

CRY OF THE CRICKET



....a collection of Chinese and
Japanese poetry and Philosophy

..... CRY OF THE CRICKET

by:
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PREFACE

The conception of Chinese and Japanese culture has ancient roots.

The links between philosophy, art and poetry are abundantly clear. Writing is more or less a special strictly stylised formula of painting. The most inspired artists and poets wrote not just beautifully but "well" in both senses of the word - both the external form and the inner content and choice of words were alike inspired.

The wisdom and philosophy of the Chinese and Japanese was expressed for the most part in short sayings, proverbs, and maxims. Poems that sung made a deep impression on an age when literacy was not wide spread. How far music shaped speech and ways of thought was clearly present. Both Confucius and Lao-Tzu recognized that appeal, not just to the mind, but eye and ear was desirable.

There are many things which we do not know which was important for the content of these ancient cultures. There is a generally accepted symbolism, so obvious that it consciously does not have to be put into words. This meaning gave oriental poetry, art and literature its peculiar value. Without conscious intent, few Europeans have expressed a similar dimensional feeling and a scattering of these selections have been included for comparison.

Through a long contact and complete intimacy with nature, a philosophy of life was imparted to them. It is hoped that these reflections of culture and philosophical thinking, added to our western thought, will provide a truer appreciation of these age-old civilizations.

- L. Cooper

.....He who judges pictures by the likeness of shapes,
Must be thought of as a child;

He who hammers out verse by rule,
Shows that he is not yet a poet.

Poetry and Paintings are rooted in the same law ,
The work of heaven and of the first cause.

- Su Tung-P'o



.....Autumn evening; on a withered bough,
A solitary crow is sitting now.

- Bashō

.....The branch is black and bare again; a crow
Shook down its coverlet of powdered snow.

- Hō-ō



.....Thirty spokes unite in a nave, but the nothingness
is the hub,
Gives to the wheel its usefulness,
For thereupon it goes round;
The potter kneads the clay as he works
With many a twist and rub,
But in the nothingness within, the vessel's
use is found;
Doors and windows cut in the walls thereby a room
will make;
But in its nothingness is found the room's utility;
So the profit of existences is only for the sake of
non-existences, where all the use is found to be.

- Lao-Tzu

.....Fortune's wheel is ever turning,
To human eye's there's no discerning
Weal or woe in any state;
Wisdom is to bide your fate.

- Chia I
The Poe of China



.....Patiently fishing in the Lake, the crane's
Long red legs have shortened since the rains.

- Basho

.....As the stately stork,
Standing flaps his snowy wings
In the bright sunlight.
On the tips of Cherry-Spray
How delightfully blossoms sway !

- Okamoto Kanoko



.....When beauty is known as beautiful, LO!
Ugliness is there,
When good is known as good, then bad and good
together go,
Being and non-existence, linked like brothers
forward press,
And difficult and easy, both in mutual currents flow.
The long and short are side by side,
Each by the other shown,
The high inclines to meet the low, the low to meet
the high,
The after follows the before, in mutual consequence,
And tone and voice unite and blend in mutual harmony.
And so the sage, in his affairs, does not on doing dwell,
Proceeds in silence like the myriad things which come
to be,
With growing, claim no ownership, producing no
reward,
And claiming naught, assuming naught,
continue ceaselessly.

- Lao-Tzu

.....Another year departs; the bell is tolled.

And I intended never to grow old !

- Jokun

..... Young man,
Seize every minute
of your time .
The days fly by;
Ere long you too
Will grow old.

If you believe me not,
See there, in the courtyard,
How the frost
Glitters white and cold and cruel
On the grass
That once was green.

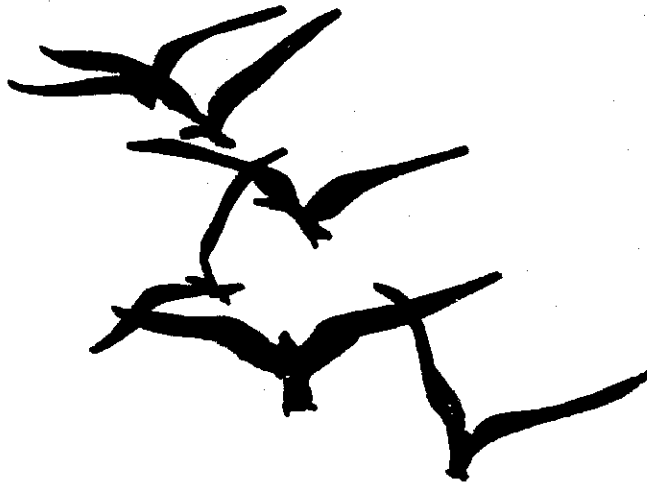
- Tzu Yeh
The Frost

..... Youth's ruddy cheeks so soon sink in on fallen teeth
And childhood's hanging locks so swiftly
turn to snow.
In a single lifetime, how many happenings break the
heart,
If I cannot enter a monestary, where else can I bury
my sorrow ?

- Wang Wei
Sighing Over White Hair

..... Man is born without knowledge,
And when he has obtained it, very soon becomes old;
When his experience is ripe,
Death suddenly siezes him.

- Chinese Maxim



.....In flowing crowds
The moon-born clouds
Cast their light shade
O'er stairs of jade;
And all the moonlight ways are one,
Shining in silver unison.
Yet who can read alright
The mystery of night ?

- Ou-Yang Hsiu

.....A new moon's silver fin asc ends the dark,
As waves engulf the crescent-bladed shark.

- Shido

.....In the ocean of the sky
Wave-clouds are rising,
And the ship of the moon
Seems to be rowing along
Through a forest of stars

- Hitomaro

.....Newly born the crescent moon; pale, the
Autumn mist....
She has not yet changed her silk garments,
Already far too thin.
Feverishly she plays her silver harp all
through the night.
Her heart too full of fear to return to her
empty chambers.

- Wang Wei
Two Songs of An Autumn Night

.....How the great moon crushes the cloud ;
How its witchlike glimmer
Weaves webs that shroud
Now the sea, now the land,
Now every grain of the great seas's sand
Till like gems they shimmer and shimmer.

- Ishikawa



..... A nightingale comes,
All muddy are the feet he wipes
Upon the blooming plums.

~ Issa



.....A seedling shoulders up some crumbs of ground;
The fields are suddenly green for miles around !

- Ho-o

.....If you have fields and will not plow them.
Your barns will be empty;
If you have books and will not give instruction,
Your offspring will be ignorant;
If your barns are empty, your years and months will
be unsupplied;
If your offspring be ignorant, propriety and justice
will not abound among them.

- Chinese Maxim

.....Do not neglect your own in order to weed another's
fields

- Chinese Maxim

.....The rice fields spread their flooded terracing
of mirrors; segments in a beetle's wing.

- Ho-o

.....If you have not passed the bitterness of starvation,
You know not the blessings of abundance;
If not through the parting of death,
You know not the joy of unbroken union;
If not through calamity, the pleasure of security;
If not through storms, the luxury of calm.

- Mencius



.....A sparrow, springing on the bamboo-cane ,
Chirps at the downward sound of steady rain.

- Ho-o

.....A sparrow's life as sweet as ours,
Hardy clown ! Grudge not the wheat.
Which hunger forces bird to eat;
Your blinded eyes, worst foes to you,
Can't see the good the sparrows do.

- John Clare
A summer Evening



.....This butterfly which on a poppy clings
Opens and shuts a booklet's paper wings.

- Ho-o

.....Single butterflies dancing through the air
Until them meet, how motionless a pair !

- Basho



.....When world wisdom linked with shrewdness
came,

Then grand hypocrisy exposed her face.....

- Lao-Tzu

.....Sincere words are not fine,
Fine words are not sincere,
(The faithful friends will stick to the end,
But the flatterer tickles the ear.)

The skillful do not debate.
Debaters lack in skill,
(For truth is found by looking around,
And words are weapons of ill.)

The knowing are not most learned,
The most learned do not know,
(For knowledge is grown from thoughts alone,
While learning from others must grow.)

The sage lays up no treasure,
Nor hoard of goods or gold.
(For they who keep a store-house deep,
A constant watch must hold.)

The more he works for others,
The more he works for his own.
(For it grows by use, is lost by abuse,
And he gathers by what he has shown.)

The more he gives away,
The more does he have for himself,
(For thoughts a thing that from thought will spring,¹
Which is quite the reverse of self.)

The way of heaven is sharp,
But is never will cut nor wound,
(For they who swim with the flowing stream
Will ever be safe and sound.)

'Tis the way of the sage to act,
He acts, but never strives,
(For striving breaks whatever it makes,
And only a wreck survives.)

- Lao-Tzu
Making Clear the Substance



.....A lightening gleam:
Into darkness travels
A night heron's scream.

- Basho

.....Blue water.....a clear moon...
In the moonlight the white heron's are flying.
Listen ! Do you hear the girls who gather
water chesnuts ?
They are going home in the night singing.

- Li Po



.....A song alone
Comes down - and of the skylark
The last tune is gone.

- Ampu

.....Treading the cloud
Inhaling the mist
A soaring skylark.

- Smiki

.....The whole long day
He sang; and is unsated still -
The skylark.

- Basho



..... What of myself ?

I am like unto the sere chrysanthemum

That is shorn by the frost-blade

And, torn from its roots,

Whirled away on the wind....

- Po Chu-I
Myself

.....I am sad because the sun is setting and
night is drawing near;
I like to linger by this clear spring
Which does not mix and follow with the common water.
It does not, like men, mix with all sorts of company.
I sing songs to the clear clouds and the moon;
When I finish, the pine trees overhead continue my song.

- Li Po
On Visiting a Clear Stream

.....Let your words be few and your companions select;
Thus you will avoid remorse and repentance,
Thus you will avoid sorrow and shame.

- Chinese Maxim

.....Without talent, who dares burden so brilliant an era !
Today my thoughts turn toward the east river
Where I still keep my old retreat....
Crickets chirp urgently among the grasses
As fall hurries past.
In the mountains the desolate cry of the
cicadas disturbs the dusk.
No long do people stop at my deserted gate.
I am left alone with white clouds in the
Empty forest.

- Wang Wei



.....The small birds look around them and eat;
The swallow goes to sleep without apprehension.
He who possesses an enlarged and sedate mind,
Will have great happiness;
But the man whose schemes are deep,
Will have great depth of misery.

- Chinese Maxim

.....The swallow
Turns a somersault;
What has it forgotten ?

- Otsoyu



..... Judge not by appearance

The sea cannot be scooped up in a tumbler.

- Mencius

.....The highest goodness is like water,
For water is excellent in benefiting all things,
And it does not strive.
It occupies the lowest place, which men abhor,
And therefore it is akin to Tao.

- Lao-Tzu

.....Men's passions are like water:
When water has once flowed over, it cannot be restored;
When the passions have once been indulged,
They cannot be restrained.
Water must be kept in by dikes;
The passions must be ruled by the laws of propriety.

- Chinese Maxim

.....There is nothing weaker than water,
or easier to efface,
But for attacking the hard and the strong,
Nothing can take its place.

That the tender conquers the rigid,
That the weak overcomes the strong,
The whole world knows, but in practice
Who can carry the work along ?

- Lao Tzu



.....Up the barley rows,
Stitching, stitching them together,
A butterfly goes.

- Sora

.....How fragile and ephemeral in Flight
This life - for instance: Butterfly aught !

- Soia



.....A man who commands our liking is what
is called a good man.
He whose goodness is part of himself, is
what is called a real man.
He whose goodness has been filled up, is
what is called a beautiful man.
He whose completed goodness is brightly
displayed, is what is called a great man.
When this great man exercises a transforming
influence, he is what is called a wise man.

- Confucius

.....If one starts out to take the world in hand,
And make it, he will never gain his end,
For spirit vessels are not made like pails,
And he who makes marts, who grasps fails,
For in the course of things, if some one press
Ahead, some other lags behind, and will,
While one is strong, another weakly shrinks,
One keeps himself afloat, another sinks,
Therefore the sage abandons all excess,
And all extravagance and selfishness.

- Lao Tzu
Nothing But Acting



.....The warbler, swinging,
His body upside down,
Does his first singing.

- Kikaku

.....The bush warbler - Oh,
His perchings on the plum tree
Started long ago !

- Onitsura



.....I built my house in the midst of the haunts of men,
But there is no portico here for their carriages.
And if you ask why that is so, I say,
"My heart, lives far away, and keeps itself for
company"
Lazily I pick chrysanthemums by the eastern
fence.
In peace I look towards the mountains to the south:
The mountain breeze is delicious in the fading
light,
Wandering birds fly out in pairs
Somewhere there lies a deeper meaning
I would like to say it, but have forgotten the word.

- Tao Yuan-Ming
Twenty Drinking Songs

.....Who chooses loneliness.....
Delights in the simple contemplative life;
Seeks no compromise,
Only withdrawal from wherever man cannot obey
his own conscience;
The lonely, the disenchanting, the lovers of independence,
Renounce and seek an insight into the uselessness of all
anxious striving;
Escape from tears and troubles
To share the independence of self-sufficient nature,
And embrace the melancholy of Autumn.
"The Eastern Fence" keeps him safe from the raw
mountain wind.



.....Spring ! Bright flowers gaily dance
Along the pathway;
Old weeping willows, newly wrapped in
Tender green, gently brush the imperial embankment.
Remind my wayward lover in Liao-Yang
How flowing time will never wait for man !

- Wang Wei

.....The opening flower blooms alike in all places;
The moon sheds an equal radiance
On every mountain and every river.
Evil exists only in the hearts of men;
All other things tend to show the benevolence
Of heaven towards the human race.

- Chinese Maxim

.....In the spring the lakes are full of water,
In summer, clouds gather round the mountain tops.
In autumn the moon shines in all her splendor,
In winter the snow displays its beauty on the mountains.

- Ku K'AI-Chih

.....The freedom of thought which we so love and fight for
Is like the untrammelled freedom of nature
Which transcends the authority of rivers and all
mankind,
Predestined and unalterable as the changes of the
seasons.



.....Play about, Do.
From grass leaf to grass leaf †
Jewels of dew †

- Ransetsu

.....Bush clover dows not spill
One small white dewdrop - though its waves
Are never still.

- Basho

.....Like fear and favor are disgrace,
On others they depend for place.
But honor and great sacrifice
To one's own body we can trace.

Like favor and disgrace is fear,
Why should they thus akin appear ?
Favor makes one stoop and cringe,
And , when obtained, 'Tis held in fear.

And losing it, remains disgrace,
And fear again presents its face,
And that is why, with fear, 'tis said
Disgrace and favor have their place...

- Lao Tzu
Rejecting shame

.....Moral virtue simply consists in being able,
Anywhere and everywhere to exercise five particular
qualitites:
- Show self respect, and others will respect you;
- Be magnanimous, and you will win all hearts;
- Be sincere, and men will trust you;
- Be earnest, and you will achieve great things;
- Be benevolent, and you will be fit to impose your will
on others.

- Confucius



..... Bent down by the rain

The ripe barley makes this

Such a narrow lane....

- Joso

.....The multitude of men look satisfied,
They feed at feasts, they mount on
towers of pride, ...

The multitude of men have goods to spare,
'Tis only I who wander everywhere....

The multitude of common men are bright,
And critical and keen, and full of light.
While I alone confused appear to be,
Drifting about on some dark lonely sea;
The multitude of doing things are bent,
While I alone appear incompetent,
A rustic rude, I differ from the others,
But Oh ! The food I prize is our
Eternal mothers.

- Lao Tzu
Differing From the Vulgar

..... I do not choose to be a common man.
It is my right to be uncommon - if I can.
I seek opportunity - not security.
I do not wish to be a kept citizen, humbled
And dulled by having the state look after me.
I want to take the calculated risk;
To dream and to build,
To fail and to succeed.
I prefer the challenges of life to the
Guaranteed existence.

- Dean Alfange



.....The artisan may give a man compass and square,

But he cannot make him skillful in the use of them.

- Chinese Maxim

.....He who tells me of my facets is my teacher;
He who tells me of my virtues does me harm.

- Chinese Maxim

.....I do not expound my teaching to any who
are not eager to learn;
I do not help out anyone who is not anxious
to explain himself;
If, after being shown one corner of a subject,
A man cannot go on to discover the other three,
I do not repeat the lesson.

- Confucius - On Himself
Lun-yu (VII-6)

.....Let there be flowers of every kind
And let all schools of thought wrestle with one another.

- Chinese Maxim

.....There are three words of which Confucius discouraged
and criticized the use:
He would have no "shall"
no "musts"
and certainly no "I's".....

- Confucius



.....The pheasant's eyes are gold, but
ringed with red;
Two tea camellias flowering in his head.

- Ho-o

.....The copper pheasant wakes with shrill-edged
cry:
The silver crescent cuts the chilly sky.

- Kikaku

.....A mountain pheasant,
Treading on its tail, the springtime's
setting sun.

- Buson



.....He that makes mars, he that grasps loses;
The sage will neither make, nor mar, nor grasp.
And cannot lose
But people fail in business, on the verge of its
succeeding
By losing at the end the care they first began to
use.

- Lao-Tzu
Guarding the Small

.....He mars who makes, he breaks who strives to grasp;
Await the words; be still that you might hear;
Watch ! Wait ! Follow ! Harm not ! Help !
Gather the fruit of life; thank God and live !

Yet not the doing was it he condemned,
For laziness is twin to selfishness,
But the sharp shove which thrusts a fellow-man
Into the torrent from a crowded bridge,
The aim which sends the deadly bullet forth
To tear a prize from nature's heart, and leaves
The man successful by the dying pool
Where a wounded dove lies gasping;
Bleeding, Dying.....

- Lao-Tzu



.....Through the shutters it came,
Autumn's own shape: the warp
Of the candle flame.

- Raizan

.....Lighting one candle with another's flame
At dusk in Spring – the same...yet not the same.

- Buson

.....In making a candle we seek the light,
In reading a book we seek for reason;
Light to illuminate a dark chamber,
Reason to enlighten a man's heart.

- Chinese Maxim

.....How can a deep love seem deep love,
How can it smile, at a farewell feast ?
Even the candle, feeling our sadness,
Weeps , as we do, all night long.

- Tu Mu

.....Men, pass their lives apart like stars that move,
But never meet.
This eye, how blest it is that the same lamp
Gives light to both of us !
Brief is youth's day.
Already half of those we know are spirits;
I am moved in the depths of my soul.

- Anon



.....Let every man sweep the snow from before
his own doors
And not trouble himself about the frost on
his neighbor's tiles.

- Chinese Maxim

.....Winter seclusion, on the window pane
The silvern fern of frost has grown again.

- Ho-o



.....The chestnut husks
Put out their fingers
To stop the fleeing autumn.....

- Basho

.....The look of a hundred years
In the garden's
Fallen leaves....

- Basho



.....The Geisha flirt their fans: their sashes trail;
Like goldfish undulating fins and tail.

- Getto

.....A speck upon your ivory fan
You soon may wipe away;
But stains upon the heart or, tongue
Remain, alas for aye.

- Anon.

.....Of fresh, new silk, all snowy white,
And round as harvest moon.
A pledge of purity and love,
A small but welcome boon.

While summer lasts, borne in eht hand,
or folded on the Breast.
'Twill getnly smoothe they burning brow,
And charm thee to thy rest.

But Ah! when autumn frosts descent
And winter's winds blow cold.
No longer sought, no longer loved,
'Twill lie in dust and mold.

This silken fan, then, deign accept,
Sad emblem of my lot,
Caressed and fondled for an hour,
The speedily forgot.

- Pan Chih Yu
The Sappho of China

.....Consider the female, the woman
Overcome by her quietude wholly.
Some make themselves lowly to conquer,
Some conquer because they are lowly.....

- Lao - Tzu



.....The fawn with sunbeam spotted coat in vain
Shakes off the butterfly to doze again.

- Issa

.....Between the gates where slanted sunset shone,
The mountain's shadow stretched - a stag thereon !'

- Buson



.....Won't you come and see
Loneliness !
Just one leaf
From the kiri tree.

- Basho

.....Deepen, o cuckoo in the wood, my mood
Of mutability, my solitude ...

-Basho

.....I dwell apart
From the world of men.

I lift my eyes
To the mighty hills,
And sit in silent reverie
By rushing streams.
My songs
Are the whispering of the winds
And the soft murmurs
Of falling rain.
Blossoms open
And flutter to the earth again.
Men come
And men go;
Year follows year,
And life goes on.

- Hsu Pen
The Hermit

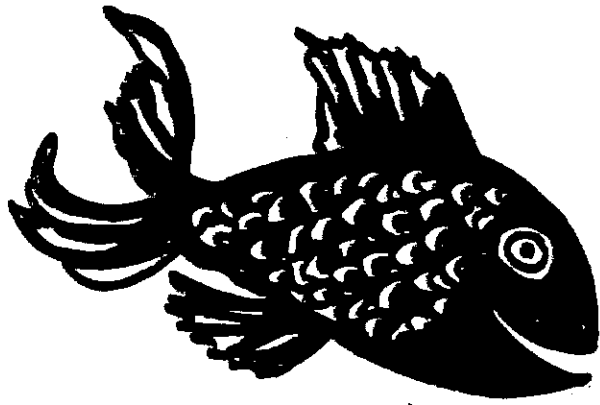
.....Far, translucent Autumn sky,
How high a world above the little world of man !
I am happy just to watch a crane
Perched on the edge of the sand,
Or the far-away mountains beyond the cloudlands...
The creamy waves catch the twilight
And the silver moon shines benignly down.
Tonight I set out for a lonely sail -
I care not where.
Returning when ? How can I decide !

- Wang Wei



.....Swoop ! The egret dives into the red
lotus blossoms.
Splash ! He breaks the clear water into
waves.
How handsome he looks in his new-born
feathered silk
Proudly balanced on the old raft, a fish
in his beck.....

- Wang Wei



.....The net of heaven has meshes wide,
But through its meshes none can glide.

- Lao-Tzu

.....The fishes, though deep in the water, may be hooked;
The birds, though high in the air, may be shot;
But man's heart only is out of reach.
The heavens may be measured, the earth may be surveyed;
The heart of man alone is not to be known.
In painting the tiger, you may delineate his skin,
but not his bones;
In your acquaintance with a man, you may know his face,
but not his heart.
You may sit opposite to, and converse with him,
While his mind is hidden from you as by a thousand
mountains.

- Chinese Maxim

.....I have found repeatedly of late years,
That I cannot fish without falling a little in
self respect.
I have tried again and again, I have a skill at it.
And, like many of my fellows, a certain instinct
for it, which revives from time to time.
But always when I have done, I feel it would have
been better if I had not fished.
I think I do not mistake. It is a faint intimation
Yet so are the first streaks of morning.

- Thoreau
Walden

.....I shook my net where whitebait seemed to thrash:
A shoal of moonbeams slithered through the mesh .

- Oto



.....He who knows others is clever, but he who knows himself
is enlightened.
He who overcomes others is strong, but he who overcomes
himself is mightier still.
He is rich who knows when he has had enough.
He who acts with energy has strength of purpose.
He who moves not from his proper place is long-lasting.
He who pines, but perishes not, enjoys true longevity.
He who is most perfect seems to be lacking;
Yet his resources are never outworn.
He who is most full seems vacant; yet his uses are inexhaustible.

.....He who prides himself on wealth and honor hastens his
own downfall.
He who strikes with a sharp point will not himself be safe
too long.
He who has no faith in others shall find no faith in them.
He who raises himself on tiptoe cannot stand firm.
He who stretches his legs wide apart cannot walk.
He who knows how to plant, shall not have his plants uprooted.
He who knows how to hold a thing, shall not have it taken away.
He who always thinks things easy, is sure to find them
difficult.
He who lightly promises, is sure to keep but little faith.

.....He that humbles himself should be preserved entire.
He that bends shall be made straight.
He that is empty shall be filled.
He that is worn out shall be renewed.
He who has little shall succeed .
He who has much shall go astray.

.....He who is self-approving, does not shine .
He who boasts has no merit.
He who exalts himself does not rise high.
He is like remnants of food or a tumor on the body,
An object of universal disgust.

.....He who, conscious of his own light, is content to be obscure,
He shall be the whole world's modle.
He who is great, must make humility his base.
He who is high, must make lowliness his foundation.



.....Without ascending the mountain, we cannot
judge of the height of heaven;
Without descending into the valley, we cannot
judge of the depth of the earth;
Without listening to the maxims left by the
ancient kings,
We cannot know the excellence of learning.

- Chinese Maxim

.....He who wishes to know the road through the
mountains
Must ask those who have already trodden it.

- Chinese Maxim



.....Look where you're leaping, giddy crickets, you
Might land and split these emeralds of dew !

- Issa

.....Autumn loneliness: a cricket grieves
This evening in a scarecrow's ragged sleeve.

- Chigetsu

.....Eaten by the cat !
Perhaps the cricket's widow
May be bewailing that !

- Kikaku

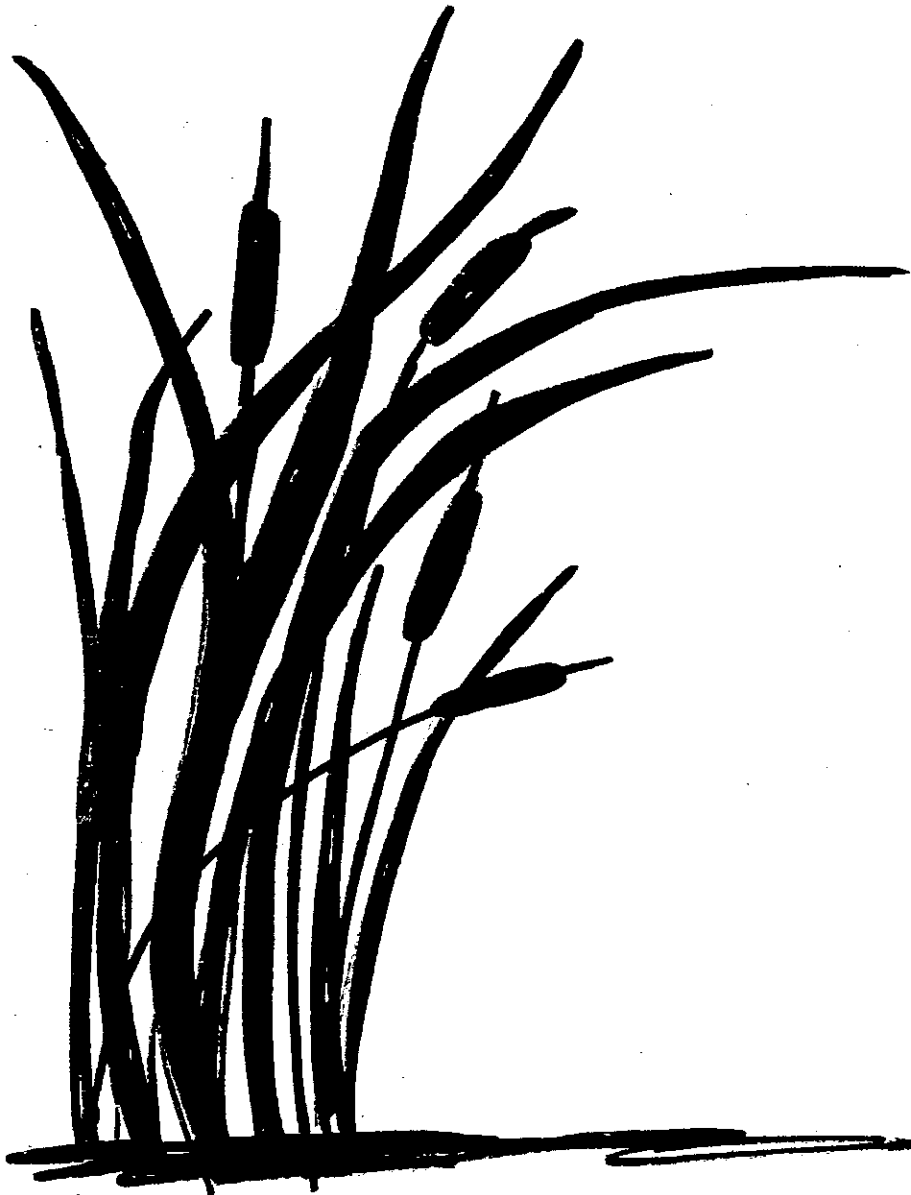
.....The voice of the cricket is heard in the hall,
The leaves of the forest are withered and sere;
My sad spirits droop at those chirruping notes,
So thoughtlessly sounding the knell of the year.

Yet why should we sigh at the change in date,
When life's flowing on in a full, steady tide ?
Come, let us be merry with those that we love;
For pleasure in measure there is no one to chide.

- Anon.

.....I sat upon the mountainside and watched.
A tiny barque that skimmed across the lake,
Drifting, like human destiny upon
A world of hidden peril; then she sailed
From out my ken, and mingled with the blue
of skies unfathomed, while the great round sun
weakened towards the waves.

- Ch'ang Ch'ien.



....."I've just come from a place
At the lake bottom" - that is the look
on the little duck's face.

- Joso

..... A wild duck is flying
Over the marsh in the dawn twilight.

- Fuyuji Tanaka



.....Tarnished is the gold -
With young leaves round us, we look back
To days of old.

- Chora

.....If the west wind blows
They pile up in the East -
The fallen leaves.

- Buson

.....Rivers and seas !
Homage and tribute from all the valley streams
Pour into these;
They lower themselves, and for this reason along
become royalties.

.....So the wise man,
If ever he wish to be above other men,
In all his words will plan
To remain below, and if he desire to lead,
Will keep from the van.

.....And in this way
Though he dwell above, men will not feel
His weight,
He leads the array,
But they feel that he is not an impediment,
Nor in the way.

.....And so his compeers
Unwearingly exalt and honor him'
With joys and cheers,
And since he does not strive, no strife
with him
Ever appears.

- Lao-Tzu
To Put Oneself Behind



..... A man's conversation is the mirror of his thoughts.

- Chinese Maxim

..... They who know speak not,
And they who speak know not;
To close the mouth and shut the gates,
To blunt the point that lacerates.
To simplify what complicates;
To temper brightness in its glare,
The shadows of the dusk to share,
The deep's identity declare.

- Lao-Tzu
Profound Virtue

.....When the mirror is highly polished,
The dust will not defile it;
When the heart is enlightened with wisdom,
Licentious vices will not arise in it.

- Chinese Maxim

.....Desire not to desire, and you will not value
Things difficult to obtain.
Learn not to learn and you will revert to a
condition which mankind in general has lost.

- Lao-Tzu

.....Seek not for the guilt in others,
But first of all in oneself;
Want not to improve others and make them happy,
But to persuade them that one has something to
give oneself;
Seek not to suppress and rob others,
But to offer and educate;
Talk not about virtues, but show them in act.

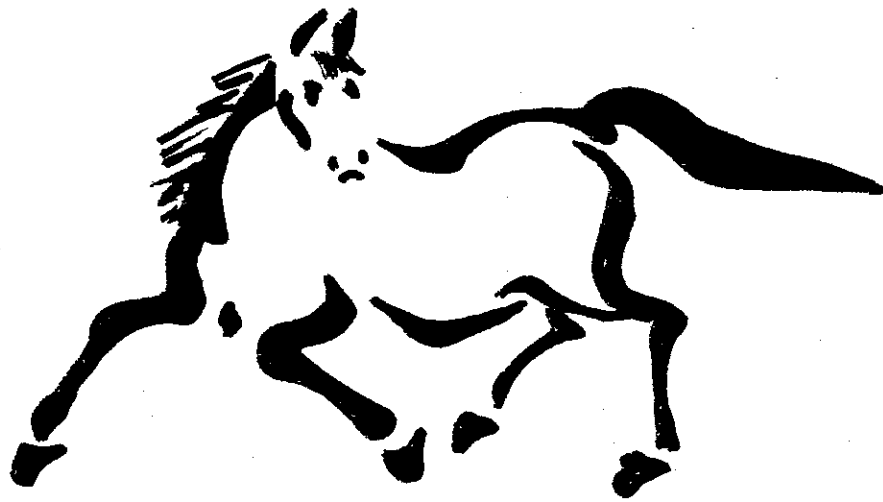
- Confucius

.....Without a mirror a woman cannot know the state of
her own face;
Without a true friend, a man cannot discern the
error of his own actions.

- Chinese Maxim

.....A man should choose a friend better than himself;
If only like himself, he had better have none.
There are plenty of acquaintances in this world,
But very few true friends.

- Chinese Maxim



.....The newborn foal, who stands with
knock-kneed pose/
Over the iris flowers polks out his nose.

- Issa



.....The new moon showed its silver rim of light,
I watched and waited since, and lo: Tonight !

- Basho

.....The earth's great axis spinning on,
The never-resting pole of sky -
Let us resolve their whence and why
And blend with all things into one;

Beyond the bounds of thought and dream,
Circling the vasty void of spheres
Those orbits round a thousand years:
Behold the key that fits my theme.

- Ssu - K'ung T'u

.....Heaven and earth a bellows are, which
Emptied from its strain
Collapses not, but moved again produces
More and more,
But men who talk and talk exhaust themselves,
And talk in vain,
And all unlikely are to keep the middle path
secure.

- Lao-Tzu

.....North is at hand; the night winds fret afar,
The north winds moan. The waterfall are gone.
To cover o'er the sand dunes, dawn alone
Shall call them from the sedges, some bright star.

Mirrors her charms upon the silver shoal,
And I have ta'en the lute, my only friend,
The vibrant cords beneath my fingers blend;
They sob awhile, then as they slip control.

Immortal memories awake, and the dead years
Though deless voices answer to my strings,
Till from the brink of time's untarnished springs
The melting night recalls me with her tears.

- Ts'en Ts'an



.....On the temple bell
Has settled, and is fast asleep,
A butterfly.

-Buson

.....They have the guise
Of being married just today -
Those two butterflies.

- Ryota



.....A trout leaps high -
Below him in the river bottom,
Clouds flow by .

- Onitsura

.....Where the stream bed lies
Only there is darkness flowing,
Fireflies;

- Chiyo



.....A storm comes blowing from afar
And wipes away the last heat of summer.
A heavenly blue
Permeates the entire sky
And is with us as we prepare
For the new spirit.
The fruit hurries its ripening
And when the night comes
Various insects keep chirping, as if for a festival,
Or as if they were praying.
The stars swing higher in the sky,
And the movements of the heavenly bodies
Which have been going on since ancient times
Make ebb and flow even my blood
While time piles itself on time.
There is a large fruit ripening slowly
In my heart;
I do not know how sweet it is;
Only know how hard and bitter is the seed.

- Shigeji Tsuboi
The fruit.



.....There is a trinity of lovely things:

Moon, flowers - and now I go

To find the third - the snow.

- Rippo

.....Patiently the peonies mature cupped
by ripe ;green leaves.
Robed in all crimson shades from light to dark.
Their hearts must be ready to break -
The seasons pass so soon.
Can radiant spring understand their feelings ?

- Wang Wei
Red Peonies

.....She had not yet been born to life; forthwith
There came a season's change, to form and breath;
Another season's change, to birth and life;
And now, another season;s change, to death.

Why dread these changes ? Life's a borrowed thing.
And borrowed, too, the frame of dust we bring
For daylight's toiling; When the cool night comes
Why still to these poor borrowed garments cling ?

- Kwang Tsze
On the Death of a Good Wife

.....'Tis we that wail the hour of birth,
'Tis others weep the hour we die.
If I am sad. 'Tis others sing;
Should they lament, I shall be feasting.
All flows, all passes, like you stream;
Like yonder wind-wheel all revolves.
We change the fire grill, changing not the fire;
New lamps or old, what matters it ?
'Tis laughable that all men flock in crowds
To worship Buddhas and the Genii.

- Anon

吾之白石碑

新之白石崖

卷之二

.....Samidare - No Furinokoshite ya
Hikarido

.....Through all the June rainfalls it still stands ?
O Shining Hall !

- Basho

....India Ink rubbing of celebrated
Haiku stone in the Chusonji Temple
Compound.

.....NOTES AND BIBLIOGRAPHY:

NOTES

-The Chinese have no conception of God as creator, almighty and merciful. There are indeed hundreds of Gods and demons incorporating every variety of things bad or good, but they are all subject to the law of cause and effect. They may try to get around this law of cause and effect, or to forget about it, but they can never break through it or wilfully alter it. The Chinese call this law "tao" - a word which signifies the way along which all must go, whether gods or men, and from which there is no mistake.
-Lao-Tzu was a mystic and founder of Taoism. His wu wei theory was a philosophy meaning "do nothing" the supposed meaning of which is "get in harmony with the great spirit of things and you will unconsciously be impelled to right action". In other words do nothing with self will for each man had an inner law to direct his life and behavior in society. Taoism was essentially the philosophy of the common people while Confucianism is that of the literati.
-Confucius was a practical man, a teacher of ethics, who thought by self conscious direction, one could arrive at proper action. He taught that virtue and high moral conduct are developed through behavior. It has been said that "Confucianism has framed society and Taoism has filled it". These are the two primary philosophies dwelt with in this book.
-Haiku, the poetry of Japan, is but seventeen syllables in length, but within its few suggestive phrases, the poet brings a vision to life again in his own experience. Each Haiku is a swift record or sudden flash of "Enlightenment" and is heavily influenced by the doctrines of Buddhism and Zen.

Because its pictorial definition is so immediate and vivid, Haiku is the equivalent in words of the Sumi-e, a rapid sketch in Chinese ink. In this form of art language every line and shade of brushstroke can be "read" or recognized as subject matter.

Many Haiku poets have also been painters of note, however, their "Haiga" or Haiku paintings are generally crude and amateurish as opposed to the Sumi-e sketches.

..... Haiku poets, in much the same style as western poets,
had a distinct style of their own:

Basho - was the most profound of Haiku poets and lived by
the teachings of Zen.

Busho - had an eye for the picturesque and was a poet-painter
in his approach to Haiku.

Issa - was filled with the Buddhist compassion of all sentient
beings.

Shiki - heralded as the Keats of Haiku was strongly influenced
by poetic still-life.

Ho-o - is a relatively modern Haiku poet having been born
in 1917 some 300 years after Basho.

The sources of Haiku quoted in this book come primarily from
selections written by these poets.

BIBLIOGRAPHY AND MATERIAL SOURCES

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