

In China (5th)

I love your rounded mountains, soft gray seas
that clutch the yellow sands and under boats
relax. Old, pounded sides of your long wall
stand tall and mellow, strong and patient in
sharp winds and new acidic rain. Despite
long lack of war, the wall remains. Your men
in woven sandals meet the swelling tide
to hunt the wild sea's fruit. As night pervades,
the sunset colors gray the sky's burned shell
and tiny shimmering gongs echo far
out over wild seas and fields-- they transcend
your ancient culture's modern form. How'er
evolved, still lies here virtue not confused
by power, war's heat, industry, or time.