

More Cold Mountain Poems

A tribute to Han Shan and Gary Snyder

From Felice Pace

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I'd come and gone from Cold Mountain

So many times I lost count.

Then I came and stayed.

No one knows if I'm alive or dead.

It's better that way

Here amid the clouds and crags.

-2-

Days grow short;

Nose and toes are red and chilled.

Here at Cold Mountain clouds draw close,

Wisps of mist slip through gaps in the rock.

There's no need to prepare.

I gather wood and make a fire.

Then watch the embers glow

Deep into the night.