

Originals by Various Authors
Translations by Kenneth Rexroth

In the Autumn mountains
The colored leaves are falling.
If I could hold them back,
I could still see her.

Your hair has turned white
While your heart stayed
Knotted against me.
I shall never
Loosen it now.

A strange old man
Stops me,
Looking out of my deep mirror.

May those who are born after me
Never travel such roads of love.

The flowers whirl away
In the wind like snow.
The thing that falls away
Is myself.

In the mountain village
the wind rustles the leaves.
Deep in the night, the deer
Cry out beyond the edge of dreams.

No, the human heart
Is unknowable.
But in my birthplace
The flowers still smell
The same as always.

[following is from 100 More Poems
From The Japanese]

Everybody knows
How much I love you.
All your
Mannerisms
Have become my
Mannerisms.