Classic Poetry Series

Saigyo

- poems -

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Having Seen Them Long

Having seen them long,
I hold the flowers so dear
That when they scatter
I find it all the more sad
To bid them my last farewell.

Saigyo

Not Stopping To Mark The Trail

Not stopping to mark the trail,
let me push even deeper
into the mountain!
Perhaps there's a place
where bad news can never reach me!

Saigyo

The Monk Saigyo

Should I blame the moon
For bringing forth this sadness,
As if it pictured grief?
Lifting up my troubled face,
I regard it through my tears

Saigyo

Winds Of Autumn

Even in a person
most times indifferent
to things around him
they waken feelings
the first winds of autumn

Saigyo