

P 会員

青木春枝

あおき はるえ 歌人。1944年東京生れ。歌集「追憶」「七井橋」「石畳道」「UNA VIDA ある物語」「水壺」の5冊より自選して、英訳した英語の歌集<MEMORIES OF A WOMAN>, <A WOMAN'S LIFE>, <WHITE PETALS>の3冊より、さらに、125首を自選した。掲載にあたり<THE WIND IN THE WOODS>というタイトルを付した。

HARUE AOKI

Born in Tokyo in 1944. Published five Japanese Tanka collections. “Omoide” (Memoris), “Nanaibashi” (Seven Springs Bridge); “Ishidatami michi” (Stone Pavement); “Una Vida” (A Life); and “Suiko” (A WaterPot). A selection from these has been translated into English to produce three collections; “Memories of a Woman”, “A Woman’s Life” and “White Petals” (“Best Contemporary Tanka, 2008 Anthology” by “Modern English Tanka Press”) The current “The Wind in the Woods” is a selection of 125 tanka from these three English collections.

THE WIND IN THE WOODS

----MEMORIES OF A WOMAN----

日の暮れて人の絶えたる花野ゆく吾と吾子らの声のみひびく

towards the evening
going through a field of flowers
people have disappeared
just the sound of my voice
and my two little boys

さそり、琴、鷲、白鳥と星空を自在に描ける古人羨しき

a scorpion, a harp
an eagle and a swan
in the starry sky
the ancients drew at will
I envy their imagination

雪残る白き芝生に夜は更けて仰げばドイツのまろき月あり

late at night
snow-capped lawn is white
looking up into the sky
a full moon is white
in the German sky

遙かなる日本思ひてわが弾ける琴の音色に心和みぬ

thinking of far Japan
I play my Koto-harp
its traditional tone
makes me calm
soothing and gentle

種子絮の飛び交ふ春の森にゐて吾子らは小川に紙船浮かす

in the spring woods
the dandelion's seeds are flying
my boys float
white paper-ships
on the small stream

運河には各国の船行き交ふを吾子らは旗に国をあてゆく

various ships
ply the River Elbe
my boys are guessing
their countries' names
from the ships' flags

辛きこと多き春の日沈丁花灰かに香り暫し救はる

on a spring day
there are painful feelings
a lovely winter daphne
is faintly fragrant
I'm calm for a while

新年の陽の満つる海輝きて吾を母とす子等を思ひぬ

the sea glistens
under the ample sunshine
of the New Year
thinking of the boys
whose mother I am

梔子のひと花を切り壺にさすただそれのみに憎しみ薄る

I cut a flower
from a Cape Jasmine
putting it into a vase
just doing that
my hatred cools

朝陽さす多摩の川原の砂しめり鳥の足跡くねりてつづく

the morning sun reflects
on the Tama River-bed
the sand is still wet
retaining the winding
footprints of a bird

俊寛の涙ぬぐふ手絶望の心となるを篝火照らす

Shunkan's hand
wiping away his tears
becomes a symbol
of a desperate heart
revealed by the bonfire light

(Noh Play "Shunkan")

うつつなき心に独り籠りみて如月の陽にわが手をさらす

confined in my room
I'm lost in my thoughts
alone, vaguely
I expose my hands
to the February sun

血の雫思はするごと鮮らけきフラメンコなりなべて画面は

all the scenes
of the film "Carmen"
are a vivid flamenco
imagery of a drop
of bright red-blood

(The film "Carmen")

ブラウスにアイロンかけつつ饒舌になりゆく吾の充たされし午後

pressing my blouse
I am becoming genial
little by little
talking with my children
I feel satisfied this afternoon

丘陵の木々はかそけく音たてて林に風の遊びるるにや

on the hill
I hear a faint sound
in the woods
is it the wind playing
among the trees?

春の夜のいぶせき思ひ振りきれず髪をすきたり心ゆくまで

a dreary feeling
in a spring night
it's hard to shake off
I comb my long hair
until my heart's content

多聞院の玄関固く閉ざされて蜘蛛の巣ひとつ光れるが見ゆ

the front door
of the Tamon-in Temple
is closed firmly
I find the silky thread
of a cobweb

厚塗りのルオーの画布は光りゐてわが寂しさを包みゆきたり

a thickly painted
canvas of Rouault
glimmers faintly
it softens and comforts
my deep loneliness

(At the gallery in Ginza, Tokyo)

公園の桜仰ぎぬ独りなる吾が顔に手に花の散りくる

looking up into
the cherry blossoms in the park
flowers fall on
my face and hands
I'm just alone

山寺の乾ける空気心地よし一人なること心豊けく

in the temple
at the mountain
the air is dry
it's comfortable
being alone

篝火のふたつが赤く燃え盛る円乗院に里言葉充つ

two red bonfires
are blazing powerfully
in the garden
of the Enjouin Temple
it's ull of village accents

雨の夜を独りの部屋に若からぬ吾を哀しみタンゴを聴きぬ

on a rainy night
in my room alone
feeling sorrow
for my fading youth
I listen to the tango

哀しみを遠ざけむとして皿洗ふ風強き春水音高し

keeping at bay
my sorrow and bitterness
I wash the dishes
the water splashing loudly
the spring wind blows strongly

雨の日に髪を切りたり報はれぬ空しき生き方断ち切るべしと

on a rainy day
I have my hair cut
to cut off the days
of living in vain
my unappreciated days

早朝の光悦寺には鶯の細き声してのちの寂寞

early morning
at the Kouetsuji Temple
a Japanese nightingale
sings gracefully
later, there is a lonely silence

A WOMANS LIFE

おぼろげに酔ふ心地なり覚めてなほ夢の人との語らひ思ふ

a faint feeling
of intoxication,
still remember
talking with a man
in my dream

髪型の似合はぬままに町をゆく不安はいつか切なさとなる

my ill-fitting hairstyle
puts me in a bad mood —
walking to town
I feel a sadness
stealing over me

連翹の黄色に蝶のとまりみて春のひととき幼子黙す

a butterfly alights
on a yellow forsythia,
my small child
silent
for a while

梅の実の青きに幼は手をのばしわが腕のなか身をよぢりたり

my little boy,
twisting his body
in my arms,
stretches out his hand
for a greengage

敷石に跣足の音の響かふを確かめゐるや幼はね跳ぶ

does he hear
the sound of
his bare feet
as he jumps
on the stone slab?

日の暮れに子の帰りきぬ耳朶の冷たく固く草の香匂ふ

my boy comes home
early in the evening,
his cold earlobes
fragrant with the scent
of grass and herbs

夕暮るるハイデルベルクの古城より町見放くれば鐘の鳴り出づ

at dusk
from this old castle
I look out over
the town of Heidelberg —
an evening bell tolls

マタドールのつひのひと突きその瞬間に大き牡牛は膝折れ倒る

at the instant
of the last thrust
of the matador
the large bull
kneels and falls

(in Spain)

松籟のいたく寂しく耳に鳴る五月のひと日平林寺ゆく

the breeze
through pine trees
sounds lonely:
I walk to Heirinji Temple
on a day in May

寂しさを会話となせば黙深く葉月の空に雲流れゆく

when the topic
is loneliness,
silence ensues;
white clouds
cross the August sky

庭いぢる秋夕暮れて冷たかる両手に薔薇の擦り傷赤し

I tidy my garden
this autumn evening,
my cold hands
red with scratches
from the roses

色の濃き秋薔薇満つる庭園に父と並びてカメラに向ふ

deep red autumn roses
at their best in this garden,
I look at the camera,
my elderly father
by my side

この土地の夜は乾きて冷え著く丘の上にみる満月白し

night in this district
how dry and chilly —
the full moon
white
above the hill

単調に鉛いろなる湖の面につぶされゆきぬわが抱負など

surface of the lake
leaden, monotonous:
I feel
my small ambition
fades little by little

わが実家の梅の古木に精霊のあらば尋ねむ生き越し証を

the old ume tree
in my parents' garden
I'll ask it,
if it has a soul,
about my childhood days

不幸なる結婚に克ち才能を活かせしこの絵ローランサン好し

she overcomes
an unlucky marriage
and displays her ability —
this Laurencin painting
is wonderful, I adore it

(Marie Laurencin)

月琴とふ小さき四弦飾りあり弾く女性想ひその音を想ふ

a small moon-lyre
with four strings
on display,
I imagine its sound,
its female player

日の暮れて一人座席を占むるとき夏の帽子を扱ひかねつ

nightfall
I occupy a seat
alone:
how to hold
my summer hat

わが生命粗末にすまじ父母とわが少年をつなぐ血なれば

I won't ignore
my existence, my life —
my blood flows
from my parents
into my small sons

風さやぐ上水辺りをゆく吾は離婚届の用紙秘め持つ

a breezy day
I walk alone
along the river
carrying in secret
my divorce papers

(The River Tama)

決意して吾が部屋内を整へぬ吾を取り巻く日常変へむと

I decide to
tidy my room
to change
the daily life
surrounding me

山菜の料理を食ぶるも無言にて新聞を読むこの夫見つむ

at the meal
my husband reads
a newspaper in silence;
eating his vegetables,
he ignores my stare

皿洗ふ単純にみて気のゆるむゆふべを激し声あげて泣く

relaxing as
I wash the dishes —
my tension escapes
and I burst into tears
in the twilight

冬鴨の池に群れをり如月の陽ざし動かし右へ左へ

ducks in a flock
on this winter pond
move together,
the February sunlight
shimmering in their wake

残雪を握る弓手に音のして固く締めぬわが心処も

my left hand
holds the snow firmly
making a sound:
tight and strong
my inner heart too

苛立ちの泡立つゆふべ術なくて両の手冷たき水にひたしぬ

this evening
irritation foams
in my heart —
at a loss, soak my hands
in cold water

励ましの言の葉よりも花卉の紅に今心癒さる

more than words
of encouragement
the bright red
of these rose petals
soothes me now

安らげき空の青さよ歩みゆくわが心にも春の陽溢る

how blue the sky,
nothing to worry me:
I'm walking,
my mind full of
spring sunshine

書類書く手の止まったり今日よりは五の字を使ふ年齢の欄

my hand stops
on the document:
from today
I use the number 5
in the space for age

夏物をやうやく整理しこの夏の父の死なべて心にしまふ

in a chest
I store my summer clothes;
in my heart
I store memories
of my late father

渡英して初めて入るパブ暗くシェークスピアの胸像ありぬ

for the first time
since coming to England
I enter a pub —
the dim light reveals
a bust of Shakespeare

(at Stratford-upon-Avon)

ウェールズの海辺に隣りて日浴みする友の乞ひたり日本の歌を

at a Welsh beach
I sunbathe side by side
with a friend
who asks me
for a Japanese song

紅葉なすリミントン・スパの川の辺に佇ちて語りぬ日本の秋を

at the riverside
in Leamington Spa
leaves turn red,
I talk of the beautiful
Japanese autumn

廃墟なる古き修院石壁の厚く残りて氷雨降りつぐ

an old abbey
lies in ruins:
the cold rain falls
on the remains of
this thick stone wall

銀婚を迎ふる友を羨しめばハルエは自在に旅なすと言ふ

I envy my friend
her silver wedding:
but Harue,
she tells me,
you travel at will

白き花咲くと林檎の蒼指し来月見頃と庭師言ひたり

white flowers
at their best next month,
a gardener says,
pointing to the buds
of an apple tree

(in the Cotswolds)

存在の淡あは優し額縁のローランサンの絵の中の女性

her existence
is faint and gentle,
that woman
in a framed picture
by Marie Laurencin

鎮まれるラインベック城巡りゐてドイツに住みし若き日の顕つ

I walk round
placid Reinbek Castle
remembering the days
as a young mother
in West Germany

戦争の悲しさ聴きぬ女ゆゑ母ゆゑ祖母ゆゑそれを理解す

I have heard
the sad wail of war
as a woman,
mother, grandmother —
I feel its grief

結婚も離婚もなべて諾はむ五十路をすぎて人生深し

a married life
a divorced life
both I accept —
for a woman over fifty
life is more profound

WHITE PETALS

多福寺の黒き山門閉まりゐて軽くたたけば木の音鈍し

closed
is Tafukuji Temple's
black gate —
I lightly knock,
a hollow wooden sound

池の面に花卉白く漂へり掬ひてもみむ遙かなる日々

petals
drifting white
on the pond
I want to scoop up
my long-passed days

ほろほろと桜散りくる土手沿ひを自転車にゆく二人児乗せて

cherry blossoms
fluttering down
to the bank —
I go by bicycle
with my two boys

水底を深く光の蠢めける不安抱きて生きるこの春

sunshine
in the pond's depth
squirms deeply,
I live this spring
feeling uneasy

ひたすらに梅実採りみつ 静寂なすわたしの宇宙に黒き蝶とぶ

I'm absorbed
in picking ume-fruit —
find a black butterfly
floating tenderly
in my silent space

ゆゑのなき空虚しさまとひ万緑の公園にをりいづくへゆかむ

having
an obscure, empty
feeling
in the green park,
where should I go?

わが裡の水壺に光る秘色いろ濃く染まりゆく寂しさにゐる

a water pot
in my mind —
shines indigo,
my solitude
in the deep blue

湖の辺に黒き貝殻落ちありて拾ひてもみむ一人の旅は

finding
by the lakeside
a black shell,
I pick it up —
a lone traveller

灰色の海に激しく雨降りぬたまゆら晴れよ悲しみ消さむ

heavy the rain
on the gray sea —
awhile, clear it away!
I will drive
my sorrows away

六月の暑き日風の湿りゐて不忍池に鴨の動かず

a hot day,
moist wind in June
over Shinobazu Pond,
the wild ducks
stationary

伝ふべき一人はをらずいただきし花束かかへ帰り来たりぬ

not here, one person
to share this moment —
I return alone
from the celebration,
a lovely bouquet in my arm

恋しかる思ひ出多し鏡台に女いちにん髪を梳きゐる

filled with
lovely memories —
a woman
combing her hair
before the mirror

気力なき夏の日籠りラメ入りのマニキュア塗りぬ弓手ひろげて

in my room
on this languid
summer day
I extend my left hand
to paint my nails silver

真夜に覚め寝つかれずをり秋冷の静寂にしまし虫の音を聞く

at midnight,
waking in silence
of autumn chill —
for a moment
I hear a cricket

平らなるカナダの大地夕焼けて太古のままに今し日の落つ

the flat earth
of vast Canada,
a deep red sun
sinking just now
as in ancient times

挽ぎとりし柿を送らむ手紙添へ柿の葉も添へ箱に詰めゆく

I'm packing
picked persimmons
with
red leaves
and letters

暮れの町心もしのに行く吾の髪かきあぐる手袋赤し

end of the year
walking through town
feeling listless —
I caress my hair
with my red gloves

幻かいふせき夢か恋ふ心地しましあぢはふ春のあけぼの

an illusion or
anxious dream?
I feel a while
a mood of love
in this spring dawn

燦燦と日比谷公園春満てり妻なりし日も遙けくなりぬ

brilliant spring
bright, dazzling
at Hibiya park
how far the day
I was a wife

独り身のままに生きこし幾年や 庭に黙して落とりゆきぬ

how many years
have I lived singly?
I gather
the butterburs silently
in my garden

足早に玉川上水ゆく吾の独りの自在尊しとせむ

swift walk along
the Tamagawa riverside –
ah, this unrestrained
single's simple life
should be precious

運命を水の壺にて受けとめむ時は過ぎゆき思ひ出多し

I'll accept my fate
by filling a water pot
in my mind –
time is rapid,
memories manifold

はつかなる初雁が音を聞きし日の寒きドイツよ吾子ら幼き

for a while
I heard the geese calling
in West Germany,
so cold that day,
so lovely my children

カレッジで日本語教へし日々杳く英国いつしか思ひ出のなか

how long ago
I taught Japanese
at a college –
England fills
my memories now

桜すぎし雨の公園人けなく樹木わらわら緑勢ふ

the calm park,
cherry blossoms gone –
in the rain
the trees full of leaves
so vigorous, so green

父逝きしあの夏のごと赫々と百日紅咲く庭の寂けさ

as in that summer
my father left this world,
the red crepe-myrtle
in full bloom –
how silent our garden

蛇の骸ありたり山道になほ鮮やぎて黄と黒の色

a dead snake
on the mountain path –
still vivid
its colour
yellow and black

短歌のこと映画のことなど語りゐて約まりはわが生き方となる

I talk
about tanka
and cinema,
in the end
about my way of life

歩を止むる勝鬨橋に風荒び冬の川面を白く翔けゆく

I pause
on Kachidoki Bridge,
a rough wind
over the winter river
whitens its surface

教会にバッハのコーラス聴きてをり最後の夜を友と頷かちて

we listen
to a Bach chorale
at the church,
sharing
this last night

捨てがたき存念ひとつ春日なか七井の池にふきあげの散る

an intention
hard to abandon —
this day in spring
the fountain sparkles
in Nanai Pond

定まらぬ心の揺れを包むごと淡あはと咲く老い桜かな

as if to cover
the flickering beat
of my fickle heart,
an old cherry tree
in faint bloom

仰ぎみる五月の空に英国の島の形に雲白くゆく

I look up
at this May sky –
white clouds moving,
shaped
like Britannia

冷え冷えと緑の映ゆる公園はけふのわたしの手紙の余白

the park
looks attractive-green
yet chilly –
it is the space
of today's letter

いま一度眼を閉ぢてみむおぼろなる夢の断片つながりゆくや

again
I'll close my eyes –
will the fragments
of my faint dream
come together?

大輪の青色もよし真白なる小ぶりもよろしあぢさゐの花

large and blue
small and snow-white,
both flowers
are fine,
my hydrangea

男の孫に深く拡がる未来あり戦に行けと誰か言ふらむ

a bright future
may unfold for
my baby-grandson,
who dares say
he should go to war?

採りたての筍茹でる厨辺にわが仕上げのほひ充ちゆく

boiling
fresh bamboo shoots
in my kitchen –
the smell satisfies
my simple, silent life

瓶にさす蔓に若葉の萌えてみて願ひの叶ふ予感兆せり

this vine in a vase
young leaves sprouting –
now I feel
it's a sign of
my fulfilled desire

春の陽の心の底に届けよと深呼吸して空仰ぎたり

spring sunlight,
oh, please penetrate
deep within me –
taking long breaths,
I look up at the sky

ひと夜さに庭の緑の増したれば心決めたり旅に出でなむ

one night
the garden becomes
much greener –
I decide
to go on a journey

川縁に白鳥あまた浮かびみてストラトフォードに柳のしだる

gliding together
a flock of swans –
willows veil
the river's margin
at Stratford

雨の降る信濃川の面波打ちて日本海へと黒ぐる早し

in the rain
the River Shinano
undulating –
how rapid a black mass
runs into the Sea of Japan

いつ知らず白髪幾すぢ混りみて鏡の中に吾若からず

unawares,
strands of white hair
just revealed
in the mirror –
I'm no longer young

落柚子を厨に置きぬ終日を幽かに匂ひ年齢など忘る

I put
a fallen yuzu-orange
in my kitchen –
all day it smells dimly,
I'll forget my age

わが生命本卦還りと思ふとき祈ぎ事俄かに若やぎきたる

feeling
I'm sixty years old,
the age of rebirth –
I see my wishes
as bright, as flowery

The classical Eto-Calendar has a cycle of 60 years. The 60th birthday is called Kanreki; it is the beginning of a second life in this Eto-Cycle.

池の辺の弁財天に願ひたる小さきわが事口にはすまじ

near the pond
at Benzaiten* –
what I pray
so small
I will not mention it

**the goddess of fortune*

若からぬ我が逡巡を断つがごと春の疾風の獣めきたり

my wavering,
I'm no longer young –
as if to cut it off

the spring gale
roaring violently

皿に盛るチェリーは赤し春愁はこの種のごと今し捨つべし

in a dish
cherries are crimson –
the sorrows of spring
should be thrown away
just now, like this stone

庭隅に青き蕾の紫陽花がひいふうみいよ陽を浴みてゐる

blue buds
of hydrangea
in my garden,
one, two, three, four,
all basking in the sun

陽を反し黄葉散りくる公園を幼な駆けゆく仰向きしまま

in the park
falling yellow leaves
reflect the sunlight,
looking up at them
an infant running

ぬばたまの夜に照らさるるアユタヤの遺跡に思ふ人の生き死に

illuminated
the ruins of Ayutthaya
in this pitch-dark night,
I feel now

human life and death

(in Thailand)

師の訃報老い母に低く告ぐるとき震へる心声に波うつ

my teacher's death,
I tell my old mother
in a low voice –
trembling my heart,
faltering my voice

歌びとの修二は神を持たざりき叫びのごとき祈り持てども

the tanka poet
Shuji had no god –
still, still
he had a prayer
like a cry

(Shuji Shimada)

ひとつらの雪景色なり玻璃窓に眺める庭のもしや異界か

the whole surface
through this window
a snowscape garden,
is it nirvana?
is it the other world?

青空の下にそよ風薫りたり透明なるは永遠なる生命

under a blue sky

fragrant the soft breeze –
the eternal life
of a deceased person
is transparent

暮れ残る青梅の里に寺の鐘おだしく聞こゆ老杉縫ひて

slow darkening
at Oume Village –
the gentle sounds
of a temple bell
through old cedars

霜月の庭たまゆらのあはれあり若さ遠のく吾が声低し

I feel
compassion for a while
in the November garden,
youth fades away,
how low my voice

岸壁に海鳥あまた休みみてさねさし相模風の冷たし

a colony
of sea birds resting
on a wall of rocks,
how cold this wind
at Sagami

春雨の静かに降る日この吾の未来に小さき萌を願ふ

a day
spring rain falls calmly,

I hope
a small sign
of my future

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