

Chinese Poem

I have walked all day among the sultry valleys;
My way has taken me between the sunscorched hills.

There is mud on the end of my stick
And my shoes are quite covered with powdered grey dust.

Having wandered in the heat throughout the day
I climbed home to the mountains in the evening.

Now I enter the familiar confines of my cabin
Where my waiting books almost seem to welcome me.

The furnishings of my abode are simple and my possessions few;
With how little can man be truly content.

I lay down my hat and wash my hands and face with cool water,
Then I sit outside in a big chair watching the sunset.

The night air from the mountain disperses the day's anger.

R. L. COOK