

AUTUMN FIELDS

AKITA HAIKU TO THE WORLD

A BILINGUAL ANTHOLOGY

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EDITED BY
ALEXANDER DOLIN

in collaboration with
HIDENORI HIRUTA



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Alexander Dolin

HAIKU — POETRY ACROSS THE BORDERS

The beginning of cultural encounters between the West and a newly rediscovered empire located on the distant archipelago reaching out into the Pacific, was marked by growing mutual curiosity and natural desire to exchange both material and spiritual values. Whereas Japanese intellectuals of the Meiji period tried to penetrate to the core of European civilization by learning languages, reading literary masterpieces, studying Western painting, architecture and sciences, Europeans in the late XIX — early XX cc. were mostly infatuated with the sheer exoticism of the Japanese arts. A vogue for “things Japanese” that swept over Europe reaching also to the New World implied hunting for Japanese woodblock prints, kimonos, screens, fans, swords, vases, statuettes and netsuke. This vogue, placed into history as *Japonisme*, also gave rise to the interest in Japanese literature (barely known in the West at that time) and especially to the universal infatuation with two genres of poetic miniature — *tanka* and *haiku*, which were conceived as another facet of the mysterious oriental tradition. Guidebooks, encyclopedias and historical surveys on Japan have not been written yet. The first Western translators and scholars of Japanese literature could rely only upon the recommendations of their Japanese colleagues and on their

own taste. They did not know much about the Buddhist sources of aesthetic doctrines or the rules of medieval poetics. However many of them could feel behind the lapidary shell of a dwarf poem something more than a spontaneous emotional splash or a naive landscape sketch.

Indeed, at first glance Japanese poetry could seem rather primitive and unsophisticated to the Western reader. We should keep in mind that it was the heyday of European regular verse, enriched by diverse metric patterns, complicated structure, technical poetic devices, melodic organization, abundance of tropes and incredible variety of beautiful rhymes. Against such background, tiny oriental poems of 31 or 17 syllables probably looked mostly like nice, petty ornamental arabesques. Even in the forties of the last century, after *tanka* and especially *haiku* had gained enough recognition in the West, a prominent scholar of Japanese history and culture George Sansom wrote:

The Japanese language is a refined, but ungrateful tool, as its sounds are scarce and their combinations are limited. It is hardly possible to reproduce in Japanese strong and exquisite rhythms, to create the refined images of harmony.

Though *tanka* and *haiku* poetry continued to develop successfully in the twentieth century in Japan, many Japanese writers for a long time would feel a kind of inferiority complex. They were confused about the alleged “imperfection” of their native tongue and national poetic tradition in comparison with the great poetic legacy of the West, especially, when they happened to speak in front of the European audience.

Even such a renowned translator as Miyamori Asataro, who had presented to the European reader the best masterpieces of *tanka* and *haiku* in two elaborately-compiled massive anthologies, apologized in his foreword for the absence of the rhyme in the original and for the monotonous rhythm. Moreover, like many of his colleagues from European countries, Miyamori tried at least “to correct the defects” of Japanese verse, turning its English translations into four-lined or sometimes two-lined stanza with rhyme.

Meanwhile, “the weak points” of Japanese poetry were most likely imaginary and existed only in the minds of the poets and translators who idealized Western literature and tried to compare the incomparable. An unbiased interest and general fascination with Japanese poetry later made the European and American philologists dig deeper into the history of *tanka* and *haiku*, study their development and evolution. In the domain of culture,

the European countries in the beginning of the 20th century were closely interconnected, so that research works on poetry soon would become available for all.

Some serious scholars of Japanese literature and translators like R. Blyth tended to assume that at least since the XIX c. in the literary tradition of the West, especially among the English writers, there were already prerequisites' for the perception and adaptation of Japanese *haiku*. Thus, Blyth places the works by P.B. Shelley, J. Keats, W. Wordsworth and other English Romanticists of the XIX c. as an indigenous basis for Zen-imbued literature. American *haiku* lovers often call the books by H.D. Thoreau and R.W. Emerson among the major masterpieces that influenced the Zen-oriented literature of the XX c. in the West. This was especially so for the world of *haiku*. Indeed, both writers in their own way came very close to the basics of Japanese aesthetics, which include such concepts as *mono no aware* (the natural charm of thing in life), *yugen* the hidden spirituality of earthly existence, *sabi* (the sad loneliness of a human), *wabi* (the aesthetic sense of that loneliness) and other crucial categories that can be easily traced in the works of every serious Japanese *haijin*.

However, it took a few decades before Western poets realized the great potential of Japanese spirituality as reflected in poetry.

The roots of Western *haiku* can be traced to the late Edo period when a Dutch commissioner Hendrick Doeff allegedly started composing miniature poems in Japanese while living in Dejima, the Dutch trading post in Nagasaki. The legend has it that Doeff, the author of a book *Recollections of Japan* and a Dutch-Japanese dictionary, was fond of composing in Japanese and some poems ascribed to him could be inspired by periodic visits to the pretty geisha girls from the "licensed quarters". However, the small Dutch community was practically isolated and residents hardly could have any opportunity to study *haiku*. At least we have no evidence of such literary contacts in pre-modern times. Besides any kind of eroticism was alien to *haiku* poetics, while comic *senryu* show mostly a bias toward obscenity, not toward lyricism — so the phenomenon of such early Dutch "*haiku*" look very dubious and could be as well a fruit of sheer mystification.

Lafacadio Hearn, a renowned American intellectual who lived for many years in Meiji Japan and published fine translations of Japanese folk tales and ghost stories, also worked on the translations of *tanka* and

haiku. As his proficiency in Japanese was not altogether sufficient, Hearn would hire native speakers as assistants. This point definitely contributed to the authenticity of his translations, although his poetic talent seems very questionable. Hearn tried to keep the original one-line structure of both *tanka* and *haiku* making them sound either like pathetic exclamations or like prosaic contemplations.

In the posthumous edition of Hearn's poetic translations long lines were cut by the editors into two uneven parts, which distorted even the best of the poems:

Wake up! Wake up! — I will make thee my
Comrade, thou sleeping butterfly.
(*Basho*)

B.H. Chamberlain, as early as 1880, published his pioneering work *The Classical Poetry of the Japanese*, which was followed in 1899 by the first original European *History of Japanese Literature* — a comprehensive research project completed by W.G.Aston. In 1903 Chamberlain introduced to the Western readers works by Basho and some of his followers in a special article calling the genre *haikai* and defining it as a lyrical epigram.

Noguchi Yonejiro, an original poet in his own right who was the first to compose long *gendaishi* poems in English, while living in the United States, contributed to the enlightenment of the West with his book *The Spirit of Japanese Poetry* in 1914. Although in that book both *tanka* and *haiku* faced severe criticism, Noguchi managed to disclose some secrets of oriental poetics. In his article *A Proposal to the American Poets* published in February 1904 in the *Reader* magazine Noguchi concluded a brief overview of *haiku* poetry with an appeal: "Pray, you try Japanese Hokku, my American poets!" As it was with his own poetry (of a very high quality), Noguchi happened to be a few decades ahead of his time, and therefore his invitation was heard only in the second half of the XX century.

Probably the only poet who shared with Noguchi his dreams about the synthesis of East and West was Sadakichi Hartmann, an American writer of German and Japanese descent, born in Dejima in 1867, a year before the Meiji Restoration. A friend of Walt Whitman and Ezra Pound, he worked in many genres, from the Symbolist verse to the stylizations of Persian rubaiyat and to Japanese poetry. Hartmann was also known as an expert in Japanese and Western art. His *haiku* (under the name of *hokku*) were published in the collection *Japanese Rhythms* (1915), but the impact of

these exotic experiments was very insignificant: American literati were not ready yet for real adaptation of Japanese traditions.

A German scholar, Karl Florenz, in his “History of Japanese Literature” published in the early years of the XX c. allocated to *haiku* just a few lines. Russian academics also tended to ignore the “secondary” genre focusing on *tanka*, but at least one country in Europe by the beginning of the XX c. was ready to accept and absorb *haiku*. It was France.

Some critics regard poet Jules Renard (1864–1910) as a precursor of real French *haiku* poets. He was probably inspired by the early English translations. But even if it was just a product of his own creative mind, the similarity with *haiku* imagery is striking:

Le ver luisant	The Glow Worm
Cette goutte de lune dans l’herbe!	This moon drop in the grass!

The French literati, like all European intellectuals in the age of Japonisme, were charmed and intrigued by mysterious and exotic culture of the country of the Rising Sun. By the beginning of the XX c. French painters were already deeply influenced by Japanese woodblock prints, which became for some of them (especially for Van Gogh) something like a manual of alternative art. Japanese poetry was waiting for its turn.

In 1903, Claude Maitre translated a small sequence of *haiku* from English based upon the research and translations by B.H. Chamberlain. Approximately at the same time, a popular writer Noel Peri translated some *tanka* and *haiku* for a paper issued by *Alliance Française* in Yokohama.

The same year, original French *haiku* were initiated by Paul-Louis Couchoud and his friends — Albert Poncin and Andre Faure. The three experimenters published a small collection of 72 *haiku* *Au fil de l’eau* (*On Water*) composed during their boat trip. Couchoud, a doctor of philosophy and a professor of medicine, was charmed by Japan, which he had just visited. He also promoted the new genre in his essay “Les epigramme liriques du Japon“ (1906) and articulated its specific features:

A haiku can be compared neither to a Greek or Latin distich, nor to a French quatrain. It is neither a “thought”, nor a “word”, nor a “proverb” — an epigram in neither the modern sense nor in the antique sense, which is rather an inscription. It is the simplest picture, formed by three movements of the brush, a sketch which is

only a brief touch of impression... In his study of the haikai, Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain calls them "the lyric epigrams of Japan". This title defines two of their essential qualities — brevity and their power of suggestion.

In his own *haiku* Couchoud openly imitated works by classics, especially Basho and Buson, slightly modifying the imagery:

Le vieux canal	The old canal
Sous l'ombre monotone	in monotonous shadow —
C'est vert-de-grise	This greenish-grey

Dans le soir brulant
Nous cherchons une auberge.
O ces capucines!

In the evening heat	I arrive so tired
Looking for a roadside inn.	Looking for a roadside inn.
Oh nasturciums !	Oh this wisteria!
(Couchoud)	(Basho)

In this last poem Couchoud tried to follow even the rhythmic pattern of Japanese *haiku*, but it proved to be a difficult task. In other poems the original rhythm is broken. That was also the case with many other French *haijin* who kept on arguing for many decades about the efficiency of 5-7-7 pattern and its adaptability for the French syllabic prosody. Couchoud was eager to take over the whole arsenal of *haiku* poetics including seasonal words and specific distribution of the themes. His final goal was to condense emotions into a unique sensation which can be expressed in a few words. He also made an interesting observation, saying that some passages in the works by many French poets in fact can be regarded as *haiku*.

Although *haiku* by Couchoud were imitative and rather amateurish, his main achievement was in arising interest towards the new exotic genre. A number of talented poets felt intrigued with these laconic suggestive miniatures. In the meantime, they were perplexed about the absence of rhyme, which was an indispensable part of European poetics of that period. As a compromise, some authors started improvising on the basis of pseudo-Japanese poetics, as it was with the small collection by Fernand Gregh *Quatrains à la façon des haikai japonais* (1906) written in the form of rhymed four-lined poems.

Among the admirers of Japanese poetics there were also some leading

poets of the time. Thus, Albert de Neuville in 1908 published a collection including over 160 stylized miniatures *Haikais et tankas. Epigrammes a la japonaise*. Unlike many previous experiments, they contained rhyme but were not bound by rigid form or limited by any conventional meter:

O joie!	Oh joy!
L'hiver est parti;	Winter is over;
Le pêcher en fleur m'envoie	The peach tree in bloom
Des confetti.	Sends me confetti.

Both French poets and their readers were impressed and influenced by the first serious book of Japanese classics ever published in France. It was *Anthology de la littérature japonaise des origines au XX siècle* (1910), compiled, translated and commented by a prominent Japonologist professor at the Sorbonne Michel Revon. In his fundamental work Revon also introduced the term *haiku*, which had eventually replaced the generic definition *haikai* (implying also other categories of the genre like *haibun* or *haiga*). Poets also started contributing their *haiku*-like experiments to the newly founded journal “La Nouvelle revue française”, which soon gained popularity.

Overtime *haiku* were becoming more and more familiar in France. *Haikumania* hit many literati, albeit in rather diverse forms. For instance, Gilbert de Voisins published two small collections *Vingt-cinq quatrains sur un meme motif* (*Twenty five Quatrains on the same Motif*) and *Cinquante quatrain dans le gout japonais* (*Fifty Quatrains in the Japanese Style*) written in beautiful alexandrines, which were used for the reproduction of Japanese landscapes (seen by the author during his voyage through Japan). The title of the second collection, using the words “*in Japanese style or manner* — literally *taste*) reflects the nature of that trend, which was aimed at the expansion of the potency of French verse — and not really at the creation of a “*haiku* movement” in France. *Haiku* proved to be a convenient short poetic form that could be easily adapted and applied under various circumstances as a kind of verbal snap-shot. Thus, Julien Vocance even used the new genre for his sketches made on the front during the World War I:

Des croix de bois blanc	Crosses of white wood
Sugissent du sol,	Protruding from the ground
Chaque jour, ça et la.	Every day, here and there.

After the war Vocance kept on composing in the *haiku* genre, having shifted to traditional landscape poetry. Much later, in 1921 Vocance

published his book *Art poétique* which can be considered a manifesto of a poet-explorer arguing against his fellow-poets engaged in modernist experimentation like Surrealism and Dadaism. He advocated laconism, purity of imagery and suggestiveness as the pillars of poetics, opposing these to any kind of pretentious eloquence based on artificial literary techniques and rhetoric devices.

Le poete japonais	The Japanese poet
Essuie son couteau:	wipes his blade:
Cette fois l'eloquence est morte.	This time eloquence is dead.

Chaud comme une caille	Warm as a quail
Qu'on tient dans les creux de la main,	In the palm of one's hand,
Naissance du haikai	Birth of the haikai.

By the beginning of the twenties there were already poets who had included *haiku* in their repertory: Rene Maublanc, Roger Gilbert-Lecomte, René Druart, Benjamin Crémieux, Marc-Adolphe Guegan and many more. Sometimes their poems would remind more of comic *senryu*, but such a specified gradation was not introduced yet:

Rangées par l'ordre de grosseur,	Arranged by size,
Une collection de fesses	A collection of buttocks —
Cueillant les haricots.	Picking beans.
	(Rene Maublanc)

However the mainstream of the early French *haiku* mostly followed classic models although authors would often tend to emphasize the philosophical overtones:

D'un tilleul jeuni	From a lime tree turning yellow
Une feuille tombe à pic,	A leaf falls down
Lourde de tout l'été.	So heavy with the whole summer.
	René Druart

Some of the poets who joined the *haiku* club were rather well acquainted with Japanese culture and some were attracted just by the lapidary form of the poem, but all together they worked for the proliferation of the genre, which eventually resulted in a mighty *haiku* movement throughout the Francophone world. In 1924 Benjamin Crémieux noted in one of his articles that, in response to his call to contribute *haikai* for publication, he had received about a thousand poems not only from the French heartland, but also from the remote provinces, from Belgium, Switzerland and even from the overseas colonies.

In the mid-twenties such major French poets as Francis Jammes, Paul Eluard and Paul Claudel also turned to *haiku* in search for the new horizons. Whereas Eluard left just a few examples of *haiku*-shaped poems, Jammes published a few collections of rhymed quatrains, many of which can be placed as typical *haiku* in the westernized adaptations:

Un ciel de soie Silky sky
Azure l'eau. Paints the water with lazuli.
Un chien aboie A dog is barking
Sur le coteau. Somewhere uphill.

The introduction of Japanese poetry, with its natural absence of punctuation and capitalization, coincided in time with the reform bringing similar innovations in the works of the Western poets.

Paul Claudel, who spent most of his life in diplomatic work in China and Japan, deeply influenced by the spirit of Oriental culture, which permeates his poems, did a lot for the promotion of Japanese poetry in France. For years he continued studying Japanese arts and writing poetry in the *haiku* vein — sometimes in the authentic form, but more often in the form of non-rhymed free verse. Claudel's poems were greatly appreciated by Japanese poets. Nakano Shigeharu devoted to his French friend a heartfelt poem:

Paul Claudel composed poems.
Paul Claudel dug grooves in in the garden.
Paul Claudel played shamisen.
Paul Claudel performed Kabuki dances.
Paul Claudel was engaged in diplomacy.

Oh great Paul!
An ambassador and a poet, Claudel!

“Paul Claudel” (“Poru Kuroderu”)

Japanese poetic tradition, which paved the way towards the condensation of creative thinking in the French verse, had at the same time a great impact on other countries of Western Europe. An English Symbolist, Algernon Charles Swinburne, wrote a number of impressionist miniatures inspired by the paintings of A. Whistler who, in his turn, took over some of the highest achievements of the great Edo painters. Whistler's own canvasses, exhibited in Japan were perceived by the Japanese Symbolists, who failed

to recognize Japanese overtones in Whistler's works, as the brightest manifestation of purely Western Modernism.

All over Europe in 1907–1908 we can see the surge of interest in French post-impressionists whose paintings (especially those by Van Gogh) distinctly revealed the impact of Japanese tradition. Meanwhile, a group of young English and American poets, based in Paris “this true Mecca of fine arts”, in the words of Apollinaire, formed an association called the Imagists. The group, which saw Japanese poetry as the main source of inspiration, included P. Auldington, F. Tancred, E. Storer, J. Campbell, T.E. Hulme, J. Gould Fletcher and several other promising young poets. The members of the association came to be interested in Japanese poetry through the translations by M. Reyon, B.H. Chamberlain, and W. Aston. The nature of this new trend in poetry presented by the Imagists' work was clearly defined in the collection *Des Imagistes* (1915). Among the Imagists one can also find the name Mary Fenolloza, a widow of Ernest Fenolloza, a prominent scholar of Japanese literature and culture. She published a nice poetic collection *Flowers from a Japanese Garden*, where the topics of popular *haiku* were presented in a romantic, barely recognizable westernized interpretation. In the same way “the Japanese poetic miniatures” were presented in a poetic sequence by Amy Lowell *Pictures of the Floating World* (1919). This title, of course, contained an allusion of the *ukiyo-e* genre of Japanese painting applied mostly to the wood-block prints of the Edo period — literally, “the pictures of a floating world”. Amy Lowell tried to give an original interpretation of *haiku* poetics in her suggestive free verse:

Autumn

All day I have watched the purple vine leaves
Fall into the water.
And now in the moonlight they still fall,
But each leaf is fringed with silver.

The Pond

Cold, wet leaves
Floating on moss-colored water
And the croaking of frogs —
Cracked bell-notes in the twilight.

Nuit Blanche

The chirping of crickets in the night
Is intermittent,
Like the twinkling stars.

Nuance

Even the iris bends
When a butterfly lights upon it.

The most prominent figure among the Imagists was Ezra Pound, one of the renowned classics of world literature. A highly gifted country boy from a remote America's state of Idaho, he became an outstanding expert in the Romanesque languages, an ingenious poet and a prolific translator. An adventurer and a true paladin of culture, Pound traveled on foot from Gibraltar to Venice and published in Italy his first collection of poems. There are many books and articles on Ezra Pound's creative work devoted to his literary activities in France, England and America, his rejection of bourgeois morals and the reactionary political views as well as to his role in the development of modern poetry. Pound's translations and free interpretations from Greek, Latin, Old Provençal, Italian, Chinese and Japanese, which the poet himself called "just thoroughly decorated masks", were widely appreciated. Chinese and Japanese poetry fully corresponded to Pound's credo and the spirit of the time, marked by the boom of fascination with Oriental exoticism. In 1910's., after becoming the secretary of the great Irish bard W.B. Yeats, Pound introduced Yeats to the literature of the Far East, especially, to Noh dramas.

Yeats, Apollinaire, Eluard and many others regarded Japanese poetics as one of the possible ways available to renovate national poetic traditions, saturating them with exotic elements. Meanwhile Pound perceived the East from the position of a truly cosmopolitan writer, paying attention not only to classical legacy, but also to the great potency carried in a living tradition of minimalist poetry with its suggestive semantics.

The drafts of the translations of Noh plays, which he got in 1912 from the Mary Fenolloza as a part of the literary archive left by her late husband, opened new horizons for Pound. In the same year, he published his own experimental version of "*haiku*" under the title "In a Station of the Metro":

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;

Petals on a wet black bough.

The two-lined poem became a starting point for a multi-volume edition of *Cantos* (“Songs”, the last volume of which saw light in 1972. The language of this novel poetry became for Pound a vast area of metaphors forming figurative allegoric images in accordance with the author’s preferences, which are deeply rooted in the original principles of *haiku* poetics. The majority of “songs” require special explanations and comments. According to English critic J. Frazer, Pound’s grammatical riddles are aimed at the construction of an “abstract idea” with a combination of scenes, images, episodes (like a set of simple characters in the multi-component large kanji — for example, a branch with the sun under it constitutes an ideographic image of sunset).

Another member of the Imagists association Giuseppe Ungaretti, an outstanding poet of Italian Modernism, a friend to Picasso, Apollinaire and Valery who had lived in Paris for a long time, also paid homage to *haiku*. His imagery, shadowed by some subjective associations, is difficult to understand, but amazingly expressive:

<i>Tramonto</i>	<i>Sunset</i>
Il carnato del cielo	The crimson sky
sveglia oasi	wakes up an oasis
al nomade d’amore	for the nomads of love

<i>Finistra a mare</i>	<i>A Window Facing the Sea</i>
Balustrata di brezza	A balustrade of breeze
per appoggiare la mia malinconia	on which my melancholy will lean
stasera	tonight

<i>Damazione</i>	<i>Curse</i>
Chinso fra casa mortale	Captivated by mortal things
(anche il gran cielo stellato finiza)	(and the great sky of course)
perche bramo Dio ?	why do I appeal to God?

<i>Mattina</i>	<i>Morning</i>
M’illumino	My illumination
D’immenoso	so immense

Of course, Ungaretti’s *haiku* do not fully comply with the intention and form which the Japanese poets implied in using that term, but they reflect the impulsive motion of the artist’s soul conveyed through a spontaneous image. It is a non-orthodox kind of *haiku*, composed by a person who has never known and who has had no wish to know the original canon, but who was

trying to create a condensed image by maximum concentration of expressive techniques. Probably, it was the effect that the Japanese reformers of traditional genres, contemporaries of Eluard and Ungaretti, were also striving to achieve.

Under the influence of the Imagist aesthetics, for a certain period a “free style” prevailed in European countries in the translation and interpretation of Japanese classics. It was mainly limited to an original idea, giving much space to the imagination of the translator or poet. Many of them would richly decorate Japanese *haiku* turning the humble three-lined poems into pastoral quatrains or sextets with all sorts of arabesques. Others tried to convey the spirit of the original, bringing it closer to *verse libre*.

Of course, there were serious scholars of Japanese literature like George Bonneau in France or Nikolai Konrad in Russia who were trying to convey the soul and the flesh of the original as accurately as possible, albeit with an uneven success. Their efforts were complimented by the enlightening activities of the Japanese translators. Thus, Miyamori Asataro in the early 1930-s published huge anthologies, first of *tanka* and then of *haiku* poetry from the early times to the beginning of XX century, including also large introductory articles. The texts were presented using kanji characters, Latin transliteration and English translation, partly supplemented and extended by detailed comments. These books, despite the old-fashioned style of the translations, evoked a lively response in Western countries and again drew the attention both of readers and writers to Japanese poetic tradition. Over time new European translations and interpretations started to appear.

In the first decades of the XX c. *haiku* poetry was also introduced in India by an ingenious writer and Nobel Prize laureate Rabindranath Tagore who admired Japanese culture. Of course, Tagore studied the tradition through English translations, but he promoted *haiku* in Bengali and was so successful that *haiku* poetry remained very popular in India throughout the last century.

In the 30's and 40's the next wave of Japanese verse reached Europe and America as poetic illustrations for the books by D.T. Suzuki and R. Blyth, who for the first time tried to analyze and adapt for the Western audience the complicated doctrines of Zen Buddhism.

Reginald Blyth, a brilliant follower of the prominent Zen-Buddhist philosopher and the greatest champion of the “Japanese culture for the

West” project, Suzuki Daizetsu, played the central role in the establishment of modern “English *haiku*”. His works *Oriental Humor*, *Zen and Zen Classics*, and especially *Haiku* in four volumes, based on seasonal division and provided with parallel texts, as well as his *History of Haiku* in two volumes, together laid a solid foundation for the emerging *haiku* movement. Blyth for the first time managed to analyze the secrets of *haiku* diction, tracing the Buddhist roots of the aesthetics and showing the intricate *haiku* techniques like the usage of the seasonal words (*kigo*), the cutting exclamatory words (*kireji*) and many other devices.

With such books at hand, the English-speaking readers could now compose *haiku*, while ignoring the precondition of learning the Japanese language first.

Academic translations by Blyth were complimented by the rhymed translations of classical *haiku* offered by Harold G.Henderson, who started his career in 1934 with a nice selection from Basho, Buson, Issa and Shiki in *The Bamboo Broom* and after World War II added to it a reader book of *haiku* with a strong research component *An Introduction to Haiku* (1958). Later, witnessing the rising wave of *haiku* in the West, he published a set of guidelines for the beginners *Haiku in English* (1965).

Contemplating the issue, Henderson remarks in one of his articles:

When it comes to establishing *haiku* written in English, it does seem likely that our poets will eventually establish the norms of their own. But what are we to do in the meantime? It seems obvious that we must build our work on Japanese norms, as any too great deviation from them would result in poems that were “not *haiku*”. And yet to accept these norms in their entirety is literally impossible.

Henderson translated *haiku* in his collection as a three-lined poem with a rhyme in the end of the first and the third lines. However, understanding the difference between the English accentual meter and the syllabic Japanese prosody, he assumed the necessity of breaking the 5-7-5 pattern in some cases and did not insist on its universal value, trying to convey in the most convincing way the imagery and the suggestive nature of the original. As a professional translator, Henderson realized the complexity of the problems Western poets were facing. He doubted in general the advantages of using the original Japanese metric pattern in other languages advocating flexibility of form. Although a large percentage of European and American poets still stick to the *onsuritsu* 5-7-5 model, it hardly can be considered an

appropriate option. The evidence for this assertion can be seen throughout the experimental writings of Western poets in the second half of the XX c.

Later rhyming in translations of *haiku* as well as in the works by the Western *haijin* community was totally abandoned as an excessive luxury.

The Japanese-American scholar Kenneth Yasuda became also one of the first translators and a pioneer of “English *haiku*” theory. He presented his concepts in his major book *The Japanese Haiku: Its Essential Nature, History and Possibilities in English, with Selected Examples* (1957) He provided the anthology with his own *haiku* that had previously appeared in the collection *A Pepper Pod: Classic Japanese Poems together with Original Haiku*. In his translations and in his own *haiku* Yasuda, like H. Henderson, would stick to the traditional 5-7-7 rhythmic pattern with the first and the third lines rhymed. He advocated the concept of “the *haiku* moment” — an impulsive motivation for composing a verse based on a more or less random observation. The theory was taken over by a number of American poets.

Donald Keene, the most distinguished senior scholar of Japanese literature of the XX c. and by that time professor at Columbia University, made a great contribution to the proliferation of *haiku*. He not only translated many *haiku* himself while working on his massive *History of Japanese Literature*, but also promoted the best translations by his colleagues including them in the most popular book of readings, *Anthology of Japanese Literature* (1955), which has been used for decades by many generations of students and is still popular among its readers.

By the beginning of the 60’s quite a number of translations and books on *haiku* were published in English. Among the principal works one can mention *Haiku of the Late Tokugawa Period*, compiled and translated by H. Henderson, *Haikai and Haiku* issued in Japan and edited by Sanki Ichikawa, *The Penguin Book of Japanese Verse* published in UK by G. Bownas and A. Thwaite, three collections of *haiku* published in the USA by P. Beilenson and several volumes of translations by H. Behn. All these books ploughed the soil for the cultivation of “English *haiku*”, which soon started bringing rich crops.

The first attempts to write *haiku* in English can be traced to 1930, when a little known poetess Stella K. Ruess published her *Poems in Trees*. There were a few more small books of poetic sketches compatible with *haiku* form, but a real *haiku* boom started in the early 60’s, on the wave of general infatuation of young people with Buddhist philosophy and culture of East

Asia. In 1963 a poetic journal *American Haiku* gathered around it a large community of *haiku* lovers. Another journal *Haiku* played a similar role in Canada. After the establishment of *Haiku Society of America* in winter 1968-1969 they started publishing as its official organ *Haiku West*. Later numerous small journals appeared representing the strong interest and active participation of local *haiku* communities first in the US and then all over the world.

Over time the new contours of Japanese poetry began to shape up vaguely in the Western literati community. The worldview of the Japanese authors was so different from the poetic perception of the Western writers that the process of understanding these differences would take many decades. In the beginning of 1970-s a French writer Ives Gandon wrote about the Japanese poets:

Without any effort they are absorbed in a huge universe and live according to its pulsation because abstraction is not their domain, because the image has always been for them a means of conveying a concept. They interact with nature on the most sensible, most vibrant issues: in a maternal cell or light and the colors of the day, in the air or in the water, in the earth or in the fire. In this way a Japanese poet acquired the right and ability to compose poems about every moment of his life, and moreover, in a very simple way: this is the cause of the most delicate iridescent play in their works, shimmering of pearlescent glare, transparency, which is difficult to find in the West.

The impact of *haiku* can be traced within any part of the globe. Thus *haiku* by a Mexican poet Jose Juan Tablada show an unexpected proximity to the original canon:

Trozos de barro	Chunks of soil
par la senda en penumbra	in the darkness on the path
saltan las sapas	toads are jumping

Parece la sombrilla	It looks like an umbrella
este hongo policromo	this colored mushroom
de un sapa japonista	over a Japanese toad

A sequence of sixteen *haiku* in canonic 5-7-5 pattern was composed by Georgos Seferis, a Greek poet and a Nobel laureate (1963). The examples from this cycle demonstrate the fact that the author has fully absorbed the

principles of Japanese poetics:

The armchairs are empty
the statues returned
to another museum

I picked up
a dead butterfly —
no pollen on the wings

It is quite possible that for Seferis, as for many other prominent European and American poets, *haiku* was a kind of artistic “glass bead game” and not a confessional form of self-expression as it should be for a Japanese poet. Nevertheless, we see that the legacy of Japanese minimalism has been given a new life being incorporated into the Western aesthetics.

In Germany and Austria, after a stormy debut of *haiku* translations in the beginning of the century and the bold experiments by Rainer Maria Rilke, Japanese poetry entered a dead season. Its revival started only after the World War II when a writer and translator Manfred Hausmann published in 1951 a book of stylized verse inspired by Japanese poetry *Love, Death and the Night of the Full Moon*. The revival of interest in Japanese literature soon provoked a stream of German *haiku*.

Imma Bodmershof, a native of Austria, who debuted in 1962 with a collection *Haiku* became a significant figure in the German speaking poetic world on the formative stage. In fact, some of her lyrical miniatures look more like *tanka*; others truly resemble *haiku*, still others present free interpretations in Oriental style.

Soon interest for *haiku* spread even to such remote regions as Scandinavia, where traditional Japanese poetry appeared comparatively late. In 1961, the UN General Secretary Dag Hammarskjöld perished in a plane crash over the territory of Zambia. A renowned British-American poet W.H. Auden translated into English a poetic collection by Hammarskjöld. The work was published posthumously after his tragic death. The book consisted mostly of short poems, including a cycle of forty *haiku* *From Uppsala*. The first poem of the cycle was devoted to *haiku* poetics:

Seventeen syllables
Opened the door

To the memory and its meaning

Many short poems by Hammarskjöld revealed his deep understanding of the spirit of Japanese poetry.

Beginning from the 1960's, a wave of *haiku* swept through Sweden, reached Finland and evoked great response in Soviet Estonia, where *haiku* appeared in the journals "Looming"(Creation") and "Tallinn".

In fact, surprising though it is, *haiku* poetry has been known in Estonia long before. It was introduced in the small independent Baltic republic in the middle of the 1920's through French connections. The first Estonian poets who would write in this genre were Johannes Barbarus and Uku Masing. Then a true *haiku* boom took place in the 1960's, when *haiku* attracted attention of major classics of Estonian poetry — Ain Kaalep, Yaan Kaplinsky, Mart Raud, Andres Ehin, Mats Traat and others. *Haiku* became one of the leading poetic genres in Estonia. The first *haiku* anthology in the history of Estonia, as well as the USSR was published in 1980. In the beginning of the 1970's an Estonian poet Arvo Metz, who lived in Moscow at the time, introduced "author's" *haiku* on Russian soil and published his collection *Disappearing in Spring*.

Fragile structure of *haiku* proved to be especially vulnerable for vulgarization and direct profanation. Thus, for example, in 1970 an article "The Poet and the Computer" was published in the literary supplement to "The Times". It was a result of the research by the Cambridge Association for the Language Study. The readers were asked to "construct" *haiku* from a primitive choice of 134 words presented in nine columns. Needless to say, that such "programs" have nothing to do with the genuine art of *haiku* composition.

Still the imposition of *haiku* to the level of mass consciousness in the Western countries, as it happened several decades earlier in post-war Japan, had positive results as well. Thus, from the 1970-s at some French schools *haiku* composition became a part of curriculum (as it was recommended by Romain Rolland). Eventually, this practice was adapted by some other countries of Europe and the USA. The *haiku* communities, sometimes counting thousands of members, started to emerge one by one in the big cities of The Old and New Worlds and soon were united into the national associations. National and international *haiku* contests have been held among children and adults on a regular basis.

Of course, in Europe and America *haiku* composition could not turn into

the mass “literary hobby”, as it occurred in modern Japan, where *haiku* associations, clubs and circles now include hundreds of thousands of members. However, it is hard to overestimate the impact of Japanese tradition on the formation of the Western creative mind in the XX c.

In the post-war decades, the USA was the country most susceptible to the influence of Japanese culture and literature. After the romantic image of the land of geishas, samurais and artists gave way to a dramatic image of a defeated powerful Asian empire, many American intellectuals tried to find in the Japanese tradition and particularly in poetry, those life-giving roots, which in American culture had long dried up. Kenneth Rexroth once noted that modern Western technological civilization tend to alienate the intellectuals, therefore they seek solace in Japanese culture.

R. Blyth's books, which included many wonderful translations of classical works with the parallel texts in transliteration and characters, became the guidelines for all the Zen admirers and lovers of Japanese poetry. Fundamental research on poetry by the American scholars of Japanese literature, such as R. Brower, E. Mainer, D. Filippi, G. Henderson, J. Bachman, D. Keen and many others, became an incentive for the growth of the English Haiku movement. In addition, many translations of the poems by Basho, Buson, Issa and Shiki entered the Western book market. The major trend in the academic translation of Japanese classics into English was philological accuracy and correctness, thus blocking any poetic freedom. Informative function in such translations prevailed over the aesthetic effect. Meanwhile the modern authors' poetry became the ground for the free experiments, stylizations, improvisations and fantasies on Japanese poetic themes.

The postwar generation of American poets — partly under the influence of Pound and Williams, partly due to an unceasing flow of the books on Japanese philosophy and poetry — eagerly assimilated the Japanese tradition in their works. The list of names of the “Japanized” American poets is pretty impressive. It includes Louis Zhukovsky, Karl Rakotsy, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Patchan, Charles Aulson, Ann Oldman, James Wright, Kenneth White and many others. We are talking here about professional poets, as the number of the amateur *haijin*, naturally, is immeasurable. Leaving aside the individual merits and flaws of the above mentioned authors, we may say that in the beginning the majority perceived the

Japanese tradition as one flow without a clear divisions into *tanka* and *haiku*. Only those poets became an exception who studied Japanese and fully realized the differences between the genres. Real understanding of *haiku* rules and regulations came much later.

For several decades, it was the prolific poet Kenneth Rexroth, a younger contemporary of Pound and Williams, who played the role of the patriarch in the movement for the comprehension and adoption of Japanese poetry. Rexroth learned Japanese, visited Japan many times and tended to translate *tanka* and *haiku* from the original. His works are permeated with the sense of “Japanese spirituality” and based on the principles of *sabi* and *yugen*:

Past midnight
In the dark
Under the winter stars
Tendrils of ice
Creep through duckweed

“We can say definitely that classical poetry of Japan and China enjoys the same influence both in American poetry and in the poetry of England and France of any period, and for those who were born after 1940, its influence has become decisive”, — remarked Rexroth in the early 1970’s.

Some American poets of the second half of the 20th century followed the already beaten trail, turning to the composition of stylized *haiku* like Richard Wright:

I am nobody
A red sinking autumn sun
Took my name away

The spring lingers on
In the scent of damp log
Rotting in the sun

The attention to minor details in the environment is typical of those poets who, having taken close to their hearts the Japanese classics, have then created new poetic forms related to *haiku*, but at the same time they integrated this approach into the Western poetic cosmos. The synthesis of “national” and “imported” components often would lead them to a true poetic *satori*.

A special place in literature belongs to the “Beatniks” who were nourished on a blend of Krishnaism, Buddhism, Taoism, Japanese Zen and Western revolutionary doctrines of counter-culture. The analysis of this poetry, which at present is seen as an indispensable part of classical American literature of the XX c., while analyzed from the viewpoint of academic oriental studies, reveals a strange fusion of ideas, concepts and images. However, the literary talent of such Beatnik bards as Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg or Jack Kerouac, and a powerful existential pathos implied in their “orientalist” poems, to a certain extent compensate for the insufficiency of their philosophical background. Paradoxical Zen wisdom often intervenes in the verse, directing the flow of imagery, as it happens, for an example, in Ginsberg’s long poem “Sunflower Sutra”, full of concern about the survival of humanity in the desert of technological civilization. Oriental motifs are also used to create a mysterious image reflecting the futility of “existence in relation to death”:

Oh, leaf with Rama writ upon it
Oh that “continent of spirit” just beyond the tip of my nose
I see the dark door

L. Ferlinghetti

The climax of the Beatnik’s movement that had found ideological support for their revolt against “the establishment” in the Far Eastern philosophy and poetry, brought to life the poetry of Gary Snyder, Philip Whalen, Sid Corman and a group of young maximalists who declared a war on philistine values. Poets in Snyder’s circle became the pioneers of modern escapism. After graduating from prestigious universities, disappointed with all forms of social protest, they adopted their distinctive version of Buddhism, and turned to studying sacred sutras in translation.

After coming to Japan, Snyder, together with his friends, traveled to the Buddhist holy sites and after that founded a small Hippy style community on a remote island in the Ryukyu archipelago. All of the members of this circle admired *haiku*. “A real *haiku*’s gotta be as simple as porridge and yet make you see a real thing, “— Snyder would say. Though the Japanese saga did not last long and all the young Americans later went back home, the wanderings in the land of the Rising Sun left an imprint both on their further works and on the history of American literature in the XX century. The poetic experiments of these escapists were quite diverse: from original *haiku* with a touch of humor to verse libre reflecting Buddhist insights.

Me

Buddha's mother only dreamed of
A white elephant;
My mother...

Early Spring

The dog writes on the window
With his nose

Philip Whalen

If the first *haiku* presents a mysterious “white elephant”, which Buddha Gautama's mother saw in a dream before her son's birth, the second poem featuring a funny episode from everyday life could have belonged to Japanese eccentrics of the XX c. like Taneda Santoka, Ozaki Hosai or Nakatsuka Ippekiro.

Gary Snyder's poems, melodious, wordy, fulfilled with Japanese names and things Japanese, sound like hymns to Nature and Free Man. Such are his poems “Artemis”, “The Hiei Mountain”, “The Night in Shokoku-ji Temple”. Very often Snyder's detailed descriptions of nature reveal a strong impact of *haiku* aesthetics. Later, Gary Snyder turned to the translations of the new Japanese poetry, especially, the masterpieces of Miyazawa Kenji.

However, not Snyder but Jack Kerouac is often called the most important *haiku* poet of the Beat generation. In his quest for the supreme truth of existence, he studied both Buddhism and French Catholicism, which affected his poetry greatly:

How flowers love
the sun,
Blinking there!

Ah the birds
at dawn,
my mother and father

There is no Buddha
because
There is no me

Winter — that
sparrow's nest
Still empty

Critics emphasize the role of *haiku* in the poetics of many renowned English and American poets of the second half of the XX c. Among them were W.H. Auden, Richard Whilbur, James Merrill, Donald Hall, Ruth Stone, Seamus Hiney, Sonia Sanchez and many others.

The last quarter of the past century in America was marked by such a dramatic increase in links to Japanized poetry that it is hardly possible to trace the major stages of this development. A courageous attempt of this kind can be found in the book by a poet and literary critic Sato Hiroaki “*Haiku in English*”. The author selected twelve figures to focus upon in the extensive critical essays: L.A. Davidson, M.T. G.C. Little, M. Mountain, G. Suede, S. Van den Hojvel and others. Although all the enlisted authors were chosen at random and none of them had ever enjoyed popularity, their poems reveal a clear understanding of *haiku* rules and a strive for maximum originality — including *haiku* shaped by a specific graphic design. Trusting the taste of Sato Hiroaki who lived in the USA for a long time and contributed greatly to the promotion of Japanese poetry, we still assume that the number of *haiku* poets and other lovers of “Japanized” short verse forms in America now number in the thousands.. Such poets as Charles B. Dickson, Elisabeth Searle Lamb, Robert Spiess, John Wills and dozens more should be remembered as the pioneers of American *haiku* in 1960-70’s. Legions of *haijin* writing in English now work on both sides of Atlantic, and on both sides of the Pasific. As there are no universally acknowledged poets like Ezra Pound among these authors, we can only hope that all of them compose very fine *haiku* — at least by modern standards.

In Russia, where Japanese poetry became very popular in the first decade

of the XX c. and especially after the Russo-Japanese war of 1904–1905, the only dominant genre was *tanka*, not *haiku*. Poetry was conceived as an indispensable part of the Japonisme movement, which became the most fashionable trend in Russian literature and arts. Many Russian poets, infatuated with Japanese exoticism, paid homage to the newly advocated genre. However, *haiku* were regarded as a part of mass culture and even Basho was never appreciated enough. The first Russian scholars of Japanese Literature N. Konrad and N. Pozdnev introduced *haiku* to the readers mostly as a secondary genre. Although in a large anthology compiled and translated by Professor N. Konrad (1921) the heritage of Basho was given serious analyses, the role of *haiku* was definitely underestimated.

In the Soviet Union where Prof. Konrad founded a large school of Japanese studies, the research and translations of Japanese literature for a few decades were limited to proletarian authors. As *haiku* was not a part of that trend, not a single collection of *haiku* was ever published in the USSR until 1954.

The first translations from Basho and other *haiku* classics into Russian were made in the mid-fifties by a professional scholar of Japanese literature and a talented poet, Vera Markova. This came as a real revelation for the multi-national Soviet readers. Poetry always was and still is in Russia a crucial part of education in the humanities. From elementary school, at least up to graduation at the age of 17 students keep on learning the best masterpieces of the best Russian poets by heart. European and American classic poetry is also included in the school program. No wonder that translated collections of poetry also enjoyed huge circulation rate numbering in the tens of thousands of copies. Japanese poetry and, in particular, rare books of *haiku* translations by Markova, have occupied a place of honor on the book shelves since the early sixties.

However, due to the lack of serious research in *haiku* poetics and Zen-Buddhist aesthetics, with very few exceptions, writing *haiku* would not become a hobby neither of the renowned poets nor of enthusiastic amateurs until the very end of the millennium. Only after the publication of numerous *haiku* anthologies translated by Tatiyana Delyusina and Alexander Dolin, which were accompanied by theoretical articles, did the *haiku* movement in Russia start gaining momentum.

In the big cities like Moscow, St.Petersburg, Vladivostok and Novosibirsk *haiku* clubs began to emerge one after another. A large almanac

Haikumena has been issued annually from one of the central publishing houses in Moscow. *Haiku* contests became a routine, and the central Moscow journal *Poetry* initiated regular publication of the prize winners' works. Sadly, The All-Russia *haiku* Association has never been established — but only due to the contradictions and strife between various factions of Russian *haijin*.

A large number of Russian *haiku* poets took part in four rounds of the International Japanese-Russian Haiku Contest held since 2012 in Akita. Despite the fact that Russian *haijin* are not as consolidated as their colleagues in the USA, UK, or even India, they are highly motivated and provided with a rich array of resources.

Along with the classic authors like Basho, Buson and Issa, all the major *haiku* poets of the Meiji-Taisho-Showa periods were also introduced to a wider audience through numerous anthologies and individual collections translated by A. Dolin. The history of *haiku* and specific categories of its poetics from the pre-modern period through the end of the XX c. were given thorough analyses by Prof. Dolin in the final fourth volume of his *History of New Japanese Poetry in Essays and Literary Portraits* (St.Pb.:Hyperion, 2007).

The period from the end of the 1970's to the end of the 1980-s was marked by the establishment of national *haiku* associations in many countries of Europe, Asia and Latin America. Japanese poets and public figures also took part in this process. Thus, in France and Italy an important role in *haiku* promotion was played by a distinguished Japanese diplomat and poet Uchida Sonoo, who was the head of the International *Haiku* Association from 1989. When he was the Ambassador to the Vatican, he was able to contribute to unity of the Italian *haiku* movement, which at the time numbered only about two hundred participants (mainly, poets and university professors). Just one year later, after the formation of the Italian *haiku* Association, in 1986, the number of its participants has grown to several thousand and *haiku* for the contests started to arrive from the most remote places of the country. The only requirement for the participants remains the brevity of form and the credibility of the feelings, while the initial restrictions on the number of syllables have been abolished. *Haiku* associations appeared in Germany, UK, Belgium, Austria and many other countries. The *haiku* clubs were widely recognized in Brazil, where at

present there are several million descendants of the Japanese immigrants, and in Argentina and Peru. As well, since the collapse of the socialist block, the *haiku* movement has been embracing the countries of Eastern Europe.

In 2008 a World *Haiku* Festival was held in Bangalore. Participants from India and Bangladesh shared their works with colleagues from Europe, Asia and America using English as their international *haiku* language.

In the XXI c. *haiku* has become an indispensable part of world literary heritage and a living poetic tradition in scores of countries located on four continents — from Sweden to China and from Croatia to Australia, from Ireland to Turkey and from Romania to Brasil. *Haiku* journals and almanacs are issued all over the globe. National and international *haiku* contests are being held in Japan and in other countries on a regular basis. Japanese *hajin* applied to UNESCO with the proposal to proclaim *haiku* an intangible cultural heritage of mankind.

Akita, a remote prefecture in the north-western part of the island of Honshu, is famous for the beauty of its landscapes and for its original *haiku* traditions dating back to the Meiji period. Although *haiku* were popular in the Tohoku region since pre-modern times, it was Ishii Rogetsu a close friend and talented disciple of the founding father of modern *haiku* Masaoka Shiki, who paved the way for the Akita *haiku* movement in the XX century. Rogetsu, a country boy from Memeki village, left his native Akita for Tokyo in search of a literary career. He was accepted into the school of *haiku* founded by great Masaoka Shiki and soon became a member of his close circle, one of the most trusted friends and loyal followers of the master. In a few years, after graduating from the faculty of medicine, Rogetsu decided to go back to Akita and left the capital for good. Keeping close ties with Shiki and other fellow-*hajin* from Tokyo, he opened medical practice in his native Yuwa, near the bank of the Omono River, and in the meantime started teaching literature to local youth. He founded a popular *haiku* journal “Haisei” (“Haiku Star”) and never stopped writing *haiku* until his sudden death in 1928. Rogetsu became a local celebrity and the *haiku* community payed homage to his memory. Twenty *kuhi*, large stone stelas with his poems were erected in Akita! The brilliant poet from the deep North remained barely known outside his native land for many years, but Reginald Blyth, the unsurpassed connoisseur of *haiku*, mentioned Rogetsu in his

research and highly praised his style. No wonder that the members of the Rogetsu Society remember the legacy of their renowned compatriot. All over the prefecture, one can now see special mailboxes — containers for the *haiku* written by the admirers of Ishii Rogetsu. Recently *haiku* by Rogetsu have been for the first time introduced to Western readers in the trilingual collection (Japanese-English-Russian) published by Alexander Dolin.

In the postwar period *haiku* spread all over Akita prefecture like a brush fire. It is not accidental that in the age of globalization, groups representing the new trend of international *haiku* in English met in Akita the most enthusiastic response. The establishment of the Akita International Haiku Network, initiated by Hidenori Hiruta, marked the emergence of a new global poetic community, followed by the foundation of the Haiku International Association.

In the meantime, *haiku* became a part of the liberal arts education provided at the innovative Akita International University. At the class of Professor Alexander Dolin students from over thirty countries of Europe, Asia, America and Australia compose and present *haiku* together with their Japanese friends both in English and in their native languages.

A number of international *haiku* contests and forums have been held in Akita during the recent years, with the support of the Prefectural Government, Japan Airlines, other organizations and local companies. Among the best authors, one can find representatives from many nations united by their passion for Japanese poetry.

Our anthology, being a part of the international *haiku* movement, can be considered a unique attempt to combine poetic works composed by the Japanese *haijin* from Akita prefecture, poems written by the multi-national students of Akita International University and coming from all the corners of the planet, together with poems by the prize winners of several International *haiku* contests held in Akita. It contains and expresses a message of peace and friendship from Akita to all the people of good will who remember the lines by Kobayashi Issa:

Under the cherry trees
We are all brothers here —
No strangers among us.



「第29回国民文化祭・秋田014」記念第3回日露俳句コン
テスト・応募句

**HAILU FOR THE 3rd JAPAN — RUSSIA
INTERNATIONAL HAIKU CONTEST CELEBRATING
THE 29th NATIONAL CULTURAL FESTIVAL IN AKITA
2014**

佐々木香代子
Sasaki Kayoko

ストッキングのまま海に入る聖五月¹

Received by the sea
still wearing stockings
on Holy May

幸野稔

Kono Minoru

参拝す旧りたるジューン・ブライドと

Visiting a shrine
with my old
June bride

大坂和子

Oosaka Kazuko

蝸やいのちの佳境振り絞る

Cicadas singing
in the final hour
of their lives

森田千枝子

Morita Chigiko

夕焼けを手渡しされる日本海

The sunset
bequeathed to me
by the Sea of Japan

齊藤 劭

Saito Tsuyoshi

ツンドラの息吹のたより鳥帰る

Feeling the breaths
of tundra —
the birds returning

種村聖巴子
Tanemura Seihashi

屋敷蛇どこか親父に似て打てず

A snake in the house
mirroring my father —
difficult to strike

猪股邦男
Inomata Kunio

バラ一面庭の奥から琴の音か

The melody of koto²
from the depths
of the rose garden

岸部吟遊
Kishibe Ginyuu

雁帰る錆びし雲梯置き去りに

Geese are coming back
leaving the the sad ladder of clouds
somewhere out there

武藤暁美
Muto Akemi

流木の逆立つ祈り大西日

Driftwood —
the great setting sun
rises in prayer

鈴木絹子
Suzuki Kinuko

母使いし籐椅子今も揺れており

Mother's rattan seat
rocking even now
as it once used to

Takeshita Kihei

青い星の平和願って散るさくら

As a pray for peace
on this blue earth
cherry blossoms fall

工藤光一
Kudo Kouichi

山脈を越え来し蝶と出合いけり

I greeted
a butterfly that has come
across the mountains

佐賀祐子
Saga Yuko

卯の花や村に空き家が増えてゆく

Deutzia flowers³ —
Near a delapidated hut
in the village

地主重子
Jinushi Shigeko

風立てて翡翠魚影掠めをり

Kingfisher
skimming over
the shadow of fish

伊藤慶子
Ito Keiko

石庭の海原過ぎる青蜥蜴

A blue lizard
Slipping over the waves
of the rock garden

神成石男
Kannari Ishio

太宰忌のたまさか通る千疋屋

Passing by accident
a junk shop –
*Dazai's*⁴ year

米田清文
Yoneta Kiyofumi

月見草礼文から見る利尻富士

Evening primrose —
Watching Mt. Rishiri⁵
from Rebun⁶ Island

五代儀恵子
Iyogi Keiko

雪乗せて津軽の機翼羽田まで

From Tsugaru⁷
snow coats the plane's wings
to Haneda⁸



佐藤道江
Sato Michie

木道の足音に咲くチングルマ

The footsteps
on the wooden path
*Chinguruma*⁹ is in bloom

佐々木トワ
Sasaki Towa

青田風農継ぎし子の怒り肩

Wind blows from the paddy —
my son with square shoulders
toils over crop

武藤鉦二
Muto Shoji

棚田打つ父落日を腰に吊り

Father digging paddies —
the setting sun
hanging on his back

千葉智
Chiba Sato

メロン掬いさざ波たてる夜の水

Scooping up melon
the water making ripples
through the night

鈴木東亜子
Suzuki Toako

渡船場に会ひたき人や子規

At the ferry
the man that I yearn to see so much —
Masaoka Shiki¹⁰

土井育子
Doi Ikuko

花開きさくらと名付く娘かな

My daughter Sakura —
I wonder when and how
she will bloom

小林晋子
Kobayashi Kuniko

太平山黒しコスモス柔らかし

Mount Taihei¹¹ is dark —
so delicate,
these cosmos flowers

工藤進
Kudo Susumu

過疎の空ネオンまたたく螢かな

In desolate skies —
fireflies flicker
like neon lights

佐々木昇一
Sasaki Shoichi

放浪の人をみつめる女王蟻

The queen bee
observing
the wanderer

佐藤修一
Satou Shuuichi

メビウスの帯に戸惑う蝸牛

Moebius strip¹²
puzzling
a crawling snail

宇佐美レイ子
Usami Reiko

五月野や青き風吹く中に立つ

May fields —
there I stand
in the green wind

工藤ミネ子
Kudo Mineko

囀りは子等の声とも校舎跡

The songs of birds
Fusing with children's voices
in the school hall

大川悦子
Okawa Etsuko

縄跳びの大波小波つばめ来る

Big and small waves
in the rope skipping game —
here, swallows arrive

加藤一弥
Kato Kazuya

竹の花咲いて離村の碑が一つ

Bamboo in bloom —
at the outskirts of the village
a stone stela¹³ stands

上松博
Uematsu Hiroshi

我が怒る声の残響ジギタリス

Foxgloves —
and the reverberation
of angry voices

大森寛志
Omori Hiroshi

子を思ふ親の心や春の風

Oh nostalgia!
Parents thinking of the child
in the the spring wind...

猪股一枝
Inomata Kazue

躍動の子見る親心青田かな

Parental love —
watching playing children
in green paddy fields

伊藤はる子
Ito Haruko

白鳥飛来慕情を流す大空へ

Swans arriving
in the sky above —
all longing is gone

岡部いさむ
Okabe Isamu

芍薬や歌仙の小町かほみせぬ

Peony in bloom —
Komachi¹⁴, the immortal poetess,
doesn't show her face

井川春泉
Ikawa Shunsen

四天王やいく山越えて露月の忌

The four haiku kings¹⁵
how many mountains they ascended
the anniversary of Rogetsu¹⁶

佐藤タツ子
Sato Tatsuko

夕食の後のテーブルさくらんぼ

Cherry
on the table
after dinner

工藤五十六
Kudo Isoroku

ハバロフの春燈めづみる帰還兵

A returning soldier
charmed by the spring lights
in Khabarovsk¹⁷

大原春
Oohara Haru

制服や国際海峡夏の霧

Uniforms —
the international strait
in summer fog

村上ハツ子
Murakami Hatsuko

桃の実に原発なんてあつてない

A nuclear power plant —
not the best companionship
for the peaches on the tree

五代儀幹雄
Iyogi Mikio

難民の支援全校稲を刈る

To support refugees
all the students at school
are reaping rice

和田留美
Wada Rumi

トロイカの遠き鈴の音風薫る

The distant troika¹⁸ —
bells ringing
in the cool light breeze

成田友世
Narita Tomoyo

郭公の声に驚く野外劇

An open-air performance —
all surprised
at cuckoo voice

奈良万里子
Nara Mariko

新調のまぶしきスーツ春の駅

At the station
a new suit
shining in spring

工藤順一郎
Kudo Junichiro

初蟬や露月日記を閉ぢてきく

Rogetsu¹⁹ —
with his diary closed
listening to cicadas

藤原貢太郎
Fujiwara Kotaro

白鳥や日露往き交う使者となる

Swans —
these messengers
between Japan and Russia

佐々木公平
Sasaki Kohei

早苗田にかこまれ島の浮き立てり

The isle upon the ground —
rising there surrounded
by the rice paddy fields

小林万年青
Kobayashi Omoto

種おろす父から覚める羽後大地

The Ugo²⁰ land
awakened by my father —
reaping seeds

伊藤青砂
Ito Seisa

穂芽搔く日本の空をとよもして

Picking shoots of an angelica tree,
bothering with rustle
the sky of Japan

高橋遙
Takahashi Haruka

海苔を搔く男鹿半島を擽りて

Titillated by seaweeds,
the Oga Peninsula²¹ —
obviously tickled

工藤喜久子
Kudo Kikuko

あす信じ鈴振るやうに種蒔けり

Believing in tomorrow
as if striking a bell
he is sowing seeds

岩谷塵外
Iwaya Jingai

渤海使辿りしみちを鳥渡る

Birds migrating
along the messenger's route
in Balhae²²

伊藤とほ歩

Ulto Toho

つくづくし立錐の余地なかりけり

Fertile shoots of field horsetail —
the whole meadow
is so crowded

土谷敏雄

Tsuchiya Toshio

引鳥のランドマークに不二の山

Mount Fuji —
the landmark
for returning birds

今田草水

Konda Sosui

抽象の裸婦のようなる恋螢

Fireflies in love
resembling abstract
nude women

工藤のり子

Kudo Noriko

キャンパスに未知の夢追ふ春の風

At campus
the air of spring flows —
a mysterious dream

天童こなた
Tendo Konata

もてなしに点てる一服夏きざす

Making tea
so delightfully —
the fragrance of summer

伊藤沐雨
Ito Mokuu

白鳥の別れの舞の残存湖

The farewell dance
of the swans flocking
on the relict lake

照井敬司
Terui Keiji

ひもじさの戦後は遠し甘藷掘る

The postwar days of starving
are so distant now —
digging for sweet potatoes...

遠山せつ子
Toyama Setsuko

まっさきに福島産の桃を買う

First and foremost:
buying peaches
ripened in Fukushima²³

石井テツ
Ishii Tetsu

初夏の会声高らかに県民歌

Early summer meeting —
this prefecture song
sung in high notes

勝田誠
Katsuta Makoto

国文祭風土織り込む県民歌

Japanese Culture fest —
the songs of our prefecture
connect us with tradition

七尾宗専
Nanao Sosen

涼風のウラジオストク晶子の碑

The memorial stela of *Akiko*²⁴
in Vladivostok —
a cool breeze

佐藤智恵子
Sato Chieko

林檎園アダムとイブに逢いそうな

The apple orchard —
it feels like a meeting
of Adam and Eve

木村和影女
Kimura Waeime

草刈って結婚指輪見つけたり

Cutting the grass
suddenly I found
a wedding ring

荒川祥一郎
Arakawa Shoichiro

落刈るやおばこ小町の笑みをして

Cutting butterbur —
girls smile
looking like Komachi²⁵

鈴木金作
Suzuki Kinsaku

色めくや古びし籬の花いばら

Shedding more color —
wild roses hanging over
the aged *hina* dolls²⁶

岡道雄
Oka Michio

再会のボタン虹色日本海

Once again a peony —
colored like a rainbow
the Sea of Japan

坂本祥子
Sakamoto Sachiko

アスパラや大地の割れる音がする

Asparagus —
I can hear as the ground splits
with a cracking sound

船越みよ
Funakoshi Miyo

海夕焼け火を噴く男鹿のゴジラ岩

The sea sunset
a Godzilla-like rock blows fire
in Oga peninsula

加賀谷みさを
Kagaya Misao

青年のやさしき介護揚雲雀

Handled tenderly
by a young man —
a skylark

田中敏裕
Tanaka Toshihiro

田植果て仙北平野水鏡

After planting rice seedlings
the Senboku Plain²⁷ echoes
a water mirror

安田龍泉
Yasuda Ryusen

コーヒーにミルクでつくる迎春譜

Pouring milk in coffee —
a welcoming melody
for the coming spring

豊島恵美
Toyoshima Emi

生きゆくにはときには棘の櫛芽摘む

To live a life
is sometimes like picking shoots
of a thorny angelica tree



片倉万葉子
Katakura Mayoko

ゆらゆらと夏の衣の夢見ごち

A slow to sway
summerkimono —
as if in a dream

片倉俊秀
Katakura Toshihide

銀色の若葉集める朝日影

Morning sunlight —
absorbing the silver glow
of the young leaves

片倉弓
Katakura Yumi

この里の風になじみし盆踊り

Bon Festival²⁸ dance —
in this village,
so familiar with the wind

斎藤諒一
Saito Ryoichi

わが部落はもうすぐそこよ蟬の声

In my village
they are so close to me,
the crying cicadas!

深町一夫
Fukamachi Kazuo

ロシア語の頭韻強き冬来る

Winter arrives
with strong echoes
of Russian I learn

加瀬谷敏子
Kaseya Toshiko

夏帽子海の匂ひを連れ帰る

Summer hat
brings back to me
the fragrance of the sea

小玉光子
Kodama Mitsuko

学校田教師も一緒に稲刈りす

A school paddy —
teachers reaping rice
alongside children

浅野法子
Asano Noriko

万緑を抜け行く電車音残し

The train rushing
through the greenery —
the sound of wheels left behind

田村陽子
Tamura Yoko

白雨去り天に飛び出す池の鯉

The shower is over —
carps in the pond
are jumping high

今野サト子
Konno Satoko

十二才ひょろりと長い夏大根

Like a twelve-year-old boy,
this summer radish,
so long and slim

伊藤祐子
Ito Yuko

立ち話外角低めの風青く

Chatting outside —
the blue wind
blows gently

齊藤千哲
Saito Sentetsu

夏立つや園児・幼児の坊主刈

Summer sets in —
the crewcut heads of kindergarten kids
and nursery toddlers

佐藤てい子
Sato Teiko

能面のポーカーフェイス極暑中

A poker face
just like a Noh-mask²⁹ —
the peak of summer heat

加藤昭子
Kato Shoko

枯野行く父のふところ探すよに

Going through a desolate field,
As if in search of the embrace
of my father

加藤隆二
Kato Ryuji

道祖神笑むみちのくの麦の秋

Protecting deity of the traveler,
smiling in Michinoku³⁰ —
wheat harvest

草薨京子
Kusanagi Kyoko

命名のロシヤひまわりお国柄

Russian sunflower
just by name —
yet, of a local breed

高階時子
Takakai Tokiko

時どきはよろける番楽保存会

Dancers
sometimes vacillating
the bangakulovers³¹ club

館岡克巳
Tateoka Katsumi

サハリンに大鵬像建つ天の川

The statue of Taiho³²
standing tall in Sakhalin³³,
under the Milky Way

高橋一秋
Takahashi Isshu

戦火めく花火の匂ひ平和なり

The smell of fireworks
just like the fires of war,
yet, so peaceful

大井正子
Ooi Seiko

剪定の鋏の音や童うた

The sound of clippers
while pruning —
a nursery rhyme

今野鈴子
Konno Suzuko

森の中翼に見えた山法師

Flowering Japanese dogwood
looking like the wings
in the woods

三浦汀子
Miura Teiko

薫風やボールも飛んでボクも跳ぶ

Gentle breeze —
a ball is flying
and I am jumping

田口穂心
Taguchi Suishin

海越えしシベリア鉄道長き夜

Having crossed the sea,
on Siberian Railway
I am spending a long night

宮本秀峰
Miyamoto Shuho

紫陽花の白ばかりなり過疎の村

Only the white color
of hydrangea —
a desolate village



AIU 学生応募句・佳作

**SELECTED HAIKU
BY THE STUDENTS OF MEIOH SENIOR HIGH
SCHOOL**

伊藤駿
Ito Shun

扇風機今年も顔を近づける

Electric fan —
this year,
I move my face closer to you

木元咲茉
Kimoto Ema

太陽とサングラスして会話する

Wearing sunglasses,
I talk
to the sun

石黒祐人
Ishiguro Yuto

夜光虫水面に広がる小宇宙

Noctiluca —
its own universe spreads
through the water

宇佐美真菜
Usami Mana

夏の海君のとなりで青春中

Summer sea —
in the days of my youth,
seating next to you



**SELECTED HAIKU
BY THE STUDENTS OF AKITA NATIONAL COLLEGE
OF TECHNOLOGY**

瀬川森詩
Segawa Morika

届いてよいちごのような恋心

Let it be delivered
like strawberries —
my love

赤井沙綺
Akai Saaya

沈みゆく碇の先の天の川

Sinking anchor —
and there beneath
the Milky Way

飯塚菜摘

Iizuka Natsumi

手のひらで消えゆく願い雪の華

That was its wish —
to disappear on my hand,
the snow flower

加賀谷陸

Kagaya Riku

夏来たる明るき道を帰りけり

Summer is coming —
it is back again,
following the bright road

本間悠暉

Honma Yuki

夏の日にとこまで行こうか自転車

On a summer day
how far should it take me,
my bike?

佐々木拓真

Sasaki Takuma

彼女への思いあふれる蛍空

Overflowing love —
the sky above
filled with fireflies

山崎翔
Yamazaki Sho

バーベキュー玉蜀黍の焼ける音

Barbecue —
the sound
of grilling corn

堀部和俊
Horibe Kazutoshi

あさがおと今日も元気にこんにちは

Hello, morning glory!
Today too
have a nice day!

堀井こはる
Horii Koharu

サングラス大きな瞳をのぞかせて

Sunglasses —
her big eyes
just gaze from behind

伊藤優司
Ito Yuji

夏浅し空見て食べるスイカバー

Early summer —
looking up at the sky
I eat a piece of water melon

大石健心
Ooishi Kenshin

おれ一人体にとどくはせみの声

I am all alone —
the voices of cicadas
piercing my flesh

佐藤諒
Sato Ryo

梅雨入りしそれでも使うスマホかな

Even during the rainy season
I am using my smartphone —
as usual

五十嵐彪秀
Igarashi Takehide

逃げ水と共に去り行く春の息

The breath of spring
is now gone,
just like a a mirage

小熊康揮
Oguma Kouki

月の目はあなたのポイ捨て捕らえてる

The moon's eyes
catch you
while you are littering

斎藤希帆
Saito Kiho

さみしげに進む姿はかたつむり

Moving slowly
in gloomy loneliness —
a crawling snail

花田輝美
Hanada Terumi

紫陽花の花に飛び散る青い雨

The blue rain
pours down in splashes
over the flower bush

小坂圭汰
Kosaka Keita

夏終わる宿題ヤギに食べられたい

Summer is over —
may my homework be eaten
by a goat!

菅原悠世
Sugawara Yusei

おだやかな海中に咲く桜鯛

Cherry anthias
blooming right there, in the depth
of the sleepysea

堀井大輝
Horii Taiki

午後六時帰りのブランコ揺れている

It is six p.m.
On the way back home,
swinging on the swing

安田圭汰
Yasuda Keita

雪解けに消えないものは思い出か

The snow melts away
but those memories
remain on my mind

松橋侑馬
Matsuhashi Yuma

母の日に日頃言えないありがとう

Mother's day —
“Thank you”
once a year

鈴木駿太
Suzuki Shunta

講義より見つめる先は夏の空

Summer sky —
more attention paid to it
than to a lecture

佐野領
Sano Ryo

水たまり照らす月無き五月闇

In the puddle —
there is no moonlight now —
the darkness of May

戸嶋修平
Toshima Shuhei

晴れ舞台蛇ふり回し犬おどる

A stage on a sunny day —
snakes swinging,
dogs dancing

谷優利
Tani Yuto

夕立をカバンをかかげひた走る

Evening shower,
making me run recklessly,
the school bag on my back

藤原直大
Fujiwara Naohiro

梅雨の日の雲の合間の旧校舎

Old school buildings
rising amongst the clouds
during the rainy season

伊藤榛南
Ito Haruna

夕やけに染まる山頂秋を待つ

The mountain top
dyed in sunset colors
awaits for autumn

市川楓
Ichikawa Kaede

マンゴーに似すぎて困る太陽よ

The sun looking
too much like mango —
I'm a bit confused

小松恭平
Komatsu Kyohei

熱帯夜汗と文句を絞り取る

A tropical night —
the sweat and complaints
squeezed out of me

佐藤加奈
Sato Kana

雨あがりかさを開くは花火玉

After the rain
the firework — shining balls,
umbrellas in the sky

佐藤克
Sato Katsu

唇や蜜を忘れし桑苺

Lips —
the taste of honey lost
in the mulberries

高橋徹
Takahashi Tooru

五月闇淡く潤みし君の目よ

Through the darkness of May
your eyes glow
watery and wet

武田裕大
Takeda Yudai

夜の街全てを照らす秋の月

The autumn moon
shedding its light all over
the streets at night

加藤祐太郎
Kato Yutaro

梅雨の日の雲の間に光かな

A rainy season —
for a moment, through the clouds
a beam of light

初山雄斗
Momiyama Yuto

山中の落葉ふむ子は作曲家

A child treading
on fallen leaves in the mountains —
a composer

佐々木俊介
Sasaki Shusuke

ぽつぽつと川原の蛍光る夜

Here and there
fireflies in the night
glimmering on the riverside

伊藤加那
Ito Kana

見上げれば青き画板に夏の白

Looking up —
this blue drawing board
painted with white this summer

伊藤美晴
Ito Miharu

暑い日々厚い宿題熱い胸

These hot days
an overwhelming homework
and overwhelming emotions

佐藤魁人
Sato Kaito

桑の実を食みなつかしむ幼き日

Eating mulberry —
how much I miss
the days of my childhood!

長谷川幸奈
Hasegawa Yukina

瞳閉じ風を感じる木下闇

With my eyes closed,
feeling the breeze —
darkness under the trees

日景咲希
Hikage Saki

短夜に思いを馳せる星々に

A short summer night —
my thoughts scattered
there, among the stars

菊池航
Kikuchi Wataru

現実に頭をたれる稲穂かな

The ears of rice
that virtually
bend their heads

佐藤友哉
Sato Tomoya

扇風機宇宙人の襲来だ

Electric fan
sounding as if it were
the invasion of aliens

相場将樹
Aiba Masaki

窓の外緑のじゅうたんおどってる

Looking from the window —
a green carpet
dancing before my eyes

藤井優和
Fujii Yuwa

かわいいな木のみつすするカブトムシ

How nice they are —
these beetles
sucking the tree sap!

杉本陽
Sugimoto Yo

ベランダで風を感じて夕涼み

Evening coolness —
feeling the touch of the breeze
on the veranda

**HAIKU BY AKITA INTERNATIONAL
UNIVERSITY STUDENTS
(Japanese Literature class 2011–2015)**





Haiku 2011

Ai Takahashi

Spring

春に行く新入社員に桜舞い

Walking through the spring
full of blown cherry petals —
the newly hired clerks

Summer

目が覚めぬ帰省の里の心地よさ

Can't wake up
in this comfortable bed,
here in my hometown.

風に乗り遠く近くの音花火

Brought by the wind
the cracking of fireworks
both near and far away

Fall

髪切りてうなじひんやり秋の風

A chill autumn wind
upon the back of my neck —
freshly cut hair

Winter

寒さなど吹き飛ばす夜雪合戦

The cold
is driven away in night
by the triumphant snow

Alina Varvarici

The village bustles,
red cheeked children running —
the autumn harvest.

In a hush forest,
there, no one but the hunter,
a fox swiftly runs.

Ruth Ashworth

Crushed under my feet,
the golden leaves turn to dust,
the wind blows away.

By the waterfall,
leaves descend like butterflies,
though summer holds on.

Outside my window,
green is transformed to amber —
when did autumn come?

Can this fallen leaf
stand out among the others
on the forest floor?

Saori Taniuchi

Crickets sing,
beautiful voices echoing
in the clear sky.

Autumn rain.
My eyes became wet —
who is to blame?

A girl's cheek blushes
because of her affection,
like a maple leaf.

During the class,
good sleeping season, autumn —
so hard to bear.

Julia Maul

Snow keeps falling,
piling upon the trees quickly —
a wonderful view.

The winter wind blows,
freezing cold outside — alas,
the sun won't come back.

Autumn has arrived —
the leaves turn red,
the cold wind blows.

A lonely house,
covered with snow again
until winter's gone.

The sun rises high —
on that early spring morning
animals return.

Michel Todd

A solemn crow calls —
red now blanketed in white.
Snow falls silently.

The world is in bloom,
the fair sakura dances —
a farewell to winter.

Red leaves wither and die,
a cold wind comes blustering —
the smell of rain.

Tired waves lap the shore,
the sun beats down lamenting,
a dog barks nearby.

The dark veil of night —
towns become like circuit boards,
clouds drift over the moon.

Pamela Fernandez

Tiny drops of clear dew
glaze the last few weary leaves
attached so tightly.

Icy mist above,
fallen leaves beneath my feet,
dry, golden, and crisp.

Orange, yellow, green
are the colors of this scene —
optically warm.

The lone crescent moon
overlooks the evergreen
among the fallen leaves.

Stink bugs have arrived —
squish them and you will suffer
that acrid odor.

Charlotte Regnier

Soft wind in the grove —
let's agitate together!
A quiet melody.

Orange, red, yellow,
crimson leaves like fire —
the forest ablaze.

Leaves on the floor
like a picturesque coffin —
the smell of mushrooms.

Colorful flowers
gradually covered by snow —
winter comes next morning.

Scott Rudell

Underneath the tree,
the pure autumn colors
paint the ground.

On a cloudy day,
the leaves fall
with the rain.

There, behind the lake
the invisible mountains
hidden by thick fog.

Last days of autumn,
waiting for the snow to come
to turn the trees white.

As the days get cool,
cicadas no longer sing —
surely fall has come.

Corinne Kinvig

Clinging to autumn,
raindrops fall from the red leaves,
like tears of nature.

Winter sun rises
over the bare and barren land.
When will spring come back?

Lambs prance in the field,
born into a bloom of daffodils.
The aroma of spring.

Summer is back again —
red-faced children play on the beach,
sun beams blessing them.

British summertime —
August arrives, umbrellas ready
as the rain starts dancing.

Kyra Roybal

Constantly times change:
life and death are parts of nature —
an endless cycle.

Gently drifting down,
all the colors of the wind
rustle as they land.

Clouds bite at the heat,
the stagnant day is broken —
thundering relief.

Cold, bare to the bone,
buds upon the skeleton,
life begins anew.

Falling snowflakes dance
like fragments of the stars,
endless view of white.

Sabrina Ketcherside

It is autumn, so
where have all the squirrels gone?
Acorns have no home.

Leaves blow in the wind,
the sound of Autumn is here,
the Fall dance begins.

Leaves change their colors,
shades of yellow, red, and orange —
a canvas of warmth.

Leaves fall, apples drop,
the time for harvest begins —
feasts in every home.

Branches become bare,
only a few still remain —
chills seep through my skin.

Matsuzawa Takuya

The autumn dragonfly —
memories of childhood days
echoing through its wings.

The blue of aconite,
shining brightly, poisonously —
waiting for its prey.

Wandering about,
the leaves that stay, the leaves that fall —
what's on their mind?

The falling lespedeza³⁴ leaves,
a sudden blow of nightfall wind
piercing through the heart.



Haiku 2012

Ishizawa Hikaru

Looking up into the sky,
I found a harmony of red and blue
one autumn afternoon.

Just like people change their clothes,
leaves also change their colors
at the turn of seasons.

When passing by persimmon trees,
seeing the beautiful red faces
always makes me feel hungry.

Jessica Chen

Cloud-laden skies,
leaves shiver in the wind —
summer has left us.

Homework abounds —
locked in the library
alone with midterms.

Red is everywhere,
replacing all the green —
new fall clothes for trees.

Families gather,
we sit to eat special food —
Moon Festival is here.

Kelly Brennan

Time is going by
as the leaves fall off the trees —
soon I will return.

The crisp breeze I feel
on the multicolored tree leaves —
it takes my breath away.

Watching the sunset,
my heart is full of sorrow —
the changing colors.

Thinking of you —
it's been too long since the last
autumn loneliness

Do you feel it too?
The lack of warmth from the sun,
the absence of my hands?

Rebecca Manuel

Seasons may change —
my love for you remains bright
as the autumn leaves.

Fleeting years of youth,
remembered as chill sets in —
hold onto the warmth.

Birds in the trees
call sweet words of farewell to me, —
winter is near.

Floating on chill water,
I watch as brilliant summer
fades into gray rain.

The frost decorum —
but I cling on to the scents
of the autumn breeze.

Robert Gordon

The dreams of the year,
shedding in the cold once more —
will spring come again?

Vibrant colours fade —
has the painter exhausted
his supply of ink?

Where are the swallows?
Only a crow flies overhead
all alone.

Delapidated house
withers, unlike its garden,
soon to be reborn.

Awaken by thunder,
half-asleep, mind still dreaming
of falling downstairs.

Ryan Mc Tague

A chill runs through me,
the last leaves fall to the ground —
winter is coming.

Drip-drop sounds the rain,
racing down the window pane —
a gentle lullaby.

The trees bloom red-orange
as if they were set aflame —
falling leaves like ash.

This is Halloween —
donning a cape and a mask,
I become a hero.

Clouds fill the sky,
their tears dampen the dead leaves —
a wet carpet forms.

Sara Binbaum

Crimson maple leaves;
bright red carpet on the earth,
and above us, too.

Under the evergreen,
taking the unbeaten path —
where shall we go now?

Oaks shedding their crowns
for the white cloaks of winter.
Stay warm, my lovelies!

The trees bleed sugar
during the darkening months,
sapping out sweet blood.

In a love's embrace,
lying in golden grasses,
fading yellow sun.

Horikawa Sayumi

When I reached home and looked up,
I found persimmons hung from the eaves —
I feel like crying.

I

New rice
with fresh saury³⁵
makes you forget words.

On a sunny autumn day,
I viewed beautiful colored leaves —
getting so absent-minded!

Tasha Nelson

Flower petal falls,
gently glide into the lake,
sink further below.

On black bark leaves cling,
like the end of a lost love —
in fall they die.

Prism cast light out
into the mountains that hide
the end of the bow.

Rain floating in fall
from clouds that decide to leave
onto the last branch.

Tekle Jansenkaite

The embracing clouds,
so exhausted they make me feel —
today you will not stay.

Morning cold I feel.
Everyday the walnut tree
becomes even bolder.

I have seen no moon
as bright as tonight —
love is fading.

Dark clouds like mirrors.
We want beauty like sunsets —
autumn leaves concur.

Thomas Crescent

Red drifts from on high,
softly, slowly, forever
onward towards the end.

Crisp wind billows through,
making bare their stiff branches,
hastening their fall.

The first reminder
comes with the chill, beckoning
the approach of snow.

Once again the warmth
wisps away with day leaving
the chill of nothing.

Wai Shun Kung

As autumn leaves fall,
my heart aches again and again
thinking of you.

I close the window —
not to see the yellow leaves
that make me cry.

Harvest season comes —
apples, pumpkin rice and chestnuts
make a yummy dinner.

I open a book
with a dry leaf bookmark
that is still brand new.

Wind blows, leaves fall —
the view outside the window changes
but my heart never does.

Wilson Huang

Autumn comes and goes —
a time which is full of doubts.
Stay strong and positive!

Friends and family,
those you trust and rely on —
they'll be there for you!

It is summer time!
It is time for travelling!
Hope to have a blast!

Saturday comes at last.
What to do for the weekend?
Have not decided yet.

Winter has arrived,
time of both sorrow and joy.
May bonds are strengthened.



Haiku 2013

Becky Tursa

Solitude broken,
the deer and I together
watch the falling leaves.

I pull my coat closed.
There's no moon to see beneath
the ancient redwoods.

The owl on the branch,
intent on silent vigil,
cares not for spirits.

The sound of crickets
makes the chill breeze no warmer.
Mist on the water.

The squirrel is too hasty
slipping from his perch —
we are both surprised.

Jon Souleles

Bakaw! Chirp-chirp! Pew!
Get up! Good mornin' sunshine!
God, it's four a.m.!

Hello again, old friend.
A bright new day has dawned.
Love and chances abound.

Ephemeral beauty,
our irradiating warmth —
why only once a year?

Hide, seek, run, jump, swim —
the time to play games has come.
Yeah! It's time to live!

Lazing on Sunday,
soaking in the rays of sunshine —
what could be better?

Manami Sasaki

Your view from behind
when you wear indigo yukata³⁶
tying up your hair!

Shaareen Razab

A cricket chirping,
breaking the long silent night —
nocturnal, soothing.

The sound of the breeze.
Walking through the muggy sand —
vacationbegan!

Sleepless stifling night.
These buzzing cicadas —
such a long, long night!

Our lips adjoined.
Dandelion snow dispersed,
elevating my soul.

Arisia Bunge

Fields of morning dew —
like faint teardrops of the past.
A young rabbit jumps.

Mr. Cottontail,
spring verve doesn't tire old foes.
Jump-jump, down the hole!

Memories of old —
withered grave-stones covered
by a brilliance of red.

The harvest-moon shines,
guiding those away from home —
lone traveller's road.

Cold waves rush ashore,
purging the beach of all trails.
Crows are circling.

The mountain jay's call
echoes through dew covered woods.
One breath of stillness



Haiku 2014

Martin Friel

Salvia blooms
in sprigs of violent purple,
bitter and chilly.

There's a vague smell,
in this half forgotten hall —
the chrysanthemums.

Forever you will be
like these autumnal leaves —
beautifully frail.

Like a falling leaf,
your sweet indifference
raises up my hope.

Daniel Merinsky

Rain during the night,
while the heart slept.
Dawn upon dew.

Autumn breeze,
undressing trees.
Will they survive the sleep?

Raindrop after raindrop,
filling silent puddles.
A leaf falls on the water.

Autumn evening.
A spider slowly fixes
the crack in a wall.

Erin Durnan

You think I should stay.
The cold comes slowly but still
I cannot wait here.

In the afternoon
the sun once watched our day.
Now the moon remains.

Now our time is short.
We know green leaves change to red
and red will turn black.

There was once such heat
but then the cold winds removed
the warmth that remained.

As the Earth changes
the bright hues that adorned it
return for their season.

Fritz Stevenson

New birdsong passes
through a clear November day
before evening clouds.

Smoke from rice stalks rises,
like thick darkness from barren fields
to eastern storm clouds.

In the biting air
the old leaves smell like dinner
as I hurry home.

Stripped forest branches.
Grey light at the forest floor.
I feel snow coming.

Only at the fringes,
like final ripples, leaves remain —
such a peaceful decay.

Hamabe Kana

起きぬけのはだしで触れた冷ゆる床

I wake in the morn
and put my foot
on the cold floor.

星月夜うつろう季節知らず星座

The air is getting cold.
I see many stars in the night.
Constellations change as seasons shift.

ふりむくとあしあと残る秋の海

Stralling along a beach in autumn.
When I look back
my footprints show that I'm alone.

わけもなく寂しさ感じる長き夜

There is no reason,
but suddenly I feel lonely
during the long night of autumn.

吹く風に色あせていく街冬近し

Colored leaves are gone with blowing wind,
so the colors in the city are fading.
Soon it will be winter.

Takeda Chihiro

サツマイモ湯気がその魂空に行く

The steam
as the soul of the sweet potatoes
rising to the sky.

秋の雨寒さ， しみ込むがない

Autumn rain soaks me,
filling with cold —
I forgot my umbrella.

イヤホンを外すのを待つきりぎりす

A grasshopper waits for me
to take off my earphones —
to appreciate his music.

きづいたらまた食べている芋けんぴ

Again and again,
I catch myself eating
sweet potato sticks.

今夜だけお化けを見ても怖くない

Tonight is the only night
when even ghosts
cannot scare me.

Dylan Hallingstad O'Brien

I see colors- brownish red.
Fiery pains ignite my emotions.
Poignant smells surround me.

Nothing coming to fruition.
Seeing no new things —
yet noticing fragility.

Falling leaves signal
more than changing seasons,
as air becomes stagnant.

Drifting away again.
As colors drain from fallen leaves —
and I feel so weak!

Inoue Hiroaki

田の中を風が駆けるや暮れの秋

Wind runs
through the rice field
in the autumn dusk.

今は無き稲間飛び交う赤蜻蛉

All rice reaped —
on the harvested rice field,
lonely red dragonflies.

軒先に風に吹かれる連なる柿

In front of a house,
A few bounded persimmons
are fanned by the wind.

陽が沈む群れて飛び来る渡り鳥

At sunset
flocks of migratory birds
are flying by.

我先に巢立つ紅葉よ秋も末

At the end of autumn.
red leaves blown from the trees —
as if in a race

Anjoji Haruna

秋の朝声も景色も透きとおる

This autumn morning
everything is so clear —
my voice and the landscape

大股で秋日の下を歩く昼

Striding down the street,
under the autumn sunlight
around noon.

明日想い星飛ぶ空を仰ぎたり

I look up at the beautiful sky
full of shooting stars,
thinking of the future.

Caitlin Small

Leaves slowly falling.
Wet drops descend from above.
Soon the snow will fall.

Only in this moment
can you capture beauty
as it ebbs away.

The scent of summer
still lingers in the cold air.
The restless leaves dance.

Nature has secrets,
as the seasons keep turning,
dying to be reborn.

The leaves on the ground
dance to the music of autumn,
laughing as they leave.

Kosuge Hazuki

秋色に染まる景色と長海山

Picturesque scenery,
with autumn colors
and Chokai³⁷ mountain.

枯れ葉散り揺れる木々もが寒そうだ

Dead leaves fall
and even their rustling
seems so cold!

母からの荷物開けば赤林檎

Opening a package
from my mother —
the red apples!

寒さ増しこたつを出して冬支度

It is getting colder —
so I set the kotatsu³⁸
to prepare for winter.

秋風に吹かれ枯葉が舞い踊る

Autumn breeze
blowing off dead foliage —
leaves dancing in the air.

Hirono Kimiko

押し入れに収まりきらぬ冬支度

New winter clothes
are too voluminous
to fit into my closet.

流星も秋の夜長も一瞬に

Looking at shooting stars
I feel long autumn nights pass in a second,
just like shooting stars do.

Hoshi Megumi

かぼちゃ煮て何か足したい娘の手

I stewed a pumpkin.
Something is lacking there —
it's not my mother's taste .

稲刈りて案山子も任を解かれたり

Watching
over the reaped rice field —
the scarecrow's last job.

忙しくも夜なべの進む月夜かな

So busy and tired —
still under this beautiful moon
I work till late at night.

冬支度コート買い足し空き財布

Preparing for the winter,
I bought a new coat —
now my wallet is empty.

Tanaka Shizuka

秋風と共に届いた良い知らせ

An autumn wind
blew and brought with it
some good news for me.

秋探し本屋に足を踏み入れる

The late autumn —
just a perfect time for reading.
I enter a bookstore.

秋の朝二度寝をさそう肌寒さ

An autumn morning —
still cannot wake up
because of cold.

気がつく とすぐに日が暮れ冬近し

Day by day,
the sun goes down so early —
winter approaches.

Suzuki Yuki

秋の空 獣も人も栗拾い

Under the autumn sky,
people and animals
all search for chestnuts.

白い息 変わらぬ月の白さかな

My flowing white breath —
and high above this white moon,
beautiful as ever.

冬近し 重たい布団長い朝

Winter is coming,
and the morning lasts so long —
my heavy blanket.

秋寒し 丸めた背中猫と僕

I am bending down
suffering from winter cold —
and so does the cat.

Maria Martin

I missed the change —
that girl from yesterday
is a woman today.

The leaves run,
playing with the wind,
finally free.

There is no pomegranate
redder or tastier
than the one from Granada.

Chas, chas, chas, chas, chas:
It's the sound of the leaves
singing on the path.

Oh Sun, because you leave
the sunflower is sad.
Please, stay a bit longer!

Ezra Bergstein

At the dawn of night,
amidst the fallen red leaves.
How far must I walk?

As trees shed their clothes
they also shed their shelter,
leaving all naked.

The cold approaches.
I need to prepare myself
while I still can.

For the first time
my family will feast
but I will not join.

Playing with the leaves,
sudden wind wisps them away.
I'm alone again.

Soft voice like the wind,
eyes resembling the sunset —
her presence out of reach.

Lochu Lor

Filling up my plate —
turkey and mash potatoes,
all so delicious!

Tractor full of straw,
bound by laughing kids —
a hayride to remember.

The time of fallen leaves,
how it saddens me.
Farewell, precious leaf!

Marc Nagai

Chirping in the night —
a solitary cricket
remained to sing of the past.

A glimmer of red
sprayed across the autumn sky.
Now the day ends.

A white blanket.
Birds will soon head to the south —
only the trees will stay.

Cold greyish sand,
memories of the summer days.
Alone with the wind.

Peter Visser

All animals sleep.
Oh how I want to sleep as well!
Why can't I join them?

A light in the dark
shows me the way out.
It is so cold here!

As days get darker,
my melancholy grows in the night.
Man, I want a beer!

In this autumn frost
I find a bottle and a note —
Oh, the mysteries!

Yosuke Tatematsu

寒い朝陽射し遮る厚い雲

A cold morning —
heavy clouds
blocking the sunlight.

冬の朝浮かぬ顔した空模様

Winter morning —
the sky above
has such a gloomy look!

曇り空小春日和は雲の上

Cloudy weather —
Indian summer stays
above the clouds.

雪国や陽射し届かぬ秘境の地

Snow country —
a mysterious land
where sun doesn't shine

旅支度冬の向こうはカトマンズ

Preparing for a trip —
Kathmandu waits
on the other side of winter.

John Arnold

A stranger in winter —
even in that snowfall,
you helped me.

The new green leaves
appearing every year —
I like it so much.

The autumn wind —
why is it this season
that the chrysanthemums bloom?

Two cats,
sleeping in the middle of the road —
a sunny summer day.

Leaves on the trees
so green and pretty —
spring has come.

Outside the hot spring
there is snow all around —
a beautiful view.

Mori Mamiko

Sakura petals
disappear into the sky,
just like futile feelings of mine.

I look down at my mobile.
A sakura petal touches my fingertips
and I look up at the sky.

Chilly April —
sakura petals await the chance to bloom
showing their beauty.



Haiku 2015

Samuel Calonkey

When skies are sunny
even fish would not admit
how wet they are.

Leaves fall with the wind.
Seasons change within the world
resigned to its fate.

A bed of roses,
beautifully ignorant
of the coming months.

Stepping on an ant —
now it makes me realize
my insignificance.

Nam Mei Yi

Sunrise in spring —
distant mountains
above the clouds.

The frozen lake
reflects my heart.
Is it a mirror?

Liangyan Wu

夏の恋花火のようにすぐ消える

Summer love,
just like fireworks,
fades in a moment...

明日こそ何かいいことあるだろう

Tomorrow
there must be something good
waiting for me.

あの時の言葉は一生忘れない

I will not forget,
the word he had given to me —
never in my life.

気がつけば何もせずに今日終わる

I just realized
that didn't do anything —
the day has passed.

遠い日の居酒屋での事忘れない

I can't forget
the fun I had at izakaya³⁹
long time ago

Kodama Maki

葉桜に初めて気づく春終わり

By the time I realized
that cherry blossoms changed to leaves,
the spring came to an end.

祭り後の鳴く鳴く梅雨の閑古鳥

After the spring festival
nasty rainy season came —
a gloomy drizzling rain.

雨の中君と眺めた夢花火

I still see in my dreams
the two of us under the rain
watching fireworks

川岸で鮎の塩焼き丸かじり

Our summer holiday —
eating salt-grilled sweet fish
on the riverside

Yamamoto Mako

喫茶店アイスコーヒー氷の音

At a street cafe
ice rocks tinkling in the glass
of ice coffee

風薫る緑深まる小路わき

Feeling cool light breeze
on a path among the trees
in early summer

日傘からさらりとのぞく黒き髪

I can barely see
these beautiful black hair
under the parasol

Glendalee Green

When I see your smiles
my heart beats per miles
as I see your eyes .

I know it's not lies;
You take thee to a bright star
under the bright lights.

When you take me far
during the joyful nights,
tightly holding hands...

Never let them go
'cause my love for you expands
as time goes by slow.

The wind strongly blew,
it was the first time you said:
“I really love you”.

Matsuura Hiroshi

競艇で負けて落ち込むおやじたち

At the boat race,
getting penniless —
poor workers.

テスト前まず始めるは部屋掃除

Right before the test
I am starting the new day
with room cleaning.

朝起きて後10分と二度寝する

Waking up in the morning,
“Just ten minutes more!” — I say
and go back to bed.

明日からやると誓って床に就く

From tomorrow,
I swear to be serious —
going to bed.

Roberto Bustios

She's a mystery.
I don't know what she's thinking.
How do I find out?

Overthinking
takes time and energy.
I do not feel like that.

Robin Eriksen

A package from home.
Oh, the days pass by so slowly —
when will it arrive?

Morning

A blank white paper.
A sharp pencil in my hands.
Now, work awaits.

Blurry

The only thing I see
are blank faces in the crowd —
I need my glasses.

The Quietude

The world has turned white —
smooth and quiet, slightly alien,
hiding its ugly scars.

Remembrance

Old beautiful tree,
you, who remember so much,
please don't forget me!

Sato Daiki

Next to windows,
hiding in the shadow,
two flowers in bloom.

Paeivi Vesen

Hurrying forward,
to the unknown future.
What is to come?

Snow and cold weather
can't prevent me from enjoying
the night without night.

Midnight sun shining
even wind stops for the night —
sheer tranquility.

Candle lights dark night.
Nothing beyond its flame
can see my eyes.

Summer is ending —
trees dyed by colors of fall,
cold is creeping in the air.

Kodama Sakura

Frogs

Dim moonlight
pouring from the darkness.
The song of the frogs.

Moon bear

The crescent on your chest
shines when you stand.
Lucky to be half dreaming.

Wallet

Riding the rented bicycle,
ignoring the time —
karma ruined my wallet.

Ishida Mikiko

五月雨の屋根叩く音は子守唄

That sound in spring,
the rain drops pounding the roof —
a lullaby for me.

露落ちる己見直す水鏡

On this rainy day
a puddle is like a mirror
reflecting myself.

雨に濡れひそりと佇む花菖蒲

A Japanese iris
so submissive and frail,
wet from the rain.

曇り空見えては隠れる梅雨の月

In the rainy season,
the moon plays hide-and seek
with the cloudy sky.

軒下でそばに紫陽花君はまだ

Under the eaves
I await you with a hydrangea,
but you are not coming.

Steffen Mikkelsen

This long road,
where does it lead,
maybe to Owari⁴⁰?!

Silence,
rustling leaves,
the sound of autumn wind.

Unseen cloud,
if you have a heart,
soak my sleeves!

Thread of spring,
even if autumn comes,
please don't unravel!

From the formless
form emerges.
Roaring thunder.

Only in autumn
all books come out of hiding —
school days approaching

James McFayden

Senryu⁴¹ or haiku
like blood and earth, breath and air —
the two are as one

When our hearts
are broken by love's malice
they bruise, autumn brown

Scattered is my mind
like deciduous trees
paper thin, waif-like

Rachelle Dekker

Restless autumn leaf
waiting for the chance to fall.
Who will walk below?

Enveloping mist,
surroundings about to break.
Will this be my snow?

Directed elsewhere
my heart clenches painfully
seeing your smile

New neglected leaf
letting go to gain that sight.
Was it ever real?

Though I change myself
just seeking your approval,
you still drift away...

Iliana Burgos

Meant to admire
but you fell at my touch,
a little leaf pair...

While rain soaks through me
during the autumn downpour
the wind still holds me

**HAIKU FOR THE AKITA INTERNATIONAL
HAIKU NETWORK CONTEST BY AIU
STUDENTS**





2009

English Section

First Prize

KUSANAGI Akira

Back home again —
a leaf of ginkgo
and the smell of autumn

Honorable Mention

Mei HASHIMOTO

In the grey eyes
full of memories
on a small chair

Yoko AKIMOTO

A walnut thrown
on a street by a clever crow —
watched until cracked

Notable Mention

AKIMOTO Yoko

A green grasshopper
has visited my kitchen
for melon's sweet dew

Chris HENDRICKSON

Winding silk hair
shows the path to pleasure
root to tip

Wayne MALCOLM

Cicadas singing,
cedar trees their happy homes —
the crying beauty



2010

SakamotoYukari

ラベンダー蜂と私の異空間

The bee and I
in the world of lavender —
each in a different space

新緑の中を駆け抜け登校す

I'm riding
through freshly green spring
to school.

Rebecca Cox

Autumn Haiku

The Many Motions of Fall

雨しづく紅葉舞い散る舞台が回る

The rain trickles,
the red leaves tumble down;
the stage is rotating.

View from a Window

針葉樹紅葉の彩り空哀し

The dark green trees:
red, yellow and orange leaves
against a sad sky.

Thoughts

枯れ葉落ち自然の移ろい故国想う

The leaves die and fall.
Autumn's strange beauty wakes.
I think of my home.

Suzuki Yui

懐かしき本よりひらり紅葉かな

I open my old book —
and one red maple leaf
falls out of it.

稲を割き秋雨は行くまだ遠く

Falling down on the rice fields,
autumn rain continues
further and further...

リリヤンを繰る手赤らむ秋の夜

While I play with lily-yarn⁴²,
my hands turn red
from autumn night's chil.

Inoue Nanase

秋雨のしずくとともに木の葉散る

Drops of autumn rain
falling down from the trees
with the withered leaves.

秋の夜涼しい風と虫の声

Under a cool breeze
listening to the songs of insects
in the autumn night.

Sidney Schaben

夏過ぎて蝉の鳴き声遠のいて

When summer passes,
It is fading far away —
the cicadas' din.

草枯れる大地が凍る冬籠る

When the grass withers
and the ground freezes,
the world sleeps.

木の葉落ち裸の冬木新たな息吹

Soon the trees will shed,
and their absence of leaves
brings a new wind.

秋出水その日が終わり世事浄化せり

The flood waters flows
and by each day's end
the world is cleansed.

太陽と月ともに浮かべば冬近し

When the sun and moon
live together in the sky
the air is cooling down.

舞い降りる落ち葉行く路地に帰る

As the leaf falls down,
it traces a mournful path —
it will die soon...

Kim Pool lib

果てしない 自然の変化今度は秋

It is autumn now —
the season of endless changes
in boundless nature

赤い山一人で感じる雲と鳥

Atop the red mountain —
alone, I feel the birds
among the clouds.

Eunji Sohn

赤い葉やあなたを見たら恥ずかしい

Oh red leaves,
I become so embarrassed
whenever you catch my eye!

秋空はどんな匂いがするのかな

I wonder,
what sort of scent is it,
the autumn sky?

秋溝は落葉たちのお風呂かな

Perhaps this autumn ditch
is nothing but a bath
for the fallen leaves

Nick Corvinus

Autumn Haiku

散歩道落ち葉踏みしめ人が行き交う

Four hours I walk —
the leaves crunch and split apart.
Someone is coming.

落ち葉焚き座って一服煙棚引く

As the fire rises,
you sit and smoke, and your breath
continues forever.

陽(ひ)が隠れ今夜は一人月見酒

The sun has set —
tonight I will watch the moon
and drink alone.

外套と古いカメラとモノクロフィルム

In my quilted coat,
there is just an old camera
and monochrome film!

一日短かし君の装いひとひの如し

The days are shorter,
and while you dress, I notice
that you take your time.

Ye Ran Lee

散り行くは雨の降る音赤紅葉

As red leaves drop,
the scattering sounds remind me
of the rain.

染まるのは落ちた雨水赤色に

Fallen rainwater
is dyed and turns
to a flame's hue.

沈み行く太陽からの贈り物

Here comes
the golden gift
of the setting sun.

冷えた風寂しくも色温かな

The chilly wind
brings loneliness,
though its color is warm.

Ayuko Nagata

身にしみる風が伝える過ぎし秋

Pierced by its icy bite —
the wind just telling us
that autumn is gone...

初雪が教えてくれる冬来ると

The first snow
announces to us
that winter has arrived.

秋風と雨雪耐える揺れる柿

Enduring fall winds,
tolerating rain and snow,
the persimmon sways.

Suzuki Rie

ふと見れば花梨のちょうちん灯りたり

Looking up by chance
I discovered lanterns
on a quince tree.

蕪炊く土鍋に両手をかざす夜

I warm my hands
over the casserole
while turnip boils.

かがみて拾いし紅葉に誰を思い出すらむ

Bending down to pick up
a red maple leaf, I wonder
“Who does it remind me of?”

ただいまと君が帰れば部屋温まりぬ

You return and say
“I’m home,” and suddenly
the room is warmer

軒下に鈴連なりて秋深し

Under the eaves
drying persimmons are hung
like the little bells

Misha Davydov

タバコの火バルコニーからホタルかな

Burning sigarettes —
from the balcony they look
justlike fireflies...

カマキリやお米の中で赤い月

Beside the mantis,
the red moon perches itself
in the rice fields.

クログマの目覚まし時計早い春

In the black bear’s den
alarm clock rings the moment
when early spring arrives.

ワイルドを清掃するは蟻バイト

Tidying nature
becomes the part-time job
of the ant.

雪の下独り法師の緑の葉

Beneath the snow
waits a lonely blade
of green grass.

KUDO Daichi

秋田杉散り行く広葉何覚ゆ

Akita cedar
what do you think about
these scattered broad leaves?

雄物川静まる山に渡り鳥

Migrant birds
rest at the calm mountains
by Omono River⁴³.

落ち行く葉最期は一人で飛翔する

A falling leaf
flying on its own
to its very end

雨蛙田んぼの畦の気まま旅

A green tree frog
enjoys its carefree travels
at the ridge of rice fields

いつ落ちるいがに恐れる栗の下

Under the chestnut tree
I become afraid of them —
the falling burs

Takahashi Shugo

教養大季節の変わり目人の別れ

AIU⁴⁴ — the time
when the season changes
and when friends leave...

夏祭り花火見上げて友と飲む

Summer festival —
looking at fireworks,
drinking with friends

秋の山緑の葉から衣がえ

A mountain in fall
has taken on fresh new colors
born from greenery

年賀状 2ヶ月後れで送る友

It has just arrived —
this New Year's card,
two months later

夏休み久々に見る友の顔

Summer vacation —
for so long I haven't seen
faces of my friends

紅葉踏む音に聞こえる森の声

Voice of the forest
can be heard in this rustling —
stepping on fallen leaves

Emily Eisemann

陽春や香り漂う桜花

The turn towards spring.
Drifting fragrance is so sweet —
sakura in bloom

朝あけや波白銀に砂を打つ

Morning is coming —
there, pounding on the sand,
the silver waves

よもすがら鳥窓で鳴き我起こす

Still in the darkness
awaken by chirping —
birds by the window

茶の波の地平に伸びる稲田かな

Fields stretch to the sky
brown waves of rice in the wind
reach the horizon

Leonard V. David

輝きや屋根の白布にカラス降る

Oh that radiance!
on the white sheets covering rooftops
crows are coming

ドーム下えだで囀るヒバリかな

Perched out there
in the dome under branches
a skylark singing

また会おう今宵は休み家々で

Tonight you will rest
coming back to your dwelling place
'til we meet again



2012

Aiba Ibuki

Haiku — Autumn

ナナカマド実を落とせども迷いなし

Rowanberries —
falling in late autumn
without hesitation

山紅葉苔むす庭に彩そえて

A mossy garden —
maple leaves of late autumn
tinged with crimson

誰がために彩ふりしぼる紅葉かな

Dear scarlet maple,
for whom and why are you
squeezing your color?..

野辺の地蔵蔦からまりてなほ微笑

Autumn field Jizo⁴⁵

entangled with ivy leaves —
a merciful smile

吹かば吹け木枯らしの野にはずむ子ら

Blow and blow!
little ones bouncing around
in a field of cold blasts

月明かり隠るすべなしすすきはら

Dazzling moonlight —
nowhere to hide from it,
grass in silver light

憂き夜に月ひとしづくほしがりて

Sleepless in autumn,
passing the night with my dream —
a drop of the moon

Michael Todd

Solemn crow calls,
red now blanketed in white,
snow falls silently...

The world is in bloom,
and fair sakura now dance —
farewell to winter

Tired shore waves.
The sun sets down, lamenting.
Dogs bark nearby

Red leaves wither,
a cold wind comes blustering...
The smell of rain

Gaby Meindl

Basked in sunlight
lone daisy among weeds —
growing and growing

Wrentit birds⁴⁶ perch
song piercing empty skies —
ahad flown south...

Drunk of the sunlight,
trees blushing pink hues,
sakura in bloom

Cecilie Guldbrandsen

Colorful ballet —
drawing patterns in the air,
dancing gracefully

Dreaming of the Earth,
breathing in the rhythm,
hymn of lonely trees...

This strange chestnut,
roasted in bright, yellow sun
on the bare ground

Leaves rustling —
surrounding patient trees,
light winds dancing

These naked trees
shivering, getting ready —
a new winter coat.

Taniuchi Saori

澄み切った空に響くは虫の声
Crickets are singing,
beneath a crystal-clear sky —
voices echoing

秋雨に濡れる瞳は誰がために
In the autumn rain,
I see your eyes get wet —
who is to blame?

Matsuzawa Takuya

ほろほろと桜紅葉が秋を呼ぶ
Rustling in the wind
cherry leaves
are calling autumn

秋蜻蛉幼心を思いだす
Autumn dragonfly —
memories of childhood days
echoing through its wings...

鳥兜ほのかに放つ毒の蒼

This blue aconite
shining brightly, poisonous —
waiting for its prey

彷徨し紅葉かつ散る何思う

Just wandering —
the leaves that stay or fall,
what are their thoughts?

萩が散り夜風が不意に胸を刺す

Falling lespedeza⁴⁷ leaves...
This unexpected nightfall gust
piercing through my heart...

HAIKU BY THE WINNERS OF THE JAPAN- RUSSIA INTERNATIONAL HAIKU CONTESTS





日露俳句コンテスト入賞作品

The 1st Contest (2012)

露月山人国際賞

**International Award in celebration of the 140th
anniversary of Ishii Rogetsu's⁴⁸ birth**

Ольга СУМАРОКОВА

Olga SUMAROKOVA
(Russia, Vladivostok)

Сибирская зима
Накрыла белой скатертью залив
Вдали — крошки-рыбаки

シベリアの冬
白いテーブルクロスで湾を覆う
遠くに点々と釣師

（日本・ウラジオストク協会副会長鈴木修訳）

Siberian winter.

**A white tablecloth spread over the gulf —
scattered tiny fishermen.**



日航財団賞
(JAL Foundation Award)

白鳥翔
Shiratori Sho
(Japan, Akita city)

海近し夏の潮の香肌でかく

Приближаюсь к берегу
Запах летнего моря
Ощущаю на своей коже

heseaisnear.
The smell of summer tide
on my skin.

Анжела Белоусова
Angela Belousova
(Russia, Vladivostok)

世界の映像 青い海の無限に心を招く

Отражение мира
В голубой бесконечности
Манит душу

The reflection of the world
in this blue infinity
calling out to my soul...



秋田県知事賞
(Akita Prefectural Governor's Award)

山田恵子
Yamada Keiko
(Japan, Akita City)

荒海のそのふところの桜貝

Бурное море
В недрах его
Розовые ракушки

In the turbulent sea
they sleep on the bottom —
the pink shells

Николай Гранкин
Nikolay Grankin
(Russia, Krasnodar)

海はここぼうやは波のほうに手を向く

У моря

Мальш подставляет волне

Ладощку

On the sea shore

a little boy holds up his palm

to the waves



秋田市長賞
(Akita City Mayor 's Award)

木村有希
Kimura Yuki
(Japan, Akita city)

アスファルト逃げ水を追う海の道

Асфальт
Следует за миражом —
Дорога к морю

Asphalt
follows the fleeing mirage —
a> road to the sea.

Дарья АДЫЕВА
Daria ADYEVA
(Russia, Vladivostok)

遠い海静かな波の音巻貝に

Далёкое море
тихо рокочет на ухо —
витая ракушка.

The distant sea
quietly murmurs in my ear —
a spiral shell.



秋田市教育委員会教育長賞
**(Award by the Superintendent of the board of
education of Akita City)**

白石孔大
Shiraishi Kodai
(Japan, Akita pref., Kakunodate)

潮風が味を濃くする海の家

Соль морского бриза
Сильнее чувствуется
В домике у моря

The salty breeze
is more obtrusive here —
a house on the beach.

Евгения Бородина
Eugenia Borodina
(Russia, Vladivostok)

丘の灯台岸边へ帰ると誘ってる

Маяк на холме
зазывает обратно:
«Возвращайтесь на берег»

Lighthouse on the hill
beckoning:
“Come back to the shore!”

Вера Валиева
Vera Valieva
(Russia, Vladivostok)

もう海へ行きたくはない。冬、太ったわ～

Ехать на море
Уже расхотелось мне.
Как я поправилась за зиму!

I don't want to go
to the beach anymore —
I put on weight in winter...



ウラジオストク日本センター賞
(Award by Japan center in Vladivostok)

大鐘智香子
Oogane Chikako
(Japan, Akita pref., Noshiro)

夏の海水面揺らめく月あまた

Летнее море —
Отразилась в водной глади
Не одна луна...

The water reflecting
a number of moons-
the summer sea.

澤田石達也
Sawataishi Tatsuya
(Japan, Akita pref., Akita city)

希望背に素足駆り出す夏の海

С надеждой за спиной
Мчусь босой,
Летнее море

With hope behind my back,
I am running headlong barefoot
to the summer sea.

山下瑶太
Yamashita Yota
(Japan, Akita pref., Akita city)

一面に澄みわたりけり夏の海

Повсюду вокруг вода
Чистая и прозрачная —
Летнее море

The water all around
clear and transparent —
the summer sea.

松川直樹
Naoki Matsukawa
(Japan, Akita city)

波音のすずしい音色着信音

Шум волн —
Так звучит прохлада,
как звук принятого сообщения.

The sound of waves —
its cool tone melody
just like a ringtone.

黒岩徳将
Kuroiwa Norimasa
(Japan, Kyoto)

波が波追いかけて逢う夏の崖

Волна за волной
Спешит на свидание
С летним берегом

Waves hurry up
one after another
dating the summer shore

岡知奈実
Oka Chinami
(Japan, Akita city)

陽炎に鎮魂の海夢たくす

Струится воздух
Море утешает ушедшие души
Надежда

A heat haze —
the sea gives solace to the departed souls,
evokes their dreams.

越後谷海斗
Echigoya Kaito
(Japan, Akita city)

桜舞う校舎の窓の日本海

Танец цветущей сакуры
В школьном окне
Обращенном к Японскому морю

Cherry blossoms
dancing behind the school window
that faces the Sea of Japan.

櫻井公平
Sakurai Kohei
(Japan, Akita city)

葉桜の隙間に見ゆる大海原

Сквозь узор листьев сакуры
Виднеются
Просторы океана

Past the sprouting fresh leaves
through a gap in the cherry tree foliage —
the mighty ocean.

佐々木高一
Sasaki Kouichi
(Japan, Akita city)

背中から五月のひびき潮の香

Из-за моей спины
Майские шумы
И запах прибоя

From behind my back
come the sounds of May
and the smell of the tide

五十嵐悦子
Igarashi Etsuko
(Japan, Akita city)

癒えぬ間に春風渡る地震の海

Горе не проходит
Снова долетает весенний ветер с моря
после землетрясения.

This perpetual sorrow —
the spring wind from the sea again
blows after the earthquake



選者賞 (Jurie's Award)

藤原史奈

Fujiwara Fumina
(Japan, Akita city)

ラムネ越し魚の気分で海を見る

Сквозь лимонад
Как рыба
Смотрю на море

Through my lemonade,
feeling like a fish,
I watch the sea.



The 2nd Contest (2013)

国際俳句・川柳・短歌ネットワーク賞
(Akita International Haiku Network Award)

Japanese section

和田留美

Wada Rumi
(Japan, Akita City)

ミモザ咲く森に小さな埴輪館

Mimosa blooms
in the woods —
a little Haniwa⁴⁹ house

Russian section

Алексей Андреев
Aleksey Andreev (Russia, Moscow)

Шум прибоя
стихает на миг...
Ну давай, сверчок!

The sound of surf waves
ceased for a moment...
It is your turn now, cricket!

English section

Kala Ramesh
(India)

How little
I know of bird calls —
distant thunder.



JAL Foundation Award

Japanese section

大池梨奈

Rina Oike

(Japan, Osaka)

月涼し右手でつくる望遠鏡

The cool touch of the moon —
my right hand
on the telescope

Russian section

Анастасия (Россия)
Anastasia (Russia, Moscow)

С неба на землю
или с земли на небо —
вьются пушинки...

From the sky to the earth
or from the earth to the sky —
the swirling snowflakes...



The 3rd Contest (2014)

Japanese Section

秋田県知事賞
(Akita prefectural Governor's Award)

北尚
Kita Hisashi
(Japan, Yao City)

廃線の鉄路を走る夜の蟻

Night ants running
along the abandoned line
of the railway

JAL 財団賞 (JAL Foundation Award)

松本訓子

Matsumoto Noriko

(Japan, Saitama pref., Tokorozawa)

冬の窓マトリョーシカが濡れている

Soaking wet

at the winter window —

Matryoshka⁵⁰ doll

秋田商工会議所会頭賞

**(The Akita Chamber of Commerce and Industry
President's Award)**

深町一夫

Fukamachi Kazuo

(Japan, Akita pref., Daisen)

ロシア語の頭韻強き冬来る

Winter comes

with strong alliteration

in Russian.

秋田魁新報社社長賞（
(The Akita Sakigake Shimpo President's Award)

柴山芳隆
Shibayama Yoshitaka
(Japan, Akita city)

初雁を見し昂ぶりを手話少女

The girl talking excitedly
in sign language
with the first wild geese.

国際教養大学学長賞
(Akita International University President's Award)

辻本敬之
Tsuji moto Takayuki
(Japan, Wakayama city)

材木はのろと運ばれ夏燕

Little twigs
carried through the sky
by summer swallows.

優秀賞
(Honorable Mentions)

岸部吟遊
Kishimoto Ginyu
(Japan, Akita pref., Noshiro)

雁帰る錆びし雲梯置き去りに

Geese returning
leaving behind them
the rusty cloud ladder

菅原拓斗
Sugawara Takuto
(Japan, Akita city)

ぜんまいで記憶を刻む時計草

Granadilla^{sl}
ticking down memories
with royal fern.

山田伊織
Yamada Iori
(Japan, Akita city)

心地よき場所を探して三尺寝

Looking for a place,
a space of three feet,
for a comfortable sleep.

Russian Section

秋田県国際俳句協会会長賞
(AIH President's Award by Akita International
Haiku Association)

Любовь Пахомова
Lyubov Pahomova (Russia)

夏の雨の音一滴ごとに太陽が与える虹を贈り物として

Шумит летний дождь
Каждой капле радугу
Дарит солнце

The sound of summer rain —
to every drop the sun sends
a rainbow

JAL 財団賞
(JAL Foundation Award)

Алиса Лалетина
Alisa Laletina
(Russia, Vladivostok)

アリサラレティナ(ロシア)(ウラジオストク)

赤色のペットが持ってきたウメの白い花びらを黒い鼻の上に。(春の犬)

Рыжий зверь принёс
Сливы белый лепесток
На чёрном носу.
(*pro vesnu i собаку*)

A red pet brought
A white plum petal
on its black nose.
(*a dog in spring*)

秋田商工会議所会頭賞
(The Akita Chamber of Commerce and Industry
President's Award)

Владимир Ашурко
Vladimir Ashurko (Belarus)

夏のたそがれ薪の音たき火の中に投げられる

летние сумерки —
брошенные в костер
шорохи леса

Summer dusk —
sounds of wood are thrown
into the bonfire.

秋田魁新報社社長賞
(The Akita Sakigake Shimpo President's Award)

Алиса Куртова
Alisa Kurtova (Russia)

最初の口論主より寂し子犬かな

первая ссора...

не меньше хозяина

огорчён щенок

The first quarrel...

The puppy feels more confused
than its master.

天為秋田支部支部長賞
**(Akita Branch of Ten'i (Providence) Haiku Group
Chairman's Award)**

Ганзи Цу Мицунари
Ganji Tsu Mitsunari (Russia)

おお、このライラック！見ることはできないけど
匂いを嗅ぐことはできる — だんだん近くに...

О, эта сирень!

Не вижу, но чувствую,

Всё ближе, ближе...

Oh, this lilac!

Though unseen, I can smell it
closer and closer...

国際教養大学学長賞
(Akita International University President's Award)

Ольга Бокорева
Olga Bokareva
(Russia, Vladivostok)

犬が遠吠えする松の古木の近くで終列車

Собака скулит
У сосны многолетней.
Последний поезд.

A dog howls
Near an old pinetree.
The last train.

英語部門
(English Section)

国際教養大学学長賞
(Akita International University President's Award)

Harrison Devin (Canada)

沿岸の霧——山が流れる様山の中へ

Coastal fog —
the way mountains flow
into mountains

JAL 財団賞 (JAL Foundation Award)

赤木元彦

Akagi Motohiko
(Japan, Kagoshima city)

雪だるま溶け始めて花になる

A snowman
beginning to melt
into a flower

秋田商工会議所会頭賞

**(The Akita Chamber of Commerce and Industry
President's Award)**

Adjei Agyei-Baah (Ghana)

葉の落ちた木一杯のような巢を持ち上げる空へ

Leafless tree —
lifting a nest, like a cup
to the sky.

秋田魁新報社社長賞

(The Akita Sakigake Shimpo President's Award)

Ramesh Ananda
(India)

静かな池中心から薄れていくこの嵐雲

Still pond...
Fading from its center
this stormy cloud.

天為秋田支部支部長賞
**(Akita Branch of Ten'i (Providence) Haiku Group
Chairman's Award)**

Varma Anitha
(India)

夕方の雨ヤシの葉が月光をポタポタ落す夜の中へ

Twilight rain...
Palm fronds drip moonlight
into the night.

Akita International Haiku Network 理事長賞

**Akita International Haiku Network Chairman's
Award**

大葉二良
Oba Jiro
(Japan, Naragawa pref.)

積乱雲ある都市の思い出古代の頃に消え去った

Cumulonimbus:
memory of a city
lost in ancient times



The 4th Contest (2015)

日本語部門
(Japanese Section)

秋田県知事賞
(Akita prefectural Governor's Award)

馬場 吉彦
Baba Yoshihiko
盛岡市 (Japan, Morioka City)

一列でダム湖覗くや夏帽子

A line of summer hats
as they look into the reservoir,
standing on the dam.

JAL 財団賞
(JAL Foundation Award)

山崎大輔
Yamazaki Daisuke
(Japan, Saitama pref., Tokorozawa)

モスクワの朝日が昇っていく青葉

The morning sun
rising in Moscow —
green leaves

秋田商工会議所会頭賞
**(The Akita Chamber of Commerce and Industry
President's Award)**

武藤 暁美
Muto Akemi
(Japan, Akita pref., Noshiro)

跳び箱の傾く一瞬揚羽蝶

A tilted vaulting box —
right now a swallowtail butterfly
is flying by

Russian Section

秋田国際俳句・川柳・短歌ネットワーク理事長賞 (Akita International Haiku Network Chairman's Award)

Кирилл Топорков
Kirill Toporkov (Russia)

湖面まるで無数の経典で覆われているかのよう雨
はほとんど降り止んでいる

Озера водная гладь
Будто исписана тысячей строк.
Дождь прекращается.

The surface of the lake
as if covered with countless scriptures.
The rain is ceasing.

JAL 財団賞 (JAL Foundation Award)

Варвара Цветова
Varvara Tsvetova
(Russia, Samara)

全世界が水の中にある月のきらめきと飛んでいる
鳥湖で見える

Целый мир под водой.
Блеск луны и птицы полет
Я в озере вижу.

The whole world in the water.
The glowing of the moon and the flying birds
I see in the lake.

秋田商工会議所会頭賞

**(The Akita Chamber of Commerce and Industry
President's Award)**

宗石 絢子（日本）

Muneishi Ayako (Japan)

バイカル湖の鏡夏の空を映す平和な無限

Байкальское зеркало
отражает летнее небо
мирно и бесконечно

The mirror of Baikal⁵²
reflecting the summer sky —
peaceful infinity.

English Section

国際教養大学学長賞

(Akita International University President's Award)

Ben Grafström (USA)

夏の満月—湖のさざ波が岸に寄せる私たちのつま
先にキスをする

Full moon in summer —
ripples in the lake reaching the shore,
greeting our toes.

JAL 財団賞
(JAL Foundation Award)

門田彩花
Kadota Ayaka (Japan)

美しい湖—月光で輝く花びらが湖面に浮かぶ

The beautiful lake —
shining from the moonlight,
petals floating on water.

秋田商工会議所会頭賞

**(The Akita Chamber of Commerce and Industry
President's Award)**

Timothy RUSSELL

夜間飛行無数の冬の火湖の輪郭を表す

Night flight —
a thousand winter fires
outline the lake.



6. HAIKU BY THE WINNERS OF THE POETRY JOURNAL CONTEST

**Winners of the Russian Haiku contest (2015) held
by the central Moscow magazine Poetry under the
patronage of Prof. A. Dolin (AIU) and I.
Shevchenko**

**Николай Гранкин
Nikolai Grankin**

скрип качелей
мальчик листает
атлас мира

The whining of swings —
a young boy looking through
the atlas of the world

пустой цех
на ржавом верстаке
тополиный пух

An idle factory
on the rusted workbench
the sawdust settles

зимняя ночь
только и светлого
цифры на часах

A winter night
these digits on the clock —
the last spots of light

Константин Микитюк
Konstantin Mikityuk

летний ливень
в песочнице вверх дном
ведёрко

A summer shower...
In the children's sandpit
a little upturned pail

Алиса Михалёва
Alisa Mihalyova

ветхий плетень
вдоль грунтовой дороги
заросли огурцов

An old wattle —
along the dirt road
cucumbers grow

Дарья Фролова
Dariya Frolova

Марианская впадина
ещё горят огни
затопленного батискафа

The Mariana Trench —
still visible are the lights
of a floundering bathyscaphe

Евгений Плеханов
Evgeniy Plehanov

перед уроком
учительница стирает с доски
слово «ЛЮБОВЬ»

Before class begins
teacher erases from the blackboard
the word “love”

Катерина Шмидт
Katerina Smidt

сельский клуб
открывает детвора
пыльное пианино

A villageclub —
children uncover
a dusty piano

София Русинова
Sophia Rusinova

даже звезды звенят —
комариная ночь

Even the stars are tinkling —
the mosquito's night

Яна Полтарак
Jana Poltorak

бизнес-леди...
под папкой с договорами
обёртки от ирисок

A business woman —
under the “Contracts” file
discarded butterscotch wrappings...

Михаил Сапего
Mikhael Sapego

заболею... умру
а пока —
солнце, ветер, вино, трали-вали...

I will fall ill...and die...
but for now
all this sun, wind, wine, “o-la-la”

HI 選集（国際俳句交流協会編）

from HAIKU INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION
COLLECTION

和田仁
Wada Jin

雪原を砂漠のごとくさ迷へり

In a snowy field
just like in a boundless desert
aimlessly I stray

芹洗ふ夕べの波の音の中

Washing watercress
in the evening the sound of the waves

秋天に首を伸ばして麒麟の子

A young giraffe
stretching its neck
to the autumn sky

銀杏散る村にひとつのカフェテラス

In a village
gingko leaves fall on the floor —
the café terrace

座禅草故山はすでに雨の中

Skunk cabbage —
it's already raining
in my hometown

ゴーギャンの午睡の刻やハンモック

Gauguin's⁵³
afternoon siesta —
in his hammock

深息をして日盛りの巡礼路

Amidst the heat of day
taking a deep breath
on the pilgrims' road

長き夜や思案を解かぬ弥勒仏

A long night —
all these endless contemplations
of Maitreya's statue⁵⁴

地球より大きく初日はばたき来

The first sunrise
beating its wings
larger than the earth

春光や瀬波は白き声を上げ

Spring sunshine —
the sound of the white rapids
growing louder

昔日の怒濤の記憶水中花

Waves of memories
from times bygone —
like deceitful flowers

かたつむりなりに急いであたりけり

Hastening
with the speed
of a snail

土笛の音はさざ波秋夕焼

Sounds of a clay pipe
like ripples
in autumn's evening glow

ペンギンのよちよち歩く薄氷

Young penguins
walking clumsily
on the thin ice

月山の星耿耿と寒に入る

Resplendent stars
above *Gassan*⁵⁵ mountain —
winter begins

囀れり大和言葉で語ること

The chorus of birds
sounding quite like
*Yamato*⁵⁶ language

さへずりの中の足湯を楽しめり

How wonderful
to soak my feet in the hot spring
listening to the birds!

山頭火や行く手をふさぐ葛嵐

*Santoka*⁵⁷ —
entwined ivy threads
obstructing his way

大空を寝転んで見る大花野

Lying on the ground
gazing at the vast sky
in the autumn meadow

完璧に鬼の形相冬の海

The winter sea
forms a visage —
something demonic

深海の闇のしづけさ春の雪

Silent darkness
of the deep sea —
snow in spring

喉仏ごとき半島鳥雲に

A peninsula
shaped like an Adam's apple —
returning birds in the clouds

夏空に沖つ白波らしきもの

Clouds in summer sky
like those whitecaps
far over the sea

秋雨に一夜うたれて野の聖母

Saint Mary —
her statue beaten all night
by the autumn rain

羽州路や秋の峰雲立ち上がる

The Ushu road⁵⁸ —
clouds rising
on the autumn peaks

手の平に運命線や冬日射す

The line of Fate
on my palm —
winter sunlight

半島の鬼棲む村や冬銀河

The village of ogres
on the Oga peninsula —
Milky Way in winter



7. EDITOR'S CORNER

蛭田秀法

HIRUTA HIDENORI

(original haiku in English and translations by the author)

*DIOGEN Haiku Contest in Croatia
First Prize — Winter Haiku 2013*

The midwinter —
making tea for
my birthday

*THE BEST HAIKU OF THE ISSUE of Haiku Stvarnost
BEST OF ISSUE (First Choice), September 8, 2015*

Mt. Fuji
rising in a field of clouds
summer dawn

*The First U.S.-Kagoshima Spring Haiku Contest,
February 26, 2014
Second Prize*

Blizzard gone
Akita cedars coming out
green upright

***The 11th Pumpkin Festival,
Ivanić-Grad, Croatia, October 18–19, 2015
Second Prizes:***

Pumpkin dish
for keeping hardy
winter solstice

*The 4th Setouchi Matsuyama Photo Haiku Contest
March 14, 2015*

Honorable Mentions

Spring pedaling
on the marine road
through islands

Spring earthquake
forlorn trunk reaching
a foreign shore

Spring earthquake
boats in the inlet
in slumber

Selected haiku published in the magazine *Simply Haiku*

Beside beans
morning glories bloom
another day

Butterfly
around the tablet
poems recited

Autumn night
falling with the chorus
crickets chirp

Rice reaped
the combine marching
farmers smile

Stray bear cub
here in the garden
no acorns

Selected haiku in the magazine *HAIKUPIX REVIEW*

The cold wave
migrates from north
following the birds

Frost column
formed along radish
the new ridge

Red lanterns
in snowy street
sake bar

Yearly cleaning
Buddha's statue, and
myself

Spring savor
cherry-shaped sweets
in front of dolls

Icicles
dripping through the spouts
spring tones

Sugar candies
hanging on sacred branches
spring flavor

Neck and feet
in such light motions
spring pheasant

**Selected haiku in the column *Asahi Haikuist Network*
(editor David McMurray)**

First prayer
taking a deep breath
New Year's Day

Newspaper
delayed by blizzard
blue morning

The old bear
dreams of eternity
hibernation

Tongue-twisting
English group workshop
dripping ice

Spring waves
circulating from
hand to hand

Dolls of March⁵⁹
reliving girlhood dreams
monologue

Bush warbler
music in the eaves
rice cake dries

The mountain
laughing in the haze
a green dress

Tilling fields
the weeds all but gone
green rice winds

Misty rain
in a field of life
fireflies glow

Basho's wind
circling stone tablet⁶⁰
midsummer

Surfer's turn
to evening primrose
beach at dusk

J-pop⁶¹
echoes on campus
autumn fest

Fishing boats
riding on the fall tide
sauries

Autumn wind
reciting lover's ode
messenger

Harvest moon
filling the vineyard hut —
the first wine

An old pond
reflecting red leaves
maple trees

Basho's statue
dressed in white snow
narrow road

Selected haiku from the blog *AKITA HAIKU*

Cherry blossoms
brighten the moat
castle gate

Kajikase River
flowing in the breeze
blossom viewing

The shade
bathes in the water
summer isle

Welcome
the spirits of ancestors
Bon dance

Harvest time —
ears of rice bathing
in the sun

Jersey calf
posing on the grass
Indian summer

Mount. Chokai⁶²
rising in white clouds
dragonflies below

Mount Chokai —
white at the summit
gold below

Swan grooming
by the reed bank
on the way

The rice fields
hibernate
snow cover

Princess Tatsuko⁶³
dreams of eternity
winter lake

The old carp
meditates in depth
winter pond

湯気立てて梵天納む寒祭り

New Year's festival
emitting vapor
appraising *Bonden*⁶⁴

初桜顔も綻ぶ浅草寺

Fresh cherry blossoms
delighting visitors at
Sensoji⁶⁵ Temple

歩みとむ彼方の空に笑ふ山

Walking ceased
the mountains, they laugh
beyond the horizon

片陰を我見つけたたり古き書架

Discovering
something enshrouds
these ancient stacks

黄昏に秋思や深し路の上

At twilight
thoughts in fall deepen
along the road

黎明や桜並木に雪の花

The day breaks —
flower-like snow covering
cherry colonnade

元旦や白鳥の群れ山を越ゆ

Flock of swans
soar over mountains —
this New Year's Day

雪の果て降りしきる日の門出かな

Departure —
on the day of
the last snow

水田の手足止めるやほととぎす

Farmers stop
working in the paddy —
little cuckoo's song

滝一つ山の麓にしぶきけり

A cloud of spray
from the waterfall
to the mountains feet

風そよぐ咲けよコスモス爛漫と

The wind blowing
let the flowers of the sky
bloom in their own ways

熊の子や木枯らしの中さまよへり

The bear cub wanders
in search of acorns —
biting tempest

白銀に紅をさしたる寒牡丹

Peony flowers
rouge on the snow
in midst of winter

天変やゴジラあらはる春の海

Change in nature —
Godzilla arises
from the spring sea

鍬を止めしばし見とれる花大根

Stopping the hue
time is absorbed by
the radish flowers

西方に待つ人のあり朧月

Hazy moon —
there are those who wait for us
out there to the west*

野分過ぐ賢治の像の安らけし

The storm has gone
relieved around the statue
of Miyazawa Kenji⁶⁶

干し柿や宝石のごと納屋飾る

Dried persimmons
embellish the barn —
like gems

初夢や龍の背に乗り天翔る

First dream —
on the back of a dragon
in the heavens

氷解く鯉の目覚めの動きかな

Ice melted —
carp awakened
to swim on

夢の国下野人形残りけり

The land of dreams
sustains itself
*Shimotsuke*⁶⁷ dolls

雨一過アヤメの虹の地に立てり

The rain abates —
iris rainbow standing there
on the earth

面壁は窓越しの雪息を張る

*Zazen*⁶⁸ before the wall —
snow falls outside
taking a deep breath

雪女また踊りけり風の笛

The Snow fairy
dances once more —
on the whistling winds

霧雨に法体の滝音高し

Sounds
rising in misty rain
*Hottai*⁶⁹ Falls

暑き夜の伴侶となりし古団扇

Old paper fan
a companion
on humid nights

名月と歩く今宵や回り道

Tonight's walking
with the full moon —
I chose a detour

なまはげや鬼に扮する男鹿半島

*Namahage*⁷⁰

masquerades as the ogre —

Oga Peninsula

風ぬるし寒中の鬼頬ゆるむ

Welcoming the warmth

the ogre smiling in

the coldest season

福寿草野に顔を出す天の使者

Adonises

showing heads

fields of messengers

紫陽花や仏陀の脇に青く添ふ

Indigo flowers

sitting beside Buddha

hydrangeas

雪の日も観音祈る世の平和

Snowy days too

*Kannon*⁷¹ praying

for world peace

ALEXANDER DOLIN

(original haiku in Japanese and translations by the author)

Spring

夜もすがら闇に歌詠む猫の声

All night long
chanting poems in the darkness —
the voice of my cat...

見るたびに美しくなる桜かな

Each time I look up
it seems more beautiful.
Oh these cherry trees!

甦る面影の友また消ゆる

In the memories
he appeared, my old friend, —
just to fade again...

道端に椿あふれる椿岱

Along the road
camellia in full bloom —
Camellia Hills...

桜花落ちるまにまに雨の音

Cherry blossom fall.
The monotonous sound
of the drizzling rain...

Summer

百合の木や花うす燃ゆる枝の影

Lily tree in bloom —
through the branches slightly glow
tender flowers...

駒ヶ岳夏にも霞む遠き峰

Komagatake⁷² —
a distant summit in white mist
even in summer...

岩本に湧き出る清水藪の中

From beneath a rock
clear water springing up
deep in the woods...

庭に来て猫のため鳴く雀二羽

Here in the yard
they are chirping for the cat —
the two sparrows...

夜もすがら心を打つや初時雨

All night long
it is pounding my heart —
the first summer rain...

カモシカも構はぬ顔す山の道

On a mountain track
so carefree he comes —
*kamoshika*⁷³ goat...

青空に去り行く雲の夢の跡

High in the blue sky
it is fading with a cloud —
the trace of my dream...

象潟や雨にねむれず銅の芭蕉

Oh Kisakata⁷⁴!
Sleepless under the long rain
Basho made of bronze...

Autumn

初秋や青葉色取りやや変はる

Autumn is so close —
the green color of the slopes
changing slowly...

侘しさや烏鳴きだす秋の暮

Oh this loneliness!
The voice of a crow comes
in the autumn dusk...

跡もなし姿消え行く赤蜻蛉

Leaving no trace
it is fading in the air —
a red dragonfly...

山の美を海へ流せる椿川

The autumn beauty
driven from the hills to the sea —
Tsubaki River...

鷹の音を遠く吹かせる初嵐

Voices of the geese
flying far and away
with the first rough storm...

秋田杉梢並べて雪を待つ

In Akita fields
cedars lining up the crowns
wait for the snow...

鷹の声杉の梢に渡り行く

From high above
falcon's shrill is coming down
to the cedars' crowns...

年毎に遊びに来たる秋の風

Every year it comes
with a visit to my place —
the autumn wind...

秋風に友の声かも山の間

In the autumn wind
sounds the voice of my old friend —
a mountain trail...

秋田にて侘しく見ゆる案山子かな

In the autumn field
so lonely it looks —
poor scarecrow...

旅人の姿消えゆく秋の暮

Distant travelers —
their figures disappearing
in the autumn dusk...

カモシカも仲間もがなと思ふかも

The mountain goat
probably is also yearning
for a real friend...

椴の木青葉の中に赤一つ

A maple tree —
right among the greenery
one crimson leaf...

柏の葉風に吹かれて根に戻る

These oak leaves
driven by the autumn wind
come back to the roots...

日に飽きて秋を喜ぶ檜かな

Fed up with sunshine,
it is celebrating autumn —
Oh this cypress tree!

Winter

月影に雪降るこの世染みだらけ

Under the moonlight,
the world in snowfall
becomes so spotty...

芒野や薄き光に透き通る

On the withered field
the brisk light forcing its way
through the pampas grass...

雪もなし懐かしくなる雪達磨

The snow is gone,
but the snowman is there —
keeping memories...

唐松や雪に負はれた枝模様

The winter larch —
its branches richly decorated
with sticky snow...

雪の花野原の中に枯れ芒

Winter flowers —
here and there in the field
withered pampas grass...



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Horii Koharu
Ito Yuji
Ooishi Kenshin
Sato Ryo
Igarashi Takehide
Oguma Kouki
Saito Kiho
Hanada Terumi
Kosaka Keita

Sugawara Yusei
Yasuda Keita
Matsuhashi Yuma
Suzuki Shunta)
Sano Ryo
Toshima Shuhei
Tani Yuto
Fujiwara Naohiro
Ito Haruna
Ichikawa Kaede
Komatsu Kyohei
Saito Yushi
Sato Kana
Sato Katsu
Takahashi Tooru
Takeda Yudai
Kato Yutaro
Momiyama Yuto
Sasaki Shusuke
Ito Kana
Ito Miharuru
Sato Kaito
Hasegawa Yukina
Hikage Saki
Kikuchi Wataru
Sato Tomoya
Aiba Masaki
Fujii Yuwa
Sugimoto Yo

HAIKU BY AKITA INTERNATIONAL
UNIVERSITY STUDENTS
(Japanese Literature class 2011–2015)

HAIKU 2011

Takahashi Ai
Alina Varvarici

Ruth Ashworth
Saori Taniuchi
Julia Maul
Michel Todd
Pamela Fernandez
Charlotte Regnier
Scott Rudell
Corinne Kinvig
Kyra Roybal
Sabrina Ketcherside
Matsuzawa Takuya

HAIKU 2012

Ishizawa Hikaru
Jessica Chen
Kelly Brennan
Rebecca Manuel
Robert Gordon
Ryan MC Tague
Sara Binbaum
Horikawa Sayumi
Tasha Nelson
Tekle Jaskaite
Thomas Crescent
Wai Shun Kung
Wilson Huang

HAIKU 2013

Becky Tursa
Jon Souleles
Sasaki Manami
Shaereen Razab
Arisia Bunge
Martin Friel
Daniel Merinsky
Erin Durnan
Fritz Stevenson
Hamabe Kana

Takeda Chihiro
Dylan Hallingstad O'Brien
Inoue Hiroaki
Anjoji Haruna
Caitlin Small
Kosuge Hazuki
Hirono Kimiko
Hoshi Megumi
Tanaka Shizuka
Suzuki Yuki
Maria Martin
Ezra Bergstein
Lochu Lor
Marc Nagai
Peter Visser
Tatematsu Yosuke
John Arnold
Mori Mamiko

HAIKU 2015

Samuel Calonkey
Nam Mei Yi
Liangyan Wu
Kodama Maki
Yamamoto Mako
Glendalee Green
Matsuura Hiroshi
Roberto Bustios
Robin Eriksen
Sato Daiki
Paeivi Vesen
Kodama Sakura
Ishida Mikiko
Steffen Mikkelsen
James McFayden
Rachelle Dekker
Iliana Burgos

Haiku by AIU students
for the Akita International Haiku Network contest

2009

KUSANAGI Akira
HASHIMOTO Mei
AKIMOTO Yoko
AKIMOTO Yoko
HENDRICKSON Chris
Wayne MALCOLM

2010

Sakamoto Yukari
Rebecca Cox
Suzuki Yui
Inoue Nanase
Sidney Schaben
Kim Pool lib
Eunji Sohn
Nick Corvinus
Ye Ran Lee
Nagata Ayuko
Suzuki Rie
Misha Davydov
KUDO Daichi
Takahashi Shugo
Emily Eisemann
Leonard V. David

2012

Aiba Ibuki
Michael Todd
Gaby Mendl
Cecilie Guldbrandsen
Taniuchi Saori
Matsuzawa Takuya

Haiku by the Winners of the JAPAN-RUSSIA international Haiku Contests

The 1st Contest (2012)

Olga SUMAROKOVA

Shiratori Sho

Angela Belousova

Yamada Keiko

Nikolay Grankin

Kimura Yuki

Daria Adyeva

Shiraishi Kodai

Eugenia Borodina

Vera Valieva

Oogane Chikako

Sawataishi Tatsuya

Yamashita Yota

Matsukawa Naoki

Kuroiwa Norimasa

Oka Chinami

Echigoya Kaito

Sakurai Kohei

Sasaki Kouichi

Igarashi Etsuko

Fujiwara Fumina

The 2nd Contest (2013)

Wada Rumi

Aleksey Andreev

Kala Ramesh

Oike Rina

Anastasia

The 3rd Contest (2014)

Kita Hisashi

Matsumoto Noriko

Fukamachi Kazuo
Shibayama Yoshitaka
Tsujimoto Takayuki
Kishimoto Ginyu
Sugawara Takuto
Yamada Iori
Lyubov Pahomova
Alisa Laletina
Vladimir Ashurko
Alisa Kurtova
Ganji Tsu Mitsunari
Olga Bokareva
Harrison Devin
Akagi Motohiko
Adjei Agyei-Baah
Ramesh Ananda
Varma Anitha
Oba Jiro

The 4th Contest (2015)

Baba Yoshihiko
Yamazaki Daisuke
Muto Akemi
Kirill Toporkov
Varvara Tsvetova
Muneishi Ayako
Ben Grafström
Ayaka Kadota
Timothy RUSSELL

Haiku by the winners of the Poetry journal contest

Nikolai Grankin
Konstantin Mikityuk
Alisa Mihalyova
Dariya Frolova
Evgeniy Plehanov
Katerina Smidt
Sophia Rusinova

Jana Poltorak.
Mikhael Sapego

Haiku from the Akita International Association Collection

Wada Jin

Editor's corner

Hiruta Hidenori
Alexander Dolin

Alexander Dolin



Professor Alexander Dolin (born 1949, Moscow, Russia) began his scholarly career by studying Japanese classics and comparative culture at the Institute of Oriental Studies (Russian Academy of Sciences) where he has been working for two decades since 1971. Then from April 1992 through March 2004 he was teaching Comparative literature at Tokyo University of Foreign Studies

His research activity has been rather diversified and covers several related areas of culture: from Japanese literature, ethics and aesthetics to world literature, history and religion, always being on the cutting edge of interdisciplinary studies.

Professor Dolin is an author and translator of over 50 books. A number of his books — published in Russian, German, English and Japanese — explore the history and theory of classic and modern Japanese poetry as well as history and philosophy of Far Eastern Martial Arts, spiritual sources of cultural evolution and the ways of cultural exchange. His works on Russian literature and society issued in Japan (in Japanese) and in Russia have been met with interest both by specialists and by public at large.

A massive History of New Japanese Poetry issued both in Russian and in English became a significant contribution to the studies of Japanese literature in the West.

Dr. Dolin regards translation of old and new classic Japanese literature as his lifelong mission. Scores of collections and anthologies in his translations introduced to readers a broad panorama of Japanese poetry

from ancient times till present day. His work has been widely appreciated in Russia. It also has been recognized by a Special Prize for Cultural Achievements of the All-Japan Translators Association (1995).

Since the establishment of Akita International University in April, 2004, Dr. Dolin has been teaching Japanese Literature and Comparative Culture to Japanese and international students.

Hidenori Hiruta



Hidenori Hiruta (born 1942, Akita-city, Japan)

Professional haiku poet.

Founder, editor and executive director of Akita International Haiku Network website

Head of Organizing Committee of four International Haiku Contests and convenor of International Haiku Forums held in Akita (2012–2015)

Member of HAIKU INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION,

Member of Japanese haiku group *Ten'I (Providence)*

Footnotes

¹ Here and throughout the book Japanese names and haiku poems are given with or without the original Japanese — as submitted by the authors.

² Koto — a traditional Japanese harp with 13 strings and 13 movable bridges

³ Deutzia — an ornamental shrub with white or pinkish flowers.

⁴ Osamu Dazai (1909–1948) — a famous writer whose works explore human nature, mental illness and social relationships in postwar Japan.

⁵ Mt. Rishiri — extinct volcano off the coast of Hokkaido.

⁶ Rebun — Island in the Sea of Japan off the coast of Hokkaido.

⁷ Tsugaru — a strait between Honshu and Hokkaido islands.

8 Tokyo Haneda Airport.

² Chinguruma — a Japanese alpine flower.

¹⁰ Masaoka Shiki — a great Japanese haiku poet and literary critic of the Meiji period

¹¹ Mount Taihei — a mountain located in central Akita.

¹² Moebius — a surface with only one side and only one boundary.

¹³ An upright stone or slab with an inscribed or sculptured surface.

¹⁴ Ono no Komachi — a Japanese waka poetess of the 9th c., one of the Rokkasen, the six best waka poets of the early Heian period.

¹⁵ Four great haiku masters: Matsuo Basho, Yosa Buson, Kobayashi Issa, and Masaoka Shiki.

¹⁶ Ishii Rogetsu (1873–1928) — a renowned Akita-born haiku poet, a disciple of the acclaimed bard Masaoka Shiki.

¹⁷ Khabarovsk — the largest city and the administrative center of the Russian Far East.

¹⁸ Troika — a traditional Russian carriage pulled by a team of three horses abreast.

¹⁹ Ishii Rogetsu (1873–1928) — a renowned Akita-born haiku poet (See p. 36).

²⁰ Ugo — a town located in Ogachi District of Akita Prefecture.

²¹ Oga — a large peninsula to the north from Akita city.

²² Balhae or Bohai — an old name of the Medieval Goguryeo–Mohe kingdom in the northern part of Korean Peninsula and Northeast China.

²³ An allusion to Fukushima earthquake and the damaged nuclear power plant.

²⁴ A stone stela erected in 2012 to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the visit by the Japanese poetess Akiko Yosano to Vladivostok on her way to Paris.

[25](#) Ono no Komachi — a legendary Japanese waka poetess of the 9th c.

²⁶ Hina dolls — a set of intricate dolls that represent royalty figures wearing the traditional clothing of the Heian period are displayed on the Girls' Day, March 3.

²⁷ Senboku — a plain in Akita prefecture.

²⁸ Bon Festival — a Buddhist festival to welcome back the spirits of ancestors who visit their old home once a year in August.

²⁹ A traditional mask of Noh Theatre that stylises a particular archetype.

³⁰ Michinoku — a historical name of a region in the northern part of Honshu Island.

³¹ Bangaku — a traditional dance.

³² Taihō Kōki, (1940–2013) born Kouki Naya, a 32-time tournament winning sumo wrestler.

³³ Sakhalin — Russia's largest island in Pacific.

³⁴ Japanese clover.

³⁵ Saury — a long slender-bodied edible marine fish with an elongated snout.

³⁶ Yukata — traditional light kimono.

³⁷ Chokai — a high mountain located on the southern border of Akita and Yamagata in the Tohoku region on Honshu Island.

³⁸ Kotatsu (modern version) — a low, wooden table frame with a heating device inside, usually covered by a blanket.

³⁹ Izakaya — popular after-work drinking spot, a Japanese pub.

⁴⁰ Owari — former name of the western half of Aichi Prefecture, including the modern city of Nagoya.

⁴¹ Senryu — comic haiku that usually feature unusual situations and sudden emotions.

⁴² Lily-yarn (リリヤン, Japanese-English) — the name of a traditional toy-tool, which can knit lace by using colorful yarn.

⁴³ Omono — a big river in Akita.

⁴⁴ Akita International University.

⁴⁵ Jizo — guardian and patron deity of living and deceased children, often depicted as a grinning stone statue.

⁴⁶ Wrentit — a small bird that lives in chaparral, oak woodlands, and bushland on the western coast of North America.

⁴⁷ Hagi (lespedeza) — Japanese clover.

⁴⁸ Ishii Rogetsu (1873–1928) — an Akita-born haiku poet, a disciple of the great bard Masaoka Shiki. (See p. 36).

⁴⁹ Haniwa house — the Kofun period (250 BCE — 538 BCE) architecture style, featuring a hip-and-gable roof and multiple annexes; usually depicted as a miniaturized clay model.

⁵⁰ Matryoshka — Russian wooden nesting dolls, placed inside one another in decreasing size.

⁵¹ Granadilla — a type of passion fruit.

⁵² Baikal — the largest and deepest freshwater lake in the world, located in Siberia, Russia.

⁵³ Paul Gauguin — a French Post-Impressionist artist who was not well appreciated until after his death, in search of inspiration spent many years in Tahiti.

⁵⁴ Maitreya — a bodhisattva, said to return to earth in the future for the sake of salvation of mankind.

⁵⁵ Gassan — a sacred mountain in Yamagata prefecture.

⁵⁶ Yamato — traditional name for Japan.

⁵⁷ Taneda Shōichi (1882–1940, pen-name Taneda Santōka) — the last Japanese Zen-Buddhist poet remembered for his eccentric free verse haiku.

⁵⁸ Ushu — the abbreviated name of Dewa Province, (modern-day Yamagata Prefecture and a part of Akita Prefecture).

⁵⁹ Dolls of March ... — March 3 is the traditional festival Girl's Day when beautiful dolls are exhibited at every house where girls live.

⁶⁰ Stone tablets (kuhi) with haiku poems were erected at all the historic sites in Japan.

⁶¹ J-pop — Japanese pop music.

⁶² Mount Chokai — the highest mountain in Akita prefecture (See p. 116).

⁶³ Princess Tatsuko — a popular character from the legend about Tazawa lake located in Akita. The statue of Tatsuko stands near the lake shore.

⁶⁴ Bonden — a sacred pole historically directing gods that descend to the world; usually made by decorating a bamboo basket with vibrant fabric.

⁶⁵ Sensoji — a popular Buddhist temple in Tokyo.

⁶⁶ Miyazawa Kenji — (1896–1933) Iwate-born poet and author of children's literature, devout Buddhist, and specialist in agricultural science.

⁶⁷ Faceless Japanese paper doll, and often dressed in kimono or related attire.

[68](#) Zen meditation.

[69](#) Waterfall in Akita Prefecture.

⁷⁰ Demonlike monster costume worn by men during the New Year's festival, in Oga Peninsula, Akita.

⁷¹ Kannon — bodhisattva, an East Asian deity of mercy.

⁷² Komagatake — a mountain in Akita.

⁷³ Kamoshika — a specific breed of mountain goats living in Akita.

⁷⁴ Kisakata — a town in Akita pref. visited by Basho and mentioned in his famous diary travelogue “Narrow Roads to Deep North”.

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