

# To Kyoto

Allan Burns



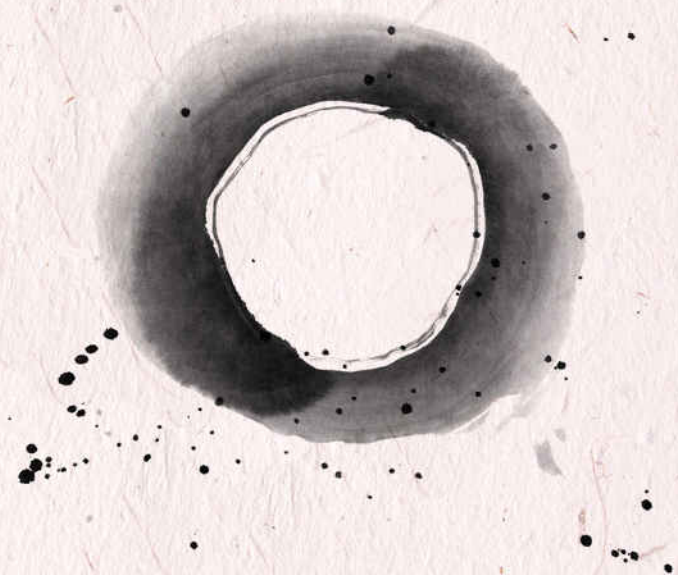
Moss



# To Kyoto

Words by Allan Burns

Art & design by Ron C. Moss



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for Yoshiko, who made the journey possible ...  
... and for Theresa, who shared it with me.



In April 2016, my wife Theresa and I fulfilled a longheld dream of traveling to Japan. We divided our time between Tokyo (with its endless skyscrapers and 38 million inhabitants) and Kyoto (with its surprising juxtapositions of ancientness and modernity). Temples, shrines, gardens, museums, and so forth commanded our attention. We also took a side trip from Tokyo to Kamakura to visit Kurosawa's gravesite and the Great Buddha. These haiku arose along the way.

"The journey itself is home."

—Bashō

dawn's graying . . .  
crows swoop into  
the skyscraper canyon



hayfever masks—  
Tokyo Station  
at rush hour

petals blowing into the underground



Kurosawa's gravesite—  
the up-ending whistle  
of a bush warbler



wings still  
a black kite rises—  
the Great Buddha

homes just a blur  
from the shinkansen—  
Fuji lost to haze





shoes off . . .  
a barn swallow nests  
under the hall's eaves

wooden sledge—  
the temple hauled  
from snowy peaks

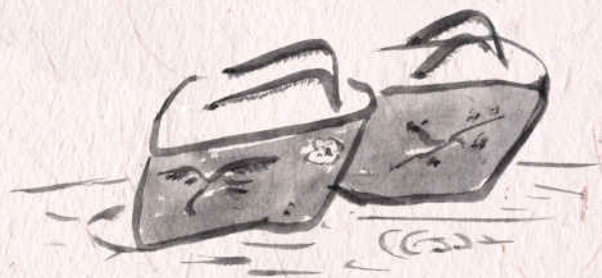
a wagtail  
works the river . . .  
blossoms still



sidestreet roses . . .

Old Kyoto  
reveals itself

a geisha small-steps  
the pebbled way . . .  
rain sweeps from the hills



columns linked  
by spider threads—  
the shogun's garden



Kiyomizu Temple—  
bush warblers sing  
far and near

not sure of the way . . .  
key to the granary  
in the fox's mouth



so far from home . . .  
our lives have led us  
to this lantern



silver pavilion—  
a geisha shields her face  
from the sun

water lilies drifting through the sunset



sliding doors  
permitting breezes . . .  
our talk turns to haiku



all-day rain . . .  
letting go  
of Kyoto also

