

Verse

Fragrances

If one rides a horse through a field of flowers,
Its hooves will leave a wake
Of whirling scents. And if one visits
Caves from which there break
Springs of a natural wininess,
One can but reek of wine.

Why, when I only looked at him,
Should his name stick to mine?

—*Anonymous, 17th century (translated from the Korean by Graeme Wilson)*

Paulownia

Paulownias are planted
For phoenixes to find.

I planted this paulownia
With that one thought in mind
But, though I wait for phoenixes
To land good luck on me,
Only the bright round moon has ever
Hung from the empty tree.

—*Anonymous, 17th century (translated from the Korean by Graeme Wilson)*