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Cloudy Skies by Tao Yuanming

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“Cloudy Skies” was written because I miss my dear friends. There’s new wine in the cups and the trees in the garden are just beginning to bud. But those with whom I’d talk don’t come, and sighs overflow my breast.

Gathered clouds and spring drizzle,
The sky is dark and the road now difficult.
Quiet and alone by my eastern window, I drink new spring wine.
My dearest friends are far away so I stand and stand, rubbing my head.

Gathered clouds and spring drizzle,
The sky is dark and the plain become a river.
There’s wine! There’s wine! But I drink alone by the eastern window.
I miss those with whom I’d talk, yet no boat or cart comes.

The trees in the eastern garden are beginning to bud.
Dear friends and relatives fill me with happy thoughts.
But there’s a saying, “Time flies.”
When will we sit close and chat about our lives?

Flying birds perch on my garden trees,
They rest, and their song is full of harmony.
How can there be no one, when I think of you so much?
Those with whom I’d talk aren’t here and I’m filled with helplessness.