

DUSK LINGERS



HAIKU OF ISSA

Translated by Dennis Mackney

a warbler
his muddy feet
wipe the plum blossoms

insects on a branch
floating down stream
and singing

the cool breeze
makes it a home
even in a blade of grass

Swaying, swaying
near spring's end
Look! The moorland grasses

Thatched with
morning glory flowers –
my hut

The mountain farmer
his sow a pillow
skylark singing

The snail
he doesn't even notice
the scarlet flower

Mountain temple
from the verandah
--the voice of deer

The withered moor
a pheasant flies up
surprising me

The pine trees too
are old friends
this autumn evening

A spring day:
wherever there is water
dusk lingers

eating a meal
alone
the autumn wind

Shaded by the grove
but when the moon shines
my hut!

Winter seclusion
all night, listening
to mountain rain

Winter, a young courtesan
scraping soot
from a saucepan

I envy the one
who is being scolded,
year's end

My old village
each memory of home
pierces like a thorn

Quiet, in the
lakes depths
a passing cloud

In Jizo's lap,
eyes, nose,
blooming moss

This world of dew,
just a world of dew,
and yet....

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