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## Poem with an Image from Tu Fu

John Taylor

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WILLIAM R. SLAUGHTER

*A POEM FOR YOU*

Believe me  
I tried  
to write  
a poem  
for you  
but from  
that room  
off the  
town square  
I heard  
the courthouse  
clock tell  
the time  
to sleep  
and like  
a fool  
I listened.

JOHN TAYLOR

*POEM WITH AN IMAGE FROM TU FU*

Polite intrigue behind red-painted doors  
    Always renewed,  
    Banquets at court are lewd.  
    *The Maids of Honour are growne wild*  
The lords of folly sing. The court ignores  
    The way the envoy smiled.

Hills on the frontier crouch like beasts,  
    Brown in the dawn.  
    Another night has gone  
    Across the pass. The guard makes tea  
Over a tiny fire of dung, and feasts  
    In his own company.