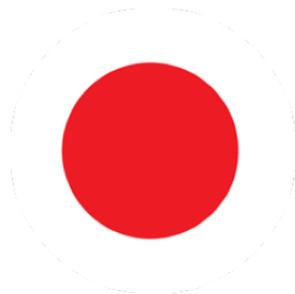


HAIKU SAMPLERS FROM JAPAN

4. Post-War to the Present

Selected and Translated by JIM KACIAN



Shūōshi

in a vase
the mountain magnolia
blossoms

Arō

deep in the mountains
the way of the birds
often sunlit

Rinka

May wind
behind the tombstone
no shadow

Kijō

birds lately
without a sound
have come

Mokkoku

wind off the sea
the thew of the mountain
grows great

Takeo

seeing you off
into the deep autumn ether
fading away

Bōsha

my cough
runs away from me
and into the woods

Ichirinsō

just here
if there's a bit of sun
drying socks

Ittō

what are they saying?
pushing the wagon
together

Kashō

the sound of water
here at the house
my sister has married into

Ichīō

a cold wind
whelms me so
beautiful

Yaezakura

tears while
he sits and talks
mother listening

Hokurō

almost talking
it burns bright a moment
and disappears

Shikunro

someone passes by
through sharp shadows
through strong sunlight

Hakusen

sleeping children
beneath blankets
the sound of waves

Gekkōshi

a light on
in the house and a stream
flows by

Gomei

July
but out of the rain
the autumn wind

Issō

in the fog
two sad hearts dissolve
into one

Sensuirō

flitting away
into the blue morning
floating seagull

Nisshō

cry of a water bird —
the water's moon
the water's stars

Itto

a winter crow
pushes off from the snow
with his belly

Sōten

every day the trees
shed more as I look up
as I pass through

Shūkōryō

one insect
without the others
then the others

Kiseishi

a cat
on a scattered beach
noon

Seisui

just moved here
and living in loneliness —
someone else's flowers

Yoshirō

lunchtime
after the children
children's voices

Kafugen

a sick man
at the hospital —
shadows of thin trees

Shurindō

moonlit clouds
coldly spreading out
across the moor

Joyō

touching the door
a quiet sound
like snow

Tadashi

two butterflies
one of them turns me
around and around

Geizan

after flurries
in the nonchalant sky
the sunrise

Tōsō

seedling grass —
my heart has become
honest

Kyōhō

mackerel sky —
remembering the times
since then

Hiroshi

I've come from afar
but the funeral prayer I saw
was not deep

Shihaku

coughing up blood —
the faces of my family
so vivid

Hatsutarō

the path of fallen leaves
ends here —
hillside grave

Kokyō

deep forest —
the sound of rain like
fallen leaves

Shōkeishi

mountain mist
over the dam —
flowers eddy

Sekitō

candle flame
looking at your face during
the autumn gale

Kampe

winter waves —
their sound is sharp
at the hotel

Tatsunosuke

during the evening of the rainy season
the sound of the stream —
homeyness

Hakuyō-jo

the northern sea
with its dark waves —
cherry blossom festival

Ryōson

an iron bridge —
the winter haze beneath it
thins out

Itō

over the rocks
the winter river's sound
goes by

Awaji-jo

rapt the look
of the man
sowing wheat

Reihō-jo

mountain shrine —
a distant moon over
the nets for catching thrush

Kyūsha

an example
to those of us
poor at heart

Kōkyū

scorching heat —
the money not forthcoming
I drop my bag

Fuson

stone lanterns
in the cold moonlight —
a fruit orchard

Ayatari

searching for warmth
with their noses
wild horses

Genjūrō

on the machines
as well, the moon —
everyone gone

Kenzō

the lights already on —
children returning
across the horizon

Shunichi

first butterfly —
so giddy with life
we can't calm down

Kōsanjin

I am here
the cockscombs there —
the space between

Haruo

radish in hand
the farmer's wife
in worn sandals

Kōi

dreamily
I raise my leeks —
loneliness

Toten

under the maiden's
lonely protection
silkworms sleep

Takemi

blazing heat —
the unhappy waif's
small shadow

Taizō

clouds at noon —
the peony in the garden
deeply white

Yaei

winter koi
from beyond the hill garden
the sound of a koto

Masao

cut flower
I walk into the dawn
barefoot

Kaito

such a joy
while washing my feet —
just a couple of words

Kasui

carrying down wood
from the cold evening mountains —
the call of a shrike

Setsujin

the clatter of hail
the clatter of a teletype
night through the window

Hakuchin

sleeping on a boat
far from the bamboos of home —
the Milky Way

Yōfū

night blossoms —
burnt with other things, they are
colorless

Otsurō

drooping wisteria —
and the rain won't fall
from the low sky

Ryō

far-off frogs —
feeling a bit wearier
each passing day

Nisshō

tranquil pines —
they are intermingling,
the waterbirds

Gaki

New Year's Day —
while washing my hands,
the feel of the night

Shiei

driftwood
shining on this fine day —
winter sea

Hajime

twittering —
the piano wears
a fine dust

Natsuishi Ban'ya

from the future
a wind arrives
that blows the waterfall apart

Ikeda Sumiko**

loosing “rock-paper-scissors”
born as a firefly . . .

Maeda Hiroshi**

a classroom party —
tomorrow I’ll go shoot a bear

Ōi Tsuneyuki**

however rain however dark green —
falls on bamboo

Morisu Ran**

drowsiness
out of reach of blue
river in the spring

Takatō Akane**

the awkward lie of an eldest daughter carnation flower

Tōta Kaneko***

after the tsunami disaster
an old woman lives
 apart from death

* Translated by Richard Gilbert and Itō Yūki.

** Translated by Richard Gilbert.

*** Translated by the Kon Nichi Translation Group, Kusamakura University, Kumamoto, Japan.