

Preface to The Life and Works of Murakami Kijo

My first encounter with “haiku” was in the early 1960s as a high school English and speech teacher. One of the new textbooks had a few haiku as part of the poetry unit. Somehow, I also acquired a copy of the first issue of the first haiku periodical in English, *American Haiku* (1963-1968), founded by James Bull and Don Eulert in Platteville, Wisconsin. Three of the haiku in that first issue continue to be among my all-time favorites. The winner selected as the First Award in the first issue was by J. W. Hackett.

Searching on the wind,
the hawk’s cry
is the shape of its beak.

A. H. V. I, 1, p. 6

Another haiku by J. W. Hackett, which is still my favorite haiku is

Bitter morning:
sparrows sitting
without necks.

A. H. V. I, 1, p. 29

I recall using one of the senryu from *American Haiku* as a tool to deal with a bored and reticent early morning class. This senryu was written by Harvey Firari.

Into the bright pan
of my new day—
rancid bacon.

A. H. V. I, 1, p. 20

In 1974 I began teaching theatre and dance at the National Technical Institute for the Deaf at the Rochester Institute of Technology, in Rochester, New York. One of the performances I witnessed was the deaf students from the Drama Club signing early translations of some of the Japanese classic haiku. These haiku were from the Peter Pauper Press four editions, *Japanese Haiku*, 1955-56; *The Four Seasons*, 1958; *Cherry Blossoms*, 1960; and *Haiku Harvest*, 1962, edited and translated by Peter Beilenson and later by Harry Behn. This experience of seeing haiku in sign language and sign mime gave me a new perspective on haiku as a performance vehicle. For the next thirty years haiku was a part of the class work and presentations by and for the deaf students. I knew of only a few examples of haiku written by deaf poets and those were already a part of our repertoire.

While browsing in a used bookstore in the early 1990s I found a copy of *Modern Japanese Haiku* by Makoto Ueda (University of Toronto Press, 1976). I purchased the book without careful inspection thinking that it might provide some newer

haiku for the students to interpret into American Sign Language. As I later read through the Introduction of the book I found this quotation, "Among the new poets the oldest and most individual was Murakami Kijo. . . . He was deaf, and because of that had had to give up all his ambitions in his youth" (Ueda, p. 13).

Finally, I discovered a deaf Japanese haiku poet who was of note and there were a number of his haiku translated into English by Makoto Ueda. As I devoured every word that was written in English about Kijo I found that he had written two essays about yet another deaf haiku writer, Sugiyama Sanpu, who had been a friend and benefactor to Basho.

On the Internet I found some books in Japanese about Murakami Kijo that contained his haiku and essays. I struggled to have some of the information translated and with the help of a small grant in 1995, I found a student from Japan at the Rochester Institute of Technology, Taizo Nomura, who translated some of the material. Now there was information about two important deaf Japanese haiku poets who with their life stories and their haiku can enrich the deaf culture as well as the history of haiku. But there still was so much more to learn about these poets.

By the mid 1960s haiku had become a part of the fabric of deaf culture because of Robert F. Panara (1921 —). He had used haiku in his English classes at Gallaudet University and as a part of the training of deaf actors while he taught at the summer program for the National Theatre of the Deaf. Many of the deaf community leaders had studied with Bob Panara at Gallaudet, the summer program at NTD, and at the National Technical Institute for the Deaf. At various gatherings the deaf would share their signed interpretations of Japanese haiku that they had learned from Bob Panara. In his book *On His Deafness and Other Melodies Unheard* (Deaf Life Press, 1997), Robert Panara shares his own poetry and how he utilized poetry and haiku throughout his many years of teaching.

This book became a part of my teaching strategy. In 2000, as a way to honor Bob Panara's contributions to deaf culture, I initiated the Robert F. Panara Haiku Contest for deaf students at NTID and the Tsukuba College of Technology in Tsukuba, Japan. With the support of faculty members Midori Matsufuji and Miyoko Hosoya from TCT the contest was a success. Financial support came from the Post-Secondary Education Network at NTID under the leadership of Dr. James DeCaro. PEN-International is sponsored by The Nippon Foundation, Tokyo, Japan. The winners of the first contest from NTID and Tsukuba College of Technology along with Bob Panara were a part of the inaugural celebration of PEN-International, which was shared with audiences in Japan and the United States via Internet video streaming.

The winners of the first Robert F. Panara Haiku Contest appeared signing their

haiku on a large screen located on the front of The Nippon Foundation building in Tokyo, Japan. It was said that this screen was in the view of the Imperial Palace.

This is Jessica McKinney signing her winning haiku on the large screen on The Nippon Foundation Building in Tokyo.



The Robert F. Panara Haiku Contest was the inspiration for several cultural exchanges between students and faculty from NTID and TCT. In one of our trips to Japan in 2005, ten students and faculty visited the Murakami Kijo Museum in Takasaki where

we met Murakami Kijo's grandson, Mikiya Murakami; his wife, Ikuko; their daughter, Akiko; and Kijo's granddaughter, Mrs. Motoko Fukuda. On this occasion we met newspaper reporter and author, Jiro Sakaguchi. We also met Kyoko Tsuruta, a professor of English at Ikuei Junior College, who had been working on translations of Kijo's haiku into English. She gave me copies of her translations, which have been the backbone of my interpolations in this document.



This is the group who attended the Kijo Museum in 2005, including ten from NTID, Kijo's grandchildren, and their friends of the Kijo Museum.

Here are the NTID visitors viewing Kijo's letter to Shiki and his reply.



During the May 27, 2005 visit at the Kijo Museum, five NTID students performed a brief summary of Kijo's life and several of his haiku in American Sign Language for the people who had gathered, including a

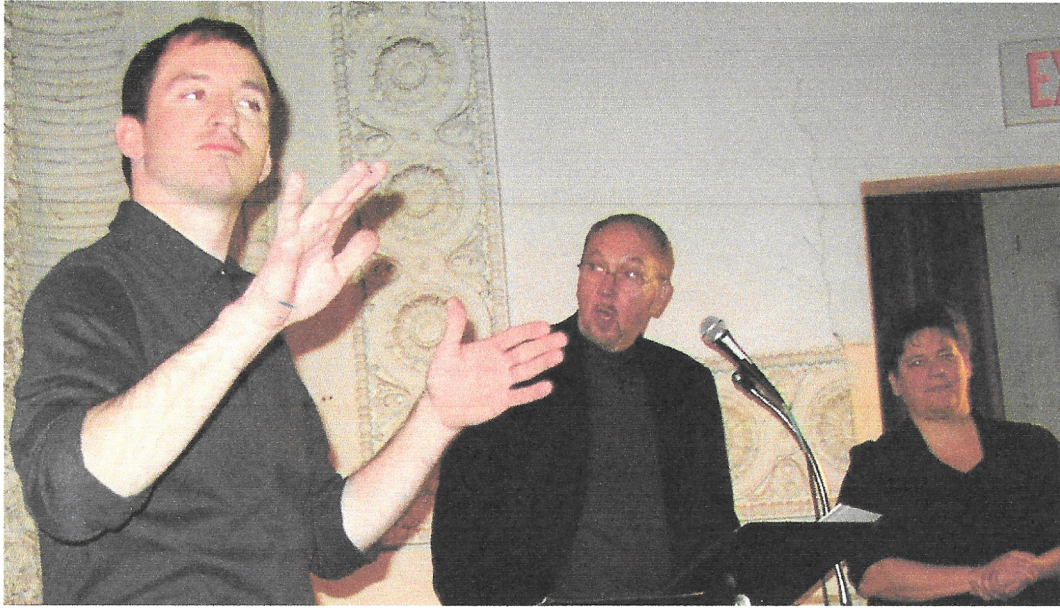
camera crew from a local TV station. This occurred on a Friday afternoon. After the broadcast of the story of our visit and presentation, several deaf folks visited the Kijo Museum for the first time on that Sunday. They were not aware that Kijo had been deaf.

From this and subsequent visits, Mr. and Mrs. Mikiya Murakami and family, Mrs. Motoko Fukuda, Jiro Sakaguchi, and Kyoko Tsuruta have supported my efforts and helped me obtain more information about Kijo's life as well as the translations of his works.



In 2007, two deaf students, Jack Williams and Stephen McDonald, our interpreter, Mrs. Patricia DeCaro, and I went to the Haiku Pacific Rim Conference in Matsuyama, Japan. Mrs. Minako Noma, the hostess of the event had invited us to be

on the program. We presented a summary of Murakami Kijo's life and a selection of his haiku in voice and American Sign Language.



Again in 2009, Gayle Bull, who is the wife of the late James Bull, the co-originator of *American Haiku*, arranged for Jack Williams and me to present a similar program at the Opera House in Mineral Point, Wisconsin, with additional haiku written by Jack and other deaf poets. In the audience were several of the Midwest haikuists, including Francine Banwarth, now the editor of *Frogpond*, and Charles Trumbull, the editor of *Modern Haiku*.

Several faculty members at NTID and people who have seen our presentations have encouraged me to write a book including the information about Murakami Kijo's life, translations of his haiku, some of his haiga, and a discussion of his impact on the haiku world. My efforts follow.

The Life and Works of Murakami Kijo (1865-1938)

Japan's social, political, and cultural transformation referred to as the Meiji Restoration meant that the old feudal system with the samurai-dominated social structure was replaced. Beginning in 1867, major changes occurred in all areas of Japanese life. Japan had begun to have communication and cultural exchanges with her neighbors and with the west. Many aspects of life were under review. This included cultural areas such as painting, literature, drama, and in the brief poetic form, known as *hokku* and *haikai*.

Many English-language haiku enthusiasts seek more knowledge of this point in Japanese literary history when the term "haiku" was first established. Several books written in English about Masaoka Noboru (1867-1902), who adopted the name "Shiki" in 1889, have helped us learn of his contributions taking *hokku* or *haikai* away from its dependence on the longer *renga* form and allowing it to stand alone as HAIKU. It can be said that modern Japanese haiku began in the mid 1890s, when Shiki was writing a series of articles in the *Nippon* newspaper. His manifestoes established a new approach to the creation and appreciation of this poetic form.

One of the early poets who read these essays and joined in the modern haiku movement was a unique man who became known as Murakami Kijo. Most in the English-language haiku world know very little about him and his special contributions to this movement. A brief discussion of his life and examples of his work can be found in Makoto Ueda's *Modern Japanese Haiku* (1976). An even shorter account is in Donald Keene's *Dawn to the West: Japanese Literature of the Modern Era* [Poetry, Drama, Criticism] (1984) pp. 125—127. But there is a great deal more to know about Murakami Kijo, his life, his haiku, and his haiga.

If one has heard of Murakami Kijo, then this poem may be familiar.

kesa-aki ya miiru kagami ni oya-no kao

First autumn morning:
the mirror I stare into
shows my father's face.

Translated by Makoto Ueda

Another haiku by Kijo that can easily be found on the Internet and is considered an example of an important haiku is

suiho-no aiyoreba kiyu hasu-no hana

The moment two bubbles
are united, they both vanish
a lotus blooms.

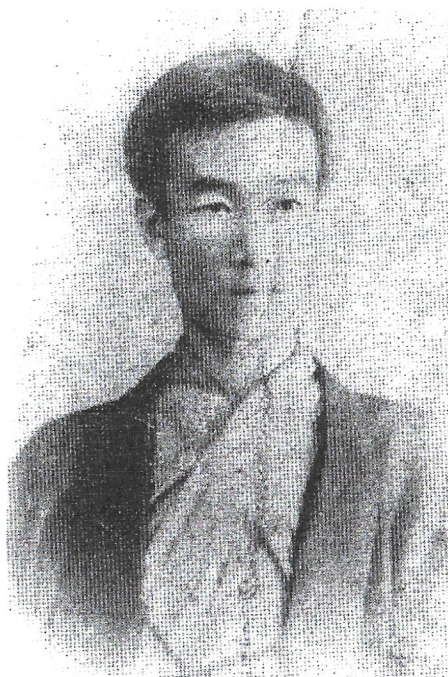
Translated by Makoto Ueda

In this discussion the dates and the names for places in Japan will be modernized. The names for people will have the family name first except for those who are now living and have shown a preference for the alternative. All of Kijo's haiku that are quoted here, were translated by the people named following each haiku or given credit at the end of this document. The compiler of this information has interpolated all other works not credited.

Murakami Kijo was born on May 17, 1865, as Ohara Shoutaro in Tokyo. His father, Ohara Heinoshin, was a samurai in the Tottori clan. His mother, Murakami Hisa, was also from the samurai class. Kijo was the oldest son and was raised to know the manners and customs of the samurai. At this time the samurai class was losing its influence and power. A later haiku by Murakami Kijo reflects these changes in society and especially for those in the samurai class.

haru no yo ya ima yo naki katana-kake

spring night—
now the sword rack
good for nothing



Murakami Kijo at about 17 years old.

At the age of seven his family moved to Takasaki, which is about 60 miles northwest of Tokyo in Gunma Prefecture. Kijo's father became a scribe for the courts in Takasaki. At the age of ten, Kijo took his mother's family name, Murakami Shoutaro. In school he was a good student and studied Chinese, German, and English literature.

As a young man he was in sympathy with the democratic movement and gave several speeches in support of that cause.

At the age of eighteen in 1883, while preparing for a career in the military, he became ill and lost nearly all of his hearing. He attempted to attend a college and study law in Tokyo but his deafness created an insurmountable barrier.

Many of the classes at the university at this time were being taught in English. Because of Kijo's hearing loss, It would have been nearly impossible to understand what he needed to, in order to pass his course work.

In 1888 he married Naka Sumi and soon they had two daughters, Naoe and Yosi. Even after his marriage he wanted to complete his education so he left his wife in Takasaki and went back to Tokyo to study law. However, Kijo's life was difficult trying to earn enough to support his young family and complete his education. During this period he had some financial help from his parents. There were no social services or support for the deaf in Japan in the late 1800s.

Unfortunately, Kijo's life soon became a nightmare. In 1892 his father died, followed shortly by the death of Kijo's young wife.

kan-oke o yuki ni orose ba suzume tobu

the coffin
lowered into the snow
sparrows fly away

Compounding Kijo's problems, his brother lost much of the family money. Giving up on his hopes for a law career in 1893, Kijo moved back to Takasaki and took over his late father's job as a scribe where he copied letters and proceedings of the civil court. For the next three years this widowed father of two struggled to raise his daughters and deal with his grief. This is when he turned to writing haiku and took "Kijo" for his pen name. "Kijo" was the name of the castle in Ibaraki Prefecture where one of his grandfathers came from. As a youth while in school he had explored writing "Chinese poems," which were the precursor of haiku. One of Kijo's first haiku written as an adult and reflecting his situation is the following:

utukusiki hodo aware nari hanare oshi

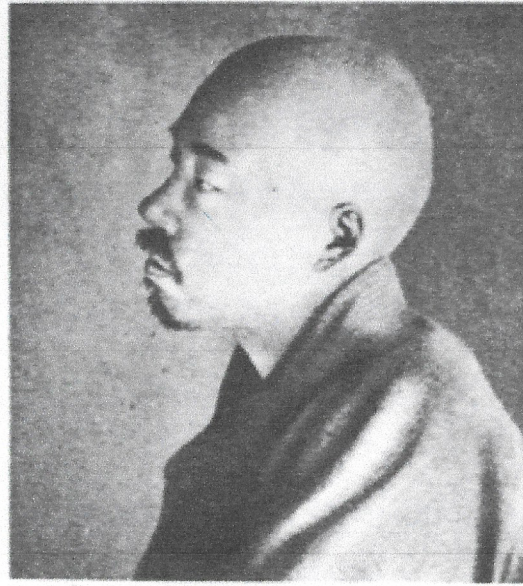
pitifully alone
the beautiful duck
apart from his mate

Mandarin ducks mate for life and Kijo saw himself as the lonely duck with no mate.

Murakami Kijo was acquainted with traditional haiku through his brother and several local teachers who followed the strict rules and style popular at the time. This stereotype style, the hackneyed vocabulary, and the trite themes were

what Masaoka Shiki was rebelling against. Beginning in 1892 and for several years Kijo read Shiki's essays introducing his new haiku style in the magazine, *The Reformist* (Kakushin), and in the newspaper, *Nippon*. Kijo was inspired to write a letter to Shiki early in 1895.

Masaoka Shiki (1867-1902)



Mrs. Motoko Fukuda, the granddaughter of Murakami Kijo, translated the following letters. This author has done some interpolation to provide a more contemporary English style. Kijo is using "haiku" as the name for this independent poetic form for the first time. These letters have not been translated into English before.

Dear Mr. Masaoka;

I hope you will forgive me for my boldness in writing to you without a proper introduction. Now, please allow me to introduce myself. I am learning law and am working in that field as a scribe.

I like literature very much but the scope of literature is too vast for me to attain its lofty heights. I suppose traditional Japanese literature is somewhat too noble or lofty to fit my real life experiences. It is not appropriate for expressing the true emotions of us common people. So I want to narrow it and get more knowledge of a specific area.

However, I understand that HAIKU is frank, democratic and moreover, very interesting literature. That is why I very much want to learn HAIKU.

At present the traditional HAIKU teachers in this district don't know how to get in touch with the essence of nature, nor do they have a keen insight into nature. They don't know that it is the poet's duty to introduce these skills to the general public. They don't have the ability for leading novices either.

It has been a long time since HAIKU teachers have taken an interest in ordinary matters and used common language to express the essence in HAIKU. Under such circumstances, I find myself without a leader except for these old fashioned teachers. I have asked myself where should I go to learn HAIKU?

Just when I lost all hope, I happened to read your essay on HAIKU in the newspaper, NIPPON. After I read your essay once I was so deeply impressed that I read it twice more. I admire your excellent literary sense. My curiosity and my pursuit of the literary way have driven me to your gate. I entreat you to have pity for my solitude and helplessness and ask that you will agree to teach me. If you will grant me the opportunity to be your pupil, nothing could be better than that.

Having a general look at Japan's present situation in the world, with a hundred thousand soldiers going far beyond the sea and advancing as the Emperor's army, it should not be said that Japanese men are only interested in the leisurely pursuit of literature. Nevertheless, when we see that literature is really our spiritual food, we must not underestimate its importance because the relationships between Japan and other countries now have become strained.

I send this letter to you after much consideration and finally making up my mind to do so, with the request that you teach me. Please grant me the opportunity to become your pupil.

I have already read your essays on literature and have the general idea about its nature and usefulness. I know that HAIKU expresses one's thoughts beautifully and artistically. The differences between HAIKU and other sentences used in daily life exist in whether or not they are artistic. Is that correct? If so, isn't HAIKU different from other poetry, also?

What are the special characteristics of HAIKU? How is it unique? Since HAIKU is a part of literature, we can understand most of it. But HAIKU and literature are not quite the same. It is like saying that law is a part of morality but not the same thing.

When I ask these questions of some teachers, who seem to be more advanced in their thinking than others, they answer that the essence of HAIKU mainly exists in knowing the names of birds, fish, animals, trees, grasses, and flowers. Isn't that similar to the old saying that tells us the students of RONGO (written by the Chinese thinker KOUSI [Confucius]) sometimes don't know the essence of this famous text?

What is the best way to learn how to write HAIKU? The teachers say that the skills for making poems are these: read many poems, write many poems, attend many lectures, and try to improve your poetic expressions. Are these skills adequate for writing HAIKU? We can easily see that poetry and HAIKU exist independently and each has their own way and manner for creating them. Therefore, I think students of HAIKU should be taught the particular skills of how to make HAIKU.

- a. Generally, what is the best way to make a HAIKU?
- b. When we learn something is it natural to learn it from the experienced writers? Whose books are the best for us students to study?

Since you are engaged in the hardest work in the world, that of being a reporter at the newspaper company, I am afraid that you won't have the time to answer my questions. May I ask a favor that you look over my opinions and comments and correct them when you have some free time during the next year. I'll be very glad if you do so.

When we make HAIKU we are usually given some limited subjects on which to write. This is not done in other poetry. It seems as if we cannot make HAIKU without limiting the subjects. I think, of course, it is because we should not write about aimless thoughts. The ordinary HAIKU teachers limit the subjects according to the seasons and do not permit the participants to vary. What do you think about this? The short poems called TANKA have declined because of the limited subjects. Isn't this true?

It seems that it is very difficult to make HAIKU because we limit the subjects, to those, which represent a season. So it is said that HAIKU is just the describing things in nature. We can say that sketching things from life is the strong point of HAIKU. But sketching things in a pure way is very rare. It is comparable to the "hair of nine big oxen". Generally the poets now pretend to sketch things using hackneyed expressions but don't really capture vivid life. Moreover the thrust of their commonplace and hackneyed intentions is too obvious.

Is it necessary to use KIREJI (cutting words)? Aren't they too stifling and awkward? Unless there is a gap between words or one is needed to make the intention of a phrase clear, are they necessary?

What about having two subjects expressing the season in one haiku? What do you think about this HAIKU?

me ni aoba yama-hototogisu katsu-gatsuo

outside green leaves—
cuckoo's calls in the mountains
fresh bonito on my table
by Sodo Yamaguchi

Really, I should come to Tokyo myself and ask this favor of you directly, but I cannot afford to do so. I am very sorry to make this sudden request by letter.

Sincerely,
Murakami Kijo

Shiki's reply was written just before he went to China as a war correspondent. During his return to Japan he became seriously ill with tuberculosis and was hospitalized. He spent the rest of his life as an invalid.

March 21, 1895

Dear Mr. Murakami;

I was very pleased to get your letter dated –1895. Allow me to share my opinion about HAIKU. I'm afraid that I have made some mistakes previously, so please forgive me.

HAIKU is a literature, which consists of 17 syllables. It doesn't really have a special nature as literature, but it is very different from other poetry such as traditional Japanese verse or Chinese verse.

HAIKU is a part of literature so it is generally the same in its nature.

The best ways of learning about HAIKU efficiently are these:

First, appreciate good works by experienced people from the ancient days.

Second, is to write many HAIKU by yourself.

Third, beg others for their criticism and have others correct your work.

If you want to read good works from the ancient days, read *Haikai Seven Anthologies (Haikai shichibu shu)*, *500 Works of the Ancient Poets*, and *Buson: Seven Chapters (Buson shichibu shu)*. I think these three books are the best. The later books are unworthy for study.

If you want to make good poems you should actually experience and see many things, especially different scenes in nature and describe these, or if the imagination is stirred by these things then make HAIKU about them.

I am not so experienced or deeply learned. It is audacious of me to criticize others' works, but please allow me to give some of my opinions.

Making HAIKU following the suggested subjects from meetings (*kukai*) is the best way to learn. But you don't have to think that this is the only way to create excellent HAIKU.

The post-positional particles, KIREJI, are good to use but are not always necessary. This need not be a strict rule.

In the case when there are two or more words representing a season, this is not necessarily bad. It depends on whether or not they are concrete images. Two or three clear subjects are permissible.

I am now staying at Hiroshima following the KONOE army as a newspaper reporter. So I cannot answer you as freely as I want. Someday when our army is victorious and we return to Tokyo, I hope we can have a friendly meeting.

Sincerely yours,
Masaoka Shiki

Interestingly, Shiki's manifestoes that clearly stated how the new haiku differs from the old were published in the *Nippon* in 1896. So it appears that this letter helped Shiki see the need for an even stronger split from the past (Ueda, p. 5).

Kijo was delighted and encouraged by Shiki's reply and he committed himself to becoming a haiku poet (*haikaishi*). The impact on Kijo was such that he devoted more time and effort in order to write about the things he knew and experienced. His personal life continued to be difficult and he used these hardships as fuel for his poetic expression as shown in the following poem.

A charcoal brazier in the Kijo Museum.



uzumi-bi ya iko o nokoshite shinobi-naku

the charcoal fire banked—
I hold my motherless children
and secretly weep

Shiki and his followers had gained a foothold in the haiku world and they established *Hototogisu* (Cuckoo), a literary magazine. The above poem was Kijo's first haiku to be accepted and printed in *Hototogisu* in 1899.

During those lonely years after his first wife died, Kijo wrote many haiku expressing his feelings of sadness and frustration as a deaf, widowed parent. Struggling to become a poet had to have been a difficult challenge at this time. According to his grandchildren, he admitted that "I wanted to cast it off, but I couldn't." His feelings and experiences are vividly reflected in his haiku.

nagakihi no mizukara azamuku ni yoshi mo naku (nashi)

long spring day—
I have no reason
to deceive myself

Translated by Kyoko Tsuruta

fuyu-no hi ya mae ni fusagaru ono-ga kage

winter sun—
my own shadow
blocks the way

nogiku sai te shinsyu o hiku nan no I zo

wild chamomile blooms
I start to grieve—
where does it come from?

haru no yo ya naki-nagara neru kodomotachi

spring evening
the poet's children
cry themselves to sleep

ibara no mi o kuu te asobu ko aware nari

playing children
eat wild berries—
how pitiful!

It seems Kijo felt guilt as well as sorrow that his daughters must suffer in their loneliness. His struggle to associate with people his own age in hopes of finding a suitable mate seemed insurmountable. He was unable to hear and understand another person's voice. A deaf man with a low paying job, the father of two daughters, and still struggling to be a poet may not have been considered a worthy husband.

kageboshi no kabe ni shimi iru kanya no hi

the shadow of a man
melds into the wall
the cold night light

tare matsutoshi monaki-mon no oboro kana

at the gate
in a haze I wait
but for whom?

kimi koneba en-za samishiku shimaikeri

waiting in vain—
I put away your
round grass mat

koi-neko no ashi o kamarete modorikeri

the cat in love
returns with a bite
on his paw

In 1896 at the age of thirty-one, Kijo married Matsuura Hatsu. This union subsequently resulted in eight more children, two sons and six more daughters. From conversations with Kijo's grandchildren, Mikiya Murakami and Motoko Fukuda, they revealed that even though the family struggled financially, Kijo encouraged all of his children to become educated. His home was that of a poet and an intellectual. Kijo fostered literary study and sophisticated discussions within his family.

uri-goya ni Isemonogatari aware kana

in the humble hut
of a melon farmer
the "Tale of Ise"

"The Tale of Ise, was written during the Heian Era (794-1192). It is an anonymous story containing over one hundred love affairs of a man named Ariwara no Narihira" (*The Essence of Murakami Kijo*, p. 7, by Kyoko Tsuruta).

Masaoka Shiki and Murakami Kijo never met in person because of Shiki's health and Kijo's poverty. However, Kijo continued to read Shiki's articles and send his haiku and prose articles to *Hototogisu*. On September 17, 1902, Shiki died from tuberculosis of the spine. The following year on that anniversary, Kijo wrote

hechimaki ya haikai kisuru tokoro ari

anniversary of
Shiki's death
haiku's starting point

In 1898 Takahama Kyoshi, one of Shiki's friends, became the co-editor of *Hototogisu* and over a period of time changed the thrust of the magazine from haiku to *shaseibun*, prose sketches from life. Kijo had eighteen of these long prose essays published in *Hototogisu*, in addition to many of his haiku. Much of his prose contains a poignant and sardonic view of his own suffering.



Takahama Kyoshi (1874-1959)

In 1913 at a haiku gathering in Takasaki, Takahama Kyoshi and Naito Meisetsu (1847—1926) selected one of Kijo's haiku for the top prize.

hyakushou ni hibari agatte yo aketari

a skylark soars—
for the farmer
day has dawned

During this time Kyoshi had begun to change the focus of *Hototogisu* back to an emphasis on haiku and had reestablished a more conservative approach to haiku for the magazine. Kyoshi believed "Haiku poets . . . look at life with a 'detachment of mind' which makes it possible for them to bear with, or even enjoy, sad moments of life" (Ueda, p. 11).

By 1914, Kijo's haiku began to be regularly selected as the outstanding haiku in *Hototogisu*. During his lifetime 205 of his haiku were given this honor. The first was the following:

hatsu-yuki no migoto ni hureri omoto no mi

first snow
on the red berries of
the sacred lily (*rhodea japonica*)



Rhodea Japonica

With the meeting of Kyoshi and Kijo in 1913, (Kijo was 48) there began a long nurturing and encouraging relationship. Kijo wrote an interesting two-part article in 1916 about another deaf poet, a disciple and benefactor of Basho, Sugiyama Sanpu (1646-1732). In one of the essays on Sanpu, Kijo quotes Kyoshi's advice to him. "My teacher, Kyoshi, often told me, 'Although your deafness is a disability socially for you, it can be an asset in terms of art and literature.' It sounds like Kyoshi is placating me, however my understanding of his idea brings to mind this word, *kurushimi* (agony, anguish,

hardship, torment, or life-long pain). *Kurushimi* is not the same as punishment, but it is a pain, which every person experiences in different ways, and everyone should be aware of its essence. Accepting *kurushimi* for the sake of truth has been misunderstood. . . ." This is a translation by Taizo Nomura of the "Essay on Sanpu," from *Murakami Kijo zenshu dai ni kan* (*Murakami Kijo's Complete Collection* Vol. II).

Another of Kijo's haiku refers to Sanpu and himself as the two deaf poets who honored Basho during the anniversary of his death.

Basho ki ya deshi no hashi naru buta rouja

among the disciples
two deaf ones celebrate
Basho's anniversary

Dealing with deafness, in a culture that places homogeneity at its societal pinnacle, had to have been an enormous challenge for Kijo. No matter what he did or what he accomplished he was still deaf and person-to-person communication was difficult. Kijo obviously struggled to deal with societal attitudes and with his poverty.

jirou-shu no you hodomu-naku samenikeri

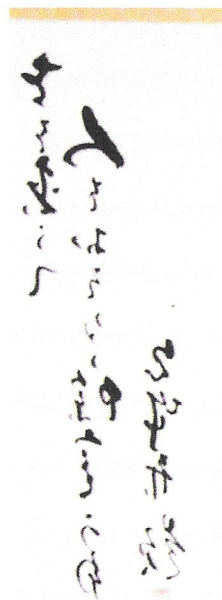
before I got drunk
on sake that cures deafness—
I am sober again

The above poem "published in *Hototogisu* in 1914, may have discharged some of Kijo's feelings of inferiority because of his deafness: the sake he mentioned (a seasonal word for spring because it was sold at the spring festival of certain shrines) was drunk by hard of hearing people, but Kijo could afford so little it had no effect" (Keene, p. 126).

Kyoshi's comment that Kijo's "deafness is a disability socially for you" can be demonstrated by this poem, which as a haiga includes the painting of Kijo's hearing aid with his calligraphy.

yo wo koute hito wo osoruru yokan kana

I long to go out
but I'm afraid of people—
the cold fingers



Kijo's hearing aid, as he illustrated it in his haiga, was a long tube with mouth bell on one end and an earpiece on the other end. At his funeral Kijo's oldest daughter placed his hearing aid in the coffin with Kijo before it was closed.

This photo of Kijo was taken at about the time when he met Kyoshi and began to be accepted as a distinguished haikuist. Although Kyoshi encouraged and



promoted him, Kijo's contribution to the development of haiku because of his own intellect and talents must be recognized.

When one considers what was happening in Japan during Kijo's own lifetime, the country progressed from an isolated, closed empire to a world power that was competing for Asian dominance. Commodore Perry had come with his threatening black ships in 1853. Recently the samurai had been in control with their swords. The slogan for the Meiji era was "fukoku kyohei", which meant "rich country, strong army". By 1940, Japan had become a wealthy country with a large well-equipped army that challenged the world.

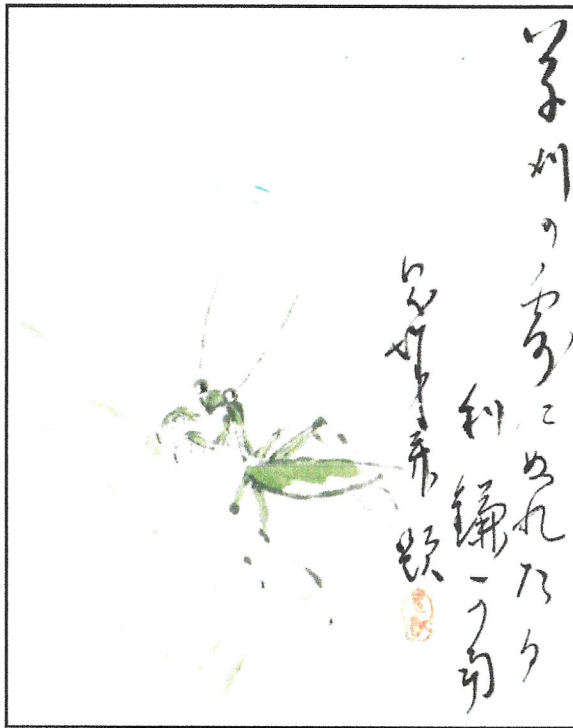
Kijo was certainly aware of his evolving world and his haiku if carefully studied reflect these changes. He still advocated for democracy but in a subtle and careful way. His experiences as a deaf person in that society had to have reinforced his political and social concerns. His reoccurring themes of the small or insignificant beings struggling to live in this large and unfeeling world is the product of his own experience as a deaf person and as a court scribe witnessing the disenfranchisement of the poor, the old, and the downtrodden.

At the same time he tried to follow Shiki's admonition. "The haiku poet's task is to arrange in an orderly way the beautiful things that have existed in disorder, to match in an harmonious way the jewels that have been mismatched. When he writes a haiku on an actual scene, the poet should discard its ugly parts and pick up only its beautiful part" (Ueda p. 7). Trying to see order and beauty in his world must have been a challenge.

Trying to follow Shiki's simplistic approach and be true to his own experience adds to tension and interest in Kijo's haiku. This tension is also reflected in his haiga.

As Kijo matured as a poet he also increased his skill as a painter and

calligrapher. His haiga are still greatly appreciated in Japan. Rarely the subject of the haiku matches the painted image. The following haiga reflect both types. The haiku in these five examples of his haiga are translated by Yasuko Spence.

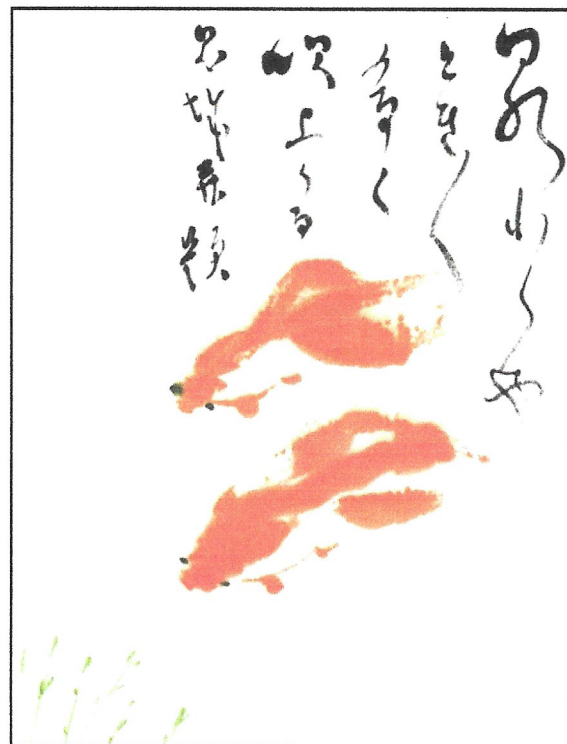


kusa kari no tsu yu ni nuretaru kiri
girisu kana

grasshopper—
after mowing the grass
stays wet with dew

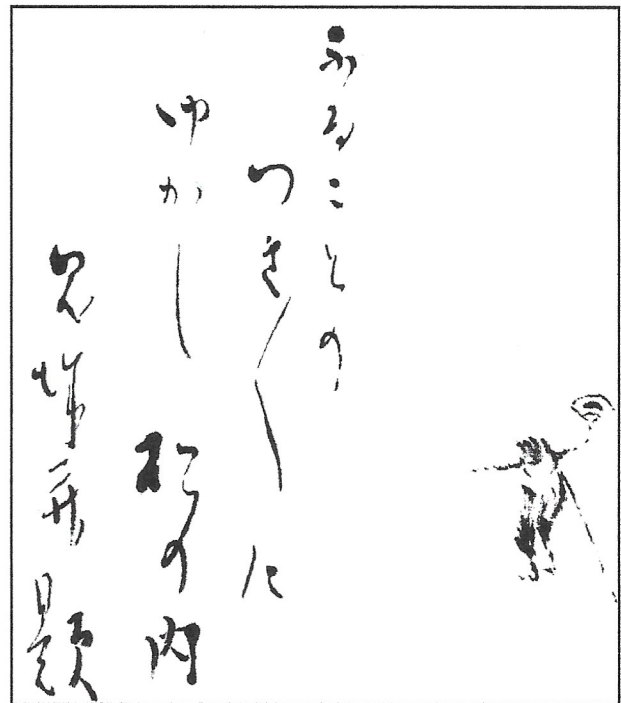
izumi waku ya tokidoki takaku fuki
aguru

a gushing spring
spouts up high—
once in awhile

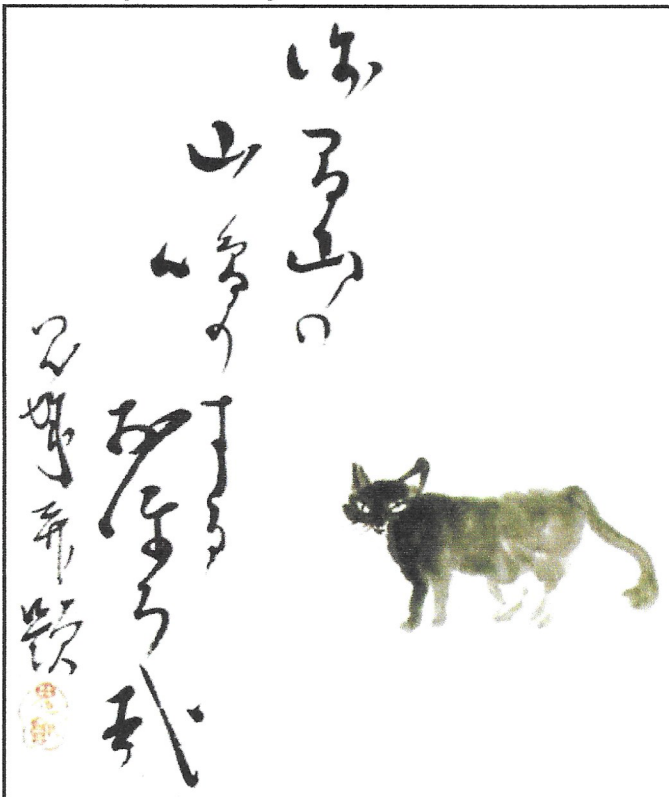


furu koto no tsugi ni yukashi matsu no uchi

old remembrances—
from my hometown, one by one
New Year's nostalgia



asama yama no yama nari no suru oboro kana



Mt. Asama
the thunder from the mountain
vaguely heard this spring

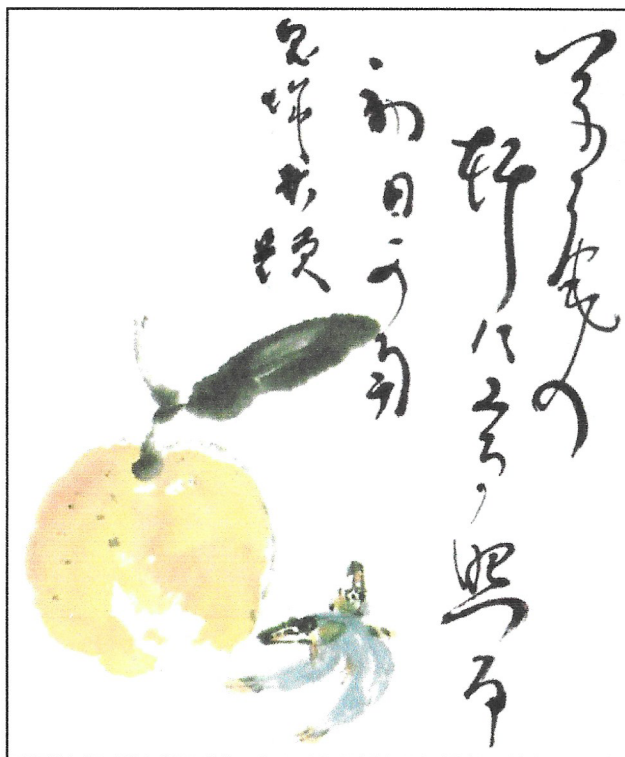
soan no no ki ni ta ka te ru ha tsu
hi kana

on the eaves
of a thatched cottage
the first sunrise glitters

Kijo became more self-assured and
secure in his art both as a haikuist
and as a calligrapher. His later
haiku show this confidence.

inishie o konomu otoko no soba-yu
kana

hot buckwheat soup
I am a man who cares for
the old ways



mugi-meshi ni nami mo mousaji natsu no tsuki

no complaints
against boiled rice and barley
the summer moon

mugi-meshi ni yasemo senso nari furu-otoko

the old man never
gets thin eating boiled
rice and barley

mugi-meshi no itsumademo atsuki taiso kana

boiled barley with rice
stays hot a long time—
scorching summer heat

kuwa no mi ya futatsu mitsu kuite amaki aji

mulberries—
eating two or three
a sweet taste

aki no kure mizu no yo naru sake ni go

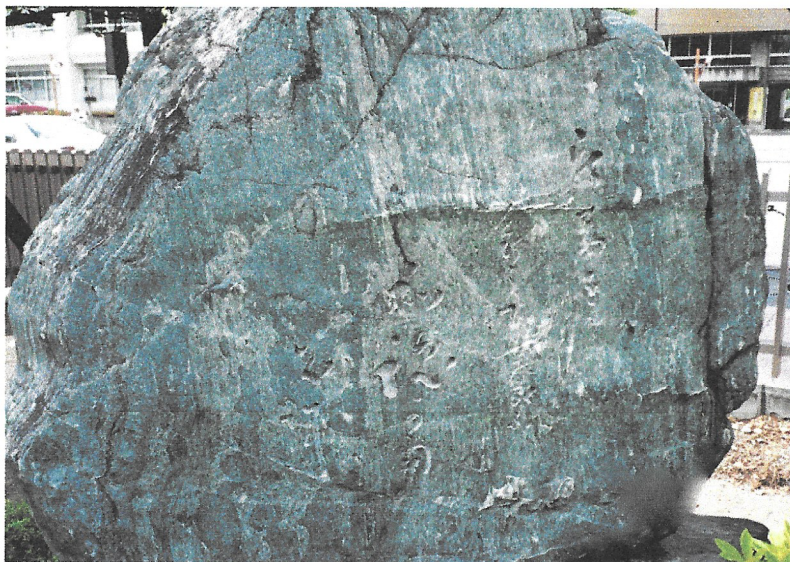
autumn evening—
two bottles of sake
go down like water

ganjitsu ya samishuu-tokeru tsuto-natto

New Year's Day—
straw-wrapped natto
a miserable meal

Boiled barley with rice was the staple food for the poor. With a family of ten children to provide for, their meals must have been simple but filling. Kijo's grandchildren tell about his love of food but he often went hungry to make sure his children had enough. Only in later life did he get to enjoy a variety of foods. "Natto" is a fermented bean dish for which one must acquire an appreciation. The taste and the texture are challenging.

setsubun ya chiro chiro moyuru noppe-jiru



the last winter night—
celebrating with slow
cooked
vegetable stew

The respect for Kijo by others is shown in the nineteen haiku monuments, large stones (*kuhi*), with Kijo's haiku engraved on them. Twelve of them are located at different places in Takasaki. Seven are in different Japanese cities.

The stone in the photo is located at the courthouse in Takasaki. The following haiku is engraved onto the stone.

shimai o kuu te yashinau wakon kana

cups of boiled rice
the first crop of the year
cultivates my Japanese spirit

zabuzabu to soumen samasu ko-oke kana

cooling the noodles
splashing them around
in a small pail

Kijo gained fame and respect as a “haikaishi” but fortune did not follow. In 1915, he lost his job in the Takasaki court. Being a deaf worker in an environment of all hearing workers must have been difficult on many levels.

Itsumo hito no ushiro ni ori te hibachi nashi

always behind
the others—
I have no brazier

During this time his fellow poets and friends helped to support him and his family. They also helped to get his job back as a scribe the following year.

isasaka no kari mo okashi ya oomisoka

New Year’s Eve—
the little money borrowed
a funny thing

The “poem published in *Hototogisu* in 1915 attracted the attention of Osuga Otsuji. . . . Otsuji was so impressed that he compared Kijo to Issa, to the former’s advantage” (Keene, p. 126). Osuga Otsuji (1881-1920) is known for having coined the word “kigo” in 1908. “Kigo” is the concept of the season word or seasonal reference required in traditional haiku. Osuga Otsuji was considered the foremost haiku theoretician of the day and a follower of Kawahigashi Hekigodo (1873-1937).

fuyubachi-no shinidokoro naku aruki-keri

a bee in winter
looking for a place to die—
staggers around

In the *Yamabato* (wild dove) *Haiku Magazine*, Volume 9, Masayuki Nakazato, a respected haiku critic and theorist, discussed the above haiku and expanded on what both Otsuji and Kyoshi had said about it. Motoko Fukuda in 2007 translated and discussed this article. “Mr. Nakazato discusses in an open lecture at the *Tsuchiya Bunnmei* (Literary Museum), Kijo’s thoughts about realism. Nakazato

referred to the appreciation of the poem 'a winter bee/ staggering about/ seeking a place to die' by Takahama Kyoshi. He says that Kyoshi misunderstood the interpretation of this poem and suggests that this poem is more than the one meaning of self-pity and the reflection of the feelings of the object (the bee). . . . His interpretation has influenced Yamamoto Kenkichi as he evaluated Kijo inaccurately. Kyoshi missed another side of the poem. This poem contains Kijo's high aim, ambition or intention to contribute to society." Motoko Fukuda believes that this "place to die" refers to the place that one comes to after a lifetime of work, accomplishment, and contribution. This place is not just a physical place. Mr Nakazato says that he has a feeling "that Kijo means that one cannot die until he accomplishes his life's objectives and then he can die relieved."

This is the cover of Kijo's first collection of haiku. The pine tree painting was by Hirahuku Hyakusui, a well-known artist of the day.



Murakami Kijo's *Collected Haiku* was compiled by Otsuji Osuga and published in April of 1917.

ge-gomori ya kari ni tojitaru usu-
byoshi

summer seclusion
the thin cover of the book
bound in Japanese style

Translated by Kyoko Tsuruta

Takahama Kyoshi wrote one of the forewords. "Gathered together, his haiku revealed a powerful emotional appeal, since many of them embodied his deep, life-long frustrations. He was deaf, and because of that had had to give up all his ambitions in his youth. . . . Thus, Kijo's haiku are characterized by a sad but resigned acceptance of life's unfairness, by a

half-hearted self-abasement and self-alienation, and a deeply felt sympathy towards the weak and the crippled. They include a large number of poems on little animals and insects. It is not without reason that he is often compared to Issa" (Ueda, p. 13).

Kyoshi goes on to say, "When people speak of Issa in the past and Kijo in the present, this is insulting to Kijo. Both poets share a sympathy for the helpless little creatures of nature, but Kijo evinced none of Issa's resistance to the forces

bearing down on the weak and defenseless; he is resigned, ready to accept fate" (Keene, p. 126). Kijo's empathy with the weak and the disenfranchised takes on a political tone.

tsuchikure o kakaete shinuru inago kana

Clutching a lump
of earth, it lies dying—
a grasshopper.

Translated by Makoto Ueda

The above poem reflects the plight of the Japanese farmer who struggled to make a living on a small plot of ground (Ueda, p. 95). Kijo wrote many haiku with the farmer as the subject. The term "tsuchikure" speaks to the meager resources available to the farmer in Japan at this time. When translated literally it means "a lump of earth." The following haiku use this phrase.

tsuchi-kure ni futa-ha nagara no momiji kana

two red maple leaves
fall onto
a lump of earth

shi manugarezu ganzeen ni tsuchikure samushi

inescapable death
a cold plot of earth
in front of me

tuschi-kure ni hae te tsuyu oku ogusa kana

short grass
covered with dew
on a bit of earth

iki kawari shini kawari shite utsu ta kana

Tillers of the earth
living, dying
dying, living.

Translated by Lucien Stryk

Here is another translation of this poem.

after the dead—
the living take their place
tilling the fields

san-gen ya seishi mo ari te fuyu-gomori

among three houses
news of life and death—
winter seclusion

Kijo's way of dealing with the theme of "life and death" reflects "the characteristic nature of Shinto. According to that thought, the transmigration from life (birth) to death is only the changing of the state of existence." (From *The Study of Murakami Kijo*, by Nakazato Masayuki, p. 81, translated by Mokoto Fukuda).

Also with Kijo's understanding that "According to Buddhist thought, all living beings are caught in an endless cycle of birth, death, and rebirth into one of the 'six realms' being reborn up or down the scale according to the extent or lack of one's purity and good deeds in the previous existence. One can escape only by achieving enlightenment."

<http://www.aisf.or.jp/~jaanus/deta/r/rokudouue.htm>

aze-yaki ni majirite sukoshi yakini keru

with the villagers
we burn off some
of the levee

no wo yaku ya potsun potsun to ame kitaru

burning off the field—
rain starts to fall
drop after drop

daitoko no hotokeotoko ya hatake-uchi

the large quiet man
a Buddha
plows his field—

mugi-maki ya nishibi ni shiroki hokamuri

sowing wheat—
a towel covering the face
white in the setting sun

mizu no be ya o-guwa hazushite taue-uma

near the stream
the rice farmer's horse
without a plow

chisaki ko ni hikare te ibau taue-uma

a small child pulls
the rice planter's
halting horse

shussui ya ushi hiki izuru makura-yami

summer flood—
a cow pulled out
in the darkness

kuwa-tsumi no anesama kamuri hoguretari

picking mulberries
the towel around her head
comes loose like a sister's

ina-suzume orin to suru ya o-uneri

sparrows fly down
to the rice paddy
a groundswell

ine-koki ya uchi kaeshi kaeshi ura omote

threshing rice plants—
beating both sides
again and again

moi furuu shizukana oto ya ao-tomi

husking rice
a green winnower
makes a calming sound

mugi-kari ya musume futari no onna waza

mowing wheat—
wonderful work for
two young women

shuko ya shizen kumo naku otaira

autumn planting
four mountains stand flat
without clouds

From Kijo's home he could see four mountains,
Asama, Haruna, Akagi, and Myougi. He uses
some of these mountains as sources for his
haiku.

tane-maki ya banko yurugazu haruna-san

planting rice—
through all eternity
Mt. Haruna remains

aki-zora ya tenchi o wakatsu yama no oh

autumn sky—
the highest mountain divides
heaven and earth

haruna-san oo-gasumi shite mahiru kana

Mt. Haruna
still veiled in mist
at noon

mizu utte take sankan no arashi kana

the rainstorm
punishing the bamboo
in the mountains



A view of Mt. Haruna.

yama-hata o tagayasu nanatsu dogu kana

in the mountains
cultivating the fields with
just seven tools

yama-hata ya nasu emi waruru aki no kaze

mountain farm
ripe eggplants smile—
autumn wind

shu-ten ya takasa arasou mine futtasu

autumn sky—
one peak rivaling
the other in height
Translation by Kyoko Tsuruta

hyoo harete katsuzen to aru sanga kana

the hail is gone—
a sudden view of
mountains and rivers

asamayama no kemuri dete miyo kesa no aki

smoke on Mt. Asama!
come out and see
autumn morning

kuwa kaji ya fuyuki ni chisaki kemuridashi

the blacksmith
at his small chimney
under the mulberry tree

hana chiru ya mimi hutte uma no otonashiki

falling cherry petals
a horse gently
twitches his ears

yase-uma no aware kigen ya aki takashi

the skinny horse
in good humor
autumn sky

yase-uma no mu-getsu ni hayaki agaki kana

a thin horse
gallops under the sky
with no moon

hana chiru ya shujin menjo ni hokuro ari

cherry blossoms fall—
on the sad face
a mole

kusa no to ni hitori otoko ya hana no haru

in the humble house
a man lives alone—
spring flowers

kasa ni suite mimuro no hana ya hosare keri

near home
dry cherry blossoms fall
on the umbrella

shimeyaka ni tomore te tsuyu no ihori kana

quiet and peaceful
the dewy cottage
lights up

saikachi no rakka shite iru shizuka kana

falling blossoms
of the honey locust—
silence all around

ara-kabe no nishibi ni kake te tabako kana

setting sun
tobacco leaves hang over
the plastered wall

koromo-gae yaji kagami o moteri keru

change of style
the peasants now have
their own mirrors

natsu-kusa ya mayu o tsukuri te shinuru mushi

summer grasses—
a silkworm dies after
spinning a cocoon

After a Web search this site was found (<http://www.bika.ac.jp/~tanigawa/>)
“Spring has come!” *Japanese Poets on Death*—MURAKAMI Kijou.

“ . . . I read some of his (Kijou's) haiku in a Japanese textbook for the first time when I was a high school boy. The one cited below was the most impressive of them. Certainly impressive, because I was physically weak at that time, and I knew the world could be very cruel to the seemingly invalid. I compared myself to that silkworm. I lived to be here luckily enough, but still now respect Kijou's fairness to the worm's will to survive. By the way, he is perfectly contemporary of William Butler Yeats (1865-1939), an Irish poet whom I have read for almost thirty years.” The translation of the haiku from this citation is the first version that follows.

natsu kusa ni haiagari-taru *sutego kana

up a weed stalk
a thrown out silkworm crawls
in summer heat

abandoned silkworm
crawling up a blade
of summer grass

*“Sutego” written in kanji, also has the meaning of a child who had been cast away by his or her parents. At different times in Japan the economic situation for the poor was such that a child with a handicap, of any sort, might be abandoned in a grove or along a river. Remember in Basho's *Weather Beaten Skeleton* (*Nozarashi Kiko*) his poignant haiku when he finds and then must leave to the

powers of nature the pathetic, crying abandoned baby girl.

saru o kiku hito sutego ni aki no kaze ikani

poor little monkey
soon your cries will blend
into this autumn wind

Translation of Basho's haiku by Sam Hamill is taken from the Internet video clip on Youtube.

The director of this film is Babak Gray. There is a discussion of this haiku and the scene from the film on this Web site:

<http://www.simplyhaiku.com/SHv7n2/features/Gray.html>

Kijo also empathizes with all creatures who were downtrodden and those with handicapping conditions. But it is more than just empathy. Kijo sees these beings as examples of how fate gives one a path in life with which one must deal.

haru-no yo ya hi o kakomi iru mekura-tachi

spring night
around a lamp sits
a group of blind men

One of Kijo's favorite images is the "blind dog." Following are five of his poems dealing with this topic.

haru samu ya butsukari aruku mekura-inu

cold spring—
bumping into this and that
a blind dog

Here are Kijo's own words as he discusses this haiku as translated by Motoko Fukuda. "Pitiful it is! He cannot show his own true function as a dog. He lives long in vain being disliked even by his owner. Thinking that he is going here and there. Then his appearance as he bumps into things makes me feel so sad. We should realize that not only the blind dog feels this sorrow of life but that every living creature does also. Even human beings can't escape it. Realize that this blind dog in front of our eyes is not the useless dog of the material world but is the manifestation of truth in this universe. . . ."

yuku haru ya oya ni naritaru mekura-inu

late spring—
the blind bitch has
become a mother

aki-same ya yogorete aruku mekura-inu

autumn rain—
the dirty blind dog
stumbles around

oo-yuki ya naya ni neni-kuru mekura-inu

heavy snow—
the blind dog comes
to the barn to sleep
Translated by Kyoko Tsuruta

dai-rai ya sorekiri miezu mekura-inu

a huge thunder clap!
the blind dog
never returns

Kijo includes another blind animal to emphasize his understanding of this handicap in association with his own condition of deafness. Notice that the blind rooster is being “kept” to suggest some value in his existence. Abandonment is a reoccurring theme in his haiku.

toukei no manako tsumurete kaware keri

the fighting cock
still being kept
although he’s blind

hirugao ni neko suterarete naki ni keri

near the bindweed
a cat cries—
abandoned by its owner

taka oite aware karasu to kaware keri

the old falcon
sadly caged
with a crow

kaizaru ya subako wo idete tsuki ni iru

a pet monkey
out of his cage
in the moonlight

The theme of "loneliness" or "sabishisa" (or samishisa) reflects his societal isolation caused by deafness. One can only imagine his feelings of loneliness and the lack of meaningful communication. Helen Keller said that blindness isolated her from her environment but deafness isolated her from other people.

sabishisa ya oto naku tatte iku hotaru

Loneliness:
a firefly leaves
without a sound

Translated by Taizo Nomura

sabishisa ni mado akete minu mushi no koe

loneliness . . .
I look out the window
at the cricket's voice

myouga-jiru ni utsurite sabishi ono ga
kao

a lonely face
reflected in the
myoga soup



Myoga (*Zingiber mioga*) soup is made from the lower buds of a kind of ginger.

nagaki-yo ya so-ou dete kite shitashiminu

long autumn night—
a rat comes out
to be my friend

Osuga Otsuji wrote the second foreword in Kijo's first anthology. He was a professor at the Tokyo Music College in addition to being a recognized theorist in the field of haiku. In March of 2007, Motoko Fukuda translated the following quotation from Otsuji's foreword.

"There are many haiku writers after the Meiji period, but few can make *kyougai*

haiku, moreover if a person has written four or five of his own *kyougai* haiku, he can be proud of this his whole life. In order to write *kyougai* haiku one needs to experience fully the hardships of life. Unless one actually reaches some explicit state of mind, he cannot write *kyougai* haiku even if he wants and struggles to. The writers in the world are, after all, actors. Sadness, sorrow, loneliness, poverty, isolation, loss of interest, and melancholy all turn to be their devices to give haiku color, accompanied with a little of their subjectivity but not by exerting obvious sweat and tears. . . .

"From the ancient days there was in addition to Basho, only Issa who wrote *kyougai* haiku. But in the Meiji, Taisho period there is a writer who follows Basho and makes more elevated poems than Issa. It is our Murakami Kijo, himself". *Kyougai* literally means life's circumstances, one's situation or lot in life.

From *Otsuji hairon-shun (Otsuji's Collected Essays on Haiku Theory)*, ed. by Toyo Yoshida, 5th ed., Tokyo: Kaede Shobo, 1947 (p. 18). Otsuji states, "If one does not grasp something—something which does not merely touch us through our senses but contacts the life within and has the dynamic form of nature—no matter how cunningly we form our words, they will give only a hollow sound. Those who compose haiku without grasping anything are merely exercising their ingenuity. The ingenious become only selectors of words and cannot create new experiences for themselves."

He goes on to suggest, "If 90% of a haiku can be understood, it is a good haiku. If 50-60% can be understood it is wonderful. This kind of haiku we never tire of."

After the success of the *Collected Haiku*, Kijo's self-esteem rose. Also his commitment to haiku was reinforced. Kijo published two more collections of his haiku during his lifetime, one published in 1926, and another in 1933.

Some critics believed that his work lost some of its poignancy and power as he became more successful as a haikuist. "In the end, Yamamoto Kenkichi (1907-1988) found this acceptance of fate (and, by implication, of his own position in life) limited his poetic horizon, and his poetry rarely rises to great heights. Only on occasion did he depict more than a small corner of nature, but his personal integrity and samurai fortitude in the face of adversity saved his poetry from being wholly negative" (Keene, pp. 126-127).

Kenkichi's assertion that Kijo lacked depth and breadth was refuted by several of the contemporary haiku critics including Masayuki Nakazato, as was discussed earlier. None of Kijo's poems should be taken literally. One must study his work keeping in mind that his haiku have several levels of meaning. His experiences of deafness and thus isolation, poverty, with the responsibilities of a large family put him in a unique position. His philosophy and faith were a part of his experience. Many of Kijo's haiku reflect a deep understanding of and devotion to his Buddhist

beliefs. There were two Buddhist temples near where Kijo lived and he studied at both of their private schools. (from Masayuki Nakazato as translated by Motoko Fukuda).

Jionnji no kane to koso kike haru no ame

spring rain
imagining the ringing bell
at the Jion Temple

The Jion Temple is in China and was where the Buddhist priest, Genjo Sanzo, translated many of the sutras into Chinese from Sanskrit, the language used in India, where Buddhism began. This was the beginning of Buddhism in the East. In the book, *The Teachings of Buddha*, a quotation about wisdom expresses how Kijo viewed his own fate. "What is wisdom? It is the ability to perfectly understand and to patiently accept the Fourfold Noble Truth, to know the fact of suffering and its nature; to know the source of suffering, and to know what constitutes the end of suffering, and to know the Noble Path that leads to the end of suffering. Those who earnestly follow three ways of practice may rightly be called the disciples of Buddha" (p. 324).

Ryoshin Temple
in early winter
the gates closed

mi-hotoke no o-kao no shimi ya aki no ame

stains on the face
of the Buddha—
autumn rain

Translation by Kyoko Tsuruta

asa-zamu ya shiroki kashira no midomori

morning chill—
the temple keeper's
gray hair

gyokkai ya botan-zakura ni izayou hi

at the shrine's steps—
the sun lingers on
double cherry blossoms

shunzan ya yane fukikaeru on-yashiro

spring mountain—
the roof of the shrine
covered with new tile

hana no iro mo honokani roboku-zakura kana

cherry blossoms
on the aged tree
slightly pink

utsuro-gi no soegi no sakura sakini keru

a cherry tree
with a hollow trunk
in magnificent bloom

gyokkai no yashoku samishiki basho kana

steps to a shrine
the banana plant
looks so alone

o-dera ya shimoyoke shitsuru basho-rin

the large temple—
shelters from the frost
a banana grove

kaki utte nani ka ama no misora kana

what will the nun buy
after selling the
persimmons?

uchi-tsure te tabi no shirosa ya go-botachi

Buddhist priests
walk together wearing
white tabi

suzushi sa ya byaku-e suku shi-e no so

how cool—
through the priest's purple robe gleams
his white undergarment

ko-byakusho no tera-da no tanishi tsuki ni keri

peasants pick
tiny mud snails from
the temple paddy

Kijo's observances of mankind appear in his haiku partly from his experiences as a scribe in the civil court where he was exposed to the conflicts between different levels of society. However, his sensitivity to his environment and the natural world is where he is most poignant.

nenriki no yurumeba shinuru taisho kana

if I lose willpower
I will die in this
scorching heat

kaido ya hatenaku miete aki no kaze

the road ahead
appears endless—
autumn wind

o-ishi ya futatsu ni warete fuyu zaruru

a large stone
breaks in two—
cold desolate winter

Kijo matured in his writing and became more secure in his talent. His haiku began to reflect this security and the subjects of his haiku broadened, becoming more colorful, positive, and lyrical.

aka-aka to okaze ni shizumu harubi kana

day's end in spring—
a strong wind sinks
the crimson sun

natsu no yo ya toku naritaru hokiboshi

summer night—
off into the distance
a comet

mizukusa no uki mo e sezu ni hutaba kana

water lilies
coming into bud yet
not rising to the surface

hasu no ha ya nami sadamari te ni san mai

two or three
lotus leaves
on calm water

ukikusa ya kumo watari-ite mizu taira

floating duckweed—
a water spider crosses over
the calm water

maimai ni katte noboreri mizusumashi

a water strider
racing a water spider
heading upstream

mizusumashi mizu ni hane te mizu tetsu no gotoshi

the water strider
jumping on the water—
water hard as iron

oo-gumo no kokuu o wataru konoma kana

a large spider
crosses the space
between the trees

naganaga to kumo sagari keri natsu no tsuki

a spider
hangs on a long thread—
summer moon

fukuro ya onoe no tsuki ni mori utsuri

an owl flies
through the woods toward the moon
above the peaks

tsuki ide te tsunbogusa mo nagame kana

the rising moon
even the pampas grass
looks beautiful

The above haiku when thoroughly researched has a very different meaning. *tsuki ide te* means the “admired rising moon” but also can be a sexual pun. However *tsunbogusa* can be a derogatory term for a deaf person. *Mo* in this usage can mean “really” or “extremely”. *Nagame* means “scene”, “view”, “prospect” or “outlook”. *Kana* is the ending word expressing “wonder” or “hope”. So one can interpret this poem a very different way.

the rising moon
that the deaf admire
I wonder about the future

This brings to mind what Kijo wrote in his essays on Sugiyama Sanpu, the deaf poet and friend of Basho's. Sanpu's haiku which began Kijo's discussion is:

katakuna ni tsuki miru ya nao mimi tooshi

persistantly
looking at the moon, still
I can not hear

Kijo writes about the awkward way in which this haiku is parsed with *nao*, which means “yet” or “still” and placed after the cutting word *ya*. Kijo says that the sun is for the hearing but the moon is for the deaf. It was believed in Sanpu's time that by staring at the moon one could improve one's hearing.

Though Kijo could be lyrical and more colorful he never lost his sensitivity to nature's innate cruelty.

shika no tsuno nani ni kaketeya otoshitaru

a deer's antler—
but how was
it broken off?

ho no ha no otsurubakari ni mushi handari

the magnolia leaves
infested with insects—
begin to fall

nama nama to uchi korosare te aki no hebi

reeking of blood
a snake beaten to death—
cold autumn

yusa yusa to oo-eda yururu sakura kana

swaying and shaking
the cherry boughs
in the wind

Over the years Murakami Kijo reached a level of popularity and appreciation, which is reflected in the following quotation. "Takahama Kyoshi in *Susumubeki haiku no michi* (*The Path on Which Haiku Must Advance*, 1918) stated that the best of the 'new poets' were Kijo, Dakotsu and Hara Sekitei. Kijo stood in a class by himself" (Keene, p. 129).

Kijo's haiku reflect more than his empathy for the insignificant and the disenfranchised. He used contrast as a technique in many of his haiku. These include big and small, life and death, far and near, shade and light, hot and cold, rich and poor, and varying aspects of all of these. When going back over his work one can find many examples how this technique deepens the meaning and power of his haiku.

hunabata ni narande aniu otou kana

side by side
a large and a small cormorant
on the edge of a boat

Cormorants were used for fishing. The birds were tied to the boat railing by a

long tether. Their throats were tied off so they could not swallow the fish. When they flew off into the water and caught a fish they would be pulled back to the boat. Then their throats were stripped of the fish. This technique was used by the poor fishermen in Japan and in various parts of Asia.

samidare ya oki-agaritaru nenashi-gusa

early summer rains
weeds with their roots cut
raise their heads

keiei no hanare te toshi kan-ya no hi

shadow of things
far away
the cold night light

zansetsu ya goo goo to fuku matsu no kaze

lingering snow—
in the pine trees
a roaring wind

yuki-matsu no nodokana kage ya yuki no ue

snow on pine branches
their shadows calm
on the snowy ground

fuyu-yama no hi ataru tokoro jinka kana

mountain in winter
some homes stand
in warming sunshine

hageyama ya hatameki kaesu hi-gaminari

a bare mountain—
thunder rumbling
during the daytime

atsuki hi ya dashinuke goto ho hi kaminari

hot day
suddenly—
a thunderbolt

Kijo's imagery continues to be visual but in the previous two haiku he uses the surprise of loud thunder. The low pitch of thunder would be palpable for a deaf man. A person's experiences with nature are full of surprises.

tsuyu suzushi katachi aru mono mina ikeru

cold fog
everything with a shape
comes alive

fuyu kawa ya chiisaki ishi ni nami no hana

winter stream—
blooming on pebbles
water flowers

yama-hata ya neko kaeri yuku hana-gumori

mountain fields
under the hazy sky a cat heads home
cherry blossom time

In the above haiku Kijo experiments with multiple images but it makes a complete spring picture.

kawazoko ni kato no taikoku arini keri

a kingdom of tadpoles
at the bottom
of the river

kaze fui te uchi katamarinu kaeru no ko

blowing wind
tadpoles gather
together

mina-zoko ni kato no doran shite yamazu

bottom of the pond
a riot
of tadpoles

hikigaeru yuube no iro ni magire keri

a toad
mingles with the colors—
evening dusk

hikigaeru ichibaku tsuki ni semari keri

the toad
taking a long leap
toward the moon

enten ni ana ichi no ana no hikage kana

in the burning sun
inside a hole
a shady spot

jugo-ya no tsuki ui te iru furue kana

the harvest moon
floating on
the old inlet

en-zari ni atatakaki sato mieni keri

from a distant mountain
my hometown
can be seen

In these “nature” haiku Kijo asserts the image without empathy, pity, or suffering. These are not *kyougai* haiku. The images are strong and positive reflecting his own confidence and security in the world. In the real world he was still deaf and poor with a large family but he had come to terms with his personal situation. In an essay written by Kijo and found in Mikiya Murakami’s book, *Haikai Shougai* (*A Poet’s Life*, p. 117), translated by Mokoto Fukuda, Kijo shares his surprise and pleasure when he was visited by two well-known haiku authorities. It becomes clearer in this essay that Kijo could not hear or understand the human voice and it highlights his sense of frustration and isolation but also his desire to communicate.

"It was about one o'clock because we went out after having an early lunch. I was on my way to the Kannon hills accompanied by six children, including four of my own and two of the neighbor's. Suddenly a strange thing happened. Two of my friends, Otsuji Osuga and Shiyo Omori, were standing in front of me! Is it a dream or a vision? No, it's real. Otsuji and Shiyo, both live far away. Did they fall from the sky or spring up from the earth?

"I was looking vacantly at them when Otsuji wrote down something on his visiting card. 'After visiting Nagatoro with Shiyo, we decided to call on you. We learned that you had gone this direction so we followed you.' Both friends had gone to Kumagaya from Nagatoro instead of going back to Tokyo.

"They would have had many things to do but they came all this way from Kumagaya to encourage such an insignificant man as me. I was so glad to know of their deep friendship that I was moved to tears. I couldn't say a word at first. I could only look up in their faces. While following them, boundless feelings sprang up in me again and again. I wanted to return home at once, but obeyed them as they wanted to join me to visit the Kannon God in the Kannon hills.

"We returned to a restaurant in Takasaki Park at around four o'clock. There was already an ink stone and a writing brush waiting for us. (Note: With others, except members of his family, Kijo needed to use written communication because of his hearing loss.) We talked to each other using the writing brush. Soon we used up more than ten pieces of paper. All of the paper was covered with theories and comments about haiku. Not one word was mentioned about anything other than haiku.

"It reminds me of the ancient poets at a pleasant poetry meeting. My enthusiasm made me want to cry, BRAVO!"

jigi aisatsu aka kagerou no tobu tokoro

bows of greetings
as the red dragonfly flits
from place to place

Osuga Otsuji's and Shiyo Omori's visit was like a stamp of approval for Kijo. He was honored by the visit of two such esteemed gentlemen and scholars. This had an impact on Kijo's children. They remembered this event and were proud that their father was a respected and honored poet. The children were aware of their father's challenges but they were proud of his accomplishments. His haiku continue to reveal his personal situation of having ten children. Eight daughters and two sons in a small home made for close quarters.

kaya no naka ni oya ima wa nashi tsuki agaru

no room for parents
under the mosquito net
rising moon

bakemono no sena no takasa ya kaya nozoku

a tall apparition
peeks into
the mosquito net

an-nushi ya hina no ma ni neru kita-makura

the master of the house
sleeps in a room filled with dolls
his head toward the north

In *The Essence of Murakami Kijo*, Kyoko Tsuruta explains, "Tradition says that if a person sleeps with his head toward the north, it will bring bad luck" (p. 84).

oya yorimo shiroki hitsuji ya kesa no aki

a lamb is whiter
than its father—
autumn begins

Translated by Kyoko Tsuruta

toshigoro no musume hutari ya wakameuri

seaweed vendor—
I have two daughters
ready for marriage

mushi-buro ya noren kakete haru no ame

door to the steam bath
screened by a curtain—
spring rain

shincha shite goka-koku no ou ni iru-mi kana

tasting the first tea
of the season, I feel like
a king of five countries

o-zora o aochi te kiri no hito ha kana

a large leaf
of the paulownia
provokes the heavens

chi o hanaruru-koto san-jaku nishitte hibari naku

a skylark singing
just a few feet
off the ground

honobono to shoji ni utusuru momiji kana

red maple leaves
dimly reflected
on the shoji

Translated by Taizo Nomura

aki no kumo shirojiro toshite yo ni irishi

autumn sky . . .
entering into the night
the cloud's whiteness

kashi no mi no ochi te kake yoru tori sanba

an acorn falls
three hens
run to it

haru no hi ya takaku tomareru onagadon

spring sunshine—
perched up high
a long-tailed rooster

koharu-bi ni shichimencho no kappo kana

Indian summer
a turkey struts
with great strides

"Kijo and the *Hototogisu* haikuists influenced many of the young poets. Among them were Mizuhara Shuoshi (1892-1981) and Kato Shuson (1905-1993), who

studied the works of the popular poets of the day. Shuson “in order not to be humiliated by others . . . diligently studied the haiku of Murakami Kijo, the poet they most admired” (Keene, p. 160). This haiku by Shuoshi has a quality similar to Kijo’s haiku.

mon tojite ryoya no ishi to ware wa ori

I close the gate
and sit alone with the stones
this beautiful night.

Translated by Makoto Ueda

One of Kato Shuson’s well-known haiku in English is this.

ari korosu ware o sannin-no ko ni mirarenu

I kill an ant
and realize my three children
have been watching.

Translated by Makoto Ueda

Kijo composed many award-winning haiku for *Hototogisu*, but in his later years he let the younger poets take over and he preferred to write, teach, and lead haiku groups.

koharubi ya ishi o kami iru akatombo

pleasant autumn day (Indian summer)
biting a stone
the red dragonfly

shira-shira to hito fumade kururu rakka kana

so white they are
in the darkness
blossoms not trampled

furofuki ya shushin itsumademo otoroezu

boiled radishes—
my wife’s lips remain
red as before

Translated by Kyoko Tsuruta

wata-ire ya toshin mo naku te tsuma aware

padded clothes—
my pitiful wife
without envy

toyama no yukini tobi keri karasu niwa

a pair of crows
flying fast through snow toward
the distant mountain

tani-soko ni yuki ikkai no shirosa kana

the whiteness—
a lump of snow
in the ravine

yuki harete waga tobo no aosa kana

the snow melts
my winter hat
so blue

gantani ya fundoshi tatande makuragami

New Year's morning—
the neatly folded loincloth
above my pillow

“Kijo intended on New Year's Day to wear fresh, clean clothes, even to his underwear; mention of this article (and placing it above his pillow) suggests the inborn dignity of the man. Although Kijo's reputation was never again as high as during the period when he was first discovered, it has not dimmed altogether, thanks to the accents of the common people he brought to the modern haiku” (Keene, p. 123).

otonashiku kazarase te iru hatsu-ni-uma

the decorated horse
delivers the first goods
of the New Year

Kijo's choice of vocabulary and manner of expressing his ideas were unique and appealed to many readers. As he became a well-known poet in Japan, in his later years, he also came to terms with his fate.

haru no hi ya kakita tsure domo mata kurashi

fire light in spring
I stir it up but
It's dark again

shini shinite kokoni suzushiki otoko kana

I am a man—
cool and refreshed after many
deaths of my soul

He continued leading haiku groups (kukai). His eldest son, Makoto Murakami, tells of one meeting in the winter that lasted from 7:00 PM until the customary midnight. A twenty-year-old disciple had to ride his bicycle twenty miles in snow to get home. Kijo had many devoted followers and friends. Often more than twenty men would cram their way into the small meeting area. During Kijo's time only men were allowed to be members, probably due to the lateness of the hour that these meetings concluded and to the limited space.

deshi-tachi no hitotsu hi ni yoru yonaga kana

disciples gather
at the light—
a long night

In 1923 Kijo retired from the court as a scribe. He made his living by leading haiku groups and selecting haiku for newspapers and magazines. One of the kukai that Kijo began in 1925, named *Itsukakai* or the "Fifth Day Kukai," continues today, led by his grandson, Mikiya Murakami.

On June 5, 2005, Mikiya Murakami presided over the kukai. Four haiku were selected by Mikiya Murakami. Jiro Sakaguchi and Mikiya Murakami helped to translate the following haiku.



The second-floor meeting room is where the Fifth Day Kukai continues to meets.

kuwanomi ya manmanto hi wo hitorijime

mulberries ripen
monopolizing
the sunshine

by Kiyo

yowaito ya kyo mo mukuchino hiyakko

getting old
eating iced tofu again
in silence tonight

by Shousei

kotourou ubugenoyouna onokazasu

young praying mantis
still covered in fuzz
raises his hatchet

by Ikuko (Mrs. Murakami)

hizakari ya thinikageotosu kuroageha

a black butterfly
in the heat of the day
casts a shadow

by Keiko

In 1927 a fire that originated elsewhere destroyed Kijo's home. He and the family lost many cherished belongings. Kijo regretted most losing his books and his notes that he had been keeping since he began writing haiku. Upon learning of this tragedy many poets and friends from all over Japan joined together to find, purchase, and furnish a new home for him and his family.

an-nushi no shiwakare koe ni chikabi kana

the harsh voice
of the head of the house—
fire is near

ichi naka ya neya no hi mie te yake nokori

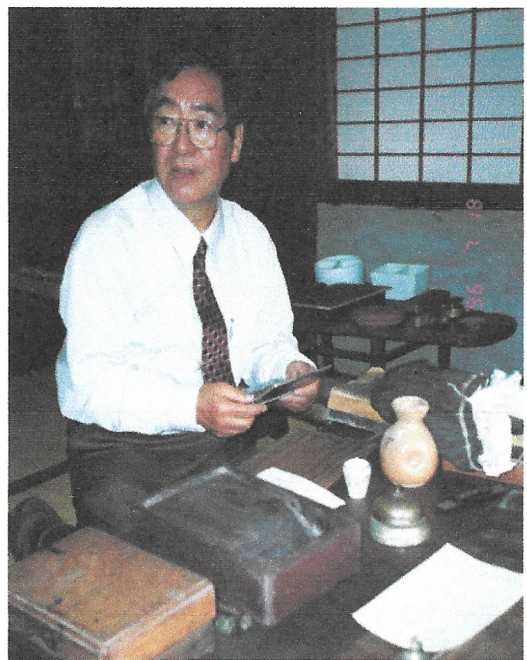
a bedroom light
shows the remains
after a fire

susuhaki ya itchitsu miyuru kusa no yado

wiping the soot off
the cloth book covers
in the old house

This "new" home exists today and is a wonderfully preserved museum, (*Kijyou Souan*) Kijo's Hut, which is operated by Mikiya Murakami and his wife in Takasaki.

In this photo of Mikiya Murakami in the Kijo Museum, he is kneeling at the writing table that Kijo used. This room on the second floor is Kijo's study where he read, wrote, and created his haiku and haiga. Here he had his workspace with his ink- stone, water container, pipes, sake container, a bearskin rug, and a brazier. The bell was used to call his children to come and prepare his ink for composing his haiku. Also, hanging on the wall of his study is the bag in which he carried his hearing aid. All kept as if Kijo had just stepped out of the room.



haru no ame wara-ya fukikae te sumi ni keri

spring rain—
I live under a roof thatched
with new straw

When Kijo talked with his family he did not use his hearing aid. Members of the family would press their mouths to his ear to communicate.

kotori konogoro oto mo sasezuni kite orinu

nowadays
little birds come by but
make no sound

akashiya no sashiki shite iru mon-bushin

acacia cuttings
planted by the gate
under construction

tsuki sashi te hito-ma no ie de arinikeri

the moon shines in—
the study in my house
my own world

kenpoku ya tsubomi misetaru geishunka

at my desk
facing south I see
buds on the jasmine

shira-yuri ya kiri somuki saku taku no ue

the paulownia flower
on the desk turns its back
on a white lily

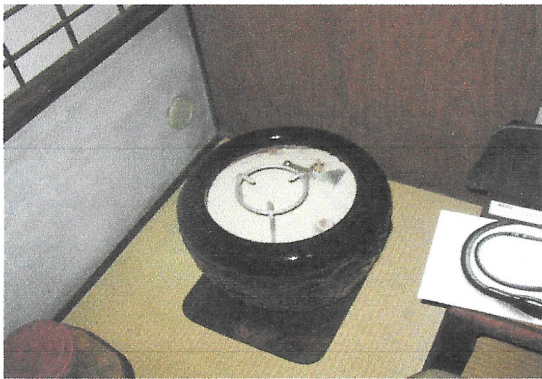
engawa no hi ni eini keru o-ganjitsu

sunshine ecstasy
on the wooden veranda
New Year's day



This is Kijo's desk in the museum set up for visitors. There is a replacement hearing aid.

The brazier near his desk and used for warmth, as well as heating tea water.



Japanese homes at that time had no central heating. During the winter Kijo warmed himself by a small charcoal brazier. He was given the large bearskin rug by one of his friends. Kijo said he felt like a nobleman when he sat on this rug. After working at his desk on the second floor in the cold he would come down to the family room and join the family under the leg and foot warmer called the

kotatsu. According to Makoto Murakami, Kijo's oldest son, sometimes it was so cold that after a long day working in his study, when he undressed for bed late in the evening his frozen clothing would stand where they were.

utsukushiki futon kaketari oki-gotatsu

set in the room
the foot warmer covered
by a beautiful quilt

taratara to oi no huridasu shincha kana

an old man pours
the new tea of the year
drop by drop

akikaze no hukiiru mawari-touro kana

autumn wind
blowing cold
the lantern spins

tsumetakarishi futon ni shinimo sezari keri

my cold futon
I haven't even
died in it yet

futon kake te idaki yosetaru manago kana

spreading the futon
over my child
I draw him closer

kogarashi ya teshi te nuritaru mado no doro

cold winter wind—
by hand I stick mud
around the windows

ro hiraite ro-hen ni kane o kiku yo kana

while preparing
the fire this midnight
I think I hear the bell

samuki hi ya kami mo odorono furugo tachi

a cold day—
an old wife
with unkempt hair

hochoki o tayori ni oinu kure no haru

end of spring
getting old—I rely
on my hearing aid

oibore te bimoku shini taru kotatsu kana

getting old—
personal beauty dies
at the foot warmer

hadaka-mi no irotsuya mo nashi beni no hana

a naked body
has no charm
a safflower

Translated by Kyoko Tsuruta

nyobo o tayori ni ou ya kure no aki

the end of autumn—
relying on my wife
I have grown old

hi wo keshite yo wo fuko-shi nu aki no koe

sitting up late
in the darkness trying to hear
autumn's voices

zakuro chitte sango meno o shiku niwa yo

fallen pomegranates—
agate and coral
scatter the garden

furu-niwa no dokoyara yukashi yae-kobai

the old garden
has something tasteful—
red double plum blossoms

In his spare time Kijo loved to work in his garden. He enjoyed growing vegetables and flowers. From his haiku he seems to have liked all flowering plants and especially chrysanthemums.

tsuchikure ni ko-gusa sakitaru ko-niwa kana

little weeds bloom
on a lump of earth
in my small yard

Translated by Kyoko Tsuruta

ine kake te kakure taru kakine kana

rice stalks
hanging over the hedge
hide chrysanthemums

shiragiku ya usuberi shasite kurui zaki

white chrysanthemum—
on its bloom a suspicious
touch of rouge

medetasa ya shiragiku shiroku ogiku ki ni

happiness!
white mums so white
yellow mums so yellow

shiragiku o koko to sadamete utsushikeri

selecting a place
for the white chrysanthemums
I move them

hukujusou saite hikken tashou kana

the Adonis flower
happily I use my brush
and ink stone



The Adonis flower.

In Nakazato Masayuki's *The Study of Murakami Kijo* (p. 138), as translated by Motoko Fukuda, "From early times it was well known that Kijo liked morning glories very much. In a *shaseibun* (a prose essay from life) titled *The Hole in the Fence*, Kijo writes 'We will not have bad thoughts if we face the morning glory for an hour, that makes an hour zen meditation.' Kijo enjoyed growing morning glories calling it 'the morning glory meditation.' Morning glories from ancient times were used to show the transient nature of life."

tiresome to be explanatory, so, it's important to use the skills that are not obvious and external but that affect the inside. Also, it won't do to discuss the parts of a poem and ask whether they are suitable or not. We must bid our soul to listen for the reverberation. That is important. Although haiku is the shortest poem having only 17 syllables, you must strike the navel when making haiku. It is more valuable than ten million words used in oral explanation.' The student was impressed that Kijo spoke so well."

came to Kannouji
to see the moon in winter—
a wonderful night

ato saki ni kasumi te shirazu ku-kyodai

ahead and behind
my haiku friends
hidden in mist

Translated by Kyoko Tsuruta

One of Kijo's disciples was Tomita Ushio (1889-1977), who became the head of the *Wakatake* haiku group (Young Bamboo) for fifty years. Here is one of his poems found in *A Hidden Pond, Anthology of Modern Haiku*, ed. by Koko Kato with translations by Koko Kato and David Burleigh (p. 43).

yamakage ya hana no uenaru kakeraboshi

Shadowy recess—
high above the cherry blossoms
twinkling stardust

Translated by Koko Kato & David Burleigh

Also found in this anthology is a haiku by Tomita Choji (1940—), who is deaf and blind. He also served as the head of the "Young Bamboo" haiku group. (*Hidden Pond*, p. 136). Again, there is little information in English about Choji.

me mo mimi mo ushinai gege no sagurigaki

The final rehearsal
without eyesight or hearing—
looking for words

Translated by Koko Kato & David Burleigh

Kijo's influence on haiku poets has been greater than many are aware. Even when information in English about Kijo was scarce his haiku and his life's story impressed those who learned of it.

Geraldine Clinton Little (1923-1997) wrote this poem, which was published in *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, Volume 27, Number 4, Summer 1977 (pp.16-17).

Poem for Murakami Kijo (1865-1938) A Poet Deafened by Illness

On shoji panels
shape of a burgeoning moon.
A woman's seed sown

belly gives up fruit.
A Muse breath-sways his cradle.
Son of heaven, he

hears, grasses sigh, sees
the silken shape of wind, feels
the wide pain sparrows

sing in their falling,
sounds that wound the world. The law
he studied needed

coarser hearing. See
he sits in Takasaki
a courthouse scribe,

poverty's worms, snails
burrowing down inner ear,
mouths of ten offspring

vast as the spread beaks
of springtime uguisu.*
Always another

hill of sorrow for
assaulting. The smoked crackle
of burning paper,

his house, possessions
flaring like ascending sun,
spin off, ashen, spent,

only his seeing
eyes essential for hearing
loss, for old tears wept.

All vicissitudes,
fleas of existence, are scratched
away in brushing

images in words
scant as a new moon, profound
as a jumping frog,

He hears the way wind
brings a moment of moonlight
to the hidden reed,

the way in a flash
of lightning the white spider
whiter is. Poets

may hear with ears stopped
still, inexplicable song
lute-strummed by a Muse.



*Uguisu is the Japanese bush warbler, *Cettia Diphone*, is very shy and is heard but seldom seen.

Where Geraldine Clinton Little got her information about Murakami Kijo is unknown except that Makoto Ueda's *Modern Japanese Haiku* was published in 1976, and was widely read by haiku enthusiasts. Geraldine Clinton Little was a pioneer in English-language haiku and wrote many well-received haiku and several books of poetry. In her life she had great empathy for those who were in need or who were suffering.

In the following haiku, Kijo shows juxtaposed images that were also revealed in a famous American poem.

akaku nutte basha atarashiki fubuki kana

the brand new wagon
painted red—
a snowstorm

This surely brings to mind, William Carlos Williams (1883-1963).

The Red Wheelbarrow (1923)

so much depends
upon

a red.
wheelbarrow

glazed with rain
water

beside the white
chickens

It is possible but highly unlikely that either poet could have seen the other poet's work. The juxtaposition of the red and white can be appreciated in both languages.

Murakami Kijo died at the age of 74 of stomach cancer and his funeral took place on September 20, 1938. His life is and should be an inspiration for all those who feel disenfranchised or have a condition that seems to be a handicap. He certainly is a role model for all who have physical challenges.



The bust of Kijo at the Museum.

In Takasaki, in early June of 2005, it was an honor to go, with Kijo's grandson, Mikiya Murakami, and his friend, Jiro Sakaguchi, to Kijo's place of internment. Following the custom, we took water to wash his memorial monument.

harusame ya tashika ni mi-taru ishi-no
sei

spring rain
certainly I see spirits
rise from that stone



Mikiya Murakami and Jiro Sakaguchi poured water over Kijo's Monument.

I owe a great debt to Mikiya Murakami, his wife, Ikuko, and their family for their support and hospitality. Also to Motoko Fukuda, who translated many articles and other materials that have been used here. Their hard work and love for their grandfather kept me interested and inspired. To Kyoko Tsuruta and Jiro Sakaguchi, their hospitality, information, and translations were essential to this project. Thanks go to Taizo Nomura, Minako Noma, Yasuko Spence, and the works of Donald Keene, and Makoto Ueda for their information and their translations.

For all of the haiku that I interpolated, one of these people did the original romaji and/or translations to make this work possible. Thank you!

I tried to render Kijo's haiku into contemporary American English so that students of English-language haiku might appreciate them more fully.

Also I must thank Jiro Sakaguchi, Fred Nuernberg, and Pamela Miller Ness for reading the early versions and giving me their helpful feedback.

My admiration and gratitude goes to my "flower friend," and wonderful haiku poet, Francine Banwarth, who edited this manuscript and inspired me to continue working on this project. Thanks goes to Gayle Bull and Kelly Bull for their friendship and encouragement while I lived in Mineral Point, Wisconsin, during four winters trying to finish this book.

Appreciation and gratitude also goes to Dr. James DeCaro, PEN-International of the National Technical Institute for the Deaf at the Rochester Institute of Technology, and The Nippon Foundation of Japan for their support.

Jerome Cushman



This is a photo of Mr. and Mrs. Mikiya Murakami, their daughter, Akiko, and Jerome Cushman during his first visit to the Kijo Museum.