

A Selection of Haiku

A cold rain starting
and me without a hat.
On second thought, who cares?

A bee
staggers out
of the peony

Year after year
on the monkey's face
a monkey's face

First snow
falling
on the half-finished bridge

A salted sea-bream
showing its teeth
lies chilly at the fish shop

— Matsuo Basho (1644-1694)

When the axe cuts in,
surprise at the perfume--
woods in winter

A tethered horse,
snow
in both stirrups

My arm for a pillow,
I really like myself
under the hazy moon

— Yosa Buson (1716-1784)

No one spoke,
the host, the guest
the white chrysanthemums

— Oshima Ryota (1718-87)

The man pulling radishes
pointed my way
with a radish

Deer licking
first frost

from each other's coats

Don't worry, spiders,
I keep house
casually

— Kobayashi Issa (1763-1828)

In my medicine cabinet
the winter fly
has died of old age

The bottoms of my shoes
are wet
from walking in the rain

— Jack Kerouac (1922-1969)

Soaked
in morning dew
a parking ticket

— Chusaburo Ito (ca. 1873-1949)

Four skinheads stand in the streetlight rain chatting under an umbrella.

— Allen Ginsberg (1926-1997), "American Sentences"