



# Bashō's Haiku

Selected Poems of Matsuo Bashō

Translated and with an Introduction by  
David Landis Barnhill

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# BASHŌ'S HAIKU

*Selected Poems by Matsuo Bashō*



Matsuo Bashō

Translated by, annotated,  
and with an Introduction by  
David Landis Barnhill

STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK PRESS

*for Phyllis Jean Schuit*

spruce fir trail  
up through endless mist  
into White Pass  
sky

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## P R E F A C E

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“You know, Bashō is almost too appealing.” I remember this remark, made quietly, offhand, during a graduate seminar on *haiku* poetry. I’m not sure the other student even noticed the comment, but it spoke volumes not only about the scholar, but about Bashō’s impact on Japanese culture and now our own. It was about one hundred years ago that Bashō became known in the West through the translations of Basil Hill Chamberlain and, more importantly, the influence on the poet Ezra Pound. That influence expanded in midcentury, with R. H. Blyth’s voluminous and high quality translations of *haiku* and the surge of American interest in Japanese culture following World War II. The last fifty years has seen increasing interest in Bashō among scholars, poets, nature writers, and environmental philosophers.

In this translation of Bashō’s *haiku* and the accompanying volume, *Bashō’s Journey: The Literary Prose of Matsuo Bashō*, I offer a collection of his poetry and prose that I hope will help extend that interest and his influence even further. It has been decades in the making, with a numerous people who have impacted it in a variety of ways. Professor Lee Yearley first introduced me to East Asian culture, the study of religion, and the intellectual life. Poets Kenneth Rexroth and Gary Snyder intensified my interest while enriching my perspective. Professors Edwin Good and Susan Matisoff were instrumental to my graduate work on Bashō, as was Makoto Ueda, whose scholarship on Bashō has been extraordinarily important. Friends Scott, Jerry, Phil, Zack, and Bill helped ensure the trip would be a long and strange one. My wife, enduring my solitary character and

obsessive work, has been a true companion along the way. Guilford College provided a nourishing environment for someone dedicated to interdisciplinary approaches to learning. And I am grateful to Nancy Ellegate and the State University of New York Press for their support of this project.



## SELECTED CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF MATSUO BASHŌ

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- 1644 Matsuo Kinsaku (Bashō) is born in Ueno, Iga Province.
- 1656 Matsuo Yozaemon, Bashō's father, dies.
- 1662 Earliest extant poem.
- 1666 Death of Tōdō Yoshitada, Bashō's friend and fellow poet, son of his Lord.
- 1672 Dedicates a poetry contest he judged, *The Seashell Game (Kai ōi)*, at a Shinto Shrine. He moves to Edo.
- 1675 Participates in a linked verse (*haikai no renga*) gathering with Nishiyama Sōin (1605–82), the founder of the Danrin school. By now he has students, including Sugiyama Sampū (1647–1732) and Takarai Kikaku (1661–1707).
- 1676 Participates in two Danrin-style linked verse sequences, *Two Poets in Edo (Edo ryōgin shū)*.
- 1677 Begins to work at the waterworks department in Edo as he continues to be a rising star in the Danrin school.
- 1679 Becomes a lay monk.
- 1680 Two major collections by his school are published, *Twenty Solo Sequences by Tōsei's Disciples (Tōsei montei dokugin nijikkasen)* and *Haikai Contests*

- (*Haikai awase*). He moves out of central Edo into a hut on the rustic outskirts in the Fukagawa district. His poetry begins to reflect the emotional intensity and spiritual depth of Chinese poetry.
- 1681 A disciple transplants a *bashō* (banana) tree at the hut. Before the year is over, the hut and the poet are known by that name. He practices Zen meditation under Butchō (1642–1716), and Zen and Chinese Daoism become influential in his poetry.
- 1683 The Bashō Hut is destroyed by fire in January. The first major anthology of his school, *Shriveled Chestnuts* (*Minashiguri*), is published. In August his mother dies.
- 1684 In September, begins a long journey to the West that will give rise to his first travel journal, *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field* (*Nozarashi kikō*). During a visit in Nagoya, he leads five linked verse sequences (*kasen*) that will be published as *The Winter Sun* (*Fuyu no hi*).
- 1685 Visits his native village of Ueno to celebrate the New Year. After several other stops, he returns to Edo in the summer.
- 1686 Writes the unfinished *Critical Notes on the New Year Sequence* (*Hatsukaishi hyōchū*).
- 1687 Travels to Kashima Shrine to see the harvest moon, which results in *Kashima Journal* (*Kashima kikō*). He publishes *Collected Verses* (*Atsumeku*), a selection of thirty-four of his hokku. In late November, he sets off on a long journey to the west, which results in *Knapsack Notebook* (*Oi no kobumi*).
- 1688 Travels to Sarashina village to see the harvest moon, which results in *Sarashina Journal* (*Sarashina kikō*), and then returns to Edo in September.
- 1689 Leaves Edo in May for a very long journey to the north country and the west coast of Japan, which

becomes the basis for *The Narrow Road to the Deep North* (*Oku no hosomichi*).

- 1690 Lives from May to August in the “Unreal Hut” by Lake Biwa, and then moves to his native village of Ueno. He begins to speak of his new poetic ideal of lightness (*karumi*).
- 1691 Spends late May at the “Villa of Fallen Persimmons” in the hills west of Kyoto, where he writes *Saga Diary* (*Saga nikki*). The linked-verse anthology *Monkey’s Straw Raincoat* (*Sarumino*) is published. He returns to Edo in December.
- 1692 After many relatively quiet months, a new hut is built for him, and he becomes busy again as a haikai master.
- 1693 Tōin, a nephew he had looked after for many years, becomes ill, moves in with Bashō, and dies in April. Bashō begins to take care of Jutei, a woman with three children. In August he closes his gate to visitors.
- 1694 Begins a journey to the southwest in June in poor health. Two anthologies of his school are published, *The Detached Room* (*Betsuzashiki*) and *A Sack of Charcoal* (*Sumidawara*). On November 28, while in Osaka, he dies.



# INTRODUCTION

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## THE HAIKU POETRY OF MATSUO BASHŌ

stormy sea—  
stretching out over Sado,  
Heaven's River  
*arami ya / sado ni yokotau / amanogawa*

Bashō was standing on the western shores of Japan looking out upon the night sea. He was pausing on his long journey to the “deep north” of Japan, and he could hear the crashing of the waves. Miles beyond lay Sado Island. Sado was known as a place of riches, where gold was being mined. But even more it was known as a place where numerous people, including the Emperor Juntoku, the Buddhist leader Nichiren, and the great medieval Nō dramatist Zeami, had endured the enforced solitude of exile. The poem begins with an exclamation of the violence and vastness of the water, the cutting word *ya* functioning somewhat like an exclamation point. Then our consciousness is brought to a focus on the melancholy island, small in the cold sweep of ocean. The island lies in contrast to the ocean that surrounds it, yet it harbors centuries of the emotional storm of exile. Then our consciousness is pulled up and out across the sky, as Heaven's River (the Milky Way) reaches from horizon to horizon. As a metaphorical river, it flows in eternal tranquillity above the storms of the sea and of human life, sparkling with a scattered brightness more pure than gold. Bashō, the island, and everything on earth seem to be alone yet together under the

stream of stars. Over the storm is silence; above the movement is a stillness that somehow suggests the flow of a river and of time; and piercing the darkness is the shimmering but faint light of stars.

The modern novelist Kawabata Yasunari was so moved by this verse that in the climax of his masterpiece, *Snow Country*, Bashō's River of Heaven becomes a principal actor. The protagonist Shimamura looks up into the night sky and feels himself floating into the Milky Way and wonders: "Was this the bright vastness the poet Bashō saw when he wrote of Heaven's River arched over a stormy sea?" A fire rages nearby, with sparks rising to the stars. "And the River of Heaven, like a great aurora, flowed through his body to stand at the edges of the earth. There was a quiet, chilly loneliness in it, and a sort of voluptuous astonishment." The novel concludes with this sentence: "As he caught his footing, his head fell back, and Heaven's River flowed down inside him with a roar" (Kawabata, 134, 137, 142).<sup>1</sup> The River of Heaven continues to flow today not only in the night sky, but also through sensitive readers of Bashō's poetry.

Bashō had come a long way by the time he wrote this poem, not only on his journey to the back country of Japan but in his life. Born in 1644, he grew up in a small town as a member of a low-ranking samurai family. While the still new Tokugawa Period (1600–1868) was characterized by feudal stability compared to the war-ravaged medieval period, the burgeoning affluence of the time opened up aesthetic transformation and social mobility. Literacy spread through many classes, and the merchant class in particular began to take up interest in the arts. The relatively new form of poetry of *haikai no renga*<sup>2</sup> (comic linked-verse) appealed both to the merchant class and to samurai. As a young man, Bashō began to participate in poetry gatherings with his friend Tōdō Yoshitada, the son of his family's Lord. In 1666, Yoshitada suddenly died, shaking Bashō into considering a departure from traditional feudal society. Because the arts were expanding, it was possible for some gifted writers to opt out of the strict class distinctions of farmer, samurai, artisan, and merchant and establish a livelihood as a master poet. Bashō did just that, heading first to the capital of Kyoto and then to the growing metropolis of Edo (now Tokyo). By 1680,

he had established himself as a successful poetry master, but dissatisfied with the superficial poetics of the time, he developed his own aesthetics that reflected spiritual depth and aesthetic subtlety, exemplified in the Sado Island poem. In the last ten years of his life, he travelled often and wrote five travel journals. In 1694, after starting out on yet another journey, he died in Osaka. Shortly before his death he wrote:

ill on a journey:

my dreams roam round  
over withered fields

*tabi ni yande / yume wa karen o / kakemeguru*

The remarkable power of Bashō's poetry and prose continues today, expanding into cultures he could not have dreamed of. His works, and the life he lived, have been influencing Western literature since Ezra Pound popularized imagistic haiku a hundred years ago. Over the past fifty years, his impact on poetry has increased as distinguished poets such as Kenneth Rexroth, Cid Corman, Sam Hamill, and Robert Hass have translated his verse.<sup>3</sup> His influence is also increasing among nature writers, such as John Elder and Gretel Ehrlich.<sup>4</sup> He continues as a master poet to the growing number of haiku and haibun writers in English.<sup>5</sup> And recently the scholarly study of Bashō in the West has reached a new level of insight.<sup>6</sup> My hope is that this translation will help to extend his impact on Western culture.

## HAIKAI, HOKKU, AND HAIKU

In studying Bashō's poetry, the modern reader is faced with a seeming confusion of terms, in particular *haikai*, *hokku*, and *haiku*. To clarify these terms, we need to step back in time to classical Japanese poetry. The waka, a short poem with a 5-7-5-7-7 syllabic rhythm, was the principal verse form in classical literature beginning in the Heian Period (794-1186). Waka poetics were characterized by highly refined sensibilities, vocabulary, and themes severely restricted by aristocratic tastes, and highly conventionalized associations in imagery.<sup>7</sup> *Renga*, a verse form that became predominant in the medieval period (1186-

1600), continued the classical waka aesthetics while expanding the poetic structure. It is a linked-verse form usually composed by a group of poems, and consists of distinct but conjoined stanzas in alternating syllabic rhythms of 5-7-5, 7-7, 5-7-5, 7-7, and so on.<sup>8</sup>

The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries saw the rise of a “comic” form of linked verse, *haikai no renga*, which appealed to a broader audience. A number of different schools, with distinctive poetics and techniques, evolved, and Bashō’s poetic school, *Shōmon*, was one form of *haikai no renga*. Bashō spoke more broadly of haikai art and the haikai spirit (*haii*), which included not only linked verse but also *haiga* (haikai painting) and *haibun* (haikai prose) and involved both earthy humor and spiritual depth. So it is most accurate to speak of Bashō as a master of “haikai” poetry.

In linked-verse, whether classical *renga* or its haikai form, the first stanza (hokku) sets the stage for the entire poem and is considered particularly important. One feature that distinguishes a hokku from other stanzas is that it must contain a season word (*kigo*), which designates in which season the poem was written in: hokku are by definition poems about the current season. A hokku also must be a complete statement, not dependent on the succeeding stanza.<sup>9</sup> Because of its importance to linked-verses and its completeness, haikai poets began to write them as semi-independent verses, which could be used not only as a starting stanza for a linked-verse, but also could be appreciated by themselves. So the individual poems that Bashō created are, properly speaking, “hokku.”

“Haiku,” on the other hand, is a modern word. It was popularized by the Masaoka Shiki (1867–1902), the first great modern haiku poet, as a way to distinguish his type of verse from its antecedents, haikai and hokku. In particular, Shiki emphasized that a haiku is a completely independent poem, not part of a linked-verse. During most of the twentieth century, Western scholars and translators used the term haiku for both modern haiku and premodern hokku, and haiku has thus come to be the generally accepted term in the West for both premodern and modern forms. In addition, Bashō’s hokku now function in modern culture (both in Japan and the West) the same way Shiki’s haiku does, as independent verses.



Such a situation poses a problem for translators. Should we be historically proper and speak of Bashō's hokku poems and haikai poetry, or should we accept the modern if anachronistic idiom and speak of his haiku poetry? Especially for translations intended for both a scholarly and a general audience, I simply don't think there is a fully satisfactory approach. As an indication of the complexity involved, the eminent scholar Haruo Shirane uses a combined approach in his *Early Modern Japanese Literature* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2002). He has sections on "Composing Haiku" (187) and "The Poetics of Haiku" (202) and yet speaks of Bashō's poems as hokku. In a similar way, I use the term hokku when talking about Bashō's verse and haikai when referring to his particular conception of art. However, I use the term haiku and the haiku tradition to refer to the poetic form more generally when I am referring to the long tradition that includes premodern hokku and modern haiku. And since haiku is the more familiar term, I have used it in the title of this book.

## THE STRUCTURE OF HAIKU

It is common knowledge that the traditional form of a Japanese haiku is three lines with seven, five, and seven syllables. Unfortunately, this common knowledge is not quite accurate. As Hiroaki Sato has argued, Japanese hokku and haiku are not lined in the way we are used to in the West. As it is written in Japanese script, it may be one line or two lines, and in printed editions it is virtually always presented as one line (horizontally, from top to bottom). As a result, Sato and a few others translate Japanese haiku and write American haiku in one line.

Concerning syllable count, the notion that haiku has a structure of seven, five, and seven syllables has led some Westerners, especially in the past, to translate Japanese haiku into English or write American haiku with that structure. It is particularly common in public schools to teach students to write haiku in this form. But the English syllable is different from the Japanese equivalent (*on*, sound). Japanese "syllables" are quite uniform, most of them consisting of a consonant and a vowel: *ka*, *ri*, *to*, and so forth. As a result, they are also very short.

English syllables have much greater variety in structure and length. Many English syllables would require two Japanese *on* to pronounce, and not a few would require three (for instance, “grape” would be pronounced something like “gu-re-pu” in Japanese). The result is that a Japanese haiku with five, seven, and five *on* is generally more concise than one with the same number of English syllables—and so a translation or an American haiku using 5–7–5 syllables will be longer. Also, in Japanese the five-seven-five has a more regular cadence because of the similarity in the length of the *on*. This is why I prefer to speak of the structure as a five-seven-five *rhythm*. In part for these reasons, few contemporary translators or Western haiku poets attempt to capture the five-seven-five pattern.

But the pattern is certainly there in the Japanese. For this reason, I don't agree with the one-line method of translating Japanese haiku. They are a three-part poem, and even though they are printed in one line, the Japanese reader is aware of that rhythm in a way that readers of one line of English cannot be. On the other hand, I agree that the conventional technique of using three separate lines in translation is also misleading: there is more flow in the original, even when there is a cutting word. As a result, I translate Bashō's hokku with overlapping and indented lines, to suggest both the three-part rhythm and the continuity of the original.

### THE NATURE OF BASHŌ'S HOKKU

While haiku is one of the best known of foreign verse forms, the conventional understanding of it remains somewhat limited. In a conventional view, haiku is primarily an objective nature poem. It concerns the pure present—the haiku moment—and so allusions to the past and narrative content are not significant. The poem also presents the object in itself, rather than images with symbolic reference, with the poet writing within the solitude of his encounter with nature. As a result, the cultural context, whether it is the literary traditions or the circumstances of the poem, are unimportant. And so, too, titles or headnotes are not appropriate.

This view is probably the result of a number of different factors. Masaoka Shiki popularized the notion of haiku as *shasei* (a sketch of nature).<sup>10</sup> Zen, with its emphasis on the pure perception of things as they are, has also influenced this perspective. There may be more subtle Western influences as well, including the (now old) school of New Criticism, which maintained that a literary text stands as an independent entity and so cultural and biographical context is not significant. One could also speculate that the notion of objectivity popularized by the Scientific Revolution and the European Enlightenment may be at work here, in particular the notion that it is possible to understand the object as it exists beyond the limitations of subjectivity. And Western individualism, found both in the Protestant emphasis on the individual's encounter with the divine and the Romantic notion of the solitary artist transcending tradition, may be a factor.

As with most conventional views, there is considerable truth in this understanding of haiku. But it is also incomplete and misleading. Narrative content may be central to a haiku, as it was to many written by Bashō and the great poet Yosa Buson (1716–1784). As Haruo Shirane has demonstrated so well in his brilliant *Traces of Dreams*, cultural memory is a crucial part of Bashō's apprehension of the present, and allusions to the past are essential to our understanding of some of his hokku. Particularly important are what we might call "imbedded associations." Although sometimes Bashō employed a symbol, that is, something standing for something else (as a dove for peace), what is crucial to the entire Japanese literary tradition are conventions of reference and association that some images include. A bush warbler, for instance, is a bird of spring, particularly early spring, despite the fact that it is a common year-round resident throughout Japan. Part of the reason it has this seasonal association is that it is one of the first birds to sing in the new year. Its song is not only considered beautiful but is said to sound like the title of the Lotus Sutra (*Hokke-kyō*); it is as much an aural as a visual image. It is also associated with another image of early spring, plum blossoms. All of these meanings are embedded in the one word, *uguisu*.

Another important feature of haikai poetry is its social nature. *Haikai no renga* was usually made by a group of poets,

and many of the hokku that seem to be poems of solitude served as the introduction to a communally created linked-verse.<sup>11</sup> In addition, many of Bashō's poems were "greeting" (*aisatsu*) poems, offered to a host (or even a place). That social context is integral to the meaning of the poem and is one of the reasons titles and headnotes are significant.<sup>12</sup> Like the literary associations, the social context of the haiku extends the richness of meaning of these brief poems.

### NATURE IN HAIKU POETRY

The significance of nature in haiku poetry is well-known, but it is important to keep in mind the emphasis placed on seasons. As noted before, every hokku or haiku is supposed to be a poem of a season, indicated by one or more season words. The season word may, in fact, refer to a human activity, such as a religious ritual that is only performed in a particular season. But even here the human event implies a period of time in the natural world, with nature understood as a temporal process as much as collection of flora and fauna. Thus, every poem is located in both nature and time. (Most Japanese editions of haiku indicate the season and season word involved, as does this translation.)

There have been two apparently contrasting responses to the significance of nature in the haiku tradition. One holds that the poems are models of "nature poetry," particularly an imagistic portrait of the "thing-in-itself." The other view holds that the haiku tradition doesn't really concern true nature, but rather a culturalized nature that has been defined by tradition and thus is artificial.

First, it should be stated that Bashō was both an inheritor of his tradition's conventions about nature and a transformer of them. He applied "haikai twists" to some poetic conventions, expanding or even inverting some associations. Consider what is probably Bashō's most famous haiku:

old pond—

    a frog jumps in,  
        water's sound

*furuike ya / kawazu tobikomu / mizu no oto*

This verse was striking in its time because the frog always had been an aural image that implied the resonant croaking in summer. Bashō was the first poet to present the frog not singing but leaping into the water—a very different sound, coming suddenly and yet seeming to linger in the ear the way the ripples spread out and slowly die away. Bashō was not completely tied to the restrictions of the tradition.

More importantly, we need to realize that the literary conventions are based on several assumptions that our own culture would do well to consider seriously. One is that plants, animals, and even scenes have a “true nature,” just as humans do. A bush warbler, a pine, a moment of late autumn dusk when the light fades behind silhouetted trees: they are not mere objects but are characterized by certain qualities that make them distinctive. One can appreciate the true nature of a bush warbler most fully as it sings in early spring with the plum blossoms in bloom. A pine tree that grows in a manicured suburban lawn may grow straight, dense with needles, but the true nature of the pine is manifested by a one holding on at cliff-edge, bent, stunted, and with few needles because of a century of frigid wind. (This idea is the basis of Japanese pruning techniques and bonsai training.) And while we tend to think “beauty is in the eye of the beholder” and that emotions are subjective, the moment of the day’s last light as autumn fades into winter (*aki no yūgure* or *aki no kure*) has a type of beauty and feeling that is in and of the scene itself. The Japanese held to an idea of “poetic essences” (*hon’i*), that captured the true nature of a thing and could be handed down in the literary tradition.<sup>13</sup>

A second assumption is that the natural world and the experience of nature are not wholly distinct. Each implies the other in a way that is similar to the school of phenomenology.<sup>14</sup> There is nature-that-we-are-conscious-of and consciousness-of-nature. The strict split between subject and object, subjectivity and objectivity, is not part of the East Asian tradition. It certainly is not a part of the Buddhist tradition, which emphasizes that the dichotomy between the ego-self and the world-out-there is the principal delusion that causes suffering and desires. In the Chinese poetic tradition, a principal goal was to achieve a unity of feeling and scene. A true poet has cultivated his sensibility to the point that his “subjective” feelings match the

“objective” atmosphere in the scene being experienced. Similarly, Bashō's aesthetic term *sabi* (loneliness) was a quality inherent in scene (such as autumn evening) as well as a feeling experienced by the refined poet. It was the culturally refined poet who could enter into and experience the true quality of scenes in nature.

A third assumption, related to the previous one, is that there are authoritative experiences of nature. Some experiences of nature are “truer”—more deeply insightful of the essential nature of things—than others. We can look to the experiences of great poets of the past as guides for what can and should be experienced when we see a bird, tree, or scene. In this way, great poets are similar to sages in Asian spiritual traditions who embody the experience of a deep insight. These authoritative aesthetic experiences can be codified in literary conventions.

A fourth assumption is that nature and culture are not separate. In the Chinese poetic tradition, writing and literature are human expressions similar in kind to the tracks of birds. Poetry is a natural expression of human feeling, akin to birdsong, an idea presented in the famous preface to the Japanese collection of court poetry, the *Kokinshū* (ca. 920). As the previous assumptions imply, it is the highly cultured person that can truly experience nature and express her feelings about it. “Culturized nature,” if done with deep cultural insight into nature, is “true nature.”<sup>15</sup>

So Bashō's “nature” is a combination of what we call the “natural world” and the Japanese tradition associated with it. In order to deepen the reader's understanding of the meaning of nature in his writings, I have tried to supply information both cultural and scientific, including genus and species when I could discover what they are.<sup>16</sup> For images used once or twice, the information is brief and found in the notes to poems. In the case of major nature images used frequently, I have supplied a glossary at the end of the book with more extensive information. My assumption is that the more we know of the nature images both culturally and scientifically, the fuller will be our understanding of the Japanese experience of nature, which will enrich our own experience of the complexity of the natural world and its relation to culture. Indeed, in designing the structure of this

book, I have in mind not only students of Japanese literature and religion, but also naturalists and students of nature writing.

### STAGES OF BASHŌ'S POETRY AND POETICS

Bashō's poetic style and aesthetic ideas went through many changes—except perhaps his view that a poet's style and aesthetics *should* undergo change.<sup>17</sup> We cannot here enter into a detailed discussion of those changes, but let me note a few major stages. In his early poetry, Bashō wrote under the influence of the Teimon school, established by Matsunaga Teitoku (1571–1653). This type of poetry drew on the imagery, diction, and elegant beauty of the court tradition while relying on verbal wit to amuse the reader. By 1672, his poetry was beginning to display the characteristics of the Danrin school, founded by Nishiyama Sōin (1605–1682). Under its influence, poets such as Bashō enjoyed greater freedom in subject matter, imagery, tone, and poetic composition. Courtly topics were subject to parody and classical allusions were given “haikai twists.” Verbal wit continued to be used, but more to advance the comically unorthodox perspective than to display classical erudition. In the late 1670s, Bashō began to use more frequently a technique of striking juxtaposition, in which two images were brought together but kept separate enough to suggest (rather than explain) a comparison.

By 1679, he had become a lay Zen monk, and the following year he moved out of the center of the bustling capital of Edo and took up residence in a hut by the Fukagawa River on the outskirts of the city. His hokku, sometimes accompanied by prose introductions, were showing an increasingly dark tone, some bordering on desolation. The following hokku, written in 1680, is sometimes said to be the first example of his mature style.

on a withered branch  
 a crow has settled—  
 autumn evening  
*kareeda ni / karasu no tomarikeri / aki no kure*

He clearly was being influenced by the seriousness and depth of Chinese verse as well as the spiritual aesthetics of Zen.

In 1684, Bashō set forth on the first of his journeys that resulted in travel journals. By that time, his aesthetic of “loneliness” (*sabi*) was well-developed, and he had established his own school of poetry, *Shōmon*. Although Bashō had become a serious and mature poet, his haikai did retain humor. Part of the genius and appeal of Bashō was his ability to combine deeply spiritual poetics with an earthy humor. The period of 1689–1691, when he traveled to the Deep North of Japan and then spent time in the Kyoto area, Bashō's life was particularly rich in experiences of nature, stimulation by various disciples, and periods of productive solitude.

In the early 1690s, he began to emphasize lightheartedness and day-to-day subject matter, promoting a new aesthetic of “lightness” (*karumi*). This aesthetic reflected his renewed sense of the significance of the mundane dimension of life and art. It also helped him deal with an increasingly troubled spirit, something that became apparent in his writings after he returned to Edo in 1692. In 1694, frail but determined to continue the hard work of poetry, he set off again on a journey. He made it as far as Osaka, where he died in November. One can only imagine how his poetry might have evolved further if he had lived.

## TRANSLATION STYLE AND PHILOSOPHY

As is obvious to those who know any Japanese, my style of translation tends toward the literal. This is not because I am striving for a correct scholarly translation, although accuracy in this sense is certainly a virtue. Rather, I believe the distinctive power of the original poem is usually captured most fully by staying close to what the original poem says and how it says it.

There are several major components of this approach. The first concerns the imagistic quality of many of the hokku. Bashō's hokku have been called a “poetry of nouns” because of its tendency to rely primarily on images rather than statement. We can look back at the Sado Island, crow on a withered branch, and old pond poems as examples. In each case we have the same pattern of noun, noun-verb, noun. Much of the



360, 405). However, in the case of several poems whose date of composition we do not know, I gave them a separate section (see hokku 114–16).

Premodern Japanese culture followed a lunar calendar: the new year began with the coming of spring, which was a different date each year although it was usually around late February. Winter, then, ranged over two of our calendar years, so to avoid confusion I give both years (e.g., winter, 1689–90). When known, I specify the date of composition of the poem (or of its earliest draft) in terms of both the lunar calendar and the Western Gregorian calendar (e.g., 23<sup>rd</sup> of Third Month: May 12).

There are, of course, many translations of Bashō's hokku, and some of his poems have been translated innumerable times. In a few cases, especially when another translator has remained close to Bashō's original, my translation differs little from a predecessor—something that is true for earlier translators as well. I have avoided replication of earlier translations, but I also have avoided creating awkward translations simply in order to avoid similarity.

dynamism of these poems is the stark imagism that turning them into a statement would only dilute. One could, for instance, translate the old pond as:

sitting by an old pond  
     a frog jumps in  
         giving off the sound of water.

Obviously this is an intentionally prosaic translation (although one could quote similar ones that have been published), but it illustrates how turning a series of images into a statement of an event robs the original of its power.

Another key component is the order in which the images are presented. Consider the following alternative translations of poems previously discussed:

Heaven's River  
     stretches out over  
         Sado Island

autumn evening:  
     a crow has settled  
         on a withered branch.

a frog jumps in  
     and the water sounds:  
         an old pond

The imagery of these versions is the same as in the original, but with the different image order these versions become quite different poems. The point is that many hokku are psychologically subtle, and the order of experiencing the images is critical to the poem's meaning. As we saw with the Sado Island poem, the movement from sea to island to sky is crucial to its effect. It is also crucial that the crow poem begins with the more general sense of autumn and settles, like a bird, on a withered branch, and that the old pond begins with the pond and ends with the resonating sound of water. If we are to capture in translation the complex experience of the Japanese poem, there must be a high priority on keeping the image order of the original.

Also worth consideration is the type of imagery—for instance, between noun and verb forms. Consider the following: “plovers cry,” “the plovers’ cry,” and “the crying plovers.” At one level all three images denote the same phenomenon, but the first one presents our mind with an image of an activity (crying), the second emphasizes the sound itself (the cry), and the third presents us with an object (the plovers). Subtle differences, to be sure, but poetry thrives on subtlety.

Another aspect of this approach to translating is the attempt to reproduce the laconic, abbreviated style of many hokku. It is tempting to add to the original verse explanations that might clarify it. Indeed, sometimes this is necessary, but I think it should be avoided whenever possible. Part of the meaning of some hokku is found in the very absence of words and lack of explanation. This is most notable in the case of cutting words (*kireji*), such as *-keri* (as in *tomarikeri*) and *ya* (as in *furuike ya*). These words separate the poem into two parts, and some of the power of the verse comes from the gap and tension between the parts.<sup>18</sup>

Sometimes, however, the laconic style results from words simply being left out—and left up to the reader to fill in. For instance,

usually hateful,  
     yet the crow too  
         in this dawn snow  
*bigoro nikuki / karasu mo yuki no / ashita kana*

bamboo shoots—  
     and my childhood  
         sketches of them  
*take no ko ya / osanaki toki no / e no susabi*

Most translators have added explanatory fillers in order to make explicit what is implicit, or make specific what is ambiguous. The crow too is: beautiful, endearing, welcome . . . there are many words that could be used. But Bashō did not use them. Rather he left a “hermeneutical space,” a gap in the meaning of the poem that invites the reader in to complete the poem in her own experience. To add the term “beautiful,” for instance, only

reduces the richness of the original. Similarly, most translators have explained the bamboo shoots, the old sketches, and the connection between them: the sketches resemble the bamboo shoots; the shoots remind him of his childhood; he used to love doing the sketches; the sketches were an artistic training, and so forth. All of these are possible interpretations of the original, but when one is specified, that lush multiplicity of interpretation is eliminated. Part of the richness of the hokku is in how the copresence of the two distinct but related elements of consciousness creates a complex psychological state: the sight of bamboo shoots growing before him and the memory of his sketches of those shoots when he himself was but a sprout of a man. There is nostalgia, a complex sense of the power of nature's growth, the relationship between that growth and both the maturing process and the growth of artistic ability, as well as a faint echo of his own advanced age. These poetic meanings are upheld by the absence of explanation, a gap between the two images, and an invitation to the reader to enter into the poem. We should not be in a hurry to eliminate ambiguity if it is part of the poetry of the original text.

Similarly, I usually avoid another type of explanation. Here the issue isn't an ambiguity in the original but the associations that are implied. The image of the *hototogisu*, a cuckoo, is often used by itself—in part because it conveniently consists of five syllables. By literary convention (stemming from but not limited to ornithological knowledge), the *hototogisu* is a bird of the summer; it is an aural rather than visual image, because it is more often heard than seen; its call is both beautiful and uncommon, so one anxiously awaits its song as summer comes on. Because it is an image of sound (and also because they may be uncomfortable with a one-word line), most translators will add a verb such as “to sing.” This is accurate, but it is extra. A key part of the Japanese sensitivity to nature is its tendency to *hear* birds and tree breeze. Our experience of nature, which tends to be dominated by the ocular, will be enriched if we cultivate the Japanese sensibility of hearing, learn the birdsongs, and pay attention to the texture of wind through pines. It is a different kind of reading experience (and experience of nature) to say “the cuckoo sings” than to say “cuckoo” and *hear* the image.<sup>19</sup>

My general preference is obviously to let the reader come to the poem as it is in the original. This asks more of the reader, for it assumes the reader will bring to the text a knowledge of the traditional associations and won't be asking for footnotes embedded in the translation. Actually, I consider this a matter of respecting both the original text and the reader. I don't think the reader benefits by having the translator hold her hermeneutical hand by filling in the poem. As this approach asks more of the reader, it also asks more of the translator, not only because it is difficult to resist the tendency to explain the poem in the translation, but because the translator has to devise a format that can help the reader become learned enough to enter the poem on her own. (Notes to the poems, word-by-word translations, scientific names when known, and a glossary thus became essential for this translation.) And it asks more of the translator because the goal is not merely to communicate the basic sense of the original, but the structure and style that carries much of its meaning.

I want to be quick to note that none of these principles are absolute. Sometimes it is simply impossible to follow them, and other times a strict adherence to them would result in plain awkwardness. This is particularly true since one principle can work against the other. The translator may be left asking: should I maintain the image order, or change it in order to keep the type of imagery and avoid adding explanatory words? As any translator knows, translation is a craft of very relative success, and I am painfully aware of how often my translations fall short of my ideals.

#### TEXTS USED, TEXTUAL NOTES, AND ORGANIZATION

Depending on which complete edition you refer to, there are approximately 980 extant hokku by Bashō. I have translated 724, as well as numerous variants that give a sense of Bashō's creative process. I have not attempted a complete translation in order to avoid making the book unacceptably long and to avoid offering translations I thought did not work sufficiently well.

There are numerous excellent editions of Bashō's hokku, and I have referred to many in doing these translations. In general I have taken Kon Eizō's edition, *Bashō kushū*, as my stan-

dard, including the choice of title or headnote (of which there may be several versions). In some cases the combination of the headnote and the hokku constitute a haibun, which are included also in the companion volume of translations from his prose, *Bashō's Journey: The Literary Prose of Matsuo Bashō*. When his hokku are found in journals or haibun included in *Bashō's Journey*, I mention that in the notes.

Because knowledge of associations and circumstances are often crucial to the meaning of Bashō's hokku, I have included notes that give season, season word, year, and in many cases other information that seems important. A thorough commentary on over seven hundred of his hokku is not feasible, and frequently I had to battle my desire to add more information. I have also included in the notes a word-by-word dictionary-like translation that should help readers understand the poems better. They are also meant to encourage readers to create their own translations.

Traditionally Japanese verse is arranged by season rather than chronologically. I considered using a seasonal organization, but the reader would not be able to place the poems in the framework of Bashō's life. So I have used a combined format: the poems are listed chronologically, but I have emphasized the seasonal framework as well by organizing the translations by seasons within a given year. In the few cases where Bashō wrote a hokku out of season (see hokku 289, 375, 404, 415, 490, 714, 718, 723), I have kept the poem in its chronological context but highlighted the different seasonal context in the notes. Unfortunately, we do not know the exact date of composition of all of his verse and in some cases scholars offer different conjectures as to the time period. In general, I have followed Kon's dating, but sometimes when another scholar suggests a more specific year (e.g., 1684 instead of 1684–94), I have gone with the more specific, noting the uncertainty with a question mark after the date. To maintain the combined chronological and seasonal approach, I have grouped those known only by period (e.g., 1681–83) as a separate section, then grouped all those in that period according to the seasonal rhythm of spring, summer, fall, and winter. In the few cases of miscellaneous poems—those that lack a season word—I have ordered them chronologically within the season they were written (see hokku 66, 243, 354,

TRANSLATION  
OF THE HOKKU

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1662 TO 1669

1

Because spring began on the 29th

has spring come

or has the year gone?

second-to-last-day

*haru ya koshi / toshi ya yukiken / kotsugomori*

2

the moon's your guide:

please come this way

to a traveler's inn

*tsuki zo shirube / konata e irase / tabi no yado*

3

the old-lady cherry

in bloom: a remembrance

of her old age

*ubazakura / saku ya rōgo no / omoiide*

4

in the capital:

ninety-nine thousand people

blossom viewing

*kyō wa / kuman-kusen kunju no / hanami kana*

5

the blossoms are seen  
 even by the eyes of the poor:  
 demon thistle  
*hana wa shizu no / me ni mo miekeri / oni azami*

6

blue flag irises  
 looking just like their images  
 in the water  
*kakitsubata / nitari ya nitari / mizu no kage*

7

autumn wind  
 through an open door—  
 a piercing cry  
*akikaze no / yarido no kuchi ya / togarigoe*

8

At the home of someone whose child had died  
 withered and bent over,  
 the whole world upside down:  
 bamboo in snow  
*shiore fusu ya / yo wa sakasama no / yuki no take*

9

withering frost:  
 melancholy blossoms  
 through the flower field  
*shimogare ni / saku wa shinki no / hana no kana*

10

the faces of blossoms,  
 do they make you shy?  
 hazy moon  
*hana no kao ni / hareute shite ya / oborozuki*



11

among blossoms:

grieving that I can't even open  
my poem bag

*hana ni akanu / nageki ya kochi no / utabukuro*

12

blossoming waves:

has snow returned to water,  
flowering out of season?

*nami no hana to / yuki mo ya mizu no / kaeribana*

1670–79

13

like clouds drifting apart,

a wild goose separates, for now,  
from his friend

*kumo to hedatsu / tomo ka ya kari no / ikiwakare*

14

a hangover:

but while the cherries bloom,  
what of it?

*futsukayoi / mono kawa hana no / aru aida*

15

an acupuncturist

pounding into my shoulder;  
the cast off robe

*haritate ya / kata ni tsuchi utsu / karakoromo*

16

Musashi Plain—

just an inch,  
the deer's voice

*musashino ya / issun hodo na / shika no koe*

17

on the scales—

Kyoto and Edo balanced

in this spring of a thousand years

*tenbin ya / kyō edo kakete / chiyo no haru*

18

At Saya no Nakayama

still alive:

under my traveler's hat,

a bit of coolness

*inochi nari / wazuka no kasa no / shita suzushimi*

19

summer moon:

leaving Goyu,

in Akasaka

*natsu no tsuki / goyu yori idete / akasaka ya*

20

wind from Mt. Fuji—

carrying it in my fan,

a souvenir for those in Edo

*fuji no kaze ya / ogi ni nosete / edo miyage*

21

Cat in love

a cat's trysts:

she crosses back and forth

over a crumbling stove

*neko no tsuma / hetsui no kuzure yori / kayoikeri*

22

Summer rains

summer rains—

offering his dragon lights,

the city watchman

*samidare ya / ryūtō aguru / bantarō*

23

chopping a tree,  
 then looking upon the cut end—  
 tonight's moon

*ki o kirite / motokuchi miru ya / kyō no tsuki*

24

Winter showers

passing clouds—  
 like a dog running about and pissing,  
 scattered winter showers

*yuku kumo ya / inu no kake-bari / murashigure*

25

Frost

wearing a robe of frost,  
 the wind spread as its sleeping mat:  
 an abandoned baby

*shimo o kite / kaze o shikine no / sutego kana*

26

well—nothing's happened  
 and yesterday's come and gone!  
 blowfish soup

*ara nani tomo na ya / kinō wa sugite / fukutojiru*

27

the Dutch consul too  
 lies prostrate before Him:  
 spring of the Shōgun's reign

*kabitan mo / tsukubawasekeri / kimi ga haru*

28

a day of rain—  
 autumn in the world around  
 Boundary Town

*ame no hi ya / seken no aki o / sakaichō*

29

the Dutchmen too  
 have come for the flowers:  
 the horse saddle  
*oranda mo / hana ni kinikeri / umi ni kura*

30

on a blue sea,  
 waves fragrant with rice wine:  
 tonight's moon  
*sōkai no / nami sake kusashi / kyō no tsuki*

31

looking around,  
 gazing intently, beholding:  
 autumn in Suma  
*miwataseba / nagamureba mireba / suma no aki*

32

morning snow:  
 onion shoots rising  
 mark the garden plot  
*kesa no yuki / nebuka o sono no / shiori kana*

33

ah spring, spring,  
 great is spring,  
 etcetera  
*aa haru haru / ōinaru kana haru / to unmen*

## AUTUMN 1680

34

spider, what is it,  
 in what voice—why—are you crying?  
 autumn wind  
*kumo nani to / ne o nani to naku / aki no kaze*

35

rose of sharon:

in the hair of a naked child  
a spray of flowers

*hana mukuge / hadaka warawa no / kazashi kana*

36

at night, stealthily,

a worm in the moonlight  
boring into a chestnut

*yoru hisokani / mushi wa gekka no / kuri o ugatsu*

37

in my humble view

the netherworld must be like this—  
autumn evening

*gu anzuru ni / meido mo kaku ya / aki no kure*

38

on a withered branch

a crow has settled—  
autumn evening

*kareeda ni / karasu no tomarikeri / aki no kure*

## WINTER 1680–81

39

where's the winter shower?

with umbrella in hand  
the monk returns

*izuku shigure / kasa o te ni sagete / kaeru sō*

40

For nine springs and autumns, I lived austerely in the city. Now I have moved to the bank of the Fukagawa River. Someone once said, “Since of old, Chang-an has been a place for fame and fortune, so hard for a wayfarer empty-handed and penniless.” Is it because I’m impoverished myself that I can understand his feelings?

against the brushwood gate  
 it sweeps the tea leaves:  
 windstorm  
*shiba no to ni / cha o konoha kaku / arashi kana*

## 41

Feelings on a cold night in Fukagawa  
 the oars' sound striking the waves,  
 a bowel-freezing night —  
 and tears  
*ro no koe nami o utte / harawata kōru / yo ya namida*

## 42

The rich dine on meat; sturdy youths eat vegetable roots; but I  
 am poor:  
 snow morning:  
 alone, I manage to chew  
 dried salmon  
*yuki no ashita / hitori karazake o / kami etari*

## 43

the rocks withered,  
 the waters wilted—  
 not even the feeling of winter  
*ishi karete / mizu shibomeru ya / fuyu mo nashi*

## SPRING 1681–83

## 44

wake up! wake up!  
 let's be friends,  
 sleeping butterfly  
*okiyo okiyo / waga tomo ni sen / nuru kochō*

45

At a portrait of Zhuangzi

butterfly! butterfly!

I would ask you about

China's haikai

*chō yo chō yo / morokoshi no haikai / kototowan*

## SUMMER 1681–83

46

The valor of the noonflower

even in snow

the noonflower does not wither:

the sun's light

*yuki no naka wa / hirugao karenu / hikage kana*

47

by the noonflower

a rice-pounder cools himself:

a sight so moving

*hirugao ni / kome tsuki suzumu / aware nari*

48

cuckoo:

now there are no

haikai masters

*hototogisu / ima wa haikaishi / naki yo kana*

## AUTUMN 1681–83

49

white chrysanthemum, white chrysanthemum

all that shame with your

long hair, long hair

*shiragiku yo shiragiku yo / haji nagakami yo / nagakami yo*

## WINTER 1681-83

50

Black Forest:

so now what are you called?  
 a morning of snow

*kuromori o / nani to iu tomo / kesa no yuki*

## SPRING 1681

51

swarming in the waterweeds,  
 the whitefish: if taken in hand  
 they would vanish away

*mo ni sudaku / shirauo ya toraba / kienubeki*

52

Rika offered me a banana plant  
 having planted the *bashō*,  
 now I despise them:  
 the reed sprouts

*bashō uete / mazu nikumu ogi no / futaba kana*

## SUMMER 1681

53

cuckoo,  
 were you invited by the barley  
 plumed with seed?

*hototogisu / maneku ka mugi no / mura obana*

54

in summer rains  
 the crane's legs  
 become short

*samidare ni / tsuru no ashi / mijikaku nareri*



55

foolishly, in the dark,  
 he grabs a thorn:  
     hunting fireflies  
*gu ni kuraku / ibara o tsukamu / hotaru kana*

56

moonflowers white  
 at night by the outhouse,  
     torch in hand  
*yūgao no / shiroku yoru no kōka ni / shisoku torite*

## AUTUMN 1681

57

“live austere and clear!”  
 Moongazer’s recluse  
     drinking song  
*wabite sume / tsukiwabisai ga / naracha uta*

58

Feelings in my thatched hut  
 banana in a windstorm:  
     a night of listening to rain  
     dripping in the tub  
*bashō nowaki shite / tarai ni ame o / kiku yo kana*

## WINTER 1681–82

59

at a poor mountain temple,  
 a kettle crying in the frost,  
     the voice frigid  
*hinzan no / kama shimo ni naku / koe samushi*

60

Buying water at this thatched hut

ice is bitter

in the mouth of the rat

quenching its thirst

*kōri nigaku / enso ga nodo o / uruoseri*

61

the year ending

with echoes of pounding rice-cakes—

a desolate sleep

*kurekurete / mochi o kodama no / wabine kana*

## AUTUMN 1682

62

A response to Kikaku's firefly poem

one who breakfasts

with morning glories:

that's what I am

*asagao ni / ware wa meshi kū / otoko kana*

63

crescent moon—

a morning glory bud at night

swelling

*mikazuki ya / asagao no yūbe / tsubomuran*

64

Thinking of old Du Fu

wind through his beard,

lamenting late autumn:

who is he?

*higekaze o fuite / boshū tanzuru wa / ta ga kozo*

65

in a world of rain  
 life is like Sōgi's  
 temporary shelter  
*yo ni furu mo / sarani sōgi no / yadori kana*

## WINTER 1682–83

66

my bedclothes are so heavy  
 perhaps I'll see the snow  
 from the sky of Wu  
*yogi wa omoshi / goten ni yuki o / miru aran*

## SPRING 1683

67

New Year's  
 First Day—  
 deep in thought, lonely  
 autumn's evening  
*ganjitsu ya / omoeba sabishi / aki no kure*

68

is the bush warbler  
 her spirit? asleep,  
 a lovely willow  
*uguisu o / tama ni nemuru ka / taoyanagi*

## SUMMER 1683

69

sing cuckoo:  
 you're the Sixth Month's  
 plum blossoms  
*hototogisu / mutsuki wa ume no / hana sakeri*

70

“That monk who’s wearing a hat and riding a horse, where’s he coming from, what’s he after?” “That,” replied the painter, “is a portrait of you on a journey.” “Well, if so, bumbling wayfarer of the three worlds, watch out you don’t topple from that horse.”

the horse ambling,

I see myself in a painting:

summer moor

*uma bokuboku / ware o e ni miru / natsuno kana*

## WINTER 1683–84

71

A new Bashō Hut is built for me

listening to hail—

my self, as before,

an old oak

*arare kiku ya / kono mi wa moto no / furugashiwa*

## SPRING 1684–87

72

the bell fades away,

the blossoms’ fragrance ringing:

early evening

*kane kiete / hana no ka wa tsuku / yūbe kana*

73

eccentric—

on grass devoid of fragrance,

a butterfly settles

*monozuki ya / niwanu kusa ni / tomaru chō*

## SUMMER 1684–87

74

just as I scoop it,  
 it rings in my teeth:  
 spring water  
*musubu yori / haya ha ni hibiku / izumi kana*

## AUTUMN 1684–87

75

its sound clear,  
 echoing to the Northern Stars:  
 a fulling block  
*koe sumite / hokuto ni hibiku / kinuta kana*

76

Receiving rice from someone  
 in the world,  
 is it harvest time?  
 my thatched hut  
*yo no naka wa / inekaru koro ka / kusa no io*

77

This work does not quite fit the genre of travel journal. It's just a record of the movements of the heart during scenes of mountain bridges and country stores. Nakagawa Jokushi has applied his painting colors to a scroll of the journal, making up for my inability to depict the scenes in words. If others see his paintings, I'll certainly feel ashamed.

spend nights on a journey,  
 then you'll know my poems—  
 autumn wind  
*tabine shite / waga ku o shire ya / aki no kaze*

## SPRING 1684–94

78

falling blossoms—

birds too are startled:

the dust of the koto

*chiru hana ya / tori mo odoroku / koto no chiri*

79

blooming wildly

among the peach trees:

first cherry blossoms

*sakimidasu / momo no naka yori / hatsuzakura*

80

a spring night:

and with dawn on the cherries,

it has ended

*haru no yo wa / sakura ni akete / shimaikeri*

81

squeaking in response

to the young sparrows:

mice in their nest

*suzumeko to / koe nakikawasu / nezumi no su*

82

At Lord Rosen's house

this too seems

to be Saigyō's hut:

a garden of blossoms

*saigyō no / iori mo aran / hana no niwa*

83

you too come out, bat:

all these birds amid the blossoms

of this floating world

*kōmori mo / ideyo ukiyo no / hana ni tori*

84

spring rain—

blowing back and forth like straw coats,  
river willows

*harusame ya / mino fukikaesu / kawa yanagi*

85

the fragrance of plums:

carrying me back  
to the cold

*ume ga ka ni / oimodosaruru / samusa kana*

86

butterflies and birds

ceaselessly fluttering—  
clouds of blossoms

*chō tori no / uwatsuki tatsu ya / hana no kumo*

87

for one who says

“I’m weary of my children”  
there are no blossoms

*ko ni aku to / mōsu hito ni wa / hana mo nashi*

88

cherries in bloom

throughout the world: to them too  
“hail Amida Buddha”

*yo ni sakaru / hana ni mo nebutsu / mōshikeri*

89

this mallet—

long ago was it a camellia?  
a plum tree?

*kono tsuchi no / mukashi tsubaki ka / ume no ki ka*

## SUMMER 1684-94

90

Bamboo, at Bokuin's house

not raining, yet

on bamboo-planting day

a raincoat and hat

*furazu tomo / take uuru hi wa / mino to kasa*

91

this hut:

even the water rail hasn't found

your door

*kono yado wa / kuina mo shiranu / toboso kana*

92

hydrangeas—

at the time for summer clothes

pale blue

*ajisai ya / katabiradoki no / usuasagi*

93

a squid-seller's call:

indistinguishable from the

cuckoo's

*ikauri no / koe magirawashi / hototogisu*

94

Awaiting the dawn at Taisui's house

periodic rain

so no need to worry:

rice sprouts

*ame oriori / omou koto naki / sanae kana*



## AUTUMN 1684-94

95

Brushwood hut:  
 the words sound  
 so despicable and yet  
 in this world it is  
 a thing of true delight

*shiba no io / to kikeba iyashiki / nanaredomo /  
 yo ni konomoshiki / mono ni zo arikeru*

This poem, included in the Sankashū, was written by the Priest Saigyō when he visited a monk named Amidabō living in the Higashiyama district of Kyoto. I delight in wondering what kind of person that monk was. Here I offer a poem to a monk who now spends his life in a grass hut.

this brushwood hut's  
 moon; just as it was  
 for Amidabō

*shiba no to no / tsuki ya sonomama / amidabō*

96

that's something to see—  
 chrysanthemums after  
 autumn's storm

*midokoro no / are ya nowaki no / nochi no kiku*

97

as the hackberry fruit falls  
 the sound of starling wings—  
 morning's windstorm

*e no mi chiru / muku no haoto ya / asa arashi*

98

Japanese lantern plant:  
 fruit, leaves, and shells all  
 the color of autumn leaves

*hōzuki wa / mi mo ha mo kara mo / momiji kana*

99

a chrysanthemum drops  
 its dew, but when I pick it up:  
 a brood bud

*kiku no tsuyu / ochite hiroeba / nukago kana*

100

my hut:  
 a square of light  
 from the window's moon

*waga yado wa / shikaku na kage o / mado no tsuki*

101

A motto: don't speak of other's shortcomings; don't brag about  
 your strengths

say something  
 and the lips go cold:  
 autumn wind

*mono ieba / kuchibiru samushi / aki no kaze*

102

what do they eat  
 in their tiny house?  
 autumn in willow's shade

*nani kūte / koie wa aki no / yanagi kage*

103

this temple:  
 a garden full  
 of banana plants

*kono tera wa / niwa ippai no / bashō kana*

104

mushroom—  
 it's become so ragged  
 it looks like a pine

*matsudake ya / kabureta hodo wa / matsu no nari*

105

a monkey showman  
 with a little monkey jacket  
 on a fulling block  
*saruhiki wa / saru no kosode o / kinuta kana*

## WINTER 1684–94

106

through the whole night  
 did the bamboo freeze?  
 morning frost  
*yo sugara ya / take kōrasuru / kesa no shimo*

107

I've hit the bottom  
 of my bag of discretion:  
 year's end  
*funbetsu no / soko tatakikeri / toshi no kure*

108

Words on a painting of bamboo  
 winter windstorm—  
 hiding itself in bamboo,  
 grown still  
*kogarashi ya / take ni kakurete / shizumarinu*

109

with chrysanthemums gone,  
 other than the radish  
 there is nothing  
*kiku no nochi / daikon no hoka / sara ni nashi*

110

At the memorial for Senka's father  
 my sleeves,  
 dingy colored and cold:  
 darkest gray  
*sode no iro / yogorete samushi / koi nezumi*

## 111

a Motonobu painting:  
 whence such a sad state?  
 year's end

*kohōgen / dedokoro aware / toshi no kure*

## MISCELLANEOUS 1684-94

## 112

these three  
 of the moon and flowers:  
 masters of the truth

*tsuki hana no / kore ya makoto no / arujitachi*

## 113

On a portrait of Hotei

so desirable—  
 inside his satchel,  
 moon and blossoms

*monohoshi ya / fukuro no uchi no / tsuki to hana*

## 114

Musashino fields—  
 no hindrances now,  
 your bamboo hat

*musashino ya / sawaru mono naki / kimi ga kasa*

## SPRING 1684

## 115

spring begins—  
 in a new year,  
 ten quarts of old rice

*haru tatsu ya / shinnen furuki / kome goshō*

## SUMMER 1684

116

are needles falling  
 in the pine wind?  
 the water's cool sound  
*matsukaze no / ochiba ka mizu no / oto suzushi*

## AUTUMN 1684

117

It was the first year of Jōkyō, autumn, Eighth Month. As I left  
 my ramshackle hut by the river, the sound of the wind was  
 strangely cold.

bleached bones  
 on my mind, the wind pierces  
 my body to the heart  
*nozarashi o / kokoro ni kaze no / shimu mi kana*

118

autumn, ten years:  
 now I point to Edo  
 as the old home  
*aki totose / kaette edo o / sasu kokyō*

119

On the day I crossed the Barrier, it was raining and all the  
 mountains were cloud-hidden.

misty rain,  
 a day with Mt. Fuji unseen:  
 so enchanting  
*kirishigure / fuji o minu hi zo / omoshiroki*

120

with clouds and mist  
 in a brief moment a hundred scenes  
 brought to fulfillment  
*kumo kiri no / zanjū hyakkei o / tsukushikeri*

## 121

those who listen for the monkeys:  
 what of this child  
     abandoned in autumn's wind?  
*saru o kiku hito / sutego ni aki no / kaze ikani*

## 122

Poem on horseback  
 roadside rose of  
     sharon: devoured  
     by my horse  
*michinobe no / mukuge wa uma ni / kuwarekeri*

## 123

I arrived at Sayo-no-nakayama and was startled awake as if waking from a lingering dream in Du Mu's "Early Morning Departure"

dozing on my horse,  
     with dream lingering and moon distant:  
     smoke from a tea fire  
*uma ni nete / zanmu tsuki tōshi / cha no keburī*

## 124

I visited Mutsubaya Fūbaku in Ise, resting my feet for about ten days. As night came on, I worshipped at the Outer Shrine. With shadows draped across the First Torii and sacred lanterns lit here and there, the "pine wind from the high peak" pierced my flesh and struck deep into my heart.

month's end, no moon:  
     a thousand year cedar  
     embraced by a windstorm  
*misoka tsuki nashi / chitose no sugi o / daku arashi*

## 125

There's a stream in the lower end of Saigyō Valley. As I gazed at women washing potatoes:

potato-washing women:  
 were Saigyō here,  
     he'd compose a *waka*  
*imo arau onna / saigyō naraba / uta yoman*

## 126

When I stopped at a teashop, a woman named Butterfly asked for a poem referring to her name. She brought me some white silk, and on it I wrote:

an orchid's scent—  
     its incense perfuming  
         a butterfly's wings  
*ran no ka ya / chō no tsubasa ni / takimono su*

## 127

Visiting the thatched hut of a recluse living in tranquillity

ivy planted,  
     and four or five stalks of bamboo  
         in the windstorm  
*tsuta uete / take shigo hon no / arashi kana*

## 128

I returned home at the beginning of Ninth Month. The Forgetting Grass by my mother's room had withered with frost, and no trace of it remained. Everything from the past had changed. The temples of my brothers and sisters were white, wrinkles around their eyes. "We're still alive!"—it was all we could say. My older brother opened a relic case and said, "Pay your respects to Mother's white hair. Like Urashima with his jewelled box, your eyebrows have aged." Then, for a time, we all wept.

should I take it in my hand  
     it would melt in these hot tears:  
         autumn frost  
*te ni toraba kien / namida zo atsuki / aki no shimo*

## 129

We continued our pilgrimage into Yamato Province to a place called Take-no-uchi in Katsuge District. This was Chiri's hometown, so we rested our feet for a few days.

cotton-beating bow—  
 as consoling as a lute  
 deep in the bamboos  
*wata yumi ya / biwa ni nagusamu / take no oku*

## 130

Visiting the Taima Temple on Mount Futagami, we saw a pine in the courtyard that must have been a thousand years old, “big enough to hide oxen.” Though nonsentient, its connection to the Buddha preserved it from the woodsman’s axe. How fortunate, how awesome!

monks, morning glories:  
 how many died, and reborn;  
 pine of the dharma  
*sō asagao / iku shinikaeru / nori no matsu*

## 131

a house that knows no winter—  
 the hulling of rice  
 sounding like hail  
*fuyu shiranu / yado ya momisuru / oto arare*

## 132

Spending the night at a certain temple lodging.  
 beat the fulling block,  
 make me hear it—  
 temple wife  
*kinuta uchite / ware ni kikaseyo ya / bō ga tsuma*

## 133

The remains of Saigyō’s thatched hut is off to the right of the Inner Temple, reached by pushing a few hundred yards along a faint woodcutter’s path. It faces a steep valley—a stunning view. The “clear trickling water” seems unchanged from of old, and even now the drops trickle down.

dew trickles down:  
 in it I would try to wash away  
 the dust of the floating world  
*tsuyu tokutoku / kokoromi ni ukiyo / susugabaya*



## 134

the imperial tomb has stood  
 for ages: what do you recall,  
 fern of longing?

*gobyō toshi hete / shinobu wa nani o / shinobugusa*

## 135

From Yamato I passed through Yamashiro, taking the Ōmi Road into Mino. Beyond Imasu and Yamanaka lay the grave of Lady Tokiwa. Moritake of Ise once wrote, “autumn’s wind resembling Lord Yoshitomo,” and I had wondered what the similarity was. Now I too wrote:

Yoshitomo’s heart  
 it does resemble:  
 autumn wind

*yoshitomo no / kokoro ni nitari / aki no kaze*

## 136

At Fuwa Barrier

autumn wind—  
 just thickets and fields  
 at Fuwa Barrier

*akikaze ya / yabu mo hatake mo / fuwa no seki*

## 137

When I set off on my journey from Musashi Plain, I had bleached bones by the roadside on my mind, but now:

not dead yet  
 at journey’s end—  
 autumn evening

*shini mo senu / tabine no hate yo / aki no kure*

## WINTER 1684–85

## 138

so harsh—  
 the sound of hail  
 on my cypress hat

*ikameshiki / oto ya arare no / hinokigasa*

## 139

At Hontō Temple in Kuwana:

winter peonies  
 and plovers, like  
 cuckoo in snow

*fuyu botan / chidori yo yuki no / hototogisu*

## 140

I went out to the beach in the predawn darkness

daybreak—  
 a whitefish, whiteness  
 one inch

*akebono ya / shirauo shiroki / koto issun*

## 141

Seeing a traveler

even a horse:  
 gazing up on it on a  
 morning of snow

*uma o sae / nagamuru yuki no / ashita kana*

## 142

Worshipping at Atsuta Shrine

even the fern of longing  
 is withered; buying rice-cakes  
 at an inn

*shinobu sae / karete mochi kau / yadori kana*

## 143

Running into early winter showers on the road

no rain hat  
 in the winter showers?  
 well, well!

*kasa mo naki / ware o shigururu ka / ko wa nan to*

144

a wild poem:

in winter's winds

don't I look

just like Chikusai

*kyōku / kogarashi no / mi wa chikusai ni / nitaru kana*

145

grass for my pillow:

is a dog too being rained on?

night's voices

*kusa makura / inu mo shigururu ka / yoru no koe*

146

Walking out to view the snow

market townsfolk!

I'll sell you this hat,

a snow umbrella

*ichibito yo / kono kasa urō / yuki no kasa*

147

snow upon snow:

is tonight the twelfth month's

full moon?

*yuki to yuki / koyoi shiwasu no / meigetsu ka*

148

Spending a day at the seashore

the sea darkening,

a wild duck's call

faintly white

*umi kurete / kamo no koe / honoka ni shiroshi*

149

Removing my straw sandals in one place, setting down my staff  
 in another, I kept spending nights on the road as the year drew  
 to a close.

the year gone,  
     still wearing my bamboo hat  
     and straw sandals  
*toshi kurenu / kasa kite waraji / bakinagara*

## SPRING 1685

150  
 Spending New Year's at a mountain hut back home  
 whose son-in-law?  
     bearing fern fronds and rice-cakes  
     this Year of the Ox  
*ta ga muko zo / shida ni mochi ou / ushi no toshi*

151  
 a wayfaring crow:  
     its old nest has become  
     a plum tree  
*tabigarasu / furusu wa ume ni / narinikeri*

152  
 On the road to Nara  
 yes it's spring—  
     through nameless hills,  
     a faint haze  
*haru nare ya / na mo naki yama no / usugasumi*

153  
 Secluded in Second Month Hall  
 the water drawing—  
     in the frozen night,  
     the sound of monks' clogs  
*mizutori ya / kōri no sō no / kutsu no oto*

## 154

At Single Branch Eaves in Takenouchi

a wren of a single branch:  
     the fragrance of its plum blossoms  
     throughout the world  
*yo ni nioi / baika issshi no / misosazai*

## 155

I went to the capital, visiting Mitsui Shūfū's mountain villa at Narutaki.

Plum Grove

the plums so white:  
     yesterday did someone steal  
     the cranes?  
*ume shiroshi / kinō ya tsuru o / nusumareshi*

## 156

the dignified stature  
     of the oak, indifferent  
     to the blossoms  
*kashi no ki no / hana ni kamawanu / sugata kana*

## 157

Meeting Priest Ninkō at Saiganji Temple in Fushimi

onto my robe  
     sprinkle dewdrops from  
     Fushimi's peach blossoms  
*waga kinu ni / fushimi no momo no / shizuku se yo*

## 158

Crossing the mountains on the road to Ōtsu

on a mountain path,  
     somehow so moving:  
     wild violets  
*yamaji kite / naniyara yukashi / sumiregusa*

## 159

A view of the lake

pine of Karasaki:

more vague even  
than the blossoms

*karasaki no / matsu wa hana yori / oboro nite*

## 160

Sitting down for lunch at a traveler's shop

azaleas all arranged:

in their shade, a woman  
tearing dried cod

*tsutsuji ikete / sono kage ni hidara / saku onna*

## 161

Poem on a journey

in a field of mustard,  
with flower-viewing faces:  
sparrows

*nabatake ni / hanamigao naru / suzume kana*

## 162

At Minakuchi I met a friend I had not seen for twenty years

our two lives:

between them has lived  
this blossoming cherry

*inochi futatsu no / naka ni ikitaru / sakura kana*

## 163

A field of sunlight

butterflies only

fluttering in this field  
of sunlight

*chō no tobu / bakari nonaka no / hikage kana*

164

blue flag irises  
 stirring in my mind  
 a hokku

*kakitsubata / ware ni hokku no / omoi ari*

## SUMMER 1685

165

A monk from Hiru-ga-kojima in Izu Province, on pilgrimage since last autumn, heard of me and came to Owari to join my journey

well now, together  
 let's eat ears of barley:  
 a grass pillow

*iza tomo ni / homugi kurawan / kusa makura*

166

The Abbot of Engakuji, Daiten, had passed away early in First Month. Shaken, I felt as if I was in a dream, and from the road I sent word to Kikaku:

yearning for the plum,  
 bowing before the deutzia:  
 eyes of tears

*ume koite / unohana ogamu / namida kana*

167

Given to Tokoku

for the white poppy  
 it tears off its wing:  
 the butterfly's memento

*shirageshi ni / hane mogu chō no / katami kana*

168

Once again I stayed with Tōyō, and as I left for the Eastern Provinces,

from deep in the  
 peony's pistils, the bee's  
 reluctant parting  
*botan shibe fukaku / wakeizuru hachi no / nagori kana*

## 169

Stopping over in the mountains of Kai Province

my journey's horse  
 solaced with barley:  
 a night's lodging  
*yuku koma no / mugi ni nagusamu / yadori kana*

## 170

At the end of Fourth Month, I returned to my hut, and as I  
 rested from the weariness of the journey,

summer robes:  
 still some lice  
 I've yet to pick  
*natsugoromo / imada shirami o / toritsukusazu*

## AUTUMN 1685

## 171

All through the night the sky kept shifting between clear and  
 cloudy, leaving us restless.

clouds now and then  
 give us a rest:  
 moonviewing  
*kumo oriori / hito o yasumeru / tsukimi kana*

## 172

Three men living in Reiganjima visited my grass-thatched hut as  
 night deepened. They all happened to have the same name,  
 Shichirobei. Recalling Li Bo's poem about drinking alone, I  
 playfully wrote:



with a full wine cup  
 I drink to three names  
 this evening  
*sakazuki ni / mitsu no na o nomu / koyoi kana*

## SPRING 1686

173  
 how many frosts  
 has it endured—my banana plant  
 is my New Year's pine  
*iku shimo ni / kokorobase-o no / matsu kazari*

174  
 old fields—  
 off to pick shepherd's purse blossoms  
 with male companions  
*furu hata ya / nazuna tsumiyuku / otokodomo*

175  
 looking closely:  
 a shepherd's purse blossoming  
 beneath the hedge  
*yoku mireba / nazuna hana saku / kakine kana*

176  
 overcome with illness,  
 I can't even eat a rice cake:  
 peach blossoms  
*wazuraeba / mochi o mo kuwazu / momo no hana*

177  
 Kannon Temple:  
 looking off at its tiled roof  
 in clouds of blossoms  
*kannon no / iraka miyaritsu / hana no kumo*

178

My neighbor, priest Sōha, left his hut to go a journey  
 the old nest:  
     so lonely it will be  
     next door

*furusu tada / aware narubeki / tonari kana*

179

Grieving for Priest Tandō

falling to the ground,  
     returning to the roots:  
     a flower's farewell

*chi ni taore / ne ni yori hana no / wakare kana*

180

old pond—  
     a frog jumps in,  
     water's sound

*furuike ya / kawazu tobikomu / mizu no oto*

## AUTUMN 1686

181

east and west,  
     the pathos is the same:  
     autumn wind

*higashi nishi / awaresa hitotsu / aki no kaze*

182

harvest moon—  
     wandering round the pond  
     all night long

*meigetsu ya / ike o megurite / yomosugara*

183

seeming like  
     someone blind:  
     moonviewing

*zatō ka to / hito ni mirarete / tsukimi kana*

184

just one possession,  
 my world light  
 as a gourd

*mono hitotsu / waga yo wa karoki / hisago kana*

185

Heading off to a certain place, I passed the night on a boat. At daybreak, I stuck my head out from under the thatched roof of the cabin, deeply moved by the late waning moon.

dawn comes—

even on the night of the 27<sup>th</sup>,  
 a crescent moon

*akeyuku ya / nijūshichi ya mo / mika no tsuki*

## WINTER 1686–87

186

An old garden

flowers all withered,  
 spilling their sadness:  
 seeds for grass

*hana mina karete / aware o kobosu / kusa no tane*

187

Sent in reply to Priest Genki for his gift of sake

water so cold:

it was hard for even a gull  
 to fall sleep

*mizu samuku / neiri kanetaru / kamome kana*

188

A frigid night

the water jar cracks:  
 in the frozen night  
 I lie awake

*kame waruru / yoru no kōri no / nezame kana*

## 189

Hoping to view the first snow at my grass hut, whenever the sky clouded over I rushed home—many times I did this. Then, on the 8th of Twelfth Month, snow finally fell, a true joy:

first snow—  
     great luck to be here  
         in my own hut  
*hatsuyuki ya / saiwai an ni / makariaru*

## 190

first snow—  
     just enough to bend  
         narcissus leaves  
*hatsuyuki ya / suisen no ha no / tawamu made*

## 191

Snowy night at Fukagawa  
 drinking sake  
     and now it's harder to sleep:  
         night of snow  
*sake nomeba / itodo nerarene / yoru no yuki*

## 192

A man named Sora has set up temporary lodging nearby, and morning and night we visit each other. When I cook something, he feeds the fire; when I make tea, he breaks up ice for water. By nature he loves quiet solitude, and our friendship is greater than gold. One evening he visited in a snowfall.

you start a fire,  
     I'll show you something fun:  
         a great ball of snow  
*kimi hi o take / yoki mono misen / yuki maruge*

## 193

“moon and snow”:  
     so I've indulged myself  
         to the end of the year  
*tsuki yuki to / nosabarikerashi / toshi no kure*

## SPRING 1687

194

Village plums

hey village kids,

leave some plum branches:

ox whips

*sato no ko yo / ume orinokose / ushi no muchi*

195

I went to see a certain person at his hermitage, but an old man caretaking the hut said, “the master is off on a temple pilgrimage.” The plums by the hedge were in full bloom so I replied, “These will take his place—they look like him.” To which he responded, “Well, they belong to the neighbors.”

arriving when you were out,

even the plums are far away

beyond the hedge

*rusu ni kite / ume sae yoso no / kakio kana*

196

please don't forget:

in the grove,

a plum blossom

*wasuru na yo / yabu no naka naru / ume no hana*

197

All things are self-realized

at play in the blossoms,

a horsefly: do not eat it

friend sparrow

*hana ni asobu / abu na kurai so / tomosuzume*

198

A mountain cottage

nesting storks:

viewed through branches

of blossoms

*kō no su mo / miraruru hana no / hagoshi kana*

199

My grass-thatched hut

clouds of blossoms;

the temple bell:

Ueno? Asakusa?

*hana no kumo / kane wa ueno ka / asakusa ka*

200

all the long day

singing, singing, yet not enough:

a skylark

*nagaki hi mo / saezuri taranu / hibari kana*

201

mid the plain—

attached to nothing,

the singing skylark

*haranaka ya / mono ni mo tsukazu / naku hibari*

## SUMMER 1687

202

cuckoo:

singing singing as it flies,

so very busy

*hototogisu / nakunaku tobu zo / isogawashi*

203

Self-portrait of a miserable man

my hair grown out,

my face pale:

summer rains

*kami haete / yōgan aoshi / satsukiame*

204

in the summer rains

I'll go view the floating nest

of a grebe

*samidare ni / nio no ukisu o / mi ni yukan*

205

My disciple Sanpū me sent a thin kimono as a summer gift

now look at me

in this fine summer robe!

a cicada kimono

*ide ya ware / yoki nuno kitari / semigoromo*

206

Enjoying the evening cool

I'll fall asleep drunk,

the wild pinks blooming

over the rocks

*yōte nemu / nadeshiko sakeru / ishi no ue*

207

I visited the overgrown old hut of a man who had gone into  
seclusion

you who raised melons:

“would that you were here”

in the evening coolness

*uri tsukuru / kimi ga are na to / yūsuzumi*

208

a little crab

creeping up my leg:

clear water

*sazaregani / ashi hainoboru / shimizu kana*

## AUTUMN 1687

209

Sent to Rika:

lightning

clenched in the hand:

torchlight in the dark

*inazuma o / te ni toru yami no / shisoku kana*

## 210

Ransetsu painted a morning glory and then asked me to write a  
verse on it

morning glory:

even when painted poorly,  
it has pathos

*asagao wa / heta no kaku sae / aware nari*

## 211

field of bush clovers—

be their shelter for a night:  
mountain dogs

*hagi hara ya / hito yo wa yadose / yama no inu*

## 212

The countryside

in the half harvested

rice paddies, a crane—  
autumn in the village

*karikakeshi / tazura no tsuru ya / sato no aki*

## 213

peasant boy—

husking rice, he pauses  
to gaze at the moon

*shizu no ko ya / ine surikakete / tsuki o miru*

## 214

taro leaves—

awaiting the moon  
on the village's burnt field

*imo no ha ya / tsuki matsu sato no / yakibatake*

## 215

the moon swift,

the branches still holding  
the rain

*tsuki hayashi / kozue wa ame o / mochinagara*



## 216

sleeping at a temple,  
     reverent, with my true face:  
         moon viewing  
*tera ni nete / makotogao naru / tsukimi kana*

## 217

Before the Shrine  
 this pine sprouted  
     in the age of the gods—  
         so holy an autumn  
*kono matsu no / mibae seshi yo ya / kami no aki*

## 218

Listening in tranquillity  
 bagworms:  
     come hear their cry;  
         a thatched hut  
*minomushi no / ne o kiki ni koyo / kusa no io*

## 219

Rain at my thatched hut  
 rising again,  
     the chrysanthemums faint  
         after the rains  
*okiagaru / kiku honoka nari / mizu no ato*

## 220

emaciated and yet  
     somehow the chrysanthemum  
         buds out  
*yase nagara / warinaki kiku no / tsubomi kana*

## WINTER 1687-88

221

“wayfarer”

will be my name;

first winter showers

*tabibito to / waga na yobaren / hatsushigure*

222

Fuji

is one ridge

clouded with winter showers?

Fuji in snow

*hito one wa / shigururu kumo ka / fuji no yuki*

223

to the capital,

half the sky left—

clouds of snow

*kyō made wa / mada nakazora ya / yuki no kumo*

224

Staying over at Narumi

“gaze into

the darkness of Star Cape”:

is this the plovers’ cry?

*hoshizaki no / yami o miyo to ya / naku chidori*

225

so cold and yet

a night sleeping together:

so delightful

*samukeredo / futari neru yo zo / tanomoshiki*

226

At an inn on the journey

burning pine needles

to dry my hand towel:

the cold

*go o taite / tenugui aburu / samusa kana*

227

winter sun—

frozen on horseback,  
my shadow*fuyu no hi ya / bashō ni kōru / kagebōshi*

228

On the road to Irago, Etsujin was drunk riding on his horse

may it be snow and sand  
you fall into from your horse:  
drunk on sake*yuki ya suna / uma yori otochi yo / sake no yoi*

229

a lone hawk:

finding it brings such joy  
at Cape Irago*taka hitotsu / mitsukete ureshi / iragosaki*

230

Cape Irago was close by, so I went to see it

Cape Irago:  
nothing can match  
the hawk's cry*iragozaki / niru mono mo nashi / taka no koe*

231

I visited Tokoku, who was living in difficult circumstances at  
Cape Irago. From time to time I heard the cry of a hawkmore than dream  
the hawk of reality  
heartens me*yume yori mo / utsutsu no taka zo / tanomoshiki*

232

According to the people here, this village is called “Hobi”  
because in olden times a retired emperor praised it, saying “pre-  
serve its beauty” (*ho bi*). I don’t know where this might be writ-  
ten down, but such gracious sentiment is awe-inspiring.

plum and camellia:  
 praise to their early bloom  
 here in Hobi Village  
*ume tsubaki / hayazaki homen / hobi no sato*

## 233

Atsuta Shrine after reconstruction  
 freshly polished,  
 the sacred mirror too is clear:  
 blossoms of snow  
*togi naosu / kagami mo kiyoshi / yuki no hana*

## 234

At someone's gathering  
 smoothing it out,  
 I'm off to snowviewing:  
 my paper robe  
*tametsukete / yukimi ni makaru / kamiko kana*

## 235

well then,  
 let's go snow-viewing  
 till we all fall down  
*iza saraba / yukimi ni korobu / tokoro made*

## 236

Hakone Pass:  
 someone seems to be crossing it  
 this morning of snow  
*hakone kosu / hito mo arurashi / kesa no yuki*

## 237

At the party of a certain person  
 searching out the plum fragrance  
 I gaze up at the eaves  
 of the warehouse  
*ka o saguru / ume ni kura miru / nokiba kana*

238

the dew frozen,

I soak it dry with my brush:

the pure water spring

*tsuyu itete / hitsu ni kumihosu / shimizu kana*

239

resting on my journey,

I watch the year-end housecleaning

of the floating world

*tabine shite / mishi ya ukiyo no / susu harai*

240

I rented a horse at the village of Hinaga, mentioned in the poem “From Kuwana I came with nothing to eat. . . .”, so I could ride up Walking-stick Hill. But my pack-saddle overturned and I was thrown from the horse.

if only I had walked

Walking-stick Hill:

falling from my horse

*kachi naraba / tsue-tsuki-zaka o / rakuba kana*

241

my native home—

weeping over my umbilical cord

at year’s end

*furusato ya / heso no o ni naku / toshi no kure*

1688–94

242

through gaps in snow,

pale purple,

sprouts of the *udo**yuki ma yori / usu murasaki no / me udo kana*

243

I'd like to sleep  
     borrowing the scarecrow's clothes—  
         midnight frost  
*karite nen / kakashi no sode ya / yowa no shimo*

## SPRING 1688

244

On New Year's Eve, reluctant to part with the passing year, I  
 drank deep into the night, and then slept through New Year's  
 morning:

on the *second* day  
     I won't fail:  
         flowering spring  
*futsuka ni mo / nukari wa seji na / hana no haru*

245

Early spring  
 spring has risen  
     only nine days now and  
         these fields and mountains!  
*haru tachite / mada kokonoka no / noyama kana*

246

even the heart of Akokuso  
     I do not know:  
         plum blossoms  
*akokuso no / kokoro mo shirazu / ume no hana*

247

An area by Iga Castle yields what is known as coal. The odor is  
 repugnant.

give forth your fragrance!  
     on a coal mining hill,  
         plum blossoms  
*ka ni nioe / uni horu oka no / ume no hana*

248

At a mountain cottage in Iga

even the sound

of someone blowing his nose:

plum blossoms

*tebana kamu / oto sae ume no / sakari kana*

249

withered grass—

faint heat waves

one or two inches high

*kareshiba ya / yaya kagerō no / ichi ni-sun*

250

sixteen foot Buddha:

heat waves rising

from the stone base

*jōroku ni / kagerō takashi / ishi no ue*

251

At Yamada in Ise Province

from what tree's

blossoms I know not:

such fragrance

*nani no ki no / hana to wa shirazu / nioi kana*

252

the shrine maidens:

the loveliness of the lone plum here

in blossom

*okorago no / hito moto yukashi / ume no hana*

253

Ichiu's wife

inside the shop curtains,

in the quiet depths,

plum blossoms of the north

*nōren no / oku monofukashi / kita no ume*

## 254

Meeting with Setsudō, son of Ajiro Minbu

out from an old plum tree  
     grows a young sprout—  
         plum blossoms

*ume no ki ni / nao yadorigi ya / ume no hana*

## 255

For the Priest Ryū Shosha

first I'll ask  
     the names of things: these reeds  
         with new leaves

*mono no na o / mazu tou ashi no / wakaba kana*

## 256

At a gathering in a grass-thatched hut

the taro is planted,  
     the gate covered with vines'  
         new leaves

*imo uete / kado wa mugura no / wakaba kana*

## 257

At Bōdai Temple

of this mountain's  
     many sorrows, tell the tales  
         old yam diggers

*kono yama no / kanashisa tsuge yo / tokorohori*

## 258

At Kusube

don't drop your dirt  
     into my wine cup—  
         flock of swallows

*sakazuki ni / doro na otoshi so / muratsubame*



259

At Rosō's house

my paper robe is wet,  
 but I'll go break a branch:  
 blossoms in the rain

*kamiginu no / nurutomo oran / ame no hana*

260

On the 15th, in the precincts of the Outer Shrine

inside the shrine's fences—  
 so unexpected this portrait  
 of Buddha entering nirvana

*kami-gaki ya / omoi-mo-kakezu / nehan-zō*

261

On the 17th day of Second Month, leaving Mt. Kamiji

be naked?  
 not yet, with second month's  
 windstorm

*hadaka ni wa / mada kisaragi no / arashi kana*

262

The first gathering of the monthly linked verse group at Yakushi Temple

the first cherries blooming:  
 right now, today,  
 is such a fine day

*hatsuzakura / orishimo kyō wa / yoki hi nari*

263

The Honorable Tangan held a blossom-viewing party at his villa. Things were just as in the old days.

so many many  
 memories come to mind:  
 cherry blossoms

*samazama no / koto omoidasu / sakura kana*

## 264

I spent time at “Gourd Bamboo Hut,” resting from the difficulties of the journey

blossoms as my lodging  
 from beginning to end—  
 twenty days

*hana o yado ni / hajime owari ya / hatsuka hodo*

## 265

Two wayfarers with no abode in Heaven and Earth

the Yoshino cherries

I will show you:

cypress hat

*yoshino nite / sakura mishō zo / hinokigasa*

## 266

At Hatsuse

spring night—

someone in retreat, so mysterious

in a corner of the temple

*haru no yo ya / komorido yukashi / dō no sumi*

## 267

Hoso Pass, on the road from Tafu Peak to Ryūmon

higher than the lark:

resting in the sky

at the pass

*hibari yori / sora ni yasurau / tōge kana*

## 268

Dragon's Gate

the blossoms at Dragon's Gate:

a splendid souvenir

for my drinking friends

*ryūmon no / hana ya jōgo no / tsuto ni sen*

269

I'll tell my drinking friends  
 of these blossoms hanging  
 over the waterfall  
*sake nomi ni / kataran kakaru / taki no hana*

270

During my pilgrimage through Yamato Province, I lodged at a  
 farmhouse for a night. My host showed me deep kindness and  
 warm hospitality.

in the shade of blossoms  
 it seems like a Nō play:  
 a journey's rest  
*hana no kage / utai ni nitaru / tabine kana*

271

with a fan  
 drinking sake in the shadows—  
 falling cherry blossoms  
*ōgi nite / sake kumu kage ya / chiru sakura*

272

were my voice good,  
 I'd chant from the Nō:  
 falling cherry blossoms  
*koe yokuba / utaō mono o / sakura chiru*

273

Nijikō  
 petal after petal  
 mountain roses flutter down:  
 the sound of the rapids  
*horohoro to / yamabuki chiru ka / taki no oto*

274

cherry blossom viewing:  
 admirable it is to walk  
 ten or twelve miles a day  
*sakuragari / kidoku ya hibi ni / go-ri roku-ri*

275

with the sun darkening  
 on the blossoms, it is lonely—  
 a false cypress

*hi wa hana ni / kurete sabishi ya / asunarō*

276

The moss pure spring  
 spring rain  
 flowing down the tree:  
 the pure water spring  
*harusame no / koshita ni tsutau / shimizu kana*

277

The moss pure spring  
 beginning to melt,  
 I soak it dry with my brush:  
 the pure water spring  
*ite tokete / hitsu ni kumihosu / shimizu kana*

278

Yoshino  
 blossoms at their peak,  
 with the mountains as always  
 at daybreak  
*hanazakari / yama wa higo no / asaborake*

279

Mount Kazuraki  
 all the more I'd like to see it  
 with dawn coming to the blossoms:  
 the face of the god  
*nao mitashi / hana ni akeyuku / kami no kao*

280

Mt. Kōya

for my father and mother

I yearn so deeply—

a pheasant's cry

*chichi haba no / shikirini koishi / kiji no koe*

281

Wakanoura

departing spring—

I've finally caught up with it

here at Wakanoura.

*yuku haru ni / wakanoura nite / oitsukitari*

## SUMMER 1688

282

Clothes-changing day

removing a one layer

I carry it over my shoulder:

clothes-changing day

*hitotsu nuide / ushiro ni oinu / koromogae*

283

Buddha's birthday:

on this day is born

a little fawn

*kanbutsu no / hi ni umareau / kanoko kana*

284

Ganjin of Shōdaiji Temple endured seventy adversities in his attempts to come to Japan from China. He is said to have lost his sight due to the salt wind blown into his eyes. Worshipping at his sacred image:

with a young leaf

I would wipe the tears

from your eyes

*wakaba shite / onme no shizuku / nuguwabaya*

285

Departing from an old friend at Nara

deer horns

developing their first branch:  
our separation

*shika no tsuno / mazu hitofushi no / wakare kana*

286

travel weary,

just as I finally find lodging—  
wisteria blossoms

*kutabirete / yado karu koro ya / fuji no hana*

287

The lotus is called the Lord of Flowers. The peony is said to be the wealthy noble among blossoms. But rice seedlings rise from the mud, and are more pure than the lotus. In autumn, it yields fragrant rice, richer than the peony. Thus one plant combines the virtues of both, truly pure and rich.

villagers sing

verses in the rice fields:  
the capital

*satobito wa / ine ni uta yomu / miyako kana*

288

At a certain person's house in Osaka

iris blossoms:

conversations about them are  
one joy of the journey

*kakitsubata / kataru mo tabi no / hitotsu kana*

289

Suma

the moon is here

yet there seems an absence:  
summer in Suma

*tsuki wa aredo / rusu no yō nari / suma no natsu*

290

seeing the moon  
 yet something is lacking—  
 summer in Suma

*tsuki mite mo / mono tarawazu ya / suma no natsu*

291

The sky of mid-Fourth Month was still misty and the moon of the brief night was exceptionally lovely. The mountains were dark with young leaves, and at dawn, the time the cuckoo sings, light began to fall upon the sea. The high plain was reddened with waves of wheat, and white poppies were visible among the eaves of the fishers' huts.

the faces of the fishers  
 were seen first—  
 poppy flowers

*ama no kao / mazu miraruru ya / keshi no hana*

292

is it crying from an arrow  
 from the fishers of Suma?  
 cuckoo

*suma no ama no / yasaki ni naku ka / hototogisu*

293

Temple of Suma—  
 hearing the unblown flute  
 in the deep shade of trees

*sumadera ya / fukanu fue kiku / koshitayami*

294

cuckoo:  
 off where it disappears—  
 a single island

*hototogisu / kieyuku kata ya / shima hitotsu*

## 295

Spending the night at Akashi

octopus traps—  
     fleeting dreams under  
         summer's moon

*takotsubo ya / hakanaki yume o / natsu no tsuki*

## 296

in the summer rains  
     one thing unhidden—  
         the bridge of Seta

*samidare ni / kakurenu mono ya / seta no hashi*

## 297

While I was thinking of my upcoming journey on the Kiso Road, I was staying at Ōtsu and I went to see the fireflies at Seta.

these fireflies,  
     like the moon  
         in all the rice paddies

*kono hotaru / tagoto no tsuki ni / kurabemin*

## 298

Fireflies

held in my eye:  
     with Yoshino's blooms  
         Seta's fireflies

*me ni nokoru / yoshino o seta no / hotaru kana*

## 299

falling from  
     a grass blade, and flying away:  
         a firefly

*kusa no ha o / otsuru yori tobu / hotaru kana*



300

At Ōtsu

summer in the world:

floating on the lake

over waves

*yo no natsu / kosui ni ukamu / nami no ue*

301

Coolness

moonflowers—

and in autumn,

various gourds

*yūgao ya / aki wa iroiro no / fukube kana*

302

Gathering on the 5th day of Sixth Month, the first year of Genroku

noonflower,

with a short night's sleep:

daytime

*hirugao no / mijikayo neburu / hiruma kana*

303

Hearing that Chine had died, I sent a message to Kyorai from Mino

and now also

the clothes of the deceased—

summer airing

*naki hito no / kosode mo ima ya / doyōboshi*

304

I would lodge here

until the days the goosefoot

has grown a staff

*yadorisen / akaza no tsue ni / naru hi made*

## 305

Responding to an invitation from a certain Rakugo, I enjoy the cool under the pines of Mount Inaba, soothing the hardships of my journey

mountain cove—

I would nourish my body  
with this field of melons

*yamakage ya / mi o yashinawan / uribatake*

## 306

I would compare them  
to a delicate child: flowers  
of a summer field

*moroki hito ni / tatoen hana mo / natsuno kana*

## 307

Mount Inaba

a temple bell too  
seems to be ringing:  
cicada's cry

*tsukigane mo / hibiku yō nari / semi no koe*

## 308

A certain Kisaburō lives in quiet retreat at the base of Mt. Inaba and has invited me over to enjoy the cool of evening.

castle ruins—

pure water from the old well  
is what I'll seek first

*shiro ato ya / furui no shimizu / mazu towan*

## 309

Going to see fishermen using cormorants on the Nagara River in Mino

so fascinating,  
but then, so sad:

cormorant fishing boat

*omoshirōte / yagate kanashiki / ubune kana*

310

in this place  
 all that meets the eye  
 is cool

*kono atari / me ni miyuru mono wa / mina suzushi*

311

summer has come  
 yet just one leaf on  
 the one-leaf-fern

*natsu kite mo / tada hitotsu ha no / hitoha kana*

## AUTUMN 1688

312

3<sup>rd</sup> day of the month

like nothing  
 it's been compared to:  
 the crescent moon

*nanigoto no / mitate ni mo nizu / mika no tsuki*

313

In the rice fields at the Treasury of the Dharma Temple  
 after the reaping—

from the side of a field of early rice  
 a snipe's call

*kari ato ya / wase katakata no / shigi no koe*

314

Congratulations on a new house

such a fine house—  
 out back, sparrows delight  
 in the millet field

*yoki ie ya / suzume yorokobu / sedo no awa*

## 315

A View of Narumi

early autumn—

the ocean and the rice fields  
all one green

*hatsuaki ya / umi mo aota no / hitomidori*

## 316

First day of autumn

weary of the journey,  
how many days like today?  
autumn's wind

*tabi ni akite / kyō iku ka yara / aki no kaze*

## 317

lotus pond—

left as they are, unplucked,  
for the Festival of Spirits

*hasu ike ya / orade sono mama / tamamatsuri*

## 318

The fifth year of Jōkyō, Seventh Month, 20th day. I was entertained at Chōkō's "Bamboo Leaf Eaves" hut.

With millet and grass

not a thing wanting:  
grass-thatched hut

*awa hie ni / toboshiku mo arazu / kusa no io*

## 319

Butterfly on a chrysanthemum blossom

deep into autumn—

a butterfly sipping  
chrysanthemum dew

*aki o hete / chō mo nameru ya / kiku no tsuyu*

320

not hidden

at this house: vegetable soup  
with red pepper

*kakusanu zo / yado wa najiru ni / tōgarashi*

321

Yasui departing on a journey

seeing you off,  
your back in the distance—  
lonely autumn wind

*miokuri no / ushiro ya sabishi / aki no kaze*

322

seeing friends off,  
being seen off, and now:  
autumn in Kiso

*okuraretsu / okuritsu hate wa / kiso no aki*

323

so many plants,  
each with its own  
brilliant blossom

*kusa iroiro / ono ono hana no / tegara kana*

324

Friends saw me off at the outskirts of town and we shared a few  
drinks

morning glories  
oblivious to all the drinking  
are in full bloom

*asagao wa / sakamori shiranu / sakari kana*

325

trembling, teetering,  
now even more dew-like—  
lady flowers

*hyoro hyoro to / nao tsuyukeshi ya / ominaeshi*

326

its inside I'd like  
 to line with lacquer:  
 moon at the inn  
*ano naka ni / makie kakitashi / yado no tsuki*

327

the hanging bridge—  
 grasping for dear life,  
 ivy vines  
*kakehashi ya / inochi o karamu / tsuta katsura*

328

high hanging bridge—  
 what first comes to mind  
 is the Meeting with the Horses  
*kakehashi ya / mazu omoiizu / uma mukae*

329

Mt. Obasute  
 her face—  
 an old woman weeping alone:  
 moon as companion  
*omokage ya / oba hitori naku / tsuki no tomo*

330

moon of the sixteenth  
 and still I linger here  
 near Sarashina  
*izayoi mo / mada sarashina no / kōri kana*

331

biting deep within,  
 the pungent radish:  
 autumn wind  
*mi ni shimite / daikon karashi / aki no kaze*

332

chestnuts of Kiso:

for those of the floating world,  
my souvenir

*kiso no tochi / ukiyo no hito no / miyage kana*

333

Zenkōji Temple

the moon's light—  
four gates, four sects  
yet only one

*tsuki kage ya / shimon shishū mo / tada hitotsu*

334

blowing away

the rocks: Asama's  
autumn windstorm

*fukitobasu / ishi wa asama no / nowaki kana*

335

The old master of this lotus pond loves chrysanthemums. Yesterday, there was a celebration at Mount Lu, and today we drink the rest of the wine, each of us sporting with making verse. We wonder now, who among us will enjoy good health next year on this day?

the sixteenth night moon?  
or is it this morning's lingering  
chrysanthemums?

*izayoi no / izure ka kesa ni / nokoru kiku*

336

emaciated in Kiso

and still not recovered:  
late harvest moon

*kiso no yase mo / mada naoranu ni / nochi no tsuki*

337

the ivy leaves  
     are tinged with the past:  
         autumn foliage  
*tsuta no ha wa / mukashi mekitaru / momiji kana*

338

departing autumn—  
     wrapping my body  
         in the narrow bedding  
*yuku aki ya / mi ni hikimatou / minobuton*

339

chrysanthemums and  
     cockscombs: every flower cut  
         for Nichiren's death day  
*kiku keitō / kiri tsukushikeri / omeikō*

## WINTER 1688–89

340

winter seclusion:  
     again I'll lean back against  
         my old post  
*fuyugomori / mata yorisowan / kono hashira*

341

five or six of us  
     lined up before the tea cakes:  
         the sunken hearth  
*itsutsu mitsu / cha no ko ni narabu / irori kana*

342

I had heard the good name of the Buddhist layman Dōen of Daitōan Hut. With warm feelings toward him, I promised that we would meet, but before that day could come, he passed away like the frost of an early winter evening. Hearing that today is the first anniversary of his death,



I long to imagine  
     how you looked—your staff  
         of withered wood  
*sono katachi / mibaya kareki no / tsue no take*

## 343

Grieving over Rika's wife  
 lying down,  
     the futon pulled up:  
         cold, desolate night  
*kazuki fusu / futon ya samuki / yo ya sugoki*

## 344

At the memorial of a certain person  
 do they extinguish even  
     the banked charcoal?  
         the sound of hissing tears  
*uzumibi mo / kiyu ya namida no / niyuru oto*

## 345

Jūzō of the province of Owari is known as Etsujin, a name that comes from the place where he was born. Now he hides himself in the city, but only to supply himself with some food and fuel. If he works two days, he plays the next two; if he works three days, he plays the next three. He loves his wine, and he sings from the *Tales of the Heike* when he's drunk. A true friend indeed.

that snow we saw:  
     this year also  
         has it fallen?  
*futari mishi / yuki wa kotoshi mo / furikeru ka*

## 346

On a snowy night I playfully sought a *dai* hood, using the two words “buying rice” as my topic  
 off to buy rice  
     with a snow covered bag—  
         my winter hood  
*kome kai ni / yuki no fukuro ya / nagezugin*

347

are you a companion  
 to these creepers secluded away?  
 winter vegetable seller  
*sashikomoru / mugura no tomo ka / fuyuna uri*

## SPRING 1689

348

New Year's Day:  
 it's the sun in each field  
 that brings such longing  
*ganjitsu wa / tagoto no hi koso / koishikere*

349

so enticing—  
 in the spring of this year too  
 the sky of wayfaring  
*omoshiro ya / kotoshi no haru mo / tabi no sora*

350

morning and evening,  
 as if someone waits for me at Matsushima:  
 my unfulfilled love  
*asa yosa o / taga matsu shima zo / katagokoro*

351

Second year of Genroku, Second Month, at Tōzan's lodging  
 heat waves  
 shimmering from the shoulders  
 of my paper robe  
*kagerō no / waga kata ni tatsu / kamiko kana*

352

red-blossom plums—  
 unseen love engendered  
 by the courtly blind  
*kōbai ya / minu koi tsukuru / tamasudare*

353

Worshiping at Futamigaura

doubt it not:

the blossoms of the tide also show  
spring upon this bay

*utagau na / ushio no hana mo / ura no haru*

354

even the creepers:

their new leaves lovely  
at the dilapidated house

*mugura sae / wakaba wa yasashi / yabure ie*

355

a skylark's singing,

and keeping to its rhythm,  
a pheasant's cry

*hibari naku / naka no hyōshi ya / kiji no koe*

356

On a painting of someone drinking sake

no moon, no blossoms,  
just drinking sake  
all alone

*tsuki hana mo / nakute sake nomu / hitori kana*

357

Giving my grass hermitage to a family with daughters

a grass hut too

has a season of moving:  
a doll's house

*kusa no to mo / sumikawaru yo zo / hina no ie*

358

young sweetfish

seeing off the whitefish:  
departure

*ayu no ko no / shirauo okuru / wakare kana*

359

departing spring—

birds cry, in the fishes'  
eyes are tears

*yuku haru ya / tori naki uo no / me wa namida*

360

Muro no Yashima

with threads of

heat waves it is interwoven:  
the smoke

*itoyū ni / musubitsukitaru / kemuri kana*

361

the sun about to sink,

and the threading heat waves  
departing

*irikakaru / hi mo itoyū no / nagori kana*

362

a village where no

bells ring: what, then,  
of spring evenings?

*kane tsukanu / sato wa nani o ka / haru no kure*

363

Spending a lonely spring evening in a country cottage

the sunset bell too

cannot be heard:  
spring evening

*iriai no / kane mo kikoezu / haru no kure*

## SUMMER 1689

364

so holy:

green leaves, young leaves,  
in sun's light

*ara tōto / aoba wakaba no / hi no hikari*

365

for a while

secluded at a waterfall—

start of the summer retreat

*shibaraku wa / taki ni komoru ya / ge no hajime*

366

In search of Suitō of Yoze in Nasu Province

a man carrying fodder:

I'll make him our guide

across this summer field

*magusa ou / hito o shiori no / natsumo kana*

367

Concerning the beautiful views at Master Shūa's residence

mountains too

move into the garden—

a summer parlor

*yama mo niwa ni / ugokiiruru ya / natsuzashiki*

368

A grass-thatched hut

less than five feet square:

regrettable indeed

to build even this—

if only there were no rains

*tateyoko no / goshaku ni taranu / kusa no to o /**musubu mo kuyashi / ame nakariseba*

I knew of this poem by Priest Butchō, but seeing the hut is far more stirring than only having heard of it. Deeply moved, my heart feels purified.

even woodpeckers

don't damage this hut:

summer grove

*kitsutsuki mo / io wa yaburazu / natsu kodachi*

369

rice fields and barley—  
 and among them also  
 summer's cuckoo

*ta ya mugi ya / naka ni mo natsu no / hototogisu*

370

in the summer mountains  
 praying before the clogs:  
 setting off

*natsuyama ni / ashida o ogamu / kadode kana*

371

On a painting of a crane and banana tree  
 a crane cries—  
 that shriek will surely tear  
 the banana leaves

*tsuru naku ya / sono koe ni bashō / yarenubeshi*

372

The deputy of the mansion sent me off with a horse. The groom leading the way asked, "Could you please write me a poem card?" "Such a refined request," I thought.

across the plain,  
 turn my horse over there!  
 cuckoo

*no o yoko ni / uma hikimuke yo / hototogisu*

373

As two monks on a pilgrimage to see the Deep North, we visited Shinohara in Nasu, and then thought of hurrying to see the "Killing Rock" of Sesshōseki. But rain kept pouring down, so we decided to stop over here first.

falling from high above—  
 at a Takaku lodging,  
 cuckoo

*ochikuru ya / takaku no shuku no / hototogisu*

374

## The Killing Stone

the stench of the stone—  
     the summer grass red,  
         the scorching dew

*ishi no ka ya / natsugusa akaku / tsuyu atsushi*

375

The “willow where the crystal stream flows” stands on a foot-path by a rice field in Ashino village. Several times the district official, someone named Kohō, had said “I’d love to show you the willow,” and I always had wondered where it might be. And now finally I stand in that willow’s shade.

a whole rice paddy  
     planted—I depart  
         from the willow

*ta ichimai / uete tachisaru / yanagi kana*

376

from the west? from the east?  
     above all in the rice sprouts  
         the sound of the wind

*nishi ka higashi ka / mazu sanae ni mo / kaze no oto*

377

## Crossing the Shirakawa Barrier

the beginning of all art—  
     in the deep north  
         a rice-planting song

*fūryū no / hajime ya oku no / tauenta*

378

The Chinese written character “chestnut” consists of “tree” and “west,” so the chestnut tree is supposed to be related to the Buddha Amida’s Western Pureland. They say that throughout his life the Bodhistva Gyōgi used the wood of this tree for his staff and the pillars of his hut.

people of the world  
 don't discern this blossom—  
 chestnut by the eaves  
*yo no hito no / mitsukenu hana ya / noki no kuri*

379

About five miles east of the post-town of Sukagawa is the Ishikawa Waterfall, which I've longed to see. At this time the water level had increased dramatically from the rains, and I was told it was impossible to cross.

summer rains:  
 enough water to drown  
 the waterfall  
*samidare wa / taki furiuzumu / mikasa kana*

380

planting seedlings  
 with the hands—ancient patterns  
 from the fern of longing  
*sanae toru / temoto ya mukashi / shinobuzuri*

381

satchel and sword, too,  
 displayed for Fifth Month:  
 carp streamers  
*oi mo tachi mo / satsuki ni kazare / kaminobori*

382

the Takekuma Pine:  
 show it to him,  
 late-blooming cherries  
*takekuma no / matsu misemōse / osozakura*

Kyohaku gave me this hokku as a farewell gift, so I wrote,  
 since the cherries bloomed,  
 I've longed to see this pine: two trunks  
 after three month's passage  
*sakura yori / matsu wa futaki o / mitsukigoshi*



383

Rainhat Island—

where is it this rainy month  
 along muddy roads?

*kasashima wa / izuko satsuki no / nukarimichi*

384

I'll bind blue flags

around my feet:  
 sandal cords

*ayamegusa / ashi ni musuban / waraji no o*

385

islands and islands—

shattered into a thousand pieces,  
 summer's sea

*shimajima ya / chiji ni kudakete / natsu no umi*

386

At Takadachi in Ōshū Province

summer grass:

all that remains  
 of warriors' dreams

*natsugusa ya / tsuwamonodomo ga / yume no ato*

387

all the summer rains:

have they left it untouched?  
 Hall of Light

*samidare no / furinokoshite ya / hikaridō*

388

From Narugo Hot Springs we intended to head into Dewa Province across Shitomae Barrier. Few travelers use this road, so the border guards were deeply suspicious, and it was a long time before they allowed us to pass. When we made the crest of a high ridge, the sun was already down. We spotted a border guard's house and sought a night's lodging there. But then heavy rain and wind lashed us for three days, so we holed up in the mountains in a thoroughly cheerless place.

fleas, lice,  
     a horse peeing  
         by my pillow  
*nomi shirami / uma no shitosuru / makura moto*

389  
 making coolness  
     my lodging:  
         lying at ease  
*suzushisa o / waga yado ni shite / nemaru nari*

390  
 crawl out here!  
     under the silkworm nursery,  
         the croak of a toad  
*haiide yo / kaiya ga shita no / hiki no koe*

391  
 Seeing safflowers in bloom at Mogami  
 eye-brow brushes  
     come to mind:  
         safflower blossoms  
*mayuhaki o / omokage ni shite / beni no hana*

392  
 stillness—  
     sinking into the rocks,  
         cicadas' cry  
*shizukasa ya / iwa ni shimiuru / semi no koe*

393  
 gathering all  
     the summer rains, the swift  
         Mogami River  
*samidare o / atsumete hayashi / mogamigawa*

394

At the home of Fūryū

at this water's source

I would seek for an ice house:

willow tree

*mizu no oku / himuro tazunuru / yanagi kana*

395

At Seishin's house

the wind's fragrance

also suggests the south:

Mogami River

*kaze no ka mo / minami ni chikashi / mogamigawa*

396

so grateful—

perfumed with snow,

the South Valley

*arigata ya / yuki o kaorasu / minamidani*

397

coolness—

the crescent moon faint

over Black Feather Mountain

*suzushisa ya / hono mikazuki no / haguoyama*

398

cloud peaks,

how many have crumbled away:

Moon Mountain

*kumo no mine / ikutsu kuzurete / tsuki no yama*

399

at Yudono,

forbidden to speak,

my sleeves wet with tears

*katararenu / yudono ni nurasu / tamoto kana*

400

his jewel-like spirit—  
 it returns to Mt. Haguro,  
 moon of the law  
*sono tama ya / haguro ni kaesu / nori no tsuki*

401

moon? blossoms?  
 to such questions,  
 just four sleepers snoring  
*tsuki ka hana ka / toedo shisui no / ibiki kana*

402

10<sup>th</sup> day of Sixth Month, second year of Genroku, after a seven-day devotional retreat at Mt. Haguro:

surprising freshness—  
 after departing the mountains of Dewa,  
 the first eggplant  
*mezurashi ya / yama o ideha no / hatsunasubi*

403

thrusting the hot sun  
 into the sea:  
 Mogami River  
*atsuki hi o / umi ni iretari / mogamigawa*

404

Kisagata—  
 in the rain, Xi Shi asleep,  
 silk tree blossoms  
*kisagata ya / ame ni seishi ga / nebu no hana*

405

The evening rain ended, a certain person of the area guided me by boat into Kisagata Bay.

clearing at evening—  
 cooling off under the cherry flowers  
 with blossoms on the waves  
*yūbare ya / sakura ni suzumu / nami no hana*

406

the Shallows—

a crane with legs wet,  
the sea cool

*shiogoshi ya / tsuru hagi nurete / umi suzushi*

407

Mount Atsumi—

all the way to Fuku Bay,  
the evening cool

*atsumiyama ya / fukuura kakete / yūsuzumi*

## AUTUMN 1689

408

the Seventh Month—

even the sixth night  
is different

*fumizuki ya / muika mo tsune no / yo ni wa nizu*

409

Looking out toward Sado Island from a post town called Izu-  
mozaki in Echigo

stormy sea—

stretching out over Sado,  
Heaven's River

*araumi ya / sado ni yokotau / amanogawa*

410

At the home of Dr. Hosokawa Shunan

in your medicinal garden  
which flowers should be  
my night's pillow?

*yakuran ni / izure no hana o / kusamakura*

## 411

skewering sea breams  
 with cool willow twigs—  
 a fisherman's wife  
*kodai sasu / yanagi suzushi ya / ama ga tsuma*

## 412

in the same house  
 prostitutes, too, slept:  
 bush clover and moon  
*hitotsuya ni / yūjo mo netari / hagi to tsuki*

## 413

the scent of early rice—  
 cutting through the fields, on the right,  
 the Rough Shore Sea  
*wase no ka ya / wakeiru migi wa / arisoumi*

## 414

so red, red,  
 the sun relentless and yet  
 autumn's wind  
*akaaka to / hi wa tsurenaku mo / aki no kaze*

## 415

I was invited to a certain grass hut  
 autumn is cool:  
 let each hand set to peeling  
 melons and eggplants  
*aki suzushi / tegoto ni muke ya / uri nasubi*

## 416

A man named Isshō had become well-known for his devotion to the way of haikai, but last winter he died. His elder brother held a linked verse gathering as a memorial.

grave too move!  
 my wailing voice:  
 autumn wind  
*tsuka mo ugoke / waga naku koe wa / aki no kaze*

417

At a place called Little Pine

a lovely name—

Little Pine, where the wind wafts  
 over bush clover and miscanthus

*shiorashiki / na ya komatsu fuku / hagi susuki*

418

At the house of Kansei

drenched passersby—

they too are captivating:  
 bush clover in rain

*nurete yuku ya / hito mo okashiki / ame no hagi*

419

so pitiful—

under the helmet,  
 a cricket

*muzan ya na / kabuto no shita no / kirigirisu*

420

Yamanaka—

no need to pluck chrysanthemums:  
 the fragrance of these springs

*yamanaka ya / kiku wa taoranu / yu no nioi*

421

peach tree,

don't let your leaves fall:  
 autumn wind

*momo no ki no / sono ha chirasu na / aki no kaze*

422

Fishing fires, one of the ten famous scenes of Yamanaka

by the fishing fires,

a bullhead—under the waves  
 choking in tears

*isaribi ni / kajika ya nami no / shita musebi*

423

leaving the hot-springs:  
 tonight my skin  
 will be cool

*yu no nagori / koyoi wa hada no / samukaran*

424

leaving the hot springs,  
 looking back how many times —  
 beneath the mist

*yu no nagori / iku tabi miru ya / kiri no moto*

425

from this day forth—  
 the inscription washed away  
 by dew on my hat

*kyō yori ya / kakitsuke kesan / kasa no tsuyu*

426

Visiting the Kannon temple at Nata

whiter than  
 the stones of Stone Mountain:  
 autumn's wind

*ishiyama no / ishi yori shiroshi / aki no kaze*

427

I would sweep the garden  
 before departing: in the temple,  
 falling willow leaves

*niwa haite / idebaya tera ni / chiru yanagi*

428

scribbled on,  
 now the fan is torn up:  
 memories at departure

*mono kaite / ōgi hikisaku / nagori kana*



429

I crossed the bridge at Asamutsu. The popular pronunciation is Asamuzu, but in the “Bridge” section of Sei Shonagon’s *Pillow Book*, it is written “Asamutsu.”

Asamutsu—

on a moon-viewing journey  
a dawn departure

*asamutsu ya / tsukimi no tabi no / akebanare*

430

Tamae

behold the moon!

while the reeds at Jewel Bay  
are still uncut

*tsukimi seyo / tamae no ashi o / karanu saki*

431

Hina-ga-dake

tomorrow’s moon:

does it augur rain?  
Hina-ga-dake

*asu no tsuki / ame uranawan / hina-ga-dake*

432

At Hyōchi Castle

is this the mountain

where Yoshinaka awoke?  
a moon of sorrow

*yoshinaka no / nezame no yama ka / tsuki kanashi*

433

The sea of Kei

the eight scenes

of various provinces and now  
the moon at Kei

*kuniguni no / hakkei sara ni / kei no tsuki*

## 434

1689, gazing at the moon in Tsuruga Bay, I visited Kei Shrine  
and heard of the tradition of the Yugyō Abbots.

the moon so pure  
on the sand carried here  
by the Pilgrim Priests  
*tsuki kiyoshi / yugyō no moteru / suna no ue*

## 435

Fifteenth night, and as the innkeeper had predicted, rain falls

harvest moon—  
the north country weather  
so uncertain  
*meigetsu ya / hokkoku biyori / sadamenaki*

## 436

On the same night, the innkeeper told us a story. “There’s a  
temple bell deep in the sea. Once the provincial governor sent  
divers to search for it. And they found it, but it was upside  
down, so there was no way they could pull it up.”

where’s the moon?  
the temple bell sunk  
to the bottom of the sea  
*tsuki izuku / kane wa shizumeru / umi no soko*

## 437

At the beach

not just the moon:  
because of rain, even *sumō*  
has been called off  
*tsuki nomi ka / ame ni sumō mo / nakarikeri*

## 438

At the harbor

the ancient name  
“Deer Antler” so lovely:  
the autumn moon  
*furuki na no / tsunuga ya koishi / aki no tsuki*

439

loneliness—

superior even than Suma,  
autumn on this beach

*sabishisa ya / suma ni kachitaru / hama no aki*

440

between the waves—

mingling with tiny shells,  
bits of bush clover blossoms

*nami no ma ya / kogai ni majiru / hagi no chiri*

441

Drawn to Color Beach

drop your little petals,  
bush clover, on the little shells:  
our little cup

*kohagi chire / masubo no kogai / kosakazuki*

442

still not a butterfly

as autumn deepens:  
a rape-worm

*kochō ni mo / narade aki furu / namushi kana*

443

When I open my door, to the west there is the mountain called  
Ibuki. There are no blossoms; there is no snow. Only the self-  
sufficient grandeur of the mountain.

just as it is—

not even needing the moon:  
Mt. Ibuki

*sonomama yo / tsuki mo tanomaji / ibukiyama*

## 444

Written impromptu at Mr. Josui's villa

peacefully secluded here,

I would love to pick fruit  
and the grains of grass

*komoriite / ko no mi kusa no mi / hirowabaya*

## 445

bloom quickly,

the ninth is near:

chrysanthemum blossoms

*hayaku sake / kunichi mo chikashi / kiku no hana*

## 446

A certain Sogyū, who lives in Seki, visited me at my lodging in Ōgaki. The blossoms Sōgi referred to in "White Wisteria Slope" were fragrant, just as when he wrote of them.

wisteria beans:

I'll make them my poetry  
with the blossoms gone

*fuji no mi wa / haikai ni sen / hana no ato*

## 447

At Bokuin's villa

hermitage—

moon, chrysanthemums,  
and an acre of rice

*kakurega ya / tsuki to kiku to ni / ta san-tan*

## 448

For a painting

Saigyō's sandals:

hang them as well  
with the pine's dew

*saigyō no / waraji mo kakare / matsu no tsuyu*

449

like a clam from its shell,  
 setting off for Futami:  
 departing autumn

*hamaguri no / futami ni wakare / yuku aki zo*

450

I stayed over at the house of Yūgen in the Ise Province. His wife was in complete accord with the wishes of her husband, faithful in every way, and she soothed a traveler's weary heart. When Akechi fell into poverty, his wife cut her hair so she could prepare a renga gathering. Recalling now her selfless nature,

moon, be lonely—

I want to tell of  
 Akechi's wife

*tsuki sabi yo / akechi ga tsuma no / hanashi sen*

451

The Inner Shrine had already been moved, but I worshipped at the Outer Shrine during its Ritual of Renewal.

for holiness,

everyone's been shoving each other:  
 the Shrine Renewal

*tōtosa ni / mina oshianu / gosengū*

452

At a place called Nakamura in Ise Province

autumn winds:

now the graveyard of Ise  
 is even more desolate

*aki no kaze / ise no hakahara / nao sugoshi*

453

Futami

Saigyō's inkstone?

I pick it up — dew  
 on the concave rock

*suzuri ka to / hirou ya kuboki / ishi no tsuyu*

454

Shuei-in

entering the gate:

by the sago palm,  
 an orchid's fragrance

*mon ni ireba / sotetsu ni ran no / nioi kana*

455

transforming itself

every single day:  
 a cotton rose

*edaburi no / higoto ni kawaru / fuyō kana*

## WINTER 1689-90

456

first winter shower:

even the monkey seems to want  
 a little straw coat

*hatsushigure / saru mo komino o / hoshigenari*

457

for the people in this house

send down winter showers  
 no matter the cold

*hitobito o / shigure yo yado wa / samukutomo*

458

mushroom gathering—

in danger of getting drenched in  
 a cold evening shower

*takegari ya / abunaki koto ni / yūshigure*

459

winter garden—

the moon too a thread:  
 an insect's song

*fuyuniwa ya / tsuki mo ito naru / mushi no gin*

460

on a folding screen

a mountain is painted:

winter seclusion

*byōbu ni wa / yama o egaite / fuyugomori*

461

Playing with children in the hills

in the first snow

let's make beards

from rabbit fur

*hatsuyuki ni / usagi no kawa / hige tsukure*

462

First day of eleventh month, second year of Genroku, for a linked verse at Ryōbon's house

hey kids!

let's run around

in the hail!

*iza kodomo / hashiri arikan / tamaarare*

463

Visiting the Southern Capital, I yearned for the eventual building of the Buddha Hall

first snow—

for the Great Buddha, when

will the columns be raised?

*hatsuyuki ya / itsu daibutsu no / hashiradate*

464

Song on a journey

off to the mountain castle

of Ide, hiring a palanquin:

early winter showers

*yamashiro e / ide no kago karu / shigure kana*

465

were they walking  
 around Chōshō's grave too?  
 bowl beating  
*chōshō no / haka mo meguru ka / hachitataki*

466

With many people visiting my grass hut in Zeze,  
 if it hails  
 I'll cook and serve  
 wicker-caught whitebait  
*arare seba / ajiro no hio o / nite dasan*

467

why does it head  
 to the market at year's-end?  
 a flying crow  
*nani ni kono / shiwasu no ichi ni / yuku karasu*

## SPRING 1690

468

Greeting the New Year near the capital  
 the man wearing  
 a straw mat, who is he?  
 blossoms of spring  
*komo o kite / tarebito imasu / hana no haru*

469

With a person heading to Zeze  
 let's go see  
 the Festival of the Otter:  
 deep in the hills of Seta  
*kawauso no / matsuri mite koyo / seda no oku*



470

a bush warbler

drops its hat:

camellia blossom

*uguisu no / kasa otoshitaru / tsubaki kana*

471

In my home village, having sown seeds of the three vegetables in  
my brother's garden

spring rain—

just beginning to sprout,

eggplant seedlings

*harusame ya / futaba ni moyuru / nasubidane*

472

this tiny seed

I do not belittle:

red pepper

*kono tane to / omoikonasaji / tōgarashi*

473

Catching my interest in the mountains of Iga during the year of  
the horse,

seed potatoes—

with cherries blooming,

the vegetable seller on his rounds

*taneimo ya / hana no sakari ni / uriariku*

474

At Mr. Kōboku's

pine-filled berms

and blossoms – a manor built

deep in the forest

*dote no matsu / hana ya kobukaki / tonozukuri*

475

Blossom viewing

beneath a tree,  
     both soup and fish salad:  
         cherry blossoms!

*ki no moto ni / shiru mo namasu mo / sakura kana*

476

so fitting—

    bean-flour rice balls  
         while blossom hunting

*niawashi ya / mame no komeshi ni / sakuragari*

477

heat waves—

    the saiko's threadlike leaves  
         in a thin haze

*kagerō ya / saiko no ito no / usugumori*

478

butterfly wings:

    how many times fluttering  
         over the wall's roof

*chō no ha no / ikutabi koyuru / hei no yane*

479

It is said that long ago Hanagaki Village in Iga was made imperial land to protect the double blossom cherry trees of Nara.

the whole village:  
     are they all descendants  
         of the blossom guards?

*hitosato wa / mina hanamori no / shison ka ya*

480

“it eats snakes”—

    hearing this, how ghastly  
         the call of the pheasant

*hebi kuu to / kikeba osoroshi / kiji no koe*

481

An Account of Pure Washed Hall

from the four directions,  
 blossoms are blowing in:  
 waves of the grebe

*shihō yori / hana fukiirete / nio no nami*

482

Gazing upon the lake, lamenting the passage of spring

spring departs:  
 with those of Ōmi  
 I join the lament

*yuku haru o / ōmi no hito to / oshimikeru*

483

the solitary nun  
 aloof in her straw hut:  
 white azalea

*hitori ama / waraya sugenashi / shirotsutsuji*

## SUMMER 1690

484

Staying over at Seta, I worshiped at Ishiyama temple at dawn  
 and saw the Genji room there.

daybreak:  
 in the lingering lavender  
 a cuckoo calls

*akebono wa / mada murasaki ni / hototogisu*

485

Moving into the Unreal Dwelling behind Ishiyama Temple

for now I'll rely  
 on the pasania tree:  
 summer grove

*mazu tanomu / shū no ki mo ari / natsu kodachi*

486

you're the butterfly  
     I'm Zhuangzi's  
         dreaming heart  
*kimi ya chō / ware ya sōji ga / yumegokoro*

487

summer grass—  
     before you come,  
         I'll hunt out the snakes  
*natsugusa ya / ware sakidachite / hebi karan*

488

neither to evening  
     nor morning does it belong:  
         melon blossom  
*yūbe ni mo / asa ni mo tsukazu / uri no hana*

489

the sun's path—  
     hollyhocks turn with it  
         in summer rains  
*hi no michi ya / aoi katamuku / satsukiamae*

490

fragrant orange—  
     when? in what field?  
         cuckoo  
*tachibana ya / itsu no no naka no / hototogisu*

491

Firefly viewing at Seta  
 firefly viewing—  
     the boatman is drunk,  
         the boat unsteady  
*hotarumi ya / sendō yōte / obotsukana*

492

in the capital,  
     yet longing for the capital—  
     cuckoo

*kyō nite mo / kyō natsukashi ya / hototogisu*

493

“The evening cool at riverside, Fourth Avenue,” they call it. From early Sixth Month with its evening moon to the moon at dawn just past mid-month, people line up along the river in platforms drinking sake and feasting as they party all night long. Women wrapped in showy sashes, men sporting fashionably long coats, with monks and old folks intermingling, even apprentices to coopers and blacksmiths, everyone carefree and leisurely, singing up a storm. Yes, indeed, life in the capital!

river breeze—

    wearing pale persimmon robes,  
     the evening cool

*kawakaze ya / usugaki kitaru / yūsuzumi*

494

A recluse named Tōko from the Naniwa area came to meet this untalented teacher.

don't take after me:

    cut in two,  
     a musk melon

*ware ni niru na / futatsu ni wareshi / makuwauri*

495

my hut:

    that the mosquitoes are small  
     is all I can offer

*waga yado wa / ka no chiisaki o / chisō kana*

496

The fleeting transience of life

soon to die,

yet no sign of it:

a cicada's cry

*yagate shinu / keshiki wa miezu / semi no koe*

## AUTUMN 1690

497

On Tanabata

do not peek

even through silk tree leaves:

the stars' light

*nebu no ki no / hagoshi mo itoe / hoshi no kage*

498

At a thatched hut by Kiso Yoshinaka's grave, my heart was drawn to the cemetery

Festival of Spirits:

today too at the crematorium

smoke rises

*tamamatsuri / kyō mo yakiba no / kemuri kana*

499

dragonfly—

unable to hold on

to the grass blade

*tonbō ya / toritsuki kaneshi / kusa no ue*

500

wild boars too

are blown along:

autumn windstorm

*inoshishi mo / tomo ni fukaruru / nowaki kana*

501

Unchiku, a monk in Kyoto, painted a picture—perhaps a self-portrait—of a monk with his face turned away. He asked me to write a legend on it, so I wrote: You are over sixty, and I nearly fifty. Together in a dream, we present the forms of dreams. Here I add the words of one asleep:

turn this way,

I too am lonely:

autumn evening

*kochira muke / ware mo sabishiki / aki no kure*

502

plucking out white hairs—

under the pillow,

a cricket

*shiraga nuku / makura no shita ya / kirigirisu*

503

harvest moon—

children lined up along

the temple veranda

*meigetsu ya / chigotachi narabu / dō no en*

504

harvest moon—

turning toward the sea,

the Seven Komachis

*meigetsu ya / umi ni mukaeba / nana komachi*

505

Moonviewing at an old temple

moonviewing—

in the room not a single

beautiful face

*tsukimi suru / za ni utsukushiki / kao mo nashi*

## 506

At our first linked verse party at Masahide's house

the moon about to rise—

everyone with hands on knees

in the room

*tsuki shiro ya / hiza ni te o oku / yoi no yado*

## 507

by a paulownia tree,

a quail is crying

inside the garden wall

*kiri no ki ni / uzura naku naru / hei no uchi*

## 508

A virtuous monk once said, "Superficial Zen is the root of grave flaws," and I appreciate his words.

lightning,

yet unenlightened:

so admirable

*inazuma ni / satoranu hito no / tattosa yo*

## 509

At Katada

a sick goose

falling in the night's cold:

sleep on a journey

*byōgan no / yosamu ni ochite / tabine kana*

## 510

a fisher's hut:

mingling with small shrimp,

crickets

*ama no ya wa / koebi ni majiru / itodo kana*



511

At Shōzui Temple in Katada

sipping morning tea,  
     the monk is peaceful:  
         chrysanthemum blossoms  
*asacha nomu / sō shizukanari / kiku no hana*

512

I spent a number of days in Awazu, where there was a man who  
 loved the tea ceremony. He gathered chrysanthemum flowers  
 from a nearby beach and invited me to tea.

a butterfly too comes  
     to sip the vinegar:  
         chrysanthemum salad  
*chō mo kite / su o suu kiku no / namasu kana*

## WINTER 1690–91

513

On the road to my hometown

early winter showers—  
     enough to blacken the fields’  
         freshcut stubble  
*shigururu ya / ta no arakabu no / kuromu hodo*

514

a cricket

crying forgetfully:  
     the brazier  
*kirigirisu / wasurene ni naku / kotatsu kana*

515

Recalling days of old

frost has come,  
     but a wild pink blossom  
         on the wooden brazier  
*shimo no nochi / nadeshiko sakeru / bioke kana*

## 516

winter winds—

cheeks swollen in pain,  
someone's face

*kogarashi ya / hohobare itamu / hito no kao*

## 517

On a journey

first snow—

the color of the knapsack  
of a wandering priest

*hatsuyuki ya / hijiri kozō no / oi no iro*

## 518

Traveling the Shinano Road

snow falling—

miscanthus for the shrine hut  
still uncut

*yuki chiru ya / hoya no susuki no / karinokoshi*

## 519

plovers rising:

as early evening deepens,  
winds storm down Mt. Hiei

*chidori tachi / fukeyuku shoya no / hiei oroshi*

## 520

A journey

year-end house cleaning:

through the cedar trees,  
a windstorm

*suhaki wa / sugi no ki no ma no / arashi kana*

## 521

A poetry gathering to see the year off

for half a day,

companions to the gods—  
seeing the year off

*hanjitsu wa / kami o tomo ni ya / toshiwasure*

522

Sojourning in the capital, every night I heard the melancholy  
sound of a pilgrim beating his bowl while seeking alms.

dried salmon and also

a Kūya pilgrim's emaciation:

the depths of winter

*karazake mo / kūya no yase mo / kan no uchi*

523

hold for a moment

the sound of slicing soybeans:

bowl beating

*natto kiru / oto shibashi mate / hachitataki*

524

flying down

on the stones of Stone Mountain:

hail storm

*ishiyama no / ishi ni tabashiru / arare kana*

525

usually hateful,

yet the crow too

in this dawn snow

*higoro nikuki / karasu mo yuki no / ashita kana*

526

At Ōtsu

on low hills too:

a mountain windstorm swirling

the tree leaves

*sanshaku no / yama mo arashi no / ko no ha kana*

527

on Hira and Mikami

snow mantles across the peaks:

a bridge of snowy egrets

*hira mikami / yuki sashiwatase / sagi no hashi*

528

Responding to a request from Jōkō Ajiyari:

Ah, admirable, admirable! The bamboo hat is admirable. The straw coat is admirable. What kind of person bestows this to us, what person makes such a painting, this vision from a thousand years, appearing right here? Now with this form, the spirit too appears. The coat so admirable, the hat so admirable.

so admirable—

even on a day without snow,  
straw coat and bamboo hat

*tōtosa ya / yuki furanu hi mo / mino to kasa*

529

hidden

in the late winter waters:  
a diving grebe

*kakurekeri / shiwasu no umi no / kaitsuburi*

530

At Otokuni's new house

buying a house,  
and lending it to me:  
seeing the year off

*hito ni ie o / kawasete ware wa / toshiwasure*

## SPRING 1691

531

Kiso's character:

sprouting strongly through the snow,  
the spring grass

*kiso no jō / yuki ya haenuku / haru no kusa*

532

At Otokuni's house

plum blossoms and fresh greens  
at the Mariko stopover  
and that yam porridge

*ume wakana / mariko no shuku no / tororojiru*

533

Early spring in the mountains of Iga  
 mountain village  
     and the New Year's dancers are late:  
         plum blossoms  
*yamazato wa / manzai ososhi / ume no hana*

534

moonrise gathering—  
     carrying a plum branch,  
         a novice mountain ascetic  
*tsukimachi ya / ume katageyuku / koyamabushi*

535

so lazy—  
     finally roused from bed:  
         spring rain  
*bushōsa ya / kakiokosareshi / haru no ame*

536

emaciated  
     by love and barley?  
         the lady cat  
*mugimeshi ni / yatsururu koi ka / neko no tsuma*

537

year upon year—  
     fertilizing the cherry trees:  
         blossom dust  
*toshidoshi ya / sakura o koyasu / hana no chiri*

538

drinking it all up,  
     let's make it into a flower vase:  
         the four liter wine barrel  
*nomiakete / hanaike ni sen / nishōdaru*

539

for a moment  
 it hangs above the blossoms:  
 the night's moon  
*shibaraku wa / hana no ue naru / tsukiyo kana*

540

old and infirm—  
 my teeth bite sand  
 in the dried seaweed  
*otoroi ya / ha ni kuiateshi / nori no suna*

541

a mountain rose—  
 I should stick it in my hat  
 just like a branch  
*yamabuki ya / kasa ni sasubeki / eda no nari*

542

On a picture  
 mountain roses—  
 when tea ovens at Uji  
 are so fragrant  
*yamabuki ya / uji no hoiro no / niou toki*

543

a night of darkness—  
 having lost its nest,  
 a plover crying out  
*yami no yo ya / su o madowashite / naku chidori*

## SUMMER 1691

544

grievous junctures—  
 the human fate of becoming  
 a bamboo shoot  
*uki fushi ya / take no ko to naru / hito no hate*

545

Arashiyama's

bamboo grove so dense—  
the wind threading through*arashiyama / yabu no shigeri ya / kaze no suji*

546

citron blossoms—

let's recall the olden days:  
the food preparing room.*yu no hana ya / mukashi shinoban / ryōri no ma*

547

cuckoo:

filtering through the vast bamboo grove  
the moon's light*hototogisu / ōtakeyabu o / moru tsukiyo*

548

sunk in sorrow,

make me feel loneliness:  
mountain cuckoo*uki ware o / sabishigarase yo / kankodori*

549

clapping hands,

and dawnlight in the echo:  
summer moon*te o uteba / kodama ni akuru / natsu no tsuki*

550

bamboo shoots—

and my childhood  
sketches of them*take no ko ya / osanaki toki no / e no susabi*

551

ears of barley—

tinted in the tears  
of crying skylarks*mugi no ho ya / namida ni somete / naku hibari*

552

day by day

the barley reddens toward ripeness:

singing skylarks

*hitohi hitohi / mugi akaramite / naku hibari*

553

devoid of talent,

I wish only to sleep:

raucous warblers

*nō nashi no / nemutashi ware o / gyōgyōshi*

554

Regretting tomorrow's departure from the Villa of Fallen Per-  
simmons, I walked around gazing at all the rooms from back to  
front.

summer rains—

poem cards peeled off,

their traces on the wall

*samidare ya / shikishi hegitaru / kabe no ato*

555

wrapping rice dumplings:

with one hand she puts back

her fallen hair

*chimaki yū / katate ni hasamu / hitaigami*

556

Sixth Month:

the burning heat of someone

suffering from flu

*minazuki wa / fukubyō yami no / atsusa kana*



## AUTUMN 1691

557

Early Autumn

early autumn—

the rolled up mosquito net  
now a bedcover

*hatsuaki ya / tatami nagara no / kaya no yogi*

558

a begonia,

the color of watermelon blossoms,  
in full bloom

*shukaidō / suika no iro ni / sakinikeri*

559

autumn's wind blowing

and yet how green  
the chestnut burs

*akikaze no / fukedomo aoshi / kuri no iga*

560

seedhead of the reed—

seized by demons  
of the Rashōmon gate

*ogi no ho ya / kashira o tsukamu / rashōmon*

561

in the cowshed,

the dusky sound of mosquitoes:  
lingering summer heat

*ushibeya ni / ka no koe kuraki / zansho kana*

562

Thinking of constructing a hut, Kukū asked for a poem on a  
painting of Kenkō.

the color of autumn:

not even a pot  
of rice-bran mash

*aki no iro / nukamiso tsubo mo / nakarikeri*

563

loneliness—

dangling from a nail,  
a cricket

*sabishisa ya / kugi ni kaketaru / kirigirisu*

564

The night of the fifteenth

friends who've given rice:  
tonight they're my guest  
at moonviewing

*yone kururu / tomo o koyoi no / tsuki no kyaku*

565

Harvest moon

Mii Temple,

I'd love to knock on its gate:  
tonight's moon

*miidera no / mon tatakabaya / kyō no tsuki*

566

At Katada, on the night of the 16<sup>th</sup>

open the lock

let the moon shine in—  
Floating Temple

*jō akete / tsuki sashireyo / ukimidō*

567

how easily it rose

and now it hesitates,  
the moon in clouds

*yasuyasu to / idete izayou / tsuki no kumo*

568

sixteenth night moon—

just enough time to boil shrimp  
in the night's darkness

*izayoi ya / ebi niru hodo no / yoi no yami*

569

harvest moon:

though it's a second time . . .

this moon at Seta

*meigetsu wa / futatsu sugite mo / seta no tsuki*

570

rice-field sparrows

in the tea fields—

their refuge

*ina suzume / chanokibatake ya / nigedokoro*

571

the hawk's eyes

have darkened now:

calling quail

*taka no me mo / ima ya kurenu to / naku uzura*

572

At the home of Sanshi in Tatsugaoka

gaze at the buckwheat, too,

and make them envious:

bushclover in the fields

*soba mo mite / kenarigaraseyo / nora no hagi*

573

grass-thatched hut—

as day darkens I'm given

chrysanthemum wine

*kusa no to ya / higurete kureshi / kiku no sake*

574

along the bridge beam

endures the fern of recollection:

farewell moon

*hashigeta no / shinobu wa tsuki no / nagori kana*

575

nine times awakened  
 yet it's still the moon  
 before dawn

*kokono tabi / okite mo tsuki no / nanatsu kana*

576

mushroom—  
 a leaf from an unknown tree  
 sticking to it

*matsudake ya / shiranu ko no ha no / hebaritsuku*

577

beneath the noodles  
 building up the fire:  
 the night's cold

*nyūmen no / shita takitatsuru / yosamu kana*

578

autumn wind—  
 a paulownia tree being blown,  
 now frost on the ivy

*akikaze ya / kiri ni ugokite / tsuta no shimo*

579

rice threshing,  
 an old woman's good fortune:  
 chrysanthemum blossom

*ine koki no / uba mo medetasbi / kiku no hana*

## WINTER 1691–92

580

Fourth year of Genroku, Tenth Month, staying over at Mr. Riyū's place at Menshō Temple. It has been a hundred years since this temple was moved here from the village of Hirata. As it says in the record of contributions for the temple, "Bamboo and trees grow densely, and the earth and rocks are aged with moss." A truly venerable grove, deeply moving in its aura of great age.

the ambience  
 of a hundred years: this garden's  
 fallen leaves  
*momotose no / keshiki o niwa no / ochiba kana*

581  
 so very precious:  
 are they tinting my tears?  
 falling crimson leaves  
*tōtogaru / namida ya somete / chiru momiji*

582  
 Words in praise of this garden  
 finely-crafted,  
 now the garden is enlivened:  
 early winter shower  
*tsukurinasu / niwa o isamuru / shigure kana*

583  
 deep-rooted leeks  
 washed pure white:  
 so cold  
*nebuka shiroku / araiagetaru / samusa kana*

584  
 Enjoying myself at Sensen's house  
 time to time  
 gazing on Mt. Ibuki:  
 winter seclusion  
*oriori ni / ibuki o mite wa / fuyugomori*

585  
 An impromptu verse at Mr. Kōsetsu's villa  
 has the withering wind  
 added some color?  
 a bloom out of season  
*kogarashi ni / nioi ya tsukeshi / kaeribana*

586

narcissus—  
 and the white paper screen,  
 reflecting each other  
*suisen ya / shiroki shōji no / tomoutsuri*

587

its color  
 whiter than the peach:  
 narcissus bloom  
*sono nioi / momo yori shiroshi / suisenka*

588

At Suganuma's house  
 weary of the capital,  
 ah this cold whipping wind—  
 winter dwelling  
*kyō ni akite / kono kogarashi ya / fuyuzumai*

589

At Kōgetsu's house  
 awaiting the snow,  
 the faces of the wine lovers—  
 lightning flash  
*yuki o matsu / jōgo no kao ya / inabikari*

590

winter winds blow  
 the rocks sharpened  
 among the cedars  
*kogarashi ni / iwa fukitogaru / sugima kana*

591

I worshiped at the Hōrai temple in the province of Mikawa.  
 Back on the road, my old illness cropped up, and I spent a night  
 at an inn at the foot of the mountain.

praying for a warm bed,  
 it has now appeared:  
 sleep along the journey  
*yogi hitotsu / inori idashite / tabine kana*

## 592

As early winter showers fell desolately, I sought a night's lodging. I dried my wet clothes by the hearth fire and scooped water to my mouth. The master of the inn treated me with kindness, comforting for a while the troubles of the journey. As the day ended, I laid down under the lamp, took out my ink and brush set, and started to write. Noticing this, he earnestly asked for a poem to remember our one moment of meeting.

putting up at an inn  
 I am asked my name:  
 early winter showers  
*yado karite / na o nanorasuru / shigure kana*

## 593

With no settled place in this world, for the last six or seven years I've spent my nights on the road, suffering many illnesses. Unable to forget dear friends and disciples of many years, I finally made my way back to the Musashi Plain. Day after day they have come visit my poor hut, and I offer this verse in reply:

somehow  
 still alive—snow on  
 withered miscanthus  
*tomokakumo / narade ya yuki no / kareobana*

## 594

the gods gone  
 everything desolate among  
 the dead leaves  
*rusu no ma ni / aretaru kami no / ochiba kana*

## 595

arrowroot leaves  
 with their face exposed:  
 morning frost  
*kuzu no ha no / omote misekeri / kesa no shimo*

596

geese clamoring  
 on rice fields at Toba—  
 frigid rain  
*kari sawagu / toba no tazura ya / kan no ame*

597

fishes, birds,  
 their heart we do not know:  
 seeing the year off  
*uo tori no / kokoro wa shirazu / toshiwasure*

## SPRING 1692

598

a spring unseen:  
 on the back of a mirror,  
 plum blossoms  
*bito mo minu / haru ya kagami no / ura no ume*

599

so enviable:  
 far north of the floating world,  
 mountain cherry blossoms  
*urayamashi / ukiyo no kita no / yamazakura*

600

bush warbler—  
 pooping on the rice cake  
 at the edge of the veranda  
*uguisu ya / mochi ni funsuru / en no saki*

601

Parting gift for one heading east  
 know my heart:  
 with a blossom,  
 a begging bowl  
*kono kokoro / suiseyo hana ni / goki ichigu*



602

cats in love:

when it's over, from the bedroom  
 a hazy moon

*neko no koi / yamu toki neya no / oborozuki*

603

Sauntering

counting them as I pass:

house after house,  
 the plums and willows

*kazoekinu / yashiki yashiki no / ume yanagi*

604

“Rich in moon and blossoms”: at my hut there are a peach and  
 cherry tree; for my disciples there are Kikaku and Ransetsu.

in my two hands,

peach and cherry blossoms—  
 and mugwort rice-cake

*ryō no te ni / momo to sakura ya / kusa no mochi*

## SUMMER 1692

605

The first anniversary of Fuboku's death: a linked verse gathering

the sound of a

cuckoo singing—  
 an old inkstone box

*hototogisu / naku ne ya furuki / suzuribako*

606

cuckoo cries—

five-foot spears  
 of blue flags

*hototogisu / naku ya goshaku no / ayamegusa*

607

Sixth Month—

though there is sea bream,  
 this pickled whale meat

*minazuki ya / tai wa aredomo / shiokujira*

608

on the Chinese gable,

the setting sun . . . growing faint:  
 evening cool

*kara hafu no / irihi ya usuki / yūsuzumi*

## AUTUMN 1692

609

On the subject of wildflowers of the fields

they make me forget

the heat of summer's pinks:  
 wildflowers of the fields

*nadeshiko no / atsusa wasururu / nokiku kana*

610

under the crescent moon

the earth is shrouded with mist:  
 buckwheat blossoms

*mikazuki ni / chi wa oboro nari / soba no hana*

611

Words on transplanting banana trees

banana leaves

will hang by the pillars:  
 moon over the hut

*bashō-ba o / hashira ni kaken / io no tsuki*

612

harvest moon—

swelling up to my gate,  
 the cresting tide

*meigetsu ya / mon ni sashikuru / shiogashira*

613

Evening party at Fukagawa

green was just right

and yet now it's a

a red pepper

*aokute mo / arubeki mono o / tōgarashi*

614

Near the end of the Fukagawa river, the moon shining into a boat at a place called "Five Pines"

upriver and

now downriver—

moon's companion

*kawakami to / kono kawashimo ya / tsuki no tomo*

615

Enjoying the Onagizawa with Tōkei

traveling with autumn

I would go all the way to

Komatsu River

*aki ni soute / yukabaya sue wa / komatsugawa*

616

autumn departs

yet something holds promise—

green tangerines

*yuku aki no / nao tanomosbi ya / aomikan*

## WINTER 1692–93

617

For a linked verse gathering at Kyoriku's cottage, 3<sup>rd</sup> day of Tenth Month, fifth year of Genroku

just today,

let's all be old:

first winter shower

*kyō bakari / hito mo toshiyore / hatsushigure*

618

opening the hearth—  
 the aging plasterer  
 with sideburns of frost  
*robiraki ya / sakan oiyuku / bin no shimo*

619

salted sea breams,  
 their gums too are cold:  
 the fish store  
*shiodai no / haguki mo samushi / uo no tana*

620

sweeping the garden,  
 the snow forgotten:  
 a broom  
*niwa hakite / yuki o wasururu / habaki kana*

621

banked charcoal—  
 against the wall,  
 the guest's shadow  
*uzumibi ya / kabe ni wa kyaku no / kagebōshi*

622

into my moon and flower  
 folly, I'll drive a needle:  
 start of deep winter  
*tsuki hana no / gu ni hari taten / kan no iri*

623

my heart  
 so oddly at ease:  
 Twelfth Month  
*nakanaka ni / kokoro okashiki / shiwasu kana*

## SPRING 1693

624

New Year's Day

year after year—

the monkey wearing  
a monkey's mask

*toshidoshi ya / saru ni kisetaru / saru no men*

625

slowly spring

is taking shape:  
moon and plum

*haru mo yaya / keshiki totonou / tsuki to ume*

626

On a portrait of Master Shrimp

a whitefish—

opening its black eyes  
in the net of the Law

*shirauo ya / kuroki me o aku / nori no ami*

627

On an propitious day in Second Month, Zekitsu had his head shaven and entered medical school, and I offered him my congratulations.

on this First Horse Day,

a fox must have shaved  
your head

*hatsu uma ni / kitsune no sorishi / atama kana*

628

Words of farewell to monk Sengin

a crane's black

robe of feathers—  
clouds of blossoms

*tsuru no ke no / kuroki koromo ya / hana no kumo*

## SUMMER 1693

629

cuckoo:

its call stretching out  
across the water

*hototogisu / koe yokotau ya / mizu no ue*

630

going beyond even

the art of wind and moon:  
peony blossoms

*fūgetsu no / zai mo hanare yo / fukamigusa*

631

As Kyoriku sets off on the Kiso Road

emulate the heart

of a wayfarer:  
pasania blossoms

*tabibito no / kokoro ni mo niyo / shii no hana*

632

learn from the journey

of a sorrowing wayfarer:  
flies of Kiso

*uki hito no / tabi ni mo narae / kiso no hae*

633

moonflower—

sticking my drunken face  
out the window

*yūgao ya / yōte kao dasu / mado no ana*

634

children!

noonflowers have bloomed,  
and I'll peel a melon

*kodomora yo / hirugao sakinu / uri mukan*

## AUTUMN 1693

635

Komachi's poem

with flooding waters

the stars too sleep on their journey—

upon a rock

*takamizu ni / hoshi mo tabine ya / iwa no ue*

636

without dropping

its bright white dew,

a bush clover sways

*shiratsuyu mo / kobosanu hagi no / uneri kana*

637

first mushroom—

just a few days into the season,

autumn dew

*hatsutake ya / mada hikazu henu / aki no tsuyu*

638

Autumn, the sixth year of Genroku: wearied of people, I locked  
my gate.

morning glories—

locked during daytime,

my fence gate

*asagao ya / hiru wa jō orosu / mon no kaki*

639

When I had shut my gate in Fukagawa

morning glories—

even they, too, are not

my friend

*asagao ya / kore mo mata waga / tomo narazu*

640

fish stench:

on top of waterweed

dace entrails

*namagusashi / konagi ga ue no / hae no wata*

641

sixteenth night moon—

ever so slightly

the darkening begins

*izayoi wa / wazuka ni yami no / hajime kana*

642

Lamenting the death of Matsukura Ranran

in autumn's wind,

sadly broken,

a mulberry staff

*akikaze ni / orete kanashiki / kuwa no tsue*

643

3<sup>rd</sup> day of Ninth Month, visiting his grave

have you seen it?—

on the seventh night, over your grave,

the third-day moon

*mishi ya sono / nanuka wa haka no / mika no tsuki*

644

Mourning Tōjun

the moon has set;

all that remains is

the four corners of his desk

*iru tsuki no / ato wa tsukue no / yosumi kana*

645

chrysanthemums blooming—

in a stonemason's yard

amid the stones

*kiku no hana / saku ya ishiya no / ishi no ai*



## WINTER 1693–94

646

on the gold screen  
 a pine of great age—  
 winter seclusion

*kinbyō no / matsu no furusa yo / fuyugomori*

647

Sixth year of Genroku, 9th day of the first month of winter, visiting Sodō's chrysanthemum garden. The Chrysanthemum Festival is held today, the 9th day of the Tenth Month, because in Ninth Month the chrysanthemums had not yet budded. As a Chinese poem says, "The Chrysanthemum Festival is any time they are in bloom," and it's not unprecedented for the Festival to be postponed. So though it's winter, we're encouraged to write poems on the autumn chrysanthemum.

chrysanthemum fragrance—  
 in the garden, the sole  
 of a worn-out sandal

*kiku no ka ya / niwa ni kiretaru / kutsu no soko*

648

winter chrysanthemums—  
 rice bran spilling over them  
 from a nearby hand mill

*kangiku ya / konuka no kakaru / usu no hata*

649

winter chrysanthemum—  
 heating sweet wine  
 in front of the window

*kangiku ya / amazake tsukuru / mado no saki*

650

wrapped warm  
 in its feather robe,  
 the duck's feet

*kegoromo ni / tsutsumite nukushi / kamo no ashi*

651

On the topic of harvesting radishes

up in the saddle

sits a little boy—

radish harvest

*kuratsubo ni / kobōzu noru ya / daikonhiki*

652

When the huge bridge over Fukagawa River was half completed

first snow—

coating the bridge

under construction

*hatsuyuki ya / kakekakaritaru / hashi no ue*

653

Eating vegetable roots, I talked all day with samurai

a samurai gathering:

pungent as a radish is

their talk

*mononofu no / daikon nigaki / hanashi kana*

654

20<sup>th</sup> of Tenth Month, an impromptu verse at Fukagawa

the pathos of

the birdseller's geese:

Festival of Ebisu

*furiuri no / gan aware nari / ebisukō*

655

Ebisu Festival:

vinegar salesman decked out

in formal wear

*ebisukō / suuri ni hakama / kisenikeri*

656

The *Shin-Ryōgoku* Bridge being completed,  
 everyone heads off,  
     grateful for the bridge:  
     frosted roadway  
*mina idete / hashi o itadaku / shimoji kana*

657

still alive  
     all frozen into one:  
     sea slugs  
*ikinagara / hitotsu ni kōru / namako kana*

658

year-end housecleaning:  
     hanging his own shelf,  
     a carpenter  
*susuhaki wa / ono ga tana tsuru / daiku kana*

659

and also a night  
     a thief came calling:  
     year's end  
*nusubito ni / ōta yo mo ari / toshi no kure*

## SPRING 1694

660

decorations of the immortals:  
     I'd love to hear from Ise  
     the first news of the year  
*hōrai ni / kikabaya ise no / hatsudayori*

661

in the plum's fragrance,  
     suddenly the sun—  
     mountain path  
*ume ga ka ni / notto hi no deru / yamaji kana*

662

as if touching  
     a boil, willow branches  
         bending  
*haremono ni / sawaru yanagi no / shinae kana*

663

bush warbler—  
     behind the willow,  
         in front of the grove  
*uguisu ya / yanagi no ushiro / yabu no mae*

664

in the plum's fragrance  
     the single term "the past"  
         holds such pathos  
*ume ga ka ni / mukashi no ichiji / aware nari*

665

Buddha's Nirvana Day —  
     wrinkled hands together,  
         the sound of the rosaries  
*nehane ya / shiwade awasuru / juzu no oto*

666

forty or fifty feet  
     in the sky, raindrops  
         in the willow  
*hakkuken / sora de ame furu / yanagi kana*

667

spring rain—  
     dripping down the wasp's nest  
         from the leaking roof  
*harusame ya / hachi no su tsutau / yane no mori*

668

a green willow  
 drooping into mud:  
 low tide

*aoyagi no / doro ni shidaruru / shiohi kana*

669

spring rain—  
 mugwort spreading out  
 among the roadside grass

*harusame ya / yomogi o nobasu / kusa no michi*

## SUMMER 1694

670

Sent to Tōrin in his new house (words for my own painting)

this dew isn't cold—  
 the nectar of a  
 peony blossom

*samukaranu / tsuyu ya botan no / hana no mitsu*

671

hidden in the bushes,  
 do the tea-pickers too hear it?  
 cuckoo

*kogakurete / chatsumi mo kiku ya / hototogisu*

672

deutzia—  
 over it, dark, a willow  
 bending back

*unohana ya / kuraki yanagi no / oyobigoshi*

673

hydrangea—  
 and a thicket as a little garden  
 for the cottage

*ajisai ya / yabu o koniwa no / betsuzashiki*

674

Seventh year of Genroku, Fifth Month, I set off from Edo, and  
for those who saw me off, these words:

ears of barley  
    clutched for support:  
    bidding farewell  
*muji no ho o / chikara ni tsukamu / wakare kana*

675

especially when  
    it comes into view—  
    Fuji in Fifth Month  
*me ni kakaru / toki ya kotosara / satsuki fuji*

676

bush warbler—  
    in a grove of bamboo shoots  
    singing its old age  
*uguisu ya / take no koyabu ni / oi o naku*

677

summer rains—  
    a silkworm ill  
    in the mulberry field  
*samidare ya / kaiko wazurau / kuwa no hata*

678

Entering Suruga Province  
Suruga road—  
    orange blossoms too  
    have the scent of tea  
*surugaji ya / hanatachibana mo / cha no nioi*

679

summer rains:  
    blow that sky down,  
    Ōi River  
*samidare no / sora fukiotose / ōigawa*

680

At Nagoya in Owari

on a journey through the world,  
 tilling a small field,  
 back and forth

*yo o tabi ni / shiro kaku oda no / yukimodori*

681

When Yasui was building a hermitage

for coolness

this Hida craftsman  
 has the blueprint

*suzushisa o / hida no takumi ga / sashizu kana*

682

Stopping over at the house of the hermit Yamada

“the water rail calls there”

people say, and so  
 staying over at Saya

*kuina naku to / hito no ieba ya / sayadomari*

683

coolness—

naturally, the branches  
 of a wild pine

*suzushisa ya / suguni nomatsu no / eda no nari*

684

having carried brushwood,

the horse returns—

wine casks for rice-planting

*shiba tsukeshi / uma no modori ya / taedaru*

685

At Yamei's house

coolness

portrayed in painting:  
 bamboos of Saga

*suzushisa o / e ni utsushikeri / saga no take*

686

clear cascade stream—  
     has its water been drawn up  
         for these jelly noodles?  
*kiyotaki no / mizu kumasete ya / tokoroten*

687

Sixth Month—  
     the clouds laid out on its peak,  
         Windstorm Mountain.  
*rokugatsu ya / mine ni kumo oku / arashiyama*

688

clear cascade stream —  
     falling into the waves,  
         green pine needles  
*kiyotaki ya / nami ni chirikomu / aomatsuba*

689

in morning dew,  
     dirty and cool,  
         a mud-smearred melon  
*asatsuyu ni / yogorete suzushi / uri no tsuchi*

690

At Kyokusui's house  
 summer night—  
     at dawn, scattered leftovers  
         of chilled food  
*natsu no yo ya / kuzurete akeshi / hiyashimono*

691

While at Kyokusui's house, we chose the poetic topic "farm life."

fanning the rice,  
     his wife prepares a special treat—  
         the cool of evening  
*meshi augu / kaka ga chisō ya / yūsuzumi*



692

plates and bowls too  
 faint in twilight:  
 evening cool  
*sarabachi mo / honoka ni yami no / yoisuzumi*

693

Seventh year of Genroku, 21<sup>st</sup> day of Sixth Month, at  
 Bokusetsu's hut in Ōtsu

as autumn approaches  
 our hearts are drawn together—  
 a four-and-a-half mat room  
*aki chikaki / kokoro no yoru ya / yojōhan*

## AUTUMN 1694

694

At Honma Shume's house, hanging on the back wall of a Nō stage, is a portrait of skeletons playing flute and drum. Is human life any different than the sporting of skeletons? Zhuangzi used a skull for his pillow and didn't distinguish dream from reality—truly, this evokes the character of our lives.

lightning—  
 through the face,  
 miscanthus plumes  
*inazuma ya / kao no tokoro ga / susuki no ho*

695

so cool:  
 feet against a wall  
 in a midday nap  
*hiyahiya to / kabe o fumaete / hirune kana*

696

a narrow path,  
 wire grass blossoms  
 filled with dew  
*michi hososhi / sumotorigusa no / hana no tsuyu*

697

At Yadō's house

tanabata—

autumn is truly here  
as night begins

*tanabata ya / aki o sadamuru / yo no hajime*

698

While I was in Ōtsu in the summer of seventh year of Genroku,  
my elder brother wrote to invite me to return home for the Bon  
Festival.

the whole family

white-haired, leaning on canes:  
a graveyard visit

*ie wa mina / tsue ni shiraga no / haka mairi*

699

Upon hearing that the nun Jutei had died

do not think

you did not count:  
Festival of Spirits

*kazu naranu / mi to na omoiso / tamamatsuri*

700

lightning—

into the darkness  
a night-heron's cry

*inazuma ya / yami no kata yuku / goi no koe*

701

the color of the wind—

planted wild,  
the garden in autumn

*kazairo ya / shidoro ni ueshi / niwa no aki*

702

a village grown old:

no house without  
a persimmon tree

*sato furite / kaki no ki motanu / ie mo nashi*

703

winter melons—  
 all of them now  
 with changed faces  
*tōgan ya / tagai ni kawaru / kao no nari*

704

under the harvest moon,  
 mist at the foot of the mountains  
 haze over the rice paddies  
*meigetsu ni / fumoto no kiri ya / ta no kumori*

705

seeming to be  
 blossoms of the harvest moon:  
 cotton field  
*meigetsu no / hana ka to miete / watabatake*

706

cockscombs—  
 with geese arriving,  
 now deeper crimson  
*keitō ya / kari no kuru toki / nao akashi*

707

may the hokku that come  
 be unlike our faces:  
 first cherry blossoms  
*kao ni ninu / hokku mo ideyo / hatsuzakura*

708

new rice-straw  
 is appearing . . . with  
 early winter showers  
*shimwara no / desomete hayaki / shigure kana*

709

I was visited by Tojū of Ise at my mountain hermitage

I'll serve buckwheat  
     while they're blossoming:  
         mountain path

*soba wa mada / hana de motenasu / yamaji kana*

710

departing autumn—  
     with their hands outspread,  
         chestnut burs

*yuku aki ya / te o hirogetaru / kuri no iga*

711

crying “beeeee” . . . ,  
     the lingering sound so sad:  
         night deer

*bii to naku / shirigoe kanashi / yoru no shika*

712

chrysanthemums'  
     fragrance — in Nara, many  
         ancient Buddhas

*kiku no ka ya / nara ni wa furuki / hotoketachi*

713

At Dark Pass

in the scent of chrysanthemums,  
     climbing through the dark  
         at festival time

*kiku no ka ni / kuragari noboru / sekku kana*

714

penetrating even  
     the lair of a wild boar—  
         cricket's cry

*inoshishi no / toko ni mo iru ya / kirigirsu*

715

On the 13<sup>th</sup>, while visiting the Sumiyoshi market

buying a measuring box

I then changed my mind:

moonviewing

*masu kōte / funbetsu kawaru / tsukimi kana*

716

At Kiryū's house

autumn already passing:

in the cold drizzle

a waning moon

*aki mo haya / baratsuku ame ni / tsuki no nari*

717

On the 21<sup>st</sup> of Ninth Month, at Shioe Shayō's house

autumn's night

has been struck and shattered:

a genial conversation

*aki no yo o / uchikuzushitaru / hanashi kana*

718

My thoughts

this road—

with no one on it,

autumn dusk

*kono michi ya / yuku hito nashi ni / aki no kure*

719

wind in the pines—

swirling round the eaves

as autumn ends

*matsukaze ya / noki o megutte / aki kurenu*

720

Thoughts on a journey

this autumn:

why do I feel so old?

into the clouds, a bird

*kono aki wa / nande toshiyoru / kumo ni tori*

721

white chrysanthemum:

gazing closely,

not a speck of dust

*shiragiku no / me ni tatete miru / chiri mo nashi*

722

At Keishi's house, with the topic "Accompanying a boy under the moon"

the moon is clear—

accompanying my boy lover

frightened by a fox

*tsuki sumu ya / kitsune kowagaru / chigo no tomo*

723

deepening autumn:

the man next door,

what does he do?

*aki fukaki / tonari wa nani o / suru hito zo*

## WINTER 1694

724

Written during illness

ill on a journey:

my dreams roam round

over withered fields

*tabi ni yande / yume wa kareno o / kakemeguru*

## NOTES

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### NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION

1. Kawabata, Yasunari, *Snow Country*, trans. Edward G. Seidensticker (New York: Berkley, 1960). I have altered slightly Seidensticker's translation, in which the image of Heaven's River is rendered "the Milky Way."
2. For terms such as *haikai* and *hokku*, see comments later in this introduction and the glossary.
3. Kenneth Rexroth, *A Hundred Poems from the Japanese* (New York: New Directions, 1964); Cid Corman and Kamaike Susumu, *Back Roads to Far Towns: Bashō's Okuno-hosomichi* (New York: Mushinsha, 1968); Sam Hamill, *Bashō's Ghost* (Seattle: Broken Moon, 1989); Robert Hass, *The Essential Haiku: Versions of Bashō, Buson, and Shiki* (Hopewell, NJ: Ecco Press, 1994).
4. See John Elder, *Following the Brush: An American Encounter with Classical Japanese Culture* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1993), and *Imagining the Earth: Poetry and the Vision of Nature* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1985); Gretel Ehrlich, *Islands, The Universe, Home* (New York: Penguin, 1991).
5. Cor van den Heuvel, ed., *The Haiku Anthology: English Language Haiku by Contemporary American and Canadian Poets* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1999); Bruce Ross, ed., *Journey to the Interior: American Versions of Haibun* (Rutland, Vt.: Tuttle, 1998).

6. Makoto Ueda's *Matsuo Bashō* (New York: Twayne, 1970) remains a useful introduction to his life and writings, and his *Bashō and His Interpreters: Selected Hokku with Commentary* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1991), a translation of 255 of Bashō's hokku along selected Japanese commentaries, is invaluable. Haruo Shirane, *Traces of Dreams: Landscape, Cultural Memory, and the Poetry of Bashō* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1998), provides a learned discussion of some of the cultural traditions at work in Bashō's writings. Peipei Qiu's detailed analyses of the Daoist influence on Bashō is illuminating.
7. For a helpful introduction to waka, see Earl Miner, *An Introduction to Japanese Court Poetry* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1968).
8. See Earl Miner, *Japanese Linked Poetry: An Account with Translations of Renga and Haikai Sequences* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1979), and Hiroaki Sato, *One Hundred Frogs: From Renga to Haiku to English* (New York: Weatherhill, 1983).
9. Very occasionally there are "miscellaneous" hokku, with no season word. In renga, while other stanzas may or may not have a season word, in the opening hokku it is required. And also very occasionally a poet might write a poem about a season other than the current one.
10. For a discussion of Shiki's impact on our understanding of haiku, see Shirane, *Traces of Dreams*.
11. For a discussion of the religious significance of the communal dimension of renga, see Gary Ebersole, "The Buddhist Ritual Use of Linked Poetry in Medieval Japan," *Eastern Buddhist* 16 (1983): 50–71.
12. Most translators of Bashō's poetry have left out the title or headnote. Ueda, *Bashō and His Interpreters*, and Shirane, *Traces of Dreams*, are notable exceptions. See Shirane, *Traces of Dreams*, 160–184, for a valuable discussion of greeting poems.
13. For a helpful discussion of poetic essences, see Shirane, *Traces of Dreams*.



14. For an application of this literary approach to Chinese poetry, see James J. Y. Liu, *Chinese Theories of Literature* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1975).
15. For a fuller discussion of this idea, see the introduction to the companion volume of this book, *Bashō's Journey: The Literary Prose of Matsuo Bashō*.
16. In some cases, it was difficult or impossible for me to find out the genus and species, and in others experts give different names. One can dream of a “field guide” to Japanese literature, which would include a thorough scientific and cultural description of plants and animals, with not only photographs but also recordings of the sounds of nature (e.g., bird songs, pine wind) that are so important to the literature.
17. For Bashō's principle of the unchanging and the ever-changing, see Shirane, *Traces of Dreams*, 263–269. For a discussion of Bashō's stylistic development, see Ueda, *Matsuo Bashō*.
18. For a discussion of the effect of cutting words, see Shirane, *Traces of Dreams*, 82–115.
19. Probably the only bird we commonly do this with is the owl.

#### NOTES TO THE HOKKU

*The season of the hokku is followed by the season word(s). One asterisk indicates the image is discussed in the section “Major Nature Images in Bashō's Hokku.” Also see the glossary for images related to the moon (tsuki\*) and blossoms (hana\*), which are used so frequently, I have not included an asterisk. Two asterisks indicate that the term is discussed in the glossary.*

#### 1662 to 1669

- 1 spring ? came / year ? gone / second-to-last-day
  - Winter: Second-To-Last Day. 1662–63 (29<sup>th</sup> of Twelfth Month; February 7). Bashō's first dated hokku. Among the oddities of the lunar calendar, spring occasionally starts one or two days before the lunar New Year. The verse alludes to several poems. One is by Ariwara

Motokawa (888–953): “During the old year / spring has come. / The remaining days: / should we call them / last year / or this year?” (*toshi no uchi ni / haru wa ki ni keru / hitotose o / kozo to ya iwamu / kotoshi to ya iwamu*). Another is in *The Tales of Ise* (10th c.): “Did you come / or did I go? / I can’t remember / was it dream or reality? / was I asleep or awake?” (*kimi ya koshi / ware ya yukiken / omōezu / yume ka utsutsu ka / nete ka samete ka*).

- 2 moon ! guide / this-way to please-enter / journey ’s lodging
  - Autumn: moon. 1663. The hokku alludes to a line from the Nō play *Tengu on Mount Kurama* where the blossoms are the guide.
- 3 old-lady-cherry / bloom ! old-age ’s / memories
  - Spring: old-lady cherry blossom (*sakura\**). 1664. This type of cherry blooms before the leaves appear. The poem can be read as “blooming in old age is memorable,” or “blooming in old age recalls her prime.” The poem refers to a Nō play in which an old samurai states that dying in battle will be memorable.
- 4 Kyoto as-for / ninety-nine-thousand crowd ’s / blossom-viewing !
  - Spring: blossoms viewing. 1666. The capital of Kyoto was said to have ninety-eight thousand households.
- 5 blossom as-for poor ’s / eye to also appear / demon thistle
  - Spring: blossoms; demon thistle. 1666. Demons were thought to be invisible. The demon thistle has thorns and a scarlet blossom.
- 6 iris / resemble ! resemble / water ’s image
  - Summer: iris (*kakitsubata\**). 1666. A parody of a line in the Nō play *Blue Flag Iris (Kakitsubata)*: “they look just alike, the *kakitsubata* and *ayame*.”
- 7 autumn-wind ’s / door’s opening ! / piercing-voice
  - Autumn: autumn wind (*akikaze\**). 1666. Bashō uses word-play to suggest the sharpness of the wind and the voice: *yari* means both “sliding” (door) and “spear”; *kuchi* means both “opening” and “mouth.”
- 8 withered bent ! / world as-for upside-down ’s / snow ’s bamboo
  - Winter: snow. 1666–67. *Yo* means “joint” (of bamboo) as well as “world.”

- 9 withering-frost in / bloom as-for depression 's / blossom field !  
 • Winter: withered by frost. 1666–67.
- 10 blossom 's face / at timid do ! / hazy-moon  
 • Spring: hazy moon; blossoms. 1667.
- 11 blossoms at not-open / grieve ! my 's / poem-bag  
 • Spring: blossoms. 1667. *Akanu* means both “not open” and “not be tired of.” “Poem-bag” was for carrying manuscripts of verse. An earlier version has the more conventional *ware* for *kochi*.
- 12 waves 's blossom as / snow also ? water 's / returning-flower  
 • Winter: out-of-season blossoms, snow. 1668–69. *Nami no hana* refers to white wave caps. *Kaeribana*, literally “returning flower,” is a flower that blooms after its normal season.

## 1670–79

- 13 cloud as separate / friend ! ! goose 's / living-separation  
 • Spring: departing geese (*kari no wakare\**). 1672. Bashō wrote this for his friend Jō Magodayū before Bashō departed for Edo. *Kari* means both “goose” and “temporary.” The first line has been read also as “separated by clouds” or “beyond the clouds.”
- 14 hangover / thing ? blossom <nom.> / is interval  
 • Spring: blossoms. 1673–79.
- 15 acupuncturist ! / shoulder into needle hit / cast-off-robe  
 • Autumn: pounding clothes (implied). 1675. The hokku parodies the classical poetic topic of a country woman pounding a fulling block, in this case a “Chinese robe,” another meaning of *karakoromo*.
- 16 Musashi Plain ! / one-inch extent 's / deer 's voice  
 • Autumn: voice of the deer (*shika\**). 1675. Musashi Plain, extending north and west of Tokyo, is the largest in Japan.
- 17 scales ! / Kyoto Edo equal-weigh / thousand-generation 's spring  
 • Spring: spring. 1676. Kyoto was the old imperial capital, and Edo (Tokyo) the new capital of the Tokugawa shogunate.

- 18 life is / scanty 's hat 's / under coolness
- Summer: cool (*suzumi\**). 1676. Written during a journey to his hometown. Bashō finds cool shade only under his traveler's hat, rather than while resting under trees. The *hokku* alludes to a *waka* by Saigyō (1118–90): “Did I ever think / I would pass this way again, / so many years now gone by? / It's been such a long life / Saya-between-the-Hills” (*toshi takete / mata koyubeshi to / omoiki ya / inochi narikeri / saya-no-naka yama*).
- 19 summer 's moon / Goyu from leaving / Akasaka !
- Summer: summer moon. 1676. Goyu and Akasaka were two post towns very close to each other on the famous highway from Edo to Kyoto. The summer night, and thus the moon's passage, is considered very brief.
- 20 Fuji 's wind ! / fan in carry / Edo souvenir
- Summer: fan. 1676. Bashō is on his way from Edo to his hometown. The fan implies summer heat, and a cool wind from Mt. Fuji, near Edo, would be welcome indeed.
- 21 cat 's wife / cook-stove 's crumble from / come-and-go
- Spring: cats in love. 1677. Refers to a story in the *Tales of Ise* about Ariwara no Narihira (825–80) who visits his lover by going over a crumbled wall. A typical Danrin\*\* parody of classical literature.
- 22 summer-rains ! / dragon-candle offer / city-guard
- Summer: summer rains (*samidare\**). 1677. Mirages of light that sometimes appeared out on the ocean were thought to come from dragons offering candles to the gods of the sea. City watchmen lit lanterns in the night.
- 23 tree <acc.> cut / cut-end see ! / today 's moon
- Autumn: tonight's moon. 1677.
- 24 go cloud ! / dog 's run-urine / scattered-winter-showers
- Winter: scattered winter showers (*shigure\**). 1677–78. An earlier version has for the second line “a dog running and barking” (*inu no nigeboe*).
- 25 frost <acc.> wear / wind <acc.> spread-sleep 's / abandoned-child !
- Winter: frost. 1677–78. This *hokku* alludes to a *waka* by Fujiwara no Yoshitsune (1169–1206): “Crickets

- cry— / in the frosty night / on a frigid mat / I will spread out a sleeve / and sleep alone” (*kirigirisu / naku ya shi-moyo no / samushiro ni / koromo kata shiki / hotori ka mo nen*). An earlier version has for the second line “spreading out a sleeve” (*komoro kata shiku*).
- 26 oh anything ! is-not ! / yesterday as-for passing / blowfish  
 • Winter: blowfish. 1677–78. Blowfish soup is delicious but can be deadly.
- 27 consul too / is-prostrate / lord ’s spring  
 • Spring: spring. 1678. Every year the Dutch consul in Nagasaki paid a formal visit to the shōgun in Edo.
- 28 rain ’s day ! / world’s autumn <acc.> / Sakaichō  
 • Autumn: autumn. 1678. Sakaichō, literally “boundary city,” was a lively entertainment area of Edo, set off from the dreary city outside its boundaries.
- 29 Hollander also / blossom for come / horse on saddle  
 • Spring: blossoms. 1679. See notes to hokku 28. The hokku alludes to an earlier waka by Minamoto Yori-masa (1104–1180): “When the flowers bloom, / please let me know,” / I said to the forest ranger, / and now he comes. / Saddle my horse! (*hana sakaba / tsugemu to iishi / yamazato no / tsukai wa kitari / uma ni kura oke*).
- 30 blue-sea ’s / wave rice-wine smell / today ’s moon  
 • Autumn: tonight’s moon. 1679. *Tsuki* can mean “wine cup” as well as “moon.”
- 31 look-around / gaze see / Suma ’s autumn  
 • Autumn: autumn. 1679.
- 32 morning ’s snow / onion <acc.> garden ’s / mark !  
 • Winter: morning snow; onion. 1679–80. In classical waka, *shiori* refers to breaking branches to mark a trail.
- 33 ah spring spring / is-large ! / <quote> etc.  
 • Spring: spring. 1680.

*Autumn 1680*

- 34 spider what <quote> / sound <acc.> what <quote> cry /  
 autumn ’s wind  
 • Autumn: autumn wind (*akikaze\**). 1680. The poem plays off of a passage in the *Pillow Book* (1002?) of Sei

Shōnagon (966?–1025?) in which the bagworm was said to make a faint plaintive cry of *chichiyo chichiyo* (“father! father!”).

- 35 flower rose-of-sharon / naked child 's / spray-of-flower !  
 • Autumn: rose of sharon (*mukuge\**). 1680. The hokku alludes to a waka by Yamabe Akahito (fl. 724–737): “The splendid courtiers / in their leisure: / all day long / they play at dressing their hair / with cherry blossoms” (*momoshiki no / ōmiyabito wa / itoma are ya / sakura kazashite / kyō mo kurashitsu*).
- 36 night secretly / insect as-for moonlight 's / chestnut <acc.> dig  
 • Autumn: moonlight; chestnut (*kuri\**). 1680. It is the night of the 13<sup>th</sup> of Ninth Month, the “later harvest moon,” which is also called the “Chestnut Moon.” The poem gives a haikai twist to a line from a Chinese poem by Fu Wen, “Night rain secretly burrows into the moss on the rocks,” while creating an unusual connection between a chestnut and the moon.
- 37 fool ponder to / hell also this ! / autumn 's evening  
 • Autumn: autumn evening (*aki no kure\**). 1680. The first line was used by scholars commenting on classical texts.
- 38 withered branch on / crow <subj.> has-landed / autumn 's evening  
 • Autumn: autumn evening (*aki no kure\**). 1681 (Third Month; April-May). One of Bashō's most famous poems, which is said to have initiated his mature style. Two paintings illustrating this poem have one crow, but an earlier painting of an earlier version of the hokku has seven crows (*karasu\**) in a large tree and twenty in the air. (The earlier version uses a different verbal ending: *tomaritaru*.) *Aki no kure* can be interpreted as evening in autumn and as evening of autumn: late autumn.

#### Winter 1680–81

- 39 where winter-shower / umbrella <acc.> hand in carrying / return monk  
 • Winter: winter showers (*shigure\**). 1680–81. The hokku alludes to a prose poem by the Chinese poet Chang Tu:

“The vast reach of misty rain begins to clear, and a heron appears, standing on the winter shore. Far off where the fog ends, a monk returns to a temple in the dusk.”

- 40 brushwood 's door in / tea <acc.> tree-leaves rake / wind-storm !
- Winter: raking tree leaves. 1680–81. Written soon after he moved into the *Bashō-an* hut on the outskirts of Edo. In the haibun “The Brushwood Gate.”
- 41 oar 's voice waves <acc.> hitting / bowels freeze / night ! tears
- Winter: frozen. 1680–81. Written during a period when Bashō's poetry was turning away from his earlier, more superficial style toward the depth and melancholy of Chinese verse. It is in “broken meter,” with the first line having ten syllables instead of five, with the cutting word *ya* placed in an usual way that breaks up the last line. In the haibun “Old Beggar” and “Words on a Cold Night.”
- 42 snow 's morning / alone dried-salmon <acc.> / eat able
- Winter: snow; dried salmon. 1680–81. The headnote refers to a statement by the Chinese Sung philosopher Wang Xinmin: “One who can get by chewing vegetable roots can achieve a hundred things.”
- 43 rock wither / water wilt ! / winter also is-not
- Winter: winter. 1680–81. This hokku shows Bashō's transition from Danrin\*\* to a “Chinese style”: there is a haikai twist of expectation of what withers and wilts, but deep melancholy rather than wit is the motive.

*Spring 1681–83*

- 44 arise arise / my friend into make / sleep butterfly
- Spring: butterfly (*chō\**). 1681–83? An earlier version has the headnote “Drinking Alone” and a last line of “drunken butterfly” (*you kochō*).
- 45 butterfly ! butterfly ! / China's haikai / will-ask
- Spring: butterfly (*chō\**). 1681–1683. Another version reads: “of China's haikai / I would ask of you: / fluttering butterfly” (*morokoshi no / haikai towan / tobu kochō*).

*Summer 1681–83*

- 46 snow 's within as-for / noon-face not-wither / sunlight !  
 • Summer: noonflower (*hirugao*\*). 1681–83. Draws on a pasage from the *A Zen Forest: Sayings of the Masters*, a popular Zen phrase book, in which enlightenment is compared to the resilience of the banana (*bashō*\*) plant in snow and the plum blossom in full sun.
- 47 noon-face at / rice pound cool / pathos is  
 • Summer: noonflower (*hirugao*\*); cool (*suzumi*\*). 1681–83? An earlier version has “rest” (*yasumu*) instead of cool.
- 48 cuckoo / now as-for haikai-master / is-not world !  
 • Summer: cuckoo (*hototogisu*\*). 1681–83. Poetry pales before the beauty of the cuckoo's song, and poets fall silent. Danrin\*\* style humorous exaggeration.

*Autumn 1681–83*

- 49 white chrysanthemum ! white chrysanthemum ! / shame long-hair ! / long-hair !  
 • Autumn: white chrysanthemum (*kiku*\*). 1681–83. A playful use of an expression from the Chinese Daoist text *Zhuangzi*, attributed to Zhuangzi (Chuang Tzu, ca. 300 B.C.E.): “If your life is long, your shames are many.” The long and narrow petals of the chrysanthemum recall white hair, as does the flower's long blossoming season. The rhythm of this hokku is a highly unusual, said to be 10–7–5.

*Winter 1681–83*

- 50 black-forest / what <quote> say although / morning 's snow  
 • Winter: morning of snow. 1681–83.

*Spring 1681*

- 51 water-weed in swarm / whitefish ! if-take / will-surely-disappear  
 • Spring: whitefish (*shirauo*\*). 1681. The poem gives a haikai twist to the conventional image of dew vanishing from one's hand.



- 52 bashō plant / first hate reed 's / two-leaves !
- Spring: bud of a reed (*ogi\**). 1681. His disciple Rika (dates unknown) offered a banana plant as a gift for his hut, but the *ogi* reeds common in that swampy area competed with it. The banana plant flourished, however, and not long after, his hut and the poet himself were called by the name of this plant.

*Summer 1681*

- 53 cuckoo / invite ? barley 's / flock miscanthus
- Summer: cuckoo (*hototogisu\**), barley (*mugi\**). 1681. The hokku gives a haikai twist to a conventional image of being beckoned by miscanthus (*susuki\**) plumes in the wind.
- 54 fifth-month-rain in / crane 's leg / short become
- Summer: summer rains (*samidare\**). 1681. The hokku plays off a passage from the *Zhuangzi*: “A wild duck’s legs are short, but it would grieve if they were lengthened. A crane’s (*tsuru\**) legs are long, but it would bemoan having them shortened.” Syllable rhythm is 5-5-7.
- 55 folly in dark / bramble <acc.> grab / firefly !
- Summer: firefly (*hotaru\**). 1681. An example of a Danrin\*\* style allegorical hokku, in this case referring to the darkness of greed and being blindly absorbed in one’s goals.
- 56 evening-face <nom.> / white night 's outhouse on / candle hold
- Summer: moonflower (*yūgao\**). 1681. The hokku gives a haikai twist to a passage from *Tale of Genji* (*Genji monogatari*, ca. 1000) in which Prince Genji reads a poem from Lady Yūgao by torchlight.

*Autumn 1681*

- 57 aesthetic-poverty live / moon-gazer 's / Nara-gruel song
- Autumn: moon. 1681. *Wabi\*\** refers to an aesthetic poverty, in which austerity and loneliness cultivate artistic and spiritual sensitivity. *Sumu* means both “to dwell”

and “to be clear.” Moongazer is a fictional name for a recluse. The particular drinking song here refers to a porridge of beans, chestnuts, and so forth, cooked with tea, the kind of simple meal associated with a *wabi* recluse. In the haibun “Live Austere.”

- 58 banana windstorm doing / tub in rain <acc.> / hear night !
- Autumn: windstorm (*nowaki*\*). 1681. Interpretations differ about whether the tub is outside (to wash hands? to catch rainwater?) or inside (suggesting a leak). The broad leaves of the banana (*bashō*\*) plant flap in the wind and tear easily, and they are a traditional image of impermanence. In the haibun “Sleeping Alone in a Grass Hut.”

Winter 1681–82

- 59 poor-temple 's / kettle frost in cry / voice is-cold
- Winter: frost; cold. 1681–82 (Twelfth Month). In haibun “Old Beggar.”
- 60 ice bitter / rat 's throat <acc.> / moisten
- Winter: frozen. 1682, late Twelfth Month. Bashō had to buy water because the water by his hut was unsuitable for drinking. The hokku is based on a passage from the *Zhuangzi*: “A sewer rat drinks from a river, just enough to quench his thirst.” In the haibun “Old Beggar.”
- 61 ending-ending / rice-cake <acc.> echo 's / austere-sleep !
- Winter: rice-cake making. 1681–82 (late Twelfth Month). Rice-cakes were made for the upcoming New Year’s celebration. In the haibun “Old Beggar.”

Autumn 1682

- 62 morning-glory with / I as-for meal eat / man !
- Autumn: morning glory (*asagao*\*). 1682. Takarai Kikaku (1661–1707), one of Bashō’s disciples, wrote the hokku: “as for me: / inside a grass gate, / a firefly eats nettles” (*kusa no to ni / ware wa tade kū / hotaru kana*). This was based on a proverb, “some insects eat nettles,”

roughly “every one to his own taste, and some prefer what seems bitter.”

- 63 three-day-moon ! / morning-glory ’s evening / swell-seem
- Autumn: crescent moon. 1682. A morning glory bud is narrow and before the sun rises, when the crescent moon is up, it begins to swell.
- 64 beard-wind <acc.> blowing / late-autumn grieve as-for / he <nom.> who
- Autumn: late autumn. 1682. The poem draws on a line from Chinese poet Du Fu: “Leaning on a staff of chenopod, lamenting the world: who is he?” The rhythm of the poem is 8–8–4 syllables, closer to Chinese-style verse.
- 65 world in pass-time also / especially Sōgi / shelter !
- Miscellaneous (no season word). 1682 (mid-Sixth Month; August). *Furu* means both “pass time” and “rain.” The poem concludes the haibun “Under a Rain-hat,” which associates him with Chinese and Japanese wayfaring poets who also wore such a hat. Bashō’s hokku draws on a verse by the renga master Sōgi (1421–1502): “In a world of rain / life is like a temporary shelter / from a wintry shower” (*yo ni furu mo / sarani shigure no / yadori kana*). Sōgi’s poem in turn alludes to an earlier poem by Lady Sanuki (1141?–1217?): “Life in this world / is suffering / yet over this cedar house / the first winter showers / pass so easily” (*yo ni furu mo / kurushiki mono o / maki no ya ni / yasuku mo suguru / hatsu-shigure*). Note that there is a difference of only one word between Bashō’s verse and Sōgi’s.

#### Winter 1682–83

- 66 bed-clothes as-for heavy / Wu in snow <acc.> / see perhaps
- Winter: bedclothes; snow. 1682–83. The hokku plays on lines from the Chinese poet Ko Shi: “My hat is heavy with the snows from the sky of Wu; / my shoes are fragrant with the blossoms from the land of Chu.”

*Spring 1683*

- 67 first-day ! / when-think lonely / autumn 's evening  
 • Spring: first day. 1683.
- 68 bush-warbler <acc.> spirit as sleep ? / lovely-willow  
 • Spring: willow (*yanagi\**), bush warbler (*uguisu\**). 1683.  
 The poem alludes to the famous story in the *Zhuangzi* where Zhuangzi dreams he is a butterfly, but when he awakes, he wonders if he is in fact a butterfly dreaming that he is Zhuangzi. In addition, it was popular belief that the spirit of a person could leave the body when it was asleep.

*Summer 1683*

- 69 cuckoo / sixth-month as-for plum 's / blossom bloomed  
 • Summer: cuckoo (*hototogisu\**). 1683. As plum (*ume\**) blossoms are signs of the beginning of spring, the cuckoo's song is considered the harbinger of summer, and poets often wait impatiently for its first call.
- 70 horse clip-clop / me <acc.> painting in see / summer-moor !  
 • Summer: summer moor. 1683. *Bokuboku* is an onomatopoeia for the sound of horse's hoofs. Commentators differ whether the scene is one of tranquillity or of frustration at the horse's slow pace. There are four earlier versions, three with different meanings from the final one: "a summer horse ambling, / I see myself in a painting: / dense growth" (*kaba bokuboku / ware o e ni miru / shigeri kana*); "a summer horse ambling, / I feel as if I see myself / in a painting" (*kaba bokuboku / ware o e ni miru / kokoro kana*); "a summer horse trudges, / I feel as if I see myself / in a painting" (*kaba no chikō / ware o e ni miru / kokoro kana*). The second of these has a headnote "Composed with difficulty on the road to a place called Gunnai in Kai Province." In the haibun "Praise for Painting of 'Summer Moor,'" which is a response to a painting of a monk-like figure on horse-back, who the painter identifies as Bashō.

*Winter 1683–84*

- 71 hail listen ! / this self as-for before 's / old-oak  
 • Winter: hail. 1683–84. The oak holds its withered leaves through the winter.

*Spring 1684–87*

- 72 bell disappear / flower 's scent as-for strike / evening !  
 • Spring: fragrance of blossoms. 1684–87.
- 73 curiosity ! / not-smell grass on / settle butterfly  
 • Spring: butterfly (*chō*\*). 1684–87. One of several poems in which Bashō highlights—and implicitly praises—something in nature that lacks or ignores conventional beauty.

*Summer 1684–87*

- 74 scoop from / quickly teeth in echo / spring !  
 • Summer: spring (source of water). 1684–87.

*Autumn 1684–87*

- 75 voice is-clear / northern-stars to echo / fulling-block  
 • Autumn: fulling block (*kinuta*\*). 1684–87. The Northern Stars are what we call the “Big Dipper.” Based on the Chinese verse by Liu Yuanshu: “Across the Northern Stars, wild geese fly; / beneath the moon of the southern tower, winter clothes are fulfilled.”
- 76 world 's inside as-for / harvest time ? / grass 's hut  
 • Autumn: harvest. 1684–87.
- 77 pass-a-night-on-a-journey / my poems <acc.> know ! /  
 autumn 's wind  
 • Autumn: autumn wind (*akikaze*\*). 1684–87. In the haibun “Introduction to a Scroll of *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*,” in which Bashō disparages his first travel journal.

*Spring 1684–94*

- 78 fall blossoms ! / bird also surprised / koto 's dust  
 • Spring: falling blossoms. 1684–94. Music's power was said to be able to make dust move, and the second line echoes a passage in *The Tale of Genji*. Written on a

- painting of a koto, a classical stringed instrument.
- 79 bloom-disordered / peach 's among from / first cherry-blossoms  
 • Spring: first cherry blossom (*sakura*\*); peach (*momo*\*). 1684–94.
- 80 spring 's night as-for / cherry-blossoms onto opening / it has closed  
 • Spring: spring night; cherry blossom (*sakura*\*). 1684–94.
- 81 sparrow-child with / voice call-exchange / mice 's nest  
 • Spring: young sparrows (*suzume*\*). 1684–94.
- 82 Saigyō / 's hut also may-be / blossom 's garden  
 • Spring: blossoms. 1684–94. A greeting poem for Naitō Rosen (1655–1733), a haikai poet and patron.
- 83 bat also / come-out floating-world 's / blossom among bird  
 • Spring: blossoms. 1684–94.
- 84 spring-rain ! / straw-raincoat blow-back / river willow  
 • Spring: spring rain (*harusame*\*); river willow (*yanagi*\*). 1684–94.
- 85 plum 's scent with / carry-back / cold !  
 • Spring: plum (*ume*\*). 1684–94. Here the fragrance of plums recalls winter's cold.
- 86 butterfly bird 's / restless rise ! / blossom 's cloud  
 • Spring: butterfly (*chō*\*); clouds of blossoms. 1684–94.
- 87 child to weary <quote> / say person to as-for / blossom also is-not  
 • Spring: blossoms. 1684–94.
- 88 world in bloom / blossom to also nembutsu / speak  
 • Spring: blossoms. 1684–94. Amida is the popular Buddha of infinite compassion, and the *nembutsu* is the term for the chant “*namu Amida Butsu*” (hail Amida Buddha), a common form of worship.
- 89 this mallet <nom.> / past camellia ? / plum 's tree ?  
 • Spring: camellia (*tsubaki*\*); plum (*ume*\*). 1684–94. The mallet first was used for fulling clothes by rural women, but now has become a flower vase treasured by the nobility. In the haibun “Praise for the Mallet,” in which Bashō remarks that the uncertain and shifting fate of this

piece of wood is shared by the poor and wealthy alike, a fact that should undercut both resentment and smugness.

*Summer 1684–94*

- 90 not-rain yet / bamboo plant day as-for / raincoat and rainhat  
 • Summer: bamboo planting day. 1684–94. 13<sup>th</sup> day of Fifth Month was traditionally the day to plant bamboo. An earlier version has the cutting word *ya* instead of *wa*.
- 91 this hut as-for / water-rail even not-know / door !  
 • Summer: water rail (*kuina*\*). 1684–94. In the haibun, “An Account of Kosen’s Residence,” where Bashō praises the rustic simplicity and remoteness of his host’s house. A greeting poem for his host.
- 92 hydrangea / summer-kimono time ’s / light-blue  
 • Summer: hydrangea (*ajisai*\*); summer clothes. 1684–94.
- 93 squid seller ’s / voice indistinguishable / cuckoo  
 • Summer: cuckoo (*hototogisu*\*), squid. 1684–94.
- 94 rain occasionally / think thing is-not / rice-sprouts !  
 • Summer: rice sprouts. 1684–94. “Awaiting the dawn” refers to a custom of inviting a friend over to stay up all night and view the dawn on certain propitious days on the First, Ninth, or in this case Fifth Month.

*Autumn 1684–94*

- 95 brushwood ’s door’s / moon ! as-it-is / Amidabō  
 • Autumn: moon. 1684–94. An earlier version has “grass hut” (*kusa no to*) instead of “brushwood hut.” This is the haibun “Amidabō.”
- 96 worthy ’s / that ! windstorm ’s / after ’s chrysanthemum  
 • Autumn: windstorm (*nowaki*\*); chrysanthemum (*kiku*\*). 1684–94. Another version, with *mo* (“also”) instead of *no* in the first line, appears on a painting by Bashō of chrysanthemums and bamboo.
- 97 hackberry ’s fruit fall / gray-starling ’s wing-sound ! / morning windstorm  
 • Autumn: fruit of the hackberry; gray starling. 1684–94. The hackberry, or *enoki* (*Celtis sinensis* var. *japonica*), has round red-brown fruit in late autumn. Gray

Starlings, or *mukudori* (*Sturnus cineraceus*), favor the fruits. They are found in large flocks, and their sudden winging up startles the morning calm like a windstorm.

- 98 Japanese-lantern-plant as-for / fruit also leaf also shell  
also / autumn-foliage !
- Autumn: Japanese lantern plant; autumn foliage. 1684–94. The plant, also known as bladder cherry, is the perennial *Physalis alkekengi*. The “shell” refers to the red calyx that covers the fruit.
- 99 chrysanthemum 's dew / fall when-pick-up / brood-bud !
- Autumn: chrysanthemum (*kiku*\*); dew (*tsuyu*\*). 1684–94. A brood bud forms on an axil and when it is ripe, it falls and can propagate a new plant. Another example of Bashō looking closely at the details of nature.
- 100 my hut as-for / square 's light <acc.> / window 's moon
- Autumn: moon. 1684–94.
- 101 something speak-when / lips are-cold / autumn 's wind
- Autumn: autumn wind (*akikaze*\*). 1688–94. The motto is based on a Chinese proverb.
- 102 what eating / small-house as-for autumn 's / willow shade
- Autumn: autumn. 1684–94.
- 103 this temple as-for / garden full 's / banana !
- Autumn: banana (*bashō*\*). 1684–94.
- 104 mushroom ! / worn extent as-for / pine 's appearance
- Autumn: mushroom. 1684–94. The Japanese word for this mushroom literally means “pine mushroom.”
- 105 monkey-showman as-for / monkey 's small-jacket <acc.> / fulling-block !
- Autumn: fulling block (*kinuta*\*). 1684–94.

Winter 1684–94

- 106 night throughout ? / bamboo freeze / morning 's frost
- Winter: frost; freezing. 1684–94.
- 107 discretion 's / bottom strike / year 's end
- Winter: year's end. 1684–94. A discretion bag was supposed to be a bag with excuses and other means of dealing with year-end debts.



- 108 winter-wind ! / bamboo in hide / become-quiet  
 • Winter: winter wind (*kogarashi\**). 1684–94.
- 109 chrysanthemum 's after / turnip 's other / again is-not  
 • Winter: radish. 1684–94. The sophisticated chrysanthemum (*kiku\**) is replaced by the lowly radish.
- 110 sleeve 's color / is-dirty cold / dark gray  
 • Winter: cold. 1684–94. Senka was a disciple in Edo.
- 111 Kanō-Motonobu / source pathos / year 's end  
 • Winter: year's end. 1684–94. *Kohōgen* was Kanō Motonobu, a principal painter in the famous Kanō school of painting. Bashō discovered a great painting at an end of the year sale, perhaps a family whose wealth had disappeared and in desperation was selling off great art in order to deal with debts.

*Miscellaneous 1684–94*

- 112 moon flower 's / this ! truth 's / master  
 • Miscellaneous (no definitive season word). 1684–88 (1685?). In the haibun “Praise for a Painting of Three Sages,” which was written on a portrait of the renga poet Sōgi and the haikai poets Yamazaki Sōkan (16<sup>th</sup> century) and Arakida Moritake (1473–1549). The portrait was painted by Bashō's disciple Morikawa Kyoriku (1656–1715).
- 113 desirable ! / bag 's within 's / moon and blossom  
 • Miscellaneous: no season word. 1684–94. Hotei is the round-bellied god of good fortune. The term “moon and blossoms” implies both the natural world as a whole and poetry about nature.
- 114 Musashino-fields ! / touch thing is-not / you 's hat  
 • Miscellaneous. 1684–94.

*Spring 1684*

- 115 spring begin ! / new-year old / rice five-shō  
 • Spring: spring begins; New Year. 1684 (probably New Year's day: February 16). Bashō's disciples helped support him by giving rice. Two earlier versions have different first lines: “so fitting” (*niawashi ya*) and “I'm rich” (*ware tomeri*).

*Summer 1684*

- 116 pine-wind 's / falling-leaves ? water 's / sound is-cool  
 • Summer: cool (*suzumi*\*). 1684?

*Autumn 1684*

- 117 bones-exposed-in-a-field <acc.> / heart into wind 's / penetrate body !  
 • Autumn: piercing my body. 1684. This is the opening hokku in Bashō's first travel journal, *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*, as he imagines himself dying by the roadside.
- 118 autumn ten years / on-the-contrary Edo <acc.> / point old-home  
 • Autumn: autumn. 1684. On his departure from Edo in *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*. His hometown was Ueno, but he had been living in Edo for over twelve years.
- 119 mist-rain / Fuji <acc.> not-see day ! / interesting  
 • Autumn: mist (*kiri*\*). 1684. In *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*, where Bashō was crossing a mountain pass at Hakone Barrier, famous for its view of Mt. Fuji.
- 120 cloud mist 's / short-time hundred-scenes <acc.> / exhaust  
 • Autumn: mist (*kiri*\*). 1684. In the haibun "On Mount Fuji." The haibun associates Mt. Fuji with two mythical peaks in Daoist lore. The final verb of the hokku, literally "to exhaust," was often used in Chinese aesthetics to refer to bringing something to completion and fulfillment.
- 121 monkey <acc.> listen / abandoned-child to autumn 's / wind how  
 • Autumn: autumn wind (*akikaze*\*). 1684. In *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*. Early in his first travel journal, Bashō meets a baby abandoned by the roadside. He mourns for the baby, ponders the cause of its situation, declares "this is from heaven," and then continues on his own journey, which was designed to expose himself to life's impermanence. (For a discussion of this poem, see Barnhill, "Impermanence, Fate, and the Journey.") It was a tradition in Chinese poetry to listen to the sad cries of monkeys.

- 122 roadside 's / rose-of-sharon as-for horse by / eaten
- Autumn: rose of sharon (*mukuge*\*). 1684. The blossoms of the rose of sharon withers after only one day—and in this poem it does not even last that long. According to an unsubstantiated legend, Bashō told the Zen master Butchō, who had disapproved of poetry, that haikai was simply what happens here and now. Butchō pointed to the rose of sharon and asked for a hokku, and Bashō composed this verse. The Zen master was deeply impressed. In *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*.
- 123 horse on sleep / lingering-dream moon distant / tea 's fire
- Autumn: moon. 1684. Du Mu was a Chinese Tang poet. Bashō refers to his poem “My whip dangling, I trust the horse, / Riding miles without cockcrow. / In the woods I drowse in dream; / leaves fly about, and I am startled awake.” In *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field* and the haibun “Dozing on My Horse.”
- 124 last-night-of-month moon is-not / thousand-year 's *sugi*  
<acc.> / hold windstorm
- Autumn: moon. 1684. Bashō draws on a poem by Saigyō: “Entering deeply, / searching out the depths / of the pathway of the gods: / high above, over all, / a mountain peak with pine wind” (*fukaku irite / kamiji no oku o / tazunureba / mata ue mo naki / mine no matsukaze*). In *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*.
- 125 potato wash women / Saigyō if-be / poem write
- Autumn: washing potatoes. 1684. Waka is the classical five-line verse form used by Saigyō. This hokku has been interpreted three main ways: “if I (Bashō) were Saigyō, I’d write a waka”; “if Saigyō were here, he would write a waka”; and “if Saigyō were here, the women would write a waka.” In *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*.
- 126 orchid 's fragrance ! / butterfly 's wings to / incense do
- Autumn: orchid. 1684. In *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*. Butterfly (*chō*) by itself is a spring season word.
- 127 ivy plant / bamboo four-or-five stalks 's / windstorm
- Autumn: ivy (*tsuta*\*). 1684 (late Eighth Month; October). A greeting poem for the haikai master Roboku

(1628–1706) of Ise. In *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*.

- 128 hand in if-take / will-disappear tears ! hot / autumn 's frost
- Autumn: autumn frost. 1684 (8<sup>th</sup> of Eighth Month; October 16). In *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*, when Bashō has returned to his home village and been given the white hair of his recently deceased mother. The passage in the journal refers to the legend of Urashima, who rescued a turtle, who in gratitude took Urashima to the Dragon Palace. He spent some time there and was given a treasure box, which he was warned not to open. When he returned home he found that everything had changed, and when he opened the box, instantly he became an old man with white hair.
- 129 cotton bow ! / lute by console / bamboo 's interior
- Autumn: cotton-beating bow. 1684. The bow was used to make soft cotton yarn, and made a sound that resembled a lute. In *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field* and the haibun “Deep in Bamboo.”
- 130 monk morning-glory / how-many die-return / Buddhist-law 's pine
- Autumn: morning glory (*asagao\**). 1684. The passage refers to a story in the *Zhuangzi* in which an ancient tree is so huge that oxen can hide behind it. In the *Zhuangzi*, the tree lives long because it is useless—thus proving the usefulness of uselessness. Bashō turns the story into a Buddhist one. In *Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field*.
- 131 winter not-know / hut ! hulling-rice / sound hail
- Autumn: hulling rice. 1684. In the haibun “The Sound of Hulling Rice,” where Bashō praises a man in a mountain village for going to unusual lengths to ensure the comfort of his mother at all times.
- 132 fulling-block hit / me to make-hear ! / temple 's wife
- Autumn: fulling block (*kinuta\**). 1684 (mid-Ninth Month; October). Bashō was in Yoshino, rich in poetic and religious traditions. Clothes were pounded on a fulling block to clean and soften them, and in the poetic tradition the sound was associated with loneliness. The fulling block was not commonly used in Bashō's time,



























































































































































































































































































































































