

## **The Ancient Chinese Poets Often Parted on Mules**

When you are far away like this,  
I replace my time with yours,  
the one you are occupying.  
You arise when I do not,  
take meals before I have an appetite,  
love, perhaps, someone who is not me.  
You have led an accelerated life, yet  
your flight tonight follows the horizon.  
As you speed westward, you slow.  
It will be dark when you land.  
We will both tire as the moon rises.  
We will sleep together.

Morning, the sun will heat  
us to the same temperature.

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