

Daughter of Basho

I, son of Basho
three-hundred-fifty years hence
haiku breathing still

his days long bygone
mine past his imagining
distant time, strange land

daughter of Basho
three-hundred-fifty more hence
wordsmith of haiku

her days far beyond
my own dim imagining
future thickly veiled

yon distant lands, times
generations beyond count
will haiku breathe still?



Matsuo Basho
1644-1694