

# ECCLECTIC SELECTIONS

300 years of Japanese poetry

三百年間の日本語詩

by Gregor Wilson



Japanese poems

in English and Scots,

accompanied by the original text.

Digital edition pre-publishing draft, 07/03/16.

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。  
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。

Study/Reading Room  
— Yosano Akiko



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.

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.

小林一茶  
うまさうな雪がふうはりふうはりと



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

— Kobayashi Issa

林と思想

宮沢賢治

そら ね ごらん  
むかふに霧にぬれてゐる  
蕈<sup>きのこ</sup>のかたちのちひさな林があるだらう  
あすこのどこへ  
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  
— Miyazawa Kenji

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.

六<sup>む</sup>もと七<sup>な</sup>もと立つ柳、  
 冬<sup>ふゆ</sup>は見えしか、一<sup>いち</sup>列<sup>りゅう</sup>の  
 廃<sup>はい</sup>墟<sup>きょ</sup>に遺<sup>のこ</sup>る柱<sup>ちゆう</sup>廊<sup>ろう</sup>と。  
 春<sup>はる</sup>の光<sup>ひかり</sup>に立つ柳、  
 今日<sup>けふ</sup>こそ見<sup>み</sup>ゆれ、美<sup>うつく</sup>くしく、  
 これは翡<sup>ひ</sup>翠<sup>すい</sup>の殿<sup>との</sup>づくり。

Willow  
 — Yosano Akiko

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



Sax, seeven sauch trees  
 in Winter, kythe  
 as a mairch o columns amang forfaren biggins.  
 Staundand in the licht o Voar  
 and ye luke the day,  
 they seem a bonny palas o jade-stanes.

秋風に歩いて逃げる蛍かな



In the autumn wind,  
 walking their escape,  
 fireflies.

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

— Kobayashi Issa

Wolf  
— Kitahara  
Hakushū

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.

真神、狼。  
大口の  
身は白し、  
雪かとも  
地に喚べば。  
耳は裂け、  
月にのみ、  
直向ふ

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

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

荒魂  
まどろまず。  
大き月  
満ちて、照りぬ。  
何を澄む  
夜の蒼ぞ。  
とりよろふ  
山の真洞。

草も木も  
押し靡け、  
疾く、野分  
吹きすさむを。  
安からず、  
また、寝ねず、  
千速振る  
神ことごと。  
たづたづし、  
隈ふかし、  
山河の  
瀬に鳴りつつ。

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.

狼

北原白秋

緋目高

与謝野晶子

鉢のなかの  
活いそな緋ひめ目高よ、  
赤く焼けた釘で  
なぜ、そんなに無駄に  
水に孔あなを開あけるのか。  
気の毒な先覚者よ、  
革命は水の上に無い。

海雀

北原白秋

海雀うみすずめ、海雀うみすずめ、  
銀の点てんく、海雀、  
波なみゆりくればゆりあげて、  
波なみひきゆけばかげ失うする、  
海雀、海雀、  
銀の点てんく、海雀。

Umisuzume

— Kitahara Hakushū

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,  
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..

Himedaka

— Yosano Akiko



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.

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  
abooun the watter-line.

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、  
 檜の木の堅くして、  
 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。

# 拍子木

与謝野晶子

Hyōshigi  
 — Yosano Akiko

On nights when the wind blows  
 the sound of the night-watchman's clackers,  
 though only two shards of wood,  
 the hardness of kashi/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.

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.

小林一茶  
 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  
 greets the bairn.

— Kobayashi Issa

*Process:*

Process stuff to go here. Yes, it's going to take a while.

Excluding haiku, original poem texts from Aozora Bunko.

Yosano Akiko — 1878 – 1942

<http://www.aozora.gr.jp/cards/000885/card2557.html>

Kitahara Hakushū — 1885 – 1942

<http://www.aozora.gr.jp/cards/000106/card49618.html>

<http://www.aozora.gr.jp/cards/000106/card52353.html>

Miyazawa Kenji — 1896 – 1933

<http://www.aozora.gr.jp/cards/000081/card1058.html>

Kobayashi Issa — 1763 – 1827

<http://www.h3.dion.ne.jp/~urutora/issa.htm>

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