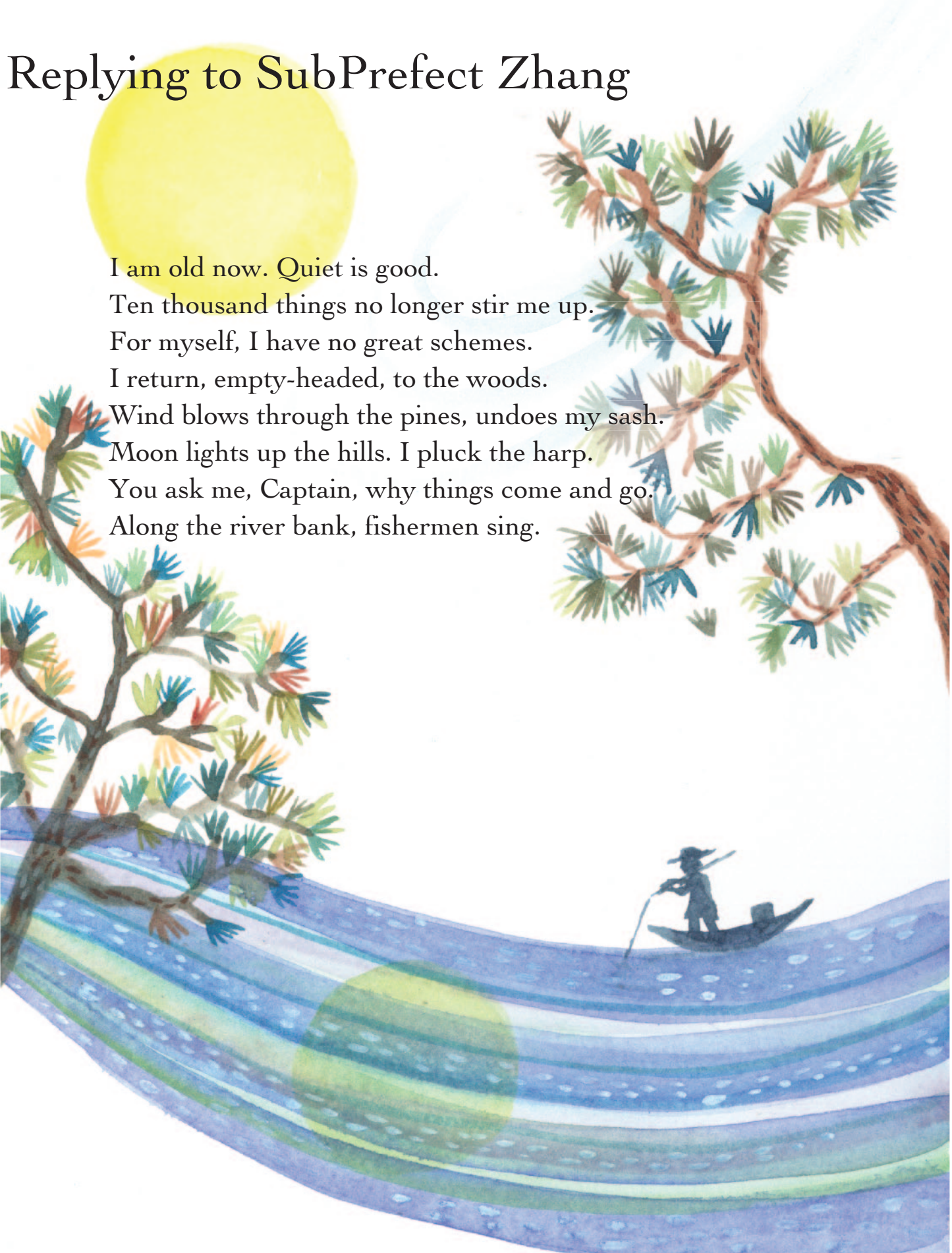


Replying to SubPrefect Zhang



I am old now. Quiet is good.
Ten thousand things no longer stir me up.
For myself, I have no great schemes.
I return, empty-headed, to the woods.
Wind blows through the pines, undoes my sash.
Moon lights up the hills. I pluck the harp.
You ask me, Captain, why things come and go.
Along the river bank, fishermen sing.