

# And the Cat, Too

KAZUO SATO

Translation Jack Stamm

And the Got Too

KASNO SATO

Translation Jack Stamm

I keep twelve cats. These  
are some of my cat haiku.

Kazuo Sato

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Sliding door  
left open for the cat  
since it is springtime...



Our elderly cat  
by the white screen door  
applying her makeup.

Days getting shorter  
sunny spots disappear  
... and the cat, too.



New Year's Eve...

all ten cats preempting  
every last seat.

Cat with the sniffles  
snoring and yes it is  
mid-January.

Plum blossoms falling -  
the cat's ears overflowing  
with the sound.

Into spring night  
Darkness goes the cat kicking  
her own shadow.

Kitten climbing  
the stairs into  
spring afternoon.

Cat at dusk recalls  
past lives, stares up  
at cherry blossoms.



Our old cat  
obviously wise to  
my secret liaison.

Forsythias  
making a beacon out of  
the cat's grave.

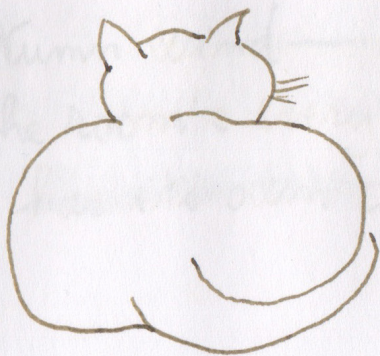
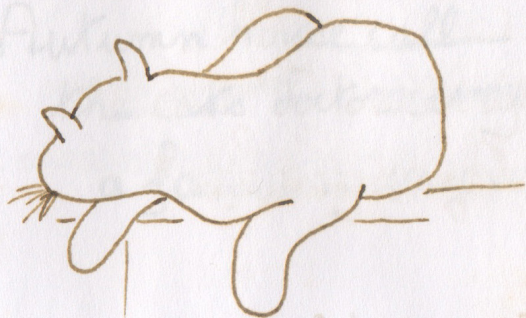
Covering up  
our sick cat and listening to  
crickets and the rain.

For the sake of  
the kitten's grave I cut  
the summer grass.

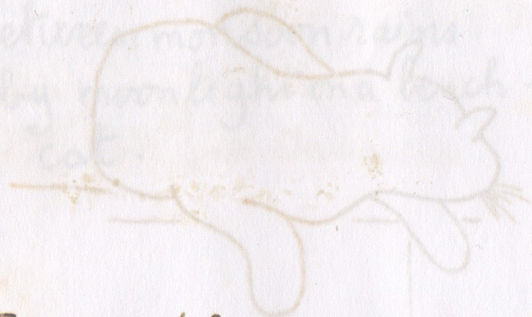
Between monsoon rains  
by moonlight on a bench -  
cat.

Bicycle parked  
by the rose hedge -  
The cat's 'vet.





Between moon & rain  
by moonlight on a bush -  
cat.



The cats' doctor  
come to lavish praise  
on the hydrangeas.

by the rose hedge -  
the cats' vet.



Autumn house call — met  
the cats' doctor carrying  
a sanding wax.

Autumn wind —  
the room's every corner  
has its own cat.



Ten cats  
passing between them  
the year's first dream.

The cats' doctor  
come to lavish praise  
on the hydrangeas.  
In the sunset  
the cat's head nodding  
the coxcombs nodding.

The year's first inkstone —  
I begin by first of all  
kicking out the cat.

You could call it  
a house of cats, our home  
on a New Year's Day dawn.

February's shadows  
on the cats and on the tree  
in our garden, too.

A night in springtime  
when all the cats are wearing  
very thin eyebrows.



Playing  
with the kitten when the world  
gets too damn hate ful.

Gloomy day -  
just the cats here and  
a cold cold rain.

Summer is coming —

the cats are learning  
new yawns from my wife.

At her side  
part of the moth wing, the cat  
is now asleep.

Cat comes chased  
Holding mackerel on her back  
... mackerel clouds.

Cat comes chased  
carrying on her back  
mackerel clouds.

Through the glass door  
the cat is looking over  
a winter sparrow.



The year runs out  
and I'm looking on and off  
at the cat yawning...

The year runs out  
and I'm looking on and off  
at the cat yawning...

Autumn storm —  
how profound the whorls  
in a cat's ear

Rose hedge dividing  
a cat lover from someone  
who purely hates cats.

Rose hedge dividing  
a cat lover from someone  
who purely hates cats.

It is a very common  
saying that a cat's ear  
is a cat's ear.

Put a stone in  
the ear of a cat  
and it will hear  
in a cat's ear.



