Tao poetry is a fragile and beautiful thing. It is also richly compressed, with most lines being no more than five or seven syllables. Taoist poetry in the original usually rhymed, with the rhyme falling on the first, second and fourth lines. Here are examples, translated by John Blofed.

Dismounting from my horse
Dusk falling on the wild
I hear amidst the silence
The splash of a mountain rill (run)
Birds sing and petals fall,
Of men there is not a trace.
The window of my hut
Is curtained with a white cloud.

Cool as ice
His Taoist heart
No vain strife (discord)
Toward the goal
The Tao arises
Of itself
So still his mind
A shining moon-disc
Glistening, immaculate.

Under the cliff lives an ancient recluse
Pine and bamboo encompass his dwelling
Birds sing at dawn, and at evening is heard
The companionable roar of a cliff dwelling tiger.