

Snow (poem by Mao Zedong, 1936)

North country scene:

A hundred leagues locked in ice,
A thousand leagues of whirling snow.

Both sides of the Great Wall
One single white immensity.
The Yellow River's swift current
Is stilled from end to end.

The mountains dance silver snakes
And the highlands charge like wax-hued elephants.
Vying with heaven in stature.

On a fine day, the land,
Clad in white, adorned in red,
Crows more enchanting.

This land so rich in beauty
Has made countless heroes bow in homage.

Alas! Qin Shihuang and Han Wudi
Were lacking in literary grace,
And Tang Taizong and Song Taizu
Had little poetry in their souls;

That proud son of Heaven,
Genghis Khan,
Knew only shooting eagles, bow outstretched.

All are past and gone!
For truly great men
Look to this age alone.