

from *Bashō in Lockdown*
ANDREW FITZSIMONS

A morning glory
closing up in the daytime
the lock on my gate
asagao ya / hiru wa jō orosu / mon no kaki

*

To my brushwood door
fallen tea leaves for my tea
swept here by the storm
shiba no to ni / cha o konoha kaku / arashi kana

*

In my hermitage
a square of light on the floor
the window-shaped moon
waga yado wa / shikkakuna kage o / mado no tsuki

*

The east and the west
the melancholy all one
the autumnal wind
higashi nishi / awaresa hitotsu / aki no kaze

*

For today at least
let us all be the aged
The first winter rains
kyō bakari / hito mo toshi yore / hatsu shigure

*

The winter melons
Each and every one with change
written on the face
tōgan ya / tagai ni kawaru / kao no nari

*

The year-end bazaar
Couldn't I get up and go
and buy some incense?
toshi no ichi / senkō kai ni / idebaya na

*

I'm drinking sake
incapable now of sleep
at night-time the snow

sake nomeba / itodo nerarene / yoru no yuki

*

Rise and shine rise and shine
I want to make you my friend
sleeping butterfly

okiyo okiyo / waga tomo ni sen / nuru kochō

*

My father mother
so very much I miss them
A kiji calling

chichi haha no / shikirini koishi / kiji no koe

*

My hair growing out
a blue pallor to my face
the long summer rains

kami haete / yōgan aoshi / satsuki ame

*

In my tiny hut
the mosquitos so tiny
a tiny mercy

waga yado wa / ka no chiisaki o / chisō kana

*

Day by livelong day
barley in the field reddens
and the skylark sings

hito hi hito hi / mugi akaramite / naku hibari

*

A morning glory
even one painted poorly
blossoms with feeling

asagao wa / heta no kaku sae / aware nari

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