









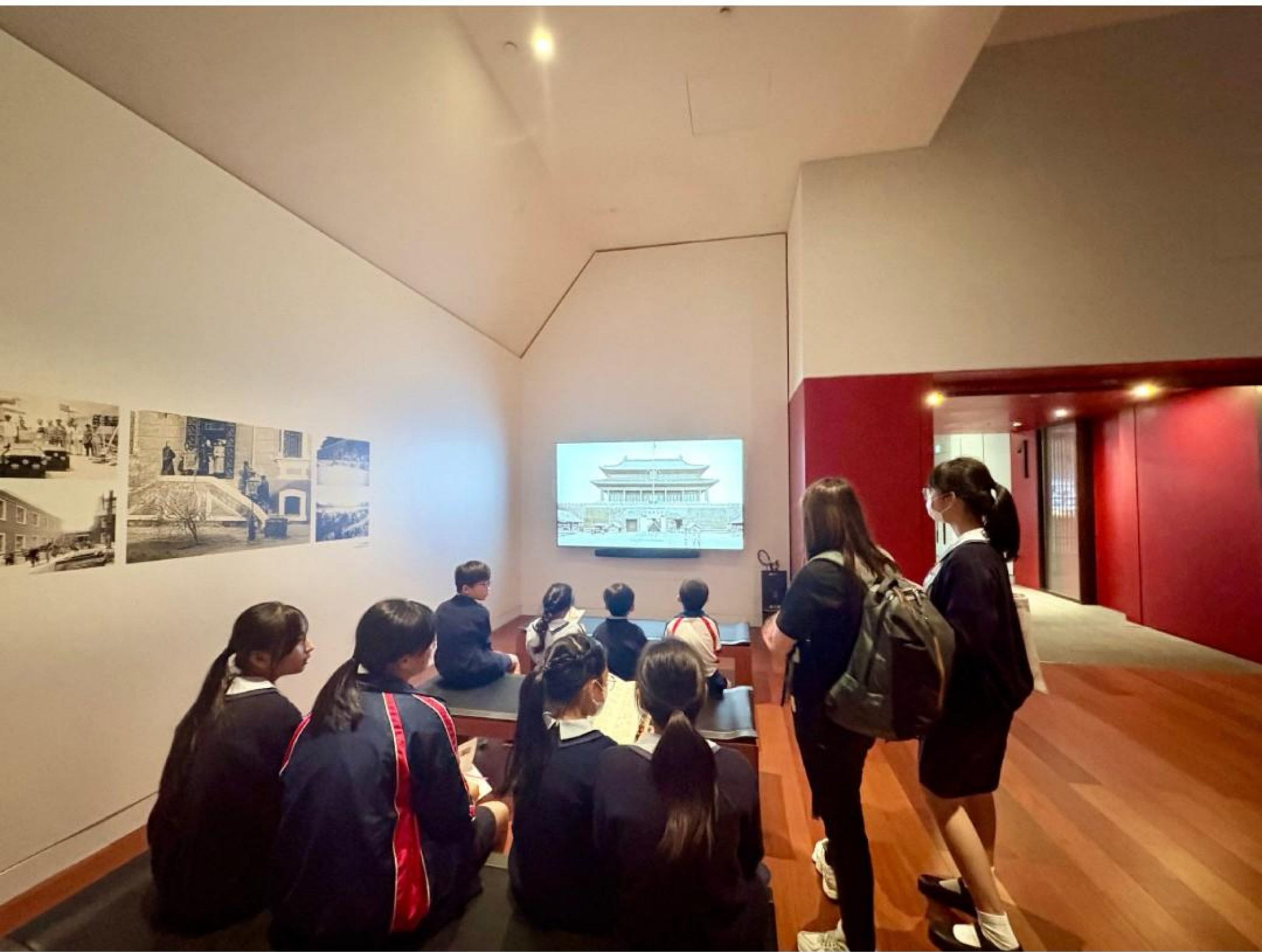
















the colour of the plum blossom does not bewitch,
The scent of Buddha's hand is simply pristine,
The taste of pine nuts has flavour to spare,
While all these are pure beyond compare.
Let us brew them in a legless cauldron,
And steep them with basket-gathered snow.
Then brew them and observe bubbles on the water boil over glowing coals,
While the tripod's smoke will swirl and billow.
Poured from a Yue pot, this divine potion,
Inside a tent may assist Buddhist meditation.
In this way the five aggregates are mostly purged,
Such must be perceived, it cannot be said in words.
Soft, soft-fragrance is carried past silver drapery,
Clag, that-down goes the elixir of immortality.
We Quans' leftmost pine nuts may be eaten,
And Lin Bu could cherish the changing of the season.
I'm too lazy to answer the Daochuan riddle,
But readily laugh at Lu Tong's jokes.
I lean to the water clock on a chilly night,
Under an ancient moon view the suspended ring of jade.
Under an ancient moon view the suspended ring of jade.
Thinking such a drought can well-igh-hunger suit us,
While composing poetry can't exhaust our spirits high.

Translation by Allen Cheng









