

Cherry- Blossoms

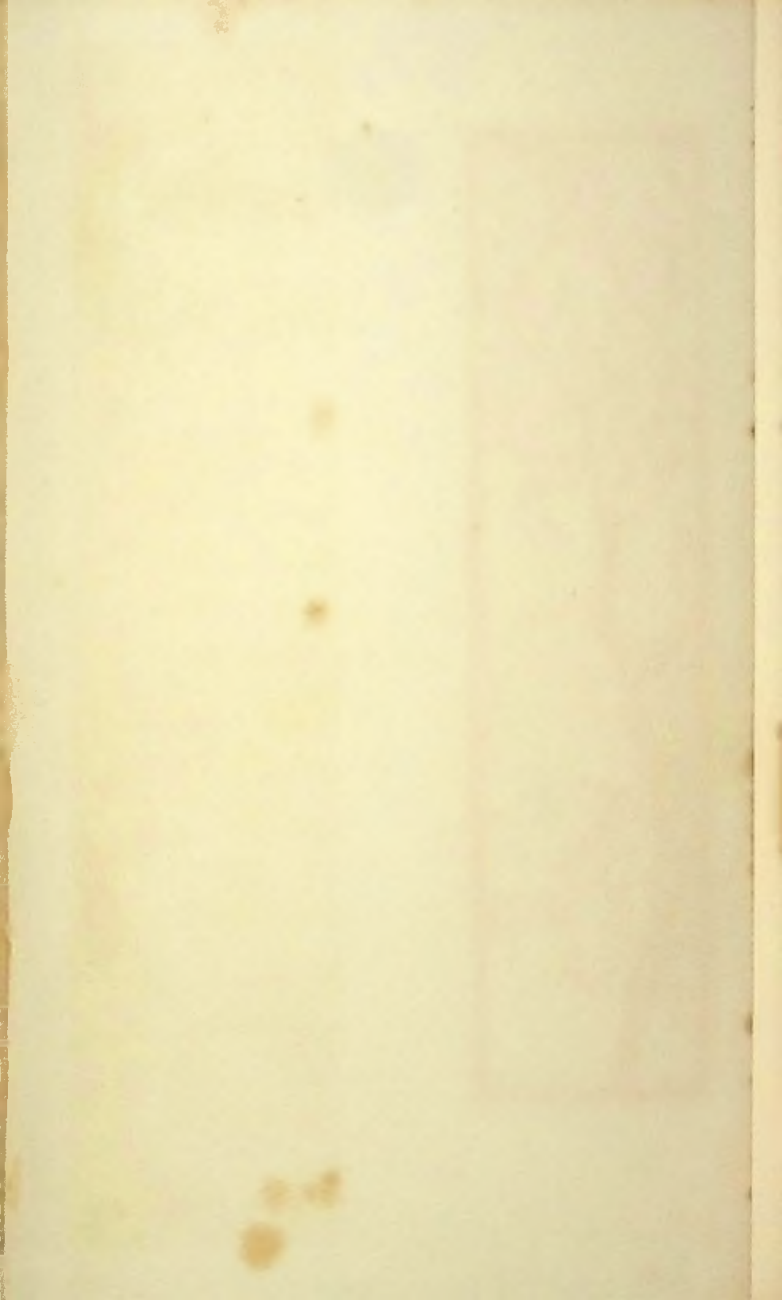
Japanese Haiku
Series Three



\$1.00









Chen
Blossom

Cherry- Blossoms

JAPANESE HAIKU
SERIES III

TRANSLATIONS OF
POEMS BY BASHO ·
BUSON · ISSA · SHIKI
AND OTHERS

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.

A NOTE ON THIS BOOK OF HAIKU

IN JAPAN cherry-blossoms are a favorite subject of paintings and poems, and are indeed a symbol to the Japanese people of the transitory delight of the "floating world" — as they have called this life on earth. For cherry-blossoms last only three days, and the Buddhist Japanese thinks of his own life as an equally brief flowering in the endless cycle of reincarnation and dissolution.

Because the *haiku* is a poem only seventeen syllables long, and is usually a brief poignant insight into the universality of this endless cycle, the title *Cherry-Blossoms* has been given to this our third collection of *haiku* translations.

Japanese poets of the present continue to write *haiku*: Harold G. Henderson has estimated that perhaps a million new *haiku* are published commercially in magazines each year. But the present collection is taken from the famous poets of the past. Thus the reader will find the names Basho, Buson, Issa and Shiki much in evidence, for these four are the greatest practitioners. A few facts about these men, and a discussion of the difficulties of *haiku* translation, are to be found in our two previous collections.

Here it is necessary only to remind the reader that the poems are not intended to be clear statements. They are fleeting responses or impressions which usually illuminate the poet's awareness — and our own — of the identity of life on different planes. It is the Buddhist doctrine (and most of these poets are Zen Buddhists) that all things and creatures in this world are temporary manifestations risen from the eternal, infinite ocean of Life; and that everything, — from a mountain peak to a cherry-blossom, from a beautiful girl to the little excrement of a bird, — is a part of the universal and inter-related brotherhood of creation.

Of course, not all these poems have this subtle quality. There are a number purely humorous or descriptive.

The *haiku* almost always has a season keyword. Here these have often been omitted, but the poems are arranged by seasons. Since the New Year traditionally begins the Spring, a few cold poems start the book; but the snow soon melts and leaves and blossoms appear.

The interested reader is referred to our *Japanese Haiku: Series I* and *The Four Seasons, Haiku Series II*.

Cherry- Blossoms

DECORATIONS AND
LETTERING BY
JEFF HILL

Spring

NEW YEAR'S EVE

I CAN SNORE IN PEACE . . .

THE NEW YEAR

WON'T CONFRONT ME

TILL TOMORROW NOON

BUSON

NEW YEAR'S DAY . . . POET

THOUGH I BE

I'LL PROUDLY WEAR

MY FATHER'S SCABBARD

KYORAI

IN THE NEW YEAR DAWN

SOLEMN AND

DELIBERATE

TALL CRANES GO MARCHING

KIKAKU



FROM THE MOUNTAIN PASS
SEE THE SUNLIT
CASTLE TOWN . . .
FLYING NEW-YEAR KITES

TAIGI

SEEING MY BIRTH-CORD
KEPT AT OUR OLD
NATIVE PLACE . . .
NEW YEAR'S DAY I WEPT

BASHO

NO YOU DON'T! GET OUT! . .
THUS THEY WARMLY
WELCOMED ME
TO THEIR NEW-YEAR FEAST

ROTSU

SNOW IS MELTING . . .
FAR IN THE MISTED
MOUNTAINS
A CAW-CAWING CROW

GYODAI



SPRING AT EARLY DAWN . . .
ON THE TIPS OF
BARLEY LEAVES
LITTLE LAST PALE FROST
ONITSURA

UP FROM APRIL SNOW
RISING UDO SPROUTS . . .
TENDER
PURPLE SUCCULENT
BASHO

AT DEAR BASHO'S GRAVE
PALE THIN TRANSIENTS
WE PAUSE . . .
SPRING MIST, SAD PUPIL
JOSO

HEAR THOSE BABY MICE
HUDDLED IN THEIR
NEST . . . PEEPING
TO THE SPARROWLETS
BASHO

ABOVE THE HAMLET :
GREEN THE SILENT
BAMBOO-GROVE . . .
WHITE LINGERING SNOW
TAIGI

SPRING COBALT OCEAN . . .
ACROSS SNOW-WHITE
MOUNTAINS FLY
BLACK RETURNING BIRDS
SHIKI

IMMEDIATELY . . .
ON THEIR SPRING
RETURN TIRELESS
SWALLOWS ZIG-ZAGGING
TAIGI

SEE : OUR CANDLELIGHT
ILLUMINATES
THE SAPLING'S
FRESH-UNFOLDED GOLD
BUSON



TROOPS OF TOURISTS COME
FOR APRIL
FLOWER-VIEWING . . .
OH, THEY'RE SPARROW-MEN
BASHO

GUSTY SPRING BREEZES . . .
BUT THE STUBBORN
PLUM BUDS STILL
GRIPPING THEIR THIN TWIGS
ONITSURA

SPRING UNFOLDS ANEW . . .
NOW IN MY SECOND
CHILDHOOD
FOLLY, FOLLY, TOO
ISSA

BONY BRUSHWOOD TWIGS
CUT DOWN AND STACKED
IN BUNCHES . . .
YET BRAVELY BUDDING
BONCHO

PLACING THE KITTEN
TO WEIGH HER
ON THE BALANCE . . .
SHE WENT ON PLAYING

ISSA

SPRING EVENING BEACH . . .
HELPING FISHERMEN
UNLOAD
LIVING SEA-TREASURE

RANKO

IT IS SPRING AGAIN . . .
GAY IN THE GARDEN
GATHER
SUN-BATHING SPARROWS

ONITSURA

TREMENDOUS FORCES . . .
STONE-PILED FENCE
ALL TUMBLED DOWN
BY TWO CATS IN LOVE

SHIKI



AFTER THE SHOWER . . .
SPRING-ENCHANTED
SPARROW-FOLK
CHATTER ON THE EAVES

UKO

SILENT CHERRY-BLOOM . . .
AGAIN WITH YOUR
OLD ELOQUENCE
ADDRESS MY INNER EAR

ONITSURA

HAVING SCoured MY SKIN
AND BOWED MY SKULL
TO BUDDHA . . .
NOW FOR CHERRY-BLOOM!

ISSA

AFTERNOON GARDEN . . .
PLANTING PERHAPS
SEVEN SEEDS . . .
I'M CONVALESCENT!

SHIKI

THIS BABY... EVEN
WHEN WE SHOW HIM
CHERRY BUDS...
OPENS EAGER LIPS

SEIFU-JO

MOUNTAIN-TOP OF CLOUDS
TOWERING BEHIND
THE HEDGE...
OR A FLOWERING PLUM?

SHIRO

DANCING: THE FOX TREADS
AMONG THE PALE
NARCISSI
IN GARDEN MOONLIGHT

BUSON

AFTER SPRING SUNSET
MIST RISES FROM
THE RIVER...
SPREADING LIKE A FLOOD

CHORA



THEN THE PEONIES
EXTINGUISHING
ALL OTHERS . . .
OPENED THEIR PETALS
KIICHI

ENDLESS MAYTIME RAIN . . .
SNEAKING BACK ONE
NIGHT, THE MOON
PERCHED IN THE PINE-TREE
RANKO

NOW THAT I AM OLD
EVEN TENDER DAYS
OF SPRING
SEE . . . CAN MAKE ME CRY
ISSA

BEAUTIFUL LADY
BUFFETED BY RUDE
SPRING WINDS . . . WHAT
SWEET STORM YOU MAKE!
KITO

ON THE SHINING ROOF
THE BOY'S ABANDONED
STRING-BALL
SOAKING UP SPRING RAIN
BUSON

SWEET SPRING SHOWER . . .
ENOUGH TO WET
THE TINY SHELLS
ON THIS LITTLE BEACH
BUSON

ERE SPRING GUESTS ARRIVE
WE LIGHT THE
SUPPER CANDLES
EACH FROM SHINING EACH
BUSON

DULL-DREARY RAIN-DAY . . .
DRIPPING PAST
MY GATE A GIRL
BEARING IRISES
SHINTOKU



YES: THE YOUNG SPARROWS
IF YOU TREAT THEM
TENDERLY...
THANK YOU WITH DROPPINGS

ISSA

FOLLOWING THE BANK...
FOR MILES NO RIVER-
SPANNING BRIDGE
THIS LONG SPRING DAY

SHIKI

AT TAKIGUCHI
VOICES CALLING
FOR A LIGHT...
DARKENING SPRING RAIN

BUSON

PATTERING SHOWER...
THEY ARE PUTTING
OUT THE LAMPS
ALL DOWN DOLL-SHOP LANE

BUSON

FLOODED PADDY-FIELDS . . .
THE LAKE HAS COME
TO TOWN ALL GREEN
WITH SEEDLING RICE

BAKUSUI

VANISHING SPRINGTIME . . .
WISTFULLY
THE LONELY WIDOW
POUTS AT HER MIRROR

SEIBI

BLOWN CHERRY-BLOSSOMS
FALL AND FLOAT
UPON THE COLD
RICE-PADDY WATERS

KYOROKU

THE GAY WATERWHEEL
IN THE VALLEY
POURS PETALS
FROM MOUNTAIN CHERRIES

CHOGETSU



Summer

O SPRINGTIME TWILIGHT . . .
PRECIOUS MOMENT
WORTH TO ME
A THOUSAND PIECES

SOTOBA

REPLY:

O SUMMER TWILIGHT . . .
BUG-DEPRECIATED
TO A
MERE FIVE HUNDRED

KIKAKU

BOUNCING BAMBOO DIPPER
IN THE WATER-TUB . . .
FOLLOWING
A FLY-AWAY BIRD

HORO

A BABY SPARROW . . .
HOPPING
WITH CURIOSITY
TO WATCH MY BRUSHWORK

SHOHA

HOW COOL . . . SWEET GRASSES
SCYTHED IN FIELDS
AT EARLY DAWN
ENTERING OUR GATE

BONCHO

ON THE GIDDY SWING . . .
TINY GIRL-CHILD
CLUTCHING TIGHT
HER SPRAY OF BLOSSOMS

ISSA

AH ROADSIDE SCARECROW
WE'VE HARDLY
STARTED GABBING . . .
AND I HAVE TO GO

IZEN





PERHAPS THIS VOICELESS
WANDERER DREAMS
OF FLOWERS . . .
BUTTERFLY DOZER

REIKAN

SOMETIMES THE FARMER
TLOTS OUT TO SEE
HIS SCARECROW . . .
SLOWLY HE WALKS BACK

DUSON

THAT DARK WATERFOWL
ALTHOUGH APPEARING
WEIGHTED . . .

SEE HOW IT CAN FLOAT!

ONITSURA

AH BOLD NIGHTINGALE . . .
EVEN BEFORE
HIS LORDSHIP

YOU WON'T MEND YOUR SONG

ISSA

THAT FAT OLD BULL-FROG
SAT THERE STARING
BACK AT ME
WITH A SOUR FACE

ISSA

IN FLAT SUNSET LIGHT
A BUTTERFLY
WANDERING
DOWN THE CITY STREET

KIKAKU

SOMEONE IS WALKING
OVER THE WOODEN
BRIDGE . . . HEAR
THE DEEP FROG-SILENCE

RYOTO

A WAGON RUMBLING . . .
AND OUT FROM
SILENT GRASSES
A SUDDEN BUTTERFLY

SHOHA



INTO THE BLINDING
SETTING SUN THE
SCARECROW STARES ...
STILL INDIFFERENT

SHIRAO

GAY ... AFFECTIONATE ...
WHEN I'M REBORN
I PRAY TO BE A
WHITE-WING BUTTERFLY

ISSA

SQUATTING LIKE BUDDHA:
BUT BITTEN
BY MOSQUITOES
IN MY NIRVANA

OEMARU

AT THE ANCIENT SHRINE
TARNISHED GOLD-FOIL ...
AND GREEN LEAVES
AWAKENING TIME

CHORA

EVEN WITH INSECTS . . .

SOME ARE HATCHED

OUT MUSICAL . . .

SOME, ALAS, TONE-DEAF

ISSA

PLANTED ROWS OF BEANS

AND RANDOM CLUMPS

OF LILIES . . .

PROSPEROUS ISLET!

SHIKI

NIGHTINGALE WEEPING

AND CEASELESS OCEAN

MOANING . . .

SOON O SOON THE DAWN

SHIRAO

IN SUMMER MOONLIGHT . .

GLITTERING BROOKLET

RUNNING

DOWN OUR VILLAGE STREE

SHIRAO



TWO JADE-GREEN HILLTOPS
STAND IN THEIR
SUMMER LEAFAGE
MIRROR-IMAGES

KYORAI

YELLOW FIREFLY . . .
LITTLE LAMP-FLAME
THAT TO THE
HUMAN TOUCH IS CHILL

SHIKI

SUNNY FIELDS AND WARM . . .
SEE THE MONK'S FACE
PEEPING OUT
FROM THE TEMPLE FENCE

ISSA

A CRABLET CRAWLING
UP MY ANKLE-~~BONE~~ . . .
AH COOL
MEANDERING BROOK

BASHO

X

IN MY NATIVE PLACE
THERE'S THIS PLANT :
AS PLAIN AS GRASS
BUT BLOOMS LIKE HEAVEN

ISSA

+

PITIFUL BLIND CHILD . . .
AND SO BRIEF
THE ROSE OF SHARON
GARLANDING HER PORCH

SHIRAO

DAYLIGHT AT THE INN . . .
THROUGH MY LOOPED
MOSQUITO NETS
A MORNING-GLORY

SHIRO

TWILIGHT WATERING . . .
AND PLEASE,
A COOLING SPRINKLE
FOR WRENS AND CRICKETS

KIKAKU





HAVING TUMBLLED OFF
HIS GRASS-BLADE . . .
THE FIREFLY
BUZZES UP AGAIN



BASHO

MOONLIGHT NIGHTINGALE
CASTS A WHISTLING
LINE OF SOUND
OVER THE MILLPOND



BASHO

LIGHTNING FLASHES . . .
ZIG-ZAG SCREECHES
OF THE HERON
FLYING IN THE DARK

BASHO

HEREBY I ASSIGN,
IN PERPETUITY,
TO WIT:
TO THIS BIRD THIS FENCE

ISSA

STUBBORN WOODPECKER...
STILL HAMMERING
AT TWILIGHT
AT THAT SINGLE SPOT

ISSA

AT SILENT NOONTIDE...
FAR ACROSS
THE FLOWER-FIELDS
HEAR THE SIGHING SEA

BUSON

HEAR THE HUMMING
AS HONEYSUCKLE
PETALS FALL...
DISTURBED MOSQUITOES

BUSON

THE SICKLY ORCHID
THAT I TENDED SO...
AT LAST
THANKS ME WITH A BUD

TAIGI





POT-IMPRISONED NOW . . .
PALELY DREAMING
OCTOPUS
IN SUMMER MOONLIGHT

BASHO

CURLED ON THE FAN . . .
AHA! I'VE CAUGHT YOU
TOM-CAT
FAST ASLEEP AGAIN!

ISSA

HIGH SUN STILL BURNING
IN THE FALCON'S
EYES . . . DOWN TO
MY EARTH-BOUND WRIST

TAIRA

BUT SEE THE MOUNTAIN . . .
SHAKING WITH THE
WAVES OF HEAT
WHERE DAY HAS GONE

ONITSURA

WHAT A MONSTER KITE!
EVEN THE BRAVEST
EAGLE
WOULD NOT DARE ATTACK!

SHIKI

YELLOW BUTTERFLY...
FLUTTERING
FLUTTERING ON
OVER THE OCEAN

SHIKI

COOL ON BLUE WATER
THAT OVERHANGING
ISLET
WITH ITS PINE ASKEW

SHIKI

WHAT A COOLING BREEZE!
NOW ALL STIFLED
GRASSHOPPERS
GAILY SING AGAIN

ISSA





I WILL NOT FORGET
THIS LONELY SAVOR
OF MY LIFE'S
ONE LITTLE DEWDROP

BASHO

MOONLIGHT SLANTING
THROUGH ALL THIS
LONG BAMBOO GROVE . . .
~~AND~~ NIGHTINGALE SONG

BASHO

IN THE RAIN-PINKED POND
STILL-UNSLAUGHTERED
SILLY DUCKS
REJOICE WITH QUACKING

ISSA

SPARROW FAMILY . . .
PLAYING AT HIDE
AND SEEK
IN THE TEA-BUSHES

ISSA

X

TWILIGHT FLOWER-FIELD . . .
MOONRISE IN
THE EASTERN SKY
SUNSET IN THE WEST

BUSON

NIGHT IS DARKENING . . .
SILENT IN
THE PADDY POOL
SHINES THE MILKY WAY

IZEN

ON THAT INCH OF LAND
BEANS GREW TO
OUR VERY DOOR . . .
YET GRAND IN MOONLIGHT!

ISSA

WITH ME ON THE CLIFF
ANOTHER POET . . .
FELLOW-GUEST
OF THE SUMMER MOON

KYORAI





INQUIRING WREN
LOOKING HERE AND
LOOKING THERE...
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR BAG?

ISSA

THE SADNESS OF IT...
UNDER THE
HERO'S HELMET,
TARNISHED NOW, A CRICKET

BASHO

TWO WATER-LILIES
SHINING SERENELY
GOLDEN...
RAINDROP-DIMPLED POOL

BUSON

WHILE THE BOBOLINK
SINGS CHEERILY
HE GIVES MY SHACK
THE COLD CRITIC'S EYE

ISSA

FLOATING BUTTERFLY
WHEN YOU DANCE
BEFORE MY EYES . . .
ISSA, MAN OF MUD

ISSA

SUPERNATURAL
COOL BREEZE . . .
BUDDHA'S PARADISE
MUST LIE THATAWAY

ISSA

INSECTS POOR INSECTS . . .
HOW WISE TO PURGE
YOUR KARMA
CRYING PENITENCE

OTOKUNI

WE HARK TO CRICKET
AND TO HUMAN
CHIRPINGS . . . WITH
EARS SO DIFFERENT

WAFU

X



SLOW HOT SILENT HOURS . . .
IN THE AFTERNOON
A PHEASANT
SETTLES ON THE BRIDGE

BUSON



THE SOFT SUMMER MOON . . .
WHO IS IT MOVES
IN WHITE THERE . . .
ON THE OTHER BANK?

CHORA

AT MY HUT I FEAR
ALL I CAN REALLY
TEMPT YOU WITH . . .
SMALLISH MOSQUITOES

BASHO

WHILE I SWOOP MY NET,
DELIBERATE
BUTTERFLY . . .
YOU NEVER HURRY

GARAKU

AH . . . MORNING-GLORY
GLOWING WITH
THE INDIGO
OF SOME MOUNTAIN POOL

BUSON

SILENT THE GARDEN
WHERE THE
CAMELLIA-TREE
OPENS ITS WHITENESS

ONITSURA

FROM THE DAY IT'S BORN
OF ABANDONED
STICKS AND RAGS . . .
ELDERLY SCARECROW

NYOFU

NOW THIS GOOD SEA-SLUG
HAS BOTH HEAD
AND TAIL . . . BUT GOD
KNOWS WHICH IS WHICH

KYORAI





THAT NIGHT WHEN I HAD
SOLD MY LOWER
FIELD . . . I LAY
WAKEFUL FROM FROG-CALLS
HOKUSHI

HEY! WHY DON'T YOU HELP
THAT BUZZING
HORSE-FLY OPEN
THE STICKING SKYLIGHT?
ISSA

DAWN-TWITTERING BIRDS . . .
OUR OVERNIGHT
BIG-CITY GUEST
ALONE IS STIRRING
SHOHA

TENDER BAMBOO-SHOOTS
AND BABY'S TENDER
GUM-PINKS . . .
TINY TOOTH-CUTTING
RANSETSU

BOUNCING THE BALL . . .
SHE BENDS TO MAKE
A FACE AT HER
MEOWING KITTEN

X
ISSA

IN THE SUDDEN BURST
OF SUMMER RAIN . . .
WIND-BLOWN BIRDS
CLUTCHING AT GRASSES

X
BUSON

LIKE A BUTTERFLY . . .
THE PILGRIM'S
TOMBOY YOUNGSTER
TLOTS UNEVENLY

please him! SHIKI

THE MONKS EXHIBIT
BUDDHA'S IMAGE . . .
SPARROWS TOO
ARE DAWN-LIGHT LOOKERS

ISSA



Autumn

ON THE EBB-TIDE BEACH
THE HURRYING CRAB
STOPS SHORT . . .
THERE IS A FOOTPRINT!

ROFU

BRACED IN THE WATERS . . .
SCARECROW IN
THE FLOODED FIELD
GRIMLY ENDURES IT

SHIKI

AH MY FOREST HUT . . .
WHERE THE FRIENDLY
WOODPECKER
KNOCKS AT DOOR AND POST

BASHO

ON THIS STILL WATER
SEE WHERE
HIS REFLECTION
MEETS THE WATERFOWL
X MAHARA

QUITE THE STUPIDEST
OF ALL LIVING
CREATURES IS
A DRY OLD SCARECROW
SHIKI

AUTUMN NIGHTS ARE COLD ...
CRUSHING THE TINY
CHILD TO ME ...
WARM LOVELY YOUNGLING
SHIKI

BEHIND THE TWISTED
BRANCHES WITH
THE EAGLE'S NEST ...
RED SINKING SUN-BALL
BONCHO





AS I LIGHT THE LAMP
 BEHOLD . . . TO EVERY
 SINGLE DOLL
 ITS OWN REAL SHADOW

SHIKI



MOTHER LOST, LONG GONE . . .
 AT THE DEEP DARK SEA
 I STARE . . .
 AT THE DEEP DARK SEA

ISSA

AH SACRED SWALLOW . . .
 TWITTERING OUT
 FROM YOUR NEST IN
 GREAT BUDDHA'S NOSTRIL

ISSA

TEA-KETTLE HANDLE . . .
 I'LL CUT IT FROM
 THE BAMBOO
 OF THAT BUBBLING WREN

KIKAKU

WEEPING...WILLOWS
KNEEL HERE BY
THE WATERSIDE
MINGLING LONG GREEN HAIR

KYORAI

GATHERING STARLINGS
CRY AS THEY
SPRINKLE BERRIES
FROM THE AUTUMN TREE

SHIKI

SILVERY HERRINGS
POURING...
A LIVE WATERFALL
FROM NET TO BASKET

KIKAKU

AH LEAFLESS WILLOW...
BENDING OVER
THE DRY POOL
OF STRANDED BOULDERS

BUSON





O YOU SNUB-NOSE DOLL!
MAYBE YOUR
MOTHER DIDN'T
PINCH AND PULL ENOUGH

X BUSON

PERCHED ON THE BAMBOO
MARKER OF A
NEW-DUG GRAVE . . .
THE WAITING DRAGONFLY

KITO

ALL ALONG THE BEACH . . .
PLOVERS PLAYING
AT SOME GAME
INVOLVING WET-FOOT

BUSON

WITH PHILOSOPHY
HE CONTEMPLATES
THE MOUNTAIN . . .
OLD PROFESSOR FROG

ISSA

X

AT THE SETTING SUN...
WASHING DOWN
HIS WEARY HORSE
IN THE AUTUMN SEA

SHIKI



ON THIS PLAIN OF MIST
NOTHING BUT FLAT
ENDLESSNESS...
AND RED-RISING SUN

SHIRO

RISE HARVEST MOON...
FROM THIS HUT
AS YET UNWALLED
I WILL VIEW IT WELL

SHIRAO

BITTER BROKEN REEDS...
DAY IN DAY OUT
THE FALLEN
FLOAT AWAY...AFAR

RANKO





PENETRATING HOT
SEPTEMBER SUN . . .
ON MY SKIN
FEEL THE COOLING BREEZE

BASHO

I AM GROWING OLD . . .
O SWEET BIRD
DISAPPEARING
INTO AUTUMN DUSK

BASHO



WHO IS THAT, HUDDLED
IN A STRAW-COAT . . .
STARING AT OUR
HOLIDAY PARADE?

BASHO

SEE THIS DRAGONFLY . . .
HIS FACE IS
PRACTICALLY
NOTHING ELSE BUT EYES

CHISOKU

COMPANION CUCKOO . . .
KEEP YOUR EYE COCKED
ON MY HUT
UNTIL I COME BACK

ISSA

REDDISH MORNING SKY . . .
RAIN FOR YOU TODAY
I GUESS,
LITTLE LUCKY SNAIL!

ISSA

WITHIN PALE SILENCE
SPREADING FROM
EVENING MOONLIGHT . . .
SUDDEN CICADA

HAJIN

WET MORNING GARDEN . . .
MY SUNNY
CHRYSANTHEMUMS
ARE SEA-MIST-SHROUDED

SAMPU





WITH THE MOON-RISING . . .
LEAF AFTER LEAF
AFTER LEAF
FALLS FLUTTERING DOWN
SHIKI

I DIDN'T ENTER . . .
BUT I STOPPED
IN REVERENCE . . .
AUTUMN-LEAF TEMPLE
BUSON

SUDDEN RADIANCE . . .
AFTER OCTOBER
RAINSTORM
RE-REDDENED PEPPERS
BUSON

THE PEOPLE, WE KNOW . . .
BUT THESE DAYS
EVEN SCARECROWS
DO NOT STAND UPRIGHT
ISSA

ONLY WITHERED GRASSES
IN YOUR CAGE?...
O CRICKET CAPTIVE
MY APOLOGIES!

SHOHA

FROM FISH-BOAT TORCHES
SPARKS ARE FALLING...
POOR TETHERED
SCORCH-FACE CORMORANTS

KAKEI

THIS IS MY OWN PLACE...
MUD-HUT AND
COMPANION TREE
SHEDDING AUTUMN LEAVES

CHORA

FROM THE HAUNTED HUT
SMOKE IS SEEPING
IN THE RAIN...
SOMEONE IS INSIDE!

BUSON





SEPTEMBER LIGHTNING . . .
WHITE CALLIGRAPHY
ON HIGH
SILHOUETTES THE HILL
JOSO

SEE . . . SIX GAPING BEAKS
WAITING FOR
THE MOTHER-BIRD
IN COLD AUTUMN RAIN
ISSA

SILENT AUTUMN AIR . . .
HERE AND THERE
AMONG THE HILLS
RISING THIN BLUE SMOKES
GYODAI


THE FISHERMAN'S HUT . . .
WHERE LIVELY CRICKETS
MINGLE NOW
WITH DRYING SHRIMP
DASHO

ANNIVERSARY OF DEATH
RISING AUTUMN MOON...
LIGHTING IN MY
LAP THIS YEAR
NO PALE SICKLY CHILD
ONITSURA

FOR FALL FESTIVALS
OUR RELIGIOUS
DRAGONFLIES
DON RED GARMENTS TOO
ISSA

WILD GEESE O WILD GEESE
WERE YOU LITTLE
FELLOWS TOO... WHEN
YOU FLEW FROM HOME?
ISSA

BY ABANDONED ROADS
THIS LONELY
POET MARCHES
INTO AUTUMN DUSK
BASHO



Winter

TELL ME: WHERE DOES THIS
UNEXPECTED COLD SNAP
COME FROM . . .
WEATHERWISE SCARECROW?

ISSA

WINE-DRINKING-WAKEFUL
ALL ALONE THAT
BITTER NIGHT
I STARED AT SNOWFALL

BASHO

X

SNOW-ISOLATED . . .
ONCE MORE I PRESS
MY BACK AGAINST
MY THINKING-POST

BASHO



BACK TO MY HOME TOWN
AND BURIAL
IN MY HUT . . .
FIVE COLD FEET OF SNOW

ISSA

WINTER WOODCUTTER . . .
WHEN YOUR AXE CUTS
HOME I SCENT
UNEXPECTED SPRING

BUSON

MY OLD FATHER TOO
LOOKED LONG ON THESE
WHITE MOUNTAINS
THROUGH LONELY WINTER!

ISSA

FEEBLE FEEBLE SUN . . .
IT CAN SCARCELY
STRETCH ACROSS
WINTER-WASTED FIELDS

BAKUSUI



WINTER-SOLITARY . . .
I FIND SOLACE
IN THIS OLD
CHINESE-PAINTED PINE

BASHO

X

THE MOURNING FATHER
DEEP UNDER ASHES . . .
BURNING CHARCOAL
CHILLED NOW BY
HIS HISSING TEARS

BASHO

X

IN THE RAINY DAWN
SEE WHERE I CREPT
OUT OF BED . . .
HOLE IN THE BEDCLOTHES

JOSO

A MOUNTAIN HAMLET . . .
UNDER THE GREAT
WHITE SNOWDRIFT
A GURGLING BROOK

SHIKI

AT FREEZING MIDNIGHT
HEAR THAT RAT
GO RUMMAGING . . .
DIRTY KITCHEN DISHES



BUSON

EVEN MY LAMP-LIGHT . . .
HIBERNATING
IN A FROZEN
WINTER-WHITE HALO

YABA

LAST NIGHT A SNOWFALL . .
TODAY CLEAR COBALT
HEAVEN AND
WHITE-MANTLED PINES

ROKA

A BITTER NIGHT . . . BUT
LONG PRACTICE
WITH COLD HUNGER
PERMITTED ME TO SLEEP

IZEN



SOFT SNOWFLAKES SETTLE
DOWN ON THESE
UNSTIRRING DUCKS . . .
A WORLD OF SILENCE

SHIKI



WET SNOW IS SWEEPING
OVER THE RED-BERRY
BUSH . . .
TWO SPARROWS CHIRPING

SHIKI

OVER AND OVER
FROM MY BED
I ASK MY NURSE:
NOW, HOW DEEP THE SNOW?

SHIKI

AT THIS DREARY INN
A HOUND KEEPS
WAILING . . . LIKE ME
LONELY IN THE RAIN?

BASHO

THE VERY PLANETS
GLEAMING THROUGH
ITS SILHOUETTE...
FROZEN WILLOW-TREE

CHORA

EVERY SINGLE STAR
IS QUIVERING NOW
WITH LIGHT...
O HOW BITTER COLD

TAIGI

BRIGHT SOUL OF WINTER...
MOONLIGHT
PUNCTUATED BY
PATTERING HAILSTONES

GYODAI

BITTER WINTER WIND...
WON'T IT BLOW
RIGHT OFF THE SKY
THAT DAY-OLD CRESCENT?

KAKEI





NOW AT DAWN THE TIDE
FLOATS INCOMING
LAYERS ON
OUR NIGHT-FROZEN COVE

SHIKI

POLISHING THE BUDDHA . . .
AND WHY NOT
MY PIPE AS WELL
FOR THE HOLIDAY?

ISSA

ON A RAINY DAY
THE DRIPPING
SCARECROWS SEEM LIKE
ORDINARY MEN

SEIBI

REMEMBERING
THEIR PAINTED FACES . . .
SHE UNWRAPPED
HER OLD PAIR OF DOLLS

BUSON

IT IS WARM TODAY . . .
BUT I THINK
I FEEL THE CHILL
OF THAT WINTER SUN

ONITSURA

CHILDREN, COME ON OUT :
CLATTERING
ALONG THE LANE
SEE . . . IT'S HAILING PEARLS

BASHO

ICY WINTER NIGHT . . .
I UNFREEZE
THE WRITING-BRUSH
WITH MY TWO GOOD TEETH

BUSON

OUT OVER THE LAKE
LONG COLD
HOLLOW EMPTINESS . . .
A SOLITARY CROW

SHIKI





THOSE TWO TIRED DOLLS
IN THE CORNER
THERE . . . AH YES
THEY ARE MAN AND WIFE

ISSA

SILLY HAILSTONES . . .
FLEEING INTO
MY FIREPLACE
FAST AS THEY CAN RUN

ISSA

IN ICY MOONLIGHT
PIN-POINT-PATTERING
PEBBLES
CRUNCHING UNDERFOOT

BUSON

COLD WINTER RAIN-LINES
ARE LIFTED
HORIZONTAL
BY THE HOWLING GALE

KYORAI

WITH HIS HAT BLOWN OFF
THE STIFF-NECKED
SCARECROW STANDS HERE
QUITE DISCOMFITED

BUSON

ICY-WINTER NIGHT . . .
PERHAPS THE WATER-
BIRDS, LIKE ME,
ARE LAKESIDE HUDDLERS

ROTSU

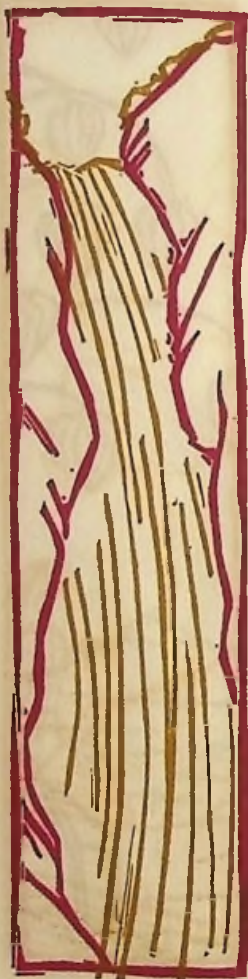
DARKENING SNOW-CLOUDS . . .
OVER THIS WAITING
LAKE AND LAND
BLACK BIRDS WHIMPERING

OTOKUNI

BLUE-SHADOW-BOLTED . . .
THE CASTLE GATE
OF EDO
IN FROZEN MOONLIGHT

KIKAKU





MY NEIGHBORS HATE ME . . .
HEAR THEM BANG
AND RATTLE PANS
IN THE ICY NIGHT

BUSON

THAT SNOTTY URCHIN
LEFT UNPICKED
BY EITHER TEAM . . .
AH THE BITTER COLD!

SHIKI

BEFORE THE BUDDHA
EVEN GOOD SPARROWS
BOW . . . PARENTS
AND CHILDREN BOTH

ISSA

A HARSH-RASPING SAW . . .
MUSIC OF
COLD POVERTY
IN WINTER MIDNIGHT

BUSON

YEAR-END REVELLING . . .
STILL IN PILGRIM'S
CAPE MUST I
ROAM MY ENDLESS ROAD

BASHO

SINCE DEAR BASHO DIED
WHAT POEM-MAKER
DARES TO WRITE
"YEAR-END REVELLING"?

BUSON

DEATH-SONG

I WAS ALLOTTED
TWO AUTUMNS MORE
THAN AVERAGE MAN
THE HARVEST MOON

SAIKAKU

DEATH-SONG

ON THE LAST LONG ROAD
WHEN I FALL AND
FAIL TO RISE . . .
I'LL BED WITH FLOWERS

SORA



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