獨立寒秋，湘江北去，橘子洲頭，看萬
山紅遍，層林盡染，漫江碧透，百舸爭
流。鷗鷺翔集長空，魚翔淺底，萬類霜天競
自由。怅寥廓，問蒼茫大地，誰主沉浮？
携來百侣曾游，忆往昔峥嵘歲月。
Changsha

I stand alone in cold autumn.
The River Xiang goes north
around the promontory of Orange Island.
I see the thousand mountains gone red
and rows of stained forests.
The great river is glassy jade
swarming with one hundred boats.
Eagles flash over clouds
and fish float near the clear bottom.
In the freezing air a million creatures compete
for freedom.
In this immensity
I ask the huge greenblue earth,
who is master of nature?

I came here with many friends
and remember those fabled months and years
of study.
We were young, sharp as flower wind, ripe,
candid with a scholar’s bright blade
and unafraid.
We pointed our finger at China
and praised or damned through the papers we wrote.  
The warlords of the past were cowdung.

Do you remember  
how in the middle of the river  
we hit the water, splashed, and how our waves 
slowed down the swift junk?

1925