

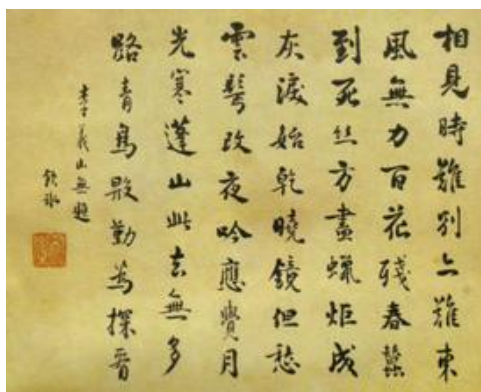
**Li Chang-Yin Poems**  
**Translated from the Chinese by Ann Huang**  
**NTM 2016**



I have always been enamored with Li Shang-Yin's poems since I was in grade school in China. At the time, we would be rewarded if we could memorize the poetry from Tang Dynasty's poets in stacks. And I would always go back to Li Chang-Yin's poems due to their simplicity, lyrical sensibility, and their mysterious endings that encircle his poems to render a sensual beauty that no other can do. And these three poems are the best ones to evoke this lyrical beauty throughout.

—Ann Huang, translator

**Li Shang-Yin (Tang Dynasty)**  
*Translated from the Chinese by Ann Huang*



## Untitled

When we meet,  
    we don't want to leave each other,  
The east wind can't help  
    blowing the petals, can't  
    bring them back.

Silk worms stop giving  
silk till he dies, and my  
    tears won't dry until  
    the candle light fades out.

I look at the mirror and see  
    my dark hair grow gray,  
I drink at night alongside frail  
    moonlight.

Once you climb onto the mountain roads  
    to the monastery,  
    there will be few ways out.

Perhaps there will  
only be blue birds that  
expect you to come back.



## Untitled (2)

At eight you found yourself gazing  
into the mirror discreetly, and drew  
your long eyebrows.

At ten you journeyed out, and  
adorned your skirt shorts  
with hibiscus.

At twelve you learned to  
play the flute, and never lost  
your affection.

At fourteen, you hid from ancient  
customs and distant relatives,  
avoided arranged marriages.

At fifteen you wept in the spring air,  
turned your back facing down  
just like a swinger.



### Untitled (3)

Last night's stars twinkled in the  
damp cool winds, from  
painted floors like western meadows  
held the party in the east.

Without the pair of Phoenix's wings,  
we cannot fly together, our souls  
touching, our spirits connected  
through a thread of harmony.

Across the table, we diverted and converted  
our drinks into warm streams. There,  
we unveiled the mystery and discovered the  
true hearts in the heated crowd.

Sighing-- when the drum struck  
to usher me back to work. A horse  
ride turned my disillusion to  
the orchids, where my empty future stands.



**Ann Yu Huang** was born in China and moved to Mexico when she was a teen. She holds a Master's degree in Writing from the Vermont College of Fine Arts and currently resides in Newport Beach, California. In 2012, Finishing Line Press published her first chapbook *Love Rhythms*, a collection reviewed and noted by *Orange County Metro*. Huang's poetry has appeared in [EveryWritersResource.com](http://EveryWritersResource.com), *Burlesque Press Variety Show*, *Blue Fifth Review*, *The Harpoon Review*, and *The Free Poet*. Her book-length collection of poems *White Sails* was published in May 2015 in Cherry Grove Imprints by WordTech Communications. <http://www.cherry-grove.com/huang.html>