A Postlude
Chapter 70. “3 and 5 and 7 Words”

Clear fall wind,  
bright fall moon.

Leaves fall, then gather, scatter,  
cold crows roost and startle.

When will we see each other again?  
This time, this night, I’m feeling bashful.687

三五七言

秋風清  
秋月明  
落葉聚還散  
寒鴉棲復驚  
相思相見知何日  
此時此夜難為情