

Bronzed Painting

Flowers in the Mirrors

The flaming peony drove the snowflake away.
The cloud from Penglai Mountain lingered around your feet.
Hidden under the long black hair, that's your tranquil face.

To smell a jar of yellow wine,
then dream a decade-long dream.

To eat a grain of rice,
then row for seven years with no hunger.

You are still not afraid of betting with the moon,
and fail with joy.
Park your boat near the bank. Your father will lead you
to the heaven he never get.