



8-30-2013

Mountain Temple by Yao Nai

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Recommended Citation

Gudgel, Andrew (2013) "*Mountain Temple* by Yao Nai," *Transference*: Vol. 1: Iss. 1, Article 7.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/transference/vol1/iss1/7>

Andrew Gudel
Mapao Spring

Song Wan
馬跑泉

Twisting, turning Qinting Road,
I stop my cart—A pleasant trip!
Getting out, I discover the autumn rain is clearing.
I sit and fall in love with the spring flowing over the rocks.
Pruned willows fill the deep banks,
Barren cattails reach the far fields.
I will beg to retire and go dig myself a cave to live in,
And float about on fishing boats by moonlight.

Andrew Gudel
Mountain Temple

Yao Nai
山寺

The surrounding mountains are alive with autumn sounds,
The high forest is dark with evening falling,
Clouds wrap around the cold hazel trees.
A curtain of darkness descends over the front wall.
The wind whistles at the temple gate,
Flying leaves fill the gathered cliffs.
Isles of bamboo in a stream of darkness,
Murmuring bird-calls from arching rocks.
I wanted to see beyond the mouth of the valley,
The distant peaks are blue in the setting sun.
Within the twisting mist,
The myriad gullies clasp ridges and cracks.
Is there no wise man or hermit
With whom I can stay?
The crescent moon's light is already gone,
And I wistfully leave off writing.