

干戈已罷得失還空
 唱樵子之村歌
 吹兒童之野曲
 身橫牛上
 目視雲霄
 呼喚不回
 撈籠不住

RIDE OX RETRUN HOME

Shield *s* *pear* *already* *ceasing*
 gain *loss* *return-to* *emptiness*

Sing *rustic* *song*
 of *wood-* *cutter*

Play *wilderness* *tune*
 of *child* *child*

Body *across* *ox* *back*

eyes *look* *clouds* *heaven*

called *back:* *not* *turn*

lured *surrounded:* *not* *stop*

RIDING THE OX BACK HOME

When struggle ceases, gain and loss return to emptiness.
 Singing a woodcutter's rustic song,
 Piping a simple children's tune,
 Lying across the ox's back,
 Looking up at floating clouds:
 If called back, he will not turn,
 If lured or baited, he will not stop.

RIDING HOME

The struggle is over. As for gain and loss, he can't remember what the problem was. Lying on the Ox's back, he hums a forest tune; he plays flute songs learned in childhood. The sky seems larger than the earth. None of the six hungers can turn his head. Call to him, offer him anything—he will not hear you.

騎牛迤邐欲還家
 羌笛聲聲送晚霞
 一拍一歌無限意
 知音何必鼓唇牙

RIDE OX RETRUN HOME

Riding *ox*
 meander *along*
 soon *return* *home*

Bamboo *flute*
 sound *sound*
 accompany *sunset* *clouds*

Each *beat*
 each *song*
 un- *limited* *meaning*

Knowing *harmony*
 what *need*
 flap *lips* *teeth*

RIDING THE OX BACK HOME

Wandering along, soon to return home riding the ox.
 The bamboo flute song echoes with the sunset clouds.
 Every beat and every tune unlimited in feeling.
 Knowing this harmony, what need is there to talk?

RIDING HOME

He is riding home but seems to be in no hurry.
 Evening mist absorbs the flute tones. Their harmony
 carries his heart to the horizon line.
 Talk about grass is not what keeps this Ox alive.