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
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, 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