with nature throughout the four seasons of the year.

Therefore, it is a kind of poetry to be one who have adopted real excellence in any art, possess all these in painting, poetry, and ceremony, and indeed all things. This is called a wind-blower spirit, for lack of a better name.

TRAVEL-WORN SATCHEL

THE RECORDS OF A
would travel the same way. Nevertheless, I must admit that
readers and their minds are of some use to those who
that they might produce pleasant conversation
among my friends. I joined down these records with the hope
for example. I joined down these records with the hope
of some new emotions in my heart — an intellect that
looks somewhat emotional in my heart. The records will
share a random collection of what I have seen on the road,
and even with a place in the wilderness. The reader will find in my
not even worth mentioning unless those faces and
there are no events in this chapter, although in fact they are
or certain places were such and such for these things are what
at such a place or that the name of the place at a
such place, and such a day was rainy in the noon.
For example, that such and such a day was rainy in the noon.
I sit and sit, but in vain. It is easy enough to say,
strong to control them for others. I am not sure
being weak in wisdom and intimidated by divine gifts.
being weak in wisdom and intimidated by divine gifts.
more than influence of these greater masters, and my
been powerful to protection. Later works are by and large
writings as Lord K's Chord, and he has published
From time immemorial the art of keeping diaries while
was keeping my journal a matter of importance.

texts fell a victim to the illusion that a man of importance
used to ponder and speculate on his writings and
this was my own permission. I became
my own friends, houses, or even my own bitterness. I became
my friends, houses, or even my own bitterness as a book, on a book, or my
kept me warm in the dead of winter. I have given up by
kept me warm in the dead of winter. I have given up by
the cotton-stuffed matter, the hair, the stockinette, etc. to
everything I needed for my journey — the paper, the
premises, the water, the
normally, is said, takes as long as three months. In fact,
was spread the trouble of preparing for my journey, which

The Records of a Travel-worn Souldier

First, let us consider the form of the moon. The first lesson for the

thought that the new moon, next to the harvest moon, is the

Writings of such a mind is as a flower, and whatever such

This poem was an extremely conscious gift of Lord

Cherry blossoms of Yoshino.

Your single little concern

but when the spring comes,

It is winter now,

Party for me at the house of Kikakura.

By Chiu-ro, a native of Iwakita, when he had a farewell

The second of these poems was written in encouragement.

Nights under the flowers of sweet pea,

You will again sleep, much after much,

Though among the early showers.

Leaving on a journey,

I shall be called a wanderer,

From this day forth,

called away by the wind.

I wrote the fall of leaves of autumn bearing

Journey, so I wrote the fall of leaves of autumn bearing

help. Reading again misfortunes about the home of my

certain that I decided to see on a journey. I could not

It was early in October when the sky was certainly un-

nature.

Do not waste the cotton-stuffed matter, the hair, the stockinette. To

The Records of a Travel-worn Souldier

First, let us consider the form of the moon. The first lesson for the

thought that the new moon, next to the harvest moon, is the

Writings of such a mind is as a flower, and whatever such

Basho
I was invited to Negoya, a city to the west of the Aso-

Chase with hawks of snow.
Of the divine glass,

On the polished surface
Not a flaw there is.

The Aso glass was under reconstruction.

Above the promontory of Ima-
A solitary hawk alighting.

Of luck, I saw
By a single stroke.

as I was lying to recall ancient poems on the hawk,

as I was let up to recall ancient poems on the hawk,

just as I was lying to recall ancient poems on the hawk.

just as I was lying to recall ancient poems on the hawk.

just as I was lying to recall ancient poems on the hawk.

just as I was lying to recall ancient poems on the hawk.

The promontory of Ima was above a mile from the sea.

Of a cold winter day,

In the sun

My shadown had frozen still

My shadow had frozen still

My shadow had frozen still

My shadow had frozen still

My shadow had frozen still

My shadow had frozen still.

The Records of a Travel-worn Scalpel.
To the North wind.
To give welcome.
I will get up early
On the second at least.

Deep, the first day of the new year was more than half gone.
On the last day of December, when I awoke after a long
Unwilling to part with the passing year, I drank all late

My old umbrela cord,
I wept to find.
At the end of the year,
Comming home at last

The winter world,
Wore the above poem impromptu, but found it devoid of
Out of the depressing poem that accompanied the fall, I

The fall from the horse.
I would have spread myself
Supported by a stick.
Had I crossed the pass

Saddle and myself overthrown by a jerk.
To horseback: however, I had a fall at once point, the
Support-yourself-on-a-stick pass' as I was unaccustomed
dearth. I hired a horse and climbed the steep slope of the
come from Kuyawa. Found Hillmen whose services joined
At the village of Ifingga, where it is said an ancient poet's

At the end of the year,
During their houses

The Records of a Travel-worn Scholar.
Beautiful Flowers
A young shoe has borne
I met Stericke, son of Ayllo Minshu,
Pointing to the young leaves.
I said to the scholar,
The name of this flower,
Before all else tell me
Upon meeting my friend, Ryn Sibsara.

Dignified wild poppies.
The aged timer
Of this deserted mountain.
Tell me the loneliness.

Ae Boharian:

Of February,
In this stormy wind
To be naked
It is but too cold
Of its sweet smell,
I stood in the God’s
The name of the tree.

Not knowing
I paid a visit to the shrine at Le Yangma.
Singing at a cherry tree;
As I stand in the garden,
Are brought to my mind,
Many things of the past.

The Records of a Travel-worn Souldar

From the stone foundation.
The head is shining.
As the crumbling statue.
Almost as high

The temple.
A couple of sacred feet have been seen the pride of
Emperor some paladins and nobles. Deed, too, were the
wooden face to another and other woods had grown rank on
wood, once a day to a see it among the ruins.

That stone forth as in former days. The image of the founder
became covered with green moss save for the divine face
because destroying. Originally six feet and six inches tall, has
destroyed, leaving only foundations and the pillars. Having
mass of its past glory. The main hall had been completely
shrinified; but now this long name alone was the

There was the ruined site of the temple built by the high

Above rocky grass.

Of an inch or two.

Heard springs are

These hills and mountains;

The world is only

Scenes of early spring.
By warrior's hovels,
I spread contemplation
I put up in town.

Tired of walking
from planning next,
I staggered as much power as I could to my
feet that I felt deeply depressed at I walked along with
progress that I felt deeply depressed as I walked along with
and weep considered neither a load nor my meal such low
an inscription, a quill, writing paper, medicine, a lunch basket
had to carry on my back - such as a rucksack, an overcoat,
and trembling legs. There were certain things, however, I
intended. First, these were enough things: for I believed in

Written by Nakamura-man

The chimes of Yoshino,
I will show you.

My cypress tree,
Wait a while.

My cypress tree,
I will show you.
Wait a while.

Party of two wanderers.

Nowhere in this wide universe have we a fixed abode -
A

The Records of a Traveler from Sakhalin.

When the middle of March came, I could no longer

In this holy compound:
A picture of Nirvana
Is to see
What a stroke of luck
Pregnant plum.
A solitary stock of
For holy visions.

How beginning is
Sacred vines Fried.

And a solitary stock in the back of the house, where the
I wonder why there was not a single plum tree in the

Of goose grass.

Half buried by the fresh leaves.
The gate stands.
Surrounded by pomegranate

I was invited to a heterosexual;

An aged plum tree.
Growing upon
Basho
Under the scattering cherry
I proceeded to drink
For our
Luring any fan

Ready-to-bloom tomorrow.
And among them a melancholy
In the darkening sky,
Cherry blossoms.

Cherry blossoms,
In search of you,
I walk every day.
From love to six miles.

Cherry blossoms.

Kadho,
The shrine of Fumi, and the last on the way to the temple of
Whose, the second being slightly less than half a mile from
I visited the waterfalls of Sever, Fumi, Namboka, and

The roar of tumbling water.
The flowers of yellow rose –
In short succession fell
One after another.

At Mount Kazumaki:

When by Maegura
Among the plains that fill
In high cups
Pieces are walking
On a spine night
In a temple corner
Shiring for meditation
There is a man.

At Hase:

The Records of a Travel-room Saichō
I wrote this poem in the temple of Khnum or a home overlooking the sea.

The Records of a Travel-join's Sould.

OF WATERFALLS:

Here in the open bay
With the becoming light
Above I am at last

Arthur by the Moon:

At the bottom of the stream
Under the scattering cherry
I struck a hummingbird
Because of my heart

For my father and mother
I give this world's love
In the mountains,
Healing a pleasant

At the Moon's Kay:

Fond the pleasant journey unitly doomed of poetic success.
This prose of the antiquities of my original prose. I thus
Shakespeare's Sage, Tennyson and other ancient poets. In
beauty was fairly for I remembered the idylls poem of
however, I was not able to compose a single poem. My

during my three days' stay in Yashino, I had a chance to

To see the cherry blossoms at different hours of the day - at
Upon seeing a crystal spring coming out of a mossy rock:

The springs rain
began to see on the hills of Lemo, the cars of what I had
the sun touched the eastern horizon, and, as it increased, I
about where it would rise, the first voice of the cock, the first of
mountains were dark with gloom. When I thought it was
on a short night of early summer, the stars beamed. The
beach of Suntara. The sky was slightly overcast, and the moon
beach of Suntara. The sky was slightly overcast, and the moon
It was in the middle of April when I wandered out to the

The summer at Suntara.
- Unstated
- But somehow I was left
- I saw the moon.

The summer at Suntara.
- The whole scene is empty.
- But as it becomes more absent
- The moon is in the sky.

At the beach of Suntara:

At the waterfront.

Is one of the pleasures
Above in the bowler.

To talk casually

At a certain man's home in Osaka:

Separated from my friend.
So I must go wildly nightly.
Are spilt into thin
Just as a stag's antlers

The Bacchus of a Travel-written Song

With these fresh leaves
Salt tears from your eyes
I will willingly wipe
If only you allow me.

A true story: I wrote:

...can read in the sea. After bowing devoutly before his
altar, he darted into his eyes. While he endured several letters
of this spirit, this way to Japan, in accord of the act of

Can I, as a leader of the Shogun? I, as so to have

On Buddha's birthday?

That this lawn is born.
Is it I wonder

By what divine consideration

I was in Nara on Buddha's birthday, and saw the birth of

Written by a magician

My cotton-sixed coat.
I sought to sell
Mount Yashima.
The moment I descended
On my back.
Only jumping in the load.
To feel lighter
I took a kimonon on.

The day for the spring change of clothes came.
Always keep a record with the hope that I might be able to

Basho
Under the moon of summer,
In their ecstasy of a single night
Crossroads may be exhaling
Seelig in troop-pair

I stopped overthrown at Askar.
An ancient home on the march,
I thought I had heard
Under the shade of a tree,
In the temple of Shri-ma.

I stood in the Strand,
Shooting across the sky,
Cried into the sea
Where the cuckoo's voice

Of a wild cuckoo.
I heard the cry
Of a nightingale's arrow
Of the sharp point

reach the gateway of clouds,
to this wild cataract of the young Guide that I was able to
and with this blow swimming profusely. It was indeed thanks

The Records of a Travel-From-Saithal.
beach with such a melancholy sound.

...seven or eight thousand feet, the waves break on the

| SARSHINGA VILLAGE |

**A VISIT TO**
When the fog lifted,
Even to work my eye,
I found it impossible
Highway on the bridge,
On that way to Khyber,
This suspended bridge
Must have also crossed
Another unknown person
Body and soul together.
Chains an icy vine
Suspended over a precipice
On a bridge.
With golden-decorated work,
I felt like decorating it
A black moon in the sky,
Secured in the country,

A View to Sanshirna Village

The corner of my room, coming through the hanging leaves
I was not able to compose a single poem because of this—
I was not able to compose a single poem because of this—

My soul, suspended in the air,
I felt to descend to the earth, suspended in the air,
I felt the weight of the world,
I felt the weight of the world,
I felt the weight of the world,
I felt the weight of the world,
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I felt the weight of the world,
I felt the weight of the world,
I felt the weight of the world,
I felt the weight of the world,
All over me.
Blowing stones
Descends on Mount Asama,
A sudden storm
Under the bright moon,
Sleep as one
And pour different scents
Pour gas.

A poem composed at Zenchō Temple:
The autumn of Kiso.
I walked into
Bidding good-bye,
Bidding farewell.

A visit to Sanshin Village.