The following are all translations of Ch’ang Kan by Li Po, a Tang dynasty poet from the 8th century. Closely read each to think about how they differ, and how translation affects meaning. If you are able to read the original Chinese you should also compare these against the original available here:
http://www.chinese-poems.com/lb1.html

CH’ANG KAN BY LI T’AI-PO; Translated by Amy Powell

When the hair of your Unworthy One first began to cover her forehead,
She picked flowers and played in front of the door.
Then you, my Lover, came riding a bamboo horse.
We ran round and round the bed, and tossed about the sweetmeats of green plums.
We both lived in the village of Ch'ang Kan.
We were both very young, and knew neither jealousy nor suspicion.
At fourteen, I became the wife of my Lord.
I could not yet lay aside my face of shame;
I hung my head, facing the dark wall;
You might call me a thousand times, not once would I turn round.
At fifteen, I stopped frowning.
I wanted to be with you, as dust with its ashes.
I often thought that you were the faithful man who clung to the bridge-post,
That I should never be obliged to ascend to the Looking-for-Husband Ledge. When I was sixteen, my Lord went far away,
To the Ch'ü T'ang Chasm and the Whirling Water Rock of the Yü River
Which, during the Fifth Month, must not be collided with;
Where the wailing of the gibbons seems to come from the sky.
Your departing footprints are still before the door where I bade you good-bye, In each has sprung up green moss.
The moss is thick, it cannot be swept away.
The leaves are falling, it is early for the Autumn wind to blow.
It is the Eighth Month, the butterflies are yellow,
Two are flying among the plants in the West garden;
Seeing them, my heart is bitter with grief, they wound the heart of the Unworthy One.
The bloom of my face has faded, sitting with my sorrow.
From early morning until late in the evening, you descend the Three Serpent River. Prepare me first with a letter, bringing me the news of when you will reach home.
I will not go far on the road to meet you,
I will go straight until I reach the Long Wind Sands.
My hair barely covered my forehead.
I played in front of the gate, plucking flowers.
You came riding on a bamboo-horse.
And around the bed we played with green plums.
We were then living in Ch'ang-kan.
Two small people, no hate nor suspicion.
At fourteen, I became your wife.
I seldom laughed, being bashful.
I lowered my head toward the dark wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.
At fifteen, I began to perk up.
We wished to stay together like dust and ash.
If you have the faith of Wei-sheng.
Why do I have to climb up the waiting tower?
At sixteen, you went on a long journey.
By the Yen-jü rocks at Ch'ü-t'ang
The unpassable rapids in the fifth month
When monkeys cried against the sky.
Before the door your footprints
Are all moss-grown
Falling leaves: autumn winds are early.
In the eighth month, butterflies come
In pairs over the grass in the West Garden.
These smite my heart.
I sit down worrying and youth passes away.
When eventually you would come down from the Three Gorges.
Please let me know ahead of time.
I will meet you, no matter how far,
Even all the way to Long Wind Sand.
The River-Merchant’s Wife: A Letter
Ezra Pound

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
And we went on living in the village of Chokan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.

At fourteen I married My Lord you.
I never laughed, being bashful.
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours
Forever and forever and forever.
Why should I climb the look out?

At sixteen you departed,
You went into far Ku-to-yen, by the river of swirling eddies,
And you have been gone five months.
The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.

You dragged your feet when you went out.
By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
Too deep to clear them away!
The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West garden;
They hurt me. I grow older.
If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you
As far as Cho-fu-Sa.

By Rihaku