

Cricket Song: A Selection

Haiku by

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Scots versions: **John McDonald**

Irish (Gaelic) versions: **Gabriel Rosenstock**

Indulge yourself! Read some haiku. Savour them slowly. Pause. Go back and read a few again.

Originally written in Bulgarian, this trilingual presentation has English, Irish and Scots versions. Have a look at those versions as well. Scots, of course, is closer to English than Irish: Irish, or Gaelic, is very different and is much older than English.

If you have a favourite haiku in this presentation and you would like to know how it sounds in Irish, the good news is that a synthesizer is available. All you have to do is put the haiku in the synthesizer and pick what dialect you would like to hear it spoken in and at what pace:

<http://www.abair.tcd.ie/index.php?page=synthesis&lang=eng>

Free-style haiku is flourishing outside of its country of origin, Japan. There are rich haiku pickings to be had in countries all over the globe, Africa, India, Europe, the Americas, Australasia. A little seed, carried by winds of love around the globe:

-Gabriel Rosenstock

cricket song

a drop of autumn rain

in the cobweb

amhrán criogair –

braon de bháisteach an fhómhair

i nead damháin alla

charker sang

a drap o hairst weet

i the wab

sunset -

shadows lay down

to rest

fuineadh gréine -

scáileanna ina luí

ag glacadh scíthe

day-set -

sheddaes ligg doon

tae rist

childhood –

my father teaching me

the constellations

óige –

na réaltbhuíonta á múineadh

ag m'athair dom

bairnheid –

ma faither learnin me

the constellations

poppies

the earth remembers

its heart of fire

cailleacha dearga . . .

cuimhníonn an domhan

ar a chroí tine

puppies

the yirth minds on

its lowin hert

open window

a tear is about to jump

from the top floor

fuinneog ar leathadh . . .

deoir ar tí léim

ón urlár uachtarach

apen winnock . . .

a tear's aboot

tae lowp frae the tap flair

sounds of war

my son playing

a computer game

glórtha cogaidh . . .

cluiche ríomhaireachta á imirt

ag mo mhac

soonds o weir . . .

ma laddie daffin

it a computer gemme

sunflower field

the sun rooted

in the sky

gort lusanna gréine -

an ghrian fréamhaithe

sa spéir

sinfloer perk -

the sin ruitit

i the lift

the air between us

trembling . . .

dinner by candlelight

an t-aer eadrainn

ar crith . . .

dinnéar faoi sholas coinnle

the err atween us

trummlin...

denner bi caunlelicht

we share the moon -

the light part for you

the dark for me

an ghealach á roinnt againn . . .

an chuid gheal duitse

an chuid dorchá domsa

we skair the muin . . .

the light fir yersel

the dark fir me

distant night sounds...

is that cricket singing

from the moon?

fuaimeanna oíche i gcéin . . .

an ón ngealach é giolc

an chriogair?

far awa nicht soonds...

is yon charker chirmin

frae the muin?

summer night

in the waterless river

ghosts of fish

oíche shamhraidh . . .

abhainn gan uisce

taibhsí éisc

simmer nicht

i the drouthy wattercoorse

ghaists o fush

Viennese waltz –
a snowstorm
in a silver birch wood

válsa Víneach –
stoirm shneachta
i gcoill na mbeitheanna geala

Viennese waltz –
a yowdendrift
in a birkenshaw

beyond the equator -

there are other stars

in the sky

lastall den mheánchiorcal -

réaltaí eile

sa spéir

ayont the equator -

thare'r ither sterns

i the lift

evening wind...

scent of grass

from the other bank of the river

gaoth an tráthnóna

boladh an fhéir

ó bhruach eile na habhann

eenin souch...

fume o girss

frae the ither brae

hanging on the thin

threads of rain –

a church on the hill

ar crochadh

de shnáitheanna tanaí báistí –

séipéal ar chnoc

hingin on the slinky

threids o weet –

a kirk on the brae

an apple millennia after Adam and Eve

úll na mílte bliain i ndiaidh Ádhamh agus Éabha

an aipple millennia efter Adam'n Eve

forgiveness:

the tree by the window

again in bloom

maithiúnas:

crann cois fuinneoige

faoi bhláth arís

forgieness:

the tree bi the winnock

bleemin agane

his words...

unexpected light

under a moth's wings

na focail uaidh . . .

solas gan choinne

faoi sciatháin leamhain

his wurdz...

unexpectit licht

unner a moch's weengs

are we as different

as we think –

sunflower field

‘bhfuilimid chomh difriúil

agus is dóigh linn –

gort lusanna gréine

are we as unlike

as we mak oot –

sinfloer perk

on the plane sharing the same wings

ar bord eitleáin na sciatháin chéanna á roinnt againn

on the plane skairin the samen weengs

morning chill

on the deserted beach a heart

made of stones

fuacht maidine . . .

ar thrá thréigthe

croí a cruthaíodh le clocha

snell mornin...

on the tuim strand a hert

wrocht o stanes

swift kiss

at the bus stop -

day moon

póg sciobtha

ag stad an bhus -

gealach lae

a swith pree

it the bus-stop -

day muin

after parting...

a bird's flight

over bitter water

tar éis scarúna . . .

eitilt éin

os cionn uisce ghoirt

after pairtin...

a burd's flicht

ower wersh watter

dry leaves

drifted over pine needles:

their meeting

duilleoga feoite

ar fán os cionn spíonlaigh:

a dteacht le chéile

drouthy leaves

driftin ower preenacks:

thair trystin

my star

light-years away...

fireflies

mo réaltsa

na solasbhlianta i gcéin . . .

lampróga

ma stern

licht-years awa . . .

fireflees

hospice...

do sunset shadows get

beyond twilight

ospís ...

an dtéann scáileanna luí na gréine

lastall den chlapsholas

hoaspice . . .

dae dayset sheddaes git

ayont gloamin

family album...

lights of a passing train

in the night

album teaghlaigh . . .

soilse traenach ag dul thar bráid

istoíche

photy album . . .

lichts o a bygaun train

i the nicht

old graveyard

tall cypresses

pierce the heavens

sean-reilig . . .

na flaithis tollta

ag na cufróga arda

auld kirkyaird . . .

heich cypresses

prog the heivens

sleepless night dewdrops on the weeds

gan suan gan srann braonta drúchta ar na fiailí

waukrife nicht deowdraps on the growthe