

After the Gentle Poet Kobayashi Issa

By Robert Hass

New Year's morning—
everything is in blossom!
I feel about average.

A huge frog and I
staring at each other,
neither of us moves.

This moth saw brightness
in a woman's chamber—
burned to a crisp.

Asked how old he was
the boy in the new kimono
stretched out all five fingers.

Blossoms at night,
like people
moved by music

Napped half the day;
no one
punished me!

Fiftieth birthday:

From now on,
It's all clear profit,
every sky.

Don't worry, spiders,
I keep house
casually.

These sea slugs,
they just don't seem
Japanese.

Hell:

Bright autumn moon;
pond snails crying
in the saucepan.

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