

## 60-J

Yama no ba no  
Hononoku yoi no  
Tsukikage ni  
Hikari mo usuku  
Tobu botaru kana.

A firefly's  
Soft glimmer,  
As the mountain ridge  
Faintly appears under the  
Dim glow of the moon.

## 61-J

Mujō  
Yo no naka wa  
Nani ni tatoen  
Mizudori no  
Hasbi suru tsuyu ni  
Yadoru tsukikage.

Impermanence  
To what shall  
I liken the world?  
Moonlight, reflected  
In dewdrops,  
Shaken from a crane's bill.

## 57-J

Zazen  
Nigori naki  
Kokoro no mizu ni  
Suuu tsuki wa  
Nami mo kudakete  
Hikari to zo naru.

Zazen  
The moon reflected  
In a mind clear  
As still water:  
Even the waves, breaking,  
Are reflecting its light.

## 58-J

Raibai  
Fuyu kusa no  
Mienu yukino no  
Sbinatagi wa  
Ono ga sugata ni  
Mi o kakushi keru.

Worship  
A white heron  
Hiding itself  
In the snowy field,  
Where even the winter grass  
Cannot be seen.<sup>56</sup>

## 38-J

Miyako<sup>59</sup> ni wa  
Muniji shinuran  
Okyama no  
Koyoi no kasa no  
Arare furi keru.

All last night and  
This morning still,  
Snow falling in the deepest  
mountains;  
Ah, to see the autumn leaves  
Scattering in my home.

## 48-J

Ika naru ka  
Hotoke to in to  
Hiito towaba  
Katya ka sbita ni  
Tsuraraini keru.

If you ask,  
What is Buddha?  
An icicle  
Hanging  
From a mosquito net.

## 16-J

Furyū monji  
Ii suteshi  
Sono koto no ba no  
Hoka nareba  
Fude ni mo ato o  
Todome zari keru.

No reliance on words or letters<sup>15</sup>  
Not limited  
By language,  
It is ceaselessly expressed;  
So, too, the way of letters  
Can display but not exhaust it.

## 14-J

Honrai no nemmoku  
Haru wa bama  
Natsu bototogisu  
Aki wa tsuki  
Fuyu yukū kiade  
Suzushi keru keru.

Original Face<sup>13</sup>  
In spring, the cherry blossoms,  
In summer, the cuckoo's song,  
In autumn, the moon, shining,  
In winter, the frozen snow:  
How pure and clear are the seasons!

Hokkekyō ni daisu  
go-shū ni iwaku

Five poems on the Lotus Sū

## 3-J

Yomo sugata  
Hinenuku ni naru  
Nori no michi  
  
Mina kono kyō no  
Koe to kokoro to.<sup>1</sup>

Day and night  
Night and day,  
The way of Dharma as everyday  
life;  
In each act our hearts  
Resonate with the call of the sū

## 4-J

Tani ni bibiki  
Mine ni naku saru  
  
Taeatae ni  
Tada kono kyō o  
Toku to koso kike.

The mystical cry of monkeys  
Resounding from the mountain  
peaks,  
Echoing in the valleys below:  
The sound of the  
Sūtra being preached.

## 5-J

Kono kyō no  
Kokoro o uru wa  
Yo no naka ni  
Uriteau koe no  
Nori o toku kaua.

Attaining the heart  
Of the sūtra,  
Are not even the sounds  
Of the bustling marketplace  
The preaching of the Dharma?

## 6-J

Mine no iro  
Tani no bibiki no  
Mine nagara

Colors of the mountains,  
Streams in the valleys;  
One in all, all in one,

Waga Shakamuni no  
Koe to sugata to.<sup>2</sup>

The voice and body of  
Our Sakyamuni Buddha.<sup>1</sup>

## 7-J

Dare totemo  
Hikage no koma wa  
Kirawanu o  
  
Nori no michi uru  
  
Hito zo sukumaki.

Everyone admires  
A graceful horse  
Galloping past the streaming  
sunlight,  
But few realize that this fleeting  
image  
Is itself the way of Dharma.

## Group 3 "The First Snowfall" (#8-J)

Nagazuki no  
Moniji no ue ni  
  
Yuki furinu  
Mimbito tareka  
Uta o yomazarau.

Crimson leaves  
Whitened by the season's first  
snow—  
Is there anyone  
Who would not be moved  
To celebrate this in song?

## 8-J

Kangen ninen kugatsu  
nijūgūichi hatsuyuki  
issaku amari furu ni

On the first snowfall of over  
one foot on the ninth month  
twenty-fifth day in the  
second year of Kan'ei (1244)

quest. The last two lines of the poem also seem to recall the famous opening passage of Ki no Tsurayuki's preface to the *Kokinshū*.

*Dialogue in a Dream*

[143]

Begging food, I went to the city,  
on the road met a wise old man.

He asked me, "Master, what are you doing  
living there among those white-clouded peaks?"

I asked him, "Sir, what are you doing  
growing old in the middle of this red city dust?"  
We were about to answer, but neither had spoken  
when fifth-watch bells shattered my dream.

[65]

I have a walking stick—  
don't know how many generations it's been handed down  
the bark peeled off long ago,  
nothing left but a sturdy core.

In past years it tested the depth of a stream,  
how many times clanged over steep rocky trails!  
Now it leans against the east wall,  
neglected, while the flowing years go by.

*Ryōkan  
translated by Burton Watson*

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[35]

Done with a long day's begging,  
I head home, close the wicker door,  
in the stove burn branches with the leaves still on them,  
quietly reading Cold Mountain poems.  
West wind blasts the night rain,  
gust on gust drenching the thatch.  
Now and then I stick out my legs, lie down—  
what's there to think about, what's the worry?

୧୬ ୨୪ ଚିତ୍ର

[83]

First month of summer, Grain in Ear season<sup>1</sup>—  
with a metal-ringed staff, alone I come and go.  
Old farmers suddenly spy me,  
drag me over to join their fun.  
Woven rushes serve for our seats,  
paulownia leaves take the place of plates.  
A couple of rounds of wine in the field  
and drunk, I doze off, head pillowed on the bank.

1. One of the divisions of the solar year, around June 6-20.

୧୬ ୨୫ ଚିତ୍ର

(Written in 1830)

[1336]

Misonou ni  
ueshi akihagi  
hatakusuki  
sumire tampopo  
nebu no hana  
bashō asagao  
fujibakama  
shioni tsuyukusa  
wasuregusa  
asa na yū na ni  
kokoro shite  
mizu wo sosogite  
hitoi shite  
sodatehinureba  
tsune yori mo  
koto ni aware to  
hito mo ii  
ware mo moishi wo  
toki koso are  
satsuki no tsuki no  
hatsuka mari  
itsuka no kure no  
ōkaze no  
kuruite fukeba  
aragane no  
tsuchi ni nukafushi  
hisakata no

These I grew in my garden:  
autumn bush clover,  
eulalia grass,  
violets, dandelions,  
a silk tree in bloom,  
plantain, morning glory,  
boneset,  
aster, spiderwort,  
day lilies—  
each morning, each evening  
taking pains to  
pour on water,  
rigging a sun shade,  
nursing them along,  
and just when I thought—  
and others said too—  
they were  
lovelier  
than ever before,  
in the fifth month,  
at twilight  
of the twenty-fifth day,  
that huge wind  
came howling like a fury,  
till they lay battered  
over the iron ground,  
tangled by torrents

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ame ni midarite  
momo chiji ni  
momare ni kereba  
atarashi to  
omou mono kara  
kaze no nasu  
waza ni shi areba  
semu sube mo nashi

of rain from the sky,  
till they'd been tumbled  
a hundred thousand ways,  
and all I could say was,  
how pitiful!  
But because I know  
it's the work of the wind  
I know there's nothing I can d

Envoiy

[1337]

Waga yado ni  
uete sodateshi  
momokusa wa  
kaze no kokoro ni  
nakasu nari keru

At my house  
these hundred plants  
I planted and raised—  
only to give them up  
to the will of the wind

61

[60]

My zazen platform, my cushion—they made off with both!  
Thieves break into my grass hut, but who dares stop them?  
All night I sit alone by the dark window,  
soft rain pattering on the bamboo grove.

85 84

Dark of winter, eleventh month,  
rain and snow slushing down;  
a thousand hills all one color,  
ten thousand paths where almost no one goes.  
Past wanderings all turned to dreams;  
grass gate, its leaves latched tight;  
through the night I burn chips of wood,  
quietly reading poems by men of long ago.

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