THE FOUR SEASONS

JAPANESE HAIKU

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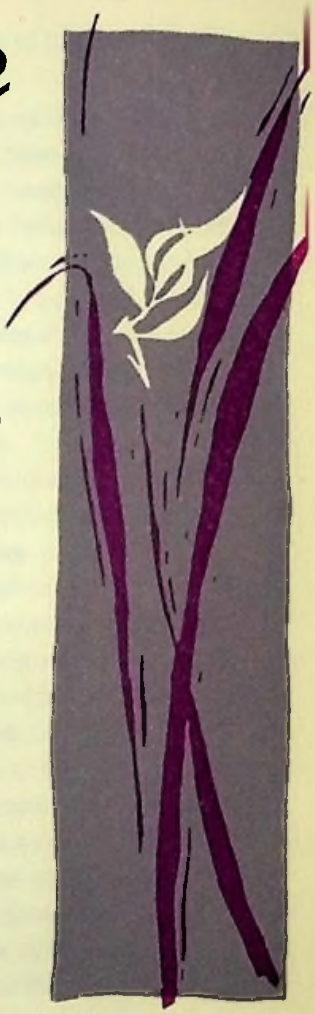
JAPANESE HAIKU
WRITTEN BY
BASHO · BUSON
ISSA · SHIKI · AND
MANY OTHERS



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A NOTE ON JAPANESE HAIKU

THE HAIKU is a seventeen-syllable poetic form which has been written in Japan for three hundred years. It has been enormously popular without becoming banal. For the *haiku* does not make a complete poem in our usual sense; it is a lightly-sketched picture the reader is expected to fill in from his own memories. Often there are two pictures, and the reader is expected to respond with heightened awareness of the mystical relationship between non-related subjects.

This mystical awareness is one of the seekings of Zen Buddhism, and was introduced into *haiku* by the first, best-loved, greatest master of the form, Basho (1644-1694). A second master was Buson (1715-1783) a poet less interested in mystical relationships than in exquisite vignettes. A third was Issa (1763-1827), pathetic, wryly humorous, utterly individual. A fourth was Shiki (1866-1902) —a modern Buson who gives us perfectly-phrased glimpses of more everyday scenes and situations.

Almost every *haiku* holds a season key-word; often the name of the season itself, otherwise a seasonal reference easily understood. The reader must take this key-word not as a statement, but as the author's cue to him, so that he can call up

in himself his own associations and nostalgias, and read the little poem against this background. The present collection is arranged according to the four seasons — except that it starts with the New Year. Then it quickly turns to the melting of the snow, and the first appearances of Spring. In the present translations the seasonal key-word is frequently omitted.

Because the poem is tiny does not mean that it is simple. A good *haiku* is apt to be not only subtle but complex, with inner meanings (often because polysyllabic words are made up of syllables which have meanings of their own; often because phrases used have literary and historical associations). Obviously it is impossible to reproduce such complex meanings in seventeen English syllables, and the present translations do not pretend to be literal or complete.

The seventeen syllables of the *haiku* are usually divided into three lines of five, seven and five. Because of the side-decorations in this edition, the longer second line here is usually doubled-up. The reader's pardon is asked for this typographic indulgence. And his attention is directed to an earlier collection, all the poems being different than these, available from the same publisher under the title *Japanese Haiku*.

THE FOUR SEASONS

DECORATIONS
BY MARIAN
MORTON

SPRING

SUCH A FINE FIRST DREAM . . .
BUT THEY LAUGHED
AT ME . . . THEY SAID
I HAD MADE IT UP

TAKUCHI

EVEN MY GOOD WIFE . . .
EXQUISITE AS VISITORS
ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING

ISO

NEW YEAR GIFT-GIVING . . .
AH, BABY AT HER
BARE BREAST
REACHING TINY HANDS

ISSA

FIRST-WIND OF THE YEAR . . .
THE OIL-LAMP
IN THE WASHROOM
SHUDDERS AND IS STILL

OEMARU

FELICITATIONS!
STILL . . . I GUESS
THIS YEAR TOO WILL
PROVE ONLY SO-SO

ISSA

YEAR'S FIRST CART-LOAD . . .
CUT-OUT PAPER
FLOWERS DECK
THE EMACIATED HORSE

SHIKI

FIRST DREAM OF THE YEAR . .
I KEPT IT A
DARK SECRET . . .
SMILING TO MYSELF

SHO-U

SUN-MELTED SNOW . . .
WITH MY STICK
I GUIDE THIS GREAT
DANGEROUS RIVER

ISSA

FROM MY TINY ROOF
SMOOTH . . . SOFT . . .
STILL-WHITE SNOW
MELTS IN MELODY

ISSA

ICICLES AND WATER
OLD DIFFERENCES
DISSOLVED . . .
DRIP DOWN TOGETHER

TEISHITSU

OLD SNOW IS MELTING . . .
ALL THE HUTS
UNFREEZING TOO
FREE ALL THE CHILDREN

ISSA

A CHILDLESS HOUSEWIFE . . .
HOW TENDERLY
SHE TOUCHES
LITTLE DOLLS FOR SALE

RANSETSU

NOW WILD GEESE RETURN . . .
WHAT DRAWS THEM
CRYING CRYING
ALL THE LONG DARK NIGHT?

ROKA

UTTER FLOODS OF RAIN . . .
WON'T MOUNT FUJI
WASH AWAY
TO A MUDDY LAKE?

BUSON

CLEAR-COLORED STONES
ARE VIBRATING IN
THE BROOK-BED . . .
OR THE WATER IS

SOSEKI

IN MY NEW CLOTHING
I FEEL SO DIFFERENT
I MUST
LOOK LIKE SOMEONE ELSE

BASHO

OH YOU BAWDY BREEZE . . .
THATCHER WORKING
ON THE ROOF
I SEE YOUR BOTTOM!

ISSA

IMMOBLE FUJI . . .
ALONE
UNBLANKETED BY
MILLIONS OF NEW LEAVES

BUSON

SPRING MORNING MARVEL . . .
LOVELY NAMELESS
LITTLE HILL
ON A SEA OF MIST

BASHO

PASSING THE DOLL SHOP
I PICKED UP
THE LITTLEST ONE . . .
SUDDENLY I SMILED

BAISHITSU

THERE IN THE WATER
COLOR OF
THE WATER MOVES . . .
TRANSLUCENT FISHES

RAIZAN

HAZY PONDED MOON
AND PALE NIGHT SKY
ARE BROKEN . . .
BUNGLING BLACK FROG

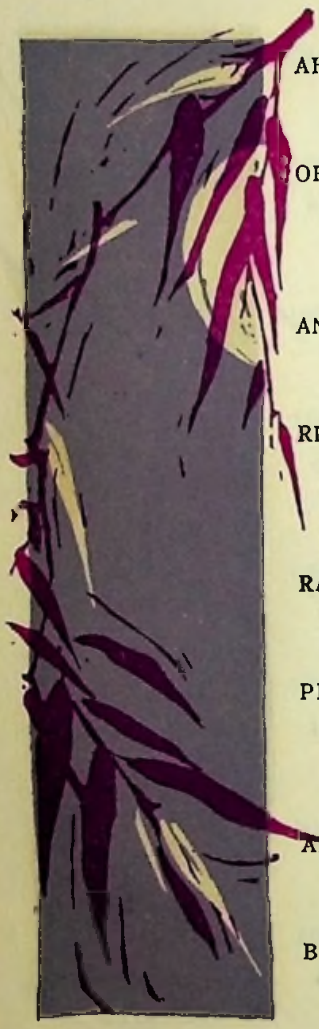
BUSON

SILVER-SOFT RIVERSIDE . . .
DIM SPLASH OF
FAR-THROWN NET . . .
FISHING FOR THE MOON?

TAIGI

PAPER-WEIGHTS PROTECT
GAY PICTURE-BOOKS
IN THE SHOP . . .
INQUISITIVE BREEZE

KITO



AH-AH-AH-CHOO! THAT
SPRING CATARRH . . .
NOW I'VE LOST SIGHT
OF MY FIRST SKYLARK

YAYU

AN APRIL SHOWER . . .
SEE THAT THIRSTY
MOUSE LAPPING
RIVER SUMIDA

ISSA

RAINDROPS IN APRIL . . .
TEARS FROM OUR
WEEPING WILLOW . . .
PETALS FROM OUR PLUM

SHOHA

AH LITTLE WARBLER . . .
THANKS-DROPPINGS
ON MY PORCH
BECAUSE I LOVE YOU?

BASHO

UNDER MY TREE-ROOF
SLANTING LINES OF
APRIL RAIN
SEPARATE TO DROPS

BASHO

FARMER, RAISE YOUR HEAD...
DIRECT THIS STRANGER
WHO WILL SMILE
AND DISAPPEAR

BUSON

GOOD MORNING, SPARROW . . .
WRITING ON MY
CLEAN VERANDA
WITH YOUR DEWY FEET

SHIKI

BEACH FISHERMEN GO
BOBBING OUT . . .
BEACH POPPIES STAY
BENDING WITH SEA-BREEZE

KYORAI

EVEN THE OCEAN
RISING AND FALLING
ALL DAY . . .
SIGHING GREEN LIKE TREES

BUSON

I COULD NOT SEE HIM
THAT FLUTTERING
FLY-OFF BIRD . . .
BUT THE PLUM-PETALS . . .

SHIKI

GLIDING RIVER BOAT . . .
RISING SKYLARKS . . .
RIPPLING SOUNDS
TO OUR RIGHT AND LEFT

RANKO

BIRD-DROPPINGS PATTERN
THE PURPLES AND
THE YELLOWS OF
MY IRIS PETALS

BUSON

SHINING ON THE SEA . . .
DAZZLING SUNLIGHT
SHAKING OVER
HILLS OF CHERRY-BLOOM

BUSON

OVER THE LOW HEDGE
HONEST PLUM
DISTRIBUTES PETALS
HALF INSIDE . . . HALF OU

CHO

RIVERBANK PLUM-TREE .
DO YOUR REFLECTED
BLOSSOMS
REALLY FLOW AWAY?

BUSO

BLUE EVENING SEA . . .
FROM SPRING ISLANDS
NEAR AND FAR
NEW LIGHTS ARE SHININ

SE

THE OLD MESSENGER
PROFFERING HIS
PLUM-BRANCH FIRST . . .
ONLY THEN THE LETTER

KIKAKU

MIDNIGHT FULL OF STARS . . .
DIM CHERRY-PETALS
FLOATING ON
RICE-PADDY WATERS

BUSON

OVER MY SHOULDER . . .
MY FRIENDS WHO
FOLLOWED ME WERE LOST
IN CLOUDS OF BLOSSOM

CHORA

THE SEASHORE TEMPLE . . .
INCOMING ROLLERS
FLOW IN TIME
TO THE HOLY FLUTE

BUSON

LOW-TIDE MORNING . . .
THE WILLOW'S SKIRTS
ARE TRAILED
IN STINKING MUD

BASHO

HERE COMES MR. HORSE . . .
QUICK, QUICK, OUT
OF THE ROADWAY
HAPPY SPARROWLET

ISSA

MOONLIGHT STILLNESS
LIGHTS THE PETALS
FALLING . . . FALLING . . .
ON THE SILENCED LUTE

SHIKI

GREEN . . . GREEN . . . GREEN . . .
WILLOW-LEAF THREADS
ARE SLIDING
RIVER-RUNNING-WATERS

ONITSURA

CHERRY-PETAL DAYS . . .
BIRDS WITH TWO LEGS
GLITTER NOW
HORSES GLEAM WITH FOUR

ONITSURA

HEAT-WAVELETS RISING . . .
PLUM-PETALS
DRIFTING WAVERING
DOWN ON BURNING ROCKS

SHIKI

COME NOW, PLAY WITH ME . . .
FATHERLESS
MOTHERLESS DEAR
LITTLE SPARROWLET

ISSA

NO BOLD RAIN-CLOUD FOR
A HUNDRED MILES
AROUND . . . DARES
BRAVE THE PEONIES

BUSON

IN THE CLEAR FORDING
PALE FEET OF THE
SILENT GIRL . . .
CLOUDING MAY WATERS

BUSON

OPENING THIN ARMS . . .
A PINK PEONY
BIG AS THIS!
SAID MY BITTY GIRL

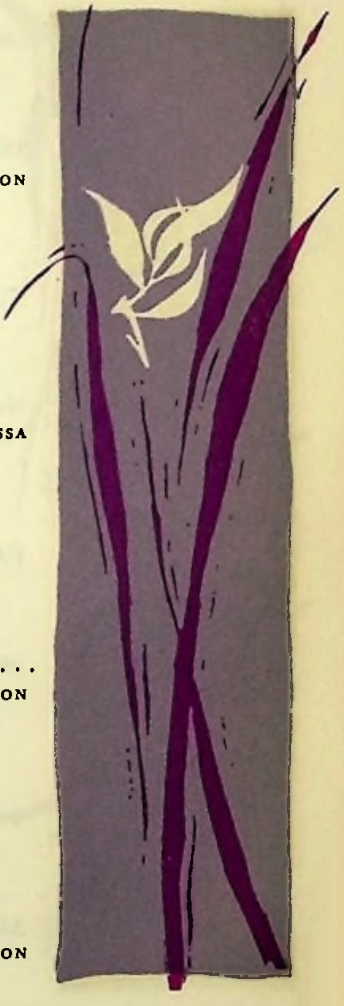
ISSA

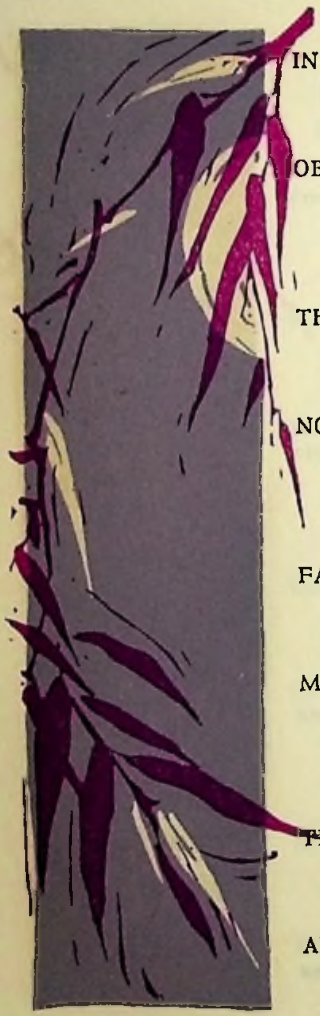
ULTRA-PINK PEONY . . .
SILVER SIAMESE
SOFT CAT . . .
GOLD-DUST BUTTERFLY . . .

BUSON

ENERGETIC ANT . . .
SILHOUETTED ON
THE STILL
SNOWFLAKE-PEONY

BUSON





IN THE YARD PLUM-TREES
BLOSSOM . . . AND IN
THE HOUSE
OBI-BUYING GIRLS

BUSON

THAT WHITE PEONY . . .
LOVER OF THE MOON
TREMBLING
NOW AT TWILIGHT

GYODAI

FACING THE CANDLE
THE PEONY ALSO
BURNING . . .
MOTIONLESS AS DEATH

KYOROKU

THE FIRST FIREFLY . . .
BUT HE GOT AWAY
AND I . . .
AIR IN MY FINGERS

ISSA

LISTEN, ALL YOU FLEAS . . .
YOU CAN COME ON
PILGRIMAGE, O K . . .
BUT THEN, OFF YOU GIT!

ISSA

BUT IF I HELD IT . . .
COULD I TOUCH THE
LIGHTNESS OF THIS
FLUTTER-BUTTERFLY?

BUSON

HANGING SADLY DOWN
AMID THE MERRY-
MAKERS . . .
GREEN WEEPING WILLOW

ROKA SHONIN

OUT OF MY WAY PLEASE
AND LET ME PLANT
MY BAMBOOS . . .
OLD BROTHER TOAD

CHORA

FOR THAT BRIEF MOMENT
WHEN THE FIREFLY
WENT OUT . . . O
THE LONELY DARKNESS

HOKUSHI

NOW THIS OLD POET
EMERGES FROM THE
PURPLE DEPTHS
OF THE CONVOLVULUS

CHORA

PINIONS PULSATING . . .
YOUR MIND
TRAVELING AFAR
BUTTERFLY DREAMER?

CHIYO-NI

MOON-IN-THE-WATER . . .
BROKEN-AGAIN . . .
BROKEN-AGAIN . . .
STILL A SOLID SEAL

CHOSU

NOW HAVING TAKEN
WARMED WATER . . .
THE VASE WELCOMES
MY CAMELLIA

ONITSURA

FALLEN NOW TO EARTH
AFTER DANCING
JOURNEYINGS . . .
KITE THAT LOST ITS SOUL

KUBONTA

KEEPING COMPANY
WITH US, PIGEONS
AND SPARROWS . . .
LOW-TIDE-LOOKERS ALL

ISSA

WHAT, TRAVELING
IN THE RAIN? . . .
BUT WHERE CAN HE
BE WENDING SNAILWARD?

ISSA

SUMMER

WITH MY NEW CLOTHING
ALAS . . . SPRING
HAS BEEN BURIED
IN THAT WOODEN CHEST

SAIKAKU

HANDS UPON THE GROUND
OLD ARISTOCRATIC FROG
RECITES HIS POEM

SOKAN

AS I PICKED IT UP
TO CAGE IT . . .
THE FIREFLY
LIT MY FINGER-TIPS

TAIGI

FLEEING THE HUNTER
THE FIREFLY
TOOK COVER . . .
THE EVENING MOON

RYOTA

SOFTLY FOLDED FAWN
SHIVERS, SHAKING
THE BUTTERFLY . . .
AND SLEEPS AGAIN

ISSA

THE HEAVY WAGON
SHOOK ALL THE
ROADSIDE . . . WAKING
A SINGLE BUTTERFLY

SHOHA

IN THE GOLDEN ROOM
FRIGHTENED QUICK
CALLIGRAPHY . . .
ESCAPING SWALLOW

BUSON

HE WADES THE RIVER
CARRYING THE GIRL
AND SEE . . .
CARRYING THE MOON

SHIKI

FOR DELICIOUSNESS
TRY FORDING THIS
RIVULET . . .
SANDALS IN ONE HAND

BUSON

ELEGANT SINGER
WOULD YOU FURTHER
FAVOR US
WITH A DANCE . . . O FROG?

ISSA

BEFORE THE SACRED
MOUNTAIN SHRINE
OF KAMIJI . . .
MY HEAD BENT ITSELF

ISSA

RAINY AFTERNOON . . .
LITTLE DAUGHTER
YOU WILL NEVER
TEACH THAT CAT TO DANCE

ISSA

ON THE LOW-TIDE BEACH
EVERYTHING WE STOOP
TO PICK . . .
MOVES IN OUR FINGERS

CHIYO-NI

FLOWER-PETAL FELL . . .
THEN THE ROOSTER
CROWED, AND SEE . . .
ANOTHER PETAL

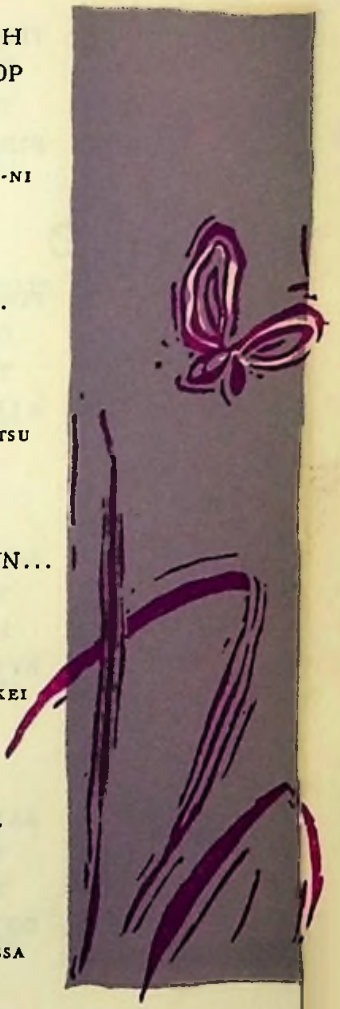
BAISHITSU

DARK THE WELL AT DAWN . . .
RISING WITH THE
FIRST BUCKET . . .
CAMELLIA-BLOSSOM

KAKEI

NOW TAKE THIS FLEA . . .
HE SIMPLY CANNOT
JUMP . . . AND
I LOVE HIM FOR IT

ISSA



THE FLOATING HERON
PECKS AT IT
TILL IT SHATTERS . . .
FULL MOON ON WATER

ZUIRYU

FOR A COMPANION
ON MY WALKING
TRIP . . . PERHAPS
A LITTLE BUTTERFLY

SHIKI

AH GOOD BUDDHIST FROG . . .
RISING TO A CLEARER
LIGHT
BY NON-ATTACHMENT

JOSO

BATS COME OUT AT DUSK . . .
WOMAN OVER
THE WAY . . . WHY
DO YOU STARE AT ME?

BUSON

OVERHANGING PINE . . .
ADDING ITS MITE
OF NEEDLES
TO THE WATERFALL

BASHO

SQUADS OF FROGS JUMPED IN
WHEN THEY HEARD
THE PLUNK . . . PLASH . . .
OF A SINGLE FROG

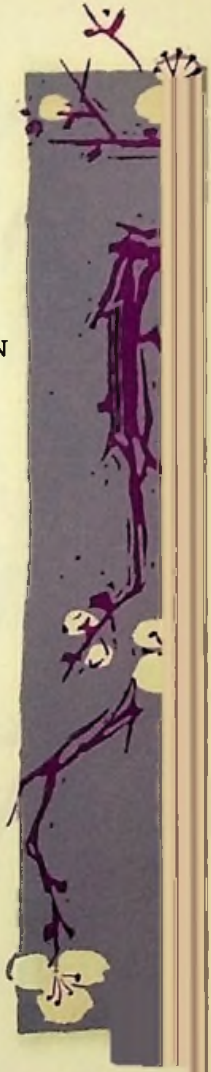
WAKYU

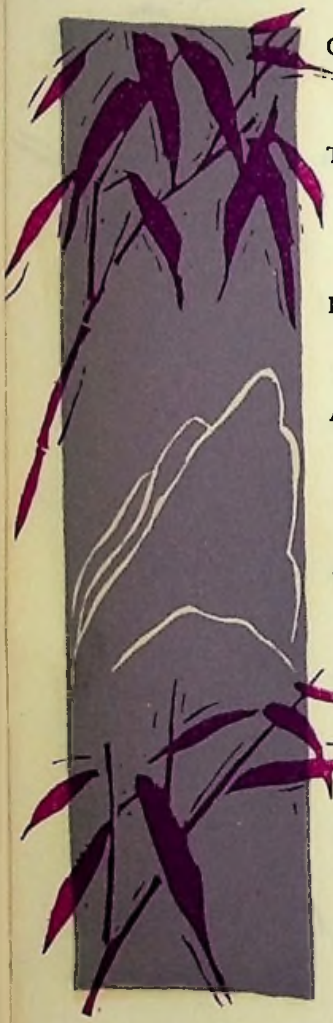
LITTLE SILVER FISH
POINTING UPSTREAM
MOVING DOWNSTREAM
IN CLEAR QUICK WATER

SOSEKI

LOOK . . . THE PALACE . . .
YOU CAN GLIMPSE IT
THROUGH THAT HOLE
IN THE MOSQUITO-FOG

ISSA





CONGRATULATIONS
ISSA! . . . YOU HAVE
SURVIVED TO FEED
THIS YEAR'S MOSQUITOES

ISSA

IN YOUR SUMMER ROOM . . .
GARDEN AND MOUNTAIN
GOING TOO
AS WE SLOWLY WALK

BASHO

JUST BEYOND THE SMOKES
OF OUR SMUDGE
THIS EVENING . . .
MOSQUITO-MUSIC

SHIRAO

DO I HEAR VOICES
FROM FAR LANDS
ABOVE THE CLOUDS? . . .
O . . . SILLY SKYLARKS

KYOROKU

SHORTEST SUMMER NIGHT...
IN EARLY MORNING
LAMPS STILL
BURNING ON THE BAY

SHIKI

MOON-IN-THE-WATER
TURNED A WHITE
SOMERSAULT . . . YES
AND WENT FLOATING OFF

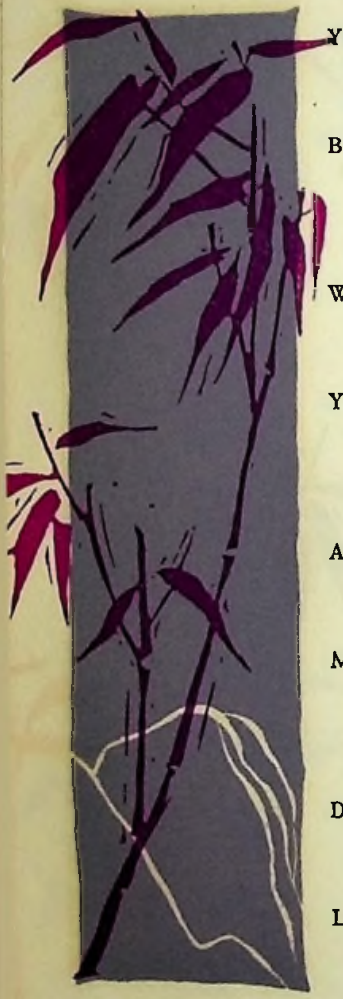
RYOTA

EVEN FLY-SWATTING
BY THESE BORDER
GUARDS . . . O HOW
VICIOUS AND CORRECT

TAIGI

QUICK-PATTERING RAIN . . .
CHANCE AND VANITY
DICTATE
GAY IMPROMPTU HATS

OTSUYU



YOU HEAR THAT FAT FROG
IN THE SEAT OF
HONOR, SINGING
BASS? . . . THAT'S THE BOSS

ISSA

WINDY-WEB SPIDER
WHAT IS YOUR
SILENT SPEAKING . . .
YOUR UNSUNG SONG?

BASHO

AND EACH MORNING
RIGHT ABOVE THIS
LITTLE ROOF . . .
MY OWN WEE SKYLARK

JOSO

DON'T WASTE PRECIOUS TIME
NOW, TAGGING ALONG
WITH ME . . .
LITTLE BUTTERFLY

ISSA

EXPERIMENTING . . .
I HUNG THE MOON
ON VARIOUS
BRANCHES OF THE PINE

HOKUSHI

SWAT SOFTLY SOFTLY
AT THE SICK-ROOM
FLIES . . . BECAUSE
I SEEK FOR SLEEP

SHIKI

THE DEVOTED CLERK . . .
NOT TO WASTE
A JOT OF BREEZE
NAPS ON A LEDGER PILLOW

ISSA

ON HIS GARDEN PATH
THIS SPARROW
SCATTERS PEBBLES . . .
MAN FORGOTTEN

SHOHA

RIVER MOGAMI
WINDING FROM
NORTHERN MOUNTAINS
WASHES WARM SUMMER

SHIKI

SUMMER INSECTS
FALLING BURNT AND
DEAD . . . UPON
MY POEM'S PAPER

SHIKI

YOU ARE JUST TOO LATE
TO HELP ME WITH
THE LAMP . . . MY MOTH
LIGHT-EXTINGUISHER

ISSA

AGAIN COOLNESS COMES . . .
SILVER UNDERSIDES
OF LEAVES
EVENING-BREEZE-BLOWN

SHIKI

AFTER THAT ILLNESS . . .
MY LONG GAZING
AT ROSES
WEARIED THE EYELIDS

SHIKI

THE NIGHT WAS HOT . . .
STRIPPED TO THE WAIST
THE SNAIL
ENJOYED THE MOONLIGHT

ISSA

MY SUMMER ILLNESS . . .
BUT AT LAST MY LIFE
WAS SPARED
AT THE VERY BONES

SHIKI

CAREFUL, CHAMPION FLEA
AND LOOK BEFORE
YOU LEAP . . .
HERE'S RIVER SUMIDA

ISSA

COMING FROM THE BATH . . .
COOL ON HER BREASTS
THE WARM BREEZE
OF THE VERANDA

SHIKI

FUI! A SOUR PLUM . . .
THIN EYEBROWS
PINCHED TOGETHER
ON THE LOVELY FACE

BUSON

HOLY NOON DUET . . .
BASSO-SNORING
PRIEST . . . DEVOUT
CONTRALTO CUCKOO

SHIKI

FARTHER IN THE GROVE
THE LANTERN WALKS . . .
NEARER NEARER
SINGS THE NIGHTINGALE

SHIKI

WITH THE NEW CLOTHES
REMEMBER . . . THE CROW
STAYS BLACK
AND THE HERON WHITE

CHORA

I SCOOPED UP THE MOON
IN MY WATER
BUCKET . . . AND
SPILLED IT ON THE GRASS

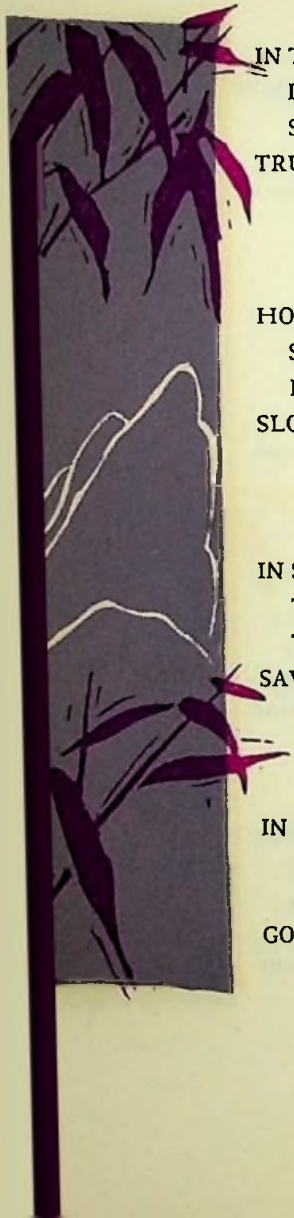
RYUHO

MUST YOU COME TO VEX
MY SICK EYES THAT
STILL CAN MOVE . . .
BED-CRISS-CROSSING FLY?

SHIKI

COOLNESS ON THE BRIDGE . . .
MOON, YOU AND I
ALONE
UNRESIGNED TO SLEEP

KIKUSHA-NI



IN THE ENDLESS RAIN
IS IT TURNING
SUNWARD STILL . . .
TRUSTING HOLLYHOCK?

BASHO

HOT SLOW AFTERNOON . . .
SUDDENLY THE HAND
HAS STOPPED . . .
SLOW-FALLING FAN

TAIGI

IN SUMMER MOONLIGHT
THEY GO VISITING
THE GRAVES . . .
SAVORING THE COOL

ISSA

IN THE MORNING BREEZES
CLIMBING IN A
SINGLE LINE
GO SINGING SKYLARKS

RYOTA

A NEAR NIGHTINGALE . . .
BUT MY HEAD JUST
COULDN'T FIT
THROUGH THE LATTICES

YAHA

A SUMMER SHOWER . . .
ALONG ALL THE
STREET, SERVANTS
SLAPPING SHUT SHUTTERS

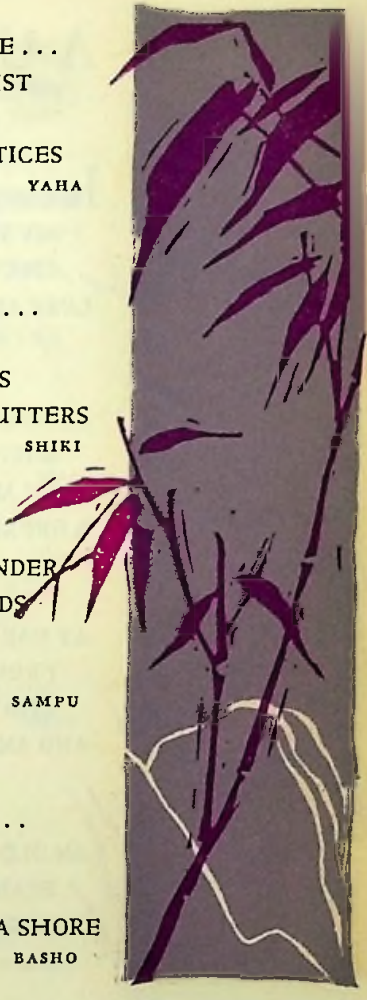
SHIKI

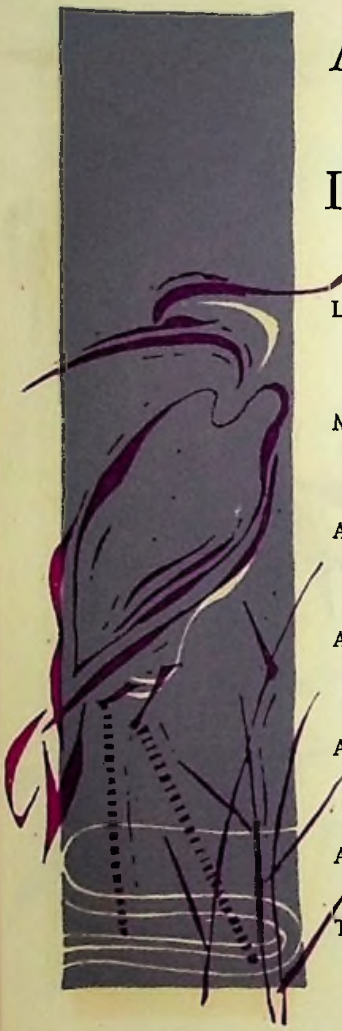
RAINFALL AND THUNDER
BEATING ON BOARDS
AND BLOSSOMS . . .
INDISCRIMINATE

SAMPU

RAIN-OBLITERATED . . .
THE RIVER,
SOME ROOFS,
A BRIDGE WITHOUT A SHORE

BASHO





AUTUMN

IN LANTERN-LIGHT
MY YELLOW
CHRYSANTHEMUMS
LOST ALL THEIR COLOR

BUSON

MORNING-MISTED STREET . . .
WITH WHITE INK
AN ARTIST BRUSHES
A DREAM OF PEOPLE

BUSON

AT NARA TEMPLE . . .
FRESH-SCENTED
CHRYSANTHEMUMS
AND ANCIENT IMAGES

BASHO

AN OLD TREE WAS FELLED . . .
ECHOING, DARK ECHOING
THUNDER IN THE HILLS

MEISETSU

THE GREAT FIRE OF KANDA

HEAT-WAVES TO HEAVEN . . .
RISING FROM THE
RUINED HEARTS OF
THREE THOUSAND HOMES

SHIKI

CHANTING AT THE ALTAR
OF THE INNER
SANCTUARY . . .
A CRICKET PRIEST

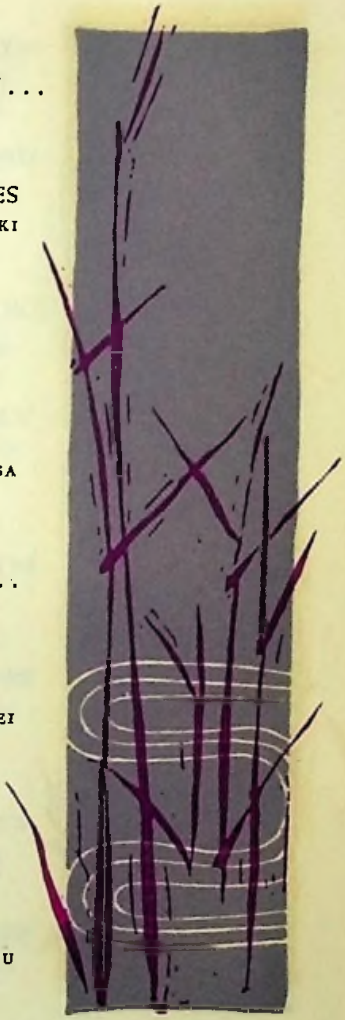
ISSA

SAD TWILIGHT CRICKET . . .
YES, I HAVE WASTED
ONCE AGAIN
THOSE DAYLIGHT HOURS

RIKEI

A SUDDEN SHOWER . . .
TERRIFIED, LOUD
IDIOT DUCKS
HIGH-TAILING HOME

KIKAKU



MY MELONS THAT YOU
STOLE LAST YEAR . . .
THIS YEAR I PLACE
UPON YOUR GRAVE . . . MY SON

OEMARU

ON THESE RAINY DAYS
THAT OLD POET
RYOKAN
WALLOWS IN SELF-PITY

RYOKAN

PITIFUL . . . FEARFUL . . .
THESE POOR SCARECROWS
LOOK LIKE MEN
IN AUTUMN MOONLIGHT

SHIKI

WE STAND STILL TO HEAR
TINKLE OF FAR
TEMPLE BELL . . .
WILLOW-LEAVES FALLING

BASHO

THE EVENING BREEZES . . .
WATER LAPPING
LIGHTLY ON
THE HERON'S LEG-STICKS

BUSON

THE WET KINGFISHER
SHAKES HIS FEATHERS
IN THE LATE
REFLECTED SUNLIGHT

TORI

IN UNENDING RAIN
THE HOUSE-PENT BOY
IS FRETTING
WITH HIS BRAND-NEW KITE

SHOHA

THE CALLING BELL
TRAVELS THE CURLING
MIST-WAYS . . .
AUTUMN MORNING

BASHO

NIGHTLONG IN THE COLD
THAT MONKEY SITS
CONJECTURING
HOW TO CATCH THE MOON

SHIKI

DARK UNENDING NIGHT . . .
ONCE, OUTSIDE
THE PAPER SCREEN,
A LANTERN PASSING

SHIKI

THEY HAVE GONE . . . BUT
THEY LIT THE
GARDEN LANTERN
OF THEIR LITTLE HOUSE

SHIKI

ON ONE RIVERBANK
SUNBEAMS SLANTING
DOWN . . . BUT ON
THE OTHER . . . RAINDROPS

BUSON

SUPPER IN AUTUMN . . .
FLAT LIGHT THROUGH
AN OPEN DOOR
FROM A SETTING SUN

CHORA

SEPTEMBER SUNSHINE . . .
THE HOVERING
DRAGONFLY'S
SHIMMERING SHADOW

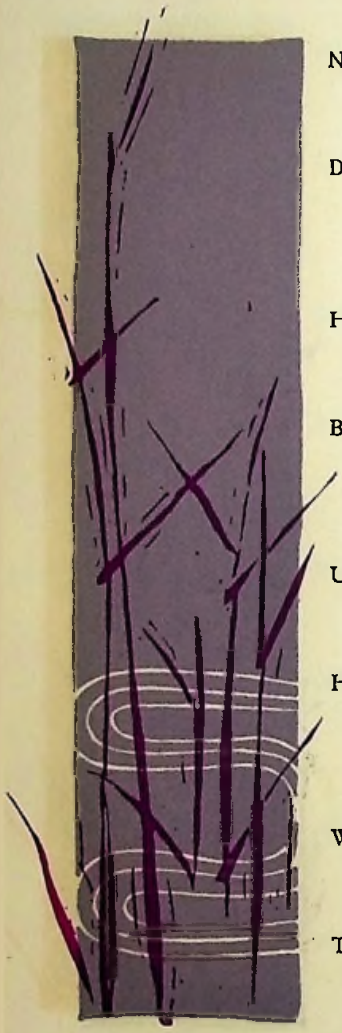
KARO

DO I DARE DEPEND
UPON YOU FOR
FIRM FRIENDSHIP
DEAR MORNING-GLORY?

BASHO

A WINDBLOWN GRASS . . .
HOVERING MID-AIR
IN VAIN
AN AUTUMN DRAGONFLY

BASHO



NOW THE OLD SCARECROW
LOOKS JUST LIKE
OTHER PEOPLE . . .
DRENCHING AUTUMN RAIN

SEIBI

HERE IS THE DARK TREE
DENUDED NOW
OF LEAFAGE . . .
BUT A MILLION STARS

SHIKI

UP FROM MY ILLNESS
I WENT TO THE
CHRYSANTHEMUMS . . .
HOW COLD THEY SMELLED!

OTSUJI

WAKING IN THE NIGHT
I ADDED MY AUTUMN
COUGHING
TO INSECT VOICES

JOSO

JAGGED CANDLE-FLAME . . .
THE VERY SHAPE
OF AUTUMN SIFTS
THROUGH THE SHUTTERS

RAIZAN

URGING ON MY HORSE
INTO MIST-BLANKETED
WATER . . .
RIVER-GURGLE SOUNDS

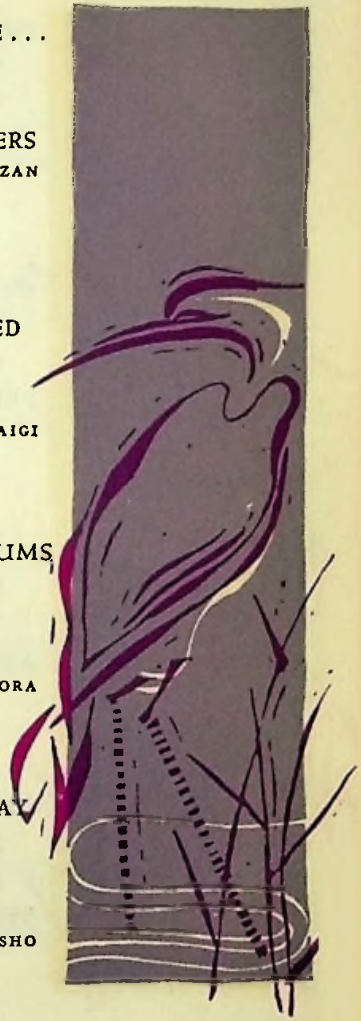
TAIGI

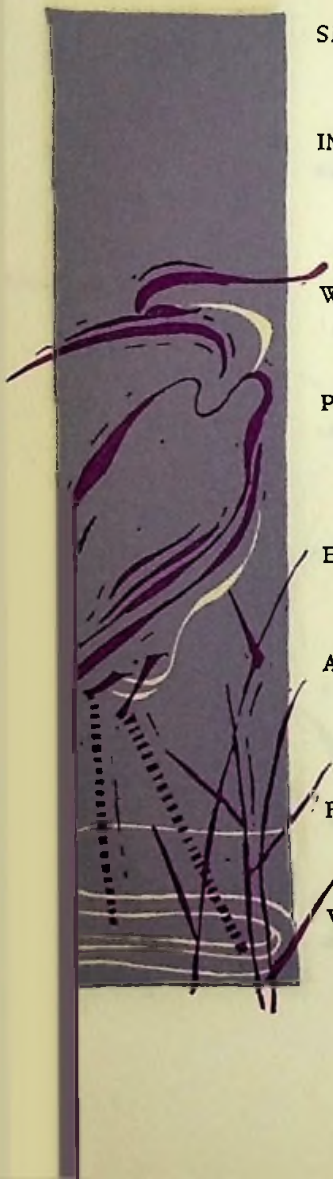
WHITE CHRYSANTHEMUMS
MAKING ALL ELSE
ABOUT THEM
REFLECTED RICHES

CHORA

PEACEFULNESS . . . TODAY
FUJIAMA STANDS
ABOVE US
MIST-INVISIBLE

BASHO





SMACK-ACK...SMACK-ACK...
MEN DRIVING
FISH-NET STAKES
IN WHITE-FOG MORNING

BUSON

WHITE AUTUMN MOON . . .
BLACK-BRANCH
SHADOW-PATTERNS
PRINTED ON THE MATS

KIKAKU

EXQUISITE THE DEWY
BRAMBLE . . .
TO EVERY THORN
A SINGLE DROPLET

BUSON

FROM THE TEMPLE STEPS
I LIFT TO THE
AUTUMN MOON MY
VERITABLE FACE

BASHO

IN THIS SOLID MIST
WHAT ARE THOSE
PEOPLE SHOUTING
BETWEEN BOAT AND HILL?

KITO

NIGHTS ARE GETTING COLD...
NOT A SINGLE INSECT
NOW
ATTACKS THE CANDLE

SHIKI

HIS HAT BLOWN OFF...
HOW PITILESS
THE PELTING
STORM ON THE SCARECROW

HAGI-JO

IN MY OWN VILLAGE
I THINK THERE ARE
MORE SCARECROWS LEFT
THAN OTHER PEOPLE

CHASEI

SWALLOWS FLYING SOUTH...
MY HOUSE TOO
OF STICKS AND PAPER . . .
ONLY A STOPPING-PLACE

KYORAI

AFTER MOON-VIEWING
MY COMPANIONABLE
SHADOW
WALKED ALONG WITH ME

SODO

AFTER THE WINDSTORM
FORAGING FOR
FIREWOOD . . .
THREE FIERCE OLD WOMEN

BUSON

ROADSIDE BARLEY-STALKS
TORN BY OUR CLUTCHING
FINGERS . . .
AS WE SMILED FAREWELL

BASHO

SUDDENLY CHILL FALL . . .
WHY SHOULD THAT
RAGGED FORTUNE-TELLER
LOOK SO SURPRISED?

BUSON

ALL THE WORLD IS COLD . . .
MY FISHING-LINE
IS TREMBLING
IN THE AUTUMN WIND

BUSON

AUTUMN BREEZES SHAKE
THE SCARLET FLOWERS
MY POOR CHILD
COULD NOT WAIT TO PICK

ISSA

SEEKING IN MY HUT
FOR UNLOCKED
MIDNIGHT TREASURES . . .
A CRICKET BURGLAR

ISSA

WINTER

LITTLE ORPHAN GIRL . . .
EATING A LONELY DINNER
IN WINTER TWILIGHT

SHOHAKU

IN THE WINTRY MOON
GALES RAGING
DOWN THE RIVER
HONE THE ROCK-EDGES

CHORA

THE NEW-LAID GARDEN . . .
ROCKS SETTLING
IN HARMONY
IN FIRST WINTER RAIN

SHADO

WHEN I RAISED MY HEAD . . .
THERE WAS MY
RIGID BODY
LYING BITTER COLD

SHIKI

OVER WINTRY FIELDS
BOLD SPARROW
COMPANIES FLY
SCARECROW TO SCARECROW

SAZANAMI

BATH-TUB FIREWOOD . . .
THANKS FOR THIS
FINAL SERVICE
FAITHFUL OLD SCARECROW

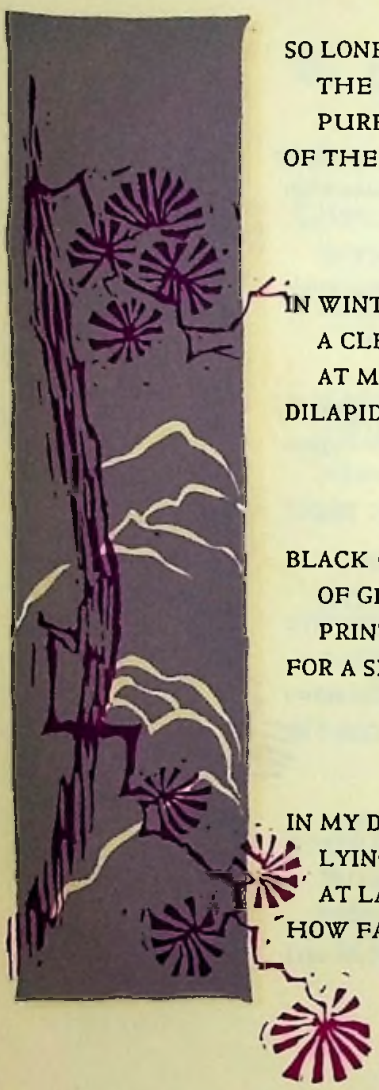
JOSO

MY VERY BONE-ENDS
MADE CONTACT WITH
THE ICY QUILTS
OF DEEP DECEMBER

BUSON

POOR THIN CRESCENT
SHIVERING AND
TWISTED HIGH . . .
IN THE BITTER DARK

ISSA



SO LONELY . . . LOVELY . . .
THE EXQUISITE
PURE-WHITE FAN
OF THE GIRL I LOST

BUSON

IN WINTER MOONLIGHT
A CLEAR LOOK
AT MY OLD HUT . . .
DILAPIDATED

ISSA

BLACK CALLIGRAPHY
OF GEESE . . . PALE
PRINTED FOOTHILLS . . .
FOR A SEAL, FULL MOON

BUSON

IN MY DARK WINTER . . .
LYING ILL
AT LAST I ASK
HOW FARES MY NEIGHBOR?

BASHO

THE OLD DOG LIES INTENT
LISTENING . . .
DOES HE OVERHEAR
THE BURROWING MOLES?

ISSA

A THOUSAND ROOF TOPS
A THOUSAND
MARKET-VOICES . . .
WINTER-MORNING MIST

BUSON

FIRST SNOW LAST NIGHT . .
THERE ACROSS THE
MORNING BAY
SUDDEN MOUNTAIN-WHITE

SHIKI

WHEN THE WATERPOT
BURST THAT SILENT
NIGHT WITH COLD . . .
MY EYES SPLIT OPEN

BASHO

WINTER HAVING TOUCHED
THESE FIELDS . . .
THE VERY TOMTITS
PERCH ON THE SCARECROW

KIKAKU

COLD WINTER RAINFALL . . .
MINGLING ALL THEIR
GLEAMING HORNS
OXEN AT THE FENCE

RANKO

SEE THE RED BERRIES . . .
FALLEN LIKE LITTLE
FOOTPRINTS
ON THE GARDEN SNOW

SHIKI

WINTER-EVENING SNOW . . .
THE UNCOMPLETED
BRIDGE IS ALL
AN ARCH OF WHITENESS

BASHO

MOONLIT SNOWFIELDS . . .
HERE THE BLOODIED
SAMURAI
CAST THEIR NOBLE LIVES

KIKAKU

MIDNIGHT WANDERER
WALKING THROUGH
THE SNOWY STREET . . .
ECHOING DOG-BARK

SHIKI

AS TO ICICLES . . .
I OFTEN WONDER
WHY THEY GROW
SOME LONG . . . SOME SHORT

ONITSURA

IN WINTER MOONLIGHT
FISH-NET STAKES . . .
CASTING SHIFTING
UNEVEN SHADOWS

SHIRAO

COLDER FAR THAN SNOW . . .
WINTER MOONLIGHT
ECHOING ON
MY WHITENED HAIR

JOSO

SO CLOSE . . . SO VAST . . .
RATTLING WINTER
HAILSTONES ON
MY UMBRELLA-HAT

BASHO

LONG-WALKING LANTERN
DISAPPEARED INTO
SOME HOUSE . . .
DESOLATE WHITE HILLS

SHIKI

SOLITARY CROW
COMPANIONING
MY PROGRESS . . .
OVER SNOWY FIELDS

SENNA

STARING DELIGHTED
EVEN AT WALKING
HORSES
IN NEW MORNING SNOW

BASHO

BLINDING WILD SNOW
BLOWS, WHIRLS AND
DRIFTS ABOUT ME . . .
IN THIS WORLD ALONE

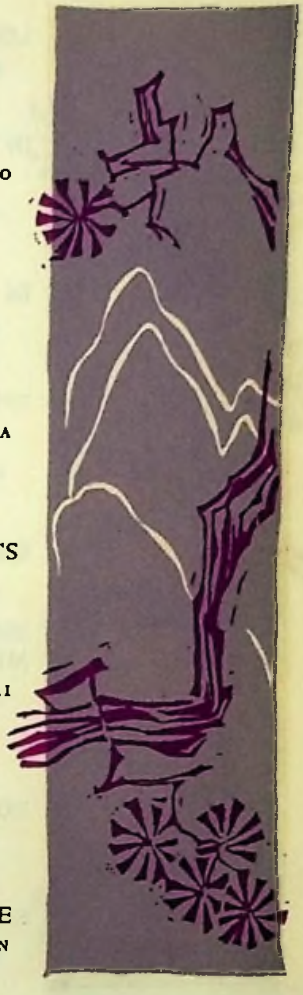
CHORA

WINTER MOONLIGHT CASTS
COLD TREE-SHADOWS
LONG AND STILL . . .
MY WARM ONE MOVING

SHIKI

IN THAT COLD DARKNESS
MY HORSE STUMBLED
SUDDENLY
JUST OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

BUSON



LOOK AT THAT STRAY CAT
SLEEPING . . . SNUG
UNDER THE EAVES
IN THE WHISTLING SNOW

TAIGI

IN MY NEW-YEAR HEART
I FEEL NO FURY . . .
EVEN AT
THESE TRAMPLERS OF SNOW

YAYU

COFFIN AND MOURNERS
PASSED ME WALKING
DOWN THE STREET . . .
MIDNIGHT AT NEW-YEAR'S

SHIKI

TO CELEBRATE NEW YEAR'S
WE FEAST . . .
NEWLY-OPENED EYES ON
SNOWY FUJIAMA

SOKAN

DEATH-SONG:

POET NIGHTINGALE . . .
WILL I HEAR YOUR
LATER VERSES
IN THE VALE OF DEATH?

ANON.

DEATH-SONG:

SUDDENLY YOU LIGHT
AND AS SUDDENLY
GO DARK . . .
FELLOW-FIREFLY

CHINE-JO

DEATH-SONG:

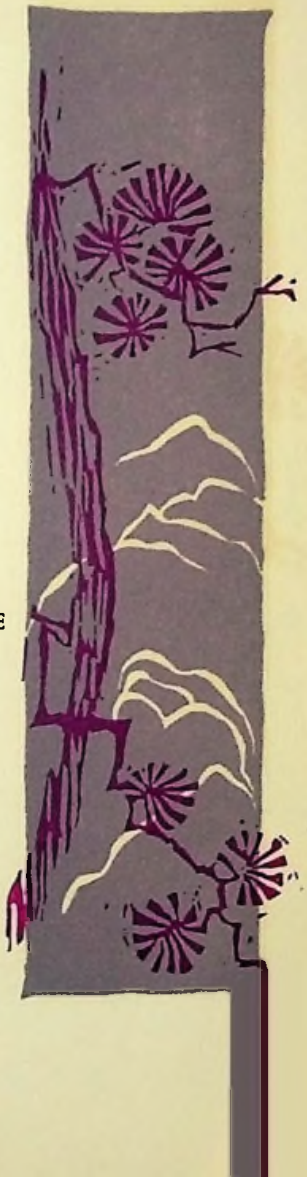
FULL-MOON AND FLOWERS
SOLACING MY FORTY-NINE
FOOLISH YEARS OF SONG

ISSA

DEATH-SONG:

IF THEY ASK FOR ME
SAY: HE HAD SOME
BUSINESS . . .
IN ANOTHER WORLD

SOKAN



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