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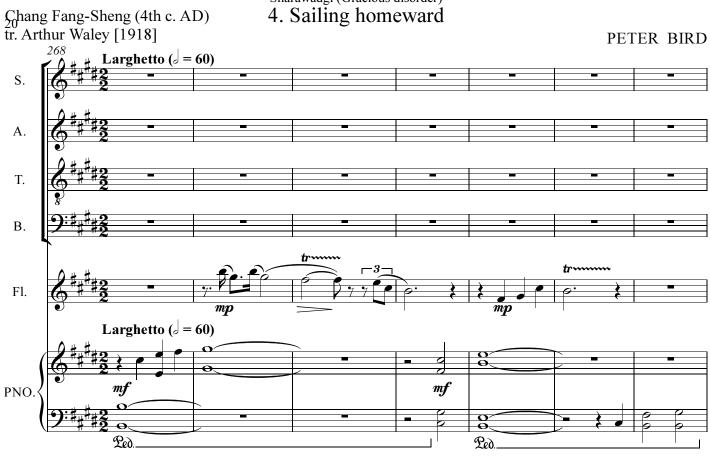


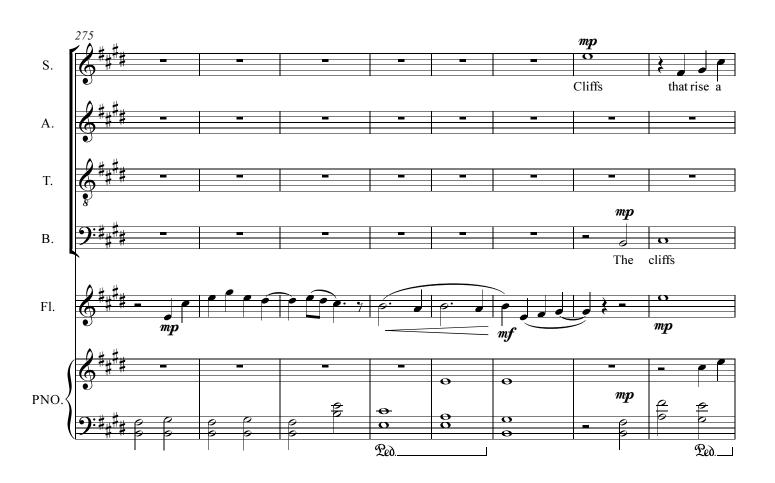






Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder) 4. Sailing homeward





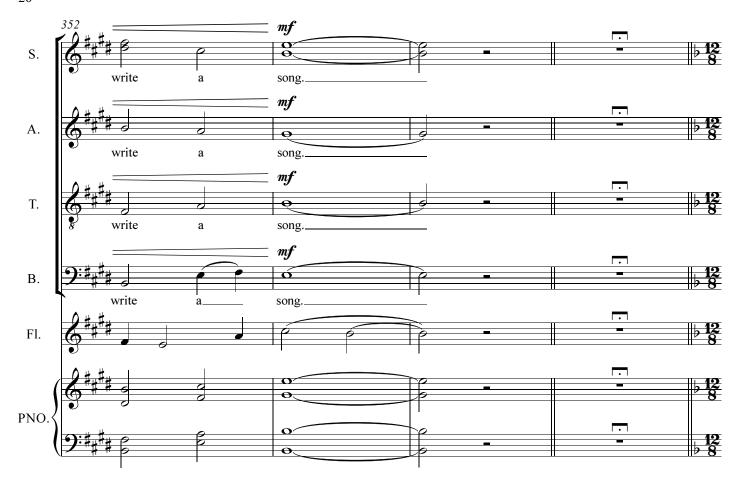


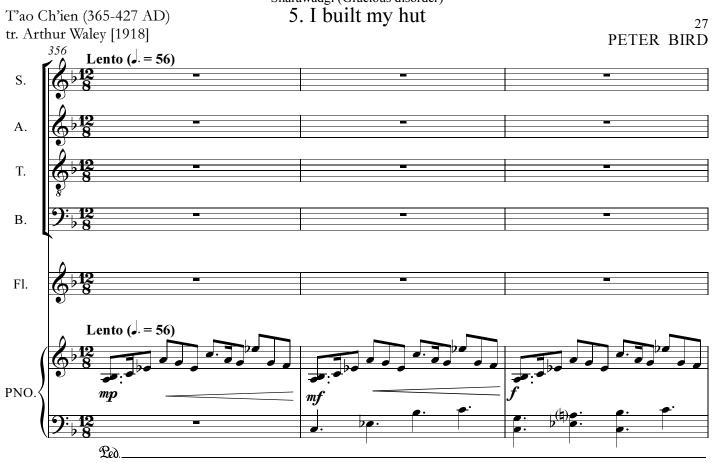


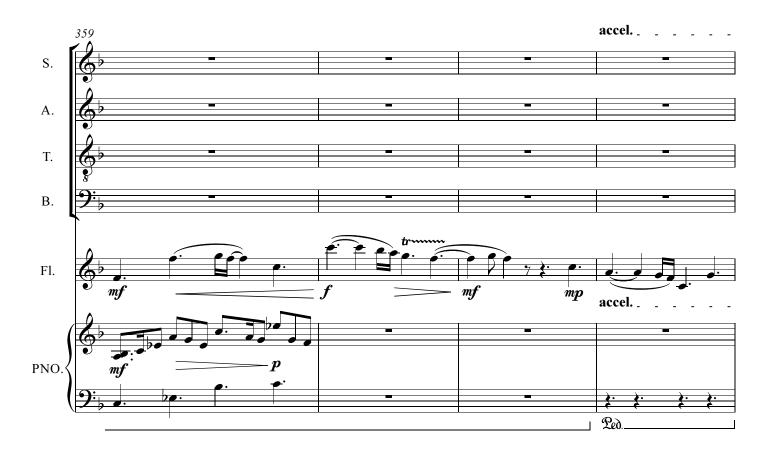


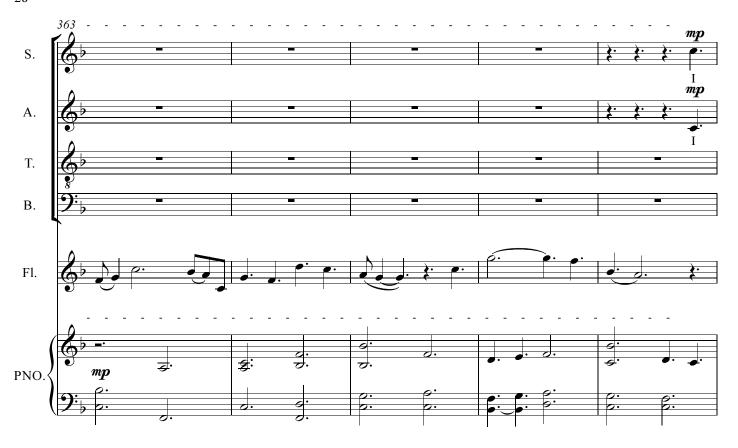














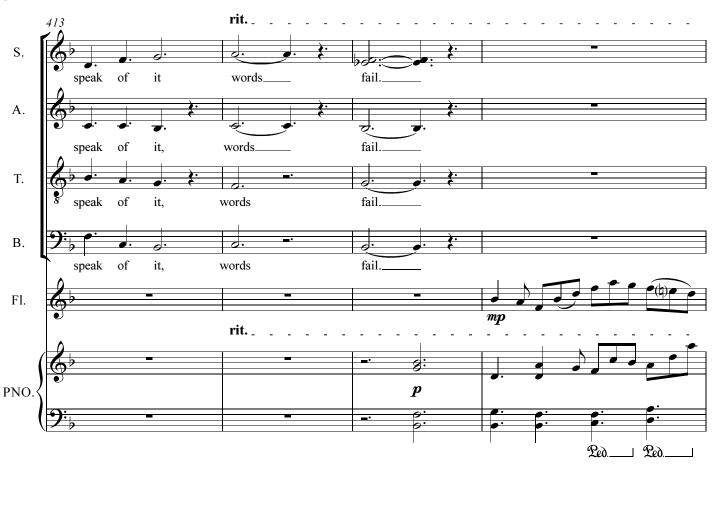
















Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder): Five poems from the East

after "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems" as translated by Arthur Waley [1918], at Project Gutenberg

Daoist song (Chi K'ang, 223-262 AD)

I will cast out Wisdom and reject Learning. My thoughts shall wander in the Great Void. Always repenting of wrongs done will never bring my heart to rest. I cast my hook into a single stream, but joy as if I owned the land! I will loose' my hair and go singing; to the four frontiers all join my song. This is the message of my tune: "My thoughts shall wander in the Great Void."

Parting from Su Wu (Li Ling, d. 74 AD)

This special time will never come again. In moments now—our parting will be over. Anxiously—we halt at the road-side. Hesitating—embrace where fields begin. The clouds above are floating 'cross the sky; they swiftly, swiftly pass; or blend as one. The waves of wind are drifting out of place; they roll away, each to a different Heaven. And so with us—so long to be apart! So, let us stop again a little while. If I could ride on wings of morning wind I'd go with you, unto your journey's end.

"Old poem" (anonymous, 1st c. BC?)

At fifteen I went with the army.
At fourscore I came back.
On the way I met a man from the village;
I asked him who was left at home.
"That, over there, is your house,
all covered over with trees and brush."
Rabbits ran in at the dog-hole;
Pheasants flew down from the roofbeams.
In the courtyard was wild grain,

and by the well, some wild mallows. I'll boil the grain to make a porridge. I'll pluck the mallows to make soup. Soup and porridge are both cooked, but no one's here to eat them with. I went out and looked to the east, while tears fell and wet my clothes.

Sailing homeward (Chan Fang-sheng, 4th c. AD)

Cliffs that rise a thousand feet
without a break;
Lakes that stretch a hundred miles
without a wave;
Sands are white through all the year,
without a stain;
Pine-tree woods, winter and summer
ever-green;
Streams that forever flow and flow
without a pause;
Trees that for twenty thousand years
your vows have kept:
You have healed the pain of a traveler's heart,
and moved his brush to write a song.

I built my hut... (T'ao Ch'ien, 365-427 AD)

I built my hut in town and by a road, yet hear no noise of passing horse and coach. Do you know how that came to be? A heart that's free creates a wilderness.

I pluck chrysanthemums at the eastern hedge, Then gaze long at the distant summer hills. The mountain air is fresh at dusk of day; The flying birds now two by two return. These things enfold a meaning that is deep; Yet when we speak of it, words fail.

To Gustav Mahler Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder)

1. Daoist song

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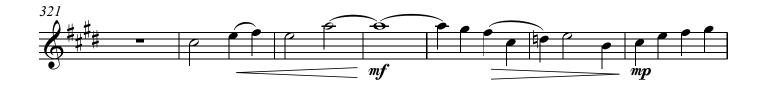












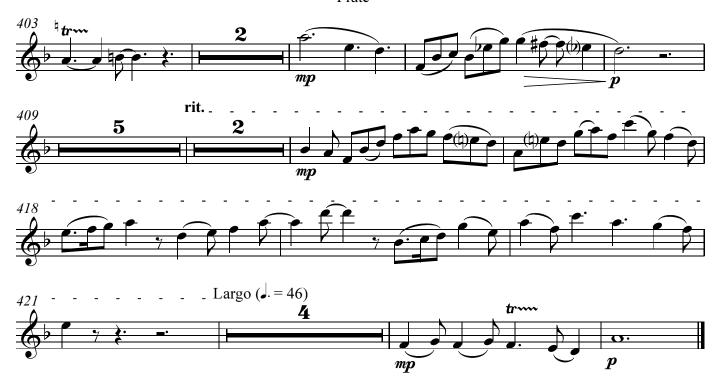












Sharawadgi (Gracious disorder) 1. Daoist song

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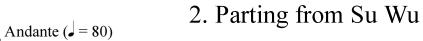








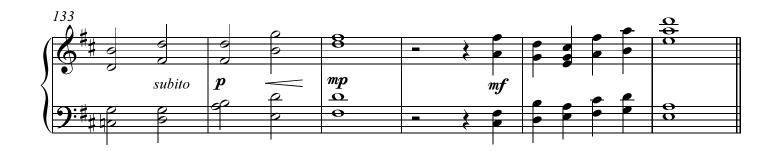




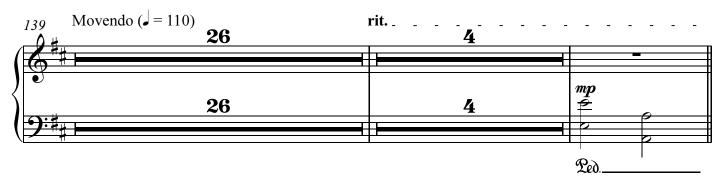


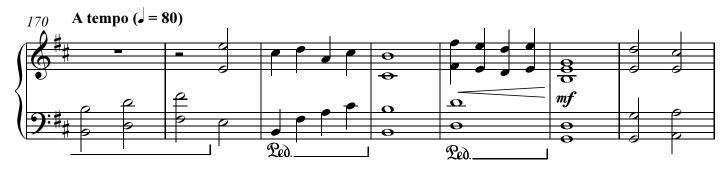


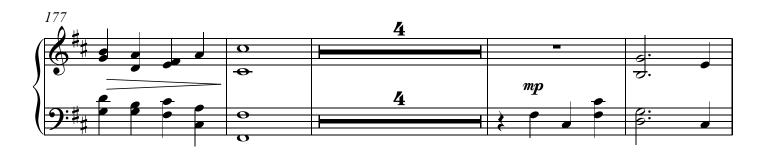


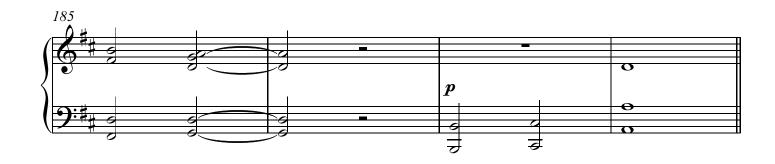


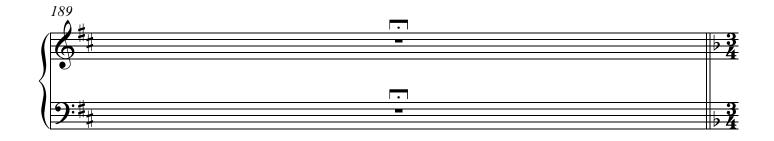














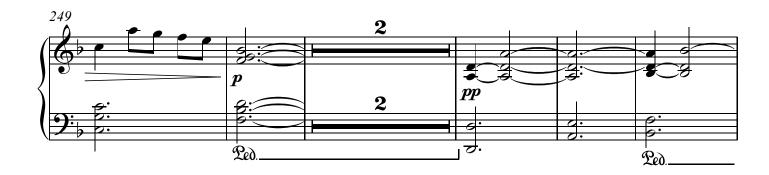
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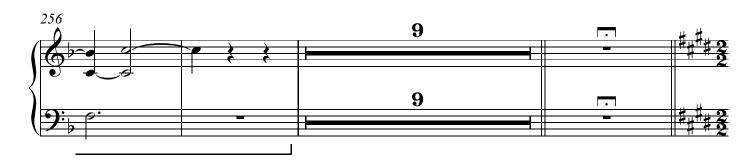
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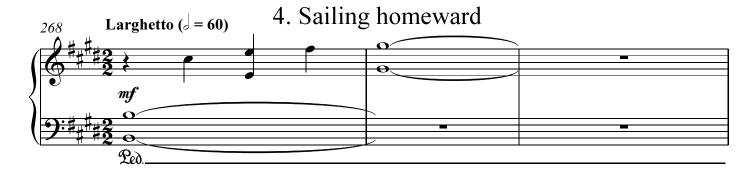
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