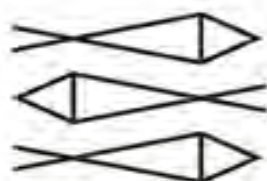


A ZEN HARVEST

JAPANESE FOLK ZEN SAYINGS
HAIKU, DODOITSU, AND WAKA

COMPILED AND
TRANSLATED WITH
AN INTRODUCTION
BY SŌIKU SHIGEMATSU

FOREWORD BY ROBERT AITKEN

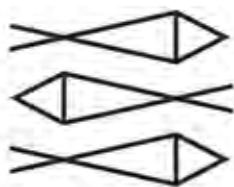


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For Maya and Sōjun

Foreword

There is no concept or archetype in Zen Buddhism that does not self-destruct. The Diamond Sutra says, “The Buddha does not have the thirty-two marks of the Buddha, therefore he (or she) is called Buddha.” Buddha, shunyata, prajna, maya—all are provisional.

With such transparent and ephemeral terminology and imagery Zen Buddhism becomes American, Australian, Polish, and Argentine, while Confucianism remains Chinese, however skillfully it is translated. Heidegger remains German in the most fluent Japanese. Zen is poetry, as R. H. Blyth said.¹ Poetry might use unfamiliar words and names, but these can be looked up, and when they are clear East and West can smile together.

Paradise is
None of my business, but
I've got to go
Help Amitabha Buddha

Who works there.

I find this Dharma song in [Sōiku Shigematsu's](#) collection to be reminiscent of Gary Snyder's American haiku:

You be Bosatsu,
I'll be the taxi driver
Driving you home.²

Amitabha is the Buddha of Infinite Light and Life who guides us to the Western Paradise when we die. Bosatsu is Bodhisattva, the enlightened being, the being who is becoming enlightened, and the being who enlightens others. Both poems poke gentle fun at these noble fellows and present the Buddha's disciple who wears no label at all. The Diamond Sutra outdone!

I look forward to seeing anthologies of Western poetry and folk sayings that are designed to enhance study for Western Zen students. Meanwhile, here is Shigematsu Sensei's splendid English version of poems selected for Japanese Zen students, completely accessible for all of us.

—*Robert Aitken*

Acknowledgments

I would like to offer my deepest gratitude, first of all, to Robert Aitken Rōshi for his foreword to this book. My father happened to be one of his earliest teachers who taught him formal zazen at the Engaku-ji monastery in Kamakura. He then had a chance to visit Shōgen-ji, our temple, in 1950 and I “saw” him for the first time when I was a little boy. The fact is, he and I have known each other for almost forty years.

My sincere thanks goes to Gary Snyder, always my most reliable advisor, who has done a lot of kindnesses to me for the past ten years, including his sponsorship for my stay at the University of California at Davis as a Fulbright scholar in 1987 and his invaluable foreword for *A Zen Forest*, my first Zen saying anthology. Again with regard to the present collection, his generous assistance was great in

many ways (and actually two poems translated by him are included here).

I am especially indebted to Professor Dan McLeod of San Diego State University, who, as an almost professional copy editor, checked my second manuscript very carefully, polishing it up into the third and final one. Groping sometimes for the best expressions with a pencil in his hand, Dan often muttered, “Damn! Oh, no! Damn!”

My warm thanks go to Professor Lowell Tozer, who read my manuscript and was a thoughtful and kind neighbor during my stay in San Diego. Especially to Ms. Kyōko Ōta, who made for me pieces of beautiful calligraphy, which adorn this book, and also to North Point people, Jack Shoemaker, Tom Christensen, Kate Moses, and the others, who have made my manuscript into book form. And to all those others who helped and encouraged me at each stage of my efforts.

Lastly, I must mention Maya, my daughter, who was born with foot trouble in 1981 when *A Zen Forest* was published and I started the present work, and whose “thundering” cries often disturbed my concentration. Most of this work, however, was done

in the lobby of the Shizuoka Children's Hospital while I waited so many times for her coming out of the examination room with her mother. Maya had to undergo four big operations, but fortunately the whole trouble my family shared has so far disappeared and has turned into this book.

Shōgen-ji Zen temple, Shimizu

January 1988

Introduction

To me Zen is a bit like the *mikan* trees that grow in our temple orchard. The *mikan* is a kind of mandarin orange that we harvest in late autumn. Every year, I make it a rule to take my son, Sōjun, into the orchard to let him learn something of Zen from *mikan*-picking. At this time of the year, all the *mikan* branches are heavy with ripe fruit. Just looking at them makes me restless. I feel as though it were my urgent business to release each tree from its heavy burden. The drooping branch is my drooping heart. It's not good for a burdened heart to bear any more than it has to. And like the bending *mikan* trees, the burden should not be carried indefinitely. Unload and just enjoy the freedom of it.

How refreshing
The whinny of a packhorse
Unloaded of everything! (327)

As we set to work, each of us hangs from his shoulder a bamboo basket, into which we place the picked fruit. I say to Sōjun, “Don’t toss the fruit in so roughly. Be careful with it or you’ll bruise it. It’s as alive as we are, so treat it as carefully as you would your own eyeball, as Dōgen Zenji says. Treat it roughly and watch its sweetness go. It’ll lose its freshness and rot to spite you.

“And don’t seal up that vinyl bag we put fruit in. See how damp the inside of the bag has become. That shows the fruit is breathing even after it’s picked from the twig. Leave it open a little so the fruit can breathe. It’s really like us that way.

“Do you know why this fruit is so green? It’s because it didn’t get enough sunshine. And why these pieces are so small? Because this tree’s roots couldn’t grow deep enough or spread wide enough through the soil. It needs more nourishment. Its puniness is its way of asking for help. Let’s listen to its voiceless words. We’ve got to cultivate the earth more deeply around these trees.”

Sometimes when Sōjun thinks he’s finished a tree, I say, “You think you’re done, but I can see some pieces still left hanging. There! Over there!

Yes, that one near the top hidden behind the leaves. It's not easy to see. Another's down there below that branch. You can see it better from this angle. Come over here, you can see it clearly." My talk goes on like this in the *mikan* orchard.

This is the Zen priest in me speaking, suggesting that with a slight shift in the angle of vision, some bit of truth shows itself of its own accord. Sticking to one angle is the worst thing: flexibility is all. Zen, like the *mikan* tree, should be approached from various viewpoints.

In the following, I shall introduce Japanese folk Zen sayings, according to three fundamental angles of vision:

- (1) Zen Universalism
- (2) Zen Individualism
- (3) Zen Vitalism.¹

To these, I wish to add another important aspect of Zen, which present-day people might call:

- (4) Zen Ecology.

But, before we start, let's take a quick look at the historical aspect of the Zen sayings that comprise this anthology.

* * *

One of the most vital parts of traditional koan study as practiced in the Rinzai Zen monasteries of Japan has been *jakugo* or capping-phrase exercises.

The first thing every newcomer to the *zendo* (meditation hall) has to do is become used to sitting in concentration without any physical or mental disturbance. Once this is accomplished, the student is given a koan such as the well-known “What is the sound of one hand (clapping)?” by the *roshi* (Zen master). After this the student devotes all his or her energy to this koan, a question that cannot be dealt with by intellectual analysis. This study often takes a long time, but when at last an appropriate response has been successfully offered and confirmed, the student can move on to the next step in the process—the *jakugo* exercise. That is, the student is required to pick out the most appropriate capping phrase, usually a passage in a poem from among thousands in a special anthology, that best explains the physical-and-mental state the student has reached.

In the *zendo*, no books are allowed except this anthology, a capping-phrase book. Every student is

expected to keep at least one copy of such an anthology, usually inside a sleeve of his or her monk's robe to be read through again and again. Zen students find this exercise really useful, even inevitable, because of the help it provides them in clarifying their views of each koan. By practicing this exercise, students naturally learn the handbook sayings by heart, and this constitutes the basic culture of Zen people while it also fosters a penetrating eye for classic Zen texts.

But more important, this exercise is a paradoxical attempt, within a spiritual discipline that normally eschews dependence on language, to express the unexplainable Zen experience poetically. Thus it serves as an invaluable bridge connecting two seemingly incompatible worlds: the world of literature and the unexplainable world of Zen experience.

Compiled in the late fifteenth century by the Japanese Zen master, Tōyō Eichō (1428–1504), the *Zenrin Kushū* (Zen Forest Saying Anthology) is the time-honored capping-phrase book.² This collection of Zen phrases and sayings was plucked from a variety of Chinese sources, not all of which are specifically Buddhist. Besides such Zen classics as

The Blue Cliff Records and *The Gateless Gate*, Tōyō drew from the Confucian *Analects*, T'ang and Sung poetry, and many other Chinese sources. So far as traditional koan study is concerned, the *Zenrin Kushū*, the essence of Zen literature, serves the student as an authentic map of the main road to Zen.

Another handbook, the *Zenrin Segoshū* (Folk Zen Saying Anthology) was compiled to meet the demands of those who find the *Zenrin Kushū* difficult to read because its entries are written entirely in Chinese.³

Since Chinese characters were introduced to Japan as early as the fourth century, the Japanese share a vast written vocabulary with the Chinese people. For the Japanese to absorb these Chinese ideographs it was, of course, necessary to fit them into the context of their own language. The principal adjustment was one of word order. Thus, despite the similar appearance of the two written languages, they are fundamentally different.

Quite naturally, as Zen became popular among laymen who knew only Japanese, the Japanese Zen masters and priests had to create a new literary tradition. Although they continued to write poems and

sermons in classical Chinese, the traditional written language of Japanese Zen Buddhism, the practice of writing the words of the Dharma in their native language gradually became increasingly common among Zen teachers in Japan. Those who were good poets have not only extended the Buddhist world but have simultaneously enriched the body of Japanese literature.

The *Zenrin Segoshū* is thus a collection of Japanese *tanka* (*waka*), *haiku* (*hokku*), and other short traditional Japanese literary forms suitable for practicing the capping-phrase exercise. Some entries are the *waka* of famous Japanese Zen masters such as Dōgen (1200–53), Ikkyū (1394–1481), Bunan (1603–76), Hakuin (1685–1768), and Ryōkan (1757–1831). Others are by lay students such as Miyamoto Musashi (?–1645), the famous swordsman and author of *The Book of Five Rings*, or Ninomiya Sontoku (1787–1856), a well-known intellectual and leader of an agricultural movement. And a number of the *haiku* are by Japan's greatest poets: Bashō (1644–94), Buson (1718–83), Issa (1763–1827), as well as lesser known authors.

The *dodoitsu*, another major Japanese poetic form (though little known abroad), is also represented in this anthology. It is a sort of popular song that originated in the entertainment quarters of nineteenth-century Japan. The themes of these songs are generally amorous and the composers wrote them with no Zen intention at all. But, quite curiously, many of them suggest a good deal about Zen, and that is why so many *dodoitsu* were selected to illustrate Zen points of view.

While it is true that the didactic poems by Zen masters are impressive and have contributed to the illumination of many Zen students, some readers may find the real gems of the collection to be the secular sayings by ordinary people, who devoted their brief lives to the transient whims of this ephemeral world. Behind their laughter and complaints, we can hear their authentic human voices. The *Zenrin Segoshū* is, so to speak, a storehouse of poems of enlightenment through unenlightenment.

I. ZEN UNIVERSALISM

Shakyamuni abandoned his wife, son, and the Capila Castle at the age of twenty-nine. He could have enjoyed his happy, secular life as a prince of the Shakya clan, were it not for the doubts that grew gradually and secretly in the depth of his heart. One day, the story goes, he was out in his chariot when he happened to meet successively an old man, a sick man, and a corpse. Seeing in them the human sufferings of old age, sickness, and death, Shakyamuni came to realize fully the inevitable facts and uncertainties of life. Every existence, once it comes into being, changes and dies. Nothing in the world remains constant. What Shakyamuni sought was the unchangeable truth behind these ephemeral phenomena. So, cutting all secular bonds, he left home. This is the story of his “great renunciation.”

To recognize the impermanence of existence is the beginning of self-realization.

Young and old—
Whoever they are—
Their bodies are
More fragile than the dew
On the morning glory. (105)

Now, now,

This now is
A time for good-bye;
Disappearing like the dew
My life, your life. (67)

Human life, as the Japanese commonplace expresses it, is as fleeting as dew. It disappears in the twinkling of an eye. This bitterest of truths to which we must resign ourselves is the major theme of the *Zenrin Segoshū*.

Life is transient. It has no entity. Every existence is merely a temporary compound of elements.

Where and what is
“I”?
It’s only
A temporary ball of
Earth-water-fire-wind. (50)

These four elements just happened to gather themselves into that karmic “ball,” which constitutes our “self.” When they come apart, we must depart—into the original Void.

Pull and bind the sheaves
Of grass together:
There’s a grass hut.

Untie them and, there,
The original field. (535)

Behind all illusory phenomena, the original Nothing prevails.

When the lantern goes out,
Where, I wonder, does
Its light go?
Darkness is my own
Original house. (408)

“Hello, darkness my old friend/I’ve come to talk with you again,” goes Paul Simon’s song, “The Sound of Silence.” “Country roads, take me home to the place I belong,” sings John Denver. These two American popular singers recall, in their own kind of “waka,” the place where we finally return. All individual lives—grass, fish, dog, mankind—dissolve and vanish soon enough into the Darkness. Yes, we return home to the void, the universe, the whole. It is Nothing, our original home, from which we have come.

To reach it is the way to Nirvana. By denying our “self” we become Nothing, and cosmic consciousness arises.

What is
Mind like,
I wonder.
Its invisible, and
As large as the universe. (262)

Now, we are the universe itself.

A hand-rolled
Dumpling of
Heaven-and-earth:
I've gulped it down
And easily it went. (397)

I've thrust away
The man who gulped the dumpling
Of heaven-and-earth
With the
Tip of my eyelash. (398)

This cosmic consciousness provokes a kind of optimism, in which every distinction is blotted out. Individuality is meaningless. Seeing all in oneness is our goal here.

Life and death in
This passing world—
See through them
And they're like
Ice and water. (39)

It makes no more sense grieving over death than it does birth because they are one thing from the viewpoint of this Universalism. Fortune and misfortune are one and the same. Gain and loss, good and bad, love and hatred, young and old, rich and poor—all are one. Absolute Oneness dominates this world.

Rain, hail,
Snow, ice:
All different, but
They finally meld into
One valley stream. (19)

Viewed from this universal perspective, man is a mere “temporary ball,” a speck of dust in this boundless cosmos. Life disappears so quickly that any sense of “self” is mere deception.

Loved wife, hated husband
In the end,
Under a mossy tomb,
Both skulls. (324)

How odd T. S. Eliot’s Prufrock is! “Do I dare?” “Do I dare?”⁴ Why hesitate? What is the self you cling to

so anxiously, Prufrock?

Just put off
Attachment
From your mind:
This world is
Paradise. (117)

Zen reveals itself in subtle ways when our nihilism reaches its darkest depths.

2. ZEN INDIVIDUALISM

Returning from the Original Nothing—the world of no entity, no individuality—here we must meet a second aspect of Zen.

The One Mind
Of heaven and earth
Is dyed into
A thousand different
Grass colors. (23)

This is it. The “One Mind” reveals itself in “a thousand different grass colors.” Out of it come respectively animals, fish, worms, trees, rocks—and human beings, too. Here, individuality counts for something and difference is admired.

Of course, some are wise and some are otherwise. Everything enjoys its own originality. In this way each phenomenon becomes a koan.

In spring, flowers;
Summer, cuckoos;
Autumn, moon.
In winter, snow is
Chilling and cool. (528)

With such diversity, everything becomes our teacher. So long as we are selfless, each being reveals its own secret to us. In this sense Zen students are like ecologists whose understanding of organisms is through their interrelationships with others.

Each existence in this world is the one-and-only piece of work by the “One Mind,” that is, the whole universe.

All heaven and earth
Have worked out
This single buttercup:
Surely it will go on
Age after age. (24)

One buttercup opens as a result of an infinite accumulation of causes and effects from time

immemorial.

That the whole universe is a void is not to deny it is also an apparatus of the highest intricacy and sophistication. Everything is most elaborately created through incredibly complex networks of interdependence such as the food chains.

Horse dung originates in
The pampas grass—on
The hills and fields—which
Once gave shelter to
Chirping grasshoppers. (90)

In perfect ecological harmony, each being shining bright because everything is unique.

Winds play the *shamisen*,
Leaves flutter and dance,
Dawn crows
Start singing. (165)

Winds, leaves, crows—each one is doing its own original job, and all are in perfect harmony at the same time.

This is the view of Zen Individualism. It is individualism supported by Zen Universalism.

Needless to say, it is quite different from egotism or isolationism.

My body is given up,
Cast away,
Zero.
But on snowy nights
I feel chilly. (86)

Having abandoned myself, I am Nothing and have no senses. Nevertheless, I'm cold on snowy nights. Why?

I know well enough these
Cherry blossoms will
Return to dust, but I
Find it hard to leave
The trees in full bloom. (482)

Though I understand that every existence is without entity, from the bottom of my heart, I love and cling to these cherry flowers in full bloom. Why?

We go on denying our “self”—making ourselves into Nothing: this is Zen Universalism. From there we have returned with a particular kind of self-affirmation that sees everything with innocent eyes again. John

Steinbeck, no more consciously a Buddhist than the anonymous composers of *dodoitsu*, put it this way:

It is advisable to look
From the tide pool
To the stars and then
Back to the tide pool again.⁵

“Back to the tide pool again.” Yes! This tide pool, here and now, is where Zen people live, treasuring each and every moment as a priceless jewel.

Never, never
Neglect your life though it's
Temporary:
Your present life, fleeting,
Is the only one that's yours. (184)

This is Zen Individualism.

3. ZEN VITALISM

In Zen, vitality is highly admired.

Walking is Zen:
sitting, too.⁶

Zazen is not everything. Releasing the inner vitality each being possesses originally is the vitalism of Zen.

Be thoroughly,
Dead
While alive!
Do just as you wish:
All you do is best. (40)

This saying does not recommend suicide. Every Zen student must free himself from his superficial self. We must extinguish it completely if we are to follow our original Self and so live consentaneously with truth.

Universalism is expressed in the first and second lines, and Individualism in the third and fourth: both are animated into Vitalism in the fourth and fifth. These three aspects, seen from three different angles of vision, eventually resolve into a single, original truth: Zen Universal-Individual-Vitalism.

Zen is neither a bystander's philosophy nor a principle, but an all-embracing human activity, a way of life, a way of identification—a subtle way of

establishing our own subjecthood in no-mindedness.
It is also an art of transcending dualism.

The bell ringing?
Or is it the stick ringing?
Between the bell and the stick,
It rings. (174)

It is the origin of All. Penetrate it!

The fruit as it hangs
Becomes a sweet cake:
Persimmon. (311)

A persimmon's bitter fruit turns first from green to yellow and the greatest change—the point here—is that its bitterness changes to sweetness although it simply remains hanging on the twig, and there seems no change between before and after. In this way, the saying suggests, worldly passion turns naturally into satori, since both are originally one and inseparable from each other.⁷ From this unity comes Zen activity beyond yes and no, good and bad.

Zen gives a hint to a problem of subjectivity.

Both heaven and hell

Are inside
Yourself;
Devils or Buddhas are
Nothing but your heart. (254)

Everything is up to our no-minded self.

The ship depends on sail,
The sail depends on wind;
I, a merchant,
Depend on the customers. (558)

Willows are another good example of no-minded subjectivity.

Depending on the wind:
Twining or untwining ...
Meek-minded
Weeping willows. (649)

One of the most precious lessons Dōgen Zenji learned during his stay in China was the importance of this flexibility of mind. No-minded like a drifting cloud, like flowing water: this is the Zen way, the core of the Zen spirit. Cast off that human bondage you carry on your shoulder. Unload and abandon it at once. No-minded flexibility really helps here.

The Japanese people use, unfortunately less frequently now, the *furoshiki*, a thin cloth of cotton or silk for wrapping and carrying things. It may serve as a symbol of Zen Vitalism. In this square piece of cloth, we can pack up almost anything because the cloth changes, faithfully following the shape of the article it wraps. It's in marked contrast to the inflexibility of a hard, stiff suitcase. When not in use, the *furoshiki* can be folded and refolded like a handkerchief that's easily kept in our pockets. When we find ourselves without one, we can use the *furoshiki* as a substitute. When rain comes, it turns into a shelter. Since it's often beautifully dyed and patterned, sometimes it serves as a scarf. And its last service may be as a floorcloth.

Love, too, explains Zen Vitalism.

Whatever happens to me
Concerns me not at all.
I could throw my life away
For your sake! (363)

The devotion to oneness in this poem is samadhi; its concentration on "you" is "love samadhi." Very good!

Samadhi is a fundamental element that pervades Zen.

On my way to you
A thousand miles become one:
Across the wide rice field,
Just a jump— (584)

Such single-minded concentration can produce miracles. Sometimes it transforms impossibility into possibility.

It is a great pity we are surrounded with so many things that distract and dissipate our attention. In the face of avarice which appears boundless, Zen recommends “plain living and high thinking.” To put ourselves in samadhi, it urges with Thoreau that we simplify our lives. While eating, we should maintain eating-samadhi, by not doing something else, such as watching television at the same time. Reading a newspaper will dispel shitting-samadhi. Eating and shitting are the sacred ceremonies of reception and repayment, and thanksgiving to Nature; don't they deserve our single-minded respect? Become food! Turn into shit!

4. ZEN ECOLOGY

Zen followers have always embraced the ecological point of view. They see all in each and each in all, macrocosm in microcosm and microcosm in macrocosm: all nature in one great harmony. They live in the love of nature, and always see themselves as a part of all—despite the humbling awareness that as human beings we are newcomers to the history of life (3,000,000,000 years old) on this earth (4,500,000,000 years old) in this universe (12,000,000,000 years old). Compare the history of the earth to a calendar year: ego-centered modern man showed up only a few seconds before the very end of the last day of the year, December 31. We may boast of our intellect, or bask in our position as the most highly evolved of creatures at the top of a food chain, but the fact remains we are no other than the latest comers to the animal kingdom. Since we owe them our lives, we should revere our predecessors on this earth.

A heavy snowfall ...
Disappears into the sea.
What silence! (110)

Here's the sea, the origin of all life. Aeons ago, mother-sea gave birth to the first bit of life. Through cell division tiny lives appeared, and in the long process of evolution, fish, amphibians, reptiles, birds, and then mammals inhabited this earth. That unborn babies repeat in condensed form this overwhelmingly long history of life while in their mothers' womb is a wonderfully appropriate way to begin a human life. Amniotic fluid, it is said, is constituted in almost the same way as sea water. Bathing in this ancient mother-sea, the embryo shows a fish's fin, sprouts a lizard's tail, and a waterfowl's web joins its fingers and toes. Truly, every existence is a microcosm, and all creatures are our relatives from the one original life. We can't live without the other members of the earth, of the universe. We are one family interdependent upon each other.

Sometimes, however, we human beings are a drag on that family, a burden to the ecosystem. Some people hunt and kill their brothers and sisters for only fun or money. Some destroy mountains and forests, pollute rivers and seas, while others try to keep air and water and earth clean. Launchers of

artificial satellites scatter their dust in space, polluting that stardust which is our own garden.

My hut's roof is
The blue heavens;
Floor, the earth;
Lamps, the sun and moon;
Hand-broom, the wind. (746)

We must keep our "Universe-House-Hold" (a coinage from Gary Snyder's *Earth House Hold*) just as it goes because the universe is our dearest home. Loving nature is simply loving ourselves. Injuring it is injuring ourselves.

Don't pick it up,
Just leave it there:
A clover in the field. (393)

Showing perfection, a clover shines all around when it stands as it is in the field.

Everyone wants
To break off a branch, but they
Look better at a distance:
Cherry flowers in full bloom. (126)

The full-blooming cherry flowers are most beautiful viewed in harmony with the whole of surrounding nature.

Hey, don't hit him!
The fly rubs his hands,
Rubs his legs. (692)

Ahimsa (don't injure!) is the first precept of all Buddhists. We are not to needlessly kill or injure anything. We must admit in reverence the fact that every creature has received its own irreplaceable life.

Santiago, the old fisherman in Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, hooking one of a pair of marlin, "begged her pardon and butchered her promptly."⁸ Yes, Santiago is exactly right. He is a Zen fisherman. All we can do is apologize to the fish we are going to eat—because life lives on other lives. What an irony! When, driven by necessity, we kill other creatures, we should feel the pain of compassion for whatever life we have taken—whales, dolphins, beef cattle—along with profound gratitude for their manifold sacrifices that have made our lives possible.

We have a Buddhist ceremony of freeing birds and fish from captivity. A Release Pond is often dug in the precincts of a Buddhist temple for releasing caught fish.

The tadpoles: at once
All eaten by the fish that's
Released to the Release Pond.

But here, ironically enough, it is the fish that has been waiting—with its mouth wide open—for the released tadpoles. It is the nature of creatures that all are arranged in the food chain. Thus a Buddhist makes *gasshō* as a token of apology and gratitude, joining his or her hands together at the palms and raising them to the breast.

The two palms *in gasshō*:
Right, the enlightened;
Left, the unenlightened.
Between them,
One cry of Buddha. (612)

Or, as a Zen-ecologist with absolute love of nature has said:

When I die,
Don't burn the corpse,
Don't bury it;
Just throw it in a field,
Feed a hungry dog! (769)

Buddhists perform memorial services even for lifeless things, not simply the deceased. *Hari-kuyō*, held on February 8 every year, is an example of this practice. It is a requiem service, for the broken needles we have used, to express our gratitude to them. The participants in turn put useless needles into a piece of *tōfu* or soybean curd, making *gasshō*.

In chanting-samadhi,
No myself,
No Buddha:
“*Namu Amida-butsu!*”
“*Namu Amida-butsu!*” (405)

This is how the Great Mind that is ours works—shedding its own original radiance. Right there: Zen Universal-Individual-Vitalism.

JAPANESE FOLK ZEN SAYINGS

- 1 Each time wishing
Beforehand to talk it out,
 I've never parted from you
Without feeling many words
Unspoken ...

- 2 The pepper husk is
Still green, but watch out!
 It's hot.

- 3 Autumn coming—
It's almost unnoticed, but
 I feel its
Invisible arrival
In the rustling winds.

- 4 Autumn now!
Some clouds chasing the moon,
 Others running away.

- 5 The moon on
Each drop of
 Dew on each blade of
Each grass stalk in
The autumn field.

- 6 As if carrying in my hand
The whole field of autumn:
 An insect-box.

- 7 Your job itself
Is “the sound of
 One hand clapping”;
No use using
Both hands.
- 8 Had you done a good job
Clapping with
 Two hands,
No need then to hear
The sound of one.
- 9 Given it up, you say?
But what have you given up?
Very well, you’ve given up
 The idea of giving up.
- 10 The morning glory
Seems transient enough, but
 More transient is the
Dew that falls from its petal,
Shattered and scattered.
- 11 From morning till night
You see it, but if
Absent-minded, everything is
 Nothing but farting or wind.
- 12 Morning’s sleepy-head,
Afternoon napping,
 Early bedtime:
What? He’s awake! Oh,
Dozing ...
- 13 It seems useless, but
Don’t throw it away;
 Sour young grapes
Finally grow into
Sweet raisins.

- 14 A snake without feet
 Crawls;
 A fish without ears
 Listens to the chirp of a
 Cicada without a mouth.
- 15 Hot and humid night!
 Groping for the fan
 Half asleep.
- 16 Are there? Or not?
 How interesting—
 Snail's horns.
- 17 Tomorrow is another day, so
 I'll take a nap today.
 Trotting dogs
 Find a bone somewhere.
- 18 Making that mountain
 His own pendant:
 Rice planting.
- 19 Rain, hail,
 Snow, ice:
 All different, but
 They finally meld into
 One valley stream.
- 20 It's not fine
 When it's raining.
 Elder brother is
 Older than I.
- 21 It began to shower, besides
 My sandals are broken;
 The dog chases me barking,
 But, my door's locked!

22 Rain pouring down,
Dried food getting soaked,
Rice smells burnt,
Baby crying for its milk.

23 The One Mind
Of heaven and earth
Is dyed into
A thousand different
Grass colors.

24 All heaven and earth
Have worked out
This single buttercup:
Surely it will go on
Age after age.

25 Heaven and earth:
Unheard sutra chanting
Repeated ...

26 How nice it is!
This open sky is
My own house;
I sleep alone in
Mount Sumeru's arms.

27 The moon
Shattered on the shore
Restored to wholeness
In the white water
Receding from the rocks.

28 No hell exists
For those who believe
There's hell, but it
Does for those who
Think there isn't.

- 29 There seems,
But there's never:
 Moon in the water.
- 30 Hiding its horns,
How round it is:
 A snail.
- 31 "There is," someone says,
And we stick to that "there is."
 See there's nothing—
Only the sound
Of the pine wind from the beach.
- 32 Some say things exist,
Others say not.
 Which view is true?
It's like the difference in
Names—water or ice.
- 33 Zen monk's way goes on
Barrier after barrier,
 Like the fifty-three
Stations on the old highway:
As many as horses' farts.
- 34 Although I came this way
To beg food,
 I've spent the time
Picking
Violets in the spring field.
- 35 No matter
Who he is,
 Holy or not,
Make his words your own
If they're true.
- 36 I shouldn't mention it.

Nevertheless—
Today's heat!

37 Living in a rented house,
No family, no friends:
"Help! Almighty
Bacchus Buddha!"

38 Talking about it
Makes me gloomy;
Not talking, irritated.
Before yes-no thinking is
The world of Buddha.

39 Life and death in
This passing world—
See through them
And they're like
Ice and water.

40 Be thoroughly
Dead
While alive!
Do just as you wish:
All you do is best.

41 How many times
Have I changed my
Firmly determined mind!
Mind, mind,
How unreliable!

42 I'm resolved to be
Reborn to this world
Again and again
So long as I meet
People who stray.

43 The moon on the pond:

Why is it dirty tonight?
It's the water that's muddy,
Not the bright moon.

44 Over the pond
Every night the moon
Casts its light.
But the water won't be soiled;
The moon won't either.

45 Night after night
The moon shines
On the pond, leaving
No light,
No trace.

46 The pond is like
The human mind:
Sometimes dirty,
Sometimes serene,
Only heaven knows.

47 The quarrel is
Just an
Echo:
Your rival is aggressive
Because you are.

48 Floating clouds,
Sticking
Nowhere,
May fly over
Any mountaintop.

49 "From where to where
Are you going?" you ask.
My answer is:
"From back to forward—
Only my feet know."

- 50 Where and what is
 "I"?
 It's only
 A temporary ball of
 Earth-water-fire-wind.
- 51 I wish I could grasp
 That stone
 A thousand feet down
 On bottom of the Ise Sea
 Without wetting my sleeves!
- 52 The clear water
 Of the Sea of Ise,
 Let it be!
 I'll live in
 This muddy water.
- 53 Had he not rushed, he
 Wouldn't have been drenched!
 The sky cleared up soon
 After he ran into the rain:
 Traveler through the village.
- 54 Hurry up, all of you, before
 The Dharma ferryboat leaves!
 Should you miss it,
 Who on earth will help you
 Reach the other bank?
- 55 Does the moon
 Slip by
 With no intention?
 It's a messenger warning
 That your life is passing.
- 56 Where is
 Buddha,
 You ask?

He is somewhere
Around your heart.

57 Seems always
At leisure:
 Navel in my belly.

58 Everyone wishes it would
Always stay on the peak:
 The cloud like flowers.

59 Even a mirror that's
Not supposed
 To lie,
Reflects things in reverse
Right and left.

60 The serene mind
Like the thread untied
From the tangled lump:
 I see it in the moon.

61 Lightning strikes
Mixing up
 The dark night.

62 A flash of lightning—
Our life is
 Gone in a blink.

63 Thunder has shot
The dogs' quarrel
Shattering them both
 In a blink.

64 Nothing seems
So transient as
 Human life:
The dew on the petal

Of the morning glory.

65 The prayed-for rain
Fell on those who
 Didn't want it.

66 Waiting, waiting,
Waiting for his coming—
To my wakeful ears:
 The cry of the dawn bird.

67 Now, now,
This now is
 A time for good-bye;
Disappearing like the dew
My life, your life.

68 Had I been from the start
What I am now,
I wouldn't
 Suffer as I do.

69 Death so far
Has been
 None of my business.
Must I also die?
Oh, help! Help!

70 Should the moon
Distinguish
 Rich and poor,
It would never brighten
A poor man's hut.

71 Don't say no, my love!
Come closer to me.
You know you're lying on
 The edge of our bed.

- 72 White face, yellow face,
Ugly or beautiful: it's
 Hard to change.
But our mind can be changed,
So set it right.
- 73 Abandon your
Illusory mind
 And meditate:
Who is seeing?
Who is listening?
- 74 By their colors
Flowers attract us, but
Soon they fade, fall, and
 Finally turn into dust.
- 75 His form is unseen,
His voice unheard.
 Who is he?
Pine winds on the hill,
Running water in the valley.
- 76 Each has
His own
 Figure and feature;
What they have in common is
That all stick to their lives.
- 77 Ask the way
Straight to Nirvana
 While you're healthy:
Before you set out on a journey
To the other world.
- 78 Existence means,
People misunderstand,
 That there it is;
An echo may answer but
Nothing is there.

- 79 How irritating!
The features of the frog
Lolling on the water.
- 80 Only if you plant them
Can you enjoy
The flowers' full bloom.
- 81 Fish live in streams,
Birds nest in trees;
Human beings dwell
In warm hearts.
- 82 Duckweed: today
In bloom by the
Other bank of the pond.
- 83 A nightingale's song,
Voice of the Dharma before
Shakyamuni was born.
- 84 What power!
A rope has moved
The ox's horn.
- 85 Saying, "The value of
Honesty is
Known by the lie,"
You lie.
- 86 My body is given up,
Cast away,
Zero.
But on snowy nights
I feel chilly.
- 87 Beater and beaten
Both know

That everything's
Like dew,
Like lightning.

88 Bending its head
Is its original nature:
 A lily.

89 The moon never intended
To reflect on the water;
 The water never asked
To mirror the moon:
Sarusawa Pond.

90 Horse dung originates in
The pampas grass—on
 The hills and fields—which
Once gave shelter to
Chirping grasshoppers.

91 To be born
And be unborn is one thing:
 Penetrate this fact.
Death is
Illusion.

92 A newborn baby,
By and by, grows
 Cunning and shrewd:
Farther, farther from Buddha.
What a pity!

93 We're all born
And then
 We die:
Shakyamuni, Bodhidharma,
Everyone and all.

94 Yes or no,

Good or bad, all
Arguments are gone:
More beautiful tunes come
From pine winds on the hills.

95 Plum meets nightingale,
Bamboo welcomes sparrow;
But why—do I
Pine only for you!

96 Layers of snow
On the plum branches:
I mistook them for
The eightfold
Petals of the flowers.

97 Plum flower's fragrance:
Pop, out comes the sun—
The mountain path.

98 The scent of plum blossoms
Makes us peek into
Even a beggar's hut.

99 The plum tree is
Plum to its roots,
Seeds and twigs,
Leaves and flowers and fruits,
Everything ... plum.

100 Showing its face, then
Turning over: a falling
Autumn maple leaf.

100

裏を見せ
表を見せ
散る紅葉

101 Life is one rest
On the way back from Illusion
To Nirvana;
Let it rain if it rains!
Let winds blow if they blow!

102 The Buddhas:
We've drawn pictures,
Carved wooden statues,
But they live
In our hearts.

103 You're gone, but I'm
Still attached to you;
Grasses burn, but their
Roots remain.

- 104 Likely to shoot fire
Back at the scorching sun:
 A gargoyled roof-tile.
- 105 Young and old—
Whoever they are—
 Their bodies are
More fragile than the dew
On the morning glory.
- 106 How joyous to meet with you!
How terrible to part!
Greeting is the
 Beginning of farewell.
- 107 My wholehearted
Devotion to
 You
Made me forget
All about myself.
- 108 A long drought:
Not even a drop of water
 To quarrel over.
- 109 New Year's Eve,
One fixed day in
 A world of change.
- 110 A heavy snowfall ...
Disappears into the sea.
 What silence!
- 111 A clear stream follows
Its own way without
 Growing into a river.
- 112 Ask the sea gulls offshore
The time of the tide.

“We’re leaving,” they’ll answer,
“So, ask the waves!”

- 113 I really love
My barrel-making job;
Connecting each board into
One round barrel.
- 114 Walk on deliberately
And you’ll surely see the world
Beyond the thousand miles,
Even if you walk
As slow as a cow.
- 115 Neglect or
Effort in summer is
Shown on
The heads of rice
In autumn fields.
- 116 Don’t be too proud!
The round moon is only
One night’s life.
- 117 Just put off
Attachment
From your mind:
This world is
Paradise.
- 118 Attachment, desire,
Giving them up:
You’ll find the world is
All yours.
- 119 No one is taught
How to fall in love,
But everyone
Learns how

Naturally.

- 120 How regrettable!
Never
 To return:
Days and months, flowing water,
And human lives!
- 121 How awesome that
Tip of your tongue is!
 More terrible than a spearhead
Stabbing,
Destroying you in the end.
- 122 How awful!
That fire of desire burning,
 Burning and burning
Your body, your house
And your friends and all.
- 123 Negligence,
The dreadful enemy,
 Arises ... just as we
Make our last step after
Ninety-nine steps.
- 124 The dreadful edge
Of the ice cube is
 Originally water.
- 125 Quite ready to fall
Today—but unnoticed—
Forced to, now, and scattered:
 Flowers in the rain.
- 126 Everyone wants
To break off a branch, but they
Look better at a distance:
 Cherry flowers in full bloom.

- 127 Man among men:
 Otherwise,
 No fair lady will
 Fall in love with you!
- 128 While living in
 The same stream,
 Herons sleep,
 Cormorants hunt for fish.
- 129 Why don't you stop
 Worrying for good?
 Leave it all
 Up to Amitabha Buddha?
- 130 Mistaken if you
 Think you see the moon
 With your own eyes:
 You see it with
 The light it sheds.
- 131 Wisdom, if you
 Devise it, is
 False;
 The true wisdom is
 What you never know.
- 132 I've opened my heart without
 Undoing my clothes;
 I wish you'd notice my feeling
 From the cast of my eyes!
- 133 Hey, Miss Mount Fuji,
 Why don't you take off those
 Robes of mist?
 Wish I could see
 Your snow-white skin!

134 My hair curled elaborately
Only for your sake;
It's you who will
Disturb it at midnight.

135 Up to you: which way
This razor goes—
To my eyebrows
Or to my throat?

133

お富せせん
霞の衣ぬがしやん
雪の肌えをえ
とうござんす
せ

136 You, till a hundred,
I, till ninety-nine:
Both until our hair turns
Gray and white.

137 Are you awake now?
Look here, my dear!
I've got something

To talk about with you.

- 138 The world is
Like a mirror, you see?
Smile, and your friends
Smile back.
- 139 The sharpest cry—
Then completely still
Under the flowers:
A bush warbler.
- 140 Dare enter into
The depth of your heart.
“Here,” says a voice:
Who says it? And where?
- 141 Memories of him:
Tears dropping ...
Talking of him, wringing
And wringing her sleeve.
- 142 Remembering him, you say? Then,
You’re not really in love.
No remembering, no forgetting:
The secret of true love.
- 143 No hesitation anymore!
Having already given it all up,
I’m quite ready
To die ...
- 144 One desire is
Now achieved;
Then arises the
Next, next, and next ...
Next to impossible to count.
- 145 Nothing is

Especially interesting
In this world;
It's our mind that makes it
A really interesting place.

- 146 Splendid!
Falling autumn leaves,
Flowers in bloom,
Each the exact
Appearance of Dharma.
- 147 Used to hang around
Women on the streets;
Now churning within him
The flaming wheel of karma.
- 148 Why does it mystify itself?
That cuckoo:
Only making cries,
Never showing up.
- 149 No parents, no friends,
No children, no wife,
How lonely!
I would rather
Die!
- 150 No parents,
No wife,
No children,
No job, no money;
But, no death, thank you.
- 151 The world is my own!
Even these grasses, for me,
Turn into rice cakes.
- 152 Pieces of wood,
Broken and burning,

Show different forms,
But their smoke is
The same color.

153 Women's zeal
Pierces the rock;
Even the gold chain can be cut
If you try in earnest.

154 Women,
The storehouse
Of Dharma,
Easily bring forth
Shakyamuni and Bodhidharma.

155 No drop of blood
For you, mosquito, from
My mosquito-like body.

156 A woman dressed up
Over her skeleton:
You call her
An elegant lady?
How funny!

157 Each enjoys flower-viewing,
Dressing up
His own skeleton.

158 Up to the puppeteer:
Out of the doll box
Hung from his neck
Comes a Buddha?
Or a devil?

159 Wash away everything
And winds are cool
On your way back.

- 160 Without fences,
Everything belongs to me:
 The snow-clad mountains.
- 161 The heat's shimmer
Disappears
 Before evening;
Human life is
More fleeting.
- 162 Not past, not future,
But here and now;
Better than discussion,
 Sing, sing.
- 163 A palanquin bearer
And its passenger,
 Both on the same way;
Step by step, nearer
To the destination.
- 164 If everyone with a similar hat
Were Seijūrō,
Each pilgrimage to Ise Shrine
 Would be Seijūrō.
- 165 Winds play the *shamisen*,
Leaves flutter and dance,
Dawn crows
 Start singing.
- 166 Wind is your breath;
The open sky, your mind;
 The sun, your eye;
Seas and mountains,
Your whole body.
- 167 Tight buds they seemed, but
The spring winds have

- Loosened them
Unnoticed.
- 168 Looks hard and tight,
Soon enough it melts
And flows away:
A snowman.
- 169 What shall I leave as
A keepsake after I die?
In spring, flowers;
Summer, cuckoos;
Fall, red maple leaves.
- 170 A sharp angle creates
Bitter feelings;
Mind, mind,
I'll remind you
Just to roll over ...
- 171 New Year's pine decoration,
A milestone in our journey
To the other world;
In a sense, it's auspicious,
In another, it's not.
- 172 All the family
In harmony
Laughing and laughing ...
This is the original
Music of Nature.
- 173 A harmonious
Family is
A treasure ship;
It crosses quite smoothly
The ocean of life.
- 174 The bell ringing?

Or is it the stick ringing?
Between the bell and the stick,
It rings.

175 The bell doesn't ring,
Nor does the stick;
The "between"
Is ringing.

176 Bell's ringing,
Stick's ringing,
The bell-and-stick
Is ringing.

177 No more money,
No more fame;
I need, instead, the one
Penetrating eye!

178 God,
Buddha,
Both are nothing but
The minds of ordinary people,
What else?

179 When woman combs her hair,
Her eyes are
Set.

180 Since legendary times,
Nothing has changed:
Running water and the love
Between woman and man.

181 The lone pine of Karasaki
Has become
Two:
Its shadow cast
On incoming surf.

182 Giving my temporary life
Back to the original
Master,
I only wish happiness to
All people.

183 It's crazy,
In this passing world,
For a lender to feel
He has lent or a borrower
To feel he has borrowed.

184 Never, never
Neglect your life though it's
Temporary:
Your present life, fleeting,
Is the only one that's yours.

185 No bird twitters
On the hillside rice field
After harvest;
Just a scarecrow
Fallen.

186 Wish I could've taken
A picture of you borrowing
Money from me! Wish I'd
Show it to you when you're
Unwilling to repay it!

187 Don't distinguish
Between this and that:
Even a snowman was only
Water, originally.

188 Crows sitting on
A dry branch—
Autumn evening.

- 189 Woman and man:
They look different
 But inside
Their skeletons are
Almost the same.
- 190 Were our skins peeled off,
Yours and mine,
Which is you?
 Which is I?
- 191 Cold moon:
Sounds of the bridge
 As I walk alone.
- 192 Hysterics:
The next business is
 To put things back.
- 193 New Year's Day:
The very beginning of
 Another dreamt-away year.
- 194 New Year's Day—
Princess Yang-kuei-fei
 Steps into the rest room.
- 195 Everyone can dare
To bear what's
 Easy to bear;
Truly to bear is to bear
What's hard to bear.
- 196 Endurance
Revealed vividly:
 The snow-clad bamboo.
- 197 Patience enhances

Your samadhi power,
Patience with others
Is for
Yourself.

198 Mind of the water-dipper
Moving between
Cold Hell and Hot Hell:
No mind,
No pain.

199 Mind of the water-dipper
Moving between
Cold Hell and Hot Hell:
With this mind,
You're free from pain.

200 Trees have branches,
Bamboos, knots;
You and I have these
Bills on file.

201 Wish I could let them
Listen to the sound
Of snow falling
At midnight in the old temple
Of Shinoda forest.

202 We know the Dharma is true
As it's
Being preached;
But we forget
As we leave the zendo.

203 Ears
Hear and eyes
See,
Then what does
Mind do?

- 204 Listening,
Listening
 No-minded ...
Why, it's me,
The sound of the valley!
- 205 Out the train window:
Scarecrows whiz by,
 And people, too.
- 206 "Mad old woman,"
You've called me, but
Soon I'll be a
 Bride in the Pure Land.
- 207 Coming to the forest
Only to find it here as well:
 The heat of the forest.
- 208 Sometimes disagreeable
Winds come, nevertheless
 The willows—
- 209 Yesterday, today, tomorrow,
On the log bridge
 Of this floating world,
All travelers,
Make steady steps!
- 210 The man I saw yesterday,
What's become of him?
 Today: under the tomb.
Tomorrow someone'll ask about me,
"What's become of him?"
- 211 Not yesterday's,
Not tomorrow's, but
 Today's cherry flowers!

- 212 No more, thank you, of
This suffocating world!
I'm moving to
A new house
Down in hell.
- 213 Besides yourself
To whom shall I show
These plum flowers?
Their color, their fragrance,
Only those in the know, know.
- 214 How I wish I could change
Your mind into a clear mirror
And reflect
My mind in it!
- 215 Unseen,
Unnoticed,
But dust will
Gather naturally
In the sleeves.
- 216 Counting the number of
Remaining days
One, two, three ...
Until my fingers all stand:
The end of the year.
- 217 Today's praise,
Tomorrow's abuse:
It's the human way.
Weeping, laughing ...
All utter lies.
- 218 Paulownia leaves fall
Rustling rustling rustling
In the autumn winds.

- 219 Duty and humanity
Are often incompatible:
The road forks—
 But my body is one.
- 220 The man who jilted her,
The pebble she stumbled over,
Both prompt her to look back
 With complex regret.
- 221 Watching, watching my step
Only to slip—
 The snowed-over path.
- 222 The grasses and trees, too,
Seem happy this
 New Year's Day morning.
- 223 Even mindless grasses
And trees will become
 Buddhas, they say.
Then I, with mind, can attain—
How nice!
- 224 As if opening its mouth,
Revealing its bowels:
 Pomegranate.
- 225 Voiceless trees and grasses
Deep in the mountains
Invite us with their
 Flowers and blossoms.
- 226 Everything he says is
Against Buddhas and Patriarchs;
He's absorbed in love sparks,
 Not seeking satori.
- 227 When asked:

“Where are you from?”
“Where were you born?”
Just answer: “From the
Original Nothing.”

- 228 Kunisada Chūji,
Fearful as a devil,
Cuts and kills men—
With a sweet smile!
- 229 How funny! Bodhidharma’s
Nine years of zazen.
What on earth did he seek?
To the satori eye,
Nothing exists from the beginning.
- 230 A cloud splits open
Shooting forth the moon;
One cuckoo’s cry!
- 231 The cloud-sash,
The mist-robe,
They’re worn out:
The snow-skin
Is showing.
- 232 Jump
Into the sky
Over those clouds,
And you’ll see the moon
Even on a rainy day.
- 233 If cloud is sash
And rain
A robe,
Under a clear sky—
You’ll all be naked!
- 234 Our storehouse sold off,

They enjoy sunshine now:
Peonies.

235 In the dark
I lost sight of
My shadow;
I've found it again
By the fire I lit.

236 Coming out of darkness
I'm likely to enter
The darker path again.
Shine far all over,
Moon on the mountain edge.

237 He's coming—coming—
I walked out my gate, only to
Hear pine winds from the beach
Passing by—

238 When you're
Beyond
Pain and pleasure,
Both good and bad
Fail to reach you.

239 So well made-up
They don't look like themselves:
Plum flowers on a
Snowy morning.

240 Smoky for a while, but
Soon makes it easier to sleep:
Mosquito-killing incense.

241 With heaven and earth,
Stored in his stomach,
Rice planting.

242 Heaven and earth
Stomach and all forgotten,
Rice planting.

243 When I see
Heaven and earth as
My own garden,
I live that moment
Outside the universe.

244 Feeling happy
With my children,
Finally realizing
My thoughtlessness
Toward my parents.

245 Love too
Is
Rooted in
Piss
And shit.

246 Falling in love with you,
Deep in love with you;
This secret love of mine,
Why don't you know?

247 Love takes her
Straight to the other bank
Crossing the current
Just like a ferryboat.

248 I surely hear its voice, but
Can't see it; in the garden
Just the rustling
Of pine trees.

249 A firefly burns itself
With love

Silently.
Its unspoken feeling may be
Far deeper than words.

250 Paradise is
None of my business, but
I've got to go
Help Amitabha Buddha
Who works there.

251 Where is heaven?
Very simple:
It's where you're
Lying asleep
Drunk.

252 A wish
To go to
Heaven is
The very beginning of
Falling into hell.

253 In Paradise, too,
Everything goes like this:
Full moon in summer.

254 Both heaven and hell
Are inside
Yourself;
Devils or Buddhas are
Nothing but your heart.

255 Destined to heaven
Or to hell:
Some are delighted
And others grieved,
But all are deceived.

256 Mind is the one

That reminds you
Of your illusory mind;
Always mind your mind,
Just mind! Mind!

257 To sleep on the pillow
With the moon
In perfect peace:
What a joy!

258 What is it
That you call
Your mind?
Your original mind is
“Nothing” from the beginning.

259 Turn your mind into
Rocks and trees, then
Even the busy streets
Will be nothing but paradise,
“A busy-street paradise.”

260 How nice to understand
Directly from mind to mind,
Not minding the difference
Of personalities!

261 Mind?
There’s nothing
Like that really.
If so, what’s satori?
Who gets what?

262 What is
Mind like,
I wonder.
It’s invisible, and
As large as the universe.

- 263 What's
Mind?
 The sounds of pine winds
Drawn on the scroll
In India ink.
- 264 Make your mind
Flexible as water:
 Now square,
Now round—up to
The shape of the bowl.
- 265 Your hands and feet
May belong to you, but
 Can you
Always make them move
The way you want?
- 266 See how the cherry flowers
In the Yoshino Mountains
Let nightingales chirp
 And so invite us.
- 267 Even I,
A no-minded monk,
 Can feel
An autumn evening in
The valley where woodcocks fly.
- 268 Feeling helpless, I go out
To meet the moon
Only to find every mountain
 Veiled with cloud.
- 269 When the east winds blow,
Send me your fragrance,
 Plum flowers—
Though I'm not home,
Don't forget each spring.

270 If you get used to
Being satisfied, you'll be
 Endlessly dissatisfied. Find
Satisfaction in dissatisfaction
And your mind will be at peace.

271 With these children
Here in this village, bouncing
 A ball all day ...
I wish the spring sun would
Never set in the west!

272 I don't know if we'll
Suffer from rain or wind
 This fall, but
I'll weed my rice field,
My job for today.

273 If you grasp
The heart of this sutra,
 You'll know the voices
Of merchants and customers
Preach the Dharma.

274 This road—
No one going down it but me—
 Autumn evening.

275 Never regard this world as
The only one;
 The next world
And the one after the next ...
All the worlds are here now.

276 The monkey showman feeds
Fruit to his monkey;
 The monkey makes its
Master make
Money by its tricks.

- 277 See those
Scattered pine needles:
Paired even after they wither
And fall on the ground.
- 278 If I do it like this,
The result will be like this:
But fully knowing that,
I'm suffering like this.
- 279 This is what
Keeps our life going on:
The cool of evening.
- 280 Looks threatening,
Menacing, but falls
Shattering to bits:
A gargoyle on the roof.
- 281 Why tie your horse
To the cherry tree in bloom?
When the horse becomes restless
The blossoms fall.
- 282 As I stumble on the slope,
My lantern has gone out;
I'm treading all alone
In complete darkness.
- 283 Sweat runs on my face
Upside down:
Rice planting.
- 284 Everyone admires
Beautiful flowers in bloom,
But the ones who know
Visit them
After they've fallen.

- 285 Until it blooms, we
Just think of it as a weed:
 The wild chrysanthemum!
- 286 Looking down on
This floating world full of
 Cherry flowers,
High up, elated chirping:
A skylark.
- 287 Without wine,
How can they become mine?
 Those cherry blossoms.
- 288 The wine works now;
My mind grows into
 Spring merriment—even
Bill-collectors' voices turn to
Nightingales' song.
- 289 Peach blossoms:
Now open and soon to fall, only
 To open again next year.
How limitless
Their life force!
- 290 Right now, right here
Today—
 That's your business;
Yesterday has gone forever,
Tomorrow not yet come.
- 291 In zazen:
Everyone coming and going
 Over the bridges are
As trees
Deep in the mountains.

- 292 Well, is it the moon overhead
That cried?
A cuckoo.
- 293 Satori is something
Hung
From
The eyebrows:
Too close to see.
- 294 In satori,
There's neither empty sky
Nor samadhi, but
Narrow-mindedly
You regard the void as a hole.
- 295 Even after satori:
Willows just as
Green as before.
- 296 To the satori eye, everything
Melts into nothing,
Traceless—
A snowman.
- 297 Loneliness extends
Far and wide—up to where?
An autumn evening.
- 298 Everything
Changing
In this floating world.
One thing staying the same:
Death.
- 299 Mourners gathered together,
Each bearing his, her, its own sadness:
Recumbent image of Buddha.

- 300 If I sleep drunk
Protected from the cold,
Even this grass hut is
A jeweled bed.
- 301 A monkey has jumped—
One branch of the pine on the peak
Is green.
- 302 Throwing his teacher down
Is the way to show gratitude:
Sumo wrestler.
- 303 In hell, too, is there
The shade of a tree?
A summer afternoon.
- 304 The lion's roaring outburst
Blasts the great sky and
Brings back no answer,
Neither yes nor no.
- 305 After forty-nine illusory
Years, he excuses himself,
In Shakyamuni's words,
"Nothing's ever preachable."
- 306 Silence!
Piercing the rocks—
Cicadas' cry.
- 307 Looking down, you may
Flatter yourself because
Nothing is superior to you.
But take off your reed-hat,
See the height of the sky!
- 308 Even strong winds are
Weakened by

Obedient willow twigs;
They'll never
Be broken in the storm.

309 I never die,
I don't go anywhere:
I'll just stay here.
Don't ask me anything because
I speak no word.

310 Rise
Above the clouds
For a while, and you'll
See the moon
Even on rainy nights.

311 The fruit as it hangs
Becomes a sweet cake:
Persimmon.

312 Little clear streams rustle
Down through the mountain rocks
And finally let the battleship
Float on the sea.

313 Shakyamuni,
Amitabha Buddha,
Ksitigarbha Bodhisattva:
Temporary names of
One Mind.

314 Shakyamuni,
The mischievous player, came
To this world and went away,
Leaving so many
Puzzled ...

315 Look, Sariputra,
"Emptiness is form" indeed:

Those full-blooming flowers.

316 Strike the empty sky
With Mount Sumeru
 As if it were a stone
And the void will crack into—
Two, three, four ...

317 White dewdrops
On an autumn
 Maple leaf—
Just as they are—
Tiny red balls.

318 Dewdrops show up
Indiscriminately:
 Any place will do.

319 On an unfamiliar road,
Don't pretend you're
 Not lost.
Just ask where you are:
It's a real shortcut.

320 Without it you're
Lost and even with it
 You still get lost;
What on earth
Is the true Dharma?

321 Wrinkles,
Dotted moles,
 Backbone bent,
Head bald,
Hair gray.

322 Reverence is
The source of divine favors;
 Without it,

Buddhas and wooden clogs are
Only pieces of wood.

- 323 No use
 Becoming a Buddha
 After you're dead.
 Be enlightened
 While you're alive.
- 324 Loved wife, hated husband:
 In the end,
 Under a mossy tomb,
 Both skulls.
- 325 Eating their lunch using
 Their reed-hats as a table:
 Rice planting.
- 326 How cool!
 One wheel of the moon
 Among the countless worlds.
- 327 How refreshing
 The whinny of a packhorse
 Unloaded of everything!
- 328 This coolness:
 Since before Amitabha Buddha
 Entered into Nirvana.
- 329 Ivy clinging and twining
 Even to crooked branches:
 People look up and admire
 The ivy-and-pine-tree.
- 330 The shaded
 Mind-moon
 Has become perfectly clear.
 Not a bit of dust:

Original body-mind world.

- 331 A waterwheel
Will never freeze
While working hard.
- 332 No good, thank you.
No bad, thank you.
No “no,” please.
I prefer drinking tea,
Sometimes asleep, sometimes awake.
- 333 Accumulating no virtue,
Committing no sin
Throughout your life?
Buddhas won’t praise you,
Kings of Hell won’t scold you.
- 334 Good and bad, or the
Reflections in the mirror:
Watch them closely
And you’ll know they’re
Nothing but yourself.
- 335 Don’t step on it!
A firefly rested there
Last night.
- 336 Don’t push there—
I’ve had it happen!
That point—
And I couldn’t say a word.
- 337 From inside
It splits open naturally
That stinging fortress
Untouchable from outside:
Chestnut shell.

- 338 Even the morning glory's
One-day life
Has color
Of its own.
- 339 Not dyed,
Everything has its
Own color.
The pine is green,
Snow is white.
- 340 Shave all those
Illusory
Hairs on your mind,
Before minding the
Hairs on your head.
- 341 There! That's it!
Watch—watch your step!
Be very careful!
- 342 Each seems to want
A name of its own:
Spring mountains.
- 343 Now I vomit
The great ocean I've
Swallowed up.
Look! All the Buddhas bobbing
Up and down the waves.
- 344 With the radish
He was pulling,
Pointed the right direction.
- 345 Even for me,
The lord of the manor:
The same heat!

- 346 Forgetting everything—
Even planting and singing:
Rice planting.
- 347 This human world
Is like
A valley stream that
Never ceases, but whose
Water always changes.
- 348 The bamboo, fallen,
Will stand again, while
The snow that
Bends it down
Scatters and is gone.
- 349 Fragrance wraps the one
Who breaks off a twig:
Plum flowers.
- 350 Itself fallen, but never
Letting its bow and arrow go:
A scarecrow.
- 351 Don't boast of
Your height,
Mount Fuji!
Sometimes a spring wind will blow
Over your head.
- 352 Looking into the valley
From the top of the mountain:
Melons and eggplants
In full bloom.
- 353 The mind of a carp climbing
Up the fall is like
A strained bowstring:
If loosened,

It will fall.

354 Without woodcutters
Gathering firewood,
How could
The chimneys in the capital
Smoke?

355 The wind brings me
Enough fallen leaves
To make a fire.

356 Bamboo and sparrow, good friends;
But once bamboo becomes
A catching rod,
They're enemies.

357 A bamboo shoot grows
Crooked, stretching
Out of the hedge.

358 Climbing
Deep into the mountains
Only to see
The moon in the cloud,
The dew on the leaves.

359 Several standing
Pine trees
Tied into
Natural pillars:
A logger's hut.

360 The mind of the person
In front of you is
A mirror;
Watch the reflection of
Your mind in it.

- 361 Shoot an arrow
 With a stringless bow
 Against no target!
 It never hits, but
 It never misses.
- 362 Standing like a peony,
 Sitting, a lotus,
 And she's like a lily
 Walking.
- 363 Whatever happens to me
 Concerns me not at all.
 I could throw my life away
 For your sake!
- 364 Let's enjoy
 Today
 Calmly;
 Yesterday's gone,
 Tomorrow's unknown.
- 365 My joy is:
 Sake before me,
 Pillar behind to lean on,
 My best friend,
 Sound of *miso* grinding.
- 366 My joy:
 Cherry blossoms in spring,
 Moon in autumn,
 Three meals every day
 In family harmony.
- 367 I ask you,
 Please blow against me
 And wake me up
 If I should fall into a doze:
 Pine wind from the mountaintop.

- 368 How nice it is!
No speck of dust
 That doesn't contain
All the Buddhas
From every direction.
- 369 Deceive me, if you will,
I'll let you do that.
But, I—I'll never
 Never deceive you.
- 370 Meeting at night
After long separation ...
How hateful! The sounds
 Of the morning bell.

371 Hey, Bodhidharma, let's go
Cherry-flower-viewing tomorrow,
Shave your whiskers.

372 Dandelions, how many days
Have we been stepping on you?
Today, you bloom.

373 Dandelions,
Though we step on you,
You never stop smiling.

374 Your parents,
Grandparents ...
All constituted in Yourself.
Love Yourself,
Revere Yourself.

375 Butterflies:
They do not quarrel over
Flowers up or down.

376 In shallow water, you tuck
Your clothes up; but as it
Grows deeper, you'll be tucking
Naked.

377 The world of "dust" is
An absolute lie; see
The snow this morning!

378 Cherry blossoms are
Very much admired because
They fall;
But yet,
Yet ...

379 Flowers fall,
Returning to

Dust ...
Why do you stick to them,
Butterfly?

380 I know this is the
Final road each of us must
Go along; but I didn't expect
Yesterday was that day for him,
Today for her.

381 Be careful
Every minute, reminding yourself:
One moment's
Carelessness may cause
A thousand-mile difference.

382 The moon is set;
My shadow has become
Myself.

383 The moon is sinking,
Our conversation never ending ...
Oh, please stop
The dawn bell ringing.

384 The moon on each rice field
Is only a reflection;
The true moon lives
There in the sky.

385 The moon is me?
Or me, the moon?
The indivisible
Me-and-moon
In the early morning sky.

386 Moonlight—
The Four Gates and Four Schools
Are nothing but one.

- 387 See through
Yourself before
 You were born;
Complete Nothingness,
Even no parents to love.
- 388 Don't step
Out of the usual way:
 Hazy moon.
- 389 If anyone
Sins, please blame me,
 O Heaven, because
All people are
My own children.
- 390 Hatred like layers of snow
Melts into
A spring river as if
 Breaking into a smile.
- 391 The moon is shining
On each dewdrop
 On each grass blade.
- 392 This dewlike world,
Indeed fleeting like dew;
 Yet, yet ...
- 393 Don't pick it up,
Just leave it there:
 A clover in the field.
- 394 The moon in
The water in my palms,
 The moon on
The wide river:
No difference.

395 While everyone
Washes his dirty
Hands and feet,
Few remove
Stains from their minds.

392

Handwritten Japanese calligraphy of a haiku. The text is written in three vertical columns from right to left. The rightmost column contains the characters '露の世は' (Dew of the world is). The middle column contains '雨の世なが' (Rain of the world is long). The leftmost column contains 'さりなが' (Sari-naga), which is a pun on '雨の世なが' (Rain of the world is long). The characters are written in a fluid, cursive style.

396 Two-hands clapping ...
The maid serves tea;
Birds fly up;
Fish come closer
In Sarusawa Pond.

397 A hand-rolled
Dumpling of

Heaven-and-earth:
I've gulped it down
And easily it went.

398 I've thrust away
The man who gulped the dumpling
Of heaven-and-earth
With the
Tip of my eyelash.

399 Having now stored
Heaven and earth in his stomach:
Beggar.

400 Both the noble
And the humble
Become smoke
Of one color
Over Toribe Hill.

401 It couldn't care less
Whose soil it may become:
Falling leaf.

402 In my old age, I
Look back on the bridge of
This floating world.
Goodness! How could I have
Passed such a dangerous one!

403 An old man has
A hard time:
People treat him
Lightly, yet
Heavily he has to move.

404 In chanting-samadhi,
No myself,
No Buddha: only

Voices resounding ...
"Namu Amida-butsu!"

- 405 In chanting-samadhi,
No myself,
No Buddha:
"Namu Amida-butsu!"
"Namu Amida-butsu!"
- 406 Rising to the surface with
The strength it jumped with:
A frog.
- 407 See that stupid frog?
Hopped too high,
Missed its food.
- 408 When the lantern goes out,
Where, I wonder, does
Its light go?
Darkness is my own
Original house.
- 409 Even the guardian deity
With tiger's courage
Turns into a mouse
When he meets mercy.
- 410 A tiger leaps
A thousand-mile forest; but
To me it's not easy to open
Your creaking door.
- 411 I've caught you,
Amitabha Buddha, I
Won't let you go.
Hey, come along with me
Down to hell.

- 412 You call me
Good-for-nothing. Yes, but
Good-for-nothing is sometimes
Good for everything!
- 413 The man forsaken
On Toribe Hill,
What has become of him?
The answer is: the white
Dew on the grave.
- 414 The one who robs
And the one who is robbed
Are alike:
The cloud going
And coming in the sky.
- 415 Though you live in the mud,
Your heart is pure and your
Beautiful flowers regale our eyes:
Lotus plant.
- 416 I've caught a robber
Only to find he is
My own son:
Hang him—
Release him—
- 417 Even muddy water
Becomes dew: pearly beads
On the lotus leaf.
- 418 Off dragonfly-catching,
How far, I wonder,
Have they been, today?
- 419 What is this seed, a mustard
Or a poppy? It's hard to tell
Which is which.

But when fully grown,
The flowers will tell.

420 Even in the dew
On the tiny blade
Of some nameless grass,
The moon
Will show itself.

421 Change your name,
Pretty rape flowers on
Sacred Kōya Mountain.

422 If you want
To live long,
Just work.
Look, running water
Never stagnates.

423 We wish
Our lives were long
While our hair's
Growing long
Is a nuisance.

424 A long day—
Yet want more time to sing,
Larks in the sky.

425 The mouth
Of a priest who
Makes long sermons:
I feel like punching
A thousand ... two thousand ...

426 Sometimes a cloud will
Half hide the moon,
But it's
The moon's accessory,

Enhancing its beauty.

427 It's comfortable to live
Deep in the mountains because
 Grasses and trees
Never say
Yes and no.

428 Warriors, farmers,
Artisans, and tradesmen—
 I wish all, on good terms,
Would cross this floating world
On the same ferryboat!

429 There, it's flowing,
One red maple leaf,
 Bobbing in the stream.

430 Even the valley water,
Bound to become ocean,
 Goes
For some time
Under the leaves of trees.

431 Which shows the truth,
Crying or not crying?
A cicada and a firefly are
 Fighting for the truth.

432 The word "nothing"
Soon reminds us
 Of "everything"
Without knowing that
It's it just as it is.

433 "There's nothing,"
And we think
 There's nothing at all;
But listen, that echo

Really answers.

- 434 Nothing is there
But reflected there:
 A moon in the water.
- 435 Our lives are as
Fleeting as dew ...
 Everyone knows this, so
Why do we wet our sleeves
Whenever one of us disappears?
- 436 In summer
Everywhere is
 Summer;
In winter, everywhere is
Winter.
- 437 I have spent
Many summer nights
 Fully awake:
I have so many things
To worry about for the world.
- 438 Summer grasses:
Remains of the dreams
 Of soldiers long ago.
- 439 Let your mind be
Vacant like the cast-off shell
 Of a summer cicada
And then you'll have
Nothing to be afraid of.
- 440 Not by a harsh slap,
But by a tender pat,
 More tears fall.
- 441 What are you worrying about,

Riverside willow?
You pass every day
Just gazing at the stream.

442 I don't know
What's there inside,
But I feel, somehow,
Tears flowing
Out of reverence.

443 I don't know why,
But I feel sad
When I see
A dawn moon over the hill
With a monkey's cry echoing.

444 Nothing
Seems to happen:
Insects chirping.

445 A person who
Does everything as it
Naturally goes
Gets along easily in
This world and the next.

446 Really nothing to say
In words:
Asking itself,
Answering itself,
The sounds of pine wind.

447 Everything
Changes in this world
But flowers will open
Each spring
Just as usual.

448 Everything goes

Just as you walk:
Stepping with your
Right foot,
Then, left.

449 Remember:
Too much
Pleasure today is
Tomorrow's
Pain.

450 It depends.
In summer
The hemp robe
Is better than
The brocade.

451 Everything is
A lie in this world
Because even
Death
Isn't so.

452 The yellow-flower field:
The moon is in the east,
The sun in the west.

453 Hating the sound of the waves,
Living in the mountains now
Only to find the wind in
The pine trees noisier.

454 Almighty Amitabha Buddha:
I thought it was
Buddha's name,
But it's the very person
Who is chanting here now.

455 Even on the peony flowers

- Of the old capital Nara
Scattering dung:
Herds of deer ...
- 456 Only for fun I planted
This chrysanthemum;
What white flowers!
- 457 A million dollars,
Damn it! It's only a
Dewdrop on a bamboo leaf.
- 458 Now you have returned
Your body to
Earth-water-fire-wind;
Who is then
You?
- 459 You're hit, old pipe, just
To clear ashes, not because
You're hated. See, you're
Kissed—because loved!
- 460 Even if someone
Hates you,
Don't hate back:
An-eye-for-an-eye
It never ends ...
- 461 The moon reflects
Even on dirty water;
This realized,
Our mind
Clears up.
- 462 When the water
In your mind
Clears up,
Calm stars can be seen

Reflected on it.

- 463 Westward—
Eastward—
 Wherever it is,
Grasses follow the direction
Of whatever wind blows.
- 464 Far, far to the west, beyond
A million billion Buddha-lands,
 Amitabha Buddha lives. But,
Open your eyes wide and he's
Here before you.
- 465 In the daytime,
My silhouette
 Lies by my feet.
- 466 Komachi, fairest girl in Japan,
Sixteen years old now:
Her sweet dimple
 Will shatter castles.
- 467 The surface of the garden
Is not yet dry after
 The evening shower.
But look! That clear
Moon in the sky.
- 468 If you're a plum,
I'll be a willow;
Our matchmaker
 The blowing spring wind.
- 469 If I'm with you—going
Into a desert
With only a pan and saucers—
 I wouldn't care a bit!

- 470 I can surmount
All difficulties,
Overcome any hardship
If I'm by your side.
- 471 The best
Defense
Against a thief is
Not a six-foot rod,
But poverty.
- 472 The burglar has
Forgotten to steal:
The moon in the window.
- 473 The robber, too, is
Robbed of his
Original treasure:
The straightforward
Mind.
- 474 See those rats biting
The boards of the cupboard;
Those sons who bite
Their parents' purse.
- 475 Asleep or awake,
Awake or asleep,
I think of you,
Of you—only of you.
- 476 It's your lips
That invite
Friendship;
And your lips that
Send your friends away.
- 477 Too much
Sutra chanting is

Useless:
You might even
Pass through paradise.

478 Sutra chanting
With your mind
Somewhere else:
It accumulates no virtue
Like talking in sleep.

479 Wholehearted
Sutra chanting is
Your master.
Keep out that
Familiar guest: illusion.

480 I'm a wind bell
Hung from the eaves;
Whether I ring or not,
Depends on the wind.

480

軒につられた
 わしや風鈴よ
 鳴るも鳴らぬ
 も風次第

481 How nice! All scattered,
 Nothing left at all:
 Cherry trees.

482 I know well enough these
 Cherry blossoms will
 Return to dust, but I
 Find it hard to leave
 The trees in full bloom.

483 What peace it is
 Going to the shrine with
 Nothing to pray for!

484 Had better not kill
 Lice and mosquitoes;
 Squash your self.

- 485 The sea of Dharma:
 However deep
 It may be—
 I'll dip and dip it up
 Until it's dry.
- 486 If you drink wine,
 You'll naturally get drunk;
 Lotus flowers may fall, but will
 Surely come out again.
- 487 Carefree fools
 Free from seeds of contention:
 Easy for them
 To be broad-minded.
- 488 Around the graveyard's
 Mossy tombs,
 Insects chirping, chirping—
 But no sutra chanting.
- 489 Better making money in trade
 Cheerfully clapping
 These two hands
 Than listening to Hakuin's
 One-handed clapping.
- 490 Dust collects
 Soon after it's cleaned out:
 Endless repetition ...
 Likewise, the human mind,
 The garden with falling leaves.
- 491 Beyond those new cherry leaves—
 Echoes of voices
 Of those who know.
- 492 For shame!
 The bottle splashes noisily

Because it's not full.

493 Spread of the banana leaf:
One day's journey
For the snail.

494 A lotus flower is white,
Though around it
The water is muddy.

495 The flag flaps,
Your mind flaps; then,
Unfurl your mind,
Show its flapping!

496 Farming:
People come home, bowing
To the evening sun.

497 In my bowl there's enough
Rice for tomorrow; how cool
This summer evening!

498 He-and-she news
Spreads fast;
Their story began in the rain
Under an umbrella.

499 Plausible lies,
Eight hundred are
Never
Superior to
Honesty.

500 Flowers in full bloom,
At their best
For only three days.

501 A wild rose

Sometimes flowers,
 Sometimes turns into needles:
But does it have
Any double intention?

502 Flowers
Will open
 Again next spring
But my dead child will
Never come again.

503 Transient as a flower,
But not so pretty:
 The human mind.

504 March, the flower time: even
Little birds dance, calling
“Hey, butterflies!
 Hey, flowers!”

505 In full-blooming March
Each with a bottle,
Each with a Kasyapa smile,
 Cherry-flower-viewing wine.

506 I want to ask the butterfly
About the flowers’ dreams, alas—
 It has no voice!

507 In bloom for a while,
Then turns into a
Bitter sheath:
 A pepper.

508 Perennial flowers
Return to their roots, and birds
 To their old nests;
But, no man can return
To his younger days.

- 509 After flowers and red leaves
 Are gone,
 We know the chastity
 Of the pine tree.
- 510 Viewing cherry flowers,
 Drinking wine,
 Bodhidharma with whiskers will
 Show up from somewhere.
- 511 For those who wait only
 For flowers to bloom,
 I wish I could show them
 The spring grass in
 The snow of a mountain village.
- 512 Like the flowers you watch,
 Your steps are directed
 Toward the end of life.
- 513 Don't move
 Or you're done for!
 See that five-inch nail
 Driven in the straw doll.
- 514 Women on the coast, too,
 Wear grass coats in the rain
 Till they reach the sea.
- 515 Originally there's
 No dust to sweep off:
 The mind of the person
 Who holds the broom is
 Exactly like the dirt.
- 516 This is the broom for
 Sweeping away:
 The man who

Insists that he has
No dust to clear.

517 Anger makes
A person forget
 This world, the next worlds,
Other people,
And himself.

518 In the evening when
Leaves fall by
 Ones and twos,
You can hear the sounds
Of not-falling rain.

519 The beam that
Rats run along
 May be one pathway,
But human beings must walk
The true Way.

520 When spring comes,
My thatched-roof hut
 Is very nice;
On the eave's edge,
Nightingales come and sing.

521 When spring comes,
Prepare clothes
 For summer.
Don't waste
Even a day.

522 Spring has come:
All over the capital
 And countryside,
Pines are green
And flowers are red.

- 523 Spring is gone:
On the twigs
 Behind the green leaves,
Young plum fruit,
Two, three, four ...
- 524 In spring, flowers
Giving off fragrance;
 Seeing their faces,
I feel like
Smiling back.
- 525 The spring sea:
Slowly swelling and rolling
 All day long.
- 526 Spring grass:
Burnt, but soon growing
 Green, green ...
- 527 The whole spring field is
Swallowed at a gulp:
 A pheasant's cry.
- 528 In spring, flowers;
Summer, cuckoos;
 Autumn, moon.
In winter, snow is
Chilling and cool.
- 529 Spring rain
Falls everywhere
 Without discrimination,
But each grass and tree shows
Different colors.
- 530 Spring rain: good for
Planting chrysanthemums,
 Good for napping, too.

春は花 夏ほさと
 き寸秋何日
 冬 雪さえて冷し
 かりけり

531 Mount Fuji—
 On a fine day, it's good.
 Cloudy, also very good.
 Its original form
 Never changes.

532 Scatter ten thousand
 Troubles with a single smile:
 Plum flowers.

533 No carpenter
 Will build a
 Wagon-on-fire;
 We make it for ourselves
 And ride on it.

- 534 The sun is my eye;
The open sky is my form;
 Wind, my breath;
Seas and mountains,
My whole body.
- 535 Pull and bind the sheaves
Of grass together:
 There's a grass hut.
Untie them and, there,
The original field.
- 536 Pull and bind the sheaves
Of grass together:
 There's a grass hut.
Without untying them, there,
The original field.
- 537 Though no one lives now
In this mountain village,
 When spring comes,
Willows are green,
Flowers red.
- 538 Someone else's question,
Somehow
 You can answer;
But, your mind's question,
How can you answer?
- 539 Serving for others,
Itself becomes naked:
 A cotton bush.
- 540 A person who
Speaks ill of others
 To your face
Surely speaks ill of you

Behind your back.

- 541 Learn from others;
Yourself well disciplined,
Get on with your
Bodhisattva Way.
- 542 In the winter field,
No man but
Dry bamboo leaves; see,
The empty sky talks,
The stone woman smiles back.
- 543 The taste of cold water
Drunk up in a gulp
In summer heat:
Hard to speak of in words,
Never explained.
- 544 I wish our minds
Were equal to the color
Of pine trees
And wish our promise
Would keep its green forever.
- 545 A rain shower, then
Back to the original
Moonlit night.
- 546 Coming alone?
Going alone?
It's an illusion.
I'll show you the way of
No-coming-and-no-going.
- 547 Arriving alone,
Returning alone,
This lonely way:
It's strange for a preacher

To preach the way.

548 Day after day,
Day by day,
Dust of mind collects;
Be sure to wash it away
And find your original Self.

549 Though separated by
A hundred miles, two hundred miles,
We see the same
Moon in the cloud.

550 When your robe of
Fallen leaves
Wears out, it's
Best to wait in your hut
For a winter storm.

551 Samadhi is like
This empty sky;
Instead of entering it,
Narrow-mindedly
You fall into a pit.

552 Floating clouds—
When wind blows, they'll follow;
No wind and they don't move.
Everything's up to the wind,
Life without worry.

553 White snow on Mount Fuji
Melts in the rising sun;
Rice cakes this morning
Melt in the boiling pot.

554 The two plum trees:
One opens early, the other late.
I love them both.

- 555 Dharma is
A doorknob,
 A pine on the hill,
A flint bag,
And a nightingale's chirp.
- 556 The pen is truly mighty:
Over seas and mountains,
Sending news back and forth
 Connecting you and me.
- 557 The jewel
Is in your bosom;
 Why look for it
Somewhere
Else?
- 558 The ship depends on sail,
The sail depends on wind;
I, a merchant,
 Depend on the customers.
- 559 Calling for a boat—
Only the river mist
 Answers me.
- 560 Though you're trod upon,
Endure it, be patient,
 Roadside weed!
Spring comes soon
And your flowers will open.
- 561 Reading books:
The writers are no more
 People of long ago,
But your friends
Now, here, before you.

562 Some in bloom, some scattering,
They're too beautiful
 To step on, but otherwise
No one can walk on the path:
Mountain cherry flowers.

563 One in evening dress,
The other in house frock:
 There's a big difference.
But, when they're naked,
Almost the same.

564 Layers of snow
Melting
 In the morning sun;
The faint sounds of dripping
Heard from the roof.

565 I don't know
The mind
 Of the old pond;
But I can still hear
The frog's splash.

566 The old pond:
A frog hops in,
 The sound of the water.

567 Since I don't have
My
 Native town,
Wherever I may go,
I'm on my way home.

568 Push aside
Those leaves heaped on
 The old path;
You'll see the invisible footprints
Of the Sun Goddess.

569 Pine trees in the wind
Don't break;
They always scatter
The snow before it's
Too heavy for their branches.

570 Farts, too, are
Sacred. See, even
Their sounds
Suggest Buddha:
"Boooooooooo."

571 Concentrate your mind
Inside your navel,
Penetrate the truth:
Life and death are
An out-and-out lie.

572 Ungrateful cucumber
Grows big,
Breaking the fence
That helped it.

573 Mosquito larvae,
Swimming up and down
Until they grow up.

574 The Lotus Sutra
Isn't limited to
Eight volumes;
Pine, bamboo, cherry, each
Demonstrates its meaning.

575 Desire, regret,
Hatred, affection,
Once rid of them all,
This world is
Yours.

- 576 As many people as
The stars in the sky ...
But, the moon is
Only you.
- 577 If you want to
Know Buddha, it's pointless
To seek him in the temple;
The Buddha is simply you
Wishing to see Buddha.
- 578 The mind seeking Buddha
Outside
Is
The worst
Illusion of all.
- 579 Charity appears
To reduce what's yours
For a while, but
In the end you're
Enriched.
- 580 A cuckoo's cry:
The mountain must be
In that direction,
So, steer the boat this way,
Boatman in the dark night.
- 581 I glance toward
The direction where
A cuckoo cried
Only to find the dawn moon
Still in the sky.
- 582 The well of no width, no depth:
There, brimming water ripples
Without wind. See that
Formless person
Dipping up the water.

583 On my way to you
A thousand miles become one;
Across the wide rice field,
Just a jump—

584 On my way to you,
A thousand miles become one:
Having missed you ...
A thousand on the way back.

585 Slipping in the tub
When you're in love:
Even muddy water tastes as
Sweet as dew.

583

惚 札 へ 通 へ ば
千 里 も 一 里
広 田 へ ぼ ち
一 ま た ち ぎ

- 586 Whoop—whoop—
Mountain birds
 Whoop—
I wonder if they are the
Father and mother I loved.
- 587 Our illusions are
The beginning of
 Satori;
See how sour grapes
Become sweet raisins.
- 588 I am
Originally “Nothing”
 And timeless;
Nowhere to go
Even after death.
- 589 As the path winds,
Growing on either side,
Fluttering in the wind:
 Pampas grass.
- 590 Wrong if you regard
Underdogs
 As always weak:
Sometimes they’re very wise
And know what’s what.
- 591 Sown seeds
Bring forth buds;
 Planted seedlings grow.
Oh, the limitless blessing
Of heaven and earth.
- 592 Mutual trust shrinks
A thousand miles to one:
You’re safe
 And I’m sound.

- 593 Pine winds,
Moonlight on the field grasses
Are all that I have:
Besides,
No visitors.
- 594 Waiting, waiting
For news of you;
How are you
Getting on, I wonder?
- 595 Playing with the firefly
Caught by my beckoning fan—
Sort of killing time while
I wait for you.
- 596 My hat worn slantwise—
Everything up to heaven—
In travel a companion,
In life compassion.
- 597 With no intention
To defend
The hillside rice field,
It provides no small service:
The scarecrow.
- 598 If illusion is a dream,
Satori is also a dream:
Awakening from a dream
Is the beginning of life.
- 599 When you feel
You're living in illusion,
You are in satori;
If you're sure of satori,
You're living in illusion.
- 600 Illusory mind is

The beginning of satori:
The moon dwells even
In dirty water.

601 Your illusion
Divides heaven-and-hell
In two; but each is
Just a name for
The one Original Mind.

602 Don't hesitate,
Go straight on!
A snow-covered path.

603 So the full moon is admired
Like a well-rounded mind
But once it was a
Sharp-edged crescent.

604 Be round,
Thoroughly round,
Human mind!
Square minds
Often scratch.

605 You may try to be round,
But keep one corner,
O mind,
Otherwise you'll
Slip and roll away.

606 Although you keep
A jewel within yourself,
Nobody will notice it
Unless you
Polish and brighten it.

607 The meek-minded
Person who

- Acts lightly
Seems unreliable, but is
Most surefooted.
- 608 A wooden pestle in a mortar
Grinds itself away
 Gradually at each turn
Working for others' sake:
Do you know this subtle way?
- 609 Some people
Give themselves up
 To save our world,
For shame! I stay in the
Shelter of a grass hut.
- 610 Our mind
And every kind of jewel:
 If you polish them
They will shine
Accordingly.
- 611 You may brush it diligently, but
Since it's essentially iron,
Someday the rust
 Will ooze out.
- 612 The two palms in *gasshō*:
Right, the enlightened;
 Left, the unenlightened.
Between them,
One cry of Buddha.
- 613 That virtuous pine branch:
I'd love to see it
As an ornament
 In my *tokonoma*.
- 614 Reflected in the water or

In the recess of a field,
Moonlight doesn't change
No matter where.

615 While faithfully throwing their
Shadows to the water,
Flirting with the wind:
Willows by the river.

616 I wish I could be
The water in the spring;
How cool it is,
The moon in summer!

617 More fleeting
Than the letters written
On water
Is our mind seeking
Buddha.

618 No sound is heard
In the creeks where
Water runs deep;
Shallow streams
Always splash.

619 A waterfowl,
Coming and going,
Leaves no trace, but
Never
Forgets its way.

620 A water bird
Lives on the water, but its
Wings aren't soaked;
Does salt permeate
Fish in the sea?

621 Even a fan, if forsaken

And neglected, will grow cross,
Blocking the way, or causing
Troubles somewhere.

622 I would head up there
To sweep off those clouds
Covering the moon,
Were there a
Road leading to it.

623 Go along the broad street!
Just go straight!
The small ones are often
Blind alleys.

624 No path runs
And no one comes
On this mountain.
What! Right here
The embers of firewood.

625 A fallen
Stone monument
By the road
Is buried in a heap
Of scattered leaves.

626 In spring,
All the grasses are
The same green;
In autumn, they show
Various colors.

627 The moon reflected
On the bottom of the pond,
There it surely is,
But how can you reach it?
Sarusawa Pond.

- 628 Our dirty water
Of greed, rage, and folly:
 All flow into
The river that separates
This world and the next.
- 629 Colors of the mountains
And the murmuring of valleys
 Are the forms and
Voices of
Our Shakyamuni Buddha.
- 630 As they grow up,
Their ears hang lower:
 Rice plants.
- 631 Look with your ears,
Listen with your eyes,
 Then you'll believe it:
A drop of water
From the eaves.
- 632 A horned owl,
Seeking a bare branch in
 The midst of flowers.
- 633 They leave everything up to
The viewer's mind:
 Plum and willow flowers.
- 634 No-minded:
I see things
 Just as they are.
Why, it's me,
That star in the heavens.
- 635 This is this,
That is that,
 Everything as it is:

A pine tree is green,
A flower is red.

636 How do you see
This morning's dew
 Disappear
Before a single, ephemeral
Morning glory opens?

637 Looks cute, but it
Stings! What shall I do?
Throw it away? Or keep it?
 A devil's thistle.

638 Eyes see many things,
Oars can feel the riverbed;
But why doesn't my
 Longing reach you at all?

639 Watch the white waves
Rolling back to the sea
 Above the clashing currents
Between the river stream
And the sea tide.

640 Look around, notice
Some well made, some clumsy:
 Scarecrows.

641 I went too deep
Into the mountains and,
 Looking around,
Found myself down in
Another village again.

642 Brocade of spring:
As far as the eyes can reach,
 Willows and cherry blossoms
Here and there—

In and around the capital.

- 643 Everyone regards
The “Nothing”
 As nothing:
Seeing nothing left after
Lotus leaves fall.
- 644 That guy going there,
Isn’t he Seijurō?
That straw hat looks
 Just like his.
- 645 The white dewdrops on
Blades of grass in
 The field of Musashino are
The teardrops of insects
Chirping through the night.
- 646 Stepping on the grass
In the field of Musashino,
 I listen for
The chirp of insects
My sleeves wet with dew.
- 647 That one really
Looks innocent;
Commits secret sins—
 But innocently.
- 648 The grass hut I’ve built
Is broken now;
 With nowhere to live,
How shall I get
Through this winter?
- 649 Depending on the wind:
Twining or untwining ...
Meek-minded

Weeping willows.

- 650 We were long
On good terms,
But not since
I built an
Annex-storehouse.
- 651 The cloud in my heart
Has lifted at last:
One cool moon
Afloat in the sky.
- 652 Your ears
See
A purple robe;
Your eyes hear
One-hand clapping.
- 653 The plum blossoms in
The basement emit fragrance;
Secret love will
Speak for itself.
- 654 The garden bamboos
Reveal
The wind's invisible form:
Movement of shadows
In the moonlight.
- 655 The invisible wind in the sky,
In the long process of time,
Turns into flowers
And autumn maple leaves.
- 656 Bright moon:
I wandered around the pond
All through the night ...

- 657 Shining moon:
 Shadows of the pine
 Thrown on the *tatami* mat.
- 658 Full moon—
 Everything wet with dew
 Except the dew itself.
- 659 If a messenger
 Comes from Hades
 To fetch me,
 Please say to him,
 “He’s not home now.”
- 660 The other world
 Isn’t another country;
 It’s no other than
 Satori
 Three inches within your heart.
- 661 “Blind!” they call me,
 But it’s often
 Those with eyes
 Who are really blind.
- 662 Days and months go by
 Rolling—rolling—
 Rolling—
 A waterwheel.
- 663 Bread and soup,
 And cotton clothes
 Help you,
 But the other possessions
 May lead you astray.
- 664 Eyes wide open! No easy love!
 Were his skin
 Peeled off, everyone’s a

Shit-making machine.

- 665 Happy, happy
Young Pine Tree,
Branches flourishing—
Leaves also flourishing—
- 666 Your eyes, nose, and limbs
All may work well, but be careful!
Heaven or hell depends
Wholly on your mind.
- 667 Spring, after nine years
Facing the wall in zazen:
A big yawn—
- 668 The original body returns
Of itself to its
Original residence:
No use searching out Buddha,
It's not your business.
- 669 A slip of the tongue
Chills my lips;
Autumn wind—
- 670 Different places
Have
Different names:
Ashi in Naniwa is called
Hamaogi in Ise.
- 671 How light my sleeves are,
Nothing's inside:
Joy of the evening cool.
- 672 How sad to see
Red maple leaves falling—
Sadder to admit

Our own autumn
When we, too, will fall.

673 A yellow Japanese rose
Opens its eightfold petals,
What a pity! Those flowers
Bear no fruit.

674 Unlikely to
Die soon:
Chirrup of cicadas.

675 Burnt, and it'll
Become ash;
Buried, soil;
Then, what is it that
Remains to commit evil?

676 Merciful eyes
Make mind and manner
Meek and mild—
And words, too.

677 I, an innkeeper,
Welcome all visitors:
Shakyamuni, Confucius,
Princesses, everyone.

678 Give a damn!
Once I've been beaten,
I'll drink poison,
Eat the saucer.

679 Sliding shut
The torn paper door, I gaze
At the moon and plum flowers
Through the holes.

680 Whether deep in the mountains

Or far in the countryside,
Where you live, the same flowers
Of the capital will open.

681 No bird leaves its
Nest on the burning mountain;
Nothing in the world is
Sweeter than a child.

682 Deep in the mountains,
No one knocks on
My brushwood door
But the stormy winds
Blowing in the night.

683 It's drizzling on the
Pile of
Dry
Autumn maple leaves
Deep in the mountains.

684 The mountain man's
Wood box is raw
And unlacquered:
Nowhere is it
Faded or discolored.

685 My wish to stay
In the mountains
Aloof from the world is
A warning that I must deepen
Still my satori.

686 Mountain life:
How calm
And comfortable!
No one comes here,
I visit no one.

- 687 The evening bells
From the mountain temple
 Sound pleasant to
The one who has secured
A lodging for the night.
- 688 The monk ringing bells
In the mountain temple
 Doesn't show himself,
But the people nearby can
Tell what time it is.
- 689 The moon is declining on
The edge
 Of the mountain;
How I regret the days
I have spent in vain!
- 690 He's taking a nap
While mountain water
 Hulls the rice for him.
- 691 Hearing a crow with no mouth
Cry in the deep
 Darkness of the night,
I feel a longing for
My father before he was born.
- 692 Hey, don't hit him!
The fly rubs his hands,
 Rubs his legs.
- 693 In a dignified manner
Gazing at the mountain,
 A frog.
- 694 The mountain winds, sweeping
Off the evening shower clouds,
 Bring

- Coolness for a while—
The cicadas' song.
- 695 Where did you sleep last night?
Tonight—here, and tomorrow
Somewhere, with the levee
In a rice field as my pillow.
- 696 The ghost has at last been
Unmasked!
Withered pampas grass.
- 697 A bit of rouge on the snow:
To the morning sun
Smiling back—
One red plum flower.
- 698 Only after severe cold
And snowfall, everything meets spring.
Now your time has come, plum,
Open all your blossoms!
- 699 After removing all her
Makeup of snow, she's really
Proud of her original face:
Mount Fuji.
- 700 Her snow-white skin
Wrapped in sash of mist
Attracts everyone:
Mount Fuji.
- 701 Even in the snow
Doesn't feel cold:
A snowman.
- 702 One-night lodging
For flowing water—
Thin ice.

- 703 Coming or going—
I'm quite free
Just like a boat drifting
 As the waves move.
- 704 Awakened from a dream,
How ashamed!
 Bed-wetting ...
- 705 It's only an illusion,
Nothing much, I know; but to
Me, unenlightened one,
 "Come on, honey!"
- 706 It looks as if we're
Talking about a dream, half asleep,
 On a night of dreams
During the intervals of
Dozing ...
- 707 Born into
A dream in this
 World of dream, we
Vanish like a dewdrop:
What peace!
- 708 From old times,
Too intimate
 Friendship
Ends with
Parting.
- 709 Do hermits also
Enjoy this scenery?
 An autumn evening.
- 710 The man
Who's escaped the world

To live in the mountains,
If he's still weary,
Where should he go?

711 While enjoying
Mountain life
 Aloof from the world,
Everyone forgets
Days and months.

712 Looking closely, I've
Found a *nazuna* blooming
 Beneath the hedge.

713 So easy to judge
Your neighbor's
 Faults and virtues, but
Your own—
Invisible: complete darkness.

714 I fear nothing
In this world
 But a leaking roof,
A fool,
And debt.

715 Money and woman:
Those villains who often
 Lead men astray.
Oh, if by some means,
I could meet them!

716 But for the other
Sex in this world,
 How peaceful
The minds
Of both women and men!

717 Nothing in this world

Is more comfortable
Than sleep:
It's only fools that
Wake up and work.

718 Men and cigarettes
Are known
Only after
They've turned to
Smoke ...

719 Our mind is like
A puppet show:
When a devil
Pushes itself forward,
A Buddha will hide.

720 Were
Everyone
Buddhas,
Shakyamuni and Bodhidharma
Would find nothing to do.

721 The whole world is
Entirely filled with the scent:
Plum blossoms.

722 Human relations are like
Those between riders
And bearers of palanquins:
For some, aching buttocks;
For others, aching shoulders.

723 Human life:
Eat and earn,
Sleep and wake.
What's next to do?
Simply to die.

- 724 There's no company
On this
 Birth-and-death road;
It's a lonely way,
Alone coming, alone going.
- 725 Our world is
Like a row of
 Worn stakes:
This one, too long;
That one, too short.
- 726 The only thing
Changeless is that everything
 Changes, so
Your present grief
Will also change.
- 727 What is
Changeless in this world?
 Tomorrow's river:
Yesterday's creek,
Today's shallows.
- 728 What shall I compare
This world to?
 The moon reflected in the
Scattered dewdrops on the
Shaking wings of a waterfowl.
- 729 Everyone is
Attached to
 A single surface of skin;
Peel it off and see
The beautiful and the ugly.
- 730 The fleeting world:
Like cherry blossoms
 Unnoticed for three days.

- 731 Understand that
Everything in this world is
 Me:
You're me,
I'm you.
- 732 In this world
Nothing is permanent:
 See through it!
Yesterday's fire—
Today's flood—
- 733 The maiden flower grows
Into a full-blooming
 Bride,
A fading wife,
A wrinkled old woman.
- 734 To what can we
Compare this world?
 The white wake
Trailing behind the ship that
Set sail early in the morning.
- 735 To what can we compare
This world?
 The traceless wake
Of the ship that set sail
Early in the morning.
- 736 Shame
On you,
 Shameless men!
Those who feel ashamed
Often need not.
- 737 All through the night
I heard the sounds
 Of rain, but they were the

Rustle of the leaves falling
On the old temple garden.

738 Throughout the night
I searched my
Mind:
Traces of the birds that
Flew in the sky yesterday.

739 All night long
I've chanted
All the Buddhas' names,
All of which were once
My original name.

740 I resolve to do it
Next year, next year ... and
Each year ends.

741 A falling flower
Returning to its branch?
Butterfly.

742 Someone asks me,
"Ryōkan, what do you want
To leave after death?"
My last message is simply
"Namu-Amida-butsu!"

743 After wandering around
So many places, I've at last
Found one night's lodging.
And even that's
Not my own.

744 Ruby, diamond,
Sapphire, emerald:
What good are they
On the way to

The other world?

745 What a pity!
A person lost at
 The crossroads of karma
Though right in the midst of
Paradise.

746 My hut's roof is
The blue heavens;
 Floor, the earth;
Lamps, the sun and moon;
Hand-broom, the wind.

747 If only
I could tell you
 How I long for you!
And how
You feel to me!

748 Unaware they fly away—
Wild geese,
 Their shadows
Reflected:
The workings of the water.

749 Should my mind be
Reflected in
 The mirror,
How ugly
It would be!

750 My mind
Just as it is, is
 A Buddha;
Are there waves
Apart from water?

751 What shall I compare

My mind to?
Asuka River,
Your clear stream is
The moon of autumn night.

752 Even though it's only myself,
It's scary
Reflected in the water.

753 It's also mine—
Then it's not heavy:
The snow on my hat.

754 My original house:
No pillar,
No thatched roof,
Never soaked by rain,
Never blown by wind.

755 Young people,
If you care for your life,
Kill your self!
Once done,
You're deathless.

756 Young men these days are
Weak: he says, tottering,
Staggering, an old man of
Those-were-the-days.

757 A farewell:
Why does everyone
Grieve?
There's no parting
From the very beginning.

758 Though apart from each other
There's not the slightest gap
Between us,

Your-mind-my-mind.

759 Divided and divided
And subdivided again,
 The water runs;
Do you know all streams come
From a single source?

760 There are many different
Paths running up
 To the mountaintop,
But everyone sees
The same moon on the peak.

761 I wish I could be a
Monster,
Gulp you whole
 Become one with you.

762 A woman's tongue,
Three inches long,
Rules over men,
 Six feet tall.

763 Don't forget!
Harrow and seed
 In spring;
Weeding in summer;
Harvest in autumn.

764 While you try
Not to forget, you're
 Liable to forget;
But, after you've forgotten,
You have nothing to forget.

765 Apart from
Your self,
 Watching the mind,

You'll find it's
The brightest mirror in the world.

766 I regard my
Mind as a willow:
Free and flexible,
Accepting everything.

767 I'm fifteen,
A bud of a flower;
Whose love will
Open it?

768 A life of poverty:
Keeping my mind serene,
Spending each day
In my grass hut
Just as it passes.

769 When I die,
Don't burn the corpse,
Don't bury it;
Just throw it in a field,
Feed a hungry dog!

770 Give up
Your little self,
Watch the whole universe.
See, there's
Nothing binds you.

771 Come on, let's
Play together,
Motherless sparrow!

772 No me,
No others at all, only
The huge void sky:
Oneness,

Just oneness.

773 You and I,
At each breath
 Draw nearer on
The way to hell, or
To Amitabha's Pure Land.

Notes

Foreword

1. R. H. Blyth, *Zen in English Literature and Oriental Classics* (New York: Dutton, 1960), pp. viii, 25 ff.
2. Gary Snyder, *Earth Household* (New York: New Directions, 1969), p. 10.

Introduction

1. This terminology comes from the three traditional categories of Buddhist philosophy: *tai* (substance), *sō* (characteristic), and *yū* (activity).
2. My English translation of more than 1,200 Zen sayings from capping-phrase books is now available. Sōiku Shigematsu: *A Zen Forest: Sayings of the Masters* (New York & Tokyo: Weatherhill, 1981). Gary Snyder's foreword places this collection in its historical background and in wider contemporary perspectives.
3. Three different collections have appeared in book form: the most recent edition is the one by Etsudō Tsuchiya, *Zenrin Segoshū* (Kyoto: Kichudō, 1957). Mostly from these collections, I have picked out what seem to me the most relevant to the present anthology, which is a companion to my earlier *A Zen Forest*. I have taken care, therefore, in my translations to emphasize as much as possible the Zen implications of each poem. *Tanka* is translated into five lines; *dodoitsu*, four; *haiku*, three. All the entries in this book are arranged in the Japanese alphabetical (*a-i-u-e-o*) order of the original Japanese poems.
4. "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" in *Collected Poems: 1909–1962* (London: Faber, 1963).
5. *The Log from the Sea of Cortez* (New York: Viking, 1951), p. 217. Line breaks are mine.
6. Sōiku Shigematsu, *A Zen Forest* (New York and Tokyo: Weatherhill, 1981), poem no. 253.
7. See *A Zen Forest*, no. 1096.
8. *The Old Man and the Sea* (New York: Scribners, 1952), p. 50.

Index of First Lines

The index that appeared in the print version of this title does not match the pages in your eBook. Please use the search function on your eReading device to search for terms of interest. For your reference, the terms that appear in the print index are listed below.

A bamboo shoot grows
A bit of rouge on the snow:
A clear stream follows
A cloud splits open
A cuckoo's cry:
A fallen
A falling flower
A farewell:
A firefly burns itself
A flash of lightning—
A hand-rolled
A harmonious
A heavy snowfall ...
A horned owl
A life of poverty:
A long day—

A long drought:
A lotus flower is white
A million dollars
A monkey has jumped—
A newborn baby
A nightingale's song
A palanquin bearer
A person who
A person who
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A sharp angle creates
A slip of the tongue
A snake without feet
A tiger leaps
A water bird
A waterfowl
A water wheel
A wild rose
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A woman dressed up
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A yellow Japanese rose
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After forty-nine illusory
After removing all her
After wandering around
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All the family

All through the night
Almighty Amitabha Buddha:
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Although you keep
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Are there? Or not?
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As they grow up
Ask the sea gulls offshore
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Autumn coming—
Autumn now!
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Be thoroughly
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Bending its head
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Butterflies:
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Don't boast of

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Don't forget!

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Don't step on it!

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Each seems to want
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Everyone is
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Everyone wants

Everyone wishes it would
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Falling in love with you
Far, far to the west, beyond
Farming:
Farts, too, are
Feeling happy
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Floating clouds
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Flowers in full bloom
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For those who wait only
Forgetting everything—
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From morning till night
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Give a damn!
Give up
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How cool!
How do you see
How funny! Bodhidharma's
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How nice it is!
How nice it is!
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How refreshing
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How sad to see
Human life:
Human relations are like
Hurry up, all of you, before
Hysterics:

I am
I, an innkeeper
I ask you
I can surmount
I don't know
I don't know
I don't know if we'll
I don't know why
I fear nothing
I glance toward

I have spent
I know well enough these
I never die
I really love
I regard my
I resolve to do it
I shouldn't mention it.
I surely hear its voice, but
I want to ask the butterfly
I went too deep
I wish I could be
I wish I could be a
I wish I could grasp
I wish our minds
I would head up there
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If anyone
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If everyone with a similar hat
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If I sleep drunk
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If you get used to
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If you want
If you want to
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In a dignified manner
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In chanting-samadhi
In chanting-samadhi
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In spring, flowers;
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In the dark
In the daytime
In the evening when
In the winter field
In this world
In zazen:
It began to shower, besides
It couldn't care less
It depends.
It looks as if we're
It seems useless, but
It's also mine—
It's crazy
It's comfortable to live

It's drizzling on the
It's not fine
It's only an illusion
It's your lips
Itself fallen, but never
I've caught a robber
I've caught you
I've opened my heart without
I've thrust away
Ivy clinging and twining

Jump
Just put off

Komachi, fairest girl in Japan
Kunisada Chūji

Layers of snow
Layers of snow
Learn from others;
Let your mind be
Let's enjoy
Life and death in
Life is one rest
Lightning strikes
Like the flowers you watch
Likely to shoot fire
Listening
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Loneliness extends

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Look, Sariputra
Look with your ears
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Looking down on
Looking down, you may
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My joy is:
My mind
My original house:
My whole-hearted
My wish to stay

Neglect or
Negligence
Never, never
Never regard this world as
New Year's Day:
New Year's Day—
New Year's Eve
New Year's pine decoration
Night after night
No bird leaves its
No bird twitters
No carpenter
No drop of blood
No good, thank you.

No hell exists
No hesitation any more!
No matter
No me
No-minded:
No more money
No more, thank you, of
No one is taught
No parents
No parents, no friends
No path runs
No sound is heard
No use
Not by a harsh slap
Not dyed
Not past, not future
Not yesterday's
Nothing
Nothing in this world
Nothing is
Nothing is there
Nothing seems
Now I vomit
Now, now
Now you have returned

Off dragonfly-catching
On an unfamiliar road
On the way to meet you
On the way to meet you
One desire is

One in evening dress
One-night lodging
Only after severe cold
Only for fun I planted
Only if you plant them
Our dirty water
Our illusions are
Our lives are as
Our mind
Our mind is like
Our storehouse sold off
Our world is
Out the train window:
Over the pond
Originally there's

Paradise is
Patience enhances
Paulonia leaves fall
Peach blossoms:
Perennial flowers
Pieces of wood
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Pine winds
Plausible lies
Playing with the firefly
Plum flower's fragrance:
Plum meets nightingale
Pull and bind the sheaves
Pull and bind the sheaves
Push aside

Quite ready to fall

Rain, hail

Rain pouring down

Reading books:

Really nothing to say

Reflected in the water or

Remember:

Remembering him, you say? Then

Reverence is

Right now, right here

Rise

Rising to the surface with

Ruby, diamond

Samadhi is like

Satori is something

Saying, "The value of

Scatter ten thousand

See how the cherry flowers

See that stupid frog?

See those

See those rats biting

See through

Seems always

Several standing

Serving for others

Shakyamuni

Shakyamuni

Shame

Shave all those

Shining moon:
Shoot an arrow
Should my mind be
Should the moon
Showing its face, then
Silence!
Since I don't have
Since legendary times
Sliding shut
Slipping in the tub
Smoky for a while, but
So easy to judge
So the full moon is admired
So well made up
Some in bloom, some scattering
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Some say things exist
Someone asks me
Someone else's question
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Spring rain: good for
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"There is," someone says
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There seems
There! That's it!
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"There's nothing"
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This coolness:
This dewlike world
This human world
This is the broom for
This is this
This is what
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Though apart from each other
Though no one lives now
Though separated by
Though you live in the mud
Though you're trod upon
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Thunder has shot
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To be born
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To what can we compare
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Two-hands clapping ...

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Understand that
Ungrateful cucumber
Unlikely to
Unseen
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Up to you: which way
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Voiceless trees and grasses

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Waiting, waiting
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Warriors, farmers
Wash away everything
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Watching, watching my step
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Were
We're all born
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What is
What is it
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When I see
When spring comes
When spring comes
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When you're

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Where is heaven?
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While everyone
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Wrong if you regard

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You may try to be round

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Young people

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Your eyes, nose, and limbs

Your hands and feet

Your illusion

Your job itself

Your parents

Zen monk's way goes on

About the Authors

You can sign up for email updates on Sōiku Shigematsu [here](#).

Robert Aitken (1917-2010) was Roshi of the Diamond Sangha in Honolulu and the author of *Taking the Path of Zen* and *The Mind of Clover*. His introduction to Zen came in a Japanese prison camp during World War II, after he was captured as a civilian in Guam. R. H. Blyth, author of *Zen in English Literature*, was imprisoned in the same camp, and in this unlikely setting Aitken began the first of several important apprenticeships. After the war Aitken returned often to Japan to study. He became friends with D. T. Suzuki, and studied with Nagakawa Soen Roshi and Yasutani Hakuun Roshi. In 1959 Robert Aitken and his wife, Anne, established a Zen organization, the Diamond Sangha. Aitken was given the title “Roshi” and authorized to teach by Yamada

Koun Roshi in 1974. You can sign up for email updates [here](#).

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