

# Du Fu's spring scene

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state a shambles, mountains and rivers endure.  
meanwhile, the city hides amidst spring's thick growth.

season's blossoms and flowers shed their spring tears,  
migrating birds' songs tell us they soon will leave.

beacon fires have burned for at least three full months.  
word from the folks would be worth a pound of gold:

worried, I've scratched bald spots into my white hair,  
this hatpin of no use just stuck in the hat.

