

From the Yin Side of the Mountain

The crane calls
Children dancing in the rain
The river runs wild with clouds
Come with me
I'll pour the nectar
With your beloved cup

Perhaps you tumble with hummingbird spirits
Perhaps you beat your chest to the midnight moon
A hidden double—you charge
At full speed, then stop
Leave what we depend on
There's no peace
When we think of others

Disperse sweat, warrior's cry
Disperse support, the king's grand hall
Disperse the flock
Disperse our body at the hilltop
Disperse the bad blood—the words are getting small

Above the mist the wind blows
Spring thunders roar under the ice
The way is open
Go to the hilltop— where the king
Is building a temple
The river is waiting
Do not hesitate, children of the crane