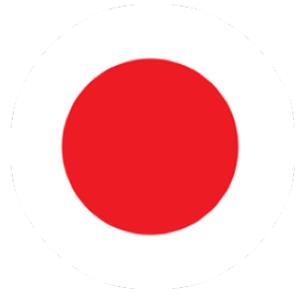


HAIKU SAMPLERS FROM JAPAN
I. From the Beginning to Bashō's Time

Selected and Translated by JIM KACIAN



Sōgi

the willow brushes
morning dewdrops from the grass
along the path

Sōkan

cold wind —
through the torn *shoji*
October moon

Moritake

cherry blossoms
scattering —
an evening in prayer

Teitoku

bursting at the seams —
weeping cherries
in bloom

Ishū

like Dutch letters,
geese flying
across the sky

Teishitsu

“Well, well!”
was all I could say —
cherries of Yoshino

Kigin

pampas grass
takes the form
of the autumn wind

Saimu

its body ends
in emptiness —
cicada

Sōin

gazing up
at the great sky —
scent of plum blossoms

Ichū

spring rain —
the willows first
make us drowsy

Shōi

snow reveals
the broken form
of an umbrella

Tsunenori

summer evening —
the smoke planes
mosquito columns

Saikaku

hamlets bereft
of blossoms and the sea:
tonight's moon

Raizan

new maple leaves —
once again sunlit
after the shower

Saimaro

blowing away
all of the clouds
a newly-leafed tree

Gonsui

winter wind —
it ends in the roar
of the sea

Onitsura

to know the plum:
a heart,
a nose

Bashō

autumn —
old age is in the birds,
the clouds

Jōsō

wolves howl
all at once —
evening snow

Sampū

nameless
but each weed
its flower

Kyoroku

marking the places
to apply the mugwort —
cool spring wind

Shikō

winter gale —
a lone bird
looks cold

Yaha

just their voices
passing in the dark —
the cold

Etsujin

smoky candle —
the evening cold
with snow

Hokushi

morning glories
sharing a row
bloom and wither

Bonchō

a nightingale —
my sandals stuck
in field mud

Izen

above quick waters
the birds rise light, light,
light, light

Ryōto

violets —
the geisha will want
to view the fields

Shōkaku

evening glories —
I lie in my room
in my autumn

Kakei

morning glory —
so white the dew
disappears

Tohō

the whole broad leaf
lit up —
firefly

Shintoku

rainy day —
a stranger passes by
with flowers

Rotsū

banana leaves —
what will you do,
autumn wind?

Shadō

from the high bank
bulbuls are singing —
puffy clouds

Sodō

felling the hedge
the young bamboo
becomes the hedge

Senna

the day moon gone —
plovers against
the sky

Tokoku

spring
but the sky is not
my home sky

Yasui

skylark —
almost a match for
the spring wind

Bokudō

new leaves —
of course I'm sleepy
this spring morning

Rōka

the sickly child
makes an appearance —
barley autumn

Sora

trudging, trudging —
when I fall, let me lie
in this field of bush clover

Kigin

pampas grass
takes the form
of the autumn wind

Haritsu

until they blossom
who notices? —
azaleas

Masahide

warehouse burnt —
nothing left to impede
the view of the moon

Kyokusui

the evening star departs
behind the mountain —
voice of the deer

Mokusetsu

storm over —
the coolness left
in the bamboos

Hajin

a cicada
cries out, once . . .
the moonlit night

Tantan

first snow —
a rock just above
the waves

Banko

in the straw
lining the stable —
firefly

Chigetsu

grasshopper —
cheeping in the scarecrow's
sleeve

Sute-jo

snowy morning —
the sandals leave behind
their two and two

Sono-jo

the dog barks
at the roar of leaves —
the storm

Shushiki

with my whole heart
pressing her to my skin —
sleet

Kana-jo

barley heads —
they reel with the butterflies
in the wind

Chine-jo

all the way to Ise
we have been fellow travelers —
wild geese

Chiyo-jo

the footprints
of a man —
first cherry blossoms

Kikaku

harvest moon —
crossing tatami, the shadow
of a pine

Bunson

harvest moon —
where darkness lurks,
insect cries

Mokudō

spring breeze —
the barley fields sound
of water

Rito

plum blossoms —
traces of spring
nowhere else

Yayū

two or three
visible stars
croaking frogs

Sogan

slant sunrays
on the temple bell
scant heat

Renshi

so much dancing
in Kyoto
so many women

Shiseki

around the fire
the assembled knees
so thin

Ryūkyo

rape flowers
glittering
the temple

Kiin

paulonia seeds
blown this way and that —
winter storm

Chōsui

above the horizon
people scattered —
shell gathering