

ECLECTIC SELECTIONS



Japanese poems
translated
to English and Scots

書齋

与謝野晶子

唯だ一事の知りたさに
彼れを読み、其れを読み、
われ知らず夜を更かし、
取り散らす数数の書の
座を繞る古き巻巻。
客人よ、これを見たまへ、
秋の野の臥す猪の床の
萩の花とも。

Reading Room

Searching for only one thing,
reading this, reading that,
up late unawares,
many scattered old volumes
surrounding my seat.
O guest, behold,
the bed of a boar in an Autumn field,
as the *hagi* flowers.

Reading Chaumer

Airtand oot ane thing,
readin this ane, readin yon,
unkenning o the passing nicht,
aw they skailed auld bukes
aw roon ma chair.
Oh, my guest, tak tent o this –
like the *hagi* flooers aroon the bed o a sleipand boar
in a hint-hairst haugh.

—Yosano Akiko

林と思想

宮沢賢治

そらね ころん
むかふに霧にぬれてゐる
蕈^{きのこ}のかたちのちひさな林があるだらう
あすこのところへ
わたしのかんがへが
ずるぶんはやく流れて行つて
みんな
溶け込んでゐるのだよ
こゝいらはふきの花でいつばいだ

Grove and Thoughts

There, see, behold.
Across from here, damp with mist,
is a small mushroom-shaped grove.
To that place
my thoughts
quickly flow,
all,
melting together.
Here, there are many *fuki* flowers.

Shaw and Thochts

Thare away, lookit, behaud.
Owre fae here, drowie wi myst,
is ane wee puddock-stuil shapit shaw.
Tae yon airt
ma ain thochts
rowe swippertly,
aa,
melding thegither.
Here, there are mony *fuki* flooers.

—Miyazawa Kenji

Fuki

Japanese butterbur, *petasites japonicus*

Willow

Six, seven willow trees
in Winter appear
a line of columns, left from a ruin.
In the light of spring, the willows,
should you look today, beautifully
form a palace of jade.

Sauch-Tree

Sax, seeven sauch trees
in winter, kythe
as a mairch o columns amang ruynatit biggins.
In the licht o voar, thae sauches,
and ye luke the day,
seem a bonny palas o jade-stanes.

—Yosano Akiko

柳

与謝野晶子

六もと七もと立つ柳、
冬は見えしか、一列の
廃墟に遺る柱廊と。
春の光に立つ柳、
今日こそ見ゆれ、美しく、
これは翡翠の殿づくり。

Wolf

Wildness,
unresting.
A large moon,
full, bright.

How clear
Is the indigo night.
How splendid are
the depths of the mountains.

The grass and trees,
pushed over
by the violent,
tearing winds.

Restless,
also, sleepless,
harsh, are
the many gods.

Uncertain, winding,
the mountain river's
rapids
continue to roar.

Straight towards
the moon,
split to the ears,
howling.

With a body
as white as snow,
a great-mouthed
true god – wolf.

Wolf

Royetnes,
unleining.
A heavy mune,
fu and bricht.

How cleir
is yon indit nicht?
How braw are yon
dark dens o the high bens?

The bent an the treis
hurled ower
by the camsteerie,
gurlin winds.

Unleining,
An aw, unsleepin,
dour, are
the mony gods.

Switherin, whimplin,
the ben's caud-watter
stricts
keep up their clatterin.

Keen, straucht-eened
till the mune
cleft till the lugs
yowtin.

Wi a corse
as white as the snaw,
a muckle-moued
leal god – wolf.

—Kitahara Hakushū

狼

北原白秋

荒魂^{あらみたま}

まどろまず。

大きな

満ちて、照りぬ。

何を澄む

夜の蒼^{ささ}ぞ。

とりよろふ

山の真洞^{まほら}。

草も木も

押し靡^なけ、

疾^とく、野分^{のわき}

吹きすすむを。



安からず、

また、寝^いねず、

千速^{ちはや}振る

神ことごと。

たづたづし、

限^{くま}ふかし、

山河^{やまがは}の

瀬に鳴りつつ。

直向^{ただむか}ふ

月にのみ、

耳は裂け、

地に喚^{おら}べば。

雪かとも

身は白し、

大口^{おほぐち}の

真神^{まがみ}、狼。

Umisuzume

Umisuzume, umisuzume,
specks of silver, umisuzume,
as waves rise, they are lifted,
as waves fall, vanishing silhouettes,
umisuzume, umisuzume,
specks of silver, umisuzume.

Sea Speugie

Sea speugie, sea speugie,
O smitch o siller, sea speugie.
As jaws heize up, they heize up,
as the jaws pu oot, blinkin scarras.
Sea speugie, sea speugie,
O smitch o siller, sea speugie.

—Kitahara Hakushū

海雀

北原白秋

海雀、海雀、
銀の点点、海雀、
波ゆりくればゆりあげて、
波ひきゆけばかげ失する、
海雀、海雀、
銀の点点、海雀。

Umisuzume

Species of murrelet,
synthliboramphus –
a small seabird

Himedaka

Within a bowl,
darting himedaka,
why, so futilely,
like red-hot nails,
do you carve tunnels
 through the water?
O, pitiful pioneer,
there is no revolution
 above the surface.

Himedaka

Intill a bowl,
skeetling himedaka,
whyfore dae ye, knotles lyke,
as a wee het airn gleed,
lingle sworls
 through the watter?
Ach, puir pioneer
there's nae revolution
 aboon the watter-line.

—Yosano Akiko

緋目高

与謝野晶子

鉢のなかの
活潑な緋目高よ、
赤く焼けた釘で
なぜ、そんなに無駄に
水に孔を開けるのか。
気の毒な先覚者よ、
革命は水の上に無い。

Himedaka

Japanese rice fish, *oryzias latipes*

Hyōshigi

On nights when the wind blows
the sound of the night-watchman's clackers,
though only two shards of wood,
the hardness of evergreen oak,
hand-worn and grease-stained
through the years' passing,
heavily, from within,
at their meeting, the clear,
resounding sound of clackers,
and how the night-watchman's heart
itself beats,
itself is glad to listen.

Hyōshigi

They nights when the wind blows
the stoun o the keepar's ricketies,
aa but it is twa skelfs o wude,
the teuch-heirtit aye-green aik,
palm-weirit an creash-smaddit
though aa the turn o the yearis,
hevilie, frae inby,
at their gaitherin, the cleire,
stounand sound of the rickities,
and how the night-keepar's ain heirt
itsel stouns,
itsel is blythe tae tak tent.

—Yosano Akiko

Hyōshigi

Wooden clackers, Japanese
equivalent of castinets

拍子木

与謝野晶子

風ふく夜なかに
夜まはりの拍子木の音、
唯だ二片の木なれど、
櫓の木の堅くして、
年経つつ、
手ずれ、膏じみ、
心から重たく、
二つ触れては澄み入り、
嚙喰たる拍子木の音、

如何に夜まはりの心も
みづから打ち
みづから聴きて楽しからん。

うまさうな雪がふうはりふうはりと

Good enough to eat,
snow,
a-drift, a -drift.

Guid enow til eat
snaw,
yird-drift, smore drift.

秋風に歩いて逃げる螢^{ほたる}かな

In the autumn wind,
walking their escape,
fireflies.

In the back-hairst wind
linkin tae win free
lunt-flees.

一茶の俳句

名月をとつてくれろと泣く子かな

Bring me
the harvest moon,
cries the child.

Fesh til me
the hairst mune
greet the bairn.

—Kobayashi Issa

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