

Thirteen Haiku by Yosa Buson (1716 to 1784)

中々にひとりあればぞ月を友
nakanaka ni hitori areba zo tsuki o tomo

**Since it turns out
I'm all by myself
I make friends with the harvest moon**

W.S. Merwin and Takako Lento, *Collected Haiku of Yosa Buson* (2013) #526, p. 142

With nothing to do,
And all alone by myself —
I'll make friends with the moon.

Leon M. Zolbrod, *Reluctant Genius: The Life and Work of Buson, a Japanese Master of Haiku and Painting—Tenth Installment*, *Modern Haiku* 26:3 (fall 1995), 52

Even more
because of being alone
the moon is a friend.

Yuki Sawa and Edith Marcombe Shiffert, eds., *Haiku Master Buson* (1978), 112

Even more so
because of being alone
the moon is a friend.

Yuki Sawa and Edith Marcombe Shiffert, eds., *Haiku Master Buson* (2007), 124

well now,
if I am to be alone
I'll take the moon as a friend

Cheryl A. Crowley, *Haikai Poet Yosa Buson and the Bashō Revival* (2006), 113

D'autant plus que je suis seul la lune est une amie

Gilles Fabre, "75 Haikus de Buson," *Haiku Spirit Web site*

身の闇の頭巾も通る月見かな
mi no yami no zukin mo tōru tsukimi kana

**Someone goes by wearing a hood
in his own darkness
not seeing the harvest moon**

Merwin and Lento #528, p. 142

木枯や鐘に小石を吹あてる
kogarashi ya kane ni koishi wo fukiateru

**The winter wind
flings pebbles
at the temple bell**

Merwin and Lento #763, p. 204

こがらしや岩に裂行水の聲
kogarashi ya iwa ni sake yuku mizu no koe

**In the wild winter wind
the voice of the water cracks
falling across the rocks**

Merwin and Lento #764, p. 204

The winter storm,
The voice of the rushing water,
Torn by the rocks.

R.H. Blyth, *Haiku 4: Autumn–Winter*
(1952), 267

Winter storm!
The roar of the waters
Tearing at the rocks.

Ichikawa Sanki et al., eds. *Haikai and Haiku*
(1958) #45

Winter wind: the voice of water tearing through the rocks

Hiroaki Sato and Burton Watson, eds. and
trans., *From the Country of Eight Islands*
(1981), 346

winter wind
tearing rocks apart
the water's voice

John Peters, in *Frogpond* 18:4 (winter
1995), 23

Roaring winter wind —
The sound of a cataract
Grating on the rocks.

Leon M. Zolbrod, *Reluctant Genius: The
Life and Work of Buson, a Japanese Master
of Haiku and Painting*—*Modern Haiku* 33:1
(winter–spring 2002), 72

Cold wintry wind —
Breaking over rocks
The voice of water.

Takafumi Saito and William R. Nelson,
trans., *1020 Haiku in Translation* (2006)
#956, 249

A nipping wind!
Tearing into the rock,
the voice of the water.

Yuki Sawa and Edith Marcombe Shiffert,
eds., *Haiku Master Buson* (1978), 138;
(2007), 164 ; (2007), 164

Blistering wind —
splintered by rocks
the voice of the water

Stephen Addiss, Fumiko Yamamoto, and
Akira Yamamoto, ed. and trans., *Haiku: An
Anthology of Japanese Poems* (2009), 89

Ah! vent froid d'hiver —
clameur de l'eau se brisant
contre les rochers

Joan Titus-Carmel, 66 haïku de Buson
(2004)

tempête d'hiver; la voix de l'eau qui jaillit déchirée par les rochers

Daniel Py, *Haicourtoujours* website

播盆のみそみぐりや寺の霜
suribachi no misomi meguri ya tera no shimo

**Bean paste is being ground in a mortar
thirty-three turns
there is frost on the temple grounds**

Merwin and Lento #765, p. 204

The millstone has turned
Thirty-three times in its course —
Frost on the temple.

Leon M. Zolbrod, *Reluctant Genius: The
Life and Work of Buson, a Japanese Master
of Haiku and Painting—Third Installment*,
Modern Haiku 24:1 (winter-spring 1993), 41

the mill
grinds miso thirty-three times
frost at the temple

Cheryl A. Crowley, *Haikai Poet Yosa Buson
and the Bashō Revival* (2006), 61

初雪や消ればぞ又草の露
hatsuyuki ya kiyureba zo mata kusa no tsuyu

**The first snow falls
then it melts
into dew on the grass**

Merwin and Lento #767, p. 205

It's the first snowfall —
When it melts again we'll see
Dewdrops on the grass.

Leon M. Zolbrod, *Reluctant Genius: The Life and Work of Buson, a Japanese Master of Haiku and Painting*—Second Installment, *Modern Haiku* 23:3 (fall 1992)

初雪の底を叩ば竹の月
hatsuyuki no soko wo tatakeba take no tsuki

**The first light snow
then when the bowl of the sky is empty
the moon hanging in the bamboos**

Merwin and Lento #768, p. 205

The first snow;
Sounding it out,
The moon over the bamboos.

R.H. Blyth, *A History of Haiku* 2 (1964), 39

The first snow
Emptying itself to its last flake —
The moon above bamboo.

Takafumi Saito and William R. Nelson, trans., *1020 Haiku in Translation* (2006) #951, 248

when the first snow
strikes the lowest culms —
bamboo in moonlight

Stephen Addiss, *The Art of Haiku* (2012), 218

A bamboo moon
Is caressing the round
Of early snow

translator? "Haiku of Yosa Buson,"
Terebess Asia Online Web site; acc.
1/1/2013

雪折やよし野ゝ夢のさめる時
yukiore ya Yoshino no yume no sameru toki

**A branch snaps under snow
waking me from a dream of the cherries
flowering on Yoshino**

Merwin and Lento #775, p. 207

去年より又さびしひぞ秋の暮
kyonen yori mata sabishii zo aki no kure

**This autumn evening
I feel even more lonely
than last year**

Merwin and Lento #553, p. 149

Still more than last year,
It makes me feel sad and lonely —
The end of autumn.

Leon M. Zolbrod, *Reluctant Genius: The Life and Work of Buson, a Japanese Master of Haiku and Painting—Fifteenth Installment*, *Modern Haiku* 28:3 (autumn 1997), 70

A FEELING OF AGING

Compared to last year,
this has even more loneliness —
autumn evening.

Yuki Sawa and Edith Marcombe Shiffert,
eds., *Haiku Master Buson* (1978), 107

lonelier than last year ~ end of an autumn day

Gilles Fabre, “75 Haikus de Buson,” *Haiku Spirit Web site*

Still lonelier
Than last year;
Autumn evening.

R.H. Blyth, *A History of Haiku* 1 (1963),
283

More than last year, I now feel solitude; this autumn twilight.

Saga Hiroo (after Yuki Sawa and Edith M. Shiffert), *Simply Haiku* [Web] 2:4 (July/August 2004)

Une solitude
plus grande que l'an dernier —
la fin de l'automne

Joan Titus-Carmel, *66 haiku de Buson*
(2004)

More than last year
it is lonely
the autumn dusk

Stephen Addiss, Fumiko Yamamoto, and
Akira Yamamoto, ed. and trans., *Haiku: An
Anthology of Japanese Poems* (2009), 158

Even lonelier I feel
Than the year before —
Sunset in autumn.

Takafumi Saito and William R. Nelson,
trans., *1020 Haiku in Translation* (2006)
#628, 166

AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS

Lonelier still than last year, you know, this autumn evening

Hiroaki Sato and Burton Watson, eds. and
trans., *From the Country of Eight Islands*
(1981), 343

父母のこののみおもふ秋のくれ
chichi haha no koto nomi omou aki no kure

**Only memories of Father and Mother
come to my mind
in late autumn**

Merwin and Lento #554, p. 149

Father and mother —
My thoughts keep turning to them,
At the end of autumn.

Leon M. Zolbrod, *Reluctant Genius: The
Life and Work of Buson, a Japanese Master
of Haiku and Painting—Fifteenth
Installment, Modern Haiku 28:3* (autumn
1997), 70

AN AUTUMN EVENING

It is an autumn evening;
I think of nothing but my parents.

Asatarō Miyamori, ed., *An Anthology of
Haiku, Ancient and Modern* (1932) #428

c'est le soir, l'automne, je ne pense qu'à mes parents

Daniel Py, Haicourtoujours Web site

Of Mother, Father
can think of nothing but
The end of autumn

Edward McFadden, "Yosa Buson—Haiku Master," *Kyoto Journal* 47 (Aug. 30, 2001)

In the evening, autumn;
I think only
Of my parents

R.H. Blyth, *Haiku 1: Eastern Culture* (1949), 224

It is evening, autumn;
I think only
Of my parents.

R.H. Blyth, *Haiku 3: Summer–Autumn* (1951), 350

It is evening, in autumn,
All I can think of
Is my parents

Charles Trumbull, "Meaning in Haiku" [essay], *Frogpond* 35:3 (autumn 2012), 95—translation from the French version by Richard Howard that was published in Roland Barthes, *Empire of Signs* (1982), 69

人の世に尻を居へたるふくべ哉
hito no yo ni shin wo suetaru fukube kana

**In the human world
the gourd has found
a place for itself**

Merwin and Lento #569, p. 153

うれしさの箕にあまりたるむかご哉
ureshisa no mi ni amaritaru mukago kana

Happiness beyond
anything I deserve
yam bulblets overflowing the basket

Merwin and Lento #666, p. 178

入道のよゝとまいりぬ納豆汁
riyūdō no yoyo to mairinu natto-jiru

**The monk is happily
eating his fill
of fermented bean miso soup**

Merwin and Lento #778, p. 208