

**Master Eccentric**

We all, like lime-trapped birds, must lie and die  
 Within those bonds which govern human life.

Parents are all owed reverence; children, love.  
 One cannot, like old shoes, shog off one's wife  
 To haunt the mountains from some hermit hut.

Declare yourself. Who are you? What's your name  
 Who act as though you were not born but cut  
 Out of some rock or unconsidering tree?  
 When you are dead, no man will bother then  
 How you behave; but here, on this ruled earth,  
 The rules our Sovereign shaped for mortal men  
 Extend wherever sun or moon shed light,  
 Wherever sky looks down or toad can creep:  
 Wherever earth is earth these rules apply.

Wilful in all things, you have sought to leap,  
 Master Eccentric, walls that should not be leapt.  
 Is this not truth? Consider, if we all  
 Left for the mountains, how would the world run on?  
 Who father children? Who respect the call  
 Of parents' need? Who serve our Sovereign? Who,  
 That all live safe, maintain the bonded wall?

—*Yamanoue no Okura (660-733)*

**Wolf Moor**

Spawned from Kamunabi,  
 Clouds occlude the sky:  
 The heavy rains they utter  
 Slashing drive by  
 And the dark storm deepens.

Has he made it back,  
 He who deep in thoughts of me  
 Set off through the black  
 Yawnings of the wolf-wild moorland  
 By the mountain-track?

Worrying about him  
 All night long I lay  
 Sleepless as that sleepless man  
 I love but sent away.

—*Anonymous (8th century)*