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