

## Haiku

From time to time  
The clouds give rest  
To the moon-beholders.  
- Matsuo Bashō

In the cicada's cry  
No sign can foretell  
How soon it must die.  
- Matsuo Bashō

An old silent pond...  
A frog jumps into the pond,  
splash! Silence again.  
- Matsuo Bashō

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

Spring:  
A hill without a name  
Veiled in morning mist.  
- Matsuo Bashō

The beginning of autumn:  
Sea and emerald paddy  
Both the same green.  
- Matsuo Bashō

The winds of autumn  
Blow: yet still green  
The chestnut husks.  
- Matsuo Bashō

A flash of lightning:  
Into the gloom  
Goes the heron's cry.  
- Matsuo Bashō

Winter seclusion -  
Listening, that evening,  
To the rain in the mountain.  
- Kobayashi Issa

## Haiku

Toward those short trees  
We saw a hawk descending  
On a day in spring.  
- Masaoka Shiki

fanning out its tail  
in the spring breeze,  
see—a peacock!  
- Masaoka Shiki

Birds singing  
in the dark  
—Rainy dawn.  
- Jack Kerouac

Calligraphy of geese  
against the sky-  
the moon seals it.  
- Yosa Buson

Light of the moon  
Moves west, flowers' shadows  
Creep eastward.  
- Yosa Buson

Old well,  
a fish leaps-  
dark sound.  
- Yosa Buson

What a strange thing!  
to be alive  
beneath cherry blossoms.  
- Kobayashi Issa

## Haiku

Winter seclusion -  
Listening, that evening,  
To the rain in the mountain.  
- K o b a y a h s i I s s a

The wren  
Earns his living  
Noiselessly.  
- K o b a y a h s i I s s a

the sky I see  
seems full of  
magnolia blossoms  
- N a t s u m e S o s e k i

The lamp once out  
Cool stars enter  
The window frame.  
- N a t s u m e S o s e k i

Now gathering,  
Now scattering,  
Fireflies over the river.  
N a t s u m e S o s e k i

Whitecaps on the bay:  
A broken signboard banging  
In the April wind.  
-Richard Wright

### **In a Station of the Metro**

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;  
Petals on a wet, black bough.  
-Ezra Pound

## Haiku

### Ts'ai Chi'h

The petals fall in the fountain,  
the orange-colored rose-leaves,  
Their ochre clings to the stone.

-Ezra Pound