

The Kanshi Poems of Taigu Ryōkan

大愚良寛漢詩集



良寛の漢詩集
劉美惠の漢詩集
敬題

Translated by Larry Smith
& Mei Hui Liu Huang

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of
Taigu Ryōkan**

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Front Cover Drawing of Ryokan
by Mei Hui Liu Huang
Lotus photograph on back cover

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Great Fool: Taigu Ryōkan

大愚良寛

by Larry Smith

*At the crossroads this year, after
begging all day I linger at the village temple.
Children gather round me and whisper
“The crazy monk has come back to play.”*

Taigu Ryōkan (1758-1831) lives on as one of Japan's best loved poets, the wise fool who wrote of his humble life with such directness in a tradition of radical Zen poets or “great fools.” These include China's P'ang Yun (Layman P'ang, 740-811) and Han-shan (Cold Mountain, T'ang dynasty), and Japan's poets of the Rinzai School: Ikkyū Sojun (Crazy Cloud, 1394-1481) and Hakuin Ekaku (1686-1769).

The eldest of four sons and three sisters, Ryōkan grew up in the town of Ikumuzaki near Mount Kugami, a community for artists and writers. His father Yamanoto Shinzaemon, a scholar of Japanese literature and a renowned haiku poet, was also the town's ineffectual mayor. His mother Hideko was a quiet woman who would eventually have to deal with the father's abandoning his position and his family and then drowning himself in the river Katsura in 1795.

In his youth Ryōkan trained under Confucian scholar and poet Omori Shiyō and began early the study of Chinese literature in the original. At sixteen, he had already flirted with a life of gambling and women; following his *genpuku* rite-of-passage ceremony, he was expected to begin helping his father officiate. To everyone's surprise he took up the study of Soto Zen at the nearby Kōshoji temple with Genjō Haryō. At seventeen, he shaved his head and took his robes and vows, along with the name Ryōkan (Candle in the Wind). At twenty-one, he followed Tainin Kokusen (1722-1792), an older Zen teacher; to the Entsuji temple in Bitchū. This mentorship lasted a decade until Ryōkan received Kokusen's *inka* or a seal as a realized Zen master. By then, however, Ryōkan had become disillusioned and outraged at the corrupt practices of vain and greedy temple

priests, and so he left the Sōtō temple to make his mountain hermitage. Ryōkan had no disciples, ran no temple, and in the eyes of the world was a penniless monk who spent his life in the snow country of Mount Kugami. He admired most the Zen teachings of Dōgen Zenji and the unconventional life and poetry of Zen mountain poet Han-shan. He repeatedly refused to be honored or confined as a “professional,” either as a Buddhist priest or a poet.

Who says my poems are poems?

My poems are not poems.

When you can understand this,
Then we can begin to speak of poetry.

Ryōkan never published a collection of verse while alive. His practice consisted of sitting in zazen meditation, walking in the woods, playing with children, making his daily begging rounds, reading and writing poetry, doing calligraphy, and on occasion drinking wine with friends. His priest name, "Ryōkan," was derived from his youth when the villagers called him a hiru-andon, a pointless and aimless person lacking ambition. He later dubbed himself “Taigu” or “Great Fool,” yet for him this title more truly meant one who enjoys life and goes beyond artificial and meaningless conventions.

Buddhist master; Tainin Kokusen, once described him this way: “Ryōkan looks like a fool, but his way of life is an entirely emancipated one. He lives on playing, so to say, with his destiny, liberating himself from every kind of fetter.” Later Kokusen presented Ryokan with a certificate stating: “Ryo, foolish though you look, you've found a very wide but true path, which few people can get to. In celebration of your accomplishment, you shall have this walking-stick. It looks plain but it's not. Go, go in peace. Now the whole world is your residence.” Tainin provides us with a description of his disciple's simple life: “In the morning he wanders out of his hut and goes God knows where, and in the evening loiters around somewhere. For fame he cares nothing. Men's cunning ways he puts out of the question.”¹

Ryōkan's freewheeling life, much like the American Henry David Thoreau's, is both an affirmation of alternate values and a rebuke to the hypocrisy and rigidity of values which he found in Japanese Zen monasteries and in society at large.

His "foolishness" belongs in a Taoist-Buddhist context as an inversion of social norms. Another early Zen freethinker, Bankei Yotaku (1622-1693), described the original, non-dualistic Buddha Mind this way: "The Buddha Mind, unborn and marvelously illuminating, is like a bright mirror. A mirror reflects whatever is in front of it. It's not deliberately trying to reflect things, but whatever comes before the mirror; its color and form are sure to appear....The Unborn Buddhist Mind is just like this." For Benkai, as for Ryōkan, the original mind of "being foolish" serves as an effective method of embracing non-duality and realizing equanimity.² Such simple wisdom requires an unlearning or relearning. The fool rocks the world with his abnormal behavior; and this shakes the web of value judgments tied to beliefs. Playfulness and kindness then become ways of accepting our daily suffering. Ryōkan declares the Way of the Fool in his poem "No Mind":

With no mind, flowers lure the butterfly;
With no mind, the butterfly visits the blossoms.
Yet when flowers bloom, the butterfly comes;
When the butterfly comes, the flowers bloom.

"No mind," or *mushin*, not to cling or to strive, is joined with *mujo*, or acceptance of life's impermanence, and so we have the greatness of the fool.

To achieve this original or beginner's mind, Ryōkan sought the company of children, kept his humble begging rounds, accepted his everyday life, and recorded it all in his authentic poems. Dropping whatever he was doing, he would turn to join the children's games of tag and blind man's bluff, hide-and-seek, and "grass fights," or to play the *ohajiki* stone game or *temari*, Japanese handball or bouncing ball. He was caught playing marbles with a geisha once and is said never to have refused a game Go. He relished playing dead for the children, who would bury him in leaves; he would spend the day picking flowers with them, forgetting his begging round: "How happy I am / to go out into the fields / gathering herbs and running

about / with the merry village children. I love their truthfulness, their lack of pretense."³

Suzuki Tekiken gives an account of Ryōkan's behavior in *Zen Master Ryōkan's Wooden Bowl Record*: "When the Zen Master went out, children would follow...Sometimes they would shout at him loudly and the Master would shout back in surprise, throwing up his hands, reeling backwards and almost losing his balance. Whenever the children found the Master; they were always ready to do this. Ordinary people frowned on this behavior. He quotes Ryōkan's response to this: "When the children surprise me this way, it makes them happy. When the children are happy it makes me happy. The children are happy, and I'm happy too; everyone happy together; and so I do it all the time. There's no truer happiness than this!" This was Ryōkan's way of manifesting ultimate truth, his religion of non-religion, "I am neither for the world nor against it," he declares.

His tendency to misplace things, including such items as his walking stick, begging bowl, books, and even his underwear was well known. Among the stories of his chronic forgetfulness is that of a visit by the famous scholar Kameda Hōsai. When Hōsai found Ryōkan sitting zazen on the porch of his hut, he waited several hours for the monk to finish, and then Hōsai and Ryōkan happily talked poetry, philosophy, and writing until evening, at which point Ryōkan rose to fetch them some *sake* from town. Again Hōsai waited several hours, then grew concerned and began to walk toward the village. When he found his host a hundred yards away, sitting under a pine tree, he exclaimed, "Ryōkan! Where have you been? I've been waiting for hours and was afraid something had happened to you." Ryōkan looked up. "Hōsai, you have just come in time. Look, isn't the moon splendid tonight?" When Hōsai asked about the *sake*, Ryōkan replied, "Oh, yes, the *sake*. I forgot all about it," and headed off to town.⁵ To be distracted by life's bright moments is indeed a Zen virtue, though often a trial for friends.

Ryōkan's generosity to animals and plants is renowned. Once when he saw that three bamboo plants had grown under his hut's floor; he was so concerned that he cut three holes in the floor and promised the plants that he would do the same thing for the ceiling when they reached it.

Ryōkan's Chinese *Kanshi* poems are best seen as an undated journal of poems that correspond to his life's development, a publishable record of a humble life spent living in the moment without thoughts of fame and power. In recording his experience of play, begging, observing people and nature, and accepting life's simple bounty, Ryōkan becomes the self-deprecating great fool in order to mentor us in an authentic life: one stressing simplicity, trust, humility, and finding the real self and true way in our authentic everyday life. Late in his own life he became "a fool for love" and met the young Buddhist nun Teishin, the two of them writing a series of poems to each other. As a poet and person, Ryōkan embodies the Zen aesthetic of directness. His verse is stunningly bare yet sensitive to the smallest image: the crickets song coming on, the movement of the incense smoke, the sound of snowflakes on the bamboo. Alive to the movement of our natural world, and we people in it, he awakens us to the light within.

I am forever indebted to Mei Hui Liu Huang for working with me ten years or more on these translations of Taigu Ryōkan. For a time living in Ohio, she was a student who taught me much, and since her return to Taiwan with her husband C.T., our work has been through the mails, including electronic. Wouldn't our friend Ryōkan have a good laugh at that! We all share in the rewards of work with our friend Ryōkan which are to the spirit.

NOTES

1. Quoted in Misao Kodarna and Hikosaku Yanagishima, *The Zen Fool: Ryōkan* (Rutland, Vt.: Charles E. Tuttle Co., 1999), pp. 17-19.
2. Quoted in *Great Fool: Master Ryōkan, Poetry, Letters, and Other Writings*, translated and with essays by Rynichi Abe and Peter Haskel (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1996), p.56.
3. *Great Fool*, p.14
 4. *Great Fool*, pp.15-16.
 5. Quoted in *One Robe, One Bowl: The Zen Poetry of Ryōkan*, translated and introduced by John Stevens (New York: Weatherhill, 1977), p.13.

6. *One Robe, One Bowl*, p.14.

*This essay originally appeared in *Parabola: Myth, Tradition, and the Search for Meaning* (Vol. 26, 3; Fall 2001), and was reprinted in *The Utne Reader* (Jan.-Feb. 2002).

.Other books by Huang and Smith

Chinese Zen Poems: What Hold Has this Mountain? Compiled and translated by Larry Smith and Mei Hui Huang. Huron: Ohio: Bottom Dog Press 1998.

Songs of the Woodcutter: Zen Poems of Wang Wei & Taigu Ryōkan, translations by Larry Smith and Mei Hui Huang. Huron, Ohio: Bottom Dog Press 2003. [This is a CD and booklet of poems with Smith reading English translation along with flute music by Monty Page.]

* * *

Larry Smith is a professor emeritus at Bowling Green State University, Firelands College in Huron, Ohio, where he has taught for 40 years. A native of the Ohio River Valley, he lives along the shores of Lake Erie in Ohio. He is the author of nine books of poetry, five books of fiction, and two literary biographies. He and his wife Ann are two of the founders of Converging Paths Meditation Center in Sandusky, Ohio.

Mei Hui Liu Huang was born in Taiwan under Japanese government and later Chinese rule. Her grandmother was a poet, and her father a craftsman in tea production. She has trained in the arts of poetry, tea serving, ceramics, brush calligraphy and painting, bon zai and flower arrangement. For several years she lived in Ohio and

California. Now she and her husband live in Taiwan and are devoted to its cultural restoration.

Zen Master Rykōan

-Mei Hui Liu Huang (Kou, Liu Mi E Ko)

An eternal master stands in Japanese Zen history.
With a silk ball in hand, he turns into an urchin.
His hut lies on the mountainside under a cliff.
Secluded like a red-crowned crane, he flies into the
wind.

*

良寛禪師

劉美惠作

日本禪林不老翁
絲毬在手似頑童
深居草屋奇巖下
酬世猶如鶴馭風

*

良寛禪師

黃(劉)美惠子作

日本禪林の不老翁
繡毬手に在って 頑童に似たり。
草庵に深居す 奇巖の下
酬いるは 猶 鶴の風を馭するが如し。

With thanks to my Japanese teacher
Mr. Ka You Eki (柯有益)

Poems of Children

Easygoing

My walking skirt is short, my holy gown long.
I go through life free yet disciplined.
Later children stop me in the street,
Clap and sing the ballad of the bouncing ball.

*

騰騰

裙子短兮 褊衫長
騰騰兀兀 只麼過
陌上兒童 忽見我
拍手齊唱 放毬歌

*

騰騰

裙子は短く 褊衫は長し

騰騰 兀兀 只麼に過ぐ。
陌上の児童 忽ち我を見
手を拍ちて齊しく唱う 放毬の歌。

The Silk Balls

The silk balls in my sleeve are priceless.
Their best bouncer is none other than I.
If you would know their secret, I answer:
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

*

毬子

袖裏繡毬直千金
謂言好手無等匹
箇中意旨若相問
一 二 三 四 五 六 七

*

毬子



袖裏の繡毬 直千金 Mingliuttto Hdz_b_37.ttf

謂う 言 好手 等匹なしと。

箇中の意旨 若し相問わば

一 二 三 四 五 六 七。

Grass-Fighting

Once I sought victory at grass-fighting
beating the children at their own art,
till night came on and I stood alone—
an autumn moon ascends the sky.

*

鬪草

也 与 児 童 鬪 百 草
鬪 去 鬪 来 転 風 流
日 暮 寥 寥 人 帰 後
一 輪 明 月 凌 素 秋

*

鬪草

也 児 童 と 百 草 を 鬪 わ す
鬪 い 去 り 鬪 い 来 っ て 転 風 流 。
日 暮 寥 寥 た り 人 帰 っ て 後
一 輪 の 明 月 素 秋 を 凌 ぐ 。

Walking Home

My hair fluffy, my ears sticking up,
my robe torn, I float with the clouds.
Neither drunk nor awake, I walk home;
children come and hug me, before and behind.

*

頭髮蓬蓬耳卓朔
衲衣半破若雲烟
半醉半醒归来道
兒童相擁後与前

*

頭髮 蓬蓬 耳 卓朔
衲衣半ば破れて雲烟の若し。
半醉半醒 归来の道
兒童 相擁す 後と前と。

Day after Day

Day after day after day
I play with children.
Up my sleeve a few string balls,
never enough time for play.

*

日日日日又日日
閒伴兒童送此身
袖裏毬子兩三箇
無能飽醉太平春

*

日日 日日 又 日日
閒に兒童を伴って此の身を送る。
袖裏の毬子 兩三箇
無能 飽醉す 太平の春。

Snow on the Shrine

This morning snow piled high on the shrine gate.
The trees on this sacred land shines with flowers.
Out in the cold a boy throws snowballs
as if the world were only his.

*

宮門新雪朝
千樹似春還
誰家少年子
等閒打狂顛

*

宮門 新雪の朝
千樹 春の還るに似たり。
誰が家の少年子ぞ
等閒に狂顛を打す。

Begging for Alms

After begging alms from street to street,
I walk alone toward Hachi Man Go Palace.
Children see me and whisper:
“That crazy monk has come back to play.”

*

乞食

十字街頭 乞食了
八幡宮辺 方徘徊
児童相見 共相語
去年癡僧 今又来

*

乞食

十字街頭 乞食し了り
八幡宮辺 方に徘徊す。
児童 相見て共に相語るらく
去年の癡僧 今又来ると。



Ry ō kan, Self-Portrait

My Hut

A Poem

I live on a foothill of Mount Kugarmi,
serve myself this simple tea and meal.
I never see a Bodhidharma here,
only the occasional leaf picker.

*

偶作

国上山下是僧家
麤茶淡飯供此身
終年不遇穿耳客
只見空林拾葉人

*

偶作

国上山下は 是れ僧が家
麤茶淡飯 此身に供す。
終年 遇わず 穿耳の客
只見る 空林に葉を拾うの人。

Jottings

The rain stopped around midnight.
Morning light lays across my loneliness.
Beyond the door, the rain sings again.
A black cane hangs on the wall.
I have run out of fire wood,
yet who will help be heat my stove?
So many books piled on my bed,
and I, too lazy to read them now.
Tonight's mood only I can understand
yet how will I describe it tomorrow?

*

偶作

草堂雨歇二三更
孤燈寂照夢還辰
門外点滴声丁東
壁上烏藤黑粼皴
寒炉無炭誰為添
空牀有書手慵伸
今夜此情只自知
他時異日如何陳

*

偶作

草堂 雨歇む 二三更

孤燈 寂しく照らす 夢還るの辰。

門外の点滴 声 丁東

壁上の烏藤 黒 粼皴。

寒炉 炭なし 誰か為に添えん

空牀 書めれど 手 伸すに慵し。

今夜 此情 只 自ら知る

他時 異日 如何か陳べん。

Impromptu Verse to a Stone Image of Bodhisattva

Green mountains
everywhere,
white clouds to
the east and
west.
A traveler can
pass by
without knowing
we are here.

*

青山 前 与 後
白雲 西 又 東
縦 有 経 過 客
消 息 応 難 通

*

青山 前と後と
白雲 西 又 東
縦い 経過の客あるも
消息 応に通じ難かるべし。

My Hut

My hut lies in the midst of a dense woods.
Each year the spring ivy grows longer.
No news of men's affairs;
only the happy songs of the woodcutter.
When the sun comes up, and I mend my robes.
When the moon comes out, I read Buddhist poems.
All that I have to report is this:
To arrive at the true way,
stop chasing so many things.

(Based on a fine translation by John

Stevens)

*

家住深林裏
年年長碧蘿
更無人事促
時聽采樵歌
當陽補衲衣
對月讀伽陀
為報當途子
得意不在多

*

家は住す 深林の裏
年年 碧蘿長ず。

更に人事の促すなく
時に采樵の歌を聴く。
陽に当っては衲衣を補い
月に対しては伽陀を読む。
為に報ず 途に当るの子
意を得るは多きに在らずと。

Bamboo Trees

I sing of the bamboo around my hut.
Thousands nearby offer their peaceful shade.
While younger shoots run wild, blocking the roads,
older branches stretch across the sky.
Strengthened by frosty winters,
their mystery grows in rising mists.
In health and beauty they rival the pine and oak,
yet lack the grandeur of the peach and plum.
Their upright trunks, their divergent knots,
their hearts kept open, their roots made strong.
Oh, Bamboo trees, with honesty and strength,
you stand nearby me as everlasting friends.

*

宅 辺 有 苦 竹	冷 冷 数 千 竿
筍 迸 全 遮 路	梢 高 斜 扨 天
経 霜 陪 精 神	隔 烟 転 幽 間
宜 在 松 柏 列	何 比 桃 李 妍
竿 直 節 弥 高	心 虚 根 愈 堅
愛 爾 清 貞 質	千 秋 希 莫 遷

*

宅辺に苦竹あり
冷冷として 数千竿。
筍は迸って全て路を遮り

梢は高く斜に天を払う。
霜を経て精神を陪し
烟を隔てて 転 幽間。
宜しく松柏の列に在るべし
何ぞ桃李の妍に比せん。
竿直く 節弥高く
心虚しく 根愈堅し。
爾が清貞の質を愛さん
千秋 希くは遷す莫らん。

At Gogo-An

This hall is rather bare and cold.
Nothingness hangs everywhere like a bell.
Outside a thousand fir trees;
tacked to the wall are several Zen poems
The pot is covered with dust.
The cooking ware is meant only for fish.
From time to time an old villager from the east
knocks at the door in the moonlight.

*

五合庵
索索五合庵
室如懸磬然
戶外杉千株
壁上偈数篇
釜中時有塵
甑裡更無烟

唯有東村叟
頻叩月下門

*

五合庵

索索たり 五合庵
室は懸磬の如く然り。
戶外 杉 千株
壁上 偈 数篇。
釜中 時に塵あり
甌裡 更に烟なし。
唯 東村の叟ありて
頻に叩く 月下の門。

**Impromptu
Verse to a Stone
Image of
Bodhisattva**

In my thatch hut,
only bare walls.
Trusting the
world to others, I
live out my life.
Sometimes an
old friend visits

and we sit
together listening
to the chiming of
the crickets.

*

草堂唯壁立
傍人送余生
偶有旧友到
並枕聞虫声

*

草堂 唯 壁立す
人に傍って 余生を送る。
偶 旧友の到れるあり
枕を並べて 虫声を聞く。

A Poem

A quiet fills my three-matted hut.
All day long, not a soul appears.
I sit at the window and meditate...
the sound of falling leaves

*

蕭条三間屋
終日無人観
独坐閒窓下
唯聞落葉頻

*

蕭条たり 三間の屋
終日 人の観るなし。
独り閒窓の下に坐し
唯聞く 落葉の頻なるを。

A Poem

Year round, the cottage gate lies open,
yet seldom do callers stir in the quiet garden.
After the long rains of the plum season:
countless oak leaves scattered on the mossy earth.

*

艸門長不関
閒庭人跡稀
楮葉梅雨後
無数点緑苔

*

艸門 長く関さず
閒庭 人跡稀なり。
楮葉 梅雨の後
無数 緑苔に点ず。

A Poem

I stand alone in the autumn night
while darkness covers my beautiful garden;
crickets chirp under the long grass,
a cold dew dampens my robe.

*

凄然 夜已久
白露 露衣裳
庭際 何処在
只聞 草虫声

*

凄然 夜已に久しく
白露 衣裳を露す。
庭際 何れの処にか在る
只聞く 草虫の声。

Travel Poems

Revisiting Zenn Ko Temple

Twenty years ago I visited here with Master KoKu Sen.

Today, the stream still flows before the temple
and the hills still rise green behind,
but my beloved teacher is no longer with us.

*

再遊善光寺

曾隨先師遊此地
回首悠悠二十年
門前流水屋後嶺
風光猶似旧時妍

*

再び善光寺に遊ぶ

曾て先師に隨い此の地に遊ぶ
首を回らせば 悠悠二十年。
門前の流水 屋後の嶺
風光 猶 旧時の妍に似たり。

Crickets Singing at Night on My Travels

Time flies, spring gone into fall.
So alone along this dewy convent
where the crickets sing all night long
like a weaving mill without any thread.

*

旅夜聞沙鷄
居諸荏苒春為秋
僧舍蕭条白露滋
沙鷄當窓終夜織
不為貧道挂一糸

*

旅夜 沙鷄を聞く
居諸 荏苒 春 秋と為り
僧舍 蕭条として 白露滋し。
沙鷄 窓に当って終夜織れども
貧道が為に一糸を掛けず。

Rainy Night at I-Se Way (II)

I spend the night at an old monastery
facing the lonely lamp and feel forlorn.
No one will help me dry my rain-soaked clothes.
For comfort I recite some Buddhist poems.
The rain falls all night long.
Holding my pillow, I lie awake till dawn.

*

伊勢道中苦雨（二）

投宿破院下
孤燈思凄然
旅服孰為乾
吟咏聊自寬
雨声長在耳
欹枕到曉天

*

伊勢道中の苦雨（二）

投宿す 破院の下
孤燈 思い 凄然。
旅服 孰か為に乾かさん
吟咏して 聊 自ら寛す。
雨声 長く耳に在り

枕を敬てて 暁天に到る。

Rainy Night at I-Se Way (I)

Counting on my fingers, 12 days since I left Koyto,
yet not one clear day.

How can I stay calm with such bad weather?

Wild geese fly with wet and heavy wings;
bright peach blossoms are washed pale.

At dawn, fishermen lose their directions;
at nightfall, people get lost on their way home,
and I am still not half way to I-Se.

In looking onward, I can't help knitting my brow.

I remembering last fall on this path,
a three day storm, trees lay across the path;
grass roofs of the farmer's huts were blown into the
sky.

Soon the price of rice rose wildly,
and now, this spring, it happens again.

If the rains do not stop soon,
how will we common people survive?

*

伊勢道中苦雨(一)

我從癸京洛
倒指十二支
無日雨不零
如之何無思
鴻雁翅忪重

桃花紅 轉垂
舟子曉 失渡
行人暮 迷歧
我行殊 未半
引領一 嘖眉
且如去 年秋
一風三 日吹
路邊拔 喬木
雲中揚 茅茨
米餽為 之貴
今春亦 若斯
若斯倘 不止
奈何蒼 生懼

*

伊勢道中の苦雨(一)

我れ京洛を発してより
指を倒せば十二支。
日として雨の零らざるなし
之を何如ぞ 思い無けんや。
鴻雁 翅 応に重かるべく
桃花 紅 轉 垂る。
舟子 曉に渡を失い
行人 暮に歧に迷う。
我が行 殊に未だ半ならず
領を引いて 一に眉を嘖む。
且 去年の秋の如き
一風 三日吹く。
路邊に 喬木を抜き

雲中に 茅茨を揚ぐ。
米価 之が為に貴く
今春も亦斯くの若し。
斯くの如くして 倘 止まずんば
蒼生の糶を奈何にせん。



Replica of Ryokan's hut at Gogo-An, Mount Kugami, Japan

Visiting I Zu Mo Za Ki with Master Ten Ge in the Fall

Our lives are like floating plants.
But who really cares to hear my wisdom?
That is why I became a monk.
With my walking stick I bowed to my hometown's
gate
and bid farewell to friends and family.
Since then I have passed many years alone
mending my ragged clothes and begging alms.
Yet at quiet moments I love my thatched hut
and spend good times in silence.
Master Ten Ge shares this life with me,
no difference between guest and host.
Clear wind passes under the pine trees;
frost covers the petals of Chrysanthemums.
Together we stroll this peaceful land
far from the turmoil of the world.

*

秋日与天華上人遊雲崎

夫人之在世
汎如水上蘋
誰容心其間
有緣非無因
振錫別親故

拳手謝城闔
衲衣聊補破
一鉢知幾春
偶愛草堂静
薄言消佳辰
同調復相得
誰論主与賓
風高松千丈
霜冷菊幾輪
把手青雲外
相忘寂莫浜

*

秋日 天華上人と雲崎に遊ぶ

夫れ 人の世に在るは
汎として水上の蘋の如し。
誰か心をその間に容れん
縁あり 因なきに非ず。
錫を振うて親故に別れ
手を挙げて城闔を謝す。
衲衣 聊 破れしを補い
一鉢 知(らず) 幾春ぞ。
偶 草堂の静かなるを愛し
薄言に佳辰を消ず。
同調 復 相得たり
誰か主と賓とを論ぜん。
風は高し 松 千丈
霜は冷なり 菊 幾輪。
手を青雲の外に把り

相忘る 寂莫の浜。

My Lodging

I stay the night at a small temple
leaning the whole night at my window.
Too cold to sleep,
I sit and wait the hours till the morning bell.

*

投宿
投宿 古寺裏
終夜 倚虚窓
清寒 夢難結
坐待 五更鐘

*

投宿
投宿す 古寺の裏
終夜 虚窓に倚る。
清寒 夢 結び難く
坐して待つ 五更の鐘。

Poems of Friendship

Mr. Dou's Villa

Two miles from town, I meet an old woodcutter
and we travel a road lined with huge pines.
The smell of wild plum blossoms
drifts across the valley.
My walking stick has brought us home.
In the old pond—huge, contented fish.
Long sunbeams penetrate the deep woods.
And in the house—a long bed
all covered with poetry books.
I loosen my belt and robes,
copy phrase after phrase for my poems.
At twilight, I walk to the east wing—
spring quail startle the air.

*

藤氏別館

去城二三里	適伴樵采行
夾路青松直	隔谷野梅香
我来若有得	卓錫即是鄉
池古魚龍戲	林静白日長
家中何所有	詩書竟長床
縱情緩衣帶	摘句聊為章
晚步東廂下	春禽復云翔

*

藤氏の別館

城を去る 二三里 適 樵采に伴うて行く。
路を夾んで 青松直く 谷を隔てて 野梅香し。
我が来る 得あるが若し 錫を卓す 即ち是の郷。
池古うして 魚龍戯れ 林静かにして 白日長し。
家中 何の有する所ぞ 詩書 長床に竟る。
情を縦にし 衣帯を緩め 句を摘んで 聊 章を為す。
晩れて東廂の下を歩めば 春禽 復 云に翔る。

On the Way to Tano Mo An Convent to Admire Blossoms

Along both shores peach trees flower as colorful as rosy clouds.

Blue water from the spring stream flows into the edge of sky.

Walking down to the stream, I see blossoms floating on waves.

At the east bank is the house of my old friend Mr. U. Gann.

*

看花到田面庵
桃花如霞夾岸發
春江如藍接天流
行看桃花隨流去
故人家在水東頭

*

花を看て田面庵に到る
桃花 霞の如く 岸を夾んで發き
春江 藍の如く 天に接して流る。
行くゆく桃花を看 流に随って去る
故人家は水の東頭に在り。

Daybreak

After twenty years, I come back to my hometown.
Many of my friends are gone; things have changed
so much.

Morning bells from the Gogo-An Convent enter to
this dim room
awakening my dreams.

*

曉

二十年来 郷里 帰
旧友 零落 事多 非
夢破 上方 金鐘 曉
空床 無影 燈火 微

*

曉

二十年来 郷里に 帰る
旧友 零落し 事多く 非なり。
夢は 破らる 上方 金鐘の 曉
空床 影なく 燈火 微なり。

Visiting Tano Mo An Again

Last March I walked along this stream.
At the peach blossoms, I reached your house.
Today, I come again, but can't find you,
only peach blossoms beautiful as pink clouds.

*

再到田面庵

去年三月江上路
行看桃花到君家
今日再来君不见
桃花依旧正如霞

*

再び田面庵に到る

去年三月 江上の路
行くゆく 桃花を看て君が家に到る。
今日 再び来れば 君 見えず
桃花のみ旧に依って正に霞の如し。

Receiving Mr. Sa Ichi Kozi 's Death Note

Greetings to you.

What a great Buddhist devotee you were.

You studied here with me for twenty years
even when you knew Zen could not be taught.

*

左一訃至
吁呼一居士
参我二十年
其中消息子
不許別人伝

*

左一の訃至る
吁呼 一居士
我に参ずる二十年。
其の中の消息子
別人の伝を許さず。

Thinking of an Old Friend (4-1)

Mr. Hou Sai is so nostalgic;
ah, but look, he comes this way.
Just yesterday he and I
rambled together teasing each other.

*

有懷(4-1)
鵬齋 侗儻士
何由此地來
昨日 鬧市裡
携手笑哈哈

*

懷有り(4-1)
鵬齋は侗儻の士
何に由ってか此地に来る。
昨日 鬧市の裡
手を携え 笑い哈哈。

Thinking of an Old Friend (4-3)

Mr. Sa Ichi was such a great man
yet only a few knew him well.
I was fortunate to receive his poem,
and now whenever I read it
I can't help shedding tears.

*

有懷(4-3)

左一大丈夫
惜哉識者稀
唯有贈我偈
一讀一霑衣

*

懷有り(4-3)

左一は大丈夫
惜しい哉 識る者稀なり。
唯 我に贈れる偈あり
一たび読めば一たび衣を霑おす。

While III

III for days, I recite my new poem
in the autumn quiet of insects chirping.
The poem is reluctantly completed and poor.
Only Dai Nin could prevent
the condemnation of others.

*

病中

苦吟 実如 清秋 虫
詩成 自怪 格調 漫
世上 今無 大忍 子
誰人 為予 防客 難

*

病中

苦吟 実に清秋の虫の如く
詩成りて自ら怪む 格調の漫なるを。
世上 今 大忍子なし
誰人か予が為に客難を防がん。

Another Poem for Suzuki Ryuzo #2

The hot solstice months,
I am sick and lethargic
and can only lie down and dream badly.
Three days without eating,
till an old friend sends some wonderful herbs.
They are ground to powder, bright and aromatic,
and I sit up, accept my cup and swallow its medicine.
Soon I am calm and whole again.

*

又贈鈴木隆造(2)

九夏三伏日
吐瀉四支菱
如夢復似幻
三日絶飲食
故人贈良藥
擣篋色香美
起坐恭一嘗
通身覺爽利

*

鈴木隆造に贈る(2)

九夏 三伏の日

吐瀉して四支萎ゆ。
夢の如く 復 幻に似たり
三日 飲食を絶つ。
故人 良薬を贈る
擣篴 色香 美なり。
起坐して 恭しく一嘗すれば
通身 爽利を覚ゆ。

Another Poem for Suzuki Ryuzo #3

I surrender my aged and desolate body
to this old cottage forever.
If I am still alive in the spring,
I and my noisy cane will come to visit.

*

又贈鈴木隆造(3)
蕭条老朽身
借此草庵送歳華
春来如有命
鳴錫一過夫子家

*

鈴木隆造に贈る(3)
蕭条たり 老朽の身

此草庵を借りて歳華を送る。
春来って 如し命あらば
錫を鳴らして一たび夫子が家を過らん。

Mr. Substitution

Back from traveling around,
I come into this deep autumn.
If you want to know how far I've traveled,
look closely at my calluses.

*

代先生
諸国行脚来
九秋欲尽天
要知遠行地
看取余足癍

*

先生に代りて
諸国 行脚し来る
九秋 尽きんと欲する天。
遠行の地を知らんと要めば
看取せよ 余が足癍。

Another Poem for Suzuki Chinzo #2

These winter days of sunshine and clouds
I can't decide whether to go or stay.
Then you invite me to share some wine
and I cannot say how happy I feel.

*

贈鈴木陳造-2

冬日蕭蕭晴復陰
欲行不行暫彷徨
忽逢故人促對酌
援毫難裁此時情

*

鈴木陳造に贈る-2

冬日 蕭蕭として 晴れ復 陰る
行かんと欲して行かず 暫く彷徨す。
忽ち故人の對酌を促すに逢い
毫を援くも裁し難し 此時の情。

Another Poem to Mr. Suzuki Chinzo #3

Snow is falling all over my hut
when I receive your friendly poem.
Yet I feel so stuck and stifled
I can only write this poor response.

*

贈鈴木陳造(3)

草庵風雪裡
一投相思詩
不知何以報
含翰愧所思

*

鈴木陳造に贈る(3)

草庵 風雪の裡
一たび投ず 相思の詩。
知らず 何を以てか報いん
翰を含んで所思に愧ず。

This Night

A serene night with plum blossoms
and a half moon behind the eaves.
My host offers his clean living room,
leaves me a writing brush near a table.
My years drift by like a solitary boat,
yet tonight I find myself in a beautiful room
with Chin music and fine wine.
Someday if you are asked of this writing
simply tell them it was by a poor monk
begging for alms at a crossroads.

*

今夕

今夕 風光 稍和調
梅花 当軒 月半規
主人 乘興 掃瑤席
坐客 含毫 臨清池
經年 孤舟 江湖夢
一夜 洞房 琴酒期
他日 交情 若相問
十字 街頭 窮乞兒

*

今夕

今夕 風光 稍和調
梅花 軒に当り 月半規。

主人 興に乗じて瑤席を掃い
坐客 毫を含んで清池に臨む。
経年 孤舟 江湖の夢
一夜 洞房 琴酒の期。
他日 交情 若し相問わば
十字街頭の窮乞児。

To Kera Shukumon

Who so kindly sent me a parcel of potatoes and pears

From walking this hillside, searching for firewood,
I return home at sunset, to find upon my window
shelf
a bag of potatoes and pears all packed in soft grass.
Attached is a note with just your name.
Living in these hills, I struggle to feed myself,
especially in winter with only turnips to eat.
And so quickly I boil the potatoes with bean paste.
It runs down my throat like a flood of honey.
After my third helping I find relief,
lacking only wine and my good friend.

Later I store the leftovers in a cupboard
and take a walk to resolve a problem.
The day of the Buddha's Enlightenment lays before
me,

and I have no gift to honor him at my altar.
 My Buddhist neighbors have nothing,
 and I cannot borrow again from the other temple
 with the prices so high at year's end.
 No, we cannot afford even a basketful.
 But then, I remember—your gift, old friend,
 to honor our Western sage, the Buddha.
 How can I do such a thing, you ask.
 Well, the answer is simple: Serve the pears with tea;
 the potatoes should be boiled.

*

解良叔問子見惠芋及李、賦以答

上山采束薪	歸來日已傾
誰以李与芋	投之窗下棚
李盛袋芋青葛	別有一紙題姓名
山中連日無兼味	偶得菜根只蔓菁
急著釜底下塩豉	饑腸灑來恰如錫
三盃喫了稍知飽	惟恨詩人不携罌
余留二分藏厨下	捫腹逍遙再經營
却後六日成道會	不知何以表丹誠
渠農尋常乏供物	多求隣寺又市城
市城歲晚佃十倍	傾尽家資不盈籬
今年幸以故人貺	供養西天古老生
借問供養其如何	李充茶菓芋是羹

*

解良叔問子より芋及び李を惠まる、賦して以て答う

山に上りて束薪を采り

帰り来れば 日 己に傾く。
誰か李と芋とを以て
之を窗下の棚に投ぜし。
李は袋に盛り 芋は青葛
別に一紙の姓名を題するあり。
山中 連日 兼味なく
偶 菜根を得れども 只 蔓菁のみ。
急ぎ釜底に著け 塩豉を下すに
饑腸の灑ぎ来ること 恰も錫の如し。
三盃 喫し了えて 稍 飽くを知る
惟 恨むらくは詩人の罌を擁えざるを。
余は二分を留めて厨下に蔵し
腹を捫でて逍遙し 再び経営す。
却後六日は 成道会
知らず 何を以て丹誠を表さん。
渠儂は尋常 供物に乏しく
多く隣寺又市城に求む。
市城は 歳晩 価十倍
家資を傾け尽くすも簞に盈たず。
今年は幸い 故人の貺を以て
西天の古老生に供養せん。
借問す 供養 其れ如何
李は茶菓に充て 芋は是れ羹に。

A Note to Mr. Kera

It's been many years
since I've moved here.
Because you live so near
I often come knocking on your pine door.
Today you have gone to Edo,
so I can only wait and wonder.
Each day I watch the eastern sky
and pray for your return.

*

送解良氏

我自來此地
不知歷幾時
惟為夫子在
時時松扉
今子武昌去
我留也何為
日日望東方
焚香祝來歸

*

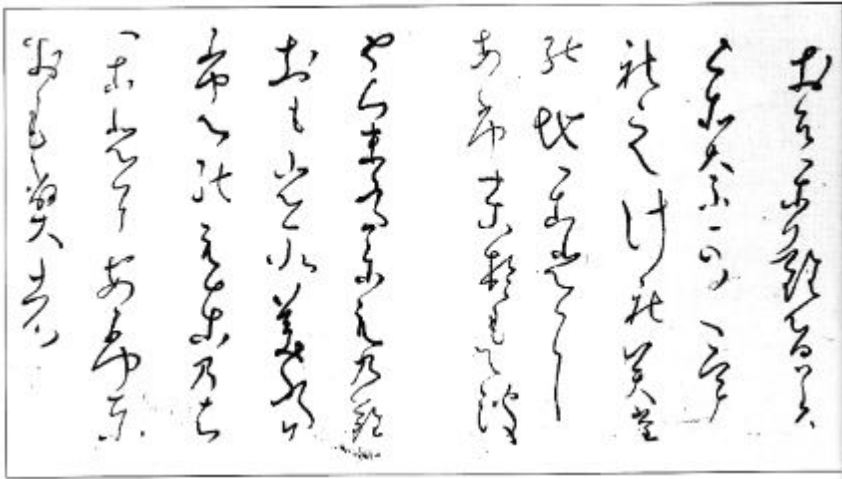
解良氏を送る

我 此地に來ってより
知らず 幾時をか歷たる。
惟 夫子の在すが為に
時時 松扉を払う。
今 子 武昌に去る

我留まって 也 何をか為さん。

日日 東方を望み

香を焚いて 来帰を祝らん。



Caligraphy by Ryokan

Honoring the Tomb of Shi Yo

An old grave sits on the hillside,
each year growing sadder with weeds.
No one cares for it, except the occasional
woodcutter.
I remember our childhood as bony knot hairs
studying near the stream side.
And then we parted
and lost our bond.
By the time I returned you had already joined the
earth.
How can I face your soul?
I sprinkle your grave with both hands full of water.
to present some token of my respect.
Suddenly the sun sets in the west.
The mountain meadows are filled with pines.
I have lingered so long here
my clothes are damp with tears.

*

吊子陽先生墓

古	墓	荒	岡	側	年	年	愁	艸	生
灑	掃	無	人	侍	適	見	葛	蕘	行
憶	昔	總	角	歲	從	游	狹	水	傍
一	朝	分	飛	後	消	息	兩	茫	茫
歸	來	為	異	物	何	以	對	精	靈
我	灑	一	掬	水	聊	以	弔	先	生
白	日	忽	西	沈	山	野	只	松	聲

徘徊不忍去 涕淚一沾裳

*

子陽先生の墓を吊う

古墓 荒岡の側	年年 愁艸を生ず。
灑掃 人の侍するなく	適 藟藟の行くを見る。
憶う 昔 総角の歳	狭水の傍に従い遊ぶ。
一朝 分飛して後	消息 両ながら茫茫たり。
帰り来れば異物と為る	何を以てか精霊に対せん。
我れ 一掬の水を灑ぎ	聊 以て先生を弔う。
白日は忽ち西に沈み	山野 只 松声のみ。
徘徊して去るに忍びず	涕淚 一に裳を沾す。

A Response to a Friend's Letter

Although I am close to your smoky village,
sleet and snow block my way to you.
I remember our talk of poetry as though last night,
yet twenty days of heavy snow divide us.
I can only practice my calligraphy skills
copying from the holy book you loaned me.
Holding my knees, I feel my age.
Soon these icy paths will melt,
and I and my cane will come swinging down
those rugged hills to you.

*

答書簡

此去烟邨路非遠
雨雪終朝空吟呻

静夜論文如昨日
風雲回首已兩旬
含翰可臨瘞鶴帖
擁膝頻歎老朽身
予期苔逕氷消日
冷然飛錫下嶙峋

*

書簡に答う

此を去って 烟邨 路 遠きに非ざれど

雨雪 終朝 空しく吟呻す。

静夜 文を論ぜしは昨日の如きも

風雲 首を回せば已に兩旬なり。

翰を含んで臨すべし 瘞鶴帖

膝を擁して頻に歎ず 老朽の身。

予め期す 苔逕 氷消ゆるの日

冷然 錫を飛ばして嶙峋を下らん。

A Debate Inside of a Dream

Entering a morning market on my begging round,
I meet an old man with a familiar face.

He stops and questions me: “Why do you
live on the mountain top, under white clouds?”

And I ask of him, “Why do you, reverend one,
live in the roar of this noisy town?”

We stand suspended, mute and answerless,
and a morning bell ends my dream.

*

夢中問答

乞食到市朝
路逢有識翁
問我師胡為
住彼白雲峰
我問子胡為
老此紅塵中
欲答兩不道
夢破五夜鐘

*

夢中問答

食を乞うて市朝に到り
路に有識の翁に逢う。
我に問う 師 胡為れぞ
彼の白雲の峰に住むやと。

我は問う 子胡為れぞ
此の紅塵の中に老ゆるやと。
答えんと欲して両ながら道わず
夢は破らる 五夜の鐘。

Thinking of You, Old Friend (2-1)

The bright moon rises above the eastern mountain,
and I linger along the balcony,
thinking of you and feeling alone.
Who will bring my wine and lute?

*

古意(1)
東山明月出
楼上正徘徊
思君君不見
琴酒誰為携

*

古意(1)
東山に 明月出で
楼上 正に徘徊す。
君を思えども 君見えず

琴酒 誰か 為に携えん。

Thinking About You, Old Friend (2-2)

Wild orchids open around the stairs in my yard
and their fragrance enters my room.
In early morning I gather those flowers,
enough to fill my arms.
So what if they wet my clothes.
I would send them to you, dear friend,
but where are you now?
Blue Mountain and green waters share my sorrow.

*

古意(2)

蕙蘭生庭階
馨香襲我室
夙起采其英
采采滿衣裳
不辭衣裳沾
欲持貽清揚
清揚今焉在
山青水綠正斷腸

*

古意(2)

蕙蘭 庭階に生じ
馨香 我が室を襲う。
夙に起きて 其英を採り
採り採りて 衣裳に満つ。

衣裳の沾うを辞せず
持して清揚に貽らんと欲す。
清揚 今 焉くにか在る
山青く水緑にして正に腸を斷つ。

Seeking Lodging at Kan Kan Shia at Dusk

Since I left home to become a monk,
I have traveled north and south for years.
With my robe and bowl, I come to visit you again
this cold night of wind and rain.

*

暮投閑閑舎
自從一破家散宅
南去北來且過年
一衣一鉢訪君家
又是淒風疎雨天

*

暮れに閑閑舎に投ず
一たび 破家散宅してより
南去北來 且く 年を過す。
一衣一鉢 君が家を訪う
又 是れ淒風疎雨の天。

Note for the Landlord

I have some poems but no money,
and so must write them on rough paper.
I want to send them to Mr. Iwata Subi,
and so please, may I borrow your brush and paper?

*

贈主人

有詩若干首
家貧艸稿耳
我欲書之贈州尾
主人為我給筆紙

*

主人に贈る

詩若干首あれど
家貧しくて艸稿のみ。
我之を書して州尾に贈らんと欲す
主人我が為に筆紙を給せよ。

A Poem

I stroll towards a country cottage
in time for gathering mulberries.
Sparrows on bamboo trees
chirp then fly away.
The old farmer waves at me to
signal his return.
He tells his wife to strain their raw wine
and gather fresh vegetables for us.
We greet and toast each other,
talk and laugh in our old ways.
Happy and free, we enjoy ourselves
abandon all thoughts of right and wrong.

*

行行投田舍	正是桑榆時
鳥雀聚竹林	啾啾相率飛
老農言歸來	見我如旧知
喚婦漉濁酒	摘蔬以供之
相對云更酌	談笑一何奇
陶然共一醉	不知是與非

*

行き行きて 田舎に投ず
正に是れ 桑榆の時。
鳥雀 竹林に聚まり

啾啾 相率いて飛ぶ。
老農 言に帰り来たり
我を見たること 旧知の如し。
婦を喚んで 濁酒を漉し
蔬を摘んで 以て之を供す。
相對して 云に更に酌み
談笑 一に何ぞ奇なる。
陶然として 共に一酔し
知らず 是と非とを。

Visiting Old Mr. Chiku Kyu #1

I know I can't forget my old friend.
So, I knock on the door of his country home
and hang my walking stick there.
Among misty green woods,
a bright bloom of red peony.

*

訪竹丘老人
故旧信難忘
田家聊寄錫
緑樹烟雨中
欲燃赤芍薬

*

竹丘老人を訪う

故旧 信に忘れ難く
田家 聊か錫を寄す。
緑樹 烟雨の中
燃えんと欲す 赤芍薬。

Visiting Old Mr. Chiku Kyu #2

By the fence of Mr. Kai Zu's cottage,
branches of chrysanthemum after heavy rains.
While a young woman hurries to filter raw wine,
a small boys grasps my robe.

*

海津氏宅即事
田家風雨後
籬菊僅存枝
少婦釀濁酒
稚子牽衲衣

*

海津氏宅即事

田家 風雨の後

籬菊 僅に枝を存す。

少婦 濁酒を醸し

稚子 衲衣を牽く。

Mr. Ta Ke Oka Visiting Here (1)

Liste
n,
my
frien
d, to
the
cica
das
singi
ng in
the
wate
rfalls

.
See
how
the
night
's
sho
wer
has
was
hed
the

world
d
clean.
Although I
have
nothing
good
on
my
kitchen
table
,
I
offer
you
this
window
full
of
healthy
air.

*

竹丘老人過訪(1)

樹杪蟬声巖下水
夜来過雨絶烟塵
莫道草庵無一物
満窓涼氣分与君

*

竹丘老人訪わる(1)

樹杪の蟬声 巖下の水
夜来の過雨 烟塵を絶す。
道う莫かれ 草庵 一物なしと
満窓の涼氣 君に分与せん。

Mr. Ta-Ke Oka Comes to Visit (2)

Look! An old man comes my way.
So long since anyone's visited my hut.
Please sit down by the south window.
Let us enjoy your squash with my wine
and toast your coming.

*

竹丘老人見訪(2)

有叟有叟至山房
山房寂寂日月長
南窓之下隨意坐
喫君瓜兮挙我觴

*

竹丘老人訪わる(2)

叟あり 叟あり 山房に至る
山房 寂寂 日月長し。
南窓の下 意に随って坐す
君が瓜を喫べ 我が觴を挙げん。

A Monk's Journal

Seeking Shelter from the Rain

On the road begging, caught by a sudden storm,
I seek shelter in the village shrine.
You may laugh at my sad bowl and flask,
but I am content in this bare place.

*

避雨

今日 乞食 逢驟雨
暫時 回避 古祠中
可笑 一瓶 与一鉢
生涯 蕭灑 破家風

*

避雨

今日 食を乞うて驟雨に逢い
暫時 回避す 古祠の中。
笑うべし 一瓶と一鉢と
生涯 蕭灑たり 破家の風。

Begging

Although, my rustic hut has only bare walls,
I have begged a living here for many years.
Ambitious while young
I begged to be a monk in my first year.

*

傭賃

家在荒村纔壁立
展転傭賃且過時
憶得当年行脚日
衝天志氣敢自持

*

傭賃

家は荒村に在りて纔に壁立し
展転傭賃且時を過す。
憶い得たり 当年 行脚の日
衝天の志氣 敢て自ら持せしを。

A Poem

Since I shaved my head to become a monk,
I've traveled mountain fields, against the wind.
Now, wherever I go, people hand me papers and
pens,
just to collect one of my poems.

*

有感

剃除髭髮為僧伽
撥草瞻風有年茲
如今到處供紙筆
只道書歌兼書詩

*

感有り

髭髮を剃除して 僧伽となり
撥草瞻風 茲に年あり。
如今 到る処 紙筆を供し
只道う 歌を書け 兼 詩を書けと。

Enn Tsuu Zi Temple

Since coming to Enn Tsuu Zi Temple
I have known many winters and springs.
While my door faces the village houses,
I know no one there.
I wash my own clothes,
and beg for all my food.
All the tales of Zen masters
remind me that they too were poor as I.

*

円通寺
従来円通寺
幾回経冬春
門前千家邑
乃不識一人
衣垢手自濯
食尽出城闈
曾読高僧伝
僧可可清貧

*

円通寺
円通寺に来てより
幾回か冬春を経たる。
門前 千家の邑

乃ち一人をも識らず。
衣垢づけば手ずから濯い
食尽くれば城圍に出ず。
曾て高僧伝を読む
僧可は清貧を可とす。

Returning Home I Stop at Hi Ga Wa, I-To,

And Write this Poem

I force my sore body to sit with robe and bowl
and light some incense sticks.
Ten long years of traveling so—
On my window, the tapping of raindrops.

*

余将還郷、至伊登悲駕波、
不預、寓居于客舎、聞雨、
凄然有作

一衣一鉢裁隨身
強扶病身坐燒香
一夜蕭蕭幽窓雨
惹得十年逆旅情

*

余将に郷に還らんとして、
伊登悲駕波に至り、
不預、客舎に寓居す。
雨を聞き、凄然として作あり

一衣一鉢 裁に身に隨う
強いて病身を扶け 坐して香を焼く。

一夜 蕭蕭たり 幽窓の雨
惹き得たり 十年逆旅の情。

A Poem for Suzuki Ryuzo #1

Lacking any career
I can only sit on Mt. Kugami.
Someday if friends ask me
I'll claim Yamada Sozu as my companion.

*

贈鈴木隆造(1)

無能生涯無所作
国上山巔托此身
他日交情如相問
山田僧都是同參

*

鈴木隆造に贈る(1)

無能の生涯 作す所なく
国上山巔に 此身を托す。
他日 交情 如し相問わば
山田の僧都 是れ同參。

To the Blind One in Magari

Near Mount Kugami are the woods of Oto Go Temple
where I live in my humble hut,
yellow with a small red door.
I have been living here for years—
cool winds, bright moon, and I together.
Once in a while I play ball with the children.
Sometimes high in spirit, I write these poems.
Someday you may wonder about this foolish old
monk,
and so I give you this poem.

*

寄曲盲人

国上下兮乙子森
中有草庵寄残年
朱門黄閣懶久住
清風明月似有縁
偶逢兒童打毬子
更乘逸興頻成篇
他日秀才相問取
安在旧時痴兀禪

*

曲の盲人に寄す

国上の下 乙子の森

中に草庵あり 残年を寄す。

朱門黄閣 久しく住むに懶く

清風明月 縁あるに似たり。

偶 児童に逢うて毬子を打ち

更に逸興に乗じて頻に篇を成す。

他日 秀才 相問取せん

安にか在る 旧時の痴兀禅と。

A Poem

Since I left home to be a monk,
I pass the days without intention.
Yesterday I stayed at the mountainside;
today I stroll along the streets.
With my tattered robe and broken bowl,
I can't remember how many years have passed.
Sometimes I chant my poems to the clear night,
Some days I lay my bed on the ground and nap.
Who can say I am not a fine monk!

*

自從一出家
任運消日子
昨日住青山
今朝遊城市
衲衣百余結
一鉢知幾載
倚錫吟清夜
鋪席日裡睡
誰道不入數
伊余身即是

*

一たび家を出でてより
任運 日子を消す。

昨日は青山に住し
今朝は城市に遊ぶ。
衲衣 百余結
一鉢知(らず) 幾載なるを。
錫に倚って 清夜に吟じ
席を鋪いて 日裡に睡る。
誰か道う 数に入らずと
伊 余が身 即ち是。

The Temple GoGo-An

This hall is rather bare and cold.
Emptiness hangs everywhere like a bell.
Outside a thousand fir trees;
tacked to the wall are several Zen poems
The pot is covered with dust.
The cooking ware is meant only for fish.
From time to time an old villager from the east
knocks at the door in the moonlight.

*

五合庵
索索五合庵
室如懸磬然
戶外杉千株
壁上偈數篇
釜中時有塵
甑裡更無烟
唯有東村叟
頻叩月下門

*

五合庵
索索たり 五合庵
室は懸磬の如く然り。

戶外 杉 千株
壁上 偈 数篇。
釜中 時に塵あり
甌裡 更に烟なし。
唯 東村の叟ありて
頻に叩く 月下の門。

A Poem

In youth I put away my writing brush
and sought the life of the ancient monks.
With flask and bowl in my begging hands
I wandered far and wide all those years.
Returning home to the shade of these hills,
I find sanctuary at a weedy cottage
where I live alone, songbirds for music,
white clouds for friends.
Beneath the boulders, a swelling spring
washes the dust from my black robe.
Near the ridges, pine and oak branches reach to the
sky,
giving me firewood for the cold.
Without cares or worries
I live each day till my last.

*

雜詩
少小拋筆硯 竊慕上世人

一 瓶 与 一 鉢	游 方 知 幾 春
歸 来 絶 巘 下	静 卜 草 堂 貧
聽 鳥 充 絃 歌	瞻 雲 為 四 隣
巖 下 有 清 泉	可 以 濯 衣 巾
嶺 上 有 松 柏	可 以 給 柴 薪
優 游 又 優 游	薄 言 永 今 晨

*

雑詩

少小より 筆硯を抛って	竊に上世の人を慕う。
一瓶と一鉢と	游方知(らず)幾春なるやを。
帰り来る 絶巘の下	静かに卜す 草堂の貧。
鳥を聴いて絃歌に充て	雲を瞻て四隣と為す。
巖下に 清泉あり	以て衣巾を濯ぐべく
嶺上に 松柏あり	以て柴薪を給すべし。
優游 又 優游	薄か言に今晨を永うす。

A Poem

Rags and tatters on my back—
 what else is there for my life?
 Seated on a stone, I eat what comes,
 or gather vegetables from my garden.
 Alone in the moonlight I sing poems.
 Led on by flowers I wander astray.
 Since I left the monastery
 I've become a donkey on his path.

*

襪 襪 又 襪 襪
襪 襪 是 生 涯
食 裁 取 路 辺
家 実 委 蒿 萊
看 月 終 夜 嘯
迷 花 言 不 帰
自 一 出 保 社
錯 為 箇 駑 駘

*

襪 襪 又 襪 襪
襪 襪 是れ生涯。
食は裁に路辺に取り
家は実に蒿萊に委ぬ。
月を看て 終夜嘯き
花に迷うて 言に帰らず。
一たび保社を出でしより
錯って箇の駑駘と為る。

A Poem

Another long day of begging in the city,
and I return with only my begging sack.
Oh monk, where is your home and resting place?
Somewhere under these white clouds.

*

城中乞食了
得得携囊帰
帰来知何処
家在白雲陲

*

城中 食を乞いましたって
得得として 囊を携えて帰る。
帰り来る 知（らず）何れの処ぞ
家は白雲の陲にあり。

A Poem

Coral grow in the South Sea.
Purple mushrooms stand erect on North Mountain.
Nature runs its course,
from ancient time till now.
When I was young,
I traveled a thousand miles with my walking stick
and knocked on many temple doors.
I brought myself troubles for many years,
trying to spread Buddhism.
I ignored my old body as a floating bubble.
But time runs from me now.
What can I say?
I wish only to return to this deep cliff,
gather wild ferns for my breakfasts and dinners.

*

珊瑚生南海	紫芝秀北山
物固有所然	古來非今年
伊昔少壯時	飛錫千里游
頗叩古老門	周旋凡幾秋
所期在弘通	誰惜浮漚身
歲不與我共	已矣復何陳
歸來絕巘下	采蕨供昏晨

*

珊瑚は南海に生じ　紫芝は北山に秀ず。
物 固より然る所あり　古来よりし 今年よりするに非ず。
伊 昔 少壮の時　錫を飛ばして 千里に遊ぶ。
頗る古老の門を叩き　周旋 凡そ幾秋ぞ。
期する所は弘通に在り　誰か惜しまん 浮漚の身。
歳 我と共ならず　己んぬるかな 復 何をか陳べん。
帰り来る 絶巘の下　蕨を采って 昏晨に供す。

A Poem

All the way to the mountain side through a million
trees,
a thousand peaks above misty clouds.
Already autumn leaves lie thick on the ground.
No rain, and yet the rocks are dark from moss.
My basket in hand, I search for mushrooms.
Holding a bucket, I draw water from a stony spring.
Who can comprehend such a life
but one lost to the world?

*

一 路 万 木 裡
千 山 杳 靄 間
先 秋 葉 正 落
不 雨 岩 常 暗
持 籃 采 木 耳
携 瓶 汲 石 泉

自非迷路子
無能到此間

*

一路 万木の裡
千山 杳靄の間。
秋に先んじて 葉 正に落ち
雨ふらずして 岩 常に暗し。
籃を持して 木耳を採り
瓶を携えて 石泉を汲む。
迷路の子に非るよりは
能く此の間に到るなけん。

A Poem

After walking all day begging food,

I reach home only to close my cottage door
and build a fire of green branches.

Quietly I read the poems of hermit Han Shan
as western wind brings on heavy rains.

My thatched roof moans under its weight
as I lie on the floor, stretching out my legs.

No worries. No doubts.

*

終日乞食罷
歸來掩蓬扉
炉燒帶葉柴
静讀寒山詩
西風吹夜雨
颯颯灑茅茨
時伸双脚臥
何思又何疑

*

終日 乞食し罷み
歸り来て 蓬扉を掩う。
炉に帶葉の柴を焼き

静かに寒山詩を読む。
西風 夜雨を吹き
颯颯として茅茨に灑ぐ。
時に双脚を伸して臥す
何をか思い 又 何をか疑わん。

A Poem

Since I began following the Way,
I have lived secluded in remote hills.
Ancient wisteria twines around me, icy rivers
and mountain peaks, half-covered in clouds.
The posts from my hut rot from all the rain.
My old robe turns to shreds from morning fog.
My family forgets that I exist,
yet year after year I go on.

*

従 参 曹 溪 道
千 峯 深 閉 門
藤 纏 老 樹 暗
雲 埋 幽 石 寒
拄 杖 朽 夜 雨
袈 裟 老 曉 烟
無 人 問 消 息
年 年 又 年 年

*

曹溪の道に参じてより
千峯 深く門を閉ず。
藤に纏われて 老樹 暗く
雲に埋められて 幽石 寒し。
拄杖 夜雨に朽ち

袈裟 暁烟に老ゆ。
人の消息を問うなし
年年 又 年年。

A Poem

Since I left the temple of my teacher,
I have spent many free and idle days in ignorance.
Beside me I keep a single cane. My clothes
have melted away like threads of smoke.
Facing a blank window, I hear the midnight rain.
In the heart of spring, I bounce a ball in the street.
If anyone should ask who I am
I reveal myself a great fool in a foolish age.

*

自出白蓮精舎会
騰騰兀兀送此身
一枝烏藤長相随
七斤布衫破若烟
幽窓聞雨草庵夜
大道打毬百花春
前途有客若相問
我是昇平一閑人

*

白蓮精舎の会を出でしより
騰騰 兀兀 此の身を送る。
一枝の烏藤 長く相随い
七斤の布衫 破れて烟の若し。

幽窓 雨を聞く 草庵の夜
大道 毬を打つ 百花の春。
前途 客有って 若し相問わば
我は是れ 昇平の一閑人。

A Poem

Oh my crazy life, what can I do?
I'll know this life of poverty until I die.
In evening, along the dirt road to the village
I carry home my empty begging bowl.

*

癡頑 何日 休
孤貧 是生 涯
日暮 荒村 路
復揭 空盂 歸

*

癡頑 何れの日にか休まん
孤貧 是れ生涯。
日暮 荒村の路
復 空盂を掲げて帰る。

A Poem

All day I walk the streets begging for food.
At night I sit on a rock and meditate.
All I own is this robe and begging bowl.
I honor this practice as a gentle breeze.

*

昼出城市行乞食
夜歸崑下坐安禪
蕭然一衲与一鉢
西天風流实可憐

*

昼は城市に出でて行くゆく食を乞い
夜は崑下に帰りて坐して禪に安んず。
蕭然たり 一衲と一鉢と
西天の風流 実に憐むべし。

A Poem

Stuck in this hut lying on my back
I wait all day for a visitor.
My begging bag hangs by my empty bowl,
my walking stick is covered with dust.
In dreams I drift through hills and moors
till my spirit returns to my little town:
children on the street corners
awaiting my return.

*

独臥草庵裡
終日無人視
鉢囊永掛壁
烏藤全委塵
夢去翱山野
魂歸遊城闔
陌上諸童子
依旧待我臻

*

独り臥す 草庵の裡
終日 人の視るなし。
鉢囊 永く壁に掛かり

烏藤 全く塵に委す。

夢は去って山野を翺けり

魂は帰って城圍に遊ぶ。

陌上の諸童子

旧に依り我が臻るを待たん。

Brush and Ink-Stone

How is it I come to this writing brush
laying it down only to take it up for friends?
Whom should I ask?
Only Buddha can answer me.

*

筆硯

吾与筆硯有何縁
一回書了又一回
不知此事問阿誰
大雄調御天人師

*

筆硯

吾と筆硯と何の縁かある
一回書き了りて又一回。
知らず 此の事 阿誰にか問わん
大雄 調御 天人師。

Spring Poems

Spring Poem

When spring arrives,
I set out with my walking stick.
Ripples in the stream,
birds chirping in the woods.
Sometimes I travel with monks;
other times I stay overnight at a friend's house.
What kind of life is this?
I float like an unmoored boat.

*

天氣稍和調
飛錫作春游
溪間水涓涓
山林鳥啾啾
或伴僧侶往
復投友人休
生涯何所似
汎彼不繫舟

*

天氣 稍 和調

錫を飛ばして 春游を作す。

溪間には 水 涓涓

山林には 鳥 啾啾。

或は僧侶に伴うて往き

復 友人に投じて休す。

生涯 何の似る所ぞ

汎たる彼の繫がざる舟。

A Poem

On the garden steps, a bright scatter of cherry blossoms,
the chatter of birds spreads everywhere.
The sun loiters at the window
as thin smoke ascends from an incense burner.

*

空階花狼藉
好禽語如織
遲遲窓日麗
細細炉烟直

*

空階 花 狼藉
好禽 語 織るが如し。
遅遅として 窓日 麗かに
細細として 炉烟 直なり。

Late Spring

Spring green is coming to an end.
Peach blossoms fall into the drifting river.
I seek a mind of stillness,
Yet my feelings rise and fall with each blossom.

*

春暮

芳草萋萋春将暮
桃花乱点水悠悠
我亦从来忘机者
恼乱风光殊未休

*

春の暮

芳草 萋萋たり 春将に暮れんとす
桃花 乱点 水 悠悠。
我 亦 从来 機を忘るる者
風光に悩乱せられて殊に未だ休まず。

Cuckoos

Mist and clouds, this late spring;
mountains and valleys blur in hazy fogs.
Cuckoos have been calling since sunset
rising in the depth of night
to bamboo forest crying loudly.

*

子規

烟雨濛濛春已暮
千峰万壑望欲迷
子規此夕声不絶
夜深更移竹林啼

*

子規

烟雨 濛濛 春己に暮るる
千峰万壑 望み 迷わんと欲す。
子規 此の夕 声絶えず
夜深く 更に竹林に移って啼く。

The 16th Night of the First Lunar Month

On this deep spring night,
I become restless and step outside my wooden door.
Light snow has covered the pines and firs.
The moon is high above the hills.
Thinking of my a friend separated by mountains and
rivers,
I take up my pen, with too much in my heart to write.

*

正月十六日夜
春夜二三更
等閒出柴門
微雪覆松杉
孤月上層巒
思人山河遠
含翰思万端

*

正月十六日の夜
春夜 二三更
等閒に柴門を出ず。
微雪 松杉を覆い
孤月 層巒に上る。

人を思えば 山河 遠し
翰を含んで 思い 万端。

Walking Toward My Cottage and Reciting this Poem

with My Friend under a Spring Moon

Under a pale spring moon,
we ramble along, side by side.
When our whispers break the silence,
suddenly birds fly up from the shore,
wildly flapping their wings.

*

春夜与友人步月

到田舍

途中口号

朦朧 春夜月
携手步 遲遲
忽驚人語響
水禽鼓翼飛

*

春夜、友人と

月に歩して田舎に到る。

途中、口号す。

朦朧たり 春夜の月
手を携えて 歩 遲遲。

忽ち人語の響に驚き
水禽 翼を鼓って飛ぶ。

Watching the Snow and Thinking of You this Spring Night

In this deep spring night, I feel a chill.
Who will help me add wood to my fireplace?
Too cold to clean the serving vase with water for Buddha,
slowly I dress and open my wooden door.
I walk out into a white snow-covered world
lacking all human traces.
The wind swings bamboo trunks and leaves making sounds.
I would smell the blossoms of palm if I could find one.
So alone with no one to share my feelings.
My friend is far away from me,
and so I begin to write these lines.
Lacking the beauty of the famed Yo Shun poems,
I beg your forgiveness.

*

春夜对雪怀友人

春宵夜将半	殊觉寒侵肌
地炉孰添炭	净瓶手慵移
徐徐整衣裳	轻轻推柴扇
千岩同一色	万径绝人行
傍竹密有响	占梅欲寻香
寥寥孤兴发	与孰慰平生
所思在天末	援翰聊驰情
愧非阳春调	漫污高人听

*

春夜 雪に対して友人を懐う

春宵 夜將に半ならんとし 殊に寒さの肌を侵すを覚ゆ。
地炉 孰か炭を添うる 浄瓶 手ずから移すに慵し。
徐徐 衣裳を整え 輕輕 柴扇を推す。
千岩 同一色 万径 人行 絶ゆ。
竹に傍えば 密に響あり 梅を占うて 香を尋ねんと欲す。
寥寥として 孤興 発す 孰と平生を慰めん。
所思 天末に在り 翰を援いて 聊情を馳す。
愧ずらくは 陽春の調に非して 漫に高人の聴を汚すを。

A Poem

A warm wind brings a welcome rain
falling softly on my thatched roof at night.
The master of this house dozes, head on a pillow.
Whether asleep or awake, he does not know life's
tricks.
Fresh morning sun bathes the green hills;
spring birds twitter on every forest branch.
Rising from sleep, I stroll out to my gate,
try to keep my balance on the rocky steps.
Streams run through fields, soaking the next hamlet.
Blossoms blaze on the slopes of these green hills.
I see an old man followed by his cow,
a youth with a hoe on his back.
Everything moves with its steady progress.

How can I, lord of this empty house, stand useless,
so attached to my home?

*

東風吹時雨	夜来澍茅茨
主人高枕眠	何知浮世機
青山忽已曙	春禽啼其枝
我亦辞吾廬	飄飄欲安之
野水浸遠郭	美花照翠微
牽牛何処老	荷鋤誰家兒
四序不暫止	人生各有為
嗟我胡為者	長守故園扇

*

東風 時雨を吹き	夜来 茅茨に澍ぐ。
主人 枕を高うして眠る	何ぞ知らん 浮世の機。
青山 忽ち己に曙	春禽 其の枝に啼く。
我も亦 吾が廬を辞し	飄飄 安にか之かんと欲す。
野水 遠郭を浸し	美花 翠微に照る。
牛を牽くは何処の老	鋤を荷うは誰が家の兒ぞ。
四序 暫も止らず	人生 各 為すあり。
嗟 我 胡為る者ぞ	長く故園の扇を守る。

A Poem

As spring warmth tempers February cold,
plum and peach trees spread their blossoms.

Some so high they rise above houses;

others creep down the garden fence.
Brighter than the sun, their tender colors glow;
above the evening clouds their scent floats.
Young men will arrive with ladies in carts
to walk hand in hand the garden.
The next night a mad storm comes
sweeping these blossoms along,
covering all with petals like snowflakes.

*

陽春二月時
桃李花參差
高者覆館閣
卑者当庭幃
色奪初陽艷
香入暮雲飛
駐輦公子醉
連袂佳人之
一夕狂風發
滿城為雪飛

*

陽春 二月の時
桃李 花 参差たり。
高きは館閣を覆い
低きは庭幃に当る。
色は初陽を奪いて艷に
香は暮雲に入って飛ぶ。
輦を駐めて 公子 酔い
袂を連ねて 佳人 之く。

一夕 狂風発らば
満城 雪と為って飛ばん。

A Poem

Bent under a firewood stack, I walk downhill
over mountain roads too steep for my legs.
Beneath a towering pine, I pause,

breathe a quiet mind, hear spring warblers sing.

*

担薪下翠岑
翠岑路不平
時息長松下
静聞春禽声

*

薪を担うて 翠岑を下る
翠岑 路平らならず。
時に息う 長松の下
静かに聞く 春禽の声。

A Poem

During late spring,
I often close my door.
High bamboo and rattan cover up the sun.
Lush herbs cover the stone of the pathway.
My begging bowl and bag have hung on the wall a
long time.
My incense burner lies empty.
In this fine, clear air,
the cuckoos cry through the night.

*

寥寥春已暮
寂寂長閉門
參天藤竹暗
沒階藥草繁
鉢囊長挂壁
香炉更無烟
蕭灑物外境
終宵啼杜鵑

*

寥寥 春 已に暮れ
寂寂 長く門を閉ず。

天に参じて 藤竹暗く
階を没して 葉草繁し。
鉢囊 長く壁に挂り
香炉 更に烟なし。
蕭灑たり 物外の境
終宵 杜鵑啼く。

A Poem

The spring air warms a little,
with my cane's tinkling bells I go to the eastern town.
Garden willows have turned green already;
floating plants cover the sleepy pond.
My alms bowl is full with the sweet smell of rice,
gathered from a hundred families.
I've given up the search for honor and fame,
In the footsteps of the Buddha,
I walk from house to house begging alms.

*

春気稍和調
鳴錫出東城
青青園中柳
泛泛池上萍
鉢香千家飯
心拋万乘榮
追慕古仏跡
次第乞食行

*

春気稍和調
錫を鳴らして東城に出ず。
青青たり 園中の柳

泛泛たり 池上の萍。
鉢は香し 千家の飯
心に抛つ 万乗の栄。
古仏の跡を追慕して
次第に食を乞うて行く。

A Poem

In the riverside village, my cane and straw sandals
lure me out for a taste of February wind:

Spring warblers in the bush learning their songs,
strips of snow on walls, grass sprouting already.

My monk friend and I speak of weighty subjects.
At his place we open books, our heads bowing in
thought.

A prefect night—light and wind in harmony,
a plum tree breathes into my happy heart.

*

杖履相求江村路
正是東風二月時
鶯遷喬木声猶洩
雪殘短牆草色微
適逢同侶談丘壑
閒披書帙手支頤
此夕風光稍和調
梅花詩情兩相宜

*

杖履 相求む 江村の路
正に是れ 東風 二月の時。
鶯は喬木に遷って声 猶洩り

雪は短牆に残って 草色微なり。
適 同侶に逢うて 丘壑を談じ
閒に書帙を披いて 手 頤を支う。
此の夕 風光 稍 和調
梅花と詩情と 両ながら相宜し。

A Poem

A young maiden with a willowy waist
gathers spring flowers from the hillside.
Rinsing her hands in a mist rain,
she knows she must return at dusk.
As she lightly lifts her dress to step down,
everyone stops moving and stands still,
“Whose beautiful daughter is she?”

*

柳娘二八歳
春山折花帰
帰来日已夕
疎雨湿燕支
回首若有待
褰裳步遅遅
行人皆佇立
道是誰氏児

*

柳娘 二八の歳
春山 花を折って帰る。
帰り来って 日 己に夕れ
疎雨 燕支を湿す。
首を回らして 待つある若く

裳を褰げて 歩 遅遅たり。
行人 皆 佇立し
道う 是れ誰が氏の兕ぞと。

Summer Poems

Summer Poem

Deep in the summer night,
dews drops fall on a wooden door from bamboo
leaves.
My neighbors have finished threshing their rice.
Grasses along the path are damp.
The songs of frogs come from far and near.
Glowworms fly high and low.
I wake from this summer night and without sleep
and press my sadness into this pillow.

*

夏夜

夏夜二三更
竹露滴柴扉
西舍打白罷
三径宿草滋
蛙声遠還近
螢火低且飛
寤言不能寢
撫枕思淒其

*

夏夜

夏夜 二三更
竹露 柴扉に滴る。

西舎 打白 罷み

三径 宿草 滋う。

蛙声 遠く 還 近く

螢火 低く 且 飛ぶ。

寤めて言に寝ぬる能わず

枕を撫でて 思い 凄其。

A Poem

The river floods at spring's end.
Willow blossoms fall on my sleeve.
A whistle from a fishing boat breaks through fog.
Who can ease this sadness in my heart?

*

大江 茫茫 春 已 尽
楊花 飄飄 点 衲衣
一 声 漁 笛 杳 靄 裡
無 限 愁 腸 為 誰 移

*

大江 茫茫として 春己に尽き
楊花 飄飄として 衲衣に点ず。
一声の漁笛 杳靄の裡
無限の愁腸 為に誰か移さん。

A Poem

One summer day when the rice plants had ripened
I walked out my gate, swinging my cane to and fro.
A few miles along in a muddy field
a farmer waved me over for a talk.
Sitting on his reed mat
we ate from plates of wide paulownia leaves.
Under an open sky, we drank a few cups
till I grew tipsy and fell asleep
using the earth for my pillow.

*

孟夏 芒種 節
杖 錫 独 往 還
野 老 忽 見 我
率 我 共 成 歛
蘆 蕨 聊 成 席
桐 葉 以 充 盤
野 酌 数 行 後
陶 然 枕 畔 眠

*

孟夏 芒種の節
錫を杖いて 独り往還す。
野老 忽ち我を見

我を率いて 共に飲を成す。

蘆蕒 聊か席を成し

桐葉 以て盤に充つ。

野酌 数行の後

陶然 畔に枕して眠る。

July 16

Where can I escape this summer heat
but in the solitude of the Izaruta Shrine—
a chorus of cicadas,
the breathing of the woods.

*

七月十六日
何処消蒸炎
独愛出田宮
民民盈耳蟬
冷冷出林風

*

七月十六日
何れの処にか蒸炎を消さん
独り愛す 出田宮を。
民民 耳に盈つるの蟬
冷冷 林を出ずるの風。

Fall Poems

Passing Master Ichi Gyo's House in Autumn

All alone

I take my wooden cane and walk out.
The red fruits of dogwood are on the open hills,
yellow reeds line the banks of cold stream,
the bridge remains unchanged,
Master Ichi Gyo's sitting room is still open.
What can I do with myself on this cold and dreary
dusk,
but allow my lonely tears to soak my clothes.

*

秋日過一行上人故居

秋日無伴侶
杖策獨彷徨
山空茱萸赤
江寒蒹葭黃
渡橋非他橋
升堂亦此堂
何意淒風暮
寂莫淚沾裳

*

秋日 一行上人の故居を過ぐ

秋日 伴侶なく

策を杖いて独り彷徨す。

山は空しく 茱萸は赤く

江は寒く 蒹葭は黄なり。

橋を渡るも他橋に非ず

堂に升るも 亦 此堂。

何ぞ意わん 凄風の暮

寂莫 涙 裳を沾す。

An Empty Bowl

Wild geese pass through the cold, blue sky
calling, as yellow leaves fall over the mountainside.
Chimney smoke rises along the path at dusk,
yet I return with my bowl, empty.

*

空盃
青天 寒雁 鳴
空山 木葉 飛
日暮 烟邨 路
独 掲 空 盃 帰

*

空盃
青天 寒雁 鳴き
空山 木葉 飛ぶ。
日暮 烟邨の路
独り 空盃を掲げて帰る。

Autumn Dusk

How desolate this fall air.
I lean on my cane against the chilly winds.
The isolated village is covered with heavy fog.
Only a few cross the wooden country bridge.
Crows return to their old trees.
Wild geese fly off into distant skies.
Only I in my black monk's robe,
stand quiet before the river at dusk.

*

秋暮

秋気何蕭索
倚杖風稍寒
孤村苦霧裏
行人野橋辺
老鴉宿故林
斜雁没遙天
唯有緇衣僧
立尽暮江前

*

秋の暮

秋気 何ぞ蕭索たる
杖に倚れば 風 稍 寒し。

孤村 苦霧の裏
行人 野橋の辺。
老鴉 故林に宿り
斜雁 遙天に没す。
唯 緇衣の僧あり
立ち尽くす 暮江の前。

A Poem

This first day of the August
I come to town with my alms bowl.
A thousand doors open to morning sun.
Steam rises lightly from stovepipes.
Last night's rains have washed the walking path.
Autumn winds shake the golden rings of my walking
stick.
I rise slowly to go out for begging
admiring this boundless beautiful world.

*

維時八月朔
托鉢入市廓
千門平旦開
萬戶斜炊烟
宿雨淨道路
秋風搖金環
遲遲乞食去
法界廓無邊

*

維時 八月の朔
托鉢して市麿に入る。
千門 平旦に開き
万戸 炊烟 斜なり。
宿雨 道路を浄め
秋風 金環を揺がす。
遅遅として 食を乞い去れば
法界 廓として 無辺。

A Poem

This year is not the last.
The present is not the past.
Old friends have gone off,
and there is little chance of meeting others.
Alone in the falling leaves
I watch mountains and rivers turn dull.
Everywhere I look saddens me,
for all is cold and desolate.

*

今年非去年
今時異往時
旧友何処去
新知漸已非
況属揺落時
山川斂光輝
到処不可意
無見不凄其

*

今年は去年に非ず
今時は往時に異なり。
旧友 何処にか去れる
新知 漸く己に非なり。

況や揺落の時に属し
山川 光輝を歛む。
到る処 意に可ならず
見るとして凄其ならざるはなし。

A Poem

Not a single bird flies over these hills.
In this quiet garden, the leaves fall onto leaves.
In cheerless autumn wind, a lone man
stands wrapped in a black gown.

*

遠山 飛鳥絶
閑庭 落葉頻
寂莫 秋風裡
独立 緇衣人

*

遠山 飛鳥絶え
閑庭 落葉頻なり。
寂莫たり 秋風の裡
独立す 緇衣の人。

A Poem

Now in August a cool breeze arrives.
Waterfowl head south across the waters.
Like them I wander, a flask in my hand.
Down green and hilly roads I pass, full of joy.
If I meet a priest, I stop to join him.
If I meet another wanderer, I offer my company.
With what can I compare this life—
weeds floating on water, blown by a gentle breeze.

*

八月涼氣至
鴻雁正南飛
我亦理衣鉢
得得下翠微
野菊發清香
山川多秀奇
人生非金石
隨物意自移
誰能守一隅
兀兀鬢垂糸

*

八月 涼氣至り
鴻雁 正に南に飛ぶ。
我も亦 衣鉢を理め

得得として 翠微を下る。
野菊 清香を発し
山川 秀奇多し。
人生 金石に非ず
物に随って 意 自ら移る。
誰か能く一隅を守り
兀兀 鬢 糸を垂れん。

A Poem

Sitting here I close my eyes as darkness fills the
trees.
Thoughts of the world leave me like vapors.
Unable to sustain myself I lean against bedclothes
and sleepily gaze out my open window.
The incense smoke measures itself.
Inside the dew, naked in a thin gown
I rise from meditation to stroll the garden.
A clear moon rises above the highest peak.

*

冥目千嶂夕
人間万慮空
寂寂倚蒲团
寥寥对虚窓
香消玄夜永
衣单白露濃
定起庭際步
月上最高峯

*

冥目す 千嶂の夕
人間 万慮空し。
寂寂 蒲団に倚り
寥寥 虚窓に対す。
香は玄夜の永きに消え
衣は白露の濃かなるに単なり。
定より起って 庭際を歩めば
月 最高峯に上る。

A Poem

How solemn, the clear sky.
How sad the cries of wild geese overhead.
So quick the sun goes down.
Whish...the chilly winds blow through
the long and deep night.
The whiteness of dewdrops merge.
Time for me to go home
and close my wooden door.

*

肅蕭天氣清
哀哀鴻雁飛
草草日西頹
淅淅風吹衣
漫漫玄夜永
浩浩白露滋
我亦從此去
寥寥掩柴扉

*

肅蕭 天氣清く
哀哀 鴻雁飛ぶ。
草草 日 西に頹ち
淅淅 風 衣を吹く。
漫漫 玄夜永く
浩浩 白露滋し。
我も亦此より去って
寥寥 柴扉を掩わん。

A Poem

All day I have begged without success.

From village to village, I've dragged my poor, tired feet.

Sunset, and more mountain miles to go.

The wind is so strong it splits my beard;
my robes are reduced to shreds of smoke.
My empty bowl, old and stained, looks deformed.
This is my life, I don't begrudge it.
Like those before me, hungry and cold, I go on.

*

終日望烟村
展転乞食之
日夕山路遠
烈風欲断髭
衲衣半如烟
木鉢古更奇
未厭飢寒苦
古来多如斯

*

終日 烟村を望み
展転 乞食し之く。
日夕れて 山路遠く
烈風 髭を断たんと欲す。
衲衣 半ば烟の如く
木鉢 古びて更に奇なり。
未だ厭わず 飢寒の苦
古来 多く斯の如し。

A Poem

Along the darkened fence, a few chrysanthemums
remain;
wintry crows circle above the silent cluster of trees.
Distant hills and mountain peaks glow in the sun.
Time for me and my beloved bowl to head for home.

*

籬外黄花 両三枝
喬林 蕭疎 寒鴉 飛
千峰 万嶽 只夕照
正是 収鉢 僧 歸時

*

籬外の黄花 両三枝
喬林 蕭疎 寒鴉飛ぶ。
千峰 万嶽 只夕照
正に是れ鉢を収めて僧歸るの時。

Night Rain

Reputation changes with the clouds
My fifty years are like a dream.
In my robe at the window by the woodpile
I lean and listen to the falling rain.

*

夜雨

世上栄枯雲変態
五十余年一夢中
疎雨蕭蕭草菴夜
閑擁衲衣倚虚窓

*

夜雨

世上の栄枯は雲の変態
五十余年は一夢の中。
疎雨 蕭蕭たり 草菴の夜
閑に衲衣を擁し 虚窓に倚る。

Winter Poems

A Poem for Mr. Suzuki Chinzo -1

This October, at the brink of winter,
cold rains come dripping down.
When I can bear it no longer, I go out
and find your new poem.

*

贈鈴木陳造(1)

孟冬是十月
寒雨正霏霏
不堪寂寥出門去
宛逢故人贈新詩

*

鈴木陳造に贈る(1)

孟冬 是れ十月
寒雨 正に霏霏たり。
寂寥 門を出で去るに堪えず
宛も故人の新詩を贈るに逢う。

□

An Echo Reply to Master Ten Ge on New Year's Eve

Man lingers no longer than a horse through a gate.
Yet year after year he gathers up debts.
Tomorrow, a new year arrives,
and I face it with long hair and beard.
Riverside willows still swing with soft arms,
the plums are not yet fragrant on the hillside.
And I without the wings to fly against the storm
echo the phoenix over the hill.

*

和天華上人除夜韻
今世可憐過隙駒
年年債藏積成場
唯慣明朝新迎歲
不省玄鬢化為霜
河畔楊柳枝先動
嶺頭梅花未放香
愧欠扶搖九萬翼
漫學鳴鳳在彼崗

*

天華上人の除夜の韻に和す
今世 怜むべし 隙を過ぐるの駒
年年 債藏 積んで場を成す。

唯 明朝 新に歳を迎うるに慣れ
玄鬢の化して霜と為るを省みず。
河畔の楊柳 枝先ず動き
嶺頭の梅花 未だ香を放たず。
愧ず 扶搖九万の翼を欠き
漫に鳴鳳の彼の崗に在るを学ぶを。

A Poem

It the depth of a November winter,
rain with snow falls lightly everywhere.
Mountains are covered with white.
No one climbs these trails.
When I was young I traveled everywhere,
and now, I live alone, my cottage door closed.
All night long I burn firewood
dream and read my favorite poems.

*

玄冬十一月
雨雪正霏霏
千山同一色
万径人行稀
昔游総作夢
草門深掩扉
終夜燒榾柮
静読古人詩

*

玄冬 十一月
雨雪 正に霏霏たり。
千山 同一色
万径 人行稀なり。
昔游 総て夢と作る

草門 深く扉を掩う。
終夜 榾柮を焼き
静かに古人の詩を読む。

A Poem

One bitter day in gray November
the snows come on at dusk.
The first flakes are like sand salt,
then turn to downy willow blossoms.
They fall softly onto bamboo twigs, rustling the
leaves.
On pine branches they take on wondrous shapes.
Not ready to open the books of the masters,
I find rising my own urge to write this poem.

*

寒 冬 十 一 月
垂 晚 雪 霏 霏
初 疑 吳 塩 散
半 似 柳 絮 飛
洒 竹 静 伝 響
著 松 偏 為 奇
未 堪 臨 書 卷
暗 催 幽 人 詩

*

寒冬 十一月
晩に垂んとして 雪 霏霏たり。
初は吳塩の散るかと思われ
半は柳絮の飛ぶに似たり。
竹に洒いで 静かに響を伝え
松に著いて 偏えに奇を為す。
未だ書卷に臨むに堪えざるに
暗に催す 幽人の詩。

Long Winter Night

The long winter night stretches
slowly across my cold bed.
No life left in the candle, no heat in my fireplace.
My face on the pillow, I listen to the rain.

*

冬夜長
冬夜長 兮 冬夜長
冬夜悠悠 何時明
燈無焰 兮 炉無炭
只聞枕上 夜雨聲

*

冬夜長し

冬夜長し 冬夜長し

冬夜 悠悠 何時か明けん。

燈に焰なく 炉に炭なし

只聞く 枕上 夜雨の声。

Another Poem for Mr. Suzuki Ryuzo -4

Snow and ice cover the mountain peaks,
all paths to the valley blocked to man.
Day after day I sit facing the clay wall,
listen to snowflakes brush my window.

*

贈鈴木隆造(4)

千峰凍雪合
万径人跡絶
毎日只面壁
時聞灑窓雪

*

鈴木隆造に贈る(4)

千峰 凍雪合し
万径 人跡絶ゆ。
毎日 只 面壁のみ
時に聞く 窓に灑ぐ雪。

A Poem

Closed in, this solitary night
I listen to wet snow blowing against my door.
A monkey cries on the mountain;
the yellow river freezes over.
Outside a light flickers.
On my desk frost dries my ink stone.
Too cold to fall asleep,
I take up my brush, warming it with my
breath.

*

孤峯独宿夜
雨雪思悄然
玄猿響山椒
冷澗閉潺湲
窓前燈火凝
牀頭硯水乾
徹夜耿不寢
吹筆聊成篇

*

孤峯 独宿の夜
雨雪 思い 悄然たり。
玄猿は 山椒に響き

冷澗は 潺湲を閉す。
窓前に 燈火 凝り
牀頭に 硯水 乾く。
徹夜 耿として寝ねられず
筆を吹いて 聊 篇を成す。

Poems of Aging

Rising from My Sickbed

Sick in bed for a long time,
My mind drifts into beautiful dreams.
This morning, I rise and walk to the riverbank—
thousands of peach petals drifting downstream.

*

病起

一身 寥寥 耽枕衾
夢魂 幾回 逐勝游
今朝 病起 江上立
無限 桃花 逐水流

*

病より起く

一身 寥寥 枕衾に耽り
夢魂 幾回か勝游を逐う。
今朝 病より起き 江上に立てば
無限の桃花 水を逐うて流る。

A Poem

My haggard face insults the mirror:
long frosted hair twisted into tangles,
lips fever-dry and thirsting for relief,
dark and dirty skin begging for a bath.
In body either burning and chilled,
and my pulse runs off in confusion.
Only the woodcutter's voice through woods
reminds me of the February I have lost.

*

蒼顔不照鏡
白髮稍欲縮
唇乾頻思漿
身垢空欲盥
寒熱早早別
血脈混混乱
仄聞採樵語
二月已減半

*

蒼顔 鏡を照らさず
白髮 稍 縮ねんと欲す。
唇 乾いて頻に漿を思い
身 垢づいて空しく盥がんと欲す。

寒熱 早々に別れ
血脈 混混と乱る。
灰に聞く 採樵の語
二月も己に半を減ずと。

A Poem

Sick and awake, my eyes drift off.
All the walls are silent, as night deepens.
My candle is flameless and my fireplace cold.
A chill creeps beneath my pillow and quilt.
Restless, I rise from bed;
on my crooked cane, I hobble to the garden.
On the twigs of bare trees, bloom the stars.
Harp music of a stringless lute inside the stream.
Tonight it takes all my strength to write this poem;
tomorrow, may I find the voice to recite it

*

老病覚来不能寝
四壁沈沈夜正深
燈無焰炉無炭
只有淒涼積枕衾
不知何以慰我心
暗曳烏藤步庭陰
眾星羅列秃樹花
遠溪流落無絃琴
此夜此情聊自得
他時異日向誰吟

*

老病覚め来って寝ぬる能わず
四壁 沈沈として 夜正に深し。

燈に焰なく 炉に炭なし
只 淒涼の枕衾に積るあり。
知らず 何を以てか我が心を慰めん
暗に烏藤を曳いて庭陰を歩す。
眾星 羅列す 禿樹の花
遠溪 流れ落つ 無絃の琴。
此の夜 此の情 聊か自ら得たり
他時 異日 誰に向って吟ぜん。

Long Winter Night

In old age memories of a boyhood return:
myself alone reading in a huge hall.
I've replaced oil in my lamp often tonight.
Back then, I couldn't tell the length of night.

*

冬夜長
一思少年時
讀書在空堂
燈火数添油
未厭冬夜長

*

冬夜長し
一たび思う 少年の時

書を読んで空堂に在り。
燈火 数 油を添え
未だ厭わざりき 冬夜の長きを。

A Poem

More than sixty years and an ailing priest,
I live out from town in a hut by a shrine.
Late at night, rains pour down, uprooting boulders.
I stand before my dark window: a candle in the wind.

*

六十有余多病僧
家占社頭隔人烟
巖根欲穿深夜雨
燈火明滅孤窓前

*

六十有余の多病の僧
家は社頭を占めて 人烟を隔つ。
巖根穿たんと欲す 深夜の雨
燈火明滅す 孤窓の前。

A Poem

The past I know is gone;
the present never lasts.
Time glides by without a trace.
Who can be wise in this constant flux?
I take each day as its own
sustaining myself until I'm released.
After so much wandering, I have arrived here—
twenty years seen through a cloud.

*

問 古 古 已 過
思 今 今 亦 然
展 転 無 蹤 跡
誰 愚 又 誰 賢
隨 縁 消 時 月
保 己 待 終 焉
飄 我 来 此 地
回 首 二 十 年

*

古を問えば古己に過ぐ
今を思えば今も亦然り。
展転して 蹤跡なし
誰か愚 又 誰か賢なる。

縁に随って時月を消し
己れを保つて終焉を待つ。
飄として 我れ此地に來り
首を回らせば二十年。

A Poem

I have a walking stick,
handed down through generations.
Its outer skin has peeled off,
revealing its bare core shining through.
It has tested the dept of waters
and saved me often on my wanderings.
It leans now, crooked against a sunny wall,
idling away its years.

*

我有拄杖子
不知何代伝
皮膚長消落
唯有貞質存
曾經試深淺
幾回喫險難
如今靠東壁
等閑度流年

*

我に拄杖子あり
知らず 何の代より伝うるを。
皮膚は長く消落し
唯 貞質のみ存するあり。
曾經 深淺を試み

幾回か險難を喫せり。

如今 東壁に寄り

等閑 流年を度る。

A Poem

This life is over in a flash.
No matter how long, it seems just a spring dream.
After our last breath, we're in another world.
Our body joins the four elements.
Why struggle for fame and fortune?
Look out on the wild and windy fields at dusk,
count the dry bones fallen into the cracks.

*

偶作

彈指堪嗟人間世
百年行樂春夢中
一息裁斷屬他界
四大和合名之躬
争名争利竟底事
慢己慢人呈英雄
請看曠野淒風暮
幾多髑髏逐断蓬

*

偶作

彈指 嗟くに堪えたり 人間の世
百年の行樂は 春夢の中。
一息 裁に断ゆれば 他界に属す
四大 和合して 之を躬と名づく。

名を争い利を争い 竟に底事ぞ
己を慢り 人を慢り 英雄を呈す。
請う 看よ 曠野 凄風の暮
幾多の髑髏 断蓬を逐うを。

A Poem

Too confused to ever earn a living
I've learned to let things have their way.
With only three handfuls of rice in my bag
and a few branches by my fireside
I pursue neither right or wrong
and let go worldly fortune and fame.
This damp night under a grassy roof
I stretch out my legs without regrets.

*

生涯 懶 立 身
騰騰 任 天 真
囊中 三 升 米
炉辺 一 束 薪
誰 問 迷 悟 跡
何 知 名 利 塵
夜 雨 草 菴 裡
雙 腳 等 閒 伸

*

生涯 身を立てるに懶く
騰騰 天真に任す。
囊中 三升の米
炉辺 一束の薪。

誰か問わん 迷悟の跡
何ぞ知らん 名利の塵。
夜雨 草菴の裡
雙脚 等閒に伸ぶ。

Reply to a Friend

In stubborn stupidity, I live on alone
befriended by trees and herbs.
Too lazy to learn right from wrong,
I laugh at myself, ignoring others.
Lifting my bony shanks, I cross the stream,
a sack in my hand, blessed by spring weather.
Living thus, I want for nothing,
at peace with all the world.

*

次来韻

頑愚信無比
草木以為隣
懶問迷悟歧
自笑老朽身
褰脛閒涉水
携囊行步春
聊可保此生
非敢厭世塵

*

来韻に次す

頑愚 信に比なし
草木 以て隣となす。

問うに懶し 迷悟の歧
自ら笑う 老朽の身。
脛を褰げて間に水を涉り
囊を携えて行くゆく春に歩す。
聊か此の生を保つ可し
敢て世塵を厭うに非ず。

Zen Meditations

Impromptu Verse

I face your
statue, Buddha,
and our silence
speaks our
essence.
About the floor,
my books lie
strewn;
beyond the
bamboo shade,
a gentle rain
soaks the plum
blossoms.

*

即事

对君君不語
不語意悠哉
帙散牀頭書

雨打簾前梅

*

即事

君に対して君語らず
語らざる意 悠なる哉。
帙は散ず 牀頭の書
雨は打つ 簾前の梅。

Avalokitesvara, Goddess of Mercy

The wind stops, and flowers fall,
Birds sing, the mountain stills.
What wonderful powers you have!
Oh!

*

観音
風定花猶落
鳥啼山更幽
観音妙知力
咄

*

観音
風定まって 花猶落ち
鳥啼いて 山更に幽なり。
観音の妙知力
咄。

The Lotus

Begun in the western lands, who can count its years?
White petals in a myriad of shiny dew,
rare green leaves spread across the pond.
A quiet wind wafts its scent over the garden fence.
In ripples of calm it stands above water.
The sun has already set behind the hills,
yet none can bare to leave these lotus.

*

蓮

自從別西天
不知幾個時
素葩裊湛露
翠蓋覆円池
香清払檻風
韻冷出水姿
前山日已落
幽賞言未帰

*

蓮

西天に別れしより
知らず 幾個の時ぞ。
素葩 湛露に裊われ

翠蓋 円池を覆う。
香は清し 檻を払うの風
韻は 冷なり 水を出ずるの姿。
前山 日已に落つるも
幽賞して言に未だ帰らず。



Statue of Taigu Ryokan at Nogaoko City, Japan

Autumn Moonlight

All seasons have moonlit nights,
yet Autumn is best for moon watching.
Autumn hills so high, autumn streams so pure,
in the clear sky: a disk of light.
We know that light and darkness lack body,
yet tonight the moon, the earth, and I are whole.
Under boundless sky, a chill on my skin,
I stroll the hillside, leaning on my good cane.
The night's quiet settles life's flitting dust.
As this bright moon streams around me
I wonder who else is watching it.

Each year this autumn moon returns
and I will forever be watching it.
The Sakyamuni taught of the Holy Moon;
Master Hui-Neng finger pointed to its enlightenment.
I recite poetry deep into the night.
The stream hushes, the dew thickens,
alone on this cool autumn night,
I ask whose pond will mirror the purest moon?
Recalling the moon-watching of along ago:
Pu-Yuan exceeds all and yet there's
Wei-Yuan's moon laughter from a mountain peak.
Their legend exceeds a thousand years
calling us to stand longer gazing at the moon.

Tonight I drift back to olden days
keeping my vigil through sweet tears.

*

秋夜弄月

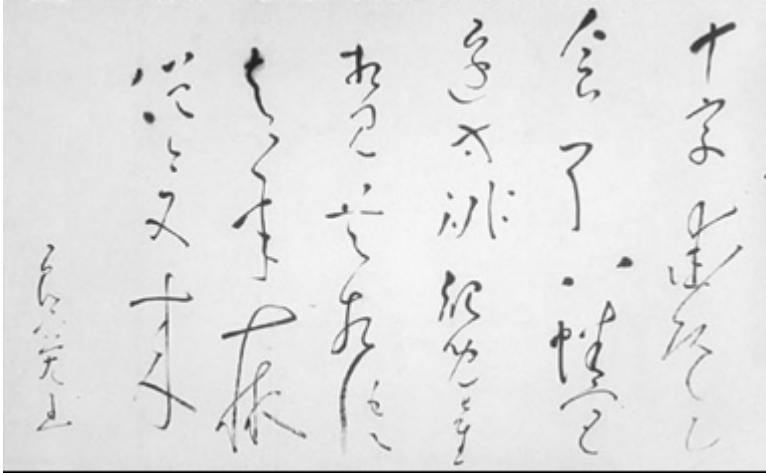
四時雖有月	賞月良在斯
秋山高秋水清	万里青空一鏡飛
光元不存境亦然	光境共忘復是誰
天高高秋稜稜	手把宝杖遶翠微
四顧寥寥絕纖塏	但見秋月騰光輝
今夜誰人看此月	不知秋月復照誰
照去照來幾回秋	看月對月無了期
靈山話曹溪指	總是月下妙風規
月下沈吟夜已深	江上沈沈白露滋
何處游子多秋思	誰家池台最光輝
君不見昔時江西南	夜独許普願物外歸
又是不見葉嶠大笑孤峰頂	声偈從是高一時
共是為千古萬古	空令行人仰盈虧
我亦從來多古意	此夕對月一沾衣

*

秋夜 月を弄す

四時 月ありと雖も
月を賞ずるは良に斯に在り。
秋山高く 秋水清く
万里の青空 一鏡飛ぶ。
光 元存せず 境も亦然り
光境共に忘る 復 是れ誰ぞ。
天 高高たり 秋 稜稜たり
手に宝杖を把りて翠微を遶る。
四顧 寥寥として纖塏を絶し
但 見る 秋月の光輝を騰ぐるを。

今夜 誰人か此月を看る
知らず 秋月 復 誰を照らすやを。
照り去り照り来る 幾回の秋
月を看 月に対し 了する期なし。
靈山の話 曹溪の指
総て是れ 月下の妙風規。
月下に沈吟すれば 夜已に深く
江上沈沈として 白露滋し。
何処の游子か秋思多からん
誰が家の池台か最も光輝ある。
君見ずや 昔時 江西 翫月の夜
独り許され 普願の物外に帰せしを。
又見ずや 薬嶠大いに孤峰の頂に笑いしを
声価 是より一時に高し。
共に是れ 千古万古と為り
空しく行人をして盈虧を仰がしむ。
我も亦 従来 古意多し
此夕 月に対して一に衣を沾す。



Ryokay Calligraphy Crazy Monk poem

Some Ramblings

How sad that Buddhists today
spend their lives studying Zen puzzles
without understanding the true practice.
Sudden enlightenment is not our goal.
As Buddhists we must become children
or we will never grasp the nothingness.
If you still fail to understand me,
seek out the Bodhisattva in yourself.

*

偶作

傷嗟今時參玄子
祇向推敲老此躬
經年卜度何能堪
直契如如非吾宗
迷悟不到未生地
本來無物那劫逢
倘君不了問取去
文殊家在覺城東

*

偶作

傷嗟す 今時の參玄子
祇 推敲に向いて 此躬を老いしむ。

経年の卜度 何ぞ能く堪えん
直に如如に契うは吾が宗に非ず。
迷悟到らず 未生の地
本来無物 那劫にか逢わん。
倘 君了せずんば 問取し去れ
文殊が家は覚城の東に在り。

Note on a Portrait of Kochi Hoin

Night rains on the surface of rattan cane, all dark and worn.

The old master's robe disappears in morning mist.
Who knows Kochi Hoin's true face,
so like his famous painting—"Sounds of Pines in Wind"?

*

題弘智法印像
粼皴烏藤朽夜雨
襴衫袈裟化曉烟
誰知此老真面目
画図松風千古伝

*

弘智法印の像に題す

粼皴たる烏藤 夜雨に朽ち
襪衫たる袈裟 暁烟に化す。
誰か知る 此老の真面目
画図の松風 千古に伝う。

Toward an Eulogy for Han-Shan and Shih-Te

Shih-te is holding a broom in his hand
shaking the dust from our heads,
and yet the more he shakes, the more dust comes.
Han-shan is always holding a book
and can never read enough.
Old times and new, no one seeks out their teachings,
and so they still sell the same ideas at Tan Tai
Mountain.
What can we do, but wait for help
from Maitreya Bodhisattva's in the next life?

*

題寒山拾得贊
拾得手中筭
払顛塵埃
転払転生
寒山披時経
終年読不足
古兮今兮無人善買
所以天台山中長為滞貨
畢竟作麼生
待当来下生慈氏判断

*

寒山拾得に題する贊

拾得 手中の筭
顛の塵埃を払うも
転払えば 転生ず。
寒山 時に経を披く
終年 読めども足らず。
古や今や 人の善く買うなし
所以に天台山中 長く滞貨と為る。
畢竟 作麼生
当来 下生 慈氏の判断を待つ。

Alms Begging

Early this August morning
I head out for a day of begging.

Silver clouds move with me;
a wind rattles the ring on my cane.
In the dawn a thousand doors open,
and I drink in the coolness of bamboo and Basho
trees.

From East to West, I will not pass a single house,
not even the haunts of drunkards and fishmongers.

My straight and honest look accepts all;
my steady stride defies this boiling heat.

Long ago the Prince of Pure Eating taught how to
beg,

and the Beggar of Beggars has acted out his advice
for over 2,700 years.

I too am no less a Buddhist of that First Teacher,
content with bowl in hands, robe on my back.

Have you not heard what the Old Master decreed:
as you eat, so you practice?

Grasp this and none need meditate.

*

托鉢

八月初一日
托鉢入市廓
白雲從高步
金風搖玉環
萬戶千門昧旦開
脩竹芭蕉入昼看
次第乞食西又東
酒肆魚行什麼論
直視何啻刀山摧
緩步須知鑊湯乾

浄飯王子曾消息
金色頭陀親受伝
爾来二千七百有余年
我今亦是积氏子
一衣一鉢迥灑然
君不見
浄名老人曾有道
於食等者法亦然
直下恁麼薦取去
誰能兀兀到驢年

*

托鉢

八月初一日

托鉢して市麿に入る。

白雲は 高歩に従い

金風は 玉環を揺ぶる。

万戸 千門 味旦に開き

脩竹 芭蕉 昼に入って看る。

次第に乞食す 西又東

酒肆 魚行も什麼ぞ論ぜん。

直視 何ぞ啻に刀山を摧くのみならんや

緩歩せば 須く鑊湯の乾くを知るべし。

浄飯王子 曾て消息したまい

金色の頭陀 親しく伝を受けたり。

爾来 二千七百有余年

我も亦 是れ积氏の子

一衣一鉢 迥に灑然たり。

君見ずや

浄名老人 曾て道うあり

食に於て等しき者は法も亦然りと。
直下 恁麼に薦取し去って
誰か能く兀兀として驢年に到らん。

A Poem

Great thanks for these monk's robes,
these happy and formless clothes.
They contain the Buddha's dharma
passed down by the Master himself.
Never too loose or too tight,
never rough like raw cotton or fancy like silk.
If you follow this thought and practice,
you wear them as a true Buddhist.

*

大哉解脱服
無相福田衣
仏仏方正伝
祖祖親受持
非広又非狭
非布也非糸
恁麼奉行去
始称衣下児

*

大いなる哉 解脱の服
無相の福田衣。
仏仏 方に正伝し
祖祖 親しく受持す。

広きに非ず 又 狭きに非ず
布に非ず 也 糸に非ず。
恧麼 奉行し去って
始めて衣下の児と称せん。

A Poem

I see some traveling fellows,
a group of rather poor monks.
They think if someone hasn't visited the three
temples
then he shames the name of Buddhist monk.
And so they leave their Master,
and with his walking stick travel distant lands.
One summer they stay here;
next winter they arrive in another town.
With only their Master's words to guide them
they return and when we meet
their answers are still the same.

*

我見行脚僧	都是可怜生
不履三刹地	謂汚衲僧名
所以辞本師	茫茫杖策行
一夏住此地	三冬到彼鄉
徒采師口頭	以之充平生
相逢裁一問	依旧可怜生

*

我 行脚の僧を見るに
都て是れ可怜生。

三刹の地を履まずば
衲僧の名を汚すと謂えり。
所以に 本師を辞して
茫茫 策を杖いて行く。
一夏 此の地に住し
三冬 彼の郷に到る。
徒に師の口頭を采り
之を以て平生に充つ。
相逢うて裁に一問すれば
旧に依って可怜生。

A Poem

The Buddha of our mind,
the free flowing Tao,
tells us this:
Believing it, there is no need to search outside
yourself.
Doubting it, and searching outside the self
is like driving north to go south.
You will never arrive.

*

仏是自心作
道亦非有為
報爾能信受
勿傍外頭之
北轉而向越

早晚到着時

*

仏は是れ自心の作
道も亦 有為に非ず。
爾に報ず 能く信受して
外頭に傍うて之くこと勿れ。
轉を北にして越に向うも
早晚 到着の時あらんや。

A Poem

This quiet night by my window,
I sit in my monk's robe meditating.
My nose points to my navel.
My ears hang down toward my shoulders.
Out the window the moon is rising.
The rain has turned to a few drops.
Such a peaceful atmosphere,
shared with just myself.

*

静夜 虚窓下
打坐 擁衲衣
臍与 鼻孔对
耳当 肩頭垂
窓白 月初出
雨歇 滴猶滋
可怜 此時意
寥寥 只自知

*

静夜 虚窓の下
打坐して 衲衣を擁す。
臍は鼻孔と対し

耳は肩頭に当って垂るる。

窓白み 月初めて出で

雨歇んで 滴 猶滋し。

怜むべし 此の時の意

寥寥 只 自ら知るのみ。

A Poem

On this cold night in my hut,
I worship Buddha with incense sticks.
Outside is a bamboo forest
Lying on my bed I open some books
The rising moon shins through my window.
Insects sing far and near my cottage.
How deep Zen is now.
I read it without words.

*

寒夜空齋裡
香烟時已遷
戶外竹百竿
床上書幾篇
月出半窓白
虫鳴四隣禪
箇中何限意
相對也無言

*

寒夜 空齋の裡
香烟 時 已に遷る。
戶外に 竹 百竿
床上に 書 幾篇。

月出でて 半窓 白み
虫鳴いて 四隣 禅かなり。
箇中 何限の意ぞ
相對するも 也 言なし。

A Poem

If you think illusions, the world becomes an illusion.
If you think truth, the world becomes true.
If life is true, then there is no illusion.
If life is an illusion, then there is no truth.
Oh, followers of Buddha,
seeking the way of truth,
seek first the illusion and truth
in your own mind and heart.

*

道 妄 一 切 妄
道 真 一 切 真
真 外 更 無 妄
妄 外 別 無 真
如 何 修 道 子
只 管 欲 覓 真
試 要 覓 底 心
是 妄 乎 是 真

*

妄と道えば 一切 妄なり
真と道えば 一切 真なり。
真外 更に妄なく

妄外 別に真なし。

如何ぞ 修道子

只管 真を求めんと欲する。

試みん 求めを要する底の心は

是れ妄か 是れ真か。

A Poem

A past already past.
A future not yet here.
A present unsettled.
Time, so ill-defined
yet argued over.
Forget the old bias.
Ignore the new theories.
Just truly practice
mediate and mediate
until you reach some truth
then you will know your illusion.

*

過 去 已 過 去	未 來 尚 未 來
現 在 復 不 住	展 轉 無 相 依
許 多 閑 名 字	竟 日 強 自 為
勿 存 旧 時 見	莫 逐 新 條 知
懇 懇 偏 參 窮	參 之 復 窮 之
窮 窮 到 無 窮	始 知 從 前 非

*

過去は已に過ぎ去り
未来は尚未だ来らず。
現在 復 住らず

展転して 相依るなし。
許多の閑名字
竟日 強いて自ら為す。
旧時の見を存する勿れ
新条の知を逐う莫かれ。
懇懇 偏に参窮し
之に参じ 復 之を窮めよ。
窮め窮めて無窮に到らば
始めて従前の非を知らん。

A Poem

The Master's finger points to the moon,
yet the finger is blind until the moon appears.
What connection has moon and finger?
Are they separate objects or bound?
This is a question for beginners
wrapped in seas of ignorance.
Yet beyond such symbols we know
there is no finger; there is no moon.

*

因指見其月
因月弁其指
此月与此指
非同復非異
将欲誘初機
仮説箇譬子
如実識得了

無月復無指

*

指に困って其の月を見
月に困って其の指を弁ず。
此の月と此の指と
同に非ず 復 異に非ず。
將に初機を誘わんと欲して
仮に箇の譬子を説く。
如実に識得し了らば
月もなく 復 指もなけん。

A Poem

Confusion and awareness interpenetrate;
Thoughts and events are one.
From morning to dusk I read a wordless text.
All night I practice a thoughtless meditation.
An oriole sings in the weeping willow;
a dog barks in the moonlit village.
My mind is free and clear—
no way to teach this to others.

*

迷悟相依成
理事是一般
竟日無字經
終夜不修禪
鶯囀垂楊岸
犬吠夜月邨
更無法當情
那有心可伝

*

迷悟は相依りて成る
理事は是れ一般。
竟日 無字の經
終夜 不修の禪。
鶯は囀る 垂楊の岸
犬は吠ゆ 夜月の邨。
更に法の情に当るなし
那ぞ心の伝う可きあらん。

A Poem

Without ambition one can be fulfilled.
All troubles come from desire.
Light vegetables answer a hunger.
A simple robe warms the body.
I go out alone to visit with deer.
I sing aloud with country children.
Mountain waters over rocks open my mind,
mountain air through pines clear my head.

*

無欲一切足
有求万事窮
淡菜可療饑
衲衣聊纏躬
独往伴麋鹿
高歌和村童
洗耳岩下水
可意嶺上松

*

欲無ければ 一切足る
求むる有れば 万事窮す。
淡菜 饑を療すべく
衲衣 聊 躬に纏う。

独り往きて 麋鹿に伴い
高歌して 村童に和す。
耳を洗う 岩下の水
意に可なり 嶺上の松。

A Poem

When I was young,
gaining a living was hard.
For just three meals
I walked miles through a poor village.
One day I met an wise teacher,
who patiently taught me Buddha's ways
to see a treasure hidden inside.
It is so easy for me now;
knowing the heart and mind, I teach
and travel freely everywhere.

*

記得壯年時
資生太艱難
唯為衣食故
貧里空往還
路逢有識人
為我委悉說
却見衣內宝
于今現在前

従見自貿易
到処恣周旋

*

記得す 壮年の時
生に資する 太 艱難なりしを。
唯 衣食の為の故に
貧里 空しく往還す。
路に有識の人に逢い
我が為に委悉に説く。
却いて衣内の宝を見る
今において現に前に在り。
見るに従うて自ら貿易し
到る処 恣に周旋す。

A Poem

Who says my poems are poems?
My poems are not poems.
When you understand this—
We can begin to speak of poetry.

*

孰謂我詩詩
我詩是非詩
知我詩非詩
始可与言詩

*

孰か謂う 我が詩を詩と
我が詩は是れ詩に非ず。
我が詩の詩に非るを知って
始めて与に詩を言うべし。

A Poem

Within this human life,
what is the deepest state of mind?
Sitting meditation will help you think clear.
By settling your mind, you begin to grasp it.
One by one images will appear
and if you can practice long
you will come into your true self
and learn how not to live a lie.

*

借問三界内
何物尤幽奇
端坐諦思惟
思惟得便宜
紛紛羅隨照
守意莫失時
久久若淳熟
始知不相欺

*

借問す 三界の内
何物か尤も幽奇なる。
端坐して 諦かに思惟せよ

思惟 便宜を得ん。

紛紛たる羅 随って照らされん
意を守って 時を失する莫かれ。

久久 若し淳熟せば

始めて相欺かざるを知らん。

A Poem

As a priest, I honor the Buddha.
Hiding out at Mt. Kugami, I've stopped counting
years.
My clothes grow as thin as mist or smoke.
I wander about on my crooked cane.
In a distant valley I recite poems,
plant myself on a stone and watch silvery clouds.
Yet my heart still sinks when I consider a world
where men seek fame, spinning around like dust in
the wind.

*

我 是 西 天 老 僧 伽
晦 跡 国 上 不 記 春
幾 領 布 衫 朽 烟 霞
一 枝 烏 藤 永 隨 身
行 遠 碧 澗 吟 歌 曲
坐 見 白 雲 出 嶙 峋
悲 底 浮 世 名 利 客
生 涯 區 區 走 風 塵

*

我 是 是 れ 西 天 の 老 僧 伽
跡 を 国 上 に 晦 ま し て 春 を 記 さ ず 。

幾領の布衫 烟霞のごとく朽ち
一枝の烏藤 永く身に随う。
行くゆく 碧澗に遠ざかりて歌曲を吟じ
坐して見る 白雲の嶙峋に出ずるを。
悲しいかな 浮世名利の客
生涯 区区として 風塵に走る。

A Poem

With no mind, flowers lure the butterfly;
With no mind, the butterfly visits the blossoms.
Yet when flowers bloom, the butterfly comes;
When the butterfly comes, the flowers bloom.
Though I am a stranger to those around me,
and they are strangers unto me,
all of us are secretly bound.

*

花無心招蝶
蝶無心尋花
花開時蝶來
蝶來時花開
吾亦不知人
人亦不知吾
不知從帝則

*

花は蝶を招くに心無く
蝶は花を尋ぬるに心無し。
花開く時 蝶来り
蝶来る時 花開く。
吾も亦 人を知らず

人も亦 吾を知らず。
知らずとも 帝則に従う。

A Poem

Beauty lives in a world of ugliness;
truth is mated with lies.
Wisdom and folly rise from the same source;
delusion and enlightenment walk together.
It has always been so.
You've known it always.
To cast off a falsehood for another truth
is but to indulge in a dream.
Accepting the mystery of these words,
how can we ever commit to another way?

*

有美則有醜
有是又有非
知愚元依因
迷悟互相為
古來其為然
何必今如斯
棄之欲取彼
唯覺一場癡
若誓箇中妙
誰関諸法移

*

美あれば則ち醜あり
是あれば又非あり。

知愚 元より因に依り
迷悟 互いに相為す。
古来其れ然りと為す
何ぞ 必しも今斯くの如しとせん。
之を棄てて彼を取らんと欲するは
唯 一場の癡なるを覚ゆ。
若し 箇中の妙を誓わば
誰か 諸法の移るに関らん。

A Poem

On a rocky cliff at the Pagoda of Great Sorrow,
I hold my chin in hand and watch the gliding clouds.
Tall pine rise straight into the empty sky,
the wind ancient and pure. Below,
the Dragon Pond rises,
its water clear to the pebbled floor.
In loud voice I call to all:
Come, find yourself in a peaceful mirror.

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盤陀石上坐
支頤眺雲烟
雲烟千万重
宝塔映日懸
下有龍王泉
可以洗心顏
上有千年松
清風竟日伝
誰能超世累

茲来共盤桓

*

盤陀たる石上に坐し
頤を支え 雲烟を眺む。
雲烟 千万重なり
宝塔 日に映じて懸かる。
下に龍王泉あり
以て心顔を洗うべし。
上に千年の松あり
清風 竟日伝う。
誰れか能く世累を超え
茲に来て盤桓を共にせん。

