

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.

北原白秋

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