1. ara umi ya
sado ni yokotau
ama no gawa

stormy sea:
   stretching over Sado,
       Heaven’s River
--Barnhill, Bashō’s Haiku, 97, #409

the rough sea—
flowing toward Sado Isle
the River of Heaven
--Ueda, Bashō and His Interpreters, 260

The rough sea--
Extending toward Sado Isle,
The Milky Way.
--Ueda, Matsuo Bashō, 54

   a wild sea—
   stretching to Sado Isle
       the Milky Way
--Shirane, Traces of Dreams, 242, 263, 303

High over wild seas
surround Sado Island—
the River of Heaven
--Hamill, The Essential Bashō, 28

Across rough seas,
it arches toward Sado Isle—
The River of Heaven
--Carter, Traditional Japanese Poetry, 357

Turbulent the sea—
Across to Sado stretches
The Milky Way.
--Keene, Narrow Road 127

Rough sea: lying toward Sado Island the River of Heaven
--Sato, Narrow Road 109

A wild sea,
And stretching out towards the Island of Sado,
The Milky Way.
--Blyth, Haiku, vol. 3, 367
2.

furu ike ya
kawazu tolibomu
mizu no oto

old pond—
a frog jumps in,
water’s sound
--Barnhill, Bashô’s Haiku, 54, #180

the old pond—
a frog jumps in,
water’s sound
--Ueda, Bashô and His Interpreters, 140

The old pond--
A frog leaps in,
And a splash.
--Ueda, Matsuo Bashô, 53

an old pond …
a frog leaps in,
the sound of water
--Shirane, Traces of Dreams, 13, 16, 77, 103

At the ancient pond
a frog plunges into
the sound of water
--Hamill, The Essential Bashô, 117

At an old pond,
a frog takes a sudden plunge.
The sound of water.
--Carter, Traditional Japanese Poetry, 353

An old pond: a frog jumps in--the sound of water
--Sato, Eight Islands, 282

The old pond:
The sound
Of a frog jumping into the water.
--Blyth, Haiku, vol. 4, xxxv

Old pond.
Frog jumps in
Kerplunk.
--Allan Ginsberg [sung as part of a country and western song]

3.

inazuma ya
yami no kata yuku
goi no koe

lightning !
darkness ’s direction go
night-heron ’s voice
lightning--
   into the darkness
   a night-heron’s cry
--Barnhill, *Bashō’s Haiku*, 150, #700

ea flash of lightning—
   passing through the darkness
   a night heron’s scream
--Ueda, *Bashō and His Interpreters*, 394

A lightning flash—
   and, piercing the darkness,
   the night heron’s cry
--Hamill, *The Essential Bashō*, 158

A lightning flash—
   and into the gloom it goes:
   a heron’s cry.

A flash of lightning:
The screech of a night heron
Flying in the darkness.
--Blyth, *Haiku*, vol. 3, ii

A flash of lightning:
The scream of a night heron.
--Aitken, *A Zen Wave*, 101

4.
   kare eda ni
   karasu no tomarikeri
   aki no kure
   withered branch on
crow’s has settled
autumn’s evening

on a withered branch
   a crow has settled--
   autumn evening
--Barnhill, *Bashō’s Haiku*, 25, #38

on a bare branch
   a crow has alighted . . .
   autumn nightfall
--Ueda, *Bashō and His Interpreters*, 57

On a bare branch
   A crow is perched--
   Autumn evening.
--Ueda, *Matsuo Bashō*, 44

Crows resting
   on a withered branch—
   evening in autumn
--Shirane, *Early Modern Japanese Literature*, 181
on a leafless branch
a crow comes to rest—
    autumn nightfall
--Shirane, *Traces of Dreams*, 91 (45)

On a bare branch,
a solitary crow—
    autumn evening
--Hamill, *The Essential Bashō*, 115

On dead branches crows remain perched at autumn's end
--Sato, *Eight Islands*, 279

On a bare branch
    a crow has settled down to roost.
    In autumn dusk.

Autumn evening;
A crow perched
On a withered bough.
--Blyth, *Haiku*, vol. 3, 338

5.
**kono michi ya**
yiku hito nashi ni
**aki no kure**

this road—
    with no one on it,
    autumn dusk
--Barnhill, *Bashō's Haiku*, 153, #718

on this road
where nobody else travels
    autumn nightfall
--Ueda, *Bashō and His Interpreters*, 406

The road here--
No traveler comes along
This autumn evening.
--Ueda, *Matsuo Bashō*, 61

    this road—
    no one goes down it
    autumn’s end
--Shirane, *Traces of Dreams*, 285

All along this road
not a single soul—only
    autumn evening
--Hamill, *The Essential Bashō*, 156
This road: no one taking it as autumn ends
--Sato, From the Country of Eight Islands, 288

Along this road
Goes no one,
This autumn eve.
--Blyth, Haiku, vol. 3, 342

This road!
With no one going--
Autumn evening
--Aitken, A Zen Wave, 25

6.

natsugusa ya

tsuwamonodomo ga

yume no ato

summer-grass!
warriors' dreams
remain/ruins

summer grass--
all that remains
of warriors' dreams
--Barnhill, Bashō's Haiku, 93, #386

summer grasses
where stalwart soldiers
once dreamed a dream
--Ueda, Bashō and His Interpreters, 242

summer grasses—
traces of dreams
of ancient warriors
--Shirane, Traces of Dreams, 238

Summer grasses:
all that remains of great soldiers’
 imperial dreams
--Hamill, The Essential Bashō, 19

Summer grasses—
all that is left to us now
of warriors’ dreams.
--Carter, Traditional Japanese Poetry, 356

A dream of warriors,
and after dreaming is done,
the summer grasses.
--McCullough, Classical Japanese Prose, 537

The summer grasses--
Of brave soldiers’ dreams
The aftermath.
--Keene, Narrow Road, 87

Summer grass: where the warriors used to dream
Ah! Summer grasses
All that remains
Of the warriors' dreams
--Blyth, *Haiku*, vol. 3, 309

7.

**shizukasa ya**
**iwa ni shimiiru**
**semi no koe**

stillness--
sinking into the rocks,
cicadas' cry
--Barnhill, *Bashō's Haiku*, 94, #392

the stillness—
seeping into the rocks
cicadas’ sreeeh
--Ueda, *Bashō and His Interpreters*, 249

Quietness--
Sinking into the rocks,
A cicada’s cry.
--Ueda, *Matsuo Bashō*, 52

stillness--
sinking deep into the rocks
cries of the cicada
--Shirane, *Traces of Dreams*, 228, 273

Lonely stillness—
a single cicada’s cry
sinking into stone
--Hamill, *The Essential Bashō*, 22, 143

Ah, such stillness:
that the very rocks are pierced
by cicadas’ drone!

Ah, tranquility!
Penetrating the very rock,
a cicada's voice.
--Helen Craig McCullough, *Classical Japanese Prose*, 539

How still it is here—
Stinging into the stones,
The locusts’ trill.
--Keene, *Narrow Road* 99

Quietness: seeping into the rocks, the cicada’s voice
--Sato, *Narrow Road*, 95
ill on a journey:
  my dreams roam round
  over withered fields
--Barnhill, Bashō’s Haiku, 154, #724

on a journey, ailing—
my dreams roam about
on a withered moor
--Ueda, Bashō and His Interpreters, 413

On a journey, ill--
My dreams roam
Over a wild moor.
--Ueda, Literary and Art Theories of Japan, 171

  sick on a journey
  dreams roam about
  on a withered moor
--Shirane, Traces of Dreams, 279, 337

Ill on a journey,
I run about in my dreams
over withered fields.
--Carter, Traditional Japanese Poetry, 366

Sick on my journey,
only my dreams will wander
these desolate moors
--Hamill, Sound of Water, 41

Falling ill on a journey, my dreams run round a withered field
--Sato Eight Islands, 289

Ill on a journey;
My dreams wander
Over a withered moor.
--Blyth, History of Haiku, vol. 1, 107

octopus traps--
  fleeting dreams under
  summer’s moon
--Barnhill, Bashō’s Haiku, 76, #295

an octopus pot—
  inside, a short-lived dream
under the summer moon
--Ueda, Bashō and His Interpreters, 201

Octopus traps—
fleeting dreams
under the summer moon
--Shirane, Early Modern Japanese Literature, 184

  octopus traps—
fleeting dreams beneath
  a summer moon
--Shirane, Traces of Dreams, 9

A trapped octopus—
one night of dreaming
with the summer moon
--Hamill, The Essential Bashō, 73, 124

The octopus trap:
Fleeting dreams
Under the summer moon.
--Blyth, Haiku, vol. 3, 41

Octopus jar!
Evanescent dreams;
The summer moon.
--Aitken, A Zen Wave,

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