

6 of 1 Han-Shan Poem

Long, long the way to the Cold Mountain;
Stony, stony the banks of the chill stream.
Twitter, twitter—always there are birds;
Lorn and lone—no human but oneself.
Slip, slap the wind blows in one's face;
Flake by flake the snow piles on one's clothes.
Day after day one never sees the sun;
Year after year knows no spring.

- VII from *27 Poems by Han-Shan* translated by Arthur Waley



Clambering up the Cold Mountain path,
The Cold Mountain trail goes on and on:
The long gorge choked with scree and boulders,
The wide creek, the mist blurred grass.
The moss is slippery, though there's been no rain
The pine sings, but there's no wind.
Who can leap the world's ties
And sit with me among the white clouds?

- #8 from *Cold Mountain Poems: Twenty-Four Poems by Han-Shan* translated by Gary Snyder

I climb the road to Cold Mountain,
The road to Cold Mountain that never ends.
The valleys are long and strewn with stones;
The streams broad and banked with thick grass.
Moss is slippery, though no rain has fallen;
Pines sigh, but it isn't the wind.
Who can break from the snares of the world
And sit with me among the white clouds?

- #40 from *Cold Mountain: 100 Poems* translated by Burton Watson

Who takes the cold mountain road
takes a road that never ends
the rivers are long and piled with rocks
the streams are wide and choked with grass
it's not the rain that makes the moss slick
and it's not the wind that makes the pines moan
who can get past the tangles of the world
and sit with me in the clouds?

- #32 from *The Collected Songs of Cold Mountain* translated Red Pine

Climb up! Ascend! The way to Han-shan;
But on Han-shan the roads never end.
The valleys are long, with boulders in heaps and piles;
The streams are wide, with grasses both wet and damp.
The moss is slippery—it has nothing to do with the rain;
The pines sigh and moan, but they don't rely on the wind.
Who can transcend the cares of the world,
And sit with me in the white clouds?

- #28 from *The poetry of Han-Shan: a complete annotated translation of Cold Mountain* translated by Robert Henricks

Set foot on Han Shan's Way?
Han Shan's road is endless . . .
The gorge is long. Rocks, and rocks and rocks, jut up.
The torrent's wide, reeds almost hide the far side.
The moss is slippery even without rain.
The pines sing: the wind is real enough.
Who's ready to leap free of the world's traces
to come to sit with me among white clouds?

- #16 from *Cold Mountain Poems: Zen Poems of Han Shan, Shih Te, and Wang Fan-chih* translated by J.P. Seaton