

# Blood Ruby, Shan Shui

By the wandering pines  
Where the sun goes hiding  
Swims a little green trout  
With its shadow wallowing low  
Through the wandering stream  
With the stones' slick sliding  
And my little fin feet seem to know  
Where the water must flow.

wo deng, wo deng, wo deng  
shan shui

At the foot of the falls,  
Yellow footbridge leaping  
To a narrow footpath  
Where my footsteps following go,  
Past the little red roofs  
With their corners sweeping  
Into bristling pines  
With their twisted branches of cones.

The scroll unrolls  
Under my feet.  
Where will this  
Painted path of paper  
Finally lead?  
Everything pulses;  
Everything is poised.  
This wildness wrestles  
With its back  
Against the void.

The scroll unrolls  
Under my feet.  
Where will this  
Painted path of paper  
Finally lead?

On a bluff clings the brush,  
Tiny tiptoes hanging  
To the fissured-fist rocks  
All upended and overthrown.  
And the pillars pile up  
To the clouds' soft longing;  
Though the ladder grows steep,  
My feet keep climbing the stone.

wo deng, wo deng, wo deng  
shan shui

wo wang le zi ji  
gen wo lai han shang leng qi

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Lyrics 2002 Cynthia Conrad