HAIKU SAMPLERS FROM JAPAN
I. Buson through Issa

Selected and Translated by Jim Kacian

Buson

plum blossom scent
rises up —
halo of the moon

Taigi

mosquito larvae
the sunshine
on stagnant water

Kitō

in the market
stones on the woodblock prints —
spring breeze

Shōha

loneliness —
the height of the temple’s ceiling
through the mosquito net
Chora

beginning of autumn —
in the drifting clouds
the wind

Gyōdai

dawn—
the call of whales
from beneath the sea

Shirao

departing autumn —
the grasses hide
a stream’s flow

Ryōta

Oh, the straw raincoat
is still green —
winter rain

Rankō

praying for rain —
bonfire flames ripple
the cloud peak

Tairo

a traveler
drops in some coins —
the clear water

Meimei

a dog's bark—
a man passes in
the snowy night
Gekkyo

spring to spring . . .
feeling the same
and different

Oemaru

in the mountains
autumn, briefly, and
the setting sun

Seira

in the doorway
a man's shadow —
autumn evening

Shōzan

autumn moon —
a water's glaze
to the rooftiles

Issa

using a candle
to light my cigar —
hototogisu

Fuhaku

the quiet —
the cherry blossoms unmoved
by the temple bell

Muchō

the mountain clear
through the rain —
autumn's water
Watsujin

approaching them
each with their moon —
the pines

Shirō

a foggy sea
a rising sun —
that’s it

Seibi

passing easily
through thinning willows —
autumn sun

Ginkō

a waterbird
beak in its feathers
falls asleep

Shumpa

the temple bell
heard from the great house —
spring evening

Sobaku

opening the door
to toss out used tea leaves —
a skurry of snow

Michihiko

over withered reeds
snowflakes flicker —
after wind
Sōchō

overnight on the line
drying my underwear —
the Milky Way

Sekifu

the path narrows
where we linger —
a leek field

Seifu-jo

folks sleeping —
nothing between me
and the moon

Koyū-ni

falling blossoms
and the calming down
of us all

Tayo-jo

this one and that one
must still have a name —
burning grasses

Baishitsu

a paulonia —
rains runs down its bark
beneath the cicada

Rangai

dragonflies
all going the same way —
sunset