Conversations under a Tung Tree (painted by Ch'iu Ying) Lord P'ao, prince, collected bronzes loved the paintings of Sung read the Histories and practiced the Rites. In spring he watched the plum trees ripen on West Farm; In fall he checked the rice plants of the eastern fen and daily went with friends to the silver Tung tree speaking of far off cities and high officialdom. "Why not return to your rightful place at the Emperor's side?" friends would ask. "Each day I practice the Rites and read the Histories. I put my estate in order. I tend to my people. In the city are a thousand pleasures. A hundred-thousand men pursue them. Their thoughts are like the scraps of quartz carvings. Their pleasures are the miseries of others. But here as a farmer gentleman scholar with friends in attendance and servants at peace I am whole as the universe." The Cowherd of Han Kan

Across the whole North Plain nothing moves but dust. In my years as herder I have watched the Naymans march to war, the Turks turn South dressed in bear's fur. Now the swirling dust has left them

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