

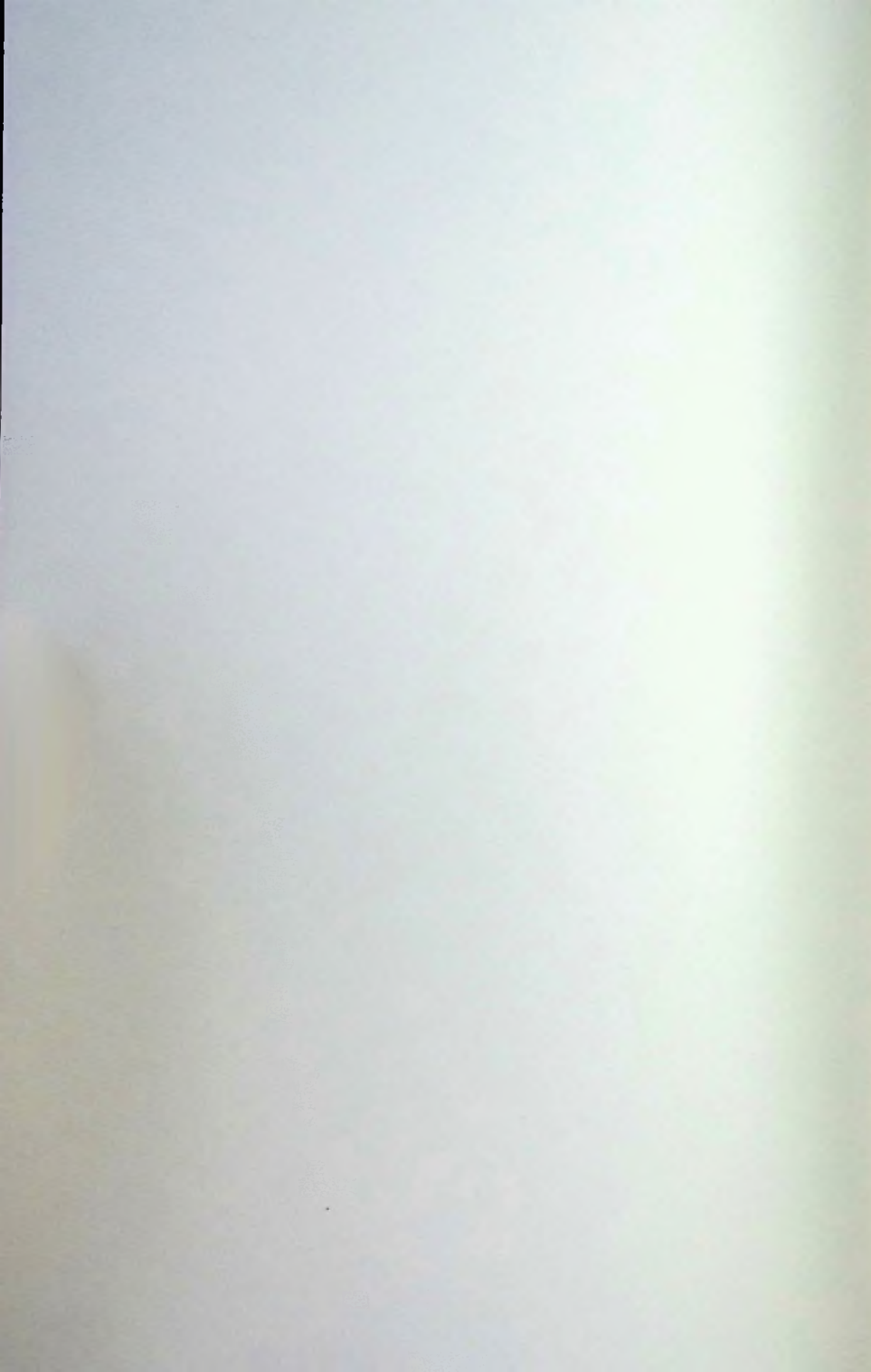
# *Einstein's Century*

*Akito Arima's Haiku*

光堂より  
一筋の  
雪解水  
朗人



*Translations by  
Emiko Miyashita & Lee Gurga*



Einstein's Century  
Akito Arima's Haiku

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THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME

Einstein's Century  
Akito Arima's Haiku

Translations by  
Emiko Miyashita and Lee Gurga

Introduction by  
William J. Higginson



Brooks Books  
Decatur, Illinois

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Other translations by  
Emiko Miyashita & Lee Gurga:

*Love Haiku: Masajo Suzuki's Lifetime of Love*  
(Brooks Books, 2000)

Note: the cover shikishi by Akito Arima is the haiku "a single thread" on page 56.

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# Introduction

by  
William J. Higginson

## I. The Poet

At the peak of a long and distinguished career, Dr. Akito Arima served education as president of the University of Tokyo (1989-1993), science as president of Japan's Institute of Physical and Chemical Research (1993-1998), and his nation as Minister of Education, Science, Sports, and Culture (1998-2000). During this time, he was the architect of a plan to reform the system of tenure in Japanese universities—an imperative if Japan's higher education institutions are to keep pace with their counterparts worldwide. Meanwhile, scientists at Los Alamos National Laboratory here in New Mexico held a symposium and published a collection of scholarly essays in honor of Dr. Arima's contributions to our understanding of atomic structure.

A member of the House of Councillors, Japan's equivalent to the U. S. Senate, Dr. Arima continues to serve both science and Japan's rising international consciousness by bringing the knowledge gained in his years of scientific and poetic work to bear on the problems of the new century. He understands the necessity for international unity in the face of dwindling natural resources and increased environmental destruction, growing human population and energy demands, the need for global sustainability, and the continuing threat of nuclear weapons. He stands at the forefront of those attempting to build an international consensus aimed at securing the future of humanity and the very life of the planet.

While Dr. Arima was pursuing his dual career as a world-class nuclear physicist and internationally recognized educa-

tional administrator, he also became an outstanding leader among Japan's haiku poets and a great supporter of haiku worldwide. His haiku mentor was Seison Yamaguchi (1892–1988), one of the important disciples of Kyoshi Takahama who helped carry the tradition of haiku into the modern world. Seison's dual life as professor of engineering and haiku master may have provided a role model for the younger poet-scientist.

Dr. Arima joined Seison's group at the age of 20, and has steadily grown in stature in the genre, publishing a number of haiku collections. Since he traveled extensively (one year he was said to have made 90 trips outside of Japan!), he became well known for his overseas haiku, which are highly regarded. His haiku collection *Ten'i* ("Providence") received the Haiku Poets Association Prize for 1987. In 1990 he started a group under the same name, *Ten'i*, which in less than a decade became one of Japan's most prominent haiku clubs.

In 1995, Dr. Arima was instrumental in sending a delegation of contemporary Japanese haiku poets led by master Yatsuka Ishihara to the first joint conference of Japan's Haiku International Association and the Haiku Society of America, held in Chicago. He played a leading role in organizing the second conference in Tokyo in 1997. One outgrowth of these conferences has been the collaboration between translators Lee Gurga and Emiko Miyashita that resulted in the publication last year of the collection *Love Haiku: Masajo Suzuki's Lifetime of Love*; that collaboration continues in this book.

Dr. Arima continues as the honorary president of the Haiku International Association, and, in that office, he delivered the keynote address at the 1999 Shimanami International Haiku Convention. In his talk, Dr. Arima set the internationalization of haiku squarely in the context of the long history of international sharing that led to the development of mathematical and scientific thinking in ancient Greece and China, based on



the discovery of zero in ancient India. He drew parallels in the worldwide development of poetry, as evidenced in European literature's influence on traditional Japanese literature and that literature's simultaneous influence on European poetry in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. He also noted the deep connection between nature and poetry in both the East Asian and Euro-American traditions. He concluded his remarks by saying that haiku "will be an effective way to have mutual understanding in the world."

Just last autumn, I saw Dr. Arima's management skills in action, as he chaired the Masaoka Shiki International Haiku Prize selection committee, of which I was also a member. At the committee's final meeting, which began as a collection of very determined individuals each with an agenda quite different from most of the others', I observed Dr. Arima first carefully make sure that all voices were heard, then lead the group to discover its common ground, and in the end help us make selections that all could feel were worthy of the prizes to be given. The committee included the leaders of the three dominant—and somewhat mutually antagonistic—haiku organizations in Japan, a number of high-ranking Japanese scholars, poets from the larger poetry community, and some foreign poets and scholars. Bringing this group to an agreement that actually reflected a consensus was no small task.

On a personal note, some years ago during a private conversation with Dr. Arima at an international conference on the short poem, I learned that as a teenager he had lost his father to malnutrition during the extremely difficult time in Japan immediately after World War II. Perhaps the war and this loss, as well as the generally anti-war stance of the haiku community, helped lead him into the dual career of physicist and poet. His deep interest in educational reform also shows this kind of forward-looking, humanitarian concern. Dr. Arima is at once a great intellect and a deeply human, humble, person. He is also a fine poet.

## II. The Poems

Dr. Arima excels in writing haiku that are clear, clean, and true. Their simplicity and directness mimic those of Bashô. The words in Arima-sensei's poems fall trippingly from the tongue, and ring with a variety of resonances reflecting many environments and moods. Even a novice reader of haiku will find riches here, and those who know something of the depth of either the tradition of Japanese literature or the tradition of European and American literature will also find rich rewards for time spent with these poems.

For example, in one of his recent haiku collection we have the following, in Miyashita and Gurga's fine translation:

into the ranks  
of the suits of armor  
deep winter

The chill of that winter light resembles the chill in Rilke's poem "Knight" ("Ritter"), with its lines "When will the sword spring / over the iron-hedge, that foreign, freeing blade?" But instead of the chill of a death-wish fantasy, we have here the metal itself, the light gleaming on chain mail and breastplates.

On another page we suddenly find ourselves in one of the simplest and most endearing domestic situations:

a kitten:  
however it is called  
it answers back

Even not knowing its own name, the kitten knows what it wants: companionship, physical warmth, perhaps some food. Who among us was different in our crib? As the American poet Penny Harter says, speaking of a terrorist bomber, we are all those "whose hands were once / a baby's."

In these poems there is history, ancient and modern, as this pair shows:

from the day  
Genghis Khan galloped off:  
yellow sand still flying

spring cool  
in the secondhand booksellers' quarter:  
memorial day for Karl Marx

The winds of spring often bring the yellow grit of mainland deserts into the air over Japan, just as the wild spirit of a Tartar horse conquered that Chinese mainland and sent its echoes across the Sea of Japan generation after generation. And just as that conquering spirit rides the horse, so the philosophy of revolution breeds in books, and then retires in the dust of secondhand bookstalls, waiting to ignite a later generation coming out of its own spiritual winter.

The poems above are all from the last decade or two, but as far back as we can go, we find similar simplicity, similar depth in Arima-sensei's poems. In *Homeland*, his first major collection, there are images worthy of Melville or Poe:

through the keyhole  
the sea fog quietly  
flows in

human drama à la Steinbeck:

chasing tadpoles . . .  
"she's only a stepmother"  
mutters the boy

a comic prank of modern art:

a spider's thread  
dangles from the sky:  
Dali's mustache

and the commonplace jostling the exotic:

two butterflies  
their tangled flight leads  
to the pyramid

Some of these poems, of course, depend on a knowledge of Japanese culture for full appreciation. For example, over 500 years after it was built, the seventeenth century poet Bashô visited the famous Hall of Light (Hikaridô) at Chûsonji Temple in Hiraizumi, in present day Iwate Prefecture. This was the northernmost point that Bashô reached on the Pacific side of Honshu during his journey of 1689, and is still considered an outlying district. Housing the remains of three important leaders of the region, this splendid hall features walls lined with gold leaf and pillars decorated with mother-of-pearl. By Bashô's day, efforts had been made to protect and preserve the historic structure, as he tells in his travel diary, *Narrow Roads of the Interior* (Oku no hosomichi). He goes on to write this verse:

midsummer rain  
has fallen and yet remains—  
the Hall of Light

Now, almost 900 years after its construction, Arima-sensei visits that same place and writes:

a single thread  
from the Hall of Light:  
snowmelt water



Through the shifting seasons, this thread connects us today with all that remains, all that went before. Ferocious warrior-lords, itinerant poet, professor of nuclear physics: all share in the continuing rhythms of life and the twists and turns of history. This haiku is featured on the front cover shikishi.

Finally, a simple richness of life awaits all who are paying attention, and this appreciation of what is permeates the mind of a haiku poet wherever, whenever the poet may be:

winter's end—  
the envelope's interior  
is sky blue

It may seem like simultaneity, synchronicity, or just plain happenstance, but a pure poet is alive to whatever is going on, and to the whole train of events and tradition that has brought us to this point. In this case, the simplicity of appearances overlies a deep tradition in which the materials and the visual style of a written communication are as important as its words. Arima-sensei appreciates the beauty of the envelope's interior as Murasaki might appreciate the paper that carries a message from Prince Genji.

As a leading haiku master, Arima-sensei deeply understands his tradition, his language, and his craft. Emiko Miyashita, a leading member of Ten'i herself, and Lee Gurga, one of America's leading haiku poets and critics, have worked very hard to reflect these in this fine collection. I congratulate them, and highly recommend this unique opportunity to view the heart of a truly great contemporary Japanese haiku poet to all readers of English.

William J. Higginson  
Santa Fe, New Mexico  
Risshun (4 February) 2001



## Translators' Introduction

It gives us great pleasure to introduce the poems of Dr. Akito Arima, one of Japan's leading haiku masters, to an English-speaking audience. He was born in Osaka in 1930. Akito-sensei, who is renowned for the international flavor of his haiku, has resided in the United States on several occasions during his long and illustrious career as a physicist.

He first came to the U.S. in 1959 as a Fulbright scholar to do research at the Fermi Lab in Batavia, Illinois. From 1971 to 1973 he was a professor at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, and later was appointed the 24<sup>th</sup> president of Tokyo University. In 1998, while president of The Institute of Physical and Chemical Research, Japan's leading center for scientific research, he was elected to the upper house of the Japanese Diet. He is currently serving in the Japanese cabinet as the Minister of Education, Science and Culture and the Minister of State for Science and Technology.

His haiku group, "Ten-i" (Providence), was established in 1990 and now has 1400 members. Emiko has been a member of *Ten'i* for several years, and a *dojin* (leading member) since 1999. Lee first met Dr. Arima at a haiku conference in Tokyo in April, 1997. At the time, Dr. Arima was president of the Haiku International Association and Lee was the president of the Haiku Society of America.

One is immediately struck by the openness of Dr. Arima's face, his almost childlike curiosity about everything around him. But behind that disarming smile is a mind razor-sharp and a wit that is the match for the most wily politician. Lee felt compelled to learn more about him and his haiku. In his talk at the conference, Dr. Arima related an incident that occurred to him when he was living in Chicago and working at Argonne National Laboratory nearby. Here is what he said,

"I once bought a saw and tried to cut a piece of wood, but in vain. It seemed as if the American saw I had was faulty and I would have to take it back, but—when I pushed the saw against the wood—it cut! Japanese saws cut when pulled, but Western saws cut on the forward stroke. There are many similar instances, aren't there? When you enter a house or toilet, do you push the door or pull it? In Japan, we pull it outwards, but in America or Europe, such doors open inward." Such instances of cultural differences have always intrigued Dr. Arima, and he has devoted much of his career to overcoming the problems they create.

The 170 haiku in *Einstein's Century* were selected from Dr. Arima's five haiku books: *Bokoku* (1972), *Chimei* (1982), *Ten-i* (1987), *Jijun* (1993), and *Risshi* (1999). Some more recent haiku, translated from haiku periodicals, have also been included. His wife Hiroko and mother Kazuko ("Dojin") are also well-known haiku poets in Japan. The haiku are arranged in reverse chronological order, beginning with the most recent, published in early 2001. We felt that in this way, you could get to know Dr. Arima as you would make a new acquaintance: by first experiencing him in the present, and then over time gaining a deeper insight into the total person.

These poems, while written in Japanese, the traditional language of haiku, have an international flavor that reflects the international status of haiku today. There are poems here written in Italy, China, Israel, Egypt, Brazil, Norway, and the United States as well as Japan. The poems reflect the internationalization of human culture as experienced by one man. But this one man is many men: scientist, philosopher, poet, statesman. His haiku are a reflection of our general human condition, communicated to us in the paradoxical haiku way: the general through the particular, the whole of contemporary human experience through the presentation of a single significant image.

In reading these haiku, one is struck by their painterly touch. What a sense of color there is here! A pilgrim's crimson comb, the indigo of an eggplant seedling, black, white, grey, and blue, blue, blue. Fields of cotton flowering along the Mississippi. A mug of beer and a Venetian goblet. Silver spoons and Salvador Dali's mustache. We are presented with a husband, a father, a scholar, a scientist, exploring the limits of human experience. All of these, and yet at the same time we are invited to spend an evening in the shoes of one sometimes lonely man living another day away from home. A man who as a citizen of the world is never sure what might be the correct time to set his watch. We are not given assurances, except perhaps the assurance that there is the hope of meeting other kindred spirits, in whatever guise. The assurance that the poetic life is indeed worth living. We are not given answers, only finger-posts on the way.

Many of the haiku here contain religious imagery. Not the Buddhas and Patriarchs one might expect of a poetic form associated so strongly with Zen Buddhism, but Christian imagery. Dr. Arima presents these images to us with a freshness that might be impossible for those of us who grew up surrounded by these images multiplied over two thousand years. He demonstrates that religious topics can be a viable element of contemporary poetry without having to assume the extreme postures of excessive piety on one hand or irony on the other. Come and see the face of the Virgin Mary or the long nose of Jesus with a fresh eye and an open heart, presented by Dr. Arima with haiku's vision of the human world as it truly is: a world of spirit that is nevertheless always at one with the world we see and hear around us. Yes, the prophecies of doom in the Old Testament are here, but in the haiku way mellowed and refreshed with snowmelt from Mt. Sinai. We believe you will be amply rewarded for your leap of faith.

We began working on these translations shortly after the haiku conference at which Lee Gurga had met Dr. Arima. What began as a playful interchange between fellow poets evolved into a serious responsibility: to present a book-length collection of a very public haiku master. Almost two years of work by mail, fax, and email gave us provisional translations of 170 poems. But we feared that there might be some vital element missing from our work, so we resolved to meet face to face to review the manuscript. Since Lee lives in rural Illinois and Emiko lives in Kawasaki, a suburb of Tokyo, the prospect of such a meeting presented some challenges. The meeting finally took place on March 26th and 27th, 1999 in New York City. While Lee's 15-year-old son A.J. took Emiko's husband Susumu and daughter Sai sightseeing, we spent two grueling days in the main reading room of the New York Public Library. It turned out we did have work to do—we revised 91 of the 170 translations, some substantially. There had been embarrassing lapses in our communication, most often the result of the misunderstanding of a single, simple word. A humbling experience.

Our concluding efforts to finalize this collection took place at Haiku North America in Evanston, Illinois in July, 1999, where we snuck off whenever we could between sessions (and often during sessions) to share our feelings about the haiku. At the end of the conference, after a Saturday night reading, we said our goodbyes to keynote speaker Gerald Vizenor, who was leaving early the next morning. Unwilling to let the mood of the evening dissolve away completely, Vizenor invited us to join him for a chat at his hotel. There we found ourselves arranged around three sides of a rectangular coffee table, sipping bourbon. Vizenor talked about the magical coincidences that had permitted him a recent reunion with the beloved teacher from his GI years in Japan. In an attempt to explain how little credit Lee felt he deserved for the translations, he traced a line along the long edge of the table, beginning near Emiko and extending almost to the



opposite end. Lee said that Emiko's contribution was up to here, more than 90%, while only the last little bit was his. Emiko changed the metaphor by suggesting that we look at the table as if it were a swimming pool. Her part may have been larger, but Lee's work was at the deep end. This was the feeling that permeated our work over two years and more. Personal ownership of words or phrases or interpretations was never a factor in the decision whether to keep something or change it. Our only goal was to communicate as much of the quality of the originals as possible. There was never a cross word between us. Never a display of ego. Never an attempt to patronize or intimidate. In our experience, the most perfect example of haiku's ability to bring harmony and understanding across cultural and geographical barriers.

Since then, our translations have been commented on by several friends and fellow-poets, most notably William J. Higginson. We owe much to their insights. Any remaining errors of interpretation or expression are, we regret to say, entirely our own. We present these translations with appreciation for the gift that has been given to us.

Emiko Miyashita  
Kawasaki, Japan  
<emikom@rondo.plala.or.jp>

Lee Gurga  
Lincoln, Illinois, USA  
<gurga@ccaonline.com>

#### A NOTE ON SEASONAL WORDS

One of the defining elements of haiku is the presence of a seasonal reference that relates one's personal experience to the always changing, but ever recurring, cycle of the seasons. Some of the seasonal references refer to elements of Japanese culture unfamiliar to the Western reader, so we have decided to make a note of the seasonal words in some of the haiku, especially those in which the seasonal element might be different from the temperate zone of North America.



## Author's Preface

I admire and love nature, its sublime diversity and delicacy, both as a physicist and a haiku poet. Many friends, not only from Japan but from around the world, often ask me how one person can be interested in physics and poetry at the same time. It is not strange to me at all, because nature has many different aspects and appearances, especially scientifically and poetically.

Science pursues the structure of nature, which often surprises us with her beauty and exquisiteness. After discovering one of her secrets, scientists try to understand its meaning, using a logical chain of thought. One therefore tends to believe that natural science is a logical subject. Poems, on the other hand, are thought to be the product of inspiration and emotion. Many people believe no logic is necessary to write poems!

In my experience, I am convinced that natural science and poetry have many similarities. Both pursuits require us to be sensitive and imaginative towards nature in order to get new ideas and follow a logical thought process. So it is not so peculiar for one person to be involved in both activities.

When I was young I always tried to write haiku as poetically as possible. In those days I was not worried whether my efforts would be appreciated by the majority of haiku poets, but simply hoped a few of my friends would have similar thoughts and understand them.

Much modern poetry from Japan, Europe, the U.S., and Asia does not have a popular audience because it requires sophisticated thought from both the writer and the reader. Yet, at the

same time, it creates a separation between the two. Haiku, on the other hand, is unique, in that everyone can participate, both in creating and appreciating.

The majority of Japanese haiku use seasonal words and a definite number of syllables. These characteristics make haiku accessible without the reader having to be concerned about hidden references to history, literature, culture, or other sophisticated things. That is to say, haiku is not the exclusive domain of intellectuals. No one is excluded from participating in haiku and interest from amateur to professional poets is equally welcome.

As a consequence of these unique characteristics, haiku is now written and appreciated by more than 30 million Japanese. Recently, it has come to be practiced in many other countries too.

After recognizing these unique characteristics of haiku, in order to share my ideas and feelings with others, I changed my style and tried to write haiku that are as clear and simple as possible. However, in my heart I am still enamored with the poetic flavor!

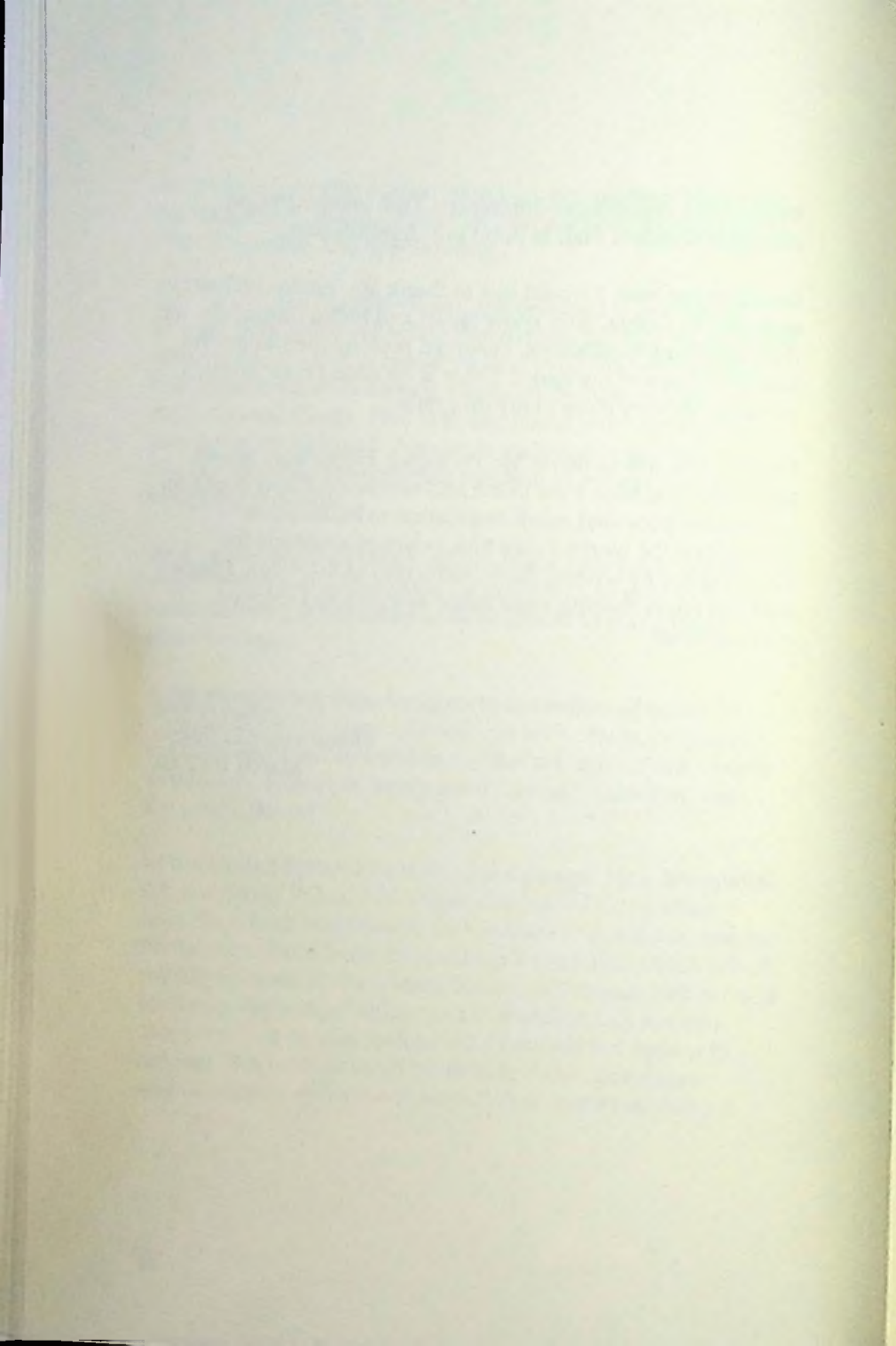
In the United States, I have lived in Chicago, New Brunswick, NJ, and Stony Brook, NY. I have also visited many other countries. Each place has its own culture and seasons, and for many years it has been my desire to write haiku which reflect my impressions of the nature, beauty and unique traditions of each one. Because of differences in tradition and environment, it is not an easy task to satisfy myself and appeal to readers. It is sometimes difficult to find the appropriate words, especially for the seasons. While some feel that it is

important to emphasize differences, I am keener to find common elements than to point out dissimilarities.

Last, but not least, I would like to thank Ms. Emiko Miyashita and Dr. Lee Gurga, who know Japan and haiku intimately, for their excellent translations. I enjoyed reading their beautiful interpretations of my haiku. There is no doubt their English versions are very close to my originals.

I would also like to thank Mr. William J. Higginson, whose friendship has been a joy to me and whose excellent books on haiku have provided much inspiration to haiku poets throughout the world. I owe him a debt of gratitude for honoring me by writing the introduction to this book. I hope that you enjoy reading these haiku as much as I enjoyed writing them!

Akito Arima  
*Shimitei* studio, Tokyo  
March 16, 2001



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俳句誌 『天為』

*TEN'I (Providence)*

Haiku Journal

2000-2001

さくらんぼヨセフにねだるマリアかな

sakuranbo yosefu ni nedaru maria kana

a cherry:  
Mary coaxes it  
from Joseph

cherry-summer

梅雨深し一寸のこす朱蠟燭

tsuyu fukashi issun nokosu shu rousoku

plum rain—  
an inch remains  
of the vermilion candle

plum rain-summer

*Note: Plum rain is a rainy season in Japan, starting from early June into the middle of July. Japanese plum trees bear green fruits in this season.*

かく生きてかく忘れられ雪だるま

kaku ikite kaku wasurerare yukidaruma

thus lived  
thus being forgotten  
the snowman

snowman-winter

読初の虚子論子規論積み上げて

yomizome no kyoshiron shikiron tsumiagete

first reading—  
essays on Kyoshi, essays on Shiki  
pile up

the first reading of the year-New Year

*Note: Japanese people traditionally select some personally meaningful material to read on January 2nd; reading it is called "the first reading" [of the year].*

天狼やアインシュタインの世紀果つ

tenrô ya ainshutain no seiki hatsu

the Dog Star:  
Einstein's century  
comes to an end

the Dog Star-winter



# 白夜の旅

**"Hakuya no Tabi"**  
**HAIKU MAGAZINE**  
September, 1998

**"Journey in the Midnight Sun"**

春霞む湖よりイエスに似たる人

harugasumu umi yori iesu ni nitaru hito

spring haze—  
from the lake a man  
resembling Jesus

*Italy*

永き日の市街電車に一人乗る

nagaki hi no shigaidensha ni hitori noru

lingering daylight—  
I step onto a streetcar  
all alone

*Milan, Italy*  
lingering daylight-spring

連鐘や空を覆ひて夕燕

renshô ya sora wo ôite yûsubame

bells tolling—  
evening swallows  
cover the sky

*Italy*  
swallow-spring

紫陽花や骨董店に銀の匙

ajisai ya kottôten ni gin no saji

hydrangeas—  
in the antique shop  
the silver of spoons

*Italy*  
hydrangeas-summer

教会を出て蜘蛛の巣を頭より

kyôkai wo dete kumo no su wo atama yori

leaving a church . . .  
a spider web brushes  
the crown of my head

*Italy*  
spider web-summer

芥子畑にてフランス語イタリア語

keshibatake nite furansugo itariago

field of poppies—  
hearing French words  
hearing Italian words

*in Italy near the French border*  
poppy-summer

夏霞島に球根育ちをり

natsugasumi shima ni kyûkon sodachi wori

summer mist—  
flower bulbs are growing  
on an island

U.K.

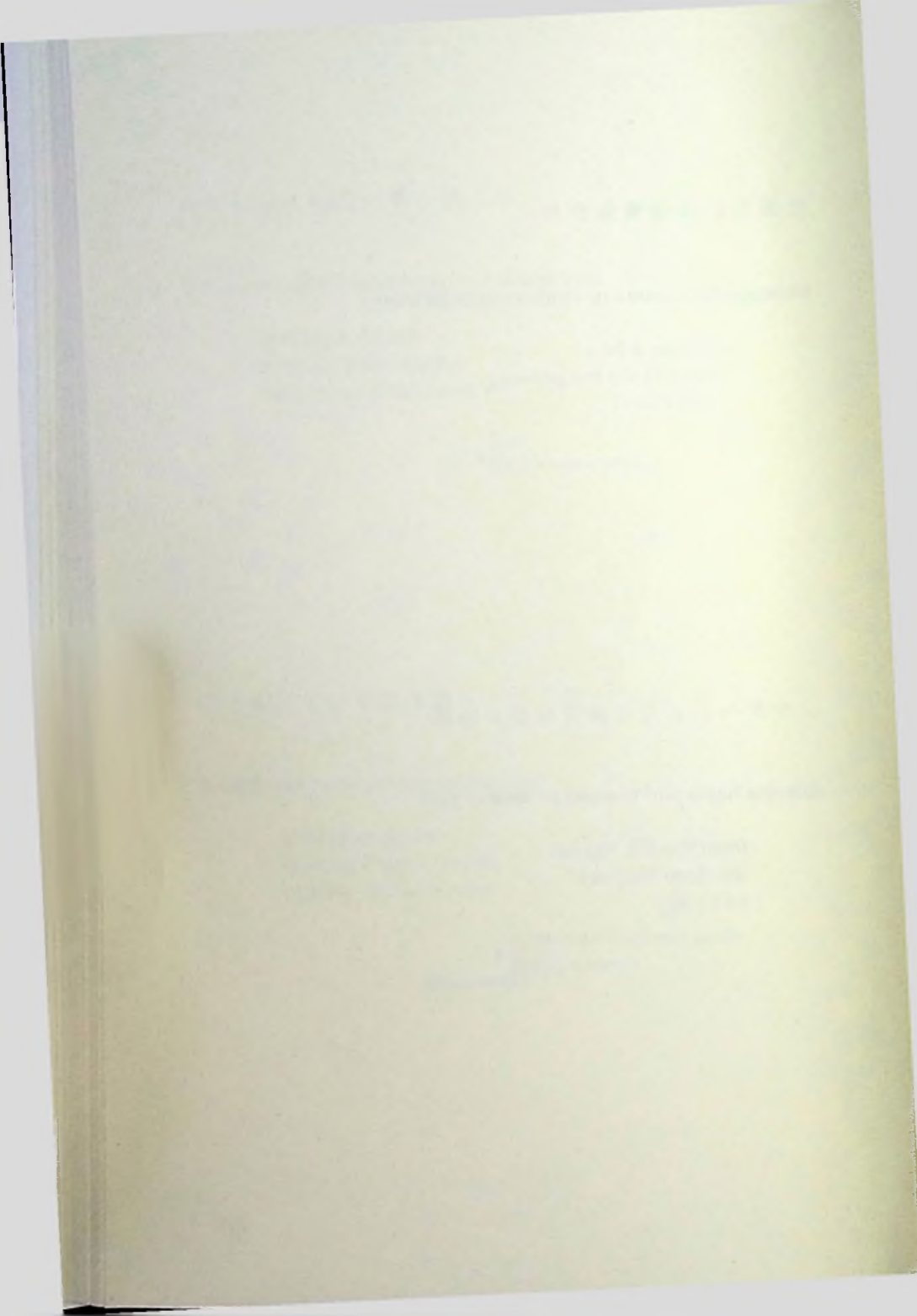
シルクハットより真青な空と百合

shiruku hatto yori massao na sora to yuri

from the silk top hat  
the deep blue sky  
and a lily

U.K.  
lily-summer





# 立志

***RISSHI***  
**(Ambition)**  
1998

白鳥が帰ってみると糸電話

hakuchô ga kaetteiru to itodennwa

“swans are departing”  
so says  
the thread telephone

swans depart-spring

*Note: Two paper tubes are sealed with thin paper at one end and connected with a string or thread a meter or two long. When a person on one end speaks into the tube, the vibration is carried by the thread to the other end. The person at the other end, holding the thread phone to his ear, can listen to the message. Children often played with thread phones before cell phones were invented.*

月よりも春の木魂は遥かより

tsuki yori mo haru no kodama wa haruka yori

beyond the moon . . .  
spring's echo returns  
from afar

羅旬語の満つる古書店春帽子

ratengo no mitsuru koshoten harubôshi

works in Latin  
fill the rare book store—  
a spring cap

*Italy*

蝶々をたましひと呼ぶ希臘人

chôchô wo tamashii to yobu girishajin

a single word  
for both "butterfly" and "soul":  
the Greeks

butterfly-spring

猫の子のどう呼ばれても答へけり

neko no ko no dô yobarete mo kotae keri

a kitten:  
however it is called  
it answers back

kitten-spring



我が立志おそきに過ぎし更衣

waga risshi osoki ni sugishi koromogae

rather too late  
to set my life's ambition—  
changing to summer whites

*Note: The Imperial court has traditionally changed to summer clothes on Uzuki 1<sup>st</sup> (the 1<sup>st</sup> day of the fourth month in lunar calendar). The furnishings were also changed at this time. Today, school uniforms are shifted from navy blue to white on June 1<sup>st</sup>.*

綿の花ミシシッピーに赤き月

wata no hana mishishippî ni akaki tsuki

cotton flowers—  
over the Mississippi  
a red moon

U.S.A.  
cotton flowers-summer

海渡る詩人の青き夏帽子

umi wataru shijin no aoki natsubôshi

crossing the sea:  
the poet's  
blue summer hat

*Note: This haiku refers to Mutsuo Takahashi, a renowned Japanese poet who writes both traditional haiku, tanka, and modern free verse poems. He was given the Purple Ribbon Medal from the Emperor in 2000.*

森晩夏真赤な馬蹄形磁石

mori banka makka na bateikei jishaku

late summer forest—  
bright red of  
the horseshoe magnet

神学者西瓜の種を吐きあひて

shingakusha suika no tane wo hakiaste

theologians:  
spitting watermelon seeds  
in unison

*Israel*  
watermelon-autumn

立冬や黒き帽子を積み上げて

rittô ya kuroki bôshi wo tsumiagete

first day of winter:  
black hats  
being piled up

*Paris*

あやとりのエッフェル塔も冬に入る

ayatori no efferutô mo fuyu ni iru

the cat's cradle  
the Eiffel Tower too  
into winter

*Paris*

落葉ただ原爆ドーム駆け抜けて

ochiba tada genbaku dômu kakenukete

fallen leaves  
just rushing through  
the A-bomb Dome

*Hiroshima*

fallen leaves-winter

*Note: The first atomic bomb ever dropped in human history exploded in the spot, 150 m southeast, and 580 m above the ground level of this building, on August 6<sup>th</sup>, 1945. The building is preserved to commemorate the catastrophe of the bomb and has become a symbol of peace. It was registered as a World Heritage site by UNESCO in 1996.*

年惜しむ死へ三分の砂時計

toshi oshimu shi e san pun no sunadokei

the lingering year . . .  
death's three minutes  
in the sandglass

the lingering year-winter

モスクワの未明の雪の深轍

mosukuwa no mimei no yuki no fukawadachi

on Moscow's  
dawn's snow  
deep ruts

*Moscow*



怒濤の如くくづれる本や寒きびし

dotô no gotoku kuzureru hon ya kan kibishi

like a billowing wave  
the books collapse—  
bitter cold

bitter cold-winter

甲冑の無言の列に深き冬

katchû no mugon no retsu ni fukaki fuyu

into the ranks  
of the suits of armor  
deep winter

*The Tower of London*

ガラス器にガラスの花や春を待つ

garasuki ni garasu no hana ya haru wo matsu

in a cut-glass goblet  
flowers made of glass—  
waiting for spring

waiting for spring-winter

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

BY  
JOHN BURNET

IN TWO VOLUMES

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard

1679

Printed by J. Streater

At the Sign of the Gun

Printed by J. Streater

Printed by J. Streater

Printed by J. Streater

# 耳順

*JIJUN*  
(*Sixty Years Old*)  
1993

長崎も丸山にゐて豆御飯

nagasaki mo maruyama ni ite mamegohan

visiting Nagasaki  
especially in Maruyama:  
green pea rice

green pea rice-spring

*Note: Maruyama is an entertainment district in Nagasaki. Green pea rice is a flavored rice dish favored in spring.*

鯨にも脚がありきと青蛙

kujira nimo ashi ga ariki to aogaeru

whales also  
used to have legs  
claims a little green frog

frog-spring

鳥不意に人語を発す更衣

tori fui ni jingo wo hassu koromogae

unexpectedly the bird  
gets a human voice—  
changing to summer whites

黒ビール白夜の光すかし飲む

kuro biru hakuya no hikari sukashi nomu

drinking black beer—  
the light of the midnight sun  
shines through

*Moscow*  
beer-summer



漢方の百の抽斗十三夜

kanpô no hyaku no hikidashi jûsanya

a hundred drawers  
of Chinese medicinal herbs  
the thirteenth day moon

the thirteenth day moon-autumn

*Note: The thirteenth day moon is the moon on Nagatsuki 13th (the 13<sup>th</sup> day of the ninth month in lunar calendar), two days before the full moon.*

山神を畏れつつ貼る大障子

yamagami wo osoretsutsu haru ôshôji

in awe of the mountain spirit,  
they paste new paper  
on the temple shoji

pasting new paper on shoji-autumn

*Note: Shoji is a sliding screen made of a wood frame covered with white paper. To prepare for winter, shoji screens are washed and the paper is replaced.*

冬近し長き手紙のロシアより

fuyu chikashi nagaki tegami no roshia yori

approaching winter . . .  
a long letter arrives  
from deep in Russia

approaching winter-autumn

冬蠅の住みゐる魔法のランプ買ふ

fuyubae no sumiiru mahô no ranpu kau

a winter fly  
living in the magic lamp . . .  
I buy it

*India*

冬眠の蛇をおこして蛇遣い

tômin no hebi wo okoshite hebitsukai

arousing the snake  
from its winter sleep—  
the snake charmer

*India*

温室の灯るうしろの黄泉の国

onshitsu no tomoru ushiro no yomi no kuni

light from the greenhouse . . .  
the Land of the Dead  
opens beyond

greenhouse-winter

Note: "Yomi no kuni" is the land of the dead.

千本の氷柱の中にめざめけり

senbon no tsurara no naka ni mezame keri

surrounded by  
a thousand icicles  
I wake up

*Finland*

根の国のこの魴鱒のつらがまえ

ne no kuni no kono hōbō no tsuragamae

from the Land of the Dead:  
this gurnard fish's  
sinister look

gurnard fish-winter

*Note: "Ne no kuni" is the Land of the Dead believed to be located deep in the sea or underground.*

あをあをと鶴を織りみる雪女

aoao to tsuru wo oriiru yukionna

a crane pattern  
emerges in blue—  
Snow Lady weaving

Snow Lady-winter

*Note: Snow Lady is a snow fairy in the shape of a young woman in a white kimono. She appears on heavily snowing nights.*

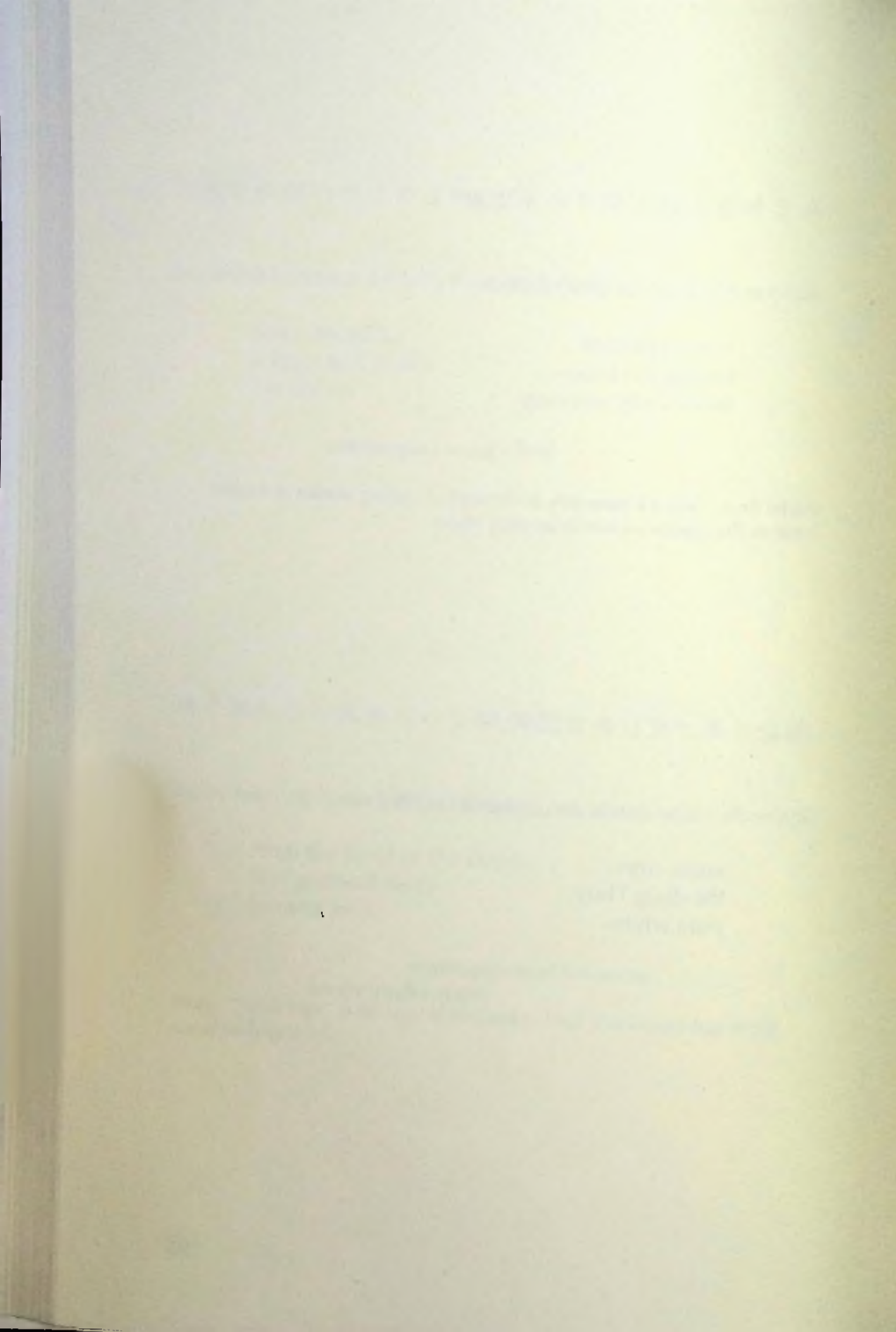
極北の街で真白き日記買ふ

kyokuhoku no machi de mashiroki nikki kau

arctic city—  
the diary I buy  
pure white

*Stockholm*  
to buy a diary-winter





# 天為

*TEN'I*  
(*Providence*)  
1987

光堂より一筋の雪解水

hikaridô yori hitosuji no yukigemizu

a single thread  
from the Hall of Light:  
snowmelt water

snowmelt water-spring

*Note: The Hall of Light (Konjikidô, Hikaridô) was built in 1124. The building walls are lined with gold foil and the pillars are decorated with mother of pearl. This haiku relates to Bashô's famous poem written here in 1689 (see the introduction).*

春寒き古書店街やマルクス忌

haru samuki koshotengai ya marukusuki

spring cool  
in the secondhand booksellers' quarter:  
memorial day for Karl Marx

ジンギスカン走りし日より 甕れり

jingisukan hashirishi hi yori tsuchikureri

from the day  
Genghis Khan galloped off:  
yellow sand still flying

Lanchou, China  
yellow sand flying-spring

*Note: Yellow sand from the desert region in Mongolia and northern China is blown across the Sea of Japan in spring. Seen through the yellow haze, the sun becomes dim, and the yellow dust accumulates on rooftops and on the ground. Genghis Khan (1167-1227) was the founder of the Mongol Empire.*

金の靴一つ落ちゐし 謝肉祭

kin no kutsu hitotsu ochiishi shanikusai

one golden shoe  
remains behind—  
Carnival in Rio

Brazil  
carnival-spring

ペンギンの一羽おくれし春の月

pengin no ichiwa okureshi haru no tsuki

one penguin  
falls behind the flock—  
spring moon

*Australia*

復活祭神父の腰に鍵あまた

fukkatsusai shinpu no koshi ni kagi amata

Easter:  
at the priest's waist  
so many keys

*Italy*  
Easter-spring

ローマより絵葉書青き復活祭

rôma yori ehagaki aoki fukkatsusai

from Rome  
a picture postcard in blue  
Easter

大薊死海へ下る細き道

ôazami shikai e kudarû hosoki michi

a huge thistle—  
narrow path down  
to the Dead Sea

*Israel*



梅雨深し本の表紙の草木染

tsuyu fukashi hon no hyôshi no kusakizome

deep in plum rain—  
the cover of the book  
tinted with herbs

朝涼し国境渡る乳母車

asa suzushi kokkyô wataru ubaguruma

cool morning—  
a baby carriage  
crossing the border

*Brazil*

火を吐いてみせる男や巴里祭

hi wo haite miseru otoko ya paîsai

a street performer  
puffing fire:  
Bastille Day

*Paris*  
Bastille Day-summer

晩秋やイタリア青きゲーテの地図

banshû ya itaria aoki gête no chizu

late autumn—  
Italy colored blue  
in Goethe's map

*Germany*

長安の糸より細き冬の月

chôan no ito yori hosoki fuyu no tsuki

Ch'ang-an:  
thinner than a thread  
the winter moon

*China*

Note: Ch'ang-an was a capital of ancient China.

辻楽士帽子にためる銭と落葉

tsujigakushi bôshi ni tameru zeni to ochiba

street musician  
gathers in his hat  
coins and falling leaves

*Germany*

冬終る封筒の中空色に

fuyu owaru hûtô no naka sorairo ni

winter's end—  
the envelope's interior  
is sky blue



# 知命

**CHIMEI**  
*(Fifty Years Old)*  
1982



十戒を得し地の井戸の雪解水

jikkai wo eshi chi no ido no yukigemizu

the land  
of the Ten Commandments—  
snowmelt in its wells

*Mt. Sinai*

群はなれ泳ぐ誤植の蝌蚪一つ

mure hanare oyogu goshoku no kato hitotsu

leaving the school  
like an inky misprint:  
a lone tadpole

tadpole-spring

野蒜噛む旧約悪しき予言満ち

nobiru kamu kyûyaku ashiki yogen michi

chewing pungent wild leek—  
the Old Testament filled  
with prophecies of doom

wild leek-spring

すぐにじむ春菜の緑擂鉢に

sugu nijimu haruna no midori suribachi ni

the grinding bowl  
is soon colored green—  
spring leafy vegetables

*Bangkok, Thailand*

針箱や日輪秘めし花の種

haribako ya nichirin himeshi hana no tane

a sewing box—  
a flower seed holding  
the sun inside

flower seed-spring

宝石にまぎれ何時より花の種

hōseki ni magire itsu yori hana no tane

blended with jewels  
for how long?  
... a flower seed

紅の櫛ふところに阿波遍路

kurenai no kushi futokoro ni awahenro

a crimson comb  
into her kimono pocket—  
pilgrim in Awa

pilgrim-spring

*Note: Awa is the old name of Tokushima prefecture on Shikoku Island where the eighty-eight holy Buddhist sites are located. Pilgrims travel on foot, wearing short white kimono and monpe pants, when they visit the sites in the numbered order.*

花冷えや過去映すまで鏡拭く

hanabie ya kako utsusu made kagami fuku

cherry blossom chill—  
I rub the mirror until  
it reflects the past

cherry blossom chill-spring

春の夜の鏡の裏へ寝に戻る

haru no yo no kagami no ura e ne ni modoru

spring night—  
to the other side of the mirror  
I return to sleep

*Munich, Germany*

一面の楔形文字や花の種

ichimen no sekkei moji ya hana no tane

a whole surface  
of cuneiform letters:  
scattered flower seeds

チューリップ散る一片はゴッホの耳

chûrippu chiru ippen wa gohho no mimi

tulip petals dropping . . .  
one of them the ear  
of Vincent Van Gogh

tulip-spring



海の女神生誕の日の春手套

umi no megami seitan no hi no haru shutô

the Goddess Aphrodite  
on the day of her birth  
spring gloves

初夏の夜を海底としてバレリーナ

shoka no yo wo kaitei to shite barerîna

a ballerina dances—  
the early summer's eve  
becomes an ocean floor

*New York*

茄子の苗 一天の紺うばひ立つ

nasu no nae itten no kon ubai tatsu

one eggplant seedling  
steals all the indigo  
from the sky

eggplant seedling-summer

蝸牛乾く 古代の墓の上

katatsumuri kawaku kodai no haka no ue

a snail astray  
dries out on top of  
an ancient tomb

Rome  
snail-summer

*Note: Akito has a keen interest in archeology. He wrote this at an Archeological Museum in Rome.*

紫陽花を買ふ夕暮の河の色

ajisai wo kau yûgure no kawa no iro

buying hydrangeas—  
the river the color  
of dusk

*Paris*

*Note: He was staying in Paris in 1970. He took a walk along the Seine, and bought hydrangeas from a florist; the flower and the river shared the same color in the dusk.*

金色のコーランの文字枇杷熟るる

kiniro no kôran no moji biwa ururu

golden letters  
of the Qu'ran—  
loquats ripening

*Rhodes Island, Greece*  
loquats ripening-summer

南風や扉よりも重く象の耳

nanpû ya tobira yorimo omoku zô no mimi

wind from the south—  
heavier than a door  
the elephant's ear

wind from the south-summer

夕日より濃き桜桃を竿秤

yûhi yori koki ôtô wo saobakari

on a beam balance:  
cherries deeper red  
than the setting sun

cherry-summer

*Note: Beam balances were commonly used in market places where products were sold by weight. A beam balance consists of a bar with hooks or dishes at either end, one for the product being weighed and the other for the weight.*

飛ぶ蛍マリヤの顔を照らしけり

tobu hotaru mariya no kao wo terashi keri

a hovering firefly  
illuminates the face  
of the Virgin Mary

*Italy*  
firefly-summer

生涯の手押し車や瓜を売る

shôgai no teoshiguruma ya uri wo uru

pushing his cart  
and his life itself—  
the melon seller

melon-summer

朝涼し機音のはや聞え出づ

asa suzushi hataoto no haya kikoe izu

cool morning—  
already the sound of looms  
fills the air

*Note: When Akito was six or seven years old, his parents took him to Kyoshi Takahama's kukai (haiku meeting) held in Chôshi. Akito took a nap in front of the grand haiku master. Akito began writing haiku when he was in junior high school to show them to his bed-ridden father. His father died when Akito was in the third grade, but he continued writing haiku with his mother, Kazuko. Later, Kazuko became the leader of Dojin (Comrade) haiku group in 1987. Akito's haiku appeared in HOTOTOGISU (Cuckoo) for the first time when he was in the fourth grade. This haiku appeared in WAKABA (Young Leaf) when he was practicing haiku under Fûsei Tomiyasu (1885-1979) in Hamamatsu in 1946.*



人來たるごとく鳥来る白夜かな

hito kitaru gotoku tori kuru hakuya kana

like a human visitor  
a bird flies in—  
the midnight sun

*Finland*  
midnight sun-summer

黒蟻の密集ギリシャ語の聖書

kuro ari no misshû girishago no seisho

a mass of black ants  
the Bible printed  
in Greek

ant-summer

窓開き虹と晩鐘入れにけり

mado hiraki niji to banshō ire ni keri

I opened the window  
to let in the rainbow  
and the evening bells

*Paris*  
rainbow-summer

新涼の母国に時計合せけり

shinryō no bokoku ni tokei awase keri

early chill—  
I reset the wristwatch  
to my country's time

ヴェネチアの古きガラスを買ふ月夜

benechia no furuki garasu wo kau tsukiyo

I buy an antique  
Venetian goblet—  
a moonlit night

*Venice, Italy*  
moonlit night-autumn

爽やかに道化師の犬かしこまる

sawayaka ni dôkeshi no inu kashikomaru

in the bracing air  
the clown's dog sits attentively  
by his master

*Québec, Canada*  
bracing air-autumn

木の実打つ屋根を小栗鼠と分かち住む

konomi utsu yane wo korisu to wakachi sumu

acorns tap  
the roof I share  
with little squirrels

acorn-autumn

*Note: Akito served as a Professor at State University of New York at Stony Brook from 1971 to 1973. Again in 1977, he lectured there for one semester.*

鮭をそぐわが才切り売るには薄し

shake wo sogu waga sai kiriuru niwa usushi

slicing salmon—  
my talent too puny  
to cut and sell

salmon-autumn

*Note: Akito went to Oslo to see the university that was offering him a position there. However, he decided to go instead to the State University of New York whose offer had come a little earlier.*

紅葉焚く金閣寺燃えおつるかな

momiji taku kinkakuji moeotsuru kana

bonfire of maple leaves—  
the Golden Pavilion  
collapses in flame

bonfire-winter

*Note: The Golden Pavilion (Kinkakuji) was built by the Shogun Yoshimitsu Ashikaga in Kyoto in 1397. It was destroyed by a fire set by an arsonist in 1959, and was rebuilt later.*

やや傾ぐイエスの冠も紅葉す

yaya kashigu iesu no kan mo kôyôsu

slightly askew  
on Jesus' crown also:  
crimson leaves

*Rouen, France*  
crimson leaves-autumn

街あれば高き塔あり鳥渡る

machi areba takaki tô ari tori wataru

where there are cities  
there are steeples—  
migrating birds

*Ruen, France*  
migrating birds-autumn



銀杏散る万卷の書の頁より

ichô chiru bankan no sho no pēji yori

ginkgo leaves falling  
from the pages of  
ten thousand books

ginkgo leaves falling-autumn

釣瓶落しの日が首つりの縄の中

tsurube otoshi no hi ga kubitsuri no nawa no naka

the sun  
dropping like a well bucket  
centered in the noose

U.S.A.  
dropping sun-autumn

めざむるや深き中世の霧の中

mezamuru ya fukaki chûsei no kiri no naka

waking up—  
deep in the Middle Ages'  
impenetrable fog

*Sicily*  
fog-autumn

秋深し墓石も街も同じ色

aki fukashi bōseki mo machi mo onaji iro

deep autumn—  
tombstones and the city  
share the same color

*Jerusalem*

冬を待つ我も獣も耳二枚

fuyu wo matsu ware mo kemono mo mimi nimai

waiting for winter—  
the beast and I also  
with two ears

*Stony Brook, NY*

冬に入る新しきもの柩のみ

fuyu ni iru atarashiki mono hitsugi nomi

winter begins . . .  
nothing is new  
but the coffin

失ひしものを探しに冬帽子

ushinaishi mono wo sagashi ni fuyu bôshi

looking for  
something lost—  
wearing a winter cap

*Mexico*

月冴ゆる石に無数の奴隷の名

tsuki sayuru ishi ni musû no dorei no na

crisp moonlight—  
countless names of slaves  
engraved in stone

*Greece*

crisp moonlight-winter

冬深く墓掘る者は低唱す

fuyu fukaku haka horu mono wa teishôsu

deep winter—  
the gravedigger sings  
in a low voice

はかなくも我あり牡蠣を酢にひたす

hakanaku mo ware ari kaki wo su ni hitasu

though fragile I exist . . .  
dipping an oyster  
in vinegar

*New York*  
oyster-winter

落語家の死が片隅の冬の雷

rakugoka no shi ga katasumi no fuyu no rai

in a corner obituary  
the storyteller's name—  
winter thunder

*Note: Rakugoka is a professional story teller who tells rakugo (funny stories with a punch line at the end; usually depicting lives of the commoners living in cities like Edo (Tokyo)). The occupation dates back to Edo period in 17<sup>th</sup> century. It has been a popular entertainment for the ordinary people in Edo and Osaka.*

晩鐘の風花となり消えにけり

banshō no kazabana to nari kie ni keru

the evening bell . . .  
dancing snowflakes form  
. . . and disappear

snowflakes-winter



滝の上鷹が定める国境

taki no ue taka ga sadameru kunizakai

Niagara Falls—  
a hawk overhead  
marks the border

hawk-winter

雪の中十字架深く打ち込める

yuki no naka jûjika fukaku uchi komeru

hammering a cross  
into the snow  
deeper . . . deeper . . .

*Canada*

柚子風呂に聖痕のなき胸ひたす

yuzuburo ni seikon no naki mune hitasu

yuzu bath—  
the chest I immerse  
lacks stigmata

yuzu bath-winter

*Note: Yuzu, a citrus fruit, is chopped and placed in a cotton bag to add an herbal effect to the bath water on the day of the winter solstice.*

主も大工冬日ぬくめし盤を買ふ

shu mo daiku fuyuhi nukumeshi nomi wo kau

Our Lord too a carpenter  
I buy a chisel warm  
with winter sun

宙を飛ぶ長靴を買ふクリスマス

chû wo tobu nagagutsu wo kau kurisumasu

I buy a pair  
of boots that fly in the air:  
Christmas

*Shinjuku, Tokyo*  
Christmas-winter

逝く年の星ほど切符の鉄くず

yuku toshi no hoshi hodo kippu no hasami kuzu

the departing year  
paper punched from train tickets  
as numerous as stars

創世記花文字もつて読初む

sôseiki hanamoji motte yomihajimu

the Book of Genesis  
with the illuminated "I" begins  
first reading of the year

鶴翔てり天の創をばつくろうと

tsuru tateri ten no kizu woba tsukurou to

a crane takes wing  
to mend a flaw  
in the sky

crane-winter

夕暮のはかりに重き寒鰯

yûgure no hakari ni omoki kanbirame

at twilight  
heavy on the scale  
a midwinter flounder

*Stony Brook, NY*

氷る瀧その上をせく水のあり

kôru taki sono ue wo seku mizu no ari

frozen waterfall:  
more water rushes  
over the top

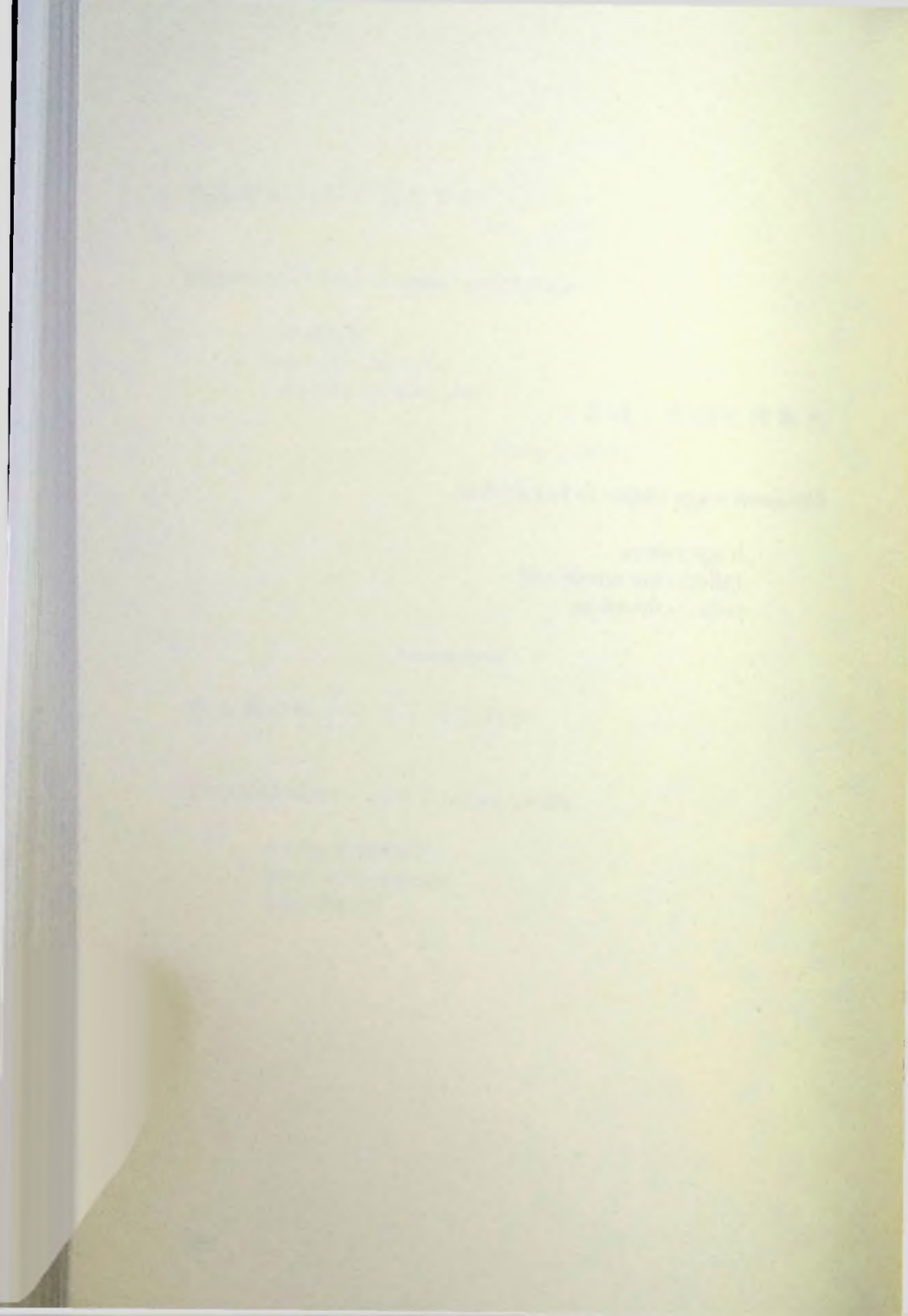
大鏡我が総身と白鳥と

ôkagami waga sôshin to hakuchô to

huge mirror  
reflects my whole self  
reflects the swan

swan-winter





# 母国

**BOKOKU**  
*(Homeland)*  
1972

子を抱けば解氷期の湖光だす

ko wo dakeba kaihyôki no umi hikari dasu

holding my child—  
the thawing lake  
begins to sparkle

*Chicago*  
thawing-spring

*Note: From the window of their apartment house, Akito could see Lake Michigan sparkling.*

早春の巻貝殻は砂丘の耳

sôshun no makigai kara wa sakyû no mimi

early spring—  
a turban shell as  
the dune's ear

にはかに春にはかに皿の音満ちる

niwaka ni haru niwaka ni sara no oto michiru

suddenly spring  
suddenly the clatter of dishes  
fills the air

*Note: When Akito became a lecturer for the Department of Physics at University of Tokyo, he began eating his lunch with the students in the students' cafeteria. The piling and washing of dishes filled the cafeteria with the noisy sound. He retired as President of the University in March, 1993.*

園丁ひげをそりことごとく春になる

entei hige wo sori kotogotoku haru ni naru

the gardener shaves—  
spring completely  
sets in

蝌蚪を追ひ継母だものと少年言ふ

kato wo oi mamahaha damono to shônen iu

chasing tadpoles . . .  
"she's only a stepmother"  
mutters the boy

草餅を焼く天平の色に焼く

kusamochi wo yaku tenpyô no iro ni yaku

mugwort cakes  
toasted to the color  
of *Tempyô*

mugwort cakes-spring

*Note: Tempyô (729-766) was the height of Nara Period (710-794); thus 'Tempyô' refers to its cultural prosperity in Nara, brought by the influence of Tang dynasty (680-906). It can be characterized by its Chinese (Tang) taste, Buddhism, and aristocratic culture.*

子が靴を落すチューリップのやうに

ko ga kutsu wo otosu chûrippu no yô ni

the child  
drops a shoe  
like a tulip

*Note: He used to take a walk with his daughter, Akiko, on his back. One day, her red shoe came off; Akito thought it was like a tulip-petal falling.*

ミルクこぼれ一面復活祭の夜

miruku kobore ichimen fukkatsusai no yo

milk spilled  
over the whole surface:  
Easter night



街灯が灯るチュウリップの真上

gaitô ga tomoru chûrippu no maue

street lamp:  
at its foot the tulips  
begin to glow

梨の花夜が降る黒い旗のやうに

nashi no hana yo ga furu kuroi hata no yû ni

pear blossoms  
night falls like  
a black flag

pear blossoms-spring

蝶二枚もつれ導くピラミッド

chô nimai motsure michibiku piramiddo

two butterflies  
their tangled flight leads  
to the pyramid

*Mexico*

どこ曲らう四角四面な春の街

doko magari shikaku shimen na haru no machi

where shall I turn?  
every crossing at right angles  
a city in spring

*Chicago*

*Note: Unlike Japanese cities, Chicago is designed like a chessboard. Each mile is eight blocks long. Akito often missed the turns when he drove.*

梨の花郵便局で日が暮れる

nashi no hana yûbinkyoku de hi ga kureru

pear blossoms—  
in the post office  
a day closes

pear blossoms-spring

初夏に開く郵便切手ほどの窓

shoka ni hiraku yûbin kitte hodo no mado

early summer  
windows like postage stamps  
open up

初蟬に子がのけぞれば二枚の歯

hatsuzemi ni ko ga nokezureba nimai no ha

first cicada—  
as my child tosses his head back  
his first two teeth

first cicada-summer

母の日が母の日傘の中にある

haha no hi ga haha no higasa no naka ni aru

within the shade  
of mother's parasol:  
Mother's Day

Mother's Day-summer, parasol-summer

夏服を着よトランプのジャック達

natsufuku wo kiyo toranpu no jakku tachi

summer clothes:  
better put them on  
playing-card Jacks!

*Note: Akito saw the kings & queens and jacks in the deck of cards in their full dress—they looked so hot!*

脳天もかび理髪師にまかせきる

nôten mo kabi rihatsushi ni makasekiru

my head fuzzy with mold  
I leave it to the barber  
to revive me

mold-summer

*Note: During the plum rain season, mold thrives in Japan. Akito felt that his brain was also taken by the mold. He went to the barber and refreshed his head, both inside and out.*

虹二重二重のまぶた妻も持つ

niji futae futae no mabuta tsuma mo motsu

double rainbow—  
double eyelids too  
on my wife

*Note: Akito became a research associate at the Institute for Nuclear Studies in the University of Tokyo in 1956. He married Hiroko Aota in March of the following year. Akito and Hiroko were both members of Natsukusa (Summer Grass) haiku group lead by Dr. Seison Yamaguchi. Hiroko won the Shinjin (Rookie) Prize of the group.*



玄室を出て人の世の日傘さす

genshitsu wo dete hito no yo no higasa sasu

returning to this world  
from an ancient burial chamber  
she opens her parasol

百合開く絵皿の中にある異国

yuri hiraku ezara no naka ni aru ikoku

a lily opens . . .  
a foreign country  
painted on a plate

運河淀む蝙蝠己の翳をおそれ

unga yodomu kômorî onore no kage wo osore

stagnant canal—  
a bat in fear of  
its own shadow

bat-summer

水中花誰か死ぬかもしれぬ夜も

suichûka dareka shinu kamo shirenu yo mo

aquatic paper flowers:  
vivid as ever even on the night  
of someone's death

aquatic paper flowers-summer

Note: "Suichûka" is written like water-inside-flower. It is made of colorful thin paper and is dipped in a glass of water to be appreciated in summer. Akito used to bring one when he traveled abroad to keep him company in his hotel room.

蟻走る聖書が落す影の中

ari hashiru seisho ga otosu kage no naka

an ant is running  
within the shadow  
cast by a Bible

*Note: Akito became interested in the Old Testament in 1956. He learned about the envious God, Jehovah, and the people's fear of him. When he looked down, an ant was running peacefully in the shadow of the fearful Old Testament.*

蜥蜴走り去り時計の針となる

tokage hashiri sari tokei no hari to naru

the lizard flees  
... and so becomes  
the hand of a clock

lizard-summer

炎天の表紙の裏のピラミッド

enten no hyôshi no ura no piramiddo

scorching sun—  
inside the book's cover  
a Pyramid

scorching sun-summer

夜もなほ海月と軍靴ただよへり

yoru mo nao kurage to gunka tadayoeri

at night also  
a jellyfish and an army boot  
still drifting

jellyfish-summer

鳥の目で飲む炎天の水飲場

tori no me de nomu enten no mizunomiba

with a bird's eye  
drinking in the scorching sun  
at the water fountain

夏の雲胸に母国を去る願書

natsu no kumo mune ni bokoku wo saru gansho

wall of thunderheads  
an application to leave my homeland  
in my breast pocket

Chicago  
thunderheads-summer

*Note: Akito was offered a position as a research associate at Argonne National Laboratory in the suburbs of Chicago in 1959. His salary was \$800 at that time when the exchange rate was 360 yen to the dollar. His salary amounted to 25 times what he was earning in Japan. On August 27th, the family left Yokohama Port in a ship named Hikawamaru to cross the Pacific.*

子の髪を洗ふ遙かに海が鳴る

ko no kami wo arau haruka ni umi ga naru

I wash my child's  
hair . . . in the distance  
the sea calls

to wash one's hair-summer

*Note: Akito researched at Brookhaven National Laboratory in Long Island, NY, during the summer of 1968. He often shampooed Akiko's hair.*

蜘蛛の糸天より垂れるダリのひげ

kumo no ito ten yori tareru dari no hige

a spider's thread  
dangles from the sky:  
Dali's mustache

spider's thread-summer



妻告ぐる胎児は白桃程の重さ

tsuma tsuguru taiji wa hakutô hodo no omosa

my wife announces  
the weight of the fetus:  
a white peach's worth

white peach-autumn

*Note: Akito and Hiroko's daughter Akiko was born in 1963.*

沈黙は金なり金木犀の金

chinmoku wa kin nari kinmokusei no kin

silence is golden  
the golden olive's  
gold

fragrant olive-autumn

*Note: Akito was garrulous from his university days through his 40's. He subsequently kept "Silence is golden" in his mind to admonish himself. During those years, he read works of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound in English. He was also an admirer of Arthur Rimbaud.*

秋の日が終る抽斗をしめるように

aki no hi ga owaru hikidashi wo shimeru yô ni

an autumn day  
like a sliding drawer  
it is closed

螳螂の祈れるを見て父となる

tôrô no inoreru wo mite chichi to naru

catching sight of  
a praying mantis poised  
I become a father

praying mantis-autumn

*Note: Their first son, Yoshihito, was born on October 16<sup>th</sup>, 1958.*

小鳥来る朝が逆さに匙の中

kotori kuru asa ga sakasa ni saji no naka

little birds come—  
morning upside down  
inside the spoon

little birds come-autumn

街路樹落葉異国の厚い新聞買ふ

gairoju rakuyô ikoku no atsui shinbun kau

fallen leaves in the tree-lined streets  
I buy the foreign country's  
thick newspaper

*Chicago*

鍵穴を海霧ひそかに流れこむ

kagiana wo kaimu hisoka ni nagare komu

through the keyhole  
the sea fog quietly  
flows in

*Berkeley, California*  
fog-autumn

秋深し胸のボタンはくるみの実

aki fukashi mune no botan wa kurumi no mi

deep autumn  
the buttons on my chest  
are walnuts

walnut-autumn

やがて来る者に晩秋の椅子一つ

yagate kuru mono ni banshû no isu hitotsu

late autumn—  
a single chair waiting  
for someone yet to come

冬の蝶のぼる真昼の日蝕へ

fuyu no chô noboru mahiru no nisshoku e

butterfly in winter  
ascends to the midday sun  
in eclipse

子の耳の冷え異国語に聡明に

ko no mimi no hie ikokugo ni sômei ni

the cold ears of my child  
knowledgeable in  
the foreign tongue

*Chicago*  
cold-winter

砂丘ひろがる女の黒き手袋より

sakyû hirogaru onna no kuroki tebukuro yori

seaside dunes  
stretch from the woman's  
black winter gloves



手袋を落とし自分の記憶までも

tebukuro wo otoshi jibun no kioku made mo

missing gloves . . .  
together with them  
my memories

gloves-winter

白鳥の白も枯れ行くものの中

hakuchô no shiro mo kareyuku mono no naka

white swan  
its white also among  
the withering plants

*Chicago*

異邦人どうしが分かつ木椅子の冷

ihôjin dôshi ga wakatsu kiisu no hie

foreigners together  
share a wooden bench's  
chill

chill-winter

やがては至る晩年遠く火事一つ

yagate wa itaru bannen tôku kaji hitotsu

in due time  
reaching the last years—  
a distant fire

fire-winter

*Note: The traditional Japanese houses made of wood and paper caught fire easily in windy winter weather.*

有史以後首折れ石馬冷え尽くす

yûshi igo kubi ore sekiba hie tsukusu

since the beginning of history  
the stone horse's neck broken:  
bone-chilling cold

*Note: Akito visited his ancestor's grave in Kurume; the tombstone had a record of fifteen generations of the family. After that he went to the Ruins of Yame.*

ヴィーナスたりかつ一塊の冬の石

vînasu tari katsu ikkai no fuyu no ishi

a statue of Venus:  
at the same time merely  
a mass of winter stone

暖房のぬくもりを持ち鍵一房

danbô no nukumori wo mochi kagi hito fusa

the hearth's warmth  
still inside:  
a bunch of keys

*Chicago*  
hearth-winter

墓碑群の低さたちまち雪覆ふ

bohigun no hikusa tachimachi yuki ôu

cluster of tombstones  
their flatness—suddenly  
covered with snow

*Chicago*

鼻長くイエス描かれ寒い壁

hana nagaku iesu egakare samui kabe

with a long nose  
a painting of Jesus—  
the cold wall

春を待ち流木に魚刻み込む

haru wo machi ryûboku ni uo kizamikomu

waiting for spring  
he carves a fish  
into driftwood

waiting for spring-winter

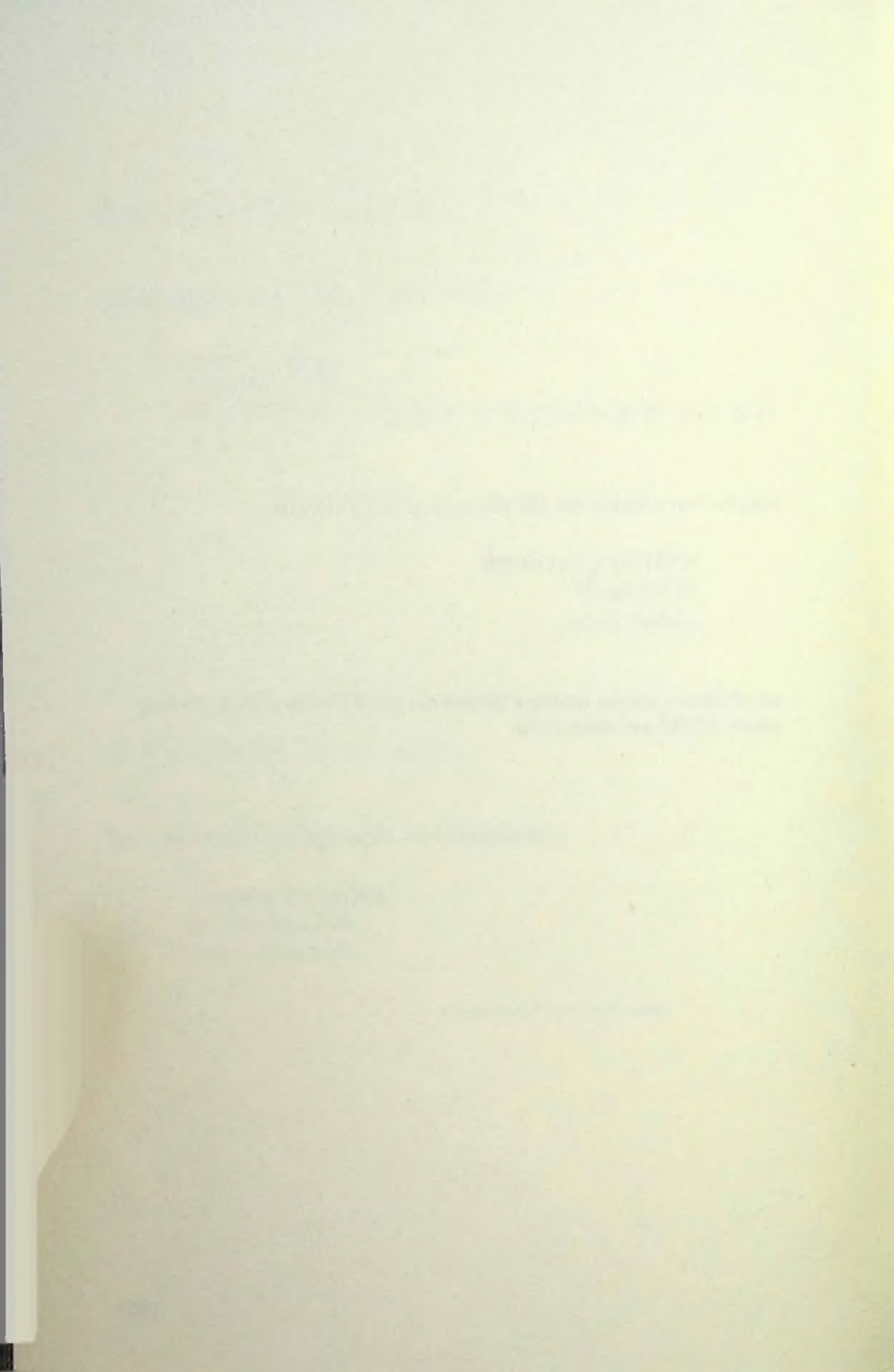
ひそかなる 亀の死をもち冬終る

hisoka naru kame no shi wo mochi fuyu owaru

with the quiet death  
of his turtle  
winter ends

*Note: Akito's son was keeping a tortoise; one day it was found dead. The long winter of 1967 was about to end.*





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## About the Translators

EMIKO MIYASHITA was born in Fukushima (Happy Island) city in Japan on September 6, 1954. The city is surrounded by the mountains that change their expressions delicately, according to seasons and the time of the day. She now owns a studio on this mountainside. It was her father's oil painting studio where he planted many young trees in its garden with Emiko. Currently she lives with her family in Kawasaki city. She also lived in Urbana, Illinois, U.S.A. (1959-61) and in Accra, Ghana (1969-71) where she was exposed to English language and its culture. She graduated from Doshisha University in Kyoto in 1978. Emiko joined Ten'i (Providence) haiku group led by Dr. Akito Arima in 1993 and became its dojin (leading member) in 1999. Lee Gurga and she have been working together as a translating team since 1997. They have published *Love Haiku: Masajo Suzuki's Lifetime of Love* in 2000 from Brooks Books. She is writing a series featuring English haiku in *HAIKUKAI* (Haiku World) magazine, published monthly in Japan. She is a member of International Haiku Association (Japan) and Haiku Society of America.

LEE GURGA was born and raised in Chicago, Illinois. He is a past president of the Haiku Society of America and is currently associate editor of the journal *Modern Haiku* and the haiku selector for the *Illinois Times* newspaper. His haiku have won the top prize in haiku contests in the United States, Canada, and Japan. His books *In and Out of Fog* and *Fresh Scent* were both awarded the first prize in the Haiku Society of America Merit Book Awards. He was awarded an Illinois Arts Council Poetry Fellowship in 1998 for his work in haiku. He lives with his family in rural Lincoln, Illinois and Key West, Florida.



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ヒューマンな情感を温めたから。  
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