

## Stars and Moon on the Yangtse

After sudden rain, a clear autumn night.  
On golden waves the sparkle of the Jewelled Cord.  
The River of Heaven white from eternity,  
The Yangtse's shallows limpid since just now.  
Reflections, pearls from a snapped string:  
High in the sky one mirror rises.  
Afterlight which fades as the clock drips,  
Still fainter as the dewdrops settle on the flowers.

## To My Younger Brother

(One of a pair)

*To my fifth younger brother Feng, living alone in Chiangnan, of whom there has been no news for nearly four years, I send these poems if I can find a messenger.*

Rumours that you lodge in a mountain temple  
 In Hang-chou, or in Yüeh-chou for sure.  
 Wind in the dust prolongs our day of parting,  
 Yangtse and Han have wasted my clear autumn.  
 My shadow sticks to the trees where gibbons scream,  
 But my spirit whirls by the towers sea-serpents breathe.  
 Let me go down next year with the spring waters  
 And search for you to the end of the white clouds in the  
 East.

Tu Fu is high up the Yangtse in the gibbon-haunted K'uei-chou region; he imagines his brother near the mouth, within sight of the water-spouts and sea-mirages.

'Wind in the dust': the turmoil of war which separates them (and the dust of his wheels as he drove away lingering in Tu Fu's memory?).