WHICH SEASON?

the oak tree: fresh snow at dawn
not interested already the footsteps
in cherry blossoms of the neighbor's cat

-Basho -George Swede

the mountain cuckoo— sitting in the sun
a fine voice in the middle of the plants
and proud of it! that I just watered

-Issa -Tom Tico

first wild geese— morning bird song—
the nights are becoming long, my paddle slips
becoming long into its reflection

-Chiyo-ni -Michael Dylan Welch

escaped the nets escaped the ropes—
escaped the ropes— moon on the water
at the fruit stand
taking off my mitten
to feel the coconut

-Buson -Carl Patrick