



Sun-Faced Haiku
Moon-Faced Haiku

by

vol. 2

Alan Gettis



SUN

FACED

HAIKU

Acknowledgment:

These selections of haiku by
the Japanese masters are based
on R. H. Blyth's translations
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To every thing there is a season . . .
A time to be born, and a time to die;
a time to plant and a time to pluck up
that which is planted; a time to kill, and
a time to heal; a time to break down,
and a time to build up; a time to weep,
and a time to laugh; a time to mourn,
and a time to dance; a time to cast away
stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to
refrain from embracing; a time to get,
and a time to lose; a time to keep, and
a time to cast away; a time to rend,
and a time to sew; a time to keep silence,
and a time to speak; a time to love, and
a time to hate; a time of war, and a
time of peace.

Ecclesiastes

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Sun-Faced Haiku

(selections from
Japanese haiku masters)

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SPRING

**As I sit quietly
doing nothing
Spring comes
and grass grows
of itself.**

Zenrin Kushu

that is good, this too is good -
New Year's Day
in my old age.

Royto

when cherry-blossoms are blooming,
birds have two legs,
horses four.

Onitsura

one fell,
two fell,
camellias.

Shiki

a willow;
and two or three cows
waiting for the boat.

Shiki

angry and offended,
I came back:
the willow tree in the garden.

Ryota

the old man
hoeing the field,
has his hat on crooked.

Kito

SUMMER

A man travelling across a field encountered tiger who chased after him. Coming to the edge of a cliff, he caught hold of the root of a wild vine and swung himself down over the edge. The tiger sniffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down, where far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him. Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he he plucked the strawberry with the other. How sweet it tasted !

Buddha

**a hoe standing there
no one to be seen -
the heat!**

Shiki

**in the fisherman's house,
the smell of dried fish
and the heat.**

Shiki

the legs of the crane
have become short
in the summer rains.

Basho

the foal
sticks out his nose
over the irises.

Issa

giving the child the breast in bed,
the mother counts
the flea bites.

Issa

fleas, lice,
the horse pissing
near my pillow.

Basho

"the peony was as big as this,"
says the little girl
opening her arms.

Isaa

bent over by the rain,
the ears of barley
make it a narrow path.

Joso

AUTUMN

If the clouds be full of rain,
they empty themselves upon
the earth: and if the tree
fall toward the south, or
toward the north, in the
place where the tree falleth,
there it shall be.

Ecclesiastes

deep autumn;
my neighbor -
how does he live?

Basho

along this road
goes no one,
this autumn eve.

Basho

the thief
left it behind -
the moon at the window.

Ryokan

a fishing village;
dancing under the moon
to the smell of raw fish.

Shiki

the scarecrow in the distance;
it walked with me
as I walked.

Sanin

peeling a pear,
sweet drops trickle down
the knife.

Shiki

the moon and flowers:
forty nine years
walking about wasting time.

Issa

the stolen apples
which I ate,
gave me a stomach-ache.

Shiki

they spoke no word,
the host, the guest,
and the white chrysanthemum.

Ryota

blowing from the west,
fallen leaves gather
in the east.

Buson

WINTER

A long thing is the
long body of Buddha;
a short thing,
the short body of Buddha.

the morning is chill;
the shadow of the tea basket
on the fence.

Issa

the beginning of winter;
two years old,
I showed her how to hold chop-stick.

Gyodai

meeting a monk
on the bridge:
the winter moon.

Buson

with a bull on board,
the ferry boat
through the winter rain.

Shiki

in the abandoned boat,
the hail
bounces about.

Shiki

the Buddha on the moor,
from the end of his nose
hangs an icicle.

Issa

ENLIGHTENMENT ?

Be careful about wanting enlightenment. It is something extra, like painting legs on the picture of a snake. Already the snake is complete just as it is. Already the truth is right before your eyes.

Zen Master Seung Sahn

removing shoes
before entering the zendo -
hole in my sock

zazen:
every now and then
silence breaks the noise

twelve hours now
not feeling the pain
in my legs

just breathing in
just breathing out -
this runny nose

breakfast
fourteen people
and no words.

on the toilet
emptying my bowels
and my mind

today
even my fart
is silent

spider
on my zazen cushion -
looking for enlightenment?

**the long day. . .
even the Zen master
uses the toilet**

**driving home
feeling close to satori,
a car cuts me off!**

Being one with whatever we
are doing, wherever we are
right now - washing the
dishes, listening to the sounds
of birds - that is our whole
life right there. Being one,
we become infinite. We
become zero. That is what
is meant by "to forget the
self" and "to be enlightened
by all things."

Taizan Maezumi Roshi

Whatever happens in your
life/practice, just take note
of it and keep on going.
Remember who you are,
and keep on going. And
forget about that, and
keep on going.

John Daishin Buksbazen

Colophon

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alan Gettis received his doctorate in psychology in 1974. He conducts a private practice for psychotherapy in River Edge, New Jersey, and has published numerous articles on psychotherapy in professional journals. He arrived at haiku through Zen studies. His book on ZEN AND THE ART OF SELF-HELP will be released in Spring, 1982 (Northwoods Press). His haiku have been published internationally and have won several awards. He is a past vice-president of the Haiku Society of America. SNOWED IN (High/Coo Press), his first chapbook, won critical acclaim from the haiku community.

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