

Kenneth Rexroth, poet, playwright, translator, critic, and anarchist philosopher, is one of the major heroes of the counter-culture. His COLLECTED SHORTER POEMS, COLLECTED LONGER POEMS, and CLASSICS REVISITED are among his more recent books. His translation of Sheng Kung Fan's poem in this issue appears in his forthcoming book, CHINESE POEMS OF LOVE AND THE TURNING YEARS.

### ON HIS THIRTY THIRD BIRTHDAY

by Sheng Kung Fan

More than thirty years have rushed

By me like a runaway

Chariot. I too have spent

My life rushing here and there

From one end of the country

To the other. I long for

The homestead where I was born

A thousand mountain ranges

away. Like yellow leaves in

The decline of summer a

Few white hairs have already

Appeared in my head. All my

Travels only made tracks

In drifting sand. I piled up

Learning like a snowball.

I crossed mountains and passed

Examinations and gave

Learned speeches. What did I gain?

Better I stayed home

And raised prize melons.