

What They Do To Us:

the k'e

from the Chinese
718 B.C.

Adapted by Celius Dougherty

delicately

The k'e still ripples to its banks, The
moor-fowl cry. -- My hair was gathered in a
knot, And you came by, --
Sell-ing of silk you were, A lad not of our
kin; You passed at sunset on the
road From far-off Ts'in. --
The frogs were croaking in the dusk; The
grass was wet. We talked to-gether and I
laughed; I hear it yet. I
thought that I would be your wife; I had your

word. And so I took the road with you,
And crossed the ford. --
slower
I do not know when first it was your
eyes looked cold. But all this was three years a-
go, -- And I am
old. --



~Stanford University
Press, A Daughter
of Han