

# 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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Source: *Field Guide* (1973)

