Wang represent common names and are part of the expression "Chang, Wang, Li, and Chao aren't worth another word." Buddhists use the term *chinkang* (diamond) for that which cuts through delusions, for example, the *Diamond Sutra*.
285. Yellow cork, or *Phellodendron amurense*, is among the most useful but also among the bitterest of herbs. Although the nature and development of early Chinese drama, including that of puppetry, is not well understood, during the T'ang it was performed not only in the entertainment quarter but at many temples as well, where its subject was more often secular than religious.

283 Mister Wang the Graduate
laughs at my poor prosody
I don't know a wasp's waist
much less a crane's knee
I can't keep my flat tones straight
all my words come helter-skelter
I laugh at the poems he writes
a blind man's songs about the sun

284 I live in the countryside
no father and no mother
no name or family rank
people call me Chang or Wang
nobody befriends me
I'm poor and commonplace
but I'm content my mind is real
it's hard as any diamond

285 Cold Mountain speaks these words
these words no one believes
honey goes down easy
yellow cork is hard to swallow
agreement makes men happy
opposition makes them mad
all I see are puppets
performing another tragedy

我見人轉經 依他言語會 口轉心不轉 心口相違背
心真無委曲 不作諸纏蓋 但且自省躬 莫覓他替代
口中作得主 是知無內外

寒山唯白雲 寂寂絕埃塵 草座山家有 孤燈明月輪
石床臨碧沼 虎鹿每為鄰 自羨幽居樂 長為象外人

鹿生深林中 飲水而食草 伸腳樹下眠 可憐無煩惱
繫之在華堂 饋餼極肥好 終日不肯嘗 形容轉枯槁

286. It was quite common to hire a stand-in to perform military service or corvée or even to suffer certain forms of judicial punishment.

287. The *ts'ao-tso* (straw cushion) was used for seated meditation.

286 I see people chanting sutras
relying on the words of others
mouths at work without their minds
mouths and minds at odds
the mind in truth contains no tangles
it creates no walls or chains
just examine your own self
don't look for a stand-in
he who masters his own mouth
knows there's no inside or out

287 Cold Mountain is nothing but clouds
secluded and free of dust
a hermit owns a cushion of straw
the moon is his lone lamp
his bed of stone overlooks a pool
his neighbors are tigers and deer
preferring the joys of solitude
he remains a man beyond form

288 Deer live deep in the forest
surviving on water and grass
stretching out under trees to sleep
how wonderful having no cares
but tie them up in a fancy hall
and give them the richest of foods
they won't eat a bite all day
and soon their loveliness fades

花上黃鸝子	關關聲可憐	美人顏似玉	對比弄鳴弦
翫之能不足	眷戀在韶年	花飛鳥亦散	灑淚春風前
棲遲寒巖下	偏訝最幽奇	攜籃采山茹	挈籠摘果歸
蔬齋敷茅坐	啜啄食紫芝	清沼濯瓢鉢	雜和煮稠稀
當陽擁裘坐	閒讀古人詩		
昔日經行處	今復七十年	故人無來往	埋在古冢間
余今頭已白	猶守片雲山	為報後來子	何不讀古言

289. *Kuan-kuan* is the sound attributed to birds in the first poem of the *Shihching* (Book of Odes), where love is also the theme. Here, the oriole represents the girl's lover, who leaves as soon as her flower fades. In the last line, some editions have *ch'iu* (autumn) in place of *ch'un* (spring). Heartbreak, however, takes place long before the fall, as it does here in the *t'iao-nien* (milk-teeth years).
290. The opening line is adapted from "The Plank Door," a poem in the *Shihching* about the joys of the virtuous recluse (Kuofeng: Chen: Hengmen): "Relaxing below a plank door." Although the exact identification of *tzu-ch'ih* (purple mushroom) remains a matter of dispute, the song sung by the Four Worthies of the early Han dynasty is not: "Forested mountains / winding valleys / bright purple mushrooms / to keep away hunger / with sages so distant / where can we turn / horses and carriages / bring nothing but worries / merchants and kings / are no match for paupers."

- 289 An oriole on a flowering branch
 kuan-kuan its sound enchants
 a beauty with cheeks of jade
 answers with singing strings
 she never grows tired of playing
 such love is for the milk-teeth years
 but flowers fly and the bird takes wing
 and tears fall in the wind of spring
- 290 Relaxing below Cold Cliff
 the surprises are quite special
 taking a basket to gather wild plants
 bringing it back loaded with fruit
 spreading fresh grass for a simple meal
 nibbling on magic mushrooms
 rinsing my ladle and bowl in a pool
 making a stew from scraps
 sitting in sunshine wrapped in a robe
 reading the poems of the ancients
- 291 Here where I once stayed
 it's been seven decades
 the people I knew are gone
 buried among old mounds
 my head has since turned white
 and I still haunt a mountain of clouds
 here's a message for those to come
 why not read some old lines

我見利智人 觀著便知意 不假尋文字 直入如來地
心不逐諸緣 意根不妄起 心意不生時 內外無餘事

身著空花衣 足躡龜毛履 手把兔角弓 擬射無明鬼

君看葉裡花 能得幾時好 今日畏人攀 明朝待誰掃
可憐嬌豔情 年多轉成老 將世比於花 紅顏豈長保

292. Many Mahayana sects list a series of stages of spiritual development that culminate with buddhahood. *Chu-yuan* (connections) include anything that is connected to anything else and thus part of the endless chain of causation.
293. Sky flowers, tortoise hair, and rabbit horns are Buddhist metaphors for the illusory nature of phenomena: people with cataracts see flowers in the sky; people with wild imaginations see hair on a tortoise; and people with dim vision mistake a rabbit's ears for horns. Cold Mountain is poking fun at those who try to free themselves of delusion by turning their practice into another delusion.

292 The quick-thinking people I meet
look and know the meaning
they don't bother with scriptures
they go straight to the buddha stage
their hearts don't chase connections
their minds don't form delusions
once the heart and mind are still
all work is finished inside and out

293 Dressed in sky-flower clothes
wearing tortoise-hair shoes
clutching rabbit-horn bows
they hunt the ghosts of delusion

294 Look at the flower among the leaves
how long will it be favored
dreading somebody's hand today
fearing whose broom tomorrow
the unfortunate love of loveliness
the years add up and we grow old
compare your life to a flower's
red cheeks don't last long

我	虎	寂	寒	送	為	暖	縱
自	丘	寂	山	向	人	腹	你
遯	兼	好	無	荒	常	菜	局
寒	虎	安	漏	山	喫	萸	犀
巖	谿	居	巖	頭	用	酒	角
快	不	空	其	一	愛	空	饒
活	用	空	巖	生	意	心	君
長	相	離	甚	願	須	枸	帶
歌	呼	譏	濟	虛	慳	杞	虎
笑	召	諂	要	擲	惜	羹	睛
	世	孤	八	亡	老	終	桃
	間	月	風	羊	去	歸	枝
	有	夜	吹	罷	不	不	將
	王	長	不	補	自	免	辟
	傅	明	動	牢	由	死	穢
	莫	圓	萬	失	漸	浪	蒜
	把	日	古	意	被	自	殼
	同	常	人	終	他	覓	取
	周	來	傳	無	催	長	為
	邵	照	妙	極	斥	生	瓔

295. Rhino horn, dried tiger eyes, peach wood, and garlic cloves were all used in exorcism. In line three, some editions have *che-tso-chiang* (break off for medicine) in place of *chiang-pi-hui* (drive off evil). But the wood of the peach has long been used to drive off evil spirits, while its significance in medicine is minimal. Dogwood, or *Evodia rutaecarpa*, and Chinese wolfberry, or *Lycium chinense*, are both used in tonics. The former is also a stimulant.
296. Cold Mountain's view clearly differs from that expressed in the *Chankuotse*: "I have heard peasants say, 'When you see a rabbit, it's not too late to call the dog.' And 'when sheep run off, it's not too late to fix the fence.'" (Chutse)
297. Chinese Buddhists use the word *lou* (leak) to translate the Sanskrit *asrava* or *klesha*, both of which refer to the Stream of Transmigration as well as the passions responsible for keeping one in the Stream. The eight winds are: gain and loss, fame and shame, praise and blame, sorrow and joy. Tiger Hill in Suchou and Tiger Stream on Lushan were the locations of well-known Buddhist centers. The dukes of Chou and Shao were virtuous regents of the Chou dynasty who divided the realm between them until their nephew was old enough to ascend the throne as King Ch'eng. Cold Mountain's point is that his own unknown sanctuary stands a better chance of providing a virtuous influence on the age than those of great renown.

295 Go ahead stockpile rhino horn
wear tiger eyes if you want
use a peach branch to drive away evil
use garlic cloves as beads
warm your belly with dogwood wine
lighten your heart with wolfberry soup
still you can't escape your end
trying to live forever is vain

296 As humans we have needs
but may our loves be few
we get old but not free
slowly we're driven off
off to the desolate hills
where a lifetime of dreams is thrown away
why fix the fence when the sheep have gone
the heartbreak never ends

297 Cold Mountain is a leakproof cliff
a cliff that makes a perfect haven
the eight winds blow without effect
the ages have made known its wonders
solitude and welcome rest
liberty from crowds and taunts
the lone moon lights the night
the round sun usually shines
Tiger Hill and Tiger Stream
aren't worthwhile examples
the age's royal tutors
can't compare with Chou or Shao
since retiring to Cold Cliff
I'm content to laugh and sing

沙門不持戒 道士不服藥 自古多少賢 盡在青山腳

有人笑我詩 我詩合典雅 不煩鄭氏箋 豈用毛公解
不恨會人稀 只為知音寡 若遣趁宮商 余病莫能罷
忽遇明眼人 即自流天下

298. At ordination, Buddhist monks agree to abide by two hundred-fifty precepts, of which only ten or so are important and are more or less parallel to the Ten Commandments of Christianity with the addition of a proscription against intoxicants. In their search for union with the Tao, many Taoists include alchemical elixirs among the means they use. Graves are rarely situated on arable land, hence the preference for the nearest foothills. Some editions add this poem to the end of the previous poem, despite the fact that the rhymes are different.
299. Cheng Hsuan and Mao Heng both lived during the Han dynasty and are known for their commentaries to the *Shihching* (*Book of Songs*). To *chih-yin* (know one's voice) refers to the story about Yu Po-ya and Chung Tzu-ch'i, which appears in *Liehtzu*: 5. Tzu-ch'i always knew what Po-ya was thinking about whenever Po-ya played his zither. When Tzu-ch'i died, Po-ya smashed his zither and never played again. *Kung* (fa) and *shang* (sol) are notes of the Chinese pentatonic scale that correspond to C and D in the Western musical scale. Here they also refer to the two tonal groups into which all words are classed for purposes of regulated verse. Cold Mountain's illness is a deficiency in tonal ability. Hence, he hopes people will read his poems for their meaning rather than their sound.

298 Buddhist monks don't keep their precepts
Taoist priests don't take their pills
count the sages who have lived
all are at the foot of hills

299 People laugh about my poems
my poems are elegant enough
they don't need Cheng Hsuan's comments
much less Mao Heng's explanations
I don't mind few understand me
those who know one's voice are rare
if we had no *fa* or *sol*
my disease would surely spread
one day I'll meet someone with eyes
then my poems will plague the world

寒山道 無人到 若能行 稱十號
有蟬鳴 無鴉噪 黃葉落 白雲掃
石磊磊 山隩隩 我獨居 名善導
仔細看 何相好

寒山寒 冰鎖石 藏山青 現雪白
日出照 一時釋 從茲暖 養老客

我居山 勿人識 白雲中 常寂寂

300. A buddha has ten titles, such as *tathagata* (uncaused), *arhat* (passionless), *bhagaván* (world-honored), etc. Because the cicada rises from out of the ground after several years in a pupa state and emerges from its shell fully developed, it was emblematic of resurrection and immortality in ancient China. Also, the singing (or drumming) of cicadas is not unlike the intoning of verse or sacred texts. The cicadas also refer to hermits, while the crows suggest black-robed monks. Several commentators have noted that *shan-tao* (guide) was also the name of one of the founders of the Pure Land sect (613–681) and suggest a connection, which seems to me far-fetched. A buddha has thirty-two physical signs and eighty characteristics, such as unusually long arms and earlobes. But in several sutras, the Buddha says that the world itself is his body and its mountains and rivers are constantly preaching the Dharma.

300 On Cold Mountain Road
no one arrives
those who walk it
are called ten names
cicadas sing
crows don't screech
yellow leaves fall
white clouds sweep
rocks are huge
woods are deep
I live here alone
I'm called the Guide
look around
what are my signs

301 Cold Mountain is so cold
ice locks up the rocks
concealing mountain green
revealing winter white
then the sun shines
and ice begins to melt
on this warmth
an old man survives

302 The mountain I live on
nobody knows
inside the clouds
it's always deserted

寒山子	明月照	重巖中	泉聲響	寒山深
長如是	白雲籠	足清風	撫伯琴	稱我心
獨自居	獨自坐	扇不搖	有子期	純白石
不生死	一老翁	涼氣通	辨此音	勿黃金

303. Some imaginative commentators wonder if *ch'un-pai-shih* (pure white rocks) aren't a reference to alchemical compounds, which were sometimes prepared in a crystalline form. For me, though, the expression conjurs up the white cliffs that distinguish the area around Cold Mountain's cave as well as the simplicity of his life. Whether it was high mountains or surging water, whatever Yu Po-ya was thinking about when he played his zither, Chung Tzu-ch'i was sure to know. When Tzu-ch'i died, Po-ya smashed his zither and never played again (*Liehtzu*: 5.12). Po-ya's zither terrace and Tzu-chi's grave can still be visited in Hanyang, one of the three cities that make up Wuhan in the middle reaches of the Yangtze.
305. The phrase *tzu* (sage) placed after a person's name is an honorific bestowed by one's disciples or later generations and is not used in referring to oneself, except in jest. The goal of Taoists as well as Buddhists is to reach the realm beyond birth and death.

303 Cold Mountain's remoteness
suits my mind
pure white rocks
no yellow gold
the echo of a spring
the sound of Po-ya's zither
if Tzu-ch'i were here
he would know the tune

304 Among high cliffs
there's plenty of breeze
no need for a fan
the cool air comes through
lit by the moon
surrounded by clouds
I sit alone
a white-haired old man

305 The Sage of Cold Mountain
I'm always like this
up here alone
neither dead nor alive

我見世間人 個個爭意氣 一朝忽然死 只得一片地
闊四尺 長丈二 汝若會出來爭意氣
我與汝 立碑記

家有寒山詩 勝如看經卷 書放屏風上 時時看一編

306. Grave measurements were slightly larger than those of the casket, which was usually three-by-six. The *Taoteching* concludes with these lines: "the Way of the sage / is to act without struggling." Some commentators would break the last line into two lines: "for you / I'll write an epitaph." This poem is unusual among Cold Mountain's verses for its use of couplets of irregular length. Some editions attribute both this and the following poem to Pickup.
307. The kind of screen Cold Mountain had in mind was a folding one that could be moved around to provide privacy or protection from sunlight or wind.

306 All the people I see
struggle over everything
one day they suddenly die
and all they get is some ground
four-feet wide
eight-feet long
if you can stop your struggling
I'll carve your name in stone

307 Whoever has Cold Mountain's poems
is better off than those with sutras
write them up on your screen
and read them from time to time

THE POEMS OF

Big Stick (Feng-kan)

豐
干
詩



Feng-kan Bridge at the entrance of Kuoching Temple

余自來天台 凡經幾萬回 一身如雲水 悠悠任去來
逍遙絕無鬧 忘機隆佛道 世間歧路心 眾生多煩惱

兀元沈浪海 漂漂輪三界 可惜一靈物 無始被境埋
電光瞥然起 生死紛塵埃

寒山特相訪 拾得常往來 論心話明月 太虛廓無礙
法界即無邊 一法普偏該

1. The name *Tientai*, or Heaven's Terrace, applies to a range of peaks 150 kilometers south-east of Hangchou. During the T'ang dynasty, it became one of China's greatest Buddhist centers and the home of the Tientai sect. Monks who wandered from temple to temple were called "brothers of clouds and rivers." Although Big Stick suggests that Tientai was but one of several stops on his annual round, we have no information on what other mountains he might have visited. There were certainly plenty to choose from in Chekiang province as well as in the neighboring provinces of Fukien to the south and Anhui to the west.
2. The Sea of Samsara, or Life and Death, and hence of Suffering. The *Sanchieh* (Three Worlds) into which we are born and reborn include those of Desire, Form, and Formlessness.
3. This is one of two poems that mentions the other two members of Tientai's trio of poet-sages. The other is Pickup's verse 22. Buddhists use the word *dharma* to refer to that which is real, either in a provisional or in an ultimate sense. Here, Big Stick merges the two.

- 1 I have been to Tientai
maybe a million times
like a cloud or river
drifting back and forth
roaming free of trouble
trusting the Buddha's spacious path
while the world's forked mind
only brings men pain
- 2 Sinking like a rock in the Sea
drifting through the Three Worlds
poor ethereal creature
forever immersed in scenes
until a flash of lightning shows
life and death are dust in space
- 3 Whenever Cold Mountain stops to visit
or Pickup pays his usual call
we talk about the mind the moon
or wide-open space
reality has no limit
so anything real includes it all

本來無一物
亦無塵可拂
若能了達此
不用坐兀兀

4. In trying to decide to whom to transmit the robe and bowl of his lineage, the Fifth Patriarch asked the monks at his temple to compose a poem. Shen Hsiu offered "The body is the bodhi tree / the mind is like a clear mirror / always wipe it clean / don't let it gather dust." To this, Hui-neng countered, "Bodhi isn't a tree / what's clear isn't a mirror / actually there isn't a thing / where do you get this dust." As a result, Hui-neng became the Fifth Patriarch's successor. In the course of his own patriarchy, he taught mindfulness in everyday activities rather than restricting it to the meditation hall. Since this poem clearly refers to the above exchange, it suggests that Big Stick's dates as well as those of Cold Mountain and Pickup could not be earlier than those of Hui-neng, who died in 713. And since Big Stick was the senior of the three, it suggests his two friends could not have been born before the early eighth century.

4 Actually there isn't a thing
 much less any dust to wipe away
 who can master this
 doesn't need to sit there stiff

THE POEMS OF

Pickup (Shih-te)

拾
得
詩



The kitchen of Kuoching Temple where Pickup worked and composed his poems

自從到此天台寺 經今早已幾冬春
山水不移人自老 見卻多少後生人

君不見 三界之中紛擾擾 只為無明不了絕
一念不生心澄然 無去無來不生滅

我見頑鈍人 燈心挂須彌 蟻子齧大樹 焉知氣力微
學齡兩莖菜 言與祖師齊 火急求懺悔 從今輒莫迷

1. Tiantai Temple was built at the foot of Tiantaishan in 598 on the site of the hut occupied by Chih-yi, cofounder of the Tiantai sect of Chinese Buddhism. In 605, its name was changed to Kuoching (Purifier of the Realm), but the earlier name continued to be used.
2. The Three Worlds refer to those of Desire, Form, and Formlessness into which all beings are born. Delusion, or belief in the reality of particular objects or ideas, including the self, is the first of twelve links on the chain that ends with death and begins again with delusion, dispositions, consciousness, etc. It was this chain that the Buddha broke the night of his Enlightenment.
3. Mount Sumeru stands at the center of the world and is as many leagues high as there are grains of sand in the Ganges. Here the stems represent koans.

- 1 Since I came to Tientai Temple
 how many winters and springs have passed
 the sights haven't changed only the people
 all I see are youngsters
- 2 Doesn't anyone see
 the turmoil in the Three Worlds
 is due to endless delusion
 once thoughts stop the mind becomes clear
 nothing comes or goes neither birth nor death
- 3 I see someone short on sense
 a wick propping up Sumeru
 an ant gnawing on a giant tree
 unaware how weak he is
 he's learned how to bite through a stem or two
 and thinks he's up to the masters
 let him repent right now
 and be a fool no more

君見月光明 照燭四天下 圓輝掛太虛 瑩淨能瀟灑
人道有虧盈 我見無衰謝 狀似摩尼珠 光明無晝夜

余住無方所 盤礴無為理 時涉涅槃山 或翫香林寺
尋常只是閒 言不干名利 東海變桑田 我心誰管你

左手握驪珠 右手執慧劍 先破無明賊 神珠吐光燄
傷嗟愚癡人 貪愛那生厭 一墮三塗間 始覺前程險

4. The magic pearl, or *mani* gem, grants to those who possess it whatever they desire. Here it represents our buddha nature.
5. Nirvana Peak and Sandalwood Temple are, no doubt, Mount Tientai and Kuoching Temple transformed by truth.
6. This poem recalls Shakyamuni's defeat of Mara, the Lord of Darkness, his subsequent Enlightenment, and his decision to spread the Dharma for the benefit of all beings. The *Li-chu* (Black Dragon Pearl) appears in *Chuangtzu*: 32.12 as a rare treasure. But it was later appropriated by Buddhists as equivalent to their *Mani* (Magic Pearl), which Pickup also mentions in poem 4. The *Santu* (Three Mires) of Fire, Knives, and Blood are the realms into which beings are reborn as denizens of hell, hungry ghosts, or beasts: the unfortunate outcomes of delusion, desire, and anger.

- 4 Behold the glow of the moon
illumine the world's four quarters
perfect light in perfect space
a radiance that purifies
people say it waxes and wanes
but I don't see it fade
just like a magic pearl
it shines both night and day
- 5 I live in a place without limits
surrounded by effortless truth
sometimes I climb Nirvana Peak
or play in Sandalwood Temple
but most of the time I relax
and speak of neither profit nor fame
even if the sea became a mulberry grove
it wouldn't mean much to me
- 6 The Black Dragon Pearl in his left hand
the Sword of Wisdom in his right
he vanquished the Demon of Darkness
so the Magic Pearl could shine
for he was moved by fools
who never weary of love and desire
sinking into the Three Mires
before sensing there's danger ahead

般若酒冷冷 飲多人易醒 余住天台山 凡愚那見形
常遊深谷洞 終不逐時情 無愁亦無慮 無辱也無榮
諸佛留藏經 只為人難化 不唯賢與愚 個個心構架
造業大如山 豈解懷憂怕 那肯細尋思 日夜懷姦詐
嗟見世間人 個個愛喫肉 椀楪不曾乾 長時道不足
昨日設個齋 今朝宰六畜 都緣業使牽 非干情所欲
一度造天堂 百度造地獄 閻羅使來追 合家盡啼哭
鑪子邊向火 鑊子裡澡浴 更得出頭時 換卻汝衣服

9. To gain merit, members of the laity sponsor vegetarian feasts at Buddhist temples. Yama is the Judge of the Dead.

- 7 The wine of wisdom is so cold
drinking it makes men sober
where I live on Tientai
fools are hard to find
I prefer caves and gorges
I don't keep up with the times
free of sorrow and worry
free of shame and glory
- 8 Buddhas leave behind sutras
because people are hard to change
not just fools and scholars
everyone's mind is framed
their karma high as a mountain
they don't know enough to fear
much less to reconsider
the deceits they harbor night and day
- 9 Worldly people make me sigh
everyone craves meat
their plates and bowls are never dry
they always ask for more
they give a meatless feast one day
then kill pigs and sheep the next
they're led by their karma
never by their hearts
for every deed they do for Heaven
they do a hundred more for Hell
their whole family mourns
when Yama takes them away
and heats them in an oven
and washes them in a cauldron
until at last they emerge
wearing a new set of clothes

出家要清閒 清閒即為貴 如何塵外人 卻入塵埃裡
一向迷本心 終朝役名利 名利得到身 形容已憔悴
況復不遂者 虛用平生志 可憐無事人 未能笑得汝

養兒與聚妻 養女求媒聘 重重皆是業 更殺眾生命
聚集會親情 總來看盤釘 目下雖稱心 罪簿先注定

得此分段身 可笑好形質 面貌似銀盤 心中黑如漆
烹豬又宰羊 誇道甜如蜜 死後受波吒 更莫稱冤屈

10. To *ch'u-chia* (leave home) means to become a monk or nun. Dust refers to sensation, from which monks and nuns are protected by their robe. Their old aim is liberation from suffering and the endless round of rebirth.
11. Wedding banquets involve a huge outlay, usually borne by the groom's family. The go-betweens who arrange the marriage of a daughter also demand large sums of money, with the amount varying according to the status of the groom's family. Our transgressions are recorded by Yama, Judge of the Dead.
12. In line seven, Pickup uses *po-cha*, a shorter form of *po-po-cha-cha*, which is the Chinese transliteration of the Sanskrit *Ababa*, which combines the names of the third and fourth of the eight cold hells where either one's lips or one's tongue are frozen and this is the only sound one can make.

10 People who leave home want to be free
freedom is what they prize
but why do those beyond the dust
enter the dust once more
oblivious to their own minds
they work all day for profit and fame
and if profit or fame should find them
by then they're worn and haggard
but most of the time they fail
making pointless their old aim
poor useless people
I can't laugh at you

11 A son demands a wife
a daughter requires a go-between
both of which mean karma
and taking lives besides
calling together friends and kin
to come inspect the feast
before your eyes it all looks fine
but not in your book of crimes

12 Take these mortal incarnations
these comical-looking forms
with faces like the silver moon
and hearts as black as pitch
cooking pigs and butchering sheep
bragging about the flavor
dying and going to Frozen-tongue Hell
before they stop telling lies

嗟見世間人	佛捨尊榮樂	佛哀三界子
永劫在迷津	為愍諸癡子	總是親男女
不省這個意	早願悟無生	恐沈黑暗坑
修行徒苦辛	辦集無上事	示儀垂化度
	後來出家者	盡登無上道
	多緣無業次	俱證菩提路
	不能得衣食	教汝癡眾生
	頭鑽入於寺	慧心勤覺悟

13. *Bodhi* is Sanskrit for *enlightenment*.

14. Shakyamuni renounced his royal heritage and left his father's palace in Kapilavastu, vowing not to return until he had crossed to the farther shore beyond death and rebirth.

15. The "ford" refers to the way across the Ocean of Impermanence and Sea of Suffering. Instead of looking for it somewhere outside, Pickup would have the reader look within. The expression *che-ke-yi* (what this means) was often used by Zen masters at the end of koans and sometimes used alone to take the koan's place.

- 13 Buddhas care for mortal beings
 as if they were their children
 to keep them from the dark abyss
 they leave signs along the way
 they walk down the best of paths
 and prove the Bodhi Road exists
 and tell benighted men like you
 to wake up to your buddha mind
- 14 The Buddha forsook the joys of rank
 because he pitied fools
 vowing to suffer no rebirth
 he performed the noblest deeds
 those who leave home nowadays
 are mostly out of work
 hard-pressed to earn a living
 they sneak inside of temples
- 15 I sigh when I see worldly people
 forever searching for the ford
 unaware of what this means
 their trials are in vain

各執一般見	世間億萬人	巖中深處坐	有偈有千萬	我詩也是詩
互說非兼是	面孔不相似	說理及談玄	卒急述應難	有人喚作偈
但自修己身	借問何因緣	共我不相見	若要相知者	詩偈總一般
不要言他已	致令遣如此	對面似千山	但入天台山	讀時須子細
				緩緩細披尋
				不得生容易
				依此學修行
				大有可笑事

16. A *gatha* was originally a four-line poem used to summarize preceding prose sections of a sutra. The term was later applied to longer stanzas as well. In Sanskrit, the word also referred to a medicine for dispersing poison, and this meaning is evident in the next poem.
17. The Buddha often likened his teachings to medicines, which he varied in accordance with the illness he was attempting to cure. Access to Pickup's cave is via a narrow cleft that extends more than one hundred meters from a nearby stream into the interior of a rocky massif. The last line alludes to a summary of Zen: at first you think mountains are mountains, then you think they're not mountains, and finally you see that they're just mountains.

16 My poems are poems alright
though some call them gathas
poems or gathas what's the difference
readers should be careful
take your time going through
don't think they're so easy
use them to improve yourself
they'll make it much more fun

17 I have millions of gathas
instant cures for every trouble
if you need a friend
try the Tientai Mountains
join me deep in the cliffs
we'll talk about truth and mystery
you won't see me though
all you'll see is mountains

18 The world has billions of people
and no two faces alike
I wonder about the reason
behind such variation
and all with similar views
debating who is right and wrong
just correct yourself
and stop maligning others

男女為婚嫁 俗務是常儀 自量其事力 何用廣張施
取債誇人我 論情入骨癡 殺他雞犬命 身死墮阿鼻
世上一種人 生性常多事 終日傍街衢 不離諸酒肆
為他作保見 替他說道理 一朝有乖張 過咎全歸你
我勸出家輩 須知教法深 專心求出離 輒莫染貪婬
大有俗中士 知非不受金 故知君子志 任運聽浮沈

19. The Hell of No Relief (Sanskrit: *Avīci*) is the lowest, and thus the hottest, of the eight hot hells, and the hell in which sufferers don't have even the briefest rest from their karmic sentence.

19 When men and women marry
 custom demands a certain form
 each adds up their strengths
 but why the big display
 incurring debts for face
 clearly fools at heart
 taking the lives of dogs and chickens
 bound for the Hell of No Relief

20 There exists one type of person
 a meddling fool since birth
 all day at the roadside
 not far from a tavern
 give him your support
 speak to him of reason
 one day he goes too far
 and all his wrongs return

21 I advise the monks I meet
 focus on the deeper teachings
 concentrate on getting free
 don't be destroyed by greed
 there are laymen by the score
 who know love of gold is wrong
 know then what a wise man seeks
 just let go and take what comes

寒山自寒山	拾得自拾得	凡愚豈見知	豐干卻相識
見時不可見	覓時何處覓	借問有何緣	向道無為力
從來自拾得	不是偶然稱	別無親眷屬	寒山是我兄
兩人心相似	誰能徇俗情	若問年多少	黃河幾度清
若解捉老鼠	不在五白貓	若能悟理性	那由錦繡包
真珠入席袋	佛性止蓬茅	一群取相漢	用意總無交

22. The phrase *wu-wei* (doing nothing) was imbedded in the Chinese mind by such early Taoist writers as Lao-tzu and Chuang-tzu and later taken over by Buddhists to represent detachment and freedom from causation.
23. The first two lines refer — as in the previous poem — to the origin of Pickup's name, which was given to him by Big Stick, who picked him up from the bushes where he had been abandoned as a child. According to records compiled over the past two thousand years, the world's muddiest river only clears every hundred years or so as a result of prolonged droughts or landslides in its upper or middle reaches. A knowledge of someone else's age is crucial to establishing a proper social relationship in China, where deference to seniority is still the rule.
24. I can't help wonder if the *wu-pai-mao* (five white cats) don't refer to the *wu-pai-lo-han* (five hundred arhats) who comprised the Buddha's entourage of disciples. When they travel, either to the marketplace or on a pilgrimage, monks and nuns carry a shoulder bag embroidered with sacred symbols or the name of their home temple.

- 22 Cold Mountain is a cold mountain
and Pickup was picked up
Big Stick knows our faces
fools can't recognize us
they don't see us when we meet
when they look we aren't there
if you wonder what's the reason
it's the power of doing nothing
- 23 I was Pickup from the first
no accidental name
no other close relation
Cold Mountain is my brother
our two hearts are both alike
neither can endure the herd
if you want to know our ages
count the times the Yellow River has cleared
- 24 Who knows how to catch rats
doesn't need five white cats
and who discovers what's real
doesn't need a brocade bag
a pearl fits in a burlap sack
buddhahood rests under thatch
all you people attached to form
use your minds to no avail

運心常寬廣 此則名為布 輟己惠於人 方可名為施
後來人不知 焉能會此義 未供一庸僧 早擬望富貴

獼猴尚教得 人可不憤發 前車既落坑 後車須改轍
若也不知此 恐君惡合殺 比來是夜叉 變即成菩薩

自笑老夫筋力敗 偏戀松巖愛獨遊
可歎往年至今日 任運還同不繫舟

25. The first four lines are paraphrased from the *Tacheng yichang*: 12, where they distinguish two aspects of *dana* (charity), the first of the six *paramitas*. The last two lines refer to the merit to be gained from supporting members of the Buddhist order. The merit, however, is spiritual and not necessarily material.
26. Among the demons recognized by Buddhists, *yeh-ch'a* (yakshas) are the greediest and most hateful of all. Meanwhile, *p'u-sa* (bodhisattvas) are the most altruistic of beings, who work tirelessly for the liberation of others.

- 25 Keeping your mind wide-open
is what we call generosity
stopping your kindness to others
is what benevolence means
people now don't know
what to make of such teachings
before they're done feeding a monk
they expect wealth and fame
- 26 Since monkeys can be taught
why don't people begin to learn
if the cart in front gets stuck
why not try another track
if you can't make sense of this
I suspect you'll die of anger
a yaksha though the other day
became a bodhisattva
- 27 Partial to pine cliffs and lonely trails
an old man laughs at himself when he falters
even now after all these years
trusting the current like an unmoored boat

躑躅一群羊 沿山又入谷 看人貪竹塞 且遭豺狼逐
元不出孳生 便將充口腹 從頭喫至尾 餽餽無餘肉

銀星釘秤衡 綠絲作秤紐 買人推向前 賣人推向後
不顧他心怨 唯言我好手 死去見閻王 背後插掃帚

閉門私造罪 準擬免災殃 被他惡部童 抄得報閻王
縱不入鑊湯 亦須臥鐵床 不許雇人替 自作自身當

28. The hills here represent the hermitages of recluses, while the valleys refer to the larger monasteries, which are usually located at the base of mountains.
29. The first two lines describe the essential parts of a handheld scale and the second couplet its operation. Yama is the Judge of the Dead. Although somewhat longer, a broom handle is essentially the same shape as the star-studded beam used for a scale.
30. Being boiled alive in a cauldron or stretched on a rack were judicial punishments in ancient China as well as karmic rewards in Hell. For most lesser crimes, however, a guilty person could hire a stand-in to serve the sentence.

- 28 A flock of timid sheep
skirt the hills and keep to valleys
preferring man-made pens
to being chased by wolves
nor do they stop multiplying
until they fill someone's gut
food for men from head to tail
chomp chomp till nothing's left
- 29 Silver stars dot the beam
green silk marks the weight
buyers move it forward
sellers move it back
never mind the other's anger
just as long as you prevail
when you die and meet Old Yama
up your butt he'll stick a broom
- 30 Committing crimes behind closed doors
you think you won't be punished
meanwhile Yama's minions
prepare a full report
if you escape the cauldron
you'll lie on the iron rack
and stand-ins aren't allowed
you're the victim of your deeds

無去無來本湛然 不拘內外及中間
一顆水精絕瑕翳 光明透漏出人天

三界如轉輪 浮生若流水 蠢蠢諸品類 貪生不覺死
汝看朝垂露 能得幾時子

閒入天台洞 訪人人不知 寒山為伴侶 松下噉靈芝
每談今古事 嗟見世愚癡 個個入地獄 那得出頭時

31. Besides the mind, this poem has another referent. When Pickup was first brought to Kuoching Temple to be raised by the monks, the abbot was Chan-jan (710–782), whose name meant “still.” He was the Sixth Patriarch of the Tientai school of Buddhism and is credited with bringing that school’s teaching to its fullest flowering. The Dharma is most easily understood by gods and men and less easily by the lower realms of existence that include animals, hungry ghosts, and the denizens of Hell.
32. As elsewhere, the Triple World refers to existence in the realms of Desire, Form, or Formlessness, the Buddhist equivalent of subjective, objective, and nonobjective states of being.
33. The Tientai Mountains are not known for their caves, and I assume, if this isn’t a euphemistic reference to monk cells in general, Pickup is referring to his and Cold Mountain’s caves some thirty kilometers southwest of the county seat of Taichou. There is no agreement as to the identity of China’s *ling-chih* (magic mushrooms), although those with purple tops were certainly among them, as noted in the *Mushroom Song* attributed to the Four Worthies of the early Han dynasty: “Forested mountains / winding valleys / bright purple mushrooms / to keep away hunger / with sages so distant / where can we turn / horses and carriages / bring nothing but worries / merchants and kings / are no match for paupers.”

31 Not waxing or waning essentially still
not inside or outside and nowhere between
a single flawless crystal
whose light shines through to gods and men

32 The Triple World is a turning wheel
transient existence is a flowing stream
writhing with a myriad creatures
hungry for life unaware of death
consider the morning dew
how long does it last

33 We slip into Tientai caves
we visit people unseen
me and my friend Cold Mountain
eat magic mushrooms under the pines
we talk about the past and present
and sigh at the world gone mad
everyone going to Hell
and going for a long long time

古佛路淒淒 愚人到卻迷 只緣前業重 所以不能知
欲識無為理 心中不掛絲 生生勤苦學 必定睹吾師

各有天真佛 號之為寶王 珠光日夜照 玄妙卒難量
盲人常兀兀 那肯怕災殃 唯貪淫佚樂 此輩實堪傷

出家求出離 哀念苦眾生 助佛為揚化 令教選路行
何曾解救苦 恣意亂縱橫 一時同受溺 俱落大深坑

- 34 The old buddha road is deserted
fools who take it end up lost
due to the depth of their karma
they can't discern a thing
to learn the effortless truth
don't make a single distinction
people who practice life after life
need to see my teacher
- 35 We all possess the buddha of buddhas
known as the king of jewels
its radiance shines night and day
its wonders know no limit
meanwhile blind men sit like rocks
unaware of doom and disaster
indulging in passion and pleasure
a pitiful bunch indeed
- 36 Those who leave home leave to be free
and pity the suffering masses
they proselytize for the Buddha
telling others to choose a path
but who can they possibly save
doing whatever they please
descending with everyone else
into the same abyss

常飲三毒酒 昏昏都不知
將錢作夢事 夢事成鐵圍
以苦欲招苦 捨苦無出期
應須早覺悟 覺悟自歸依

悠悠塵裡人 常樂塵中趣
我見塵中人 心多生憫顧
何哉憫此流 念彼塵中苦

少年學書劍 叱馭到京州
聞伐匈奴盡 娑婆無處遊
歸來翠巖下 席草枕清流
壯士志朱紱 獼猴騎土牛

37. Delusion, greed, and anger are the Three Poisons that keep us under karma's dominion. Coins in ancient China had holes in their middle so that they could be strung together to form larger denominations. According to Buddhist geography, our world is also surrounded by a ring of iron mountains.
38. Dust refers to the myriad forms of sensation.
39. Although Ch'ang-an and Lo-yang both served as the seat of the government for various periods during the T'ang, the text here has *ching-chou*, which was only used in reference to Ch'ang-an. The *Hsiung-nu* (Huns) harassed the northern borders of China during the Han dynasty. By the T'ang, they had been replaced by the *T'u-chueh* (Turks). Some of the phrasing of this poem seems indebted to a poem by Tu Chih (fl. third century) entitled *For Wu Ch'iu-chien*: "When great steeds aren't ridden / they wait in the stables / when valiant men don't come forward / trouble and grief abound." The *p'o-sha* (waiting or hanging around) here refers to the dawdling of would-be officials waiting for an appointment. Red cords were used by the highest officials to tie their seals of office to their waists. Oxen made from clay were used during the spring sacrifices conducted by the emperor and his court. By the T'ang, such oxen were symbolic of the uselessness of the government and its functionaries. I wonder if this poem wasn't written with Pickup's friend, Cold Mountain, in mind.

- 37 Drunk on delusion greed and anger
 dazed and unaware
 you turn money into a dream
 a dream that becomes an iron jail
 using one pain to get rid of another
 you never get rid of pain
 unless you learn before it's too late
 you learn to turn to yourself
- 38 People crowd by in the dust
 enjoying the pleasures of the dust
 I see them in the dust
 and pity fills my heart
 why do I pity their lot
 I think of their pain in the dust
- 39 A young man studied letters and arms
 and rode off to the capital
 where he learned the Huns had been vanquished
 and all he could do was wait
 so to kingfisher cliffs he retired
 and sits in the grass by a stream
 while valiant men chase red cords
 and monkeys ride clay oxen

雲山疊疊幾千重 幽谷路深絕人蹤
碧澗清流多勝境 時來鳥語合人心

後來出家子 論情入骨癡 本來求解脫 卻見受驅馳
終朝遊俗舍 禮念作威儀 博錢沽酒喫 翻成客作兒

若論長快活 唯有隱居人 林花長似錦 四季色常新
或向巖間坐 旋膽丹桂輪 雖然身暢逸 卻念世間人

41. Monks and nuns are often called upon to chant scriptures at funerals, especially those who live in monasteries that lack their own land and thus any other means of support. Buddhist monks and nuns in China are fairly consistent in their observance of the prohibition against drinking wine, though violations sometimes occur in private among those who choose the monastic life for the assurance of regular food and lodging. Ironically, the only time I ever witnessed a violation of this precept was just outside the entrance of Tientai's Kuoching Temple, where I saw a young novice buy a bottle of rice wine. Taoists, on the other hand, are not so abstemious.
42. The *tan-kuei-lun* (cinnamon wheel) refers to the moon, where a huge cinnamon tree grows that supplies an essential ingredient for the elixir of immortality.

40 Past thousands of layers of mountains and clouds
hidden remote beyond human tracks
a pure stream of jade contains many sights
and bird talk suddenly agrees with my thoughts

41 Those who leave home nowadays
turn out to be fools at heart
at first they seek liberation
then run errands instead
visiting laymen all day long
chanting and acting solemn
earning money for wine
flunkies in the end

42 If you wonder who stays happy
only those who live apart
forest flowers are like brocade
every season the colors are fresh
but when I sit in the cliffs
and gaze at the cinnamon wheel
although I feel at peace
I wonder about mankind

我見出家人	總愛喫酒肉	此合上天堂	卻沈歸地獄
念得兩卷經	欺他市廛俗	豈知廛俗人	大有根性熟
嗟見多知漢	終日枉用心	岐路逞嘍囉	欺謾一切人
唯作地獄滓	不修來世因	忽爾無常到	定知亂紛紛
迢迢山徑峻	萬仞險隘危	石橋莓苔綠	時見片雲飛
瀑布懸如練	月影落潭輝	更登華頂上	猶待孤鶴期

43. While monks are not prohibited from eating meat, Buddhist precepts prohibit them from drinking wine. Again, many monks and nuns support themselves by reading sacred texts at funerals and other solemn occasions.
44. This poem is essentially the same as number 310 among the poems attributed to Cold Mountain in later editions, and which the Tientai edition attributes to Pickup.
45. Stone Bridge spans the waterfall, which drops into the pool a hundred feet below, and serves as a shortcut for would-be immortals headed for Lotus Peak. It's about thirty feet across and no more than a foot wide. Hsu Hsia-k'o says it's always covered with moss, but it was quite bare when I visited it in May of 1989 and again in October of 1991. Lotus Peak is the highest of Tientai's nine peaks, which together form the eight petals and the central pedestal of a lotus. Hence it was the most auspicious place for cranes to pick up Taoists headed for the Islands of the Blest.

- 43 By and large the monks I meet
love their meat and wine
instead of climbing to Heaven
they slip back down to Hell
they chant a sutra or two
to fool the laymen in town
unaware the laymen in town
are more perceptive than them
- 44 I sigh when I see learned men
wasting their minds all day
babbling away at a fork in the road
deceiving whoever they can
creating more ballast for Hell
instead of improving their karma
impermanence suddenly comes
and all their learning is dust
- 45 Up high the trail turns steep
the towering pass stands sheer
Stone Bridge is slick with moss
clouds keep flying past
a cascade hangs like silk
the moon shines in the pool below
I'm climbing Lotus Peak again
to wait for that lone crane once more

松月冷颼颼 片片雲霞起
溪潭水澄澄 徹底鏡相似
可貴靈臺物 七寶莫能比

世有多解人 愚癡學閒文
不憂當來果 唯知造惡因
見佛不解禮 睹僧倍生瞋
五逆十惡輩 三毒以為鄰
死定入地獄 未有出頭辰

水浸泥彈丸 思量無道理
浮泡夢幻身 百年能幾幾
不解細思惟 將言常不死
誅剝壘千金 留將與妻子

46. The *ling-t'ai* (spirit tower) recalls a structure by that name mentioned in the *Shihching*: 111.i.8, where the spirit tower is the centerpiece of King Wen's pleasure park. The term was later used by Buddhists and Taoists for the mind. The seven jewels are gold, silver, aquamarine, crystal, coral, carnelian, and nacre (the iridescent lining of the giant clam). A poem probably composed at Jade Terrace, which is said to overlook a gorge with a deep pool of aquamarine and which is also surrounded by rings of emerald hills (see *The Travel Diaries of Hsu Hsia-k'o*, translated by Li Chi, pp. 39–40).
47. Even in Pickup's time, most people preferred literature that entertained rather than edified. The Five Sins are shedding the blood of a buddha, killing one's father, killing one's mother, killing a monk or nun, and creating discord in the Buddhist order. The Ten Evils include murder, theft, adultery, lying, flattery, verbal abuse, swearing, greed, anger, and perverted views. The Three Poisons are delusion, greed, and anger. Except for the last line and the addition of lines five and six, this is the same as number 308 among the poems attributed to Cold Mountain in later editions.
48. Pellets of hardened clay were used in crossbows for hunting birds and other small game. But here, Cold Mountain is likening our body to something larger than a pellet.

46 The pine moon looks so cold
cloud after rising cloud
countless rings of ridges
the view extends a million miles
the gorge pool looks so clear
like gazing into a mirror
precious creature of the spirit tower
the seven jewels can't compare

47 The world has its know-it-alls
fools for empty prose
indifferent to the harvest
they sow seeds of hate
seeing buddhas they don't bow
meeting monks makes them mad
Sin and Evil are their colleagues
the Poisons live next door
when they die they go to Hell
and see the sun no more

48 For a mud ball dropped in water
big plans make no sense
for a fragile dreamlike body
a hundred years are rare
unable to ponder deeply
and claiming they're immortal
people steal a ton of gold
then leave it all behind

可笑是林泉
數里勿人煙
雲從巖嶂起
瀑布水潺潺
猿啼暢道曲
虎嘯出人間
松風清颯颯
鳥語聲關關
獨步繞石澗
孤陟上峰巒
時坐盤陀石
偃仰攀蘿沿
遙望城隍處
唯聞鬧喧喧

49. The presence of gibbons and tigers is synonymous with the wilderness, all three of which are now rare in China.

49 Woods and springs make me smile
no kitchen smoke for miles
clouds rise up from rocky ridges
cascades tumble down
a gibbon's cry marks the Way
a tiger's roar transcends mankind
pine wind sighs so softly
birds discuss singsong
I walk the winding streams
and climb the peaks alone
sometimes I sit on a boulder
or lie and gaze at trailing vines
but when I see a distant town
all I hear is noise

FINDINGS LIST

Although we still have copies of the poems going back as far as the thirteenth century, I have found the Tientai Sanshengerho edition of the sixteenth century freer of copyist errors and have retained its ordering of the poems as well. In most respects, the Tientai edition agrees fairly closely with the Tseshihchu/Kunaicho editions preserved in Japan, and which constitute our earliest copies of the poems. The copy of the Tientai edition used here is a reprint of one preserved at the Yangchou Tsangchingyuan and was published in Taipei in 1972 by the poet Chou Meng-tieh, my wife, Ku Lien-chang, and 310 other subscribers.

The following finding list includes all other English translations of Cold Mountain's poems known to me.

- AW Arthur Waley in *Encounter* 3:3 (1954): "Twenty-seven Poems by Han-shan"
- WU Wu Chi-yu in *T'oung Pao* XLV (1957): "A Study of Han-shan"
- GS Gary Snyder in *Evergreen Review* 2:6 (1958): "Cold Mountain Poems"
- BW Burton Watson, *Cold Mountain: 100 Poems by the T'ang Poet Han-shan* (Grove Press: 1962)
- AT Arthur Tobias, *The View from Cold Mountain* (White Pine Press: 1982)
- RH Robert Henricks, *The Poetry of Han-shan* (SUNY Press: 1990)
- PS Peter Stambler, *Encounters with Cold Mountain* (Panda Books: 1996)
- | | | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|----|---------------------------------------|
| 1 | AT1, GS2, PS28, RH2,
WU2 | 7 | PS119, RH14, WU14 |
| 2 | AT2, PS43, RH1 | 8 | PS57, RH21 |
| 3 | BW48, GS1, PS90, RH3 | 9 | AT5, AW19, BW75, PS5,
RH295, WU297 |
| 4 | AT3, BW50, GS5, PS93,
RH20, WU20 | 10 | AT6, PS128, RH277 |
| 5 | AT4, BW97, RH51, WU51 | 11 | AT7, PS64, RH4, WU4 |
| 6 | BW47, GS3, PS102, RH67 | 12 | PS77, RH5 |
| | | 13 | PS 79, RH6 |

- 14 BW33, PS48, RH7, WU7
15 AT8, PS53, RH8
16 AT9, AW6, BW82, GS6,
PS3, RH9
17 PS108, RH10
18 BW29, GS4, PS96, RH11,
WU11
19 PS56, RH12
20 BW9, PS25, RH13
21 AW1, BW1, PS2, RH15
22 AT10, AW13, BW72,
PS130, RH16
23 AT11, PS121, RH17
24 AT12, AW14, PS134, RH18
25 AT13, PS36, RH19
26 GS7, PS71, RH163
27 AT14, RH22
28 BW5, PS113, RH23, WU23
29 RH24
30 AW5, BW67, PS103, RH25
31 AW2, BW2, PS78, RH27,
WU27
32 AW8, BW40, GS8, PS30,
RH28
33 PS37, RH29
34 BW41, PS91, RH30
35 AW7, GS9, PS63, RH31
36 PS88, RH32, WU32
37 PS122, RH33, WU33
38 PS75, RH34
39 AW22, BW3, PS7, RH35,
WU35
40 PS85, RH36
41 PS47, RH37
42 RH38
43 BW83, PS23, RH39
45 PS129, RH41
46 PS8, RH42
47 BW15, RH43
48 BW42, PS4, RH44
49 PS35, RH45
50 PS95, RH46
51 PS59, RH47, WU47
52 BW90, RH48
53 AW24, BW85, GS10, PS34,
RH49, WU49
54 BW6, PS22, RH50
55 PS106, RH52, WU52
56 BW12, PS51, RH53, WU53
57 RH54
58 PS21, RH55, WU55
59 RH56
60 RH57
61 RH58
62 PS27, RH59
63 PS55, RH60
64 PS9, RH61, WU61
65 BW31, PS94, RH62, WU62
66 RH63
67 PS41, RH64
68 PS40, RH65
69 AT15, BW53, PS124, RH66
70 BW71, PS116, RH68
71 PS118, RH69
72 RH70
73 BW78, RH71
74 PS39, RH72
75 RH73
76 RH74
77 RH75
78 RH76
79 BW43, PS133, RH78
80 RH79
81 BW30, PS17, RH80

82	AT16, GS11, PS11, RH81	117	RH118
83	BW95, RH82	118	BW17, PS132, RH119
84	RH83	119	PS68, RH120
85	PS74, RH84	120	RH116
86	PS58, RH85	121	PS86, RH122
87	RH86	122	AT18, PS99, RH123
88	PS89, RH87, WU87	123	PS109, RH124
89	RH88	124	RH125
90	RH89	125	BW25, RH126
91	RH90	126	PS110, RH127
92	PS100, RH92	127	PS112, RH128, WU128
93	RH93	128	BW22, PS111, RH129, WU129
94	BW27, RH94	129	RH272
95	RH95	130	PS101, RH299
96	RH96	131	BW38, GS13, RH300
97	PS12, RH97	132	RH167, WU167
98	RH98	133	BW39, GS13, PS46, RH130
99	AW4, BW10, PS6, RH99	134	AT19, AW25, PS18, RH131, WU131
100	AW27, BW68, RH100, WU100	135	RH132
101	BW35, RH101, WU101	136	RH133
102	AT17, PS70, RH102	137	AW23, BW63, PS45, RH134, WU134
103	RH103	138	BW11, RH135
104	BW34, PS84, RH104	139	RH136
105	PS97, RH105	140	BW8, RH137
106	AW9, BW44, PS60, RH106	141	RH138
107	PS105, RH107	142	AT20, RH139
108	RH108	143	BW18, PS54, RH140
109	PS87, RH109	144	RH141, WU141
110	BW13, PS52, RH110	145	PS107, RH142, WU142
111	AW3, BW32, PS16, RH111	146	PS19, RH143
112	RH112	147	BW98, PS38, RH144
113	BW19, PS123, RH113	148	RH145, WU145
114	PS81, RH114	149	BW64, RH146
115	RH115	150	AW20, BW51, PS32, RH147
116	BW77, PS15, RH117		

151	BW14, RH148	185	PS14, RH195
152	RH149	186	RH196
153	RH150	187	RH197
154	AT21, RH151	188	BW73, GS20, RH186
155	RH152	189	RH187
156	RH153	190	RH188
157	BW45, GS14, PS62, RH154	191	RH194
158	BW93, RH155	192	RH192
159	BW79, GS15, RH156, WU156	193	GS21, RH193
160	RH157	194	PS69, RH199
161	BW24, RH158	195	RH196
162	RH160	196	RH189
163	AT22, BW89, RH161	197	BW96, PS42, RH190, WU191
164	RH162	198	BW65, PS24, RH191
165	AT23, AW10, BW88, PS104, RH165, WU166	199	RH200
166	AW12, RH166, WU167	200	PS10, RH206
167	GS16, RH168	201	BW56, RH207
168	RH169	202	BW21, PS49, RH208
169	AW17, GS17, RH170	203	GS33, PS125, RH201
170	RH171	204	AT24, RH202
171	RH172	205	GS23, RH203
172	BW16, RH173	206	RH204
173	RH174, WU175	207	RH205
174	BW54, PS117, RH175	208	PS127, RH209
175	BW46, RH176, WU177	209	BW86, RH210
176	BW37, PS67, RH177	210	AT25, BW70, RH212
177	RH178	211	RH213
178	AW21, BW52, PS44, RH179	212	RH214
179	GS18, RH180, WU181	213	PS20, RH215
180	GS19, PS92, RH181	214	RH216
181	RH182	215	RH217
182	RH183	216	PS82, RH218
183	BW26, RH184	217	PS66, RH219
184	PS120, RH185	218	AT26, AW16, BW57, GS24, RH220, WU221
		219	RH221

220	BW20, RH222, WU223	256	RH257
221	RH223	257	RH258
222	PS80, RH224, WU225	258	RH259
223	RH225	259	PS61, RH260
224	AT27, BW49, RH226	260	RH261
225	RH227	261	RH262
226	BW60, RH228	262	RH264
227	BW76, RH229	263	RH265
228	BW84, RH230	264	PS29, RH266
229	RH231	265	RH267
230	RH232	266	RH268
231	RH233	267	RH269
232	RH234	268	RH270
233	BW80, PS114, RH235	269	RH271
234	RH236	270	BW81, RH273
235	RH238	271	RH274
236	RH239	272	RH275
237	RH240	273	RH275
238	RH241	274	BW55, RH276
239	RH242	275	RH278
240	PS72, RH243	276	PS83, RH279
241	RH159	277	BW74, RH280
242	RH26	278	BW92, RH281, WU283
243	AT28, AW11, BW59, RH244	279	AT29, BW61, RH282, WU284
244	BW94, RH245	280	RH283
245	RH246	281	RH284
246	PS126, RH247	282	AT30, AW26, BW62, RH285
247	PS98, RH248	283	BW28, PS76, RH286
248	RH249	284	RH287
249	BW36, PS33, RH250	285	BW99, PS115, RH288
250	RH251	286	AT31, RH289
251	RH252	287	RH290
252	BW66, RH253	288	PS26, RH291, WU293
253	RH254	289	BW4, PS31, RH292, WU294
254	RH255		
255	AW18, BW69, RH256		

290 RH293
291 RH294, WU296
292 RH296
293 BW91, PS13, RH297
294 BW7, PS65, RH298
295 PS50, RH77
296 RH121
297 RH301
298 BW87, RH302, WU304
299 PS131, RH303
300 RH304
301 AT32, RH305
302 RH306, WU308
303 RH307
304 AT33, RH308
305 RH09
306 AT34, RH310
307 BW100, PS1, RH311

Attributed to Cold Mountain:

AW15 (Pickup #49)
RH91 (Pickup #47)
RH198 (added to Chuantang
edition)
RH211, WU212 (Pickup #1)
RH237 (Pickup #44)
RH164 (inferior poem of
unknown origin)
RH263 (the jury is still out on
this one)

Other translations of Pickup's
poems in English:

H James Hargett in *Sunflower
Splendor* (1975)

s James Sanford and J.P. Seaton
in *The View from Cold
Mountain* (1982)

1 S1
3 S2
4 H1, S3
7 S4
8 S5
17 S6
22 S7
24 S8
26 H2
27 H3, S9
31 S10
33 S11
37 S12
38 S13
39 S14
40 S15
41 S16
42 S17
45 H4, S18

Not included in my
translations:

s19 (partial version of Cold
Mountain #165)

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ABOUT RED PINE

Bill Porter, who assumes the pen name Red Pine for his translation work, was born in Los Angeles in 1943 and grew up in Northern Idaho. Following a tour of duty in the U.S. Army, he attended college at U.C. Santa Barbara and graduate school at Columbia University. Uninspired by the prospect of an academic career, he dropped out of Columbia halfway through a Ph.D. program in anthropology in 1972 and moved to a Buddhist monastery in Taiwan. After four years with the monks and nuns, he finally struck out on his own and eventually found employment at English-language radio stations in Taiwan and Hong Kong, where he interviewed local dignitaries and produced more than a thousand programs about his travels in China. His published translations include *The Zen Works of Stonehouse* (Shih-wu), *Guide to Capturing a Plum Blossom* by Sung Po-jen (for which he was awarded a PEN West translation prize), *The Zen Teachings of Bodhidharma* and Lao-tzu's *Taoteching* (for which he was a finalist for the same award.) He is also the author of *Road to Heaven: Encounters with Chinese Hermits*. He currently lives in Port Townsend, Washington.



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