Basho: Haikus

None is travelling Here along this way but I, This autumn evening.

The first day of the year: thoughts come - and there is loneliness; the autumn dusk is here.

An old pond A frog jumps in -Splash!

Old dark sleepy pool . . . quick unexpected frog
Goes plop! Watersplash!

Lightening -Heron's cry Stabs the darkness

Clouds come from time to time - and bring to men a chance to rest from looking at the moon.

In the cicada's cry
There's no sign that can foretell
How soon it must die.

Poverty's child he starts to grind the rice, and gazes at the moon.

Won't you come and see loneliness? Just one leaf from the kiri tree.

Temple bells die out. The fragrant blossoms remain. A perfect evening!

Ballet in the air ...
twin butterflies
until, twice white
They meet, they mate

Black cloudbank broken scatters in the night ... Now see Moon-lighted mountains!

Seek on high bare trails sky-reflecting violets... Mountain-top jewels

For a lovely bowl let us arrange these flowers...
Since there is no rice

Now that eyes of hawks in dusky night are darkened . . . Chirping of the quails

April's air stirs in willow-leaves ... a butterfly Floats and balances

In the sea-surf edge mingling with bright small shells .. Bush-clover petals The river
Gathering may rains
from cold streamlets
for the sea ...
Murmuring Mogami

White cloud of mist above white cherry-blossoms ...

Dawn-shining mountains

Twilight whippoorwill ... whistle on, sweet deepener
Of dark loneliness

Mountain-rose petals falling, falling, falling now . . . Waterfall music

Ah me! I am one who spends his little breakfast Morning-glory gazing

Seas are wild tonight . . . stretching over Sado Island Silent clouds of stars

Why so scrawny, cat? starving for fat fish or mice . . . Or backyard love?

Dewdrop, let me cleanse in your brief sweet waters . . . These dark hands of life

Glorious the moon . . . therefore our thanks dark clouds

Come to rest our necks

Under cherry-trees soup, the salad, fish and all ...
Seasoned with petals

Too curious flower watching us pass, met death . . .
Our hungry donkey

Cloud of cherry-bloom ... tolling twilight bell ... Temple Ueno? Asakura?

Must springtime fade? then cry all birds . . . and fishes Cold pale eyes pour tears

Such utter silence!
even the crickets'
singing . . .
Muffled by hot rocks

Swallow in the dusk . . . spare my little buzzing friends
Among the flowers

Reply:

Bright red pepper-pod ... it needs but shiny wings and look . . .
Darting dragon-fly!

Wake! The sky is light! let us to the road again . . . Companion butterfly!

Silent the old town . . . the scent of flowers floating . . . And evening bell

Camellia-petal
fell in silent dawn ...
spilling
A water-jewel

In the twilight rain these brilliant-hued hibiscus . . . A lovely sunset

Lady butterfly
perfumes her wings
by floating
Over the orchid

Now the swinging bridge is quieted with creepers . . . Like our tendrilled life

The sea darkening . . . oh voices of the wild ducks
Crying, whirling, white

Nine times arising to see the moon . . . whose solemn pace Marks only midnight yet Here, where a thousand captains swore grand conquest ... Tall Grass their monument

Now in sad autumn as I take my darkening path ... A solitary bird

Will we meet again here at your flowering grave . . . Two white butterflies?

Dry cheerful cricket chirping, keeps the autumn gay . . . Contemptuous of frost

First white snow of fall just enough to bend the leaves
Of faded daffodils

Carven gods long gone . . . dead leaves alone foregather

On the temple porch

Cold first winter rain . . . poor monkey, you too could use A little woven cape

No oil to read by ...
I am off to bed
but ah! ...
My moonlit pillow

This snowy morning that black crow
I hate so much . . .
But he's beautiful!

If there were fragrance these heavy snow-flakes settling . . .
Lilies on the rocks

See: surviving suns
visit the ancestral
grave ...
Bearded, with bent canes

Death-song:
Fever-felled half-way,
my dreams arose
To march again . . .
Into a hollow land