

JAPANESE HAIKU

TWO HUNDRED TWENTY
EXAMPLES OF
SEVENTEEN-SYLLABLE
POEMS



BY BASHO • BUSON • ISSA
SHIKI • SOKAN • KIKAKU
AND OTHERS • TRANSLATED
BY PETER BEILENSON



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JAPANESE HAIKU

BY

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GLOBAL GREY

NOTHING BUT E-BOOKS

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A NOTE ON JAPANESE HAIKU

THE *hokku*—or more properly *haiku*—is a tiny verse-form in which Japanese poets have been working for hundreds of years. Originally it was the first part of the *tanka*, a five-line poem, often written by two people as a literary game: one writing three lines, the other, two lines capping them. But the *hokku*, or three-line starting verse, became popular as a separate form. As such it is properly called *haiku*, and retains an incredible popularity among all classes of Japanese.

There are only seventeen syllables in the haiku, the first and third lines contain five, the second line seven. There is almost always in it the name of the season, or a key word giving the season by inference. (This is a short-cut, costing the poet only one or two syllables, whereby the reader can immediately comprehend the weather, the foliage, the bird and insect-life—and the emotions traditional to the season: factors which almost always are important in the poem.) But there is also, in a good *haiku*, more than a mere statement of feeling or a picture of nature: there is an implied identity between two seemingly different things.

The greatest of *haiku*-writers, and the poet who crystallized the style, was Basho (1644-1694). In his later years he was a student of Zen Buddhism, and his later poems, which are his best, express the rapturous awareness in that mystical philosophy of the identity of life in all its forms. With this awareness, Basho immersed himself in even the tiniest things, and with religious fervor and sure craftsmanship converted them into poetry. He was ardently loved by his followers, and by later poets, and his Zen philosophy has thus been perpetuated in later *haiku*. It is, indeed, a key to the completest appreciation of most *haiku*.

Following Basho in time and fame was Buson (1715-1783)—a little more sophisticated and detached than his predecessor, and an equally exquisite craftsman. The third great *haiku* poet was unhappy Issa (1763-1827), a continual butt of fate. He is less poetic but more lovable than Basho and Buson. His tender, witty haiku about his dead children, his bitter poverty, his little insect friends, endear him to every reader. Other masters are of course represented here too.

It is usually impossible to translate a haiku literally and have it remain a poem, or remain in the proper seventeen-syllable form. There are several reasons for this. *Haiku* are full of quotations and allusions which are recognized by literate Japanese but not by us; and are full of interior double-meanings almost like James Joyce. And the language is used without connecting-words or tenses or pronouns or indications of singular or plural almost a telegraphic form. Obviously a translation cannot be at once so illusive and so terse.

In the texture of the poems there is a further difficulty: Japanese is highly polysyllabic. The only way to reproduce such a texture in English is to use Latinized words—normally less sympathetic than the Anglo-Saxon. For all these reasons, the following versions make no pretense to be literal or complete, and some variations in the five-seven-five syllable arrangement have been allowed. Alterations and interior rhymes, which are common in Japanese because every syllable ends with one of the five vowel sounds (sometimes with the addition of the letter "n") have been freely used; but as in the originals, there are no end-rhymes except some accidental ones. Although the *haiku* is a three-line poem, the use of a decorative Japanese design alongside each example in this edition has required (in almost every case) the doubling-up of the longer second line. The reader's indulgence is requested for this unorthodox typography.

One final word: the *haiku* is not expected to be always a complete or even a clear statement. The reader is supposed to add to the words his own associations and imagery, and thus to become a co-creator of his own pleasure in the poem. The publishers hope their readers may here co-create such pleasure for themselves!



PART 1

IN THESE DARK
WATERS
DRAWN UP FROM
MY FROZEN WELL ...
GLITTERING OF
SPRING



RINGAI

STANDING STILL AT
DUSK
LISTEN ... IN FAR
DISTANCES
THE SONG OF
FROGLINGS!



BUSON

I DREAMED OF
BATTLES
AND WAS SLAIN...
OH SAVAGE
SAMURAI!
INSATIABLE FLEAS!



KIKAKU

IN SILENT MID-
NIGHT
OUR OLD
SCARECROW
TOPPLES DOWN...
WEIRD HOLLOW
ECHO



BON CHO

WOMEN PLANTING
RICE...
UGLY EVERY BIT
ABOUT THEM...
BUT THEIR ANCIENT
SONG



RAIZAN

WILD GEESE WRITE
A LINE
FLAP-FLAPPING
ACROSS THE SKY ...
COMICAL DUTCH
SCRIPT



SOIN

DEAD MY OLD FINE
HOPES
AND DRY MY
DREAMING
BUT STILL...
IRIS, BLUE EACH
SPRING



SHUSHIRI

IN THIS WINDY NEST
OPEN YOUR
HUNGRY
MOUTH IN VAIN...
ISSA, STEPCHILD
BIRD



ISSA

BALLET IN THE AIR ...
TWIN BUTTERFLIES
UNTIL, TWICE
WHITE
THEY MEET, THEY
MATE



BASHO

ON THE DEATH OF
HIS CHILD
DEW EVAPORATES
AND ALL OUR
WORLD
IS DEW ... SO DEAR,
SO FRESH, SO
FLEETING



ISSA

BLACK CLOUDBANK
BROKEN
SCATTERS IN THE
NIGHT ... NOW SEE
MOON-LIGHTED
MOUNTAINS!



BASHO

SEEK ON HIGH BARE
TRAILS
SKY-REFLECTING
VIOLETS...
MOUNTAIN-TOP
JEWELS



BASHO

FOR A LOVELY BOWL
LET US ARRANGE
THESE
FLOWERS...
SINCE THERE IS NO
RICE



BASHO

NOW THAT EYES OF
HAWKS
IN DUSKY NIGHT
ARE DARKENED...
CHIRPING OF THE
QUAILS



BASHO

MY TWO PLUM
TREES ARE
SO GRACIOUS ...
SEE, THEY FLOWER
ONE NOW, ONE
LATER



BUSON

ONE FALLEN
FLOWER
RETURNING TO THE
BRANCH? ... OH NO!
A WHITE BUTTERFLY



MORITAKE

CLOUDBANK
CURLING LOW?
AH! THE MOUNTAIN
YOSHINO ...
CHERRY CUMULUS!



RYOTA

FIE! THIS FICKLE
WORLD!
THREE DAYS,
NEGLECTED
CHERRY-BRANCH ...
AND YOU ARE BARE



RYOTA

HANGING THE
LANTERN
ON THAT FULL
WHITE
BLOOMING BOUGH...
EXQUISITE YOUR
CARE!



SHIKI

APRIL'S AIR STIRS IN
WILLOW-LEAVES ...
A BUTTERFLY
FLOATS AND
BALANCES



BASHO

IN THE SEA-SURF
EDGE
MINGLING WITH
BRIGHT SMALL
SHELLS ..
BUSH-CLOVER
PETALS



BASHO

THE RIVER
GATHERING MAY
RAINS
FROM COLD
STREAMLETS
FOR THE SEA ...
MURMURING
MOGAMI



BASHO

A GATE MADE ALL
OF TWIGS
WITH WOVEN
GRASS
FOR HINGES ...
FOR A LOCK ... THIS
SNAIL



ISSA

WIND-BLOWN,
RAINED ON ...
BENT BARLEY-
GRASS
YOU MAKE ME
NARROW PATH
INDEED



JOSO

ARISE FROM SLEEP,
OLD CAT,
AND WITH GREAT
YAWNS
AND STRETCHINGS
...
AMBLE OUT FOR
LOVE



ISSA

WHITE CLOUD OF
MIST
ABOVE WHITE
CHERRY-BLOSSOMS

...

DAWN-SHINING
MOUNTAINS



BASHO

HI! MY LITTLE HUT
IS NEWLY-
THATCHED
I SEE...
BLUE MORNING-
GLORIES



ISSA

IN THE CITY FIELDS
CONTEMPLATING
CHERRY-TREES ...
STRANGERS ARE LIKE
FRIENDS



ISSA

SEE, SEE, SEE! OH
SEE!
OH WHAT TO SAY?
AH YOSHINO ...
MOUNTAIN-ALL-
ABLOOM!



TEISHITSU

GREEN SHADOW-
DANCES ...
SEE OUR YOUNG
BANANA-TREE
PATTERING THE
SCREEN



SHIKI

DON'T TOUCH MY
PLUMTREE!
SAID MY FRIEND
AND SAYING SO ...
BROKE THE BRANCH
FOR ME



TAIGI

TWILIGHT
WHIPPOORWILL ...
WHISTLE ON,
SWEET DEEPENER
OF DARK LONELINESS



BASHO

RECITING
SCRIPTURES...
STRANGE THE
WONDROUS BLUE I
FIND
IN MORNING-
GLORIES



KYOROKU

MANY SOLEMN
NIGHTS
BLOND MOON, WE
STAND
AND MARVEL...
SLEEPING OUR
NOONS AWAY



TEITOKU

MOUNTAIN-ROSE
PETALS
FALLING, FALLING,
FALLING NOW ...
WATERFALL MUSIC



BASHO

AMOROUS CAT, ALAS
YOU TOO MUST
YOWL
WITH YOUR LOVE...
OR EVEN WORSE,
WITHOUT!



YAHA



PART 2

THE LADEN WAGON
RUNS
BUMBLING AND
CREAKING
DOWN THE ROAD...
THREE PEONIES
TREMBLE



BUSON

AH ME! I AM ONE
WHO SPENDS HIS
LITTLE
BREAKFAST
MORNING-GLORY
GAZING



BASHO

MY GOOD FATHER
RAGED
WHEN I SNAPPED
THE PEONY...
PRECIOUS MEMORY!



TAIRO

BY THAT FALLEN
HOUSE
THE PEAR-TREE
STANDS
FULL-BLOOMING ...
AN ANCIENT
BATTLE-SITE



SHIKI

IN THE OPEN SHOP
PAPERWEIGHTS ON
PICTURE BOOKS...
YOUNG SPRINGTIME
BREEZE



KITO

DIM THE GREY COW
COMES
MOOING MOOING
AND MOOING
OUT OF THE
MORNING MIST



ISSA

TAKE THE ROUND
FLAT MOON
SNAP THIS TWIG
FOR HANDLE...
WHAT A PRETTY
FAN!



SOKAN

SEAS ARE WILD
TONIGHT...
STRETCHING OVER
SADO ISLAND
SILENT CLOUDS OF
STARS



BASHO

WHY SO SCRAWNY,
CAT?
STARVING FOR FAT
FISH
OR MICE ...
OR BACKYARD
LOVE?



BASHO

DEWDROP, LET ME
CLEANSE
IN YOUR BRIEF
SWEET WATERS ...
THESE DARK HANDS
OF LIFE



BASHO

LIGHTNING FLASH,
CRASH...
WAITING IN THE
BAMBOO GROVE
SEE THREE DEW-
DROPS FALL



BUSON

ASHES MY BURNT
HUT ...
BUT WONDERFUL
THE CHERRY
BLOOMING ON MY
HILL



HOKUSHI

LIFE? BUTTERFLY
ON A SWAYING
GRASS
THAT'S ALL ...
BUT EXQUISITE!



SOIN

GLORIOUS THE
MOON...
THEREFORE OUR
THANKS
DARK CLOUDS
COME TO REST OUR
NECKS



BASHO

WHAT A PEONY...
DEMANDING TO BE
MEASURED
BY MY LITTLE FAN!



ISSA

UNDER CHERRY-
TREES
SOUP, THE SALAD,
FISH AND ALL ...
SEASONED WITH
PETALS



BASHO

NOW FROM CHERRY-
TREES ...
MILLIONS OF
MAIDENS
FLYING
FIERCE WAR-LORD
STORM



SADAIYE

MOON SO BRIGHT
FOR LOVE!
COME CLOSER,
QUILT...
ENFOLD
MY PASSIONATE
COLD!



SAMPU

TOO CURIOUS
FLOWER
WATCHING US PASS,
MET DEATH...
OUR HUNGRY
DONKEY



BASHO

CLOUD OF CHERRY-
BLOOM ...
TOLLING TWILIGHT
BELL ... TEMPLE
UENO? ASAKURA?



BASHO

MUST SPRINGTIME
FADE?
THEN CRY ALL
BIRDS ...
AND FISHES'
COLD PALE EYES
POUR TEARS



BASHO

A NURSEMAID
SCARECROW...
FRIGHTENING THE
WIND AND SUN
FROM PLAYING BABY



ISSA

ON HER DEAD SON
IN WHAT WINDY
LAND
WANDERS NOW
MY LITTLE DEAR
DRAGONFLY
HUNTER?



CHIYO-NI

A SADDENING
WORLD:
FLOWERS WHOSE
SWEET
BLOOMS MUST
FALL...
AS WE TOO, ALAS...



ISSA

DESCRIBE PLUM-
BLOSSOMS?
BETTER THAN MY
VERSES ... WHITE
WORDLESS
BUTTERFLIES



REIKAN

LEND ME WATER
PLEASE?
SOME FRESH
YOUNG
MORNING-GLORY,
CARELESS ... TOOK
MY WELL



CHIYO-NI

A YOUNG SISTER
PITIFUL ... ON MY
OUTSTRETCHED
PALM
AT DUSK DIES
THE LITTLE FIREFLY



KYORAI

YOU STUPID
SCARECROW!
UNDER YOUR VERY
STICK-FEET
BIRDS ARE STEALING
BEANS!



YAYU

AFTERNOON
SHOWER...
WALKING AND
TALKING
IN THE STREET:
UMBRELLA AND
RAINCOAT!



BUSON

IN THE FARTHER
FIELD
A SCARECROW KEPT
ME
COMPANY ...
WALKING AS I
WALKED



SANIN

PRETTY
BUTTERFLIES...
BE CAREFUL OF
PINE-NEEDLE
POINTS
IN THIS GUSTY WIND!



SHUSEN

AH, UNREQUITED
LOVE!
NOW ELEVATE
YOUR CHIN
AND KEEN
TOM-CAT, TO THE
MOON!



KYORAI

HI! KIDS MIMICKING
CORMORANTS ... YOU
ARE
MORE LIKE
REAL CORMORANTS
THAN
THEY!



ISSA

BUZZING THE BEE
TRADES
PEONY FOR PEONY
WITH THE
BUTTERFLY



TAIGI

SUCH UTTER
SILENCE!
EVEN THE
CRICKETS'
SINGING...
MUFFLED BY HOT
ROCKS



BASHO

FAR ACROSS LOW
MIST
INTERMITTENTLY
THE LAKE
LIFTS A SNOW-WHITE
SAIL



GAKOKU

A WHITE SWAN
SWIMMING ...
PARTING WITH HER
UNMOVED BREAST
CHERRY-PETALED
POND



ROKA

FOR A COOL
EVENING
I HIRED THE
OLD TEMPLE
PORCH ...
PENNY IN THE DISH



SHIKI

QUITE A HUNDRED
GOURDS
SPROUTING FROM
THE FERTILE SOUL...
OF A SINGLE VINE



CHIYO-NI

SWALLOW IN THE
DUSK...
SPARE MY LITTLE
BUZZING FRIENDS
AMONG THE
FLOWERS



BASHO



PART 3

OLD DARK SLEEPY
POOL...
QUICK UNEXPECTED
FROG
GOES PLOP!
WATERSPLASH!



BASHO

MY SHADOWY PATH
I'VE SWEEPED ALL
DAY
AND NOW ... OH NO!
CAMELLIA-SHOWER!



YAHA

HARD THE BEGGAR'S
BED ...
BUT SOCIABLE
AND BUSY
WITH INSECT-
TALKING



CHIYO-NI

COME COME! COME
OUT!
FROM BOGS OLD
FROGS
COMMAND THE
DARK
AND LOOK ... THE
STARS!



KIKAKU

OVER THE
MOUNTAIN
BRIGHT THE FULL
WHITE
MOON NOW
SMILES...
ON THE FLOWER-
THIEF



ISSA

STARTING TO CALL
YOU:
COME WATCH
THESE
BUTTERFLIES ...
OH! I'M ALL ALONE



TAIGI

GOOD FRIEND
GRASSHOPPER
WILL YOU PLAY
THE CARETAKER
FOR MY LITTLE
GRAVE?



ISSA

A LOST CHILD
CRYING
STUMBLING OVER
THE DARK FIELDS ...
CATCHING FIREFLIES



RYUSUI

THE SNAKE
DEPARTED
BUT THE LITTLE
EYES
THAT GLARED...
DEW, SHINING IN
THE GRASS



KYOSHI

AH! BRAVE DRAGON-
FLY ...
TAKING FOR YOUR
PERCH
THIS SWATTER
CONSECRATE TO
DEATH



KOHYO

I RAISED MY KNIFE
TO IT:
THEN WALKED
EMPTY-HANDED
ON ...
PROUD ROSE OF
SHARON



SAMPU

GIDDY GRASSHOPPER
TAKE CARE ... DO
NOT
LEAP AND CRUSH
THESE PEARLS OF
DEWDROP



ISSA

DARTING DRAGON-
FLY ...
PULL OFF ITS SHINY
WINGS AND LOOK...
BRIGHT RED
PEPPER-POD



KIKAKU

REPLY:
BRIGHT RED
PEPPER-POD ...
IT NEEDS BUT
SHINY
WINGS AND LOOK...
DARTING DRAGON-
FLY!



BASHO

TINY SENTENCES
BRUSHING SOFT ON
MY SHUTTERS...
BUSH-CLOVER
VOICES



SESSHU

MIRROR-POND OF
STARS ...
SUDDENLY A
SUMMER
SHOWER
DIMPLES THE
WATER



SORA

SADNESS AT
TWILIGHT...
VILLAIN! I HAVE
LET MY HAND
CUT THAT PEONY



BUSON

IN DIM DUSK AND
SCENT
A WITNESS
NOW HALF
HIDDEN...
EVENFALL ORCHID



BUSON

NOW BE A GOOD
BOY
TAKE GOOD CARE
OF
OUR HOUSE ...
CRICKET MY CHILD



ISSA

WAKE! THE SKY IS
LIGHT!
LET US TO THE
ROAD
AGAIN...
COMPANION
BUTTERFLY!



BASHO

STILLNESS ... THEN
THE BAT
FLYING AMONG
THE WILLOWS
BLACK AGAINST
GREEN SKY



KIKAKU

NOW MY
LONELINESS
FOLLOWING
THE FIREWORKS...
LOOK! A FALLING
STAR!



SHIKI

STUPID HOT
MELONS...
ROLLING
LIKE FAT IDIOTS
OUT FROM LEAFY
SHADE!



KYORA

FOR MORNING-
GLORIES
I CAN FORESEE
GRAVE
DANGER...
SINGLE-STICK
PRACTICE



OHORA

CAN'T IT GET AWAY
FROM THE STICKY
PINE-BRANCHES ...
CICADA SINGING?



GIJOENS

SILENT THE OLD
TOWN...
THE SCENT OF
FLOWERS
FLOATING...
AND EVENING BELL



BASHO

VENDOR OF BRIGHT
FANS
CARRYING HIS PACK
OF BREEZE...
SUFFOCATING HEAT!



SHIRI

VOICES OF TWO
BELLS
THAT SPEAK FROM
TWILIGHT
TEMPLES...
AH! COOL DIALOGUE



BUSON

DEEP IN DARK
FOREST
A WOODCUTTER'S
DULL AXE TALKING...
AND A WOODCUTTER



BUSON

CAMELLIA-PETAL
FELL IN SILENT
DAWN ...
SPILLING
A WATER-JEWEL



BASHO

IN THE TWILIGHT
RAIN
THESE BRILLIANT-
HUED
HIBISCUS ...
A LOVELY SUNSET



BASHO

FRIEND, THAT OPEN
MOUTH
REVEALS YOUR
WHOLE INTERIOR...
SILLY HOLLOW
FROG!



ANON.

BUTTERFLY ASLEEP
FOLDED SOFT ON
TEMPLE BELL...
THEN BRONZE GONG
RANG!



BUSON

GOOD EVENING
BREEZE!
CROOKED AND
MEANDERING
YOUR HOMEWARD
JOURNEY



ISSA

SEE THE MORNING
BREEZE
RUFFLING HIS SO
SILKY HAIR...
COOL CATERPILLAR



BUSON

OH LUCKY BEGGAR!...
BRIGHT HEAVEN
AND COOL EARTH
YOUR SUMMER
OUTFIT



KIKAKU

THE TURNIP
FARMER ROSE
AND WITH A
FRESH-
PULLED TURNIP...
POINTED TO MY
ROAD



ISSA

FLOWER IN THE
STREAM
THUS TOO MY
LOVELY LIFE
MUST END,
ANOTHER
FLOWER...
TO FALL AND FLOAT
AWAY



ONITSURA

I AM GOING OUT ...
BE GOOD AND PLAY
TOGETHER
MY CRICKET
CHILDREN



ISSA

NOT A VOICE OR STIR
...
DARKNESS LIES ON
FIELDS AND
STREETS
SAD: THE MOON HAS
SET



IMOZENI



PART 4

LADY BUTTERFLY
PERFUMES HER
WINGS
BY FLOATING
OVER THE ORCHID



BASHO

IF STRANGERS
THREATEN
TURN INTO FAT
GREEN
BULLFROGS...
POND-COOLING
MELONS



ISSA

YELLOW EVENING
SUN ...
LONG SHADOW
OF THE
SCARECROW
REACHES TO THE



ROAD

SHOHA

A CAMELLIA
DROPPED DOWN
INTO
STILL WATERS
OF A DEEP DARK
WELL



BUSON

FOR THE EMPEROR
HIMSELF HE WILL
NOT
LIFT HIS HAT ...
A STIFF-BACKED
SCARECROW



DANSUI

IN THE HOLY DUSK
 NIGHTINGALES
 BEGIN
 THEIR PSALM...
 GOOD! THE DINNER-
 GONG!



BUSON

LIVE IN SIMPLE
 FAITH ...
 JUST AS THIS
 TRUSTING CHERRY
 FLOWERS, FADES,
 AND FALLS



ISSA

NIGHT IS BRIGHT
 WITH STARS
 ... SILLY WOMAN,
 WHIMPERING:
 SHALL I LIGHT THE
 LAMP?



ETSUJIN

BLACK DESOLATE
MOOR...
I BOW BEFORE
THE BUDDHA
LIGHTED IN
THUNDER



KAKEI

DIRTY BATH-WATER
WHERE CAN I POUR
YOU? ... INSECTS
SINGING IN THE
GRASS



ONITSURA

WEE BITTER
CRICKET
CRYING ALL THIS
SUNNY DAY ...
OR IS HE LAUGHING?



OEMARU

A SHORT SUMMER
NIGHT...
BUT IN THIS
SOLEMN
DARKNESS
ONE PEONY
BLOOMED



BUSON

LONG THE SUMMER
DAY ...
PATTERNS ON
THE OCEAN SAND...
OUR IDLE
FOOTPRINTS



SHIKI

ANGRY I STRODE
HOME...
BUT STOOPING IN
MY GARDEN
CALM OLD WILLOW-
TREE



RYOTA

OH DO NOT SWAT
THEM ...
UNHAPPY FLIES
FOREVER
WRINGING THEIR
THIN HANDS



ISSA

SEE ... THE HEAVY
LEAF
ON THE SILENT
WINDLESS DAY ...
FALLS OF ITS OWN
WILL



BONCHO

RASH TOM-CAT
LOVER...
CARELESS EVEN
OF THAT RICE
STUCK IN YOUR
WHISKERS



TAIGI

MOON SO BRIGHT
FOR LOVE!
OH, HEAR THE
FARMER
BY THAT LIGHT...
FLAILING HIS
LOVELY RICE!



ETSUJIN

NOW THE SWINGING
BRIDGE
IS QUIETED
WITH CREEPERS...
LIKE OUR
TENDRILLED LIFE



BASHO

DANCING IN MY
SILKS
MONEY TOSSED
ITSELF
AWAY...
PRETTY, THIS PAPER
DRESS!



SONO-JO

THE SEA
DARKENING...
OH VOICES OF THE
WILD DUCKS
CRYING, WHIRLING,
WHITE



BASHO

WHITE MOTH,
FLUTTER OFF:
FLY BACK INTO
MY BREAST NOW
QUICKLY, MY OWN
SOUL!



WAFU

NINE TIMES ARISING
TO SEE THE MOON...
WHOSE SOLEMN
PACE
MARKS ONLY
MIDNIGHT YET



BASHO

WATCHING, I
WONDER
WHAT POET COULD
PUT
DOWN HIS QUILL...
A PLUPERFECT
MOON!



ONITSURA

DO YOUR WORST, OLD
FROST
YOU CAN NO LONGER
WOUND ME ...
LAST
CHRYSANTHEMUM I



OEMARU

PEBBLES SHINING
CLEAR,
AND CLEAR
SIX SILENT FISHES...
DEEP AUTUMN
WATER



BUSON

A BRIGHT AUTUMN
MOON...
IN THE SHADOW OF
EACH GRASS
AN INSECT
CHIRPING



BUSON

YOU TURN AND
SUDDENLY
THERE IN
PURPLING
AUTUMN SKY ...
WHITE FUJAMI



ONITSURA

HERE, WHERE A
THOUSAND
CAPTAINS SWORE
GRAND
CONQUEST ... TALL
GRASS THEIR
MONUMENT



BASHO

YELLOW AUTUMN
MOON...
UNIMPRESSED
THE SCARECROW
STANDS
SIMPLY LOOKING
BORED



ISSA

WHITE
CHRYSANTHEMUM ...
BEFORE THAT
PERFECT FLOWER
SCISSORS HESITATE



BUSON

CRUEL AUTUMN
WIND
CUTTING TO THE
VERY BONES...
OF MY POOR
SCARECROW



ISSA

NOW IN LATE
AUTUMN
LOOK, ON MY OLD
RUBBISH-HEAP ...
BLUE MORNING-
GLORY



TAIGI

A SINGLE CRICKET
CHIRPS, CHIRPS,
CHIRPS,
AND IS STILL ... MY
CANDLE SINKS AND
DIES



ANON.

FIREWORKS ENDED
AND SPECTATORS
GONE AWAY...
AHD HOW VAST AND
DARK!



SHIKI

TWO ANCIENT PINE-
TREES ...
A PAIR OF
GNARLED
AND STURDY
HANDS
WITH TEN GREEN
FINGERS



RYOTO

I MUST TURN OVER...
BEWARE OF LOCAL
EARTHQUAKES
BEDFELLOW
CRICKET!



ISSA

OH! I ATE THEM ALL
AND OH! WHAT A
STOMACH-ACHE...
GREEN STOLEN
APPLES



SHIKI

NOW IN SAD
AUTUMN
AS I TAKE MY
DARKENING PATH ...
A SOLITARY BIRD



BASHO

AT OUR LAST
PARTING
BENDING BETWEEN
BOAT AND SHORE...
THAT WEEPING
WILLOW



SHIKI



PART 5

AT FURUE IN RAIN
GRAY WATER AND
GRAY SAND...
PICTURE WITHOUT
LINES



BUSON

OH SORRY TOM-CAT
BIGGER BLACKER
KNIGHTS OF LOVE
HAVE KNOCKED YOU
OUT!



SHIKO

THE OLD FISHERMAN
UNALTERABLY
INTENT...
COLD EVENING RAIN



BUSON

WHILE I TURNED MY
HEAD
THAT TRAVELER
I'D JUST PASSED ...
MELTED INTO MIST



SHIKI

VISITING THE
GRAVES ...
TROTTING ON TO
SHOW
THE WAY ...
OLD FAMILY DOG



ISSA

WILL WE MEET
AGAIN
HERE AT YOUR
FLOWERING
GRAVE...
TWO WHITE
BUTTERFLIES?



BASHO

SO ENVIABLE...
MAPLE-LEAVES
MOST GLORIOUS
CONTEMPLATING
DEATH



SHIKO

SHOCKING ... THE RED
OF
LACQUERED
FINGERNAILS
AGAINST
A WHITE
CHRYSANTHEMUM



CHIYO-NI

DRY CHEERFUL
CRICKET
CHIRPING, KEEPS
THE AUTUMN GAY ...
CONTEMPTUOUS OF
FROST



BASHO

DEEPEN, DROP, AND
DIE
MANY-HUED
CHRYSANTHEMUMS...
ONE BLACK EARTH FOR
ALL



RYUSUI

BEFORE BOILED
CHESTNUTS
CROSS-LEGGED LAD
IS SQUATTING...
CARVED WOODEN
BUDDHA



ISSA

DEFEATED IN THE
FRAY
BY BIGGER
BATTLERS
FOR LOVE...
TOM-CAT SEEKS A
MOUSE



SHIKO

ASKING THEIR
ROAD...
SEVEN YELLOW
BAMBOO HATS
ALL TURNED
TOGETHER



ANON.

TORCHES! COME AND
SEE
THE BURGLAR I
HAVE
CAPTURED...
OH! MY ELDEST SON!



SOKAN

AUTUMN
MOSQUITOES
BUZZ ME, BITE ME ...
SEE, I AM
LONG PREPARED FOR
DEATH



SHIKI

NICE: WILD
PERSIMMONS...
AND NOTICE HOW
THE MOTHER
EATS THE BITTER
PARTS



ISSA

GRAY MARSH, BLACK
CLOUD
FLAPPING AWAY
IN AUTUMN RAIN
LAST OLD SLOW
HERON



ANON.

FIRST WHITE SNOW
OF FALL
JUST ENOUGH TO
BEND
THE LEAVES
OF FADED
DAFFODILS



BASHO

WHAT A GORGEOUS
ONE
THAT FAT SLEEK
HUGE
OLD CHESTNUT
I COULD NOT GET AT
...



ISSA

NONE BROKE THE
SILENCE...
NOR VISITOR
NOR HOST ... NOR
WHITE
CHRYSANTHEMUM



RYOTA

IF YOU WERE SILENT
FLIGHT OF HERONS
ON DARK SKY ...
OH! AUTUMN
SNOWFLAKES!



SOKAN

CHILLING AUTUMN
RAIN...
THE MOON, TOO
BRIGHT
FOR SHOWERS,
SLIPS FROM THEIR
FINGERS



TOKUKU

RAINY-MONTH,
DRIPPING
ON AND ON
AS I LIE ABED...
AH, OLD MAN'S
MEMORIES!



BUSON

NOVEMBER
SUNRISE...
UNCERTAIN, THE
COLD
STORKS STAND ...
BARE STICKS IN
WATER



KAKEI

FROM DARK WINDY
HILLS
VOICES DRIVING
WEARY HORSES ...
SHOUTING OF THE
STORM



KYOKUSUI

SLANTING LINES OF
RAIN...
ON THE DUSTY
SAMISEN
A MOUSE IS
TROTTING



BUSON

OH FORMER RENTER
I KNOW IT ALL, ALL
...
DOWN TO
THE VERY COLD YOU
FELT



ISSA

GRAY MOOR,
UNMARRED
BY ANY PATH ...
A SINGLE BRANCH ...
A BIRD ... NOVEMBER



ANON.

LONELY UMBRELLA
PASSING THE
HOUSE
AT TWILIGHT...
FIRST SNOW
FALLING SOFT



YAHA

CARVEN GODS LONG
GONE...
DEAD LEAVES
ALONE
FOREGATHER
ON THE TEMPLE
PORCH



BASHO

FIVE OR SIX OF US
REMAIN, HUDDLED
TOGETHER...
BENT OLD WILLOW-
TREES



KYORA

PLUME OF PAMPAS
GRASS
TREMBLING
IN EVERY WIND...
HUSH, MY LONELY
HEART



ISSA

TEA-WATER, TIRED
WAITING WHILE
WE
WATCHED THE
SNOW...
FROZE ITSELF A HAT



SOKAN

COLD FIRST WINTER
RAIN...
POOR MONKEY,
YOU TOO COULD
USE
A LITTLE WOVEN
CAPE



BASHO

WINTER RAIN
DEEPENS
LICHENED LETTERS
ON THE GRAVE...
AND MY OLD
SADNESS



ROKA

COLD WINTER
SHOWER ..
SEE ALL THE
PEOPLE
RUNNING
ACROSS SETA
BRIDGE!



JOSO

OLD WEARY
WILLOWS...
I THOUGHT HOW
LONG
THE ROAD WOULD
BE
WHEN YOU WENT
AWAY



BUSON

NO OIL TO READ BY
...
I AM OFF TO BED
BUT AH!...
MY MOONLIT
PILLOW



BASHO

DESCENDING
SEAWARD
FAR-OFF MOUNTAIN
WATERFALL...
WINTER NIGHTS ARE
STILL



KYOKUSUI

ALL HEAVEN AND
EARTH
FLOWERED WHITE
OBLITERATE...
SNOW ... UNCEASING
SNOW



HASHIN



PART 6

CONSIDERATE DOGS

...

STEPPING OFF
INTO THE SNOW
AS I WALK THE PATH



ISSA

BUT WHEN I HALTED
ON THE WINDY
STREET
AT TWILIGHT...
SNOW STRUCK
AGAINST ME



KITO

CALL HIM BACK! AH
NO,
HE'S BLOWN FROM
SIGHT
ALREADY...
FISH-PEDDLER IN
THE SNOW



ANON.

CROSSING IT ALONE
IN COLD
MOONLIGHT...
THE BRITTLE
BRIDGE
ECHOES MY
FOOTSTEPS



TAIGI

SUCH A LITTLE
CHILD
TO SEND TO BE
A PRIESTLING
ICY POVERTY



SHIKI

WINDY WINTER
RAIN...
MY SILLY BIG
UMBRELLA
TRIES WALKING
BACKWARD



SHISEI-JO

BUDDHA ON THE
HILL...
FROM YOUR HOLY
NOSE INDEED
HANGS AN ICICLE



ISSA

THIS SNOWY
MORNING
THAT BLACK CROW
I HATE SO MUCH...
BUT HE'S
BEAUTIFUL!



BASHO

LOOK AT THE
CANDLE!
WHAT A HUNGRY
WIND
IT IS...
HUNTING IN THE
SNOW!



SEIRA

IF THERE WERE
FRAGRANCE
THESE HEAVY
SNOW-
FLAKES SETTLING...
LILIES ON THE
ROCKS



BASHO

AH! I INTENDED
NEVER NEVER
TO GROW OLD ...
LISTEN: NEW YEAR'S
BELL!



JOKUN

SNOW-SWALLOWED
VALLEY:
ONLY THE
WINDING RIVER...
BLACK FLUENT
BRUSH-STROKE



BONCHO

ROARING WINTER
STORM
RUSHING TO ITS
UTTER END ...
EVER-SOUNDING SEA



GONSUI

ELEVEN BRAVE
KNIGHTS
CANTER THROUGH
THE
WHIRLING SNOW...
NOT ONE BENDS HIS
NECK



SHIKI

GOING SNOW-
VIEWING
ONE BY ONE THE
WALKERS VANISH...
WHITELY FALLING
VEILS



KATSURI

"YES, COME IN!" I
CRIED...
BUT AT THE WINDY
SNOW-HUNG GATE
KNOCKING STILL
WENT ON



KYORA

SEE: SURVIVING
SUNS
VISIT THE
ANCESTRAL
GRAVE ...
BEARDED, WITH
BENT CANES



BASHO

THE ORPHAN
SPEAKS:
THE YEAR-END
PARTY...
I AM EVEN ENVIOUS
OF SCOLDED
CHILDREN



ISSA

I GAVE THE
GREETINGS
OF THE BRIGHT
NEW YEAR ... AS
THOUGH
I HELD A PLUM-
BRANCH



SHIKI

ON JOLLY NEW
YEAR'S DAY
MY LAST YEAR'S
BILLS
DROP IN
TO PAY THEIR
COMPLIMENTS



ANON.

DEATH-SONG:
 LEAF ALONE,
 FLUTTERING
 ALAS, LEAF ALONE,
 FLUTTERING ...
 FLOATING DOWN
 THE WIND



ANON.

DEATH-SONG:
 I HAVE KNOWN
 LOVERS...
 CHERRY-BLOOM ...
 THE NIGHTINGALE ...
 I WILL SLEEP
 CONTENT



ANON.

DEATH-SONG:
 FEVER-FELLED
 HALF-WAY,
 MY DREAMS AROSE
 TO MARCH AGAIN...
 INTO A HOLLOW
 LAND



BASHO

DEATH-SONG:
THREE LOVELIEST
THINGS:
MOONLIGHT ...
CHERRY-
BLOOM ... NOW I GO
SEEKING SILENT
SNOW



RIPPO

