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<th>著者</th>
<th>岡野雅義（英）／岡野治（日）</th>
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| 資源 | http://id.nii.ac.jp/1106/00000707/
The Poems of Bokusui Wakayama, Translations

Gregory Dunne
&
Goro Takano
(Saga University)
Wakayama Bokusui, (1885–1928) was a modern Japanese tanka poet from Miyazaki Prefecture in southern Kyushu. He was active at the beginning of the 20th century, during the tanka revival started by Yosano Tekkan (1873 -1935), who founded the literary magazine *Myoji* (Bright Star) in Tokyo in 1900 as a means, in part, towards infusing greater energy and freshness into the traditional form. Between 1908 and 1912, Bokusui’s poems gained popularity through publication in *Myoji*. Like other members of the *Myoji* group, Bokusui’s poems, according to the Japanese translator and literary scholar Donald Keene, were “filled with romantic expressions of grief and longing” but they also possessed something quite distinctive: “a vitality and a feeling for nature that set his work apart.” Keene suspects this quality of Bokusui’s poetry may be attributed to Bokusui’s country origins – he was born and raised in rural Miyazaki Prefecture. Bokusui traveled widely throughout Japan and Korea during his lifetime, composing a great many tanka along the way. He greatly enjoyed sake and this most likely contributed to his early death at forty-three years of age of liver illness.
01: A lone white bird stays
in the air without fading
into the blueness of sky or sea
and I can’t help wondering
how profound its sorrow must be

02: An eternally unsolved
mysterious being is still
living and moving;
I cannot help thinking so
whenever I see myself

03: Whenever I hear
a story about an eyeless fish
living in the deep sea,
I’m desperately sick for the sight
of it, ah, my eyeless fish
04: A tiny autumn flower
blooming right beside me
whispers quietly:
“O, whatever has perished
returns everlastingly to us!”

05: At the bottom of
a cloud-filled, early-summer day
the cherry blossoms
are at their best and you, wasted
and weakened, have met your death

06: At a train station
awakening with paleness
at dawn in June
almost like a vestal girl
a steam locomotive stirs
07: How sorrowful it appears the mountain of my home town, Mount Osuzu, a haze hovering about it even on this clearest autumn day

08: All the way from a brewer in the remote Itami village it reaches me at last the grand brand “White Snow,” the gem of the Tsu region

(Note: “The Itami village” in “The Tsu region” is now called the Itami city in Hyogo Prefecture)
09: A surprise to me –
the large hands and strong grip
of everyone I meet
here as I finally reach
northernmost Aomori

10: How should I
answer if someone asks
why I am so
out of my mind with it –
this sake’s exquisite flavor

11: Against the ocean wind
a straight line of birds float
until, suddenly,
one of them begins to stray
and then they all go straying
Condensed behind the luxuriant leaves of pine trees the winter sunshine oozes into a deepening purple.