Chapter 9. “On a Spring Day”

On a spring day I wake from drinking and state my aspirations

Living in this world is like a big dream — why labor your life away?
So I’ll be drunk all day,
and topple over, sleeping in the front hall.

Waking up, glancing round the courtyard,
a single bird sings in the flowers.
Were I to ask the season,
the spring wind would speak in soaring orioles.

The breath goes right out of me.
I pour myself another cup of wine.
I sing in floods, I wait for the bright moon.
When the tune ends, I’ll already have forgotten these feelings.

春日醉起言志

處世若大夢，胡為勞其生
所以終日醉，隕然臥前楹
覺來眄庭前，一鳥花間鳴
借問此何時，春風語流鶯
感之欲嘆息，對酒還自傾
浩歌待明月，曲盡已忘情31