

GABRIEL ROSENSTOCK



SHORT POETRY COLLECTION

THREE FRIENDS FLOWER

ガブリエル・ローゼンストック

短詩コレクション

JUNPA BOOKS

サンユウカ



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三友花

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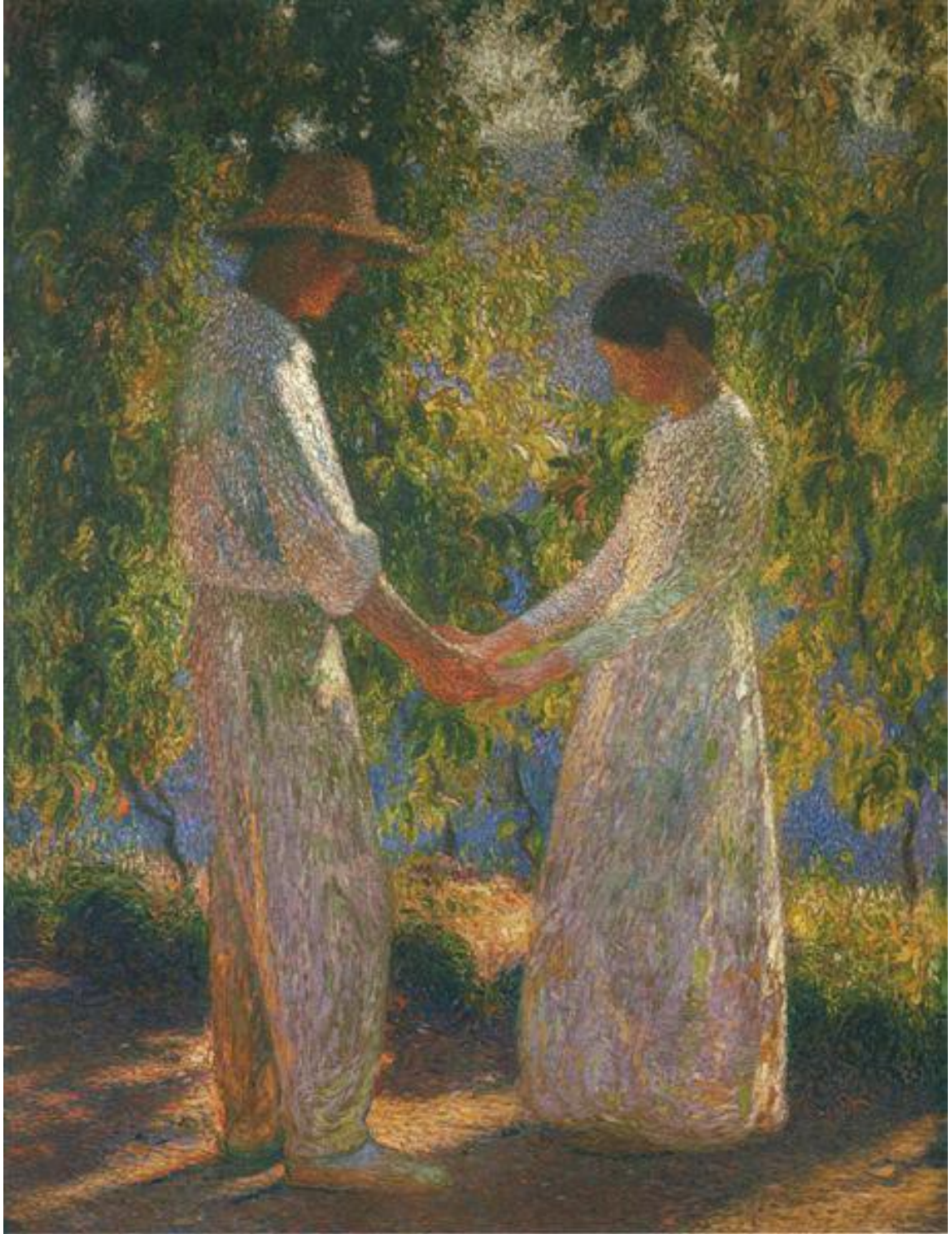
**TANKA: stirrings of love by  
Gabriel Rosenstock**

Five-line poems of love, longing and mystic emptiness with an  
inspiring international gallery of artwork in Public Domain.

短歌: ガブリエル・ローゼンストックによる愛の動揺

愛、憧れ、神秘的な虚無の五行詩と、パブリックドメインの感動的な国際的芸術作品  
とのコラボ。

Henri Martin (France)



The poems in Part One were written in Irish and English, with versions in Japanese by Mariko Sumikura. They are freestyle tanka.

Part Two contains strict-form tanka, 31 syllables (5-7-5-7-7) with versions in Romanian by Olimpia Iacob.

Part three contains strict-form tanka with versions in Greek by Sarah Thilykou.

Tanka is the oldest form of poetry still being composed today, stretching back 1,300 years.

第1部の詩はアイルランド語と英語で書かれ、日本語版はすみくらまりこにより訳されています。自由律短歌です。

第2部には、31音節(5-7-5-7-7)の短歌が含まれており、オリンピア・ヤコブによるルーマニア語版があります。

パート3には、サラ・ティリコウによるギリシャ語バージョンの短歌が含まれています。

短歌は、1,300年前にさかのぼる、今日でも作られている最も古い形式の詩です。

daoine gan aghaidh  
ar fán ar na sráideanna  
ní hea, ní zombaithe iad  
de ló is d'oíche in éad  
le d'aghaidhse atáid!

people without  
faces roaming the  
streets no, not  
zombies  
day and night they wish  
Your face was theirs!

顔のない民が  
通りをふらつく  
否、ゾンビではない  
日も夜も願うのだ  
きみ達の顔が彼らのものと



**Roger Fry (Britain)**

mé ag feitheamh leat  
i gcaife  
déantar smionagar díom  
is saothar ealaíne mé  
... an ndéanfá tairiscint orm?

i wait for  
You in a café  
crumbling to pieces  
i've become a work of art  
... will You bid for me?

きみを待つ  
カフェで  
パン屑をちぎり  
芸術家となる  
・・・きみがかじってくれるかと



**Juan Gris (Spain)**

chanas faoin ngrian  
inné faoin ngealach  
inniu  
canfad amárach faoi na  
réaltaí a théagair, an gá  
dom dul lastall den  
chruinne?

yesterday i sang of the sun  
today the moon  
tomorrow the stars  
my own sweet love! must i go  
beyond the known universe?

きのう太陽に歌った  
きょうは月に  
明日は星に  
ぼくの甘い恋!、ぼくは行かねばならぬ  
既知の宇宙の その向こうへ



**Juan Gris (Spain)**

gach tiúin agam á seinnt  
ar sheanveidhlín  
eitlíonn chugat ina héan  
    an gcloisir a cleitearnach  
    ar aer fuar an tráthnóna?

each tune i play  
on an old violin  
takes wing to where You are  
    can You hear its fluttering  
    on the cold evening air?

ぼくのバイオリン  
どの音色も  
羽ばたいていく  
    きみが聞けるように  
    夕べの冷気のなかで



**Howard Pyle (USA)**

ní haon bhréag é  
ar chairpéad eitle a  
thaistilím cuimlíonn tú do  
shúile á rá  
    brionglóid! brionglóid!  
    sea, id' bhrionglóidse atáim

what You see is real  
i travel on a flying carpet  
You rub your eyes and say  
    a dream! nothing but –  
    yes, i'm in Your dream!

きみの見るものは現実  
空飛ぶじゅうたんで旅するぼく  
きみは目をこすり云う  
    夢なの！何もないけど—  
    そうさ、ぼくはきみの夢のなかさ



**Viktor Vasnetsov (Russia)**

leanaimis na néalta  
gaoithe tá fios a slí acu  
níl gá le compás  
    bíodh muinín againn sna  
    néalta ina chéile

let's follow the wind clouds  
they know where they're  
going who needs a compass  
    let's trust in clouds  
    in one another

さあ流れる雲に従おう  
どこへ行くのか知っている  
コンパスが要るものは  
    雲を信ぜよ  
    お互いを



**J. E. H. MacDonald** (Britain/ Canada)

cén domhan é sin  
óna mbreathnaíonn tú  
orainne rosc ársa  
chomh sean le  
tine le deora

from what world  
do You look out on this  
one ancient eyes  
old as fire  
as tears

どの世から  
きみはこれを見ている  
古代のまなざし  
火のごとく古く  
なみだのように



**Alphonse Mucha (Czech Republic)**

cad ab ea ár móimintí le chéile  
ar mhóimintí iad fiú?  
cá bhfios  
nach bhfuil iontu  
ach gréasáin dár n-aighe

what were our moments  
together were they moments at  
all?  
who knows:  
nothing more  
than tapestries of the mind

あの共に抱いた瞬間は何だった  
それはすべてを含むものだったか  
誰が知る  
心の織物  
それ以上のものを



**Hilma af Klint (Sweden)**

deora ómra an  
fhómhair ina ndeora  
áthais bíodh  
mura n-athróimid ní bheidh  
ionainn ach íomhánna reoite  
ag stánadh ar a chéile

amber tears of autumn  
let them be tears of joy  
without change we'd be  
nothing frozen images  
staring at one another

秋の琥珀色のなみだ  
悦びのなみだであれ  
変わらないぼく達  
凍ったすがた  
見詰め合う



**J. E. H. MacDonald** (Britain / Canada)

lámha a thug grá dom  
 lámha ar thugas-sa grá dóibh  
 lámh ina luí ar leathlámh  
 lámha ar nós na beirte againn  
 fillte ina chéile

hands that loved me  
 hands that i have loved  
 a hand resting on the other  
 hands like the two of us  
 enfolded

ぼくを愛おしんだ手  
 ぼくが愛おしんだ手  
 片方はなにもせず  
 あたかも二人のように  
 いっしょに



**Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (France)**

déanfadsa deilbhín duit  
snoite as préamh  
cnádáin má théimse thar  
lear

caith í mar bhriocht  
go dtí go bhfillfidh  
mé

i will make a figurine  
carved of burdock  
root should i cross the  
sea

wear it as an amulet  
until i return

ぼくはフィギュアを作ろう  
ゴボウを彫るんだ  
ぼくは海を渡るべきか  
それをいれた 袋を  
帰還まで首に提げて



**Vasily Polenov (Russia)**

sneachta trom ar Oileán Stord  
daoine macánta ann faoi  
dhumhaí ón gCré-Umhaois  
a shearc, cén aois í seo  
cad atá romhainn?

heavy snow on the Isle of Stord  
simple folk asleep beneath  
mounds from the Bronze Age  
Belovèd, what age is this  
how many more ahead?

ストード島に雪深く  
簡素な民話が  
青銅器時代から  
土のなかに眠る  
愛するひと、これは何時代  
もっとまだ在るだろう



**Frits Thaulow (Norway)**

ag tnúth go géar leat  
dofhulaingthe é giolc  
na mionéan

deargann          duilleoga  
mailpe go domhain sa  
chroí

aching for You  
small birds cry out  
unbearably  
maple leaves  
redden deep in the  
heart

きみのため橋をかけ  
小鳥が鳴き出す  
耐え難いこと  
かえでが紅くなる  
こころの  
奥で



Itō Jakuchū (伊藤 若冲) (Japan)

is ceol é go deimhin  
gach a ndeineann is a n-abrann tú  
is maith a thuigeann  
do chomhcheoltóirí  
    é – lucht na gcleití

everything You do and say  
music pure and simple  
Your fellow-musicians  
well they know it –  
    feathered folk

きみがすること云うことは  
皆純でシンプルな音楽だ  
きみの仲間の一音楽家は  
よく分かっている  
    羽がある民話だ



**Niko Pirosmani (Georgia)**

gáir mar a gháir Democritus  
adaimh san fholús sin an méid  
bláth na n-úll  
gearrchailí is garsúin  
    adaimh san fholús

laugh as Democritus laughed  
nothing but atoms in the  
void apple-blossom  
girls and boys  
    atoms in the void

デモクリトスが笑った笑い  
無でなく宇宙の原子だ  
林檎の花  
少年少女は  
    宇宙の原子だ

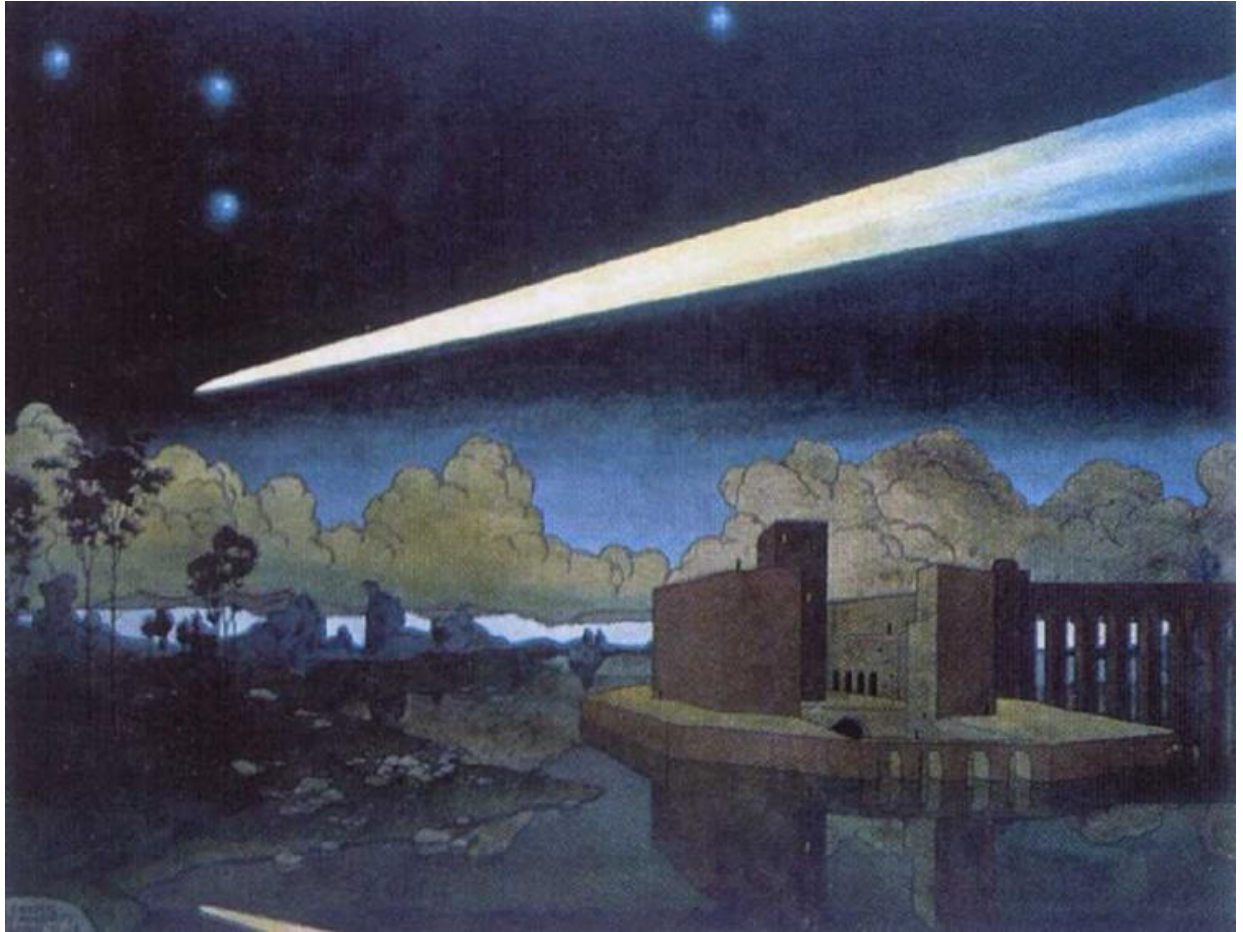


**Rembrandt (Netherlands)**

coiméad  
ní heol dúinn a cheann  
scríbe is mar sin atá an saol  
a stór, ná dearmad  
an drithle

a comet  
destination  
unknown our lives  
are like that  
Belovèd, stay conscious  
of the fiery light

彗星は  
到達点を知らない  
ぼく等の人生もそうだ  
愛するひとよ、そう思って見てごらん  
火玉の光を

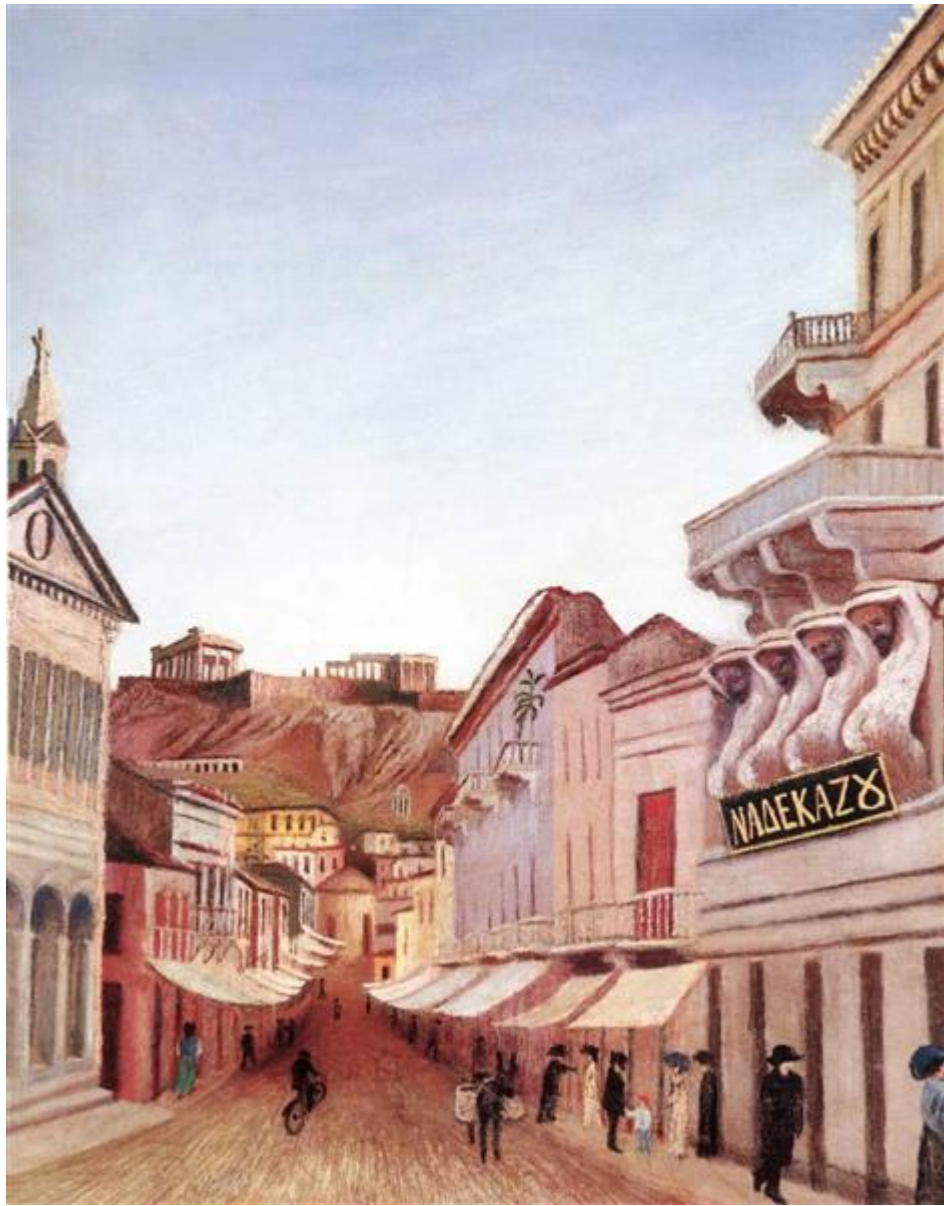


**Heorhiy Narbut (Ukraine)**

feicim uaireanta ar an tsráid thú  
in áiteanna nach rabhais riamh  
ag siúl leat féin  
fiosrach faoin saol  
is cé 'chasfaí ort sa tslí

i see You sometimes on the street  
in places You've never been  
walking alone  
curious about life  
about whom You might encounter

ときどき通りにきみを眺める  
きみが行ったことのない場所で  
ひとり歩きながら  
人生への好奇心  
そしてきみが誰と出会うのか



**Tivadar Kosztká Csontváry (Hungary)**

níor chreid éinne againn  
ar feadh nóiméid, a ansacht  
go mbeadh deireadh leis  
go luífimis faoin gcathair  
ab ansa linn tráth, Poimpé

not for one moment  
did we believe,  
Belovèd that it would  
all end  
that we would lie buried,  
cold under the ruins of  
Pompeii

一瞬でなく  
僕らは信じたのか  
終わりがあると  
愛するポンペイ遺跡に  
埋もれ横たわることを



**Henryk Siemiradzki (Poland)**

## TANKA: stirrings of love PART

### TWO

#### Romanian versions by Olimpia Iacob

táim beo bocht arís  
ag iompú i mo Luftmensch an  
mairfead ar aer?  
lig dom bheith beo ionatsa  
d'anáilse trí m'anáilse

i've run out of cash  
i'm becoming a Luftmensch can i  
live on air?  
let me live only on You  
Your breath, Belovèd, in mine

nici vorbă de bani  
ajung să fiu un Luftmensch  
trăiesc cu aer?  
ai grijă Tu, iubite,  
să-mi fie mie Suflarea

すっからかんだ  
ルフトメンシュになりそうだ  
空気だけで生きられる？  
君のためだけに生きる  
君の息が、僕のもの



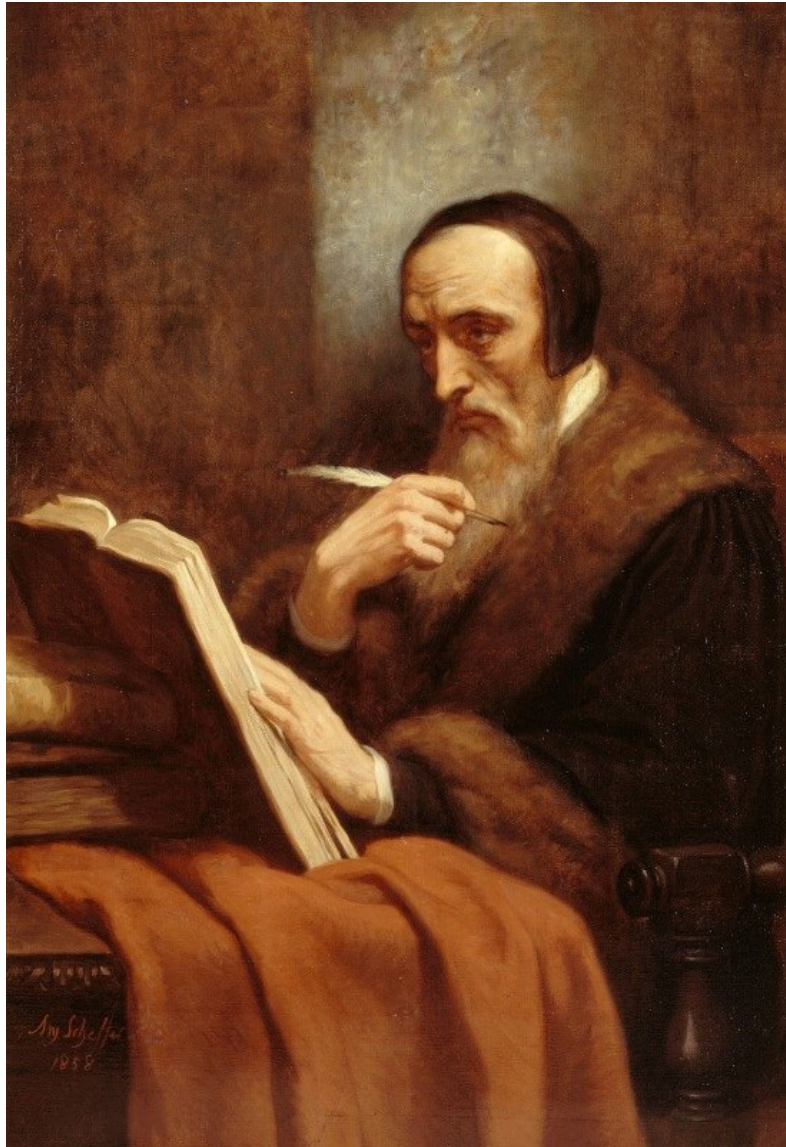
Koloman Moser (Austria)

dá bhfeicfeadh sé thú  
d'éireodh Calvin as ar fad  
rincfeadh sé gach lá  
    d'fhoghlaimedh sé an  
    veidhlín is sheinnfeadh ar na  
    díonta é

if Calvin saw You  
he would give up  
religion and dance in the  
streets  
    he would learn the violin  
    and play all night on rooftops

De Te-ar vedea Calvin  
ar lăsa religia  
și-ar dansa pe străzi  
    ar învăța vioara  
    cîntînd pe case noaptea

カルヴァンが見たら  
宗教を捨てて踊り  
バイオリンを習い  
    屋上で夜通し  
    弾くだろうなあ



**Ary Scheffer (Netherlands)**

á, dá mbeinn i m'éan  
chosnóinn thú, a thaisce  
agus chanfainn duit:  
    i gciúnas na foraoise  
    an saoi is Shakúntála

ah, were i a bird  
i'd protect you,  
Belovèd and i'd sing for  
you  
    in the silence of a wood  
    a sage found Shakuntala

ah, de-aş fi pasăre  
te-aş ocroti, iubite  
şi chiar Ți-aş cânta  
    în liniştea pădurii  
    aflarea Shakuntalei

もし鳥なら  
きみを守り  
きみに歌うよ  
森のなか賢者は  
シャクンタラを見出す



**Raja Ravi Varma (India)**

cách ab ainm dom  
ba mise Tam O'Shanter  
cráite ag an ól  
i bhfoirm  
fiachailleacha píob na  
síóg is eile

I've been everyone  
I have been Tam O'Shanter  
pursued by the drink  
in the form of wild witches faery  
bagpipes and what not

sunt lumea-ntreagă  
sunt Tam O'Shanter  
curtat de pahar  
în chip de  
vrăjitoare de  
magice cimpoaie

僕はそのひとりだった  
タム・オシャンターだった  
飲んだくれ  
野蛮な魔女妖精の  
バグパイプなんでもに



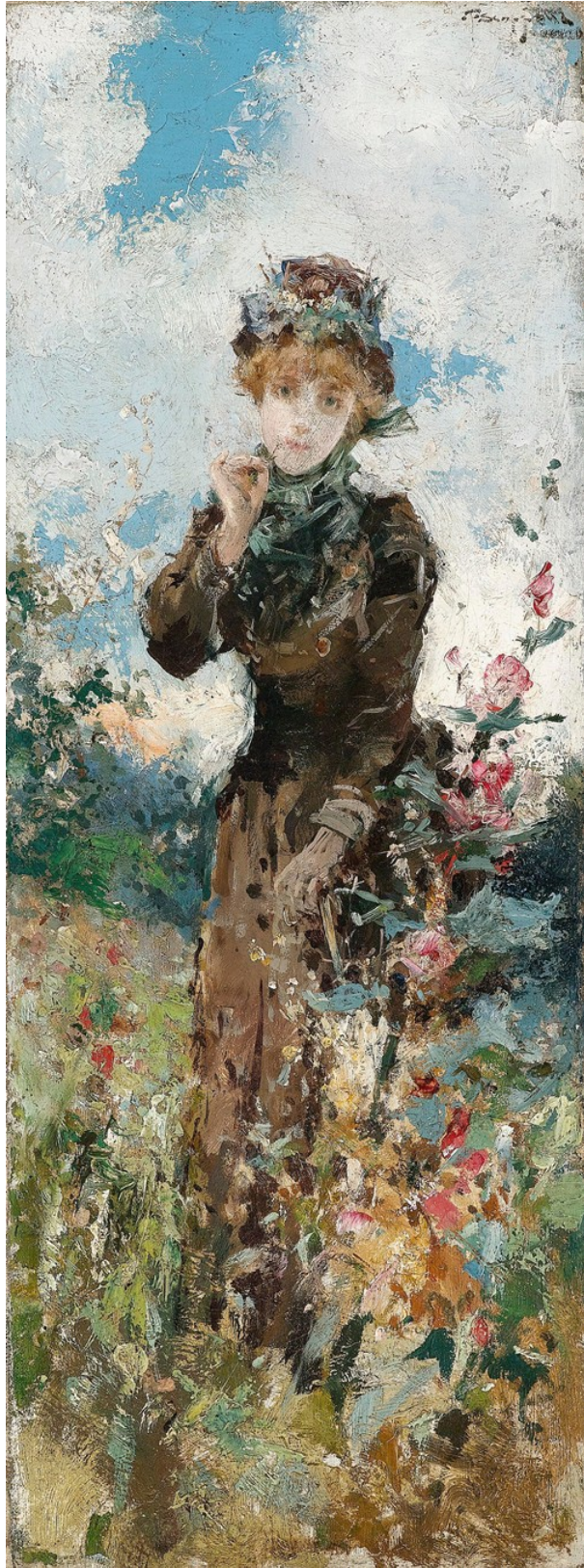
**Eugène Delacroix (France)**

nochtann tú mar  
néal agus imíonn tú  
arís sa spás ama sin –  
soicind amháin, míle bliain –  
cad go díreach a tharla?

cloud-like You appear  
then You disappear  
again in that space of  
time –  
a second, a thousand years –  
what exactly has occurred?

apari ca un nor,  
apoi din nou  
dispari  
într-un spațiu din  
timp— o clipă, o mie  
de ani— ce se petrece  
oare?

雲のごと君は現れ  
そして消える  
その時空で  
また—  
一秒、一千年—  
いったい何が起きたのだ？



**Pietro Scoppetta (Italy)**

beagán ar bheagán  
chuaigh an uile ní as radharc  
ní raibh faic fágtha  
    beirse ann i gcónaí, ámh  
    soilseoidh tú an folús

little by little  
everything just  
disappeared then there  
was nothing  
    i know You'll always be  
    there illuminating the void

încet-încet  
a dispărut chiar  
totul nimic n-a mai  
fost  
    știu,acolo vei fi Tu  
    mereu luminînd  
    golul

少しずつ  
すべてが滅ぶ  
いつもそこに君がいて  
虚空を照らしているのを  
僕は知っている



**John Varley (Britain)**

brionglóid nó tromluí?  
an bhféadfadh sé a bheith  
fíor scréach ghéar istoíche  
    péacóg bhán an anama  
    ar fán i ndúiche aineoil

a dream? a nightmare?  
or, somehow, could it be  
real when it screams at night  
    the white peacock of the soul  
    lost in some in-between world?

un vis? un coșmar?  
sau, e cumva aievea  
cînd țipă noaptea  
    păunul alb din suflet  
    pierdut în miez de  
    lume

夢か悪夢か  
夜の叫び声は  
現実なのかも  
    魂の白孔雀が  
    世界の狭間に  
    迷いこんだように



**Abanindranath Tagore (India)**

tá sé i ngach neach  
an crann seo amach san fhómhar  
i ngáire an pháiste  
    agus i dtost an tsaoi leis  
    is cuimhne mhilis ar phóg

it's in everyone  
this lone tree of late  
autumn in the laughing  
child  
    in the silent sage as well  
    and in a remembered kiss

un pom tomnatic  
stingher în fiecare  
în copilul rîzînd  
    în înțeleptul tăcut  
    în sărutul de demult

誰のなかにも  
晩秋の木が一本  
笑う子ども  
    沈黙の賢者もいる  
    忘れられないキスのなかに



**Egon Schiele (Austria)**

**TANKA: stirrings of love**

**PART THREE**

**Greek versions by Sarah Thilykou**

scáileanna na gcrann  
mo chuid scáileanna féin  
iad cloisfidh tú dánta  
i gcogarnach na nduilleog  
a scáil féin ag gach focal

the shadows of trees  
are my shadows this morning  
in whispering leaves  
You'll hear my poems, Belovèd  
each word has its own shadow

σκιές των δέντρων  
σήμερα οι σκιές  
μου θροΐζουν  
φύλλα  
ποιήματά μου,  
Αγάπη κάθε λέξη και  
σκιά

木々の影  
今朝、ささやく葉の中  
僕の影  
愛しい人よ、  
僕の詩を  
聞くだらう。  
どの言葉にも影がある



**Guy Rose (USA)**

(Winner of the inaugural Kotodama International Tanka Contest 2022)

sa ghrian atá tú  
agus sa ghealach úr leis  
sna réaltaí in airde  
    agus ionamsa, a ghrá –  
    mise ionatsa, dar fia

You are in the sun  
and You are in the new  
moon in the stars above  
    and in me, my Belovèd  
    as i truly am in You

Είσαι στον ήλιο  
κι είσαι στη νέα  
σελήνη ψηλά στ'  
αστέρια  
    κι Είσαι σ' εμένα,  
    Αγάπη όπως εγώ σ'  
    Εσένα

きみは太陽の中に  
そしてきみは新月の中に、  
天空の星の中にいる  
    そして僕の中に、愛しい人、  
    僕は君の中にいるよ



**Max Weber (Poland/USA)**

anfa tosta  
an grá 'na stoirm shíoraí  
an machnamh géar seo  
gar dom, i gcéin í mo shearc  
m'ainmse mar japa aici

this storm of silence  
this rage of love  
eternal this meditation  
my Love is near and distant  
and Her japa is my name

μπόρα σιωπής  
οργή αιώνιας  
αγάπης διαλογισμός  
εγγύς μακράν η  
Αγάπη δικό Της τ'  
όνομά μου

この静寂の嵐、  
この永遠の愛の怒り、  
この瞑想  
僕の愛は近くも遠く、  
彼女のジャパが僕の名だ



**Edward Burne-Jones (Britain)**

the trees of the night  
commence to dance – where are they?  
they know no borders  
    their language universal  
    whispering leaves . . . that is all

tá crainn ag rince  
crainn na hoíche – cá bhfuil siad?  
teorainn ní heol dóibh  
    teanga uilíoch a dteanga san  
    an ghaoth trí na duilleoga

δέντρα της νύχτας χορεύοντας  
- πού είναι;  
χωρίς σύνορα  
    η γλώσσα τους παγκόσμια  
    θρόισμα φύλλων... μόνο

夜の木々が  
踊り始める — どこにいる？  
国境など知らない  
    彼らの言語は普遍的で、  
    葉は囁く…それだけ



**Arkhip Kuindzhi (Ukraine)**

tusa ní mise  
atá i bhfolach ón saol  
níl masc ormsa  
is neamhní mé, a thaisce  
níl aon ní le ceilt agam

it is You not i  
that's hiding behind a mask  
i've nothing to hide  
since i'm nothing, Belovèd  
and nothing to hide  
behind

Εσύ όχι εγώ  
πίσω από τη  
μάσκα δεν κρύβω  
κάτι  
τίποτε είμαι, Αγάπη  
και τι να κρύψω  
πίσω

それは僕じゃなく  
君だ  
仮面は僕だ  
僕は隠すものはないさ  
何者でもなく、  
愛され、隠れない



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/martiros-sarian/egyptian-masks-1911>

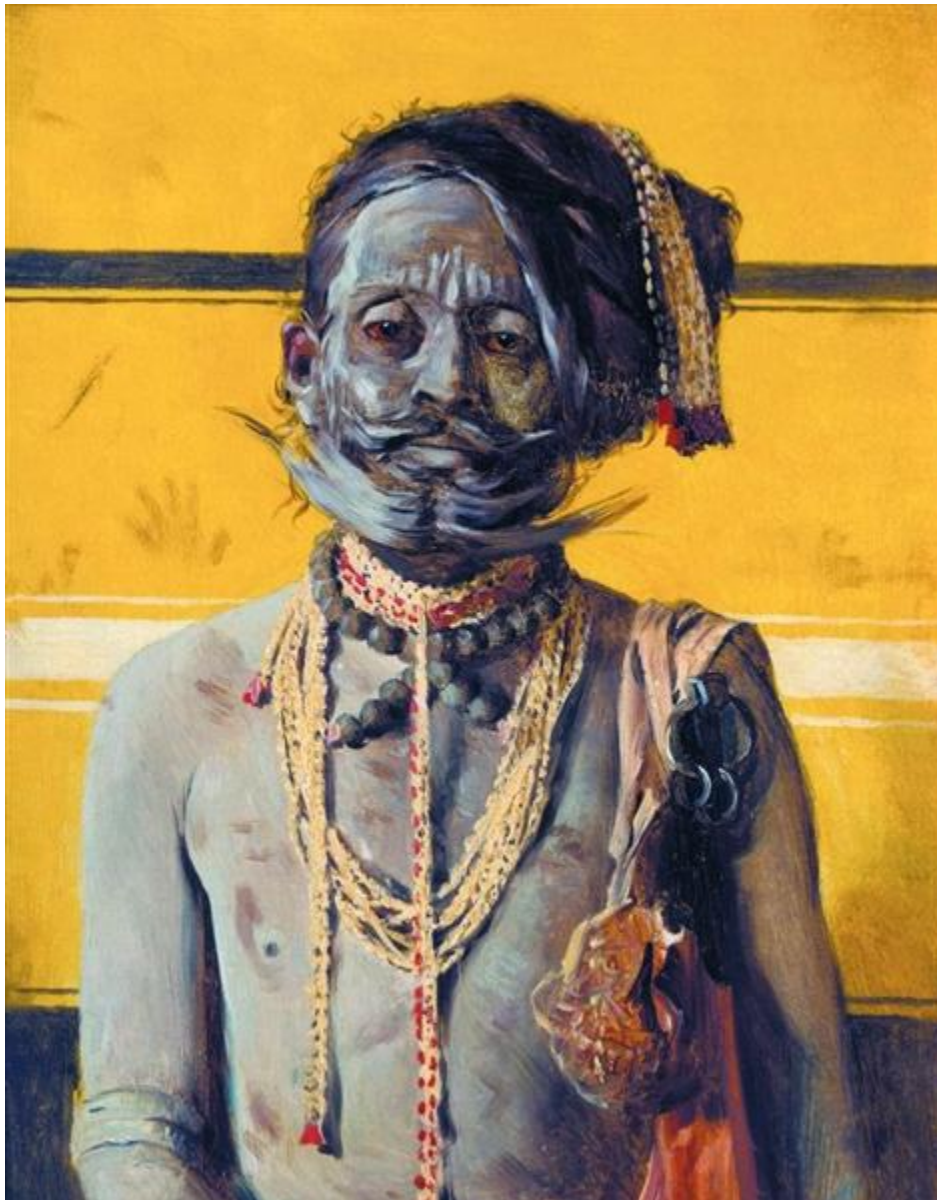
**Martiros Sarian (Armenia)**

féach cad a dheinis –  
tá fakir déanta agat díom  
cleasaí gan chleasa  
    mé i mo staic, a thaisce  
    ní fios cad atá ionam

look what you have  
done – changed me into a  
fakir one who has no tricks  
    i just stand there, Belovèd  
    people wonder what i am

κοίτα τι έκανες –  
με έκανες  
φακίρη έναν  
χωρίς τρικ  
    απλώς είμαι,  
    Αγάπη τι να 'μαι,  
    όλοι λένε

見ておくれ、君は僕を  
芸なし偽善者に変えてし  
まった  
    僕達は立つだけ  
    愛する人達は僕が  
    何者なのか  
    不思議に思う



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/vasily-vereshchagin/fakir-1876>

**Vasily Vereschagin** (Russia)

an tráthnóna  
chugainn scáileanna  
ag brisphointe is eol  
do gach brúid  
    an bóthar fada abhaile  
    táim liom féin i gcríoch na scáth

evening approaches  
shadows stretch to breaking  
point every creature knows  
    where home is – how to get  
    there – i'm alone in  
    shadowland

το βράδυ  
φθάνει  
διαλύονται οι  
σκιές κάθε ον  
ξέρει  
    στο σπίτι πώς να πάει  
    -- μες στις σκιές μόνος εγώ

夕暮れが近づく  
影は限界まで伸び、  
すべての生き物は知っている  
    家はどこにあるのか —  
    どうやってそこへ行くのか  
    —僕は影の国に一人ぼち

[https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Theodor\\_Philipsen\\_-\\_Long\\_Shadows.\\_Cattle\\_on\\_the\\_Island\\_of\\_Saltholm\\_-\\_Google\\_Art\\_Project.jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Theodor_Philipsen_-_Long_Shadows._Cattle_on_the_Island_of_Saltholm_-_Google_Art_Project.jpg)

**Theodor Philipsen (Denmark)**

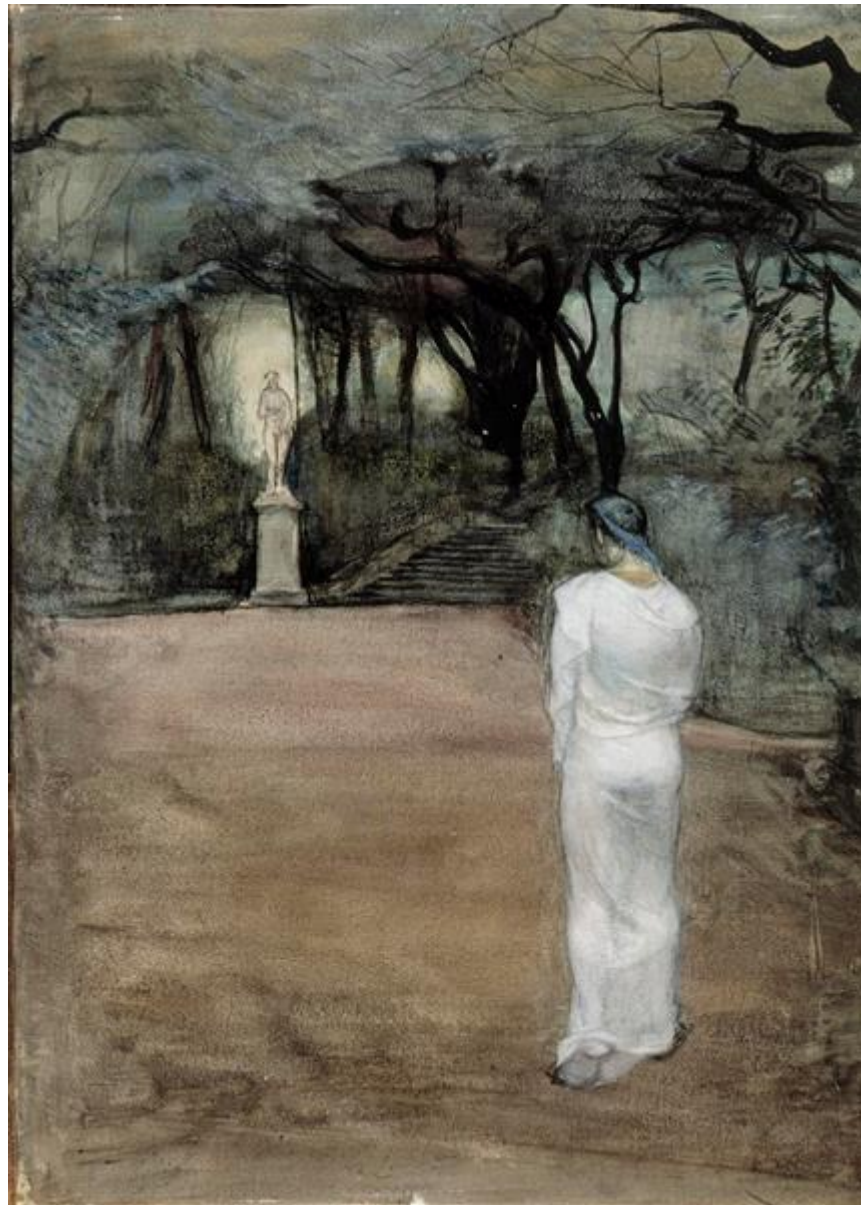
ortsa a fhillim  
gach aon ní ina dhusta  
is dusta é m'fhocal  
    a stóirín, níl faic fágtha  
    ach loinnir ár gcroí istigh

to You i return  
all else is dust already  
these words too are  
dust

    Belovèd, nothing remains  
    but a shimmer in our hearts

γυρνώ σ' Εσένα  
όλα είναι ήδη σκόνη  
κι οι λέξεις σκόνη είναι  
    Αγάπη, όλα  
    περνούν  
    μόνο οι καρδιές μας τρέμουν

君に帰ります  
他のすべてはすでに塵となり  
この言葉も塵となります  
    愛しい人よ  
    僕達の心にはきらめきだけが  
    残ります



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/magnus-enckell/the-cult-of-venus-1895>

**Magnus Enckell (Finland)**

'bhfuilim san áit cheart  
cad a thug anseo arís mé  
foraois na mbriathra  
tost ag sileadh go rialta  
cosáin nach mór  
dofheicthe

why am i back here  
perhaps it's where i  
belong a forest of words  
silence dripping by the hour  
paths that are almost unseen

γιατί εδώ πάλι  
ίσως εδώ ν'  
ανήκω δάσος με  
λέξεις  
ώρες στάζει η  
σιωπή αόρατα  
μονοπάτια

なぜここに戻ってきた？  
もしかしたら、  
ここが僕の居場所なのか  
言葉の森  
静寂が刻々と滴り、  
殆ど見えない小道



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/piet-mondrian/wood-with-beech-trees>

**Piet Mondrian** (Netherlands)

folús an tseomra  
i d'éagmais agus an  
fuacht loime an urláir  
    leanann osna an scréach  
    tholl ó chathaoireacha  
    folmha

the grey emptiness  
of every room without  
You the bareness of  
floors  
    a hollow shriek – then a  
    sigh from all of the  
    empty chairs

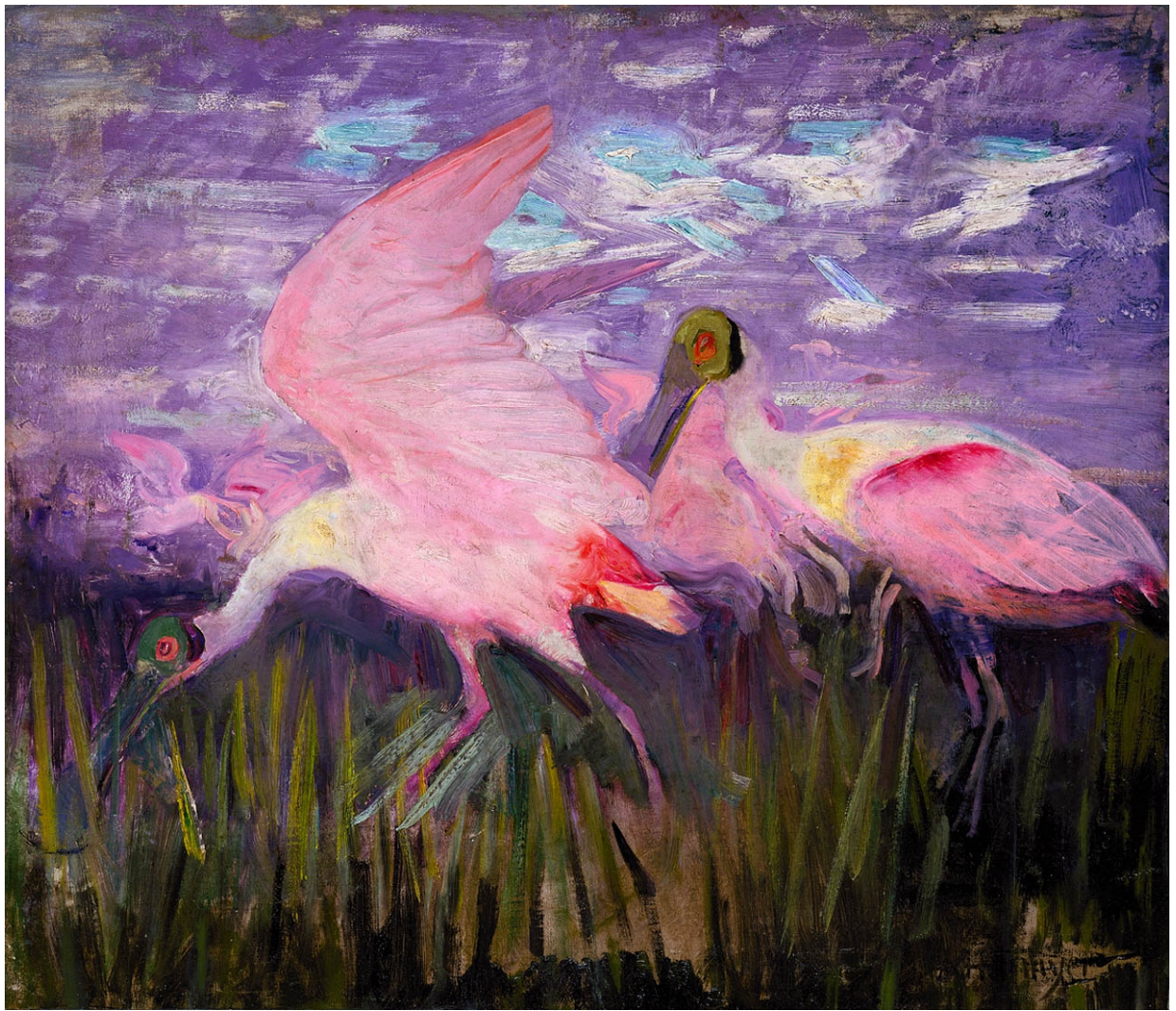
το γκρίζο κενό  
χώρων χωρίς  
Εσένα πάτωμα  
γυμνό  
    κραυγή – και μετά  
    λυγμός απ' τις άδειες  
    καρέκλες

灰色の空虚  
君がいない部屋の空虚さ  
床のむき出し  
    空虚な悲鳴  
    —そして空の椅子から  
    漏れるため息



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/vilhelm-hammershoi/interior-in-louis-seize-style-from-the-artist-s-home-rahbeks-all-1897>

**Vilhelm Hammershøi (Denmark)**



<https://uploads6.wikiart.org/00123/images/abbott-handerson-thayer/roseate-spoonbills-1909.jpg>

lig dom bheith tostach  
gan bheith ag seasamh amach  
do ghrásta 'tá uaim  
is mé i mbun mo ghnó  
mé i m'fheithid nó i m'éan

let me be silent  
and always go unnoticed  
feeding off Your grace  
like an insect or a bird  
just going about its business

黙っていさせて  
誰にも知られずに  
あなたの恵みを糧に  
虫や鳥のように  
なすべきことだけをする

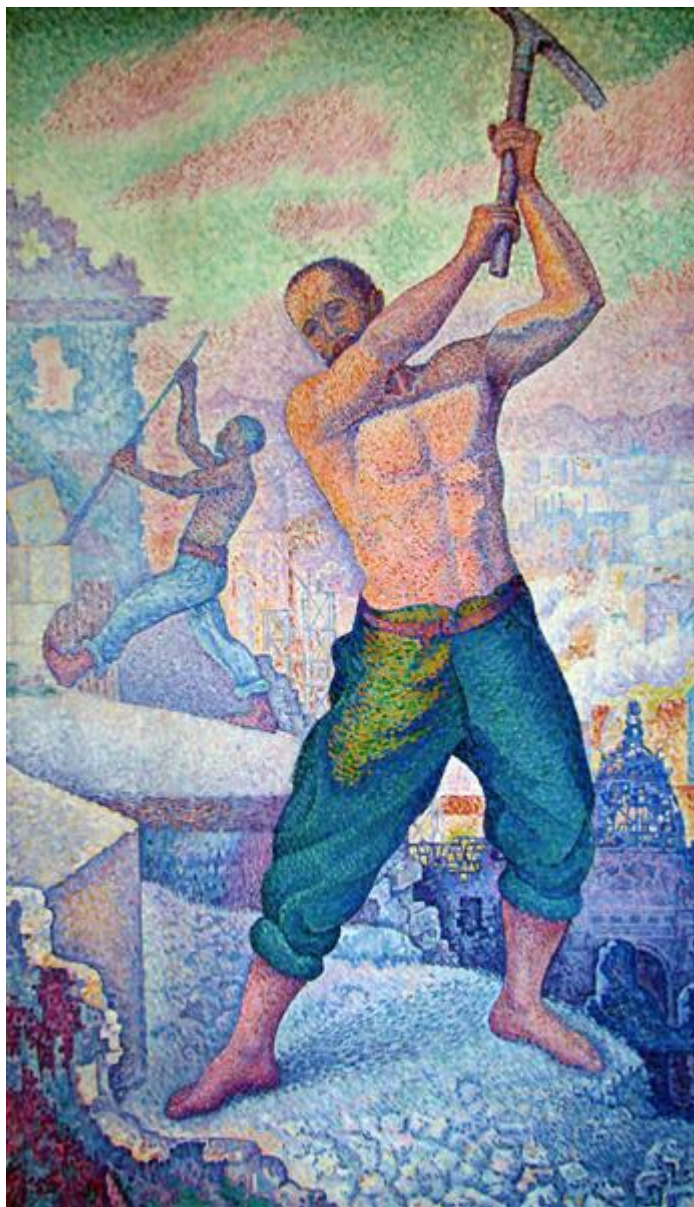


<https://www.wikiart.org/en/aleksandra-ekster/view-of-paris-1912>

níl ach tusa ann!  
an bhfuil níos mó ná, abair,  
Páras amháin ann?  
níl ann ach tusa, a stór  
tusa amháin, a deir an tSéin

there is only You!  
is there more than one . . . let's say  
more than one Paris?  
only You, my Belovèd  
none other, whispers the Seine

あなただけ！  
ほかにあるなら云って  
パリよりほかに良い所  
あなただけ、愛するひと  
そうだよ、とセーヌがささやく

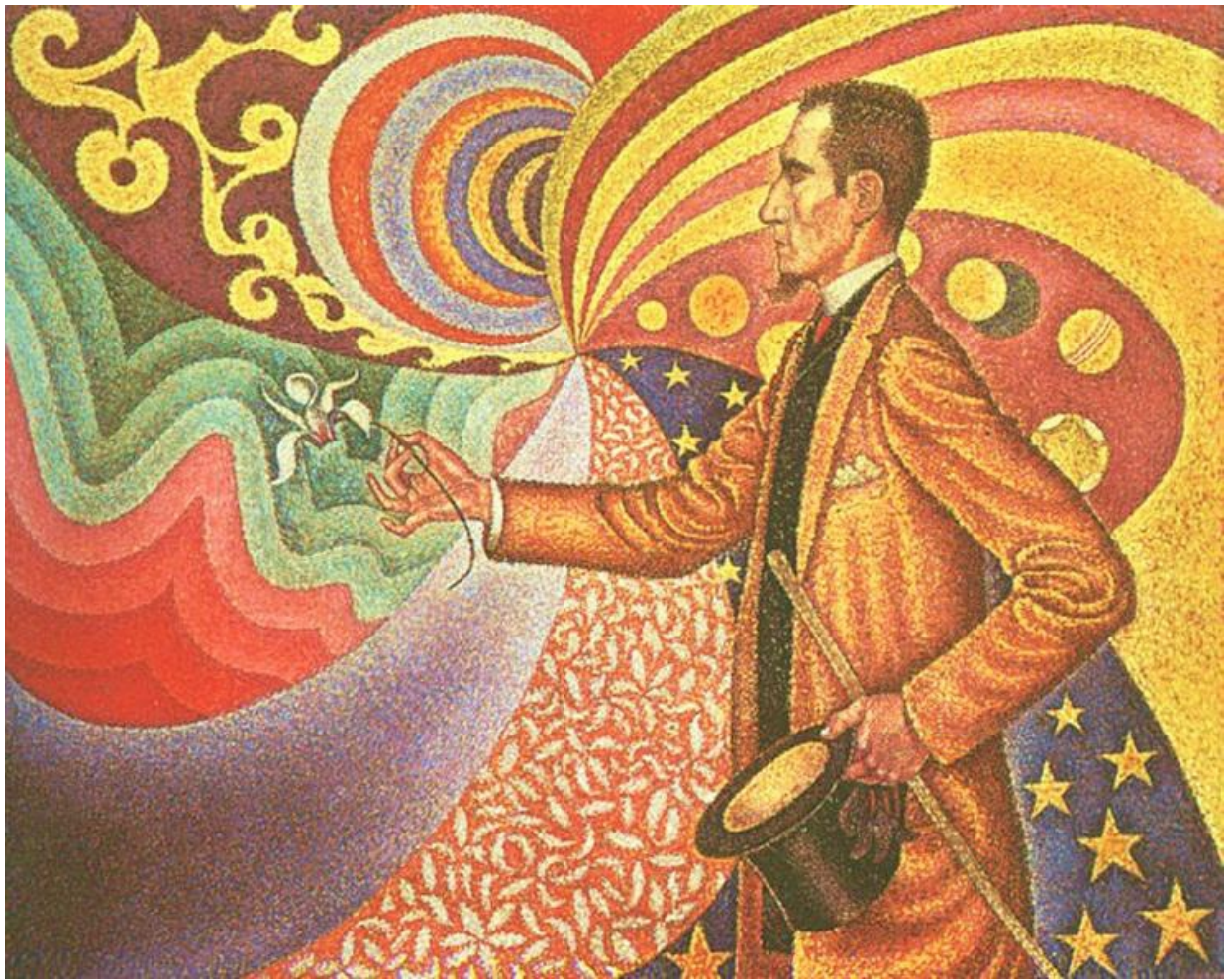


<https://uploads0.wikiart.org/images/karoly-ferenczy/birdsong-1893.jpg!Large.jpg>

éin lánghlóracha  
cad atá acu á rá  
lig dá gceol sileadh  
is spás a líonadh im' chroí  
bearnaí do neamhláithreachta

the full-throated birds  
what is it they are singing  
let their notes trickle  
filling spaces in my heart  
of Your making, Belovèd

胸いっぱい  
鳥はなにを歌う  
その音色を  
わが胸のすきまに  
愛しいひと、あなたの創造物



<https://uploads2.wikiart.org/images/paul-signac/the-demolisher-1899.jpg!Large.jpg>

*leag an rud ar fad!*

cá bhfuairéas an mantra úd

an uaitse a tháinig?

ní shásódh rud ar bith mé

ach deannach ó m'inphléascthaí

*demolish it all!*

where did i get that mantra

did it come from You?

i have longed to see the dust

of my many implosions

すべてを破壊せよ

あの真言はどこで憶えた

きみが言ったのか

ずっと塵が見たかった

わが数多の破裂のを

I can't open this link

[https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/3/38/Ganesha\\_at\\_Walters\\_02.jpg?download](https://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/3/38/Ganesha_at_Walters_02.jpg?download)

**[Ganesh. The Walters Art Gallery,  
Baltimore]**

dílseacht an fhrancaigh  
dá thiarna Dia, Gainéis –  
creimire mhuisse!

sáródsa an francach sin  
canfad fós mar aingeal duit

the devotion shown  
by a rodent to Ganesh –  
a rat, my Treasure!

i shall outdo its ardour  
Belovèd, be sure of it

ガネーシュの  
齧齒類がガネーシャに示す  
献身よー  
ネズミよ、僕の宝よ！  
僕はそれ以上に熱い  
愛する者よ、知れ



<https://uploads6.wikiart.org/images/amadeo-de-souza-cardoso/ukulele-1915.jpg>

na seanlaoithe is fearr  
laoithe chomh sean leis an gceo  
laoithe na saoithe  
    faoi aibhneacha is sléibhte  
    agus aigéin dár réabadh

the old songs are best  
songs that are as old as time  
songs of ancient souls  
    singing of rivers, mountains –  
    oceans that tear us apart

古い歌こそ最高  
時を超えて継がれる歌  
太古の魂の歌  
    川や山を歌う  
    僕たちを引き裂く海を歌う



[://www.galphia.com/artist\\_almar.html](http://www.galphia.com/artist_almar.html)

[Nuestra Señora de la Soledad]

ionatsa, a stór,  
aonaránach is go deo  
tá gach aon mháthair  
    bean chéile agus iníon  
    gach deirfiúr is gach neach beo

in You, Belovèd  
in eternal solitude  
is every mother  
    every wife, every daughter  
    every sister, everyone

愛するひと、きみの中に  
永遠の孤独の中に  
    すべての母が、  
    すべての妻、すべての娘が、  
    すべての姉妹、すべての人々が



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/constant-permeke/le-cheval-de-carrousel-1923>

ní cuimhin liom anois  
cathain a thuirlingíos de  
má thuirling mhuisse!

an roithleagán ró, a stór  
níor thuirling éinne againn fós

i can't remember  
when did i got off the horse?  
who says that i did!

we're all on a carousel  
too afraid to admit it

思い出せない

いつ馬から降りた？

誰がそう言ったよ！

みなメリーゴーランドに乗ってる

認めるのが怖い



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/piet-mondrian/trees-by-the-gein-at-moonrise-1908>

ag faire na ré  
go soilseoidh sí an croí  
ag an nóiméad sin  
    féachaimis ar a chéile  
    aimsímis ár bhfíornádúr

waiting for the moon  
to illuminate the heart  
when that moment comes  
    then we can exchange glances  
    glimpses of our true nature

月を待つ  
心を照らしてくれるのを  
その時が来たら  
    まなざしを交わして  
    お互いの本音がみられる

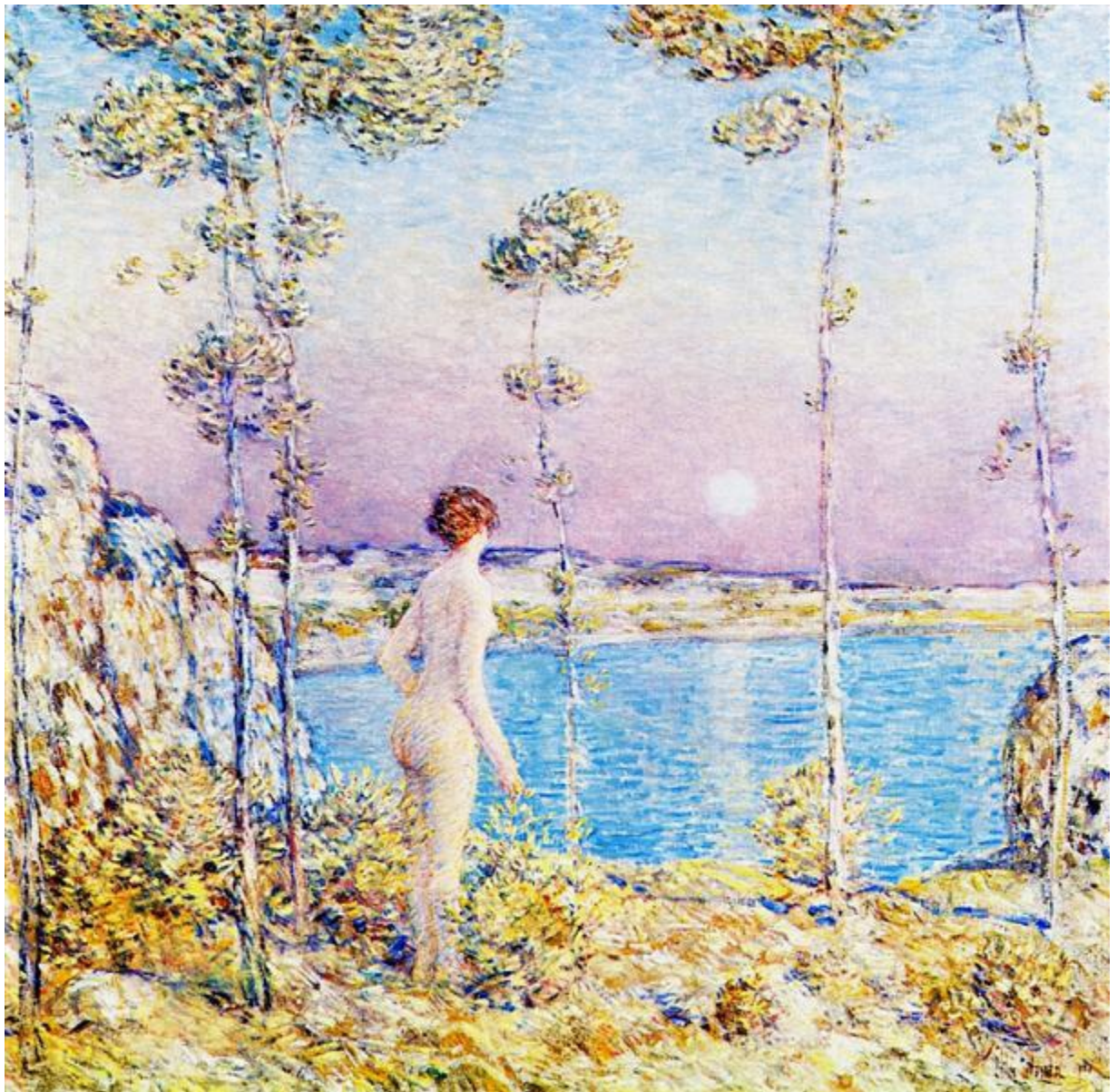


<https://uploads3.wikiart.org/images/ivan-aivazovsky/moonrise-in-feodosia-1892.jpg!Large.jpg>

léi féin sa spéir  
is na tonnta ar crith  
an ghealach bhalbh  
iarleannáin . . . cad tá le rá?  
cabaireacht bhaoth an tsáile

alone in the sky  
over the shivering tide  
the moon is dumbstruck  
what can i say of past loves?  
meaningless babble of waves

空に一人  
震える波の上で  
月は呆然としている  
過去の恋について、何と云おう？  
無意味なさざなみ雲



<https://uploads5.wikiart.org/images/childe-hassam/moonrise-at-sunset-1.jpg!Large.jpg>

an mbeidh ré sa spéir  
san áit úd a bhfuil ár dtriall  
domhain i gcéin ag glaoch  
    an mbeidh réaltbhuíonta nua ann  
    réaltraí le hainmniú againn

where we are going  
is there a moon in the sky?  
distant worlds call us  
    will there be constellations  
    gleaming galaxies to name?

私たちはどこへ向かう  
空には月はあるか？  
遠い世界が僕らを呼ぶ  
    星座はあるだろうか  
    名づけられる輝く銀河はあるだろうか？



<https://uploads4.wikiart.org/images/eugene-boudin/saint-valery-sur-somme-moonrise-over-the-canal.jpg!Large.jpg>

mar ghealach smúitiúil  
i ndroim dubhach sa Chanáil Mhór . . .  
an ann duit, a chuid?  
nó 'bhfuil tú fite agam  
as ceobhrán na maidine?

like some murky moon  
moping in canal waters . . .  
do i know you're there?  
perhaps i've invented You  
woven You out of grey mist

濁った月のように  
運河の水面にうつろに浮かぶ…  
僕は君がいるのを分っているか？  
たぶん君は僕の創造物  
灰色の霧から織り上げた物

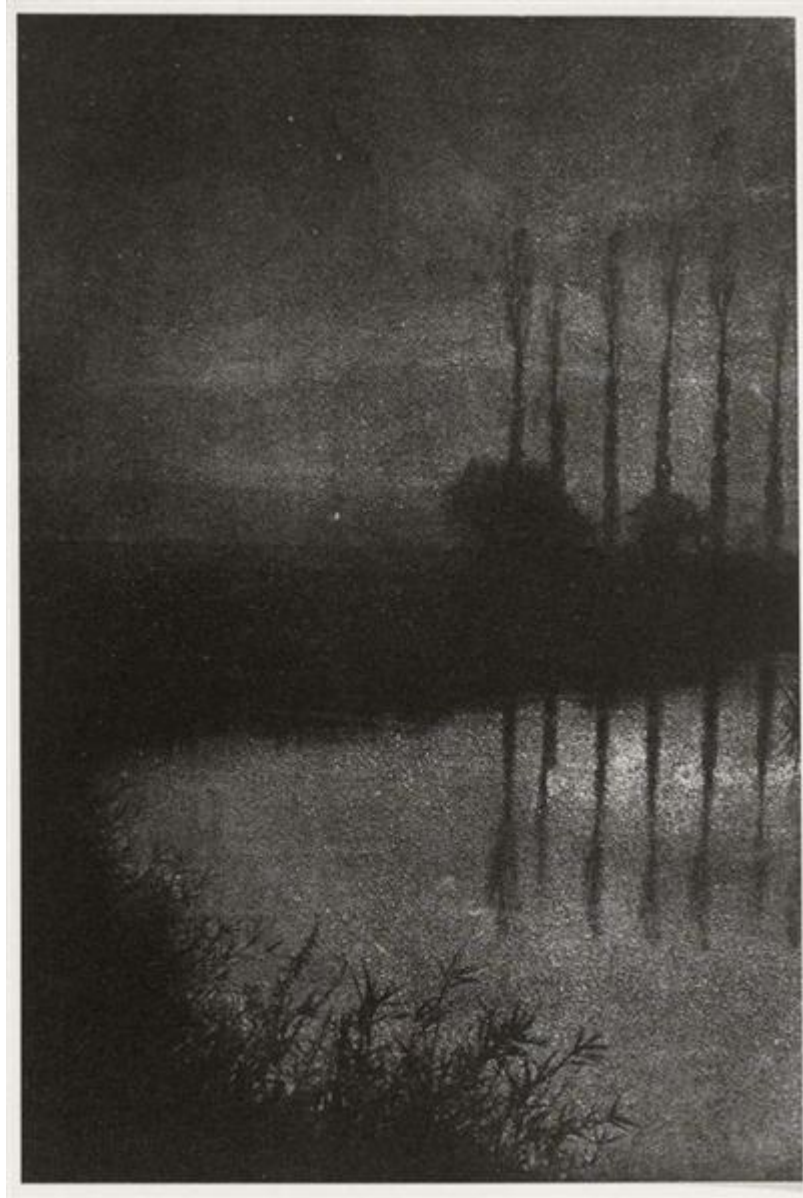


<https://uploads6.wikiart.org/00368/images/sandor-bortnyik/imgp0006.JPG!Large.JPG>

dá raghaimis ar fán  
slogtha ag an eithiar  
an aontófaí sinn  
is minic a chuas ar strae  
liom féin gan fios mo shlí agam

say we both drifted  
floated into the ether  
would we be closer  
i have drifted off before  
on my own going nowhere

二人とも漂ってしまったら  
宙に浮いてしまったら  
もっと近づけるかな  
僕は前にも漂ってしまった  
一人でどこにも行けなかった



<https://uploads7.wikiart.org/images/robert-demachy/twilight-near-croissy.jpg!Large.jpg>

cluasa airgid  
ag éirí as an luachair  
an sionnach, a chuid  
    'sleamhnú thart arís anocht  
    líonann sé le smaointe mé

his silver-tipped ears  
emerging from the rushes  
Belovèd, the fox  
    on the prowl again tonight . . .  
    what thoughts he puts in my head

銀色の耳が  
葦の間から  
愛すべきキツネが  
    今夜もうろうろしている…  
    僕の頭の中にどんな思いを植付けるつもりだ



<https://uploads6.wikiart.org/images/camille-pissarro/sunset-with-fog-eragny-1891.jpg!Large.jpg>

bhfuil sí imithe amú  
grian an tráthnóna sa cheo  
an oíche ag feitheamh  
cloisim do choiscéim, measaim,  
an soir nó siar 'tá do thriall?

has it lost its way  
the evening sun caught in fog  
and night is waiting  
it seems i hear Your footsteps  
but which way are they going?

道に迷ってしまったのか  
夕日は霧につつまれ  
夜が待っている  
きみの足音が聞こえるようだ  
でも、どこへ向かっているのだろうか？

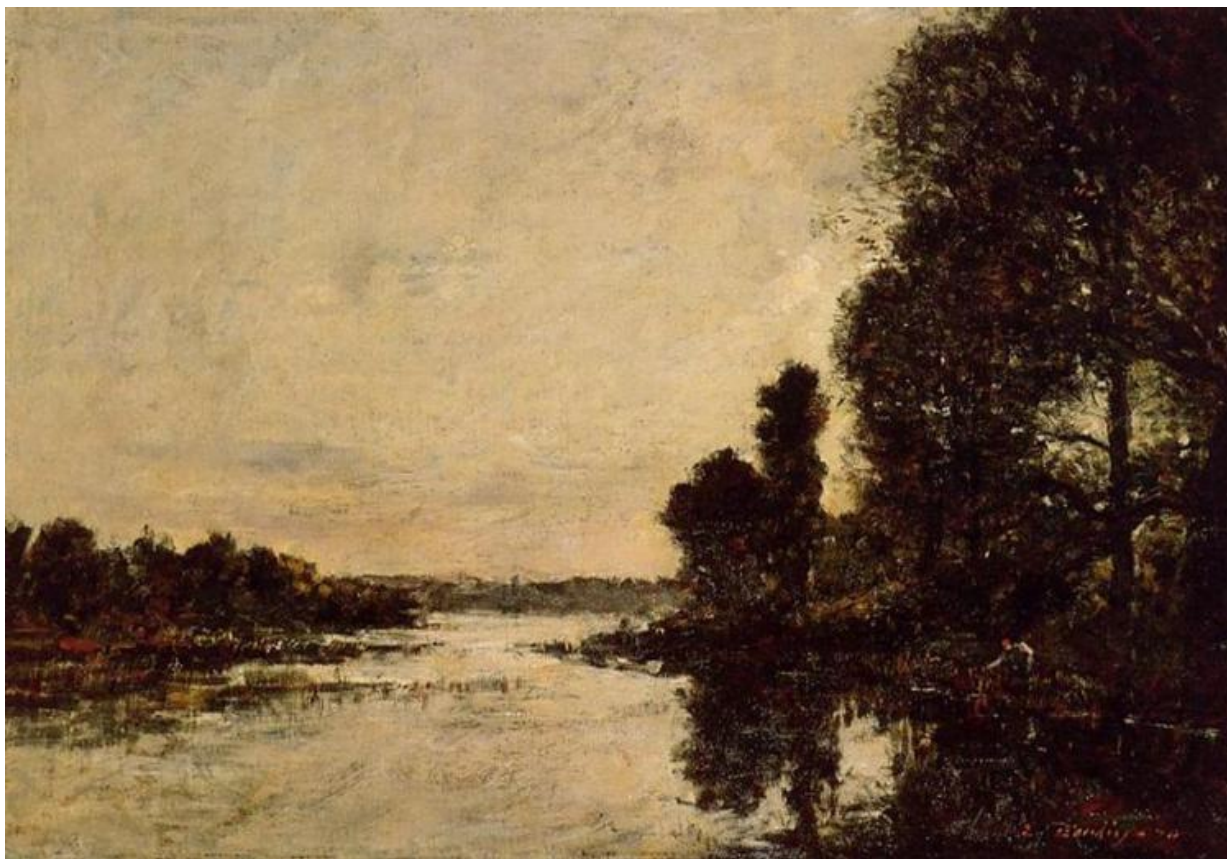


<https://uploads1.wikiart.org/images/albrecht-durer/three-studies-of-a-helmet.jpg>

clogad atá uaim  
is ceist báis nó beatha í  
cosaint atá uaim  
    cosain mé ortsa, ionat  
    cosain orm féinig mé

i need a helmet  
a matter of life and death  
i need protection  
    You must protect me, in You  
    protect me please from myself

ヘルメットが必要だ  
生死に関わる問題なんだ  
保護が必要なのだ  
きみは僕を、きみの中で守らなければならない  
どうか僕自身から僕を守ってくれ



<https://uploads3.wikiart.org/images/frits-thaulow/cottages-by-a-river.jpg>

conas a bheadh sé  
dá gcuirfimis fúinn cois abhann  
gona scáileanna  
d'fhoghlaimois gan amhras  
gur scáil a chéile sea sinn

what would it be like  
if we lived by a river  
and its reflections  
would we recognise at last  
that we reflect each other?

どうなものかな  
もし僕らが川のそばに住んでいたら  
そうしたら川の反射に  
僕らはついに気づくだろうか  
お互いを映し出していることに？



<https://uploads7.wikiart.org/images/francis-gruber/l-oiseau-1945.jpg>

an bhfeacais riamh iad  
éanlaith ag tuirlingt ar ghéag  
is as go brách leo

an bhfanfaidh mo bhriathra leat  
nó 'bhfuilid imithe fadó?

have You not seen them  
birds that alight on a branch  
and fly off again

will my words stay in Your heart  
or have they long since vanished?

きみは見たことがないか  
枝に止まって  
また飛び去っていく鳥たちを  
僕の言葉は君の心に留まるだろうか  
それとも、とっくに消えたのか



[https://www.galphia.com/artist\\_alja.html](https://www.galphia.com/artist_alja.html)  
[Group of lamas]

labhraíos le lámaí  
faoi bheith do do lorgsa:  
'bhfuil tú as do mheabhair?'  
    seó bóthair a bhí ionam:  
    'hé! bain triail as Shangri-Lá!'

i told the lamas  
all about my search for You  
they asked was i mad  
    others found it amusing:  
    'she's not here, try Shangri-La!'

ラマ僧たちに  
君を探し求めていたことを  
すべて話しました  
僕に「頭大丈夫か」と聞いた  
    みな面白がっていた  
    「ここにはいない。桃源郷へ行ってみろ！」

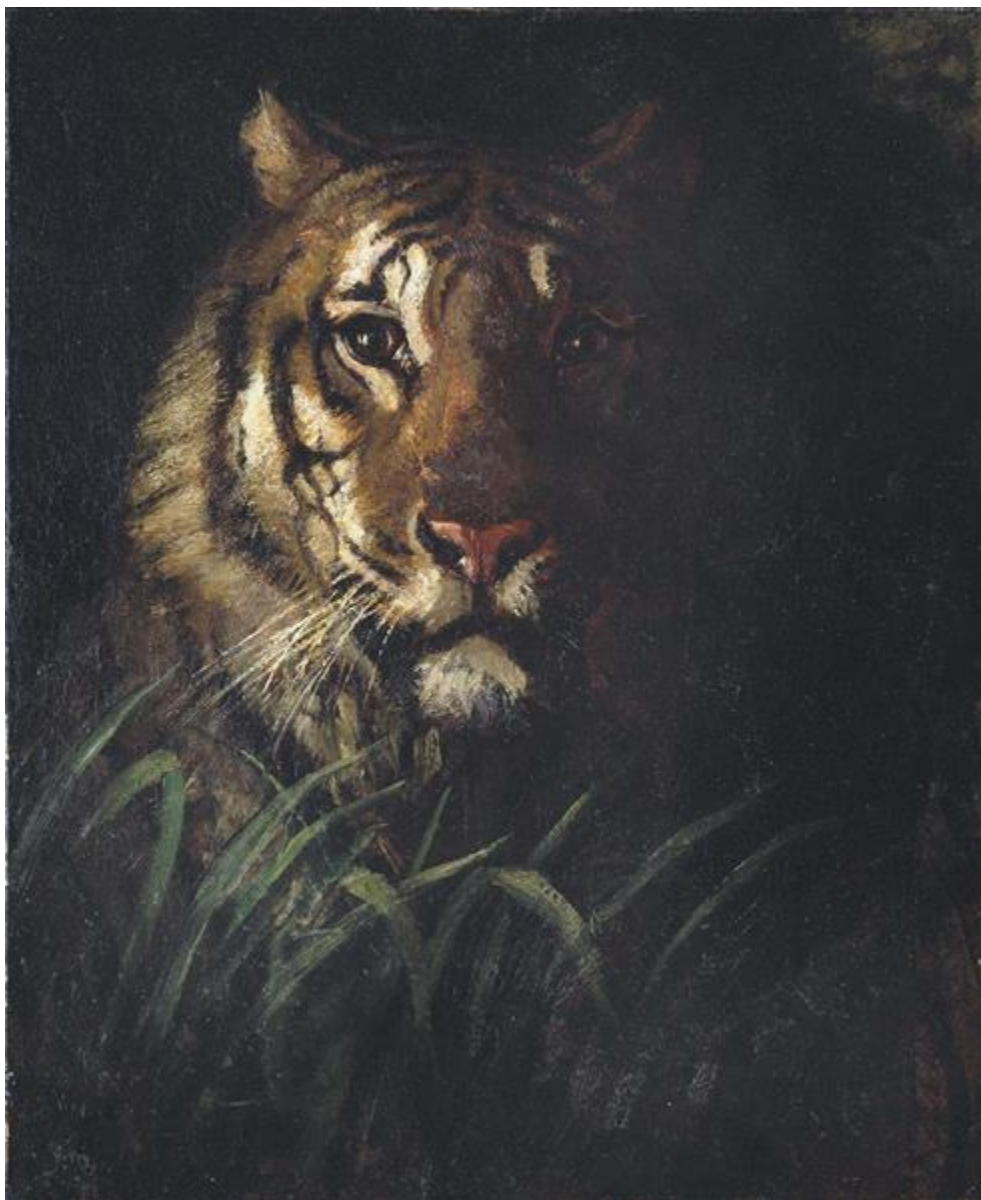


<https://uploads2.wikiart.org/images/sydney-laurence/northern-lights.jpg!Large.jpg>

sionnaigh Artacha  
a n-eireaball a lasann  
na spéartha ó thuaidh  
féachaimis ar na Saighneáin  
leanaimis rian na sionnach

swift Artic foxes  
their tails brushing the mountains  
igniting blue sparks  
let's go see the Northern Lights  
and follow the foxes' trail

すばしっこい北極キツネ  
ふさふさ尾っぽが山を撫で  
青い火花を散らす  
オーロラを見に行こう  
キツネの足跡を辿ろう

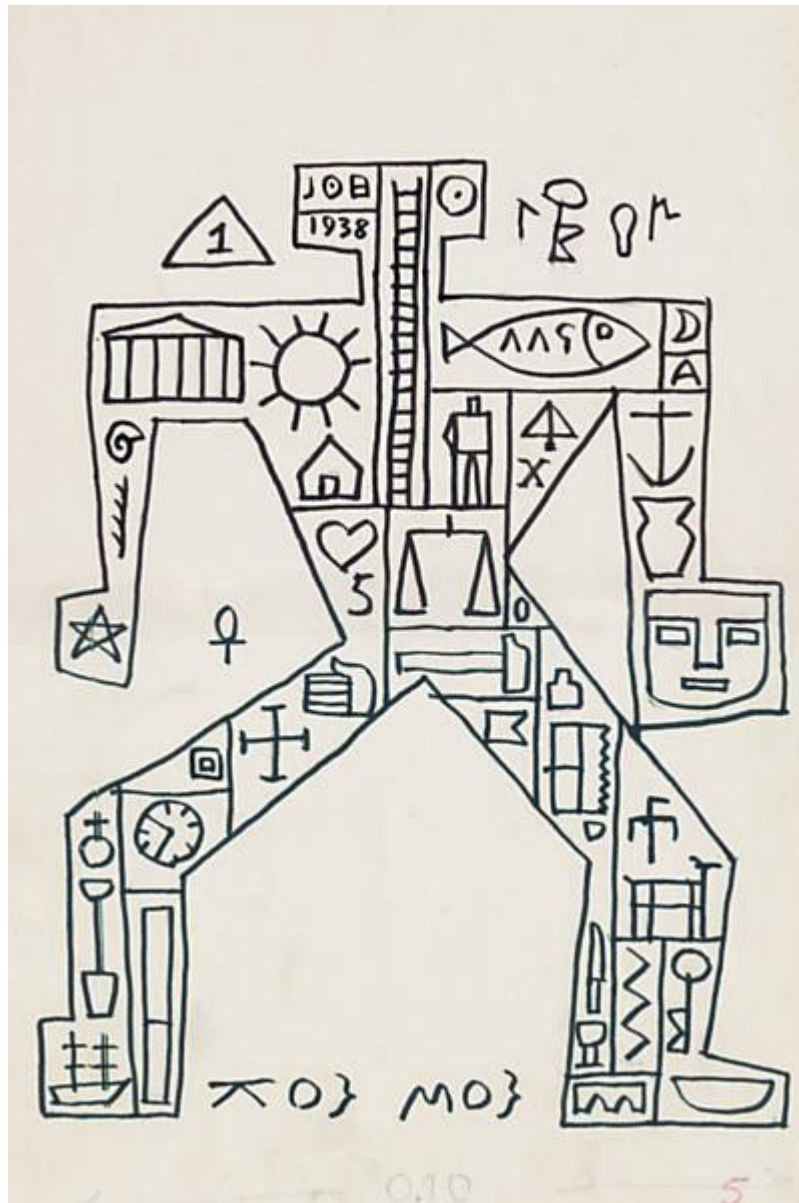


<https://uploads1.wikiart.org/00123/images/abbott-handerson-thayer/tiger-s-head-1874.jpg!Large.jpg>

mura mbeadh ré ann  
cad a d'imeodh ar an muir  
is ar dhánta grá?  
féachaim ar an spéir fholamh  
croí folamh . . . is mó fós é

if there were no moon  
what would happen to the seas  
to love poetry?  
i look at the empty sky  
vaster still the empty heart

もし月がなかったら  
詩を愛してくれる海が  
どうなるのだらう？  
空虚な空を見つめる  
空虚な心はさらに広大に



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/joaquin-torres-garcia/hombre-constructivo-1938>

má ligeann tú dom  
athróidh mé, a chuid  
atógfad mé féin . . .

is neach eile anois mé  
ilchruthach atá ionam

if you will let me  
i will change, my Belovèd  
reconstruct myself . . .

i'm no longer who i was  
i've become a shape-shifter

もし許してくれるなら  
僕は変わります、愛しい人よ  
自分自身を立て直します…

僕はもう以前の僕ではありません  
僕は形を変える者になりました



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/aztec-art/kneeling-female-figure-1521>

roimh an ní nach eol  
sléachtaim – roimh an ní is eol  
sé sin an tOsfhéin  
    má scallann an ghrian, scaladh  
    má thiteann báisteach, titeadh

before the unknown  
i kneel –lead me to the known  
to the Overself  
    when the sun shines, let it shine  
    when sweet rain falls, let it fall

未知なるものの前に  
僕はひざまずく — 僕を既知のものへと  
超我へと導いてください  
    太陽が輝くなら、輝かせてください  
    甘い雨が降るなら、降らせてください



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/yosa-buson/haiku-poet-and-his-poem>

is líonmhaire iad  
haiku ná cuileoga, a stór  
cad ba mhaith leatsa  
    haiku ar leathanach bán  
    cuileog ag fáscadh a lámh?

they're as plentiful  
as flies Belovèd, haiku  
what shall i send you  
    a haiku on a white page  
    or a fly, wringing its hands?

蠅のようにたくさんいる  
愛しい俳句が  
何を送ろうか  
    白いページの一句を？  
    それとも手をもむ蠅を？



<https://uploads1.wikiart.org/images/eliseu-visconti/esperanca-sonhadora.jpg!Large.jpg>

chruthaíos thú, a chuid  
mar a fhoirmítear ceo  
as gruaim na hoíche

saolaíodh tusa chun dul as  
mo dhánsa bheith i m'fhinné

i've created You  
as mists of morning are formed  
out of night's despair

You were born to disappear  
my fate to be a witness

僕は君を創造した  
朝霧が夜の無望から生まれるように  
君は消え去るために生まれた  
目撃者となることが僕の運命



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/john-heartfield/whoever-reads-bourgeois-newspapers-becomes-blind-and-deaf-away-with-the-stultifying-bandages-1930>

tá náire orm  
ag léamh nuachtán buirgéseach!  
maith dhom é, led' thoil  
    ní léifidh mé arís iad . . .  
    croí is aigne truailithe

i am so ashamed  
reading bourgeois newspapers!  
please, please forgive me  
    i'll never read one again . . .  
    both heart and mind are sullied



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/martiros-sarian/egyptian-masks-1911>

tusa ní mise  
atá i bhfolach ón saol  
ní chaithimse masc  
is neamhní mé, a thaisce  
níl aon ní le ceilt agam

it is You not i  
that's hiding behind a mask  
i've nothing to hide  
since i'm nothing, Belovèd  
with nothing to hide behind

僕ではなく、君だ  
仮面の後ろに隠れているのは  
僕に隠すものは何もない  
僕は何者でもないのだから、愛しい人よ  
隠れるものは何もない



[https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/Category:Paleolithic Cave Paintings#/media/File:Santimami%C3%B1e.jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/Category:Paleolithic_Cave_Paintings#/media/File:Santimami%C3%B1e.jpg)

cuardaímis an phluais  
níos sia inti, a chuid  
tá ár bpluais-each romhainn  
    beidh deich míle bliain ann  
    sula mbeidh deis eile againn

let's explore the cave  
go further and further in  
our cave-horse awaits  
    it may be ten thousand years  
    before our next pilgrimage

洞窟を探検しよう  
もっともっと奥へ  
洞窟の馬が待つ  
    次の巡礼までには  
    一万年かかる



<https://cdn.loeildelaphotographie.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/02/enzo-crispino-eugene-atget-the-aesthetic-conception-5-x540q80.jpg>

níl rún eadrainn  
rún ar bith, a chuid den tsaol  
sé an rialtas é . . .  
an rialtas a choinníonn rúin  
sceithigí, a sceithirí!

there are no secrets  
between us, my Belovèd  
it's the government . . .  
they're the ones who keep secrets  
blow, blow ye whistle-blowers!

秘密なし、僕らには  
それは政府です…  
秘密を守るのは政府です。  
内部告発者ども、告発しろ！



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/tobias-verhaecht/the-tower-of-babel-1>

duitse a tógadh  
chun go molfaí thú thar chách  
i ngach aon teanga  
féach air, Túr Bháibil, a chroí  
an gá é a atógáil?

it was built for You  
so men could sing Your praises  
in all languages  
behold the Tower of Babel . . .  
is it time to build again?

君のため建たものさ  
人々が君を褒め  
あらゆる言葉で歌えるように  
バベルの塔を見て…  
再び建てるべき時が来たか？

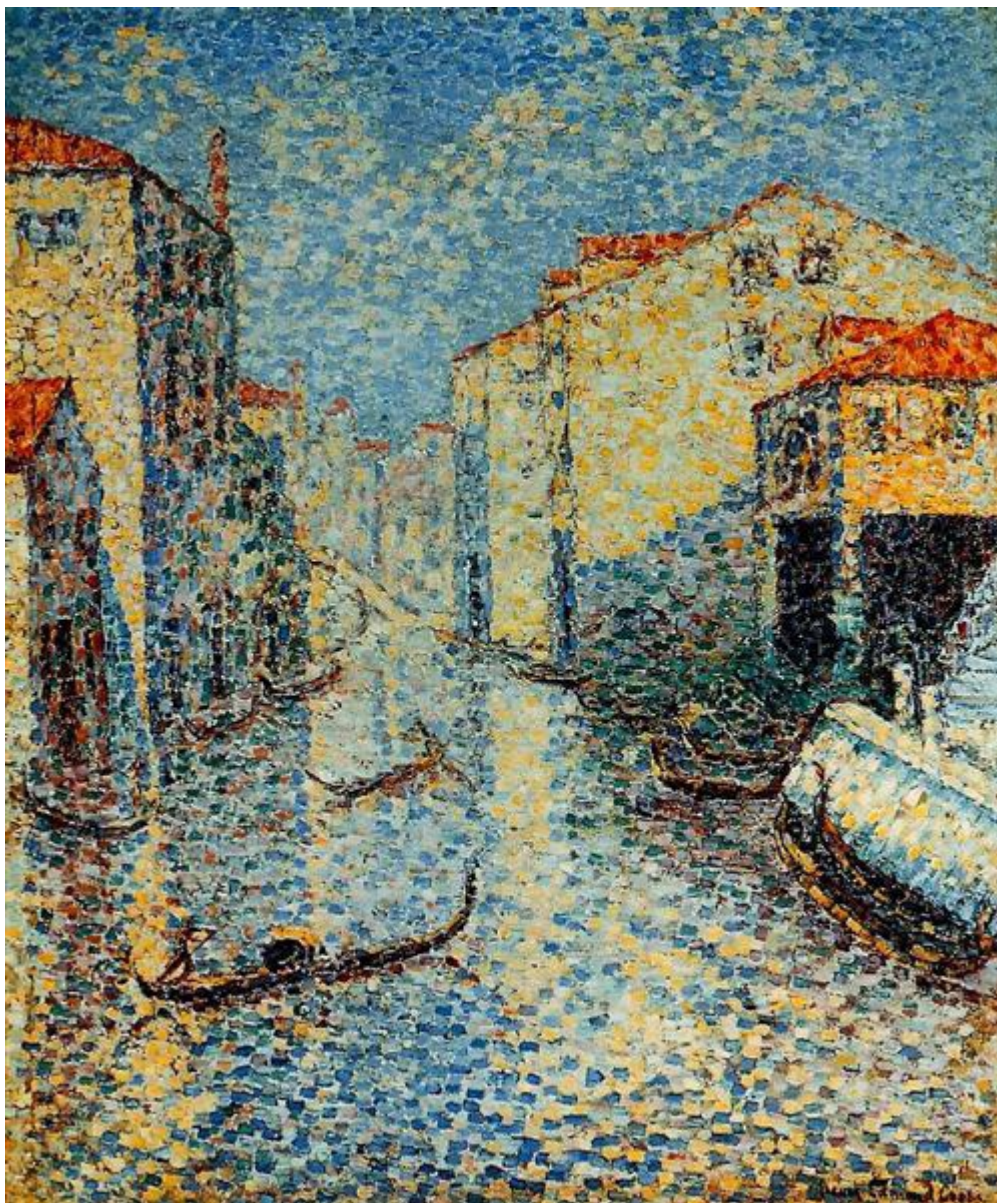


<https://www.wikiart.org/en/max-weber/adoration-of-the-moon>

sa ghrian atá tú  
agus sa ghealach úr leis  
sna réaltaí in airde  
    agus ionamsa, a ghrá –  
    mise ionatsa, dar fia

You are in the sun  
and You are in the new moon  
in the stars above  
    and in me, my Belovèd  
    as i am truly in You

君は太陽の中に  
そして新月の中に  
そして天上の星々の中に  
    そして僕の中に、愛しい人よ  
    僕が本当に君の中にいるように



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/henri-edmond-cross/a-venetian-canal-1905>

na gondalóirí  
do do lorg gan staonadh  
iad ag tnúth le scíth  
le fíis díotsa, a ansacht  
arís is arís eile

weary gondoliers  
they too are searching for You  
and the end of toil  
when You will appear to them  
over and over again

草臥れたゴンドラ漕ぎたち  
彼らも君を  
そして労苦の終わりを  
君が彼らの前に現れる時を  
何度も何度も



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/frederic-edwin-church/the-meteor-of-1860>

a dhreige, abair  
nach dtuirsióinn d'aistearsa thú  
an fada é an ród . . . ?  
    dóinn tú do bhealach chugainn  
    go raibh breith gach dáin amhlaidh

tell me, meteor  
does your journey not tire you  
have you travelled far . . . ?  
    burning your way through the sky  
    may all poems be born this way!

教えてくれ、流れ星よ  
君の旅は疲れはないのか？  
遠くまで旅してきたのか？  
    空を駆け抜けて燃える道  
    すべての詩がこうして出来るように！



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/tivadar-kosztka-csontvary/rendez-vous-of-lovers-1902>

is cad fúthu siúd  
na leannáin a chuaigh ar strae  
nach bhfaca a chéile  
a bhí lá nó dhó déanach  
is nár fháisc a chéile riamh

those who never met  
paramours lost on the road  
perhaps within days  
of one another – lovers  
soul-mates who never embraced

出会うことのなかった人々  
道中で迷った恋人  
もしかしたら数日のうちに  
互いの恋人  
抱擁なしの魂の伴侶



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/horace-pippin/christ-crowned-with-thorns-1938>

b'é an jújúb é  
(más fíor an seanchas faoi)  
as ar múnlaíodh í  
    an raibh fhios ag an jújúb  
    go mba choróin spíne í?

it was the jujube  
(if you rely on folklore)  
that is what they used  
    did the jujube itself know  
    that they'd made a crown of thorns?

それはナツメだった  
    (民間伝承によれば)  
彼らが使ったのはそれです  
    ナツメ自身は  
    自分たちイバラの冠を作ったことを知っている？

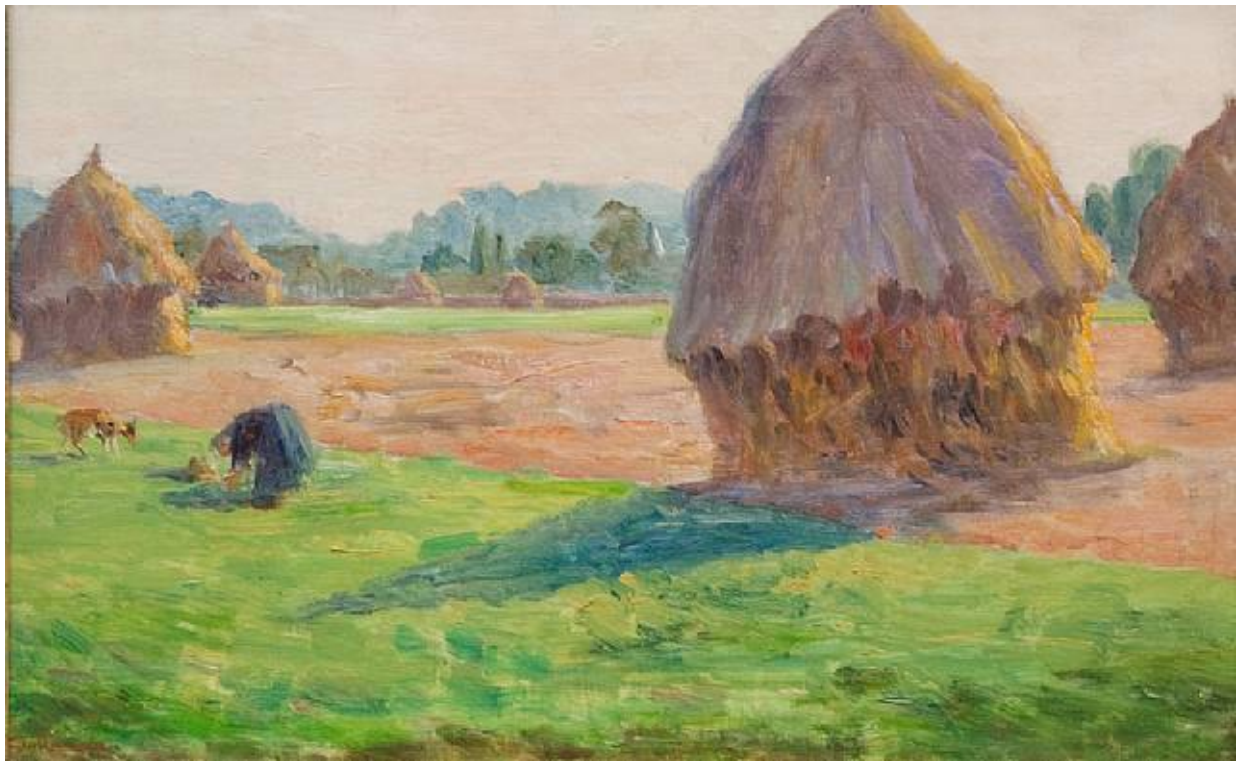


<https://www.wikiart.org/en/carl-holsoe/interior-with-a-cello-0>

ní heol dom ach seo  
tá an dordveidhil ina tost  
tá gach aon ní ciúin  
ceol úd nithe nach dtarlaíonn  
is ait an ceol é go deimhin

all i know is this  
the cello has fallen still  
and all is quiet:  
the music of what is not  
ah, what strange music that is

僕にわかっているのはこれだけ  
チェロが静まり  
すべてが静まる  
存在しないものの音楽  
ああ、なんて奇妙な音楽



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/armand-guillaumin/the-haystacks-1895>

na milliúin rudaí  
nach bhfaca an domhan mór riamh  
coca féir, abair!

ní fheicfidh siad níos mó é  
an dtógfaimid coca dóibh?

the millions of things  
that millions have never seen  
such as a haystack!

and they'll never see one now  
shall we build one, Belovèd?

数え切れないほどのものが  
何百万人もの人が見たこともない  
干し草の山だって！

そして、もう誰も見ることはないだろう  
愛しい人よ、僕らがそれを作ろうか？



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/alfred-kubin/man-in-a-storm-1903>

a thaisce, stoirm  
ag séideadh anois ó gach aird  
ag an am céanna  
    agus istigh ina lár  
    tá tú dom' scrúdú go grinn

Belovèd, a storm  
blowing simultaneously  
from all directions  
    now, in the eye of the storm  
    Your eye, steady, unblinking

愛しい人よ、嵐が  
同時に吹き荒れる  
あらゆる方向から  
    今、嵐の目の中にいる  
    君の瞳は、揺るぎなく、瞬きもせず



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/guy-rose/october-morning>

scáileanna na gcrann  
mo chuid scáileanna féin iad  
cloisfidh tú dánta  
    i gcogarnach na nduilleog  
    a scáil féin ag gach focal

the shadows of trees  
are my shadows this morning  
in whispering leaves  
    You'll hear my poems, Belovèd  
    each word has its own shadow

木々の影  
今朝の僕の影  
ささやく葉の中に  
    愛しい人よ、僕の詩が聞こえるでしょう  
    言葉の一つ一つに影がある



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/paul-ranson/christ-and-buddha-1880>

an búda céasta  
is suí an iógaí faoi chríost  
fuil i ndeora an domhain  
caoineann an búda an críost  
caoineann an críost an búda

buddha on the cross  
christ the saviour cross-legged  
as the world weeps blood  
the buddha weeps for the christ  
the christ weeps for the buddha

十字架上の仏陀  
足を組む救世主キリスト  
世界が血を流して泣く中  
仏陀はキリストのために泣く  
キリストは仏陀のために泣く

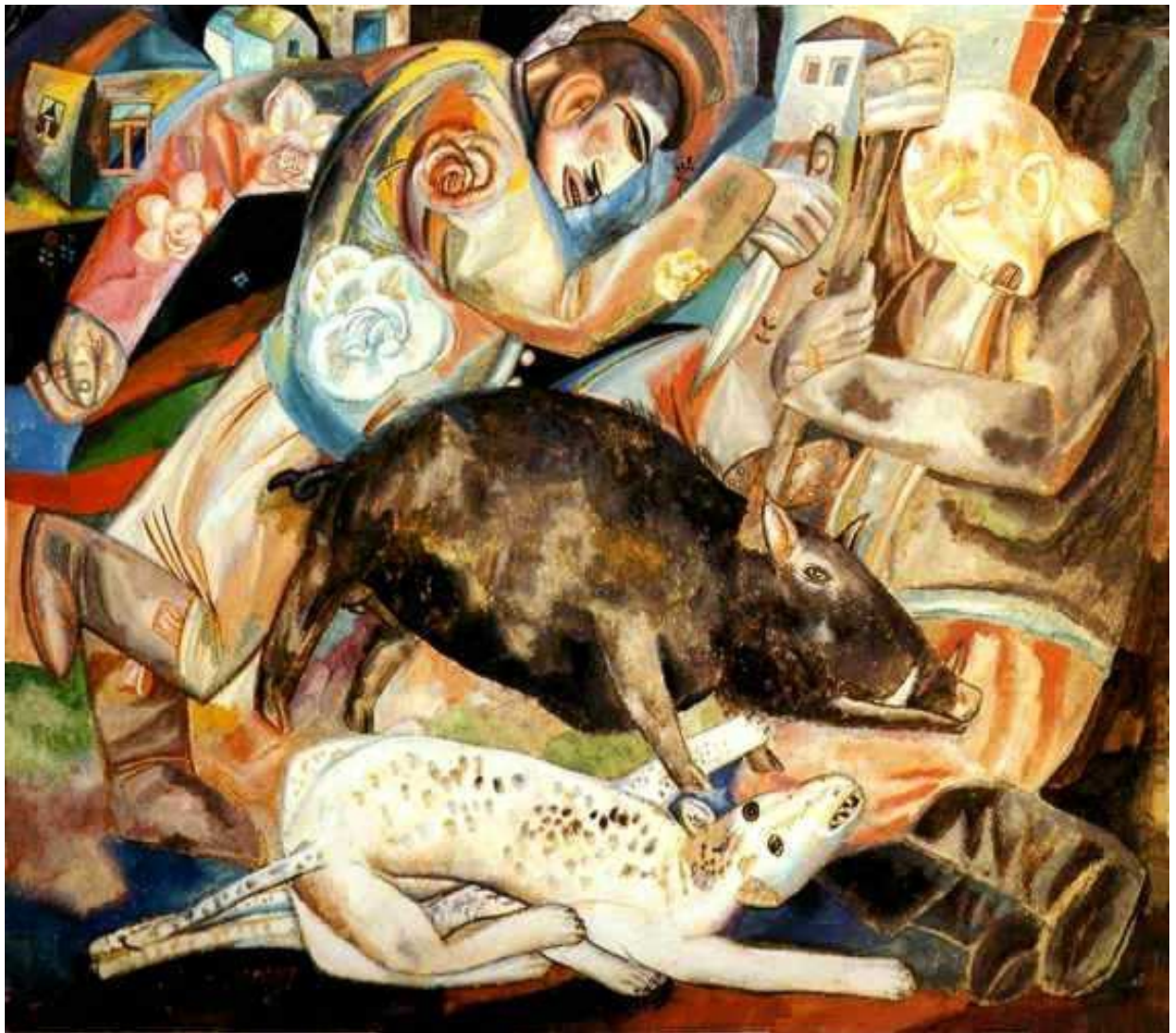


<https://www.wikiart.org/en/nicolae-tonitza/mourner>

caointeoirí, faraor  
gan deoir fágtha ina gceann  
cad atá rompu  
níl fhios acu cá'il a dtriall  
gealach lae dóibh í an ghrian

the mourners, alas  
when all their tears have dried up  
what is left for them  
they hardly know east from west  
the sun shines like a day moon

哀しきかな、弔問者たちは  
涙が乾ききった時  
何が残されているのか  
東も西もほとんど分からなくなる  
太陽は昼の月のように輝く



<https://uploads5.wikiart.org/images/pavel-filonov/the-hog-1913.jpg>

an borra amháin  
a ligeann béic, a deir tú  
is cad faoin Tiarna  
na haingil is an chruinne?  
Aon gach ní, scairteann gach ní!

only the hog screams  
is this what you are saying  
the Lord does not scream  
the angels? the universe?  
if all is One, all must scream!

豚だけが叫ぶ  
これがおまえの言いたいことか  
主は叫ばない  
天使は？宇宙は？  
全てが一つなら、全てが叫ばなければならない！



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/vladimir-dimitrov/unknown-title-20>

dá dtosnódh an domhan  
ar phaidir thostach a rá  
ar feadh soicindín

paidir duitse, a chuisle  
a chuisle, paidir uaitse

if all of our world  
could fall into silent prayer  
for just one moment

praying to you, Belovèd  
Belovèd, praying as You

もしも世界中の人々が  
ほんの一瞬でも  
静かに祈りを捧げることができたら  
愛する君に祈ります  
愛する君よ、君と同じように祈ります



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/rik-wouters/woman-in-black-reading-a-newspaper-1912>

míorúilt atá ann  
níl faic na ngrást sa nuachtán  
níl fógraí báis ann  
    níl cogadh sna ceannlínte  
    ná mionchló ann faoi shíocháin

it's a miracle  
nothing in the newspaper  
no death notices  
    no headlines announcing war  
    no small print regarding peace

奇跡だ  
新聞には何も載っていない  
死亡記事もない  
    戦争を告げる見出しもない  
    平和に関する小さな文字もない



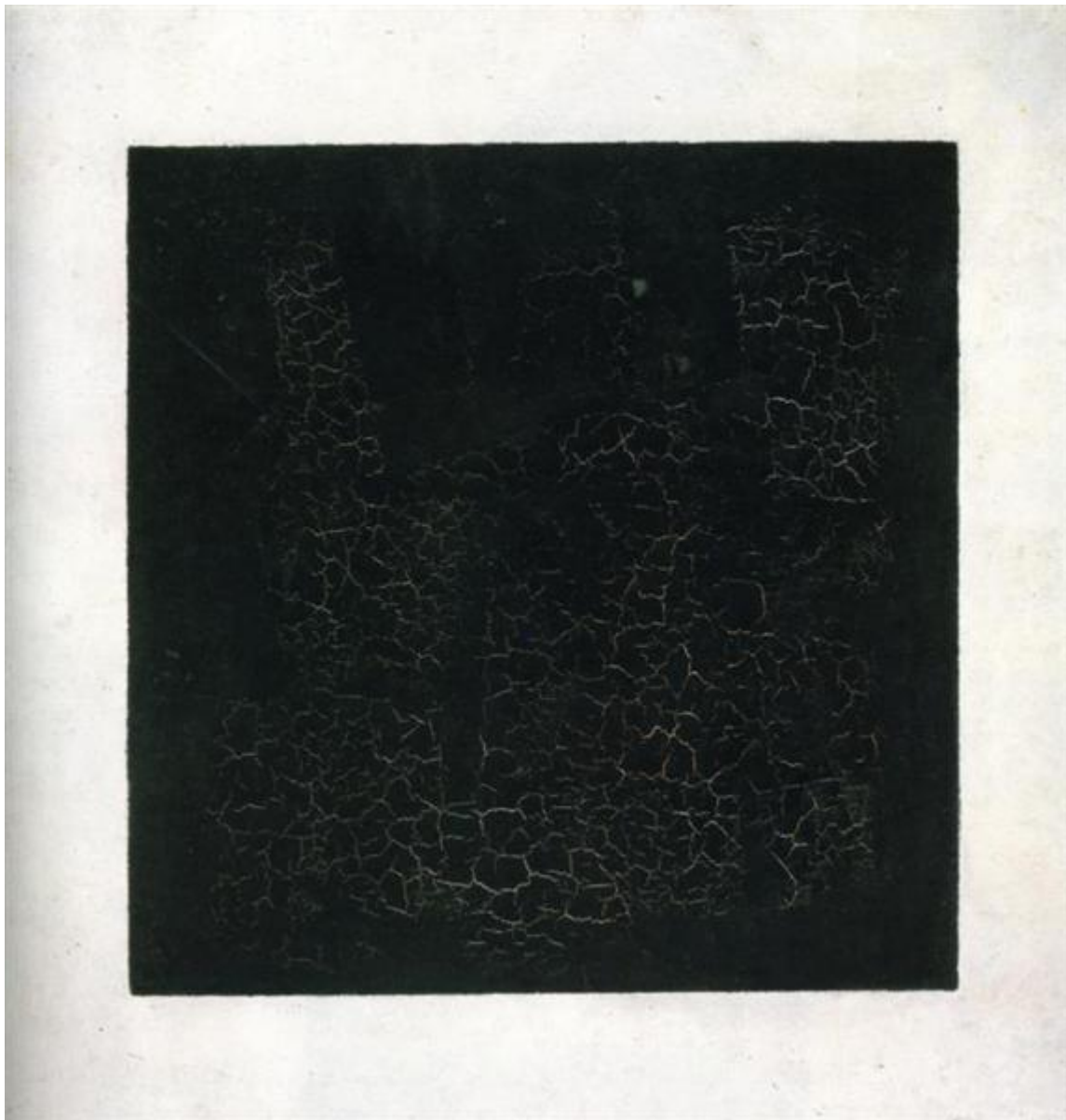
<https://www.wikiart.org/en/alexey-venetsianov/sleeping-herd-boy>

deireadh le brionglóid  
is tús le brionglóid eile  
slabhra brionglóidí  
cathain a bheidh saoirse againn  
is ár ndá súil ar leathadh?

one dream is over  
and another commences  
a long chain of dreams  
when shall we be unfettered  
when shall we open our eyes?

一つの夢が終わり、  
また別の夢が始まる。  
長い夢の連鎖

いつになったら僕らは束縛から解放されるのか。  
いつになったら僕らは目を開けるのか。



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/kazimir-malevich/black-suprematistic-square-1915>

tost dubh gan chorraí  
ansin go tobann – anáil  
an Chruthaitheora

an rabhas-sa i mo fhinné  
ar bhreith a thoilíos dom féin?

in deep black silence  
something stirred – and it was breath  
the Creator's breath

did i witness my own birth  
will myself into this world?

深い闇の静寂の中で

何かが動き出した — それは息だった

創造主の息

僕は自分の誕生を目撃したのだろうか

僕は自分自身をこの世界に生み出したのだろうか？



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/franklin-carmichael/mirror-lake-1929>

bhí an domhan faoi thost  
ar theacht go Loch Gloine dhom:  
'mura bhfuil sí ann'  
ar mé, 'níl sí áit ar bith . . .'  
stánas go domhain orm Féin

the whole world was still  
when i came to Mirror Lake:  
'if she's not here now'  
says i, 'why, she is nowhere . . .'  
i looked deep into my Self

ミラー湖に着いた時、  
世界は静まり返っていた。  
「もし彼女が今ここにいないなら」  
僕は言った。「だって、どこにもいないんだから…」  
僕は自分の心の奥底を見つめた。



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/gustave-caillebotte/rose-bush-in-flower>

aisling dhofhaighte  
an aisling atá agam  
aisling ó dhúchas  
    rósanna duitse, a shearc  
    rósanna dár gcine ar fad

impossible dreams  
those are the dreams that i have  
i was born with them  
    roses for You, Belovèd,  
    roses for all of mankind

不可能な夢  
それが僕の夢  
僕はそれを持って生まれた  
    愛しい君へバラを  
    全人類へバラを



<https://uploads0.wikiart.org/00326/images/isaac-israels/isaac-israels-a-street-vendor.jpg!HD.jpg>

imeoidh gach rud  
a thaisce, cuimhní freisin  
caithfidh smaointe imeacht  
nuair nach mbeidh aon ní fágtha  
snámhfaimid ina chéile

everything must go  
Belovèd, memories too  
thoughts must go as well  
then, when there is nothing left  
only then can our souls merge

すべては消えなければならぬ  
愛しい人よ、思い出も  
思考も去らなければならぬ  
何も残らなくなった時  
その時初めて僕らの魂は一つに

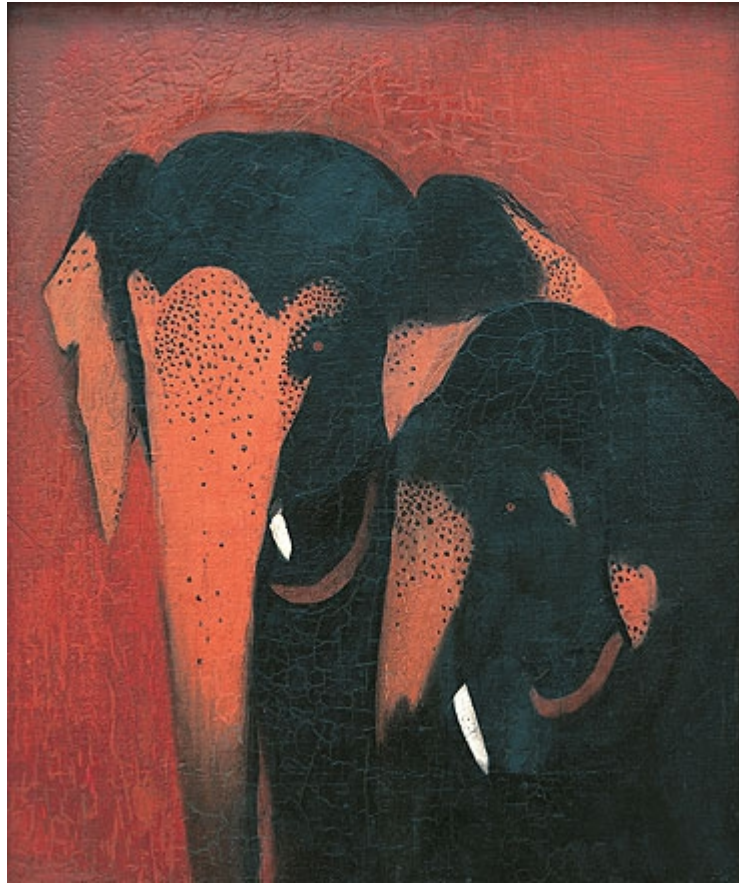


<https://uploads3.wikiart.org/00162/images/anna-katarina-boberg/northern-lights-by-anna-boberg.jpg!HD.jpg>

do chuntanós-sa  
laistiar de na Saighneáin tá  
ach tuig an méid seo  
ní bheir i bhfolach go deo  
iompódsa id' ghilese

behind dancing lights  
You hide Your face in Norway  
Belovèd, know this  
You cannot hide forever  
i shall become Your brightness

踊る光の背後に  
きみはノルウェーに隠れる  
愛しい人よ、これを知ってよ  
きみは永遠に隠れることはできないよ  
僕はきみの輝きになる



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/amrita-sher-gil/two-elephants-1940>

dearúdfaidh mé thú  
má dhéanann an eilifint  
dearúd ar gach ní  
ní go dtí sin, a thaisce  
taoi sa Neamh-Aigne fiú

i will forget You  
only when the elephant  
forgets everything  
not until then, Belovèd  
You dwell even in No Mind

僕はきみを忘れる  
象がすべてを  
忘れるまで  
その時まで、愛しい人よ  
きみは無心にさえ宿る

There are many paintings, Which one?

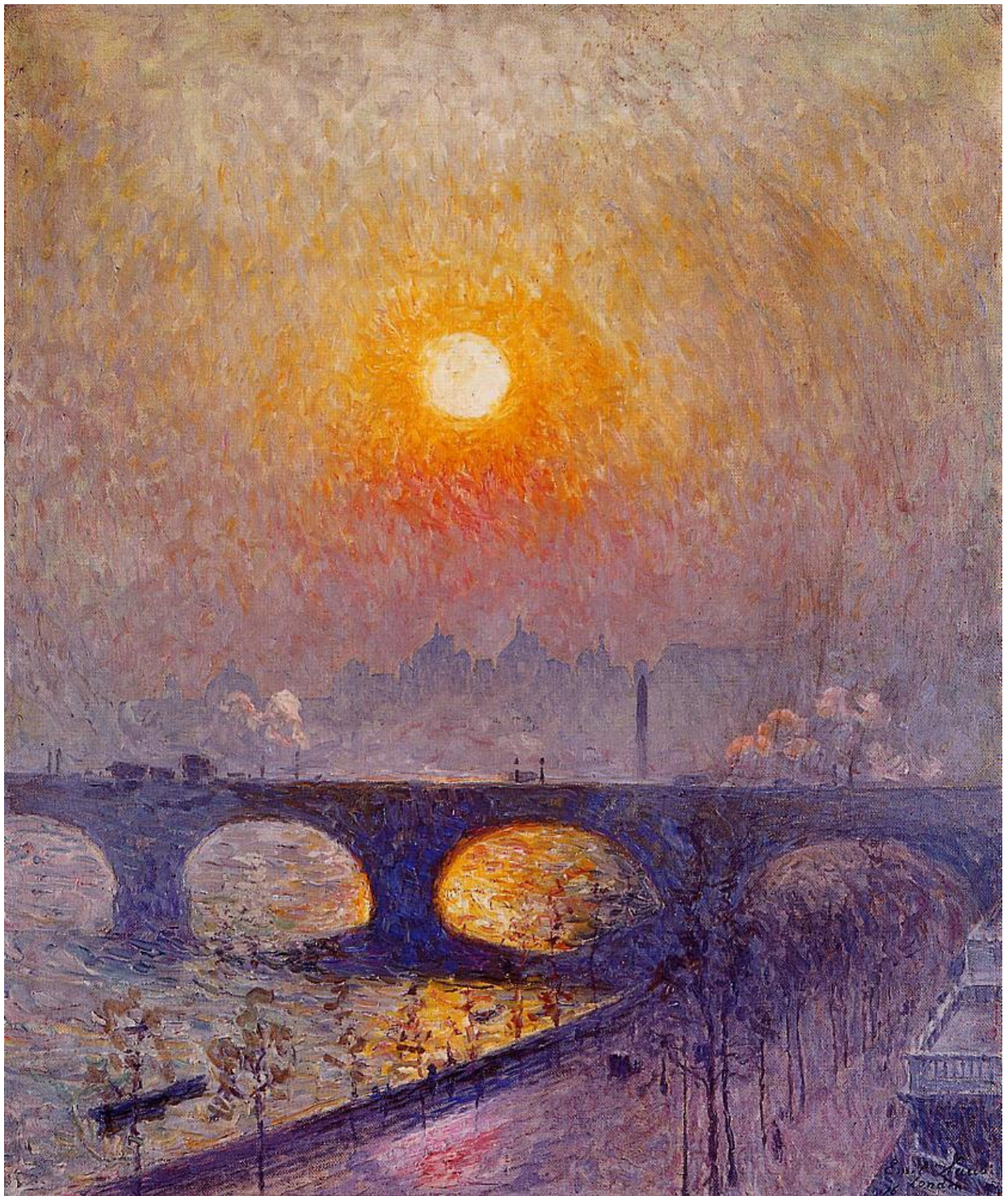
[https://www.galphia.com/artist\\_akga.html](https://www.galphia.com/artist_akga.html)

[Rotten Pike]

pléimis an bás  
níl aon chúis nach ndéanfaimis  
pléimis gach rud  
an bás 'tá lán de bheatha  
pléimis an bheatha anois

shall we speak of death  
why not, Belovèd, why not?  
let's speak of all things  
death – so full of life it is!  
and now, shall we speak of life?

死について語ろうか  
愛しい人よ、なぜ語らないの？  
すべてのことについて語ろう  
死は生に満ちているのだから！  
さあ、今度は生について語ろうか？



<https://uploads5.wikiart.org/images/emile-claus/sunset-over-waterloo-bridge-1916.jpg>

an domhan scáthach seo  
is neacha clapsholais sinn  
solas ár ndúchas  
ar sholas a fhillfimid  
go nglaofaidh scáthanna orainn

this world of shadows  
we are crepuscular beings  
who have come from light  
we shall return to the light  
until twilight calls again

この影の世界  
僕ら薄明薄暮の造りもの  
光からやって来た  
僕らは光へと戻る  
再び夕暮れが呼ぶまで



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/cuno-amiet/baum-in-winterlandschaft>

one of anything

one ocean one moon one sun

reminds me of You

one word, Belovèd, one poem

the very word One itself

aon ní, ní ar bith,

aigéan nó gealach nó grian

meabhraíd tusa dom

focal amháin, dán amháin

an focal Aon fiú amháin

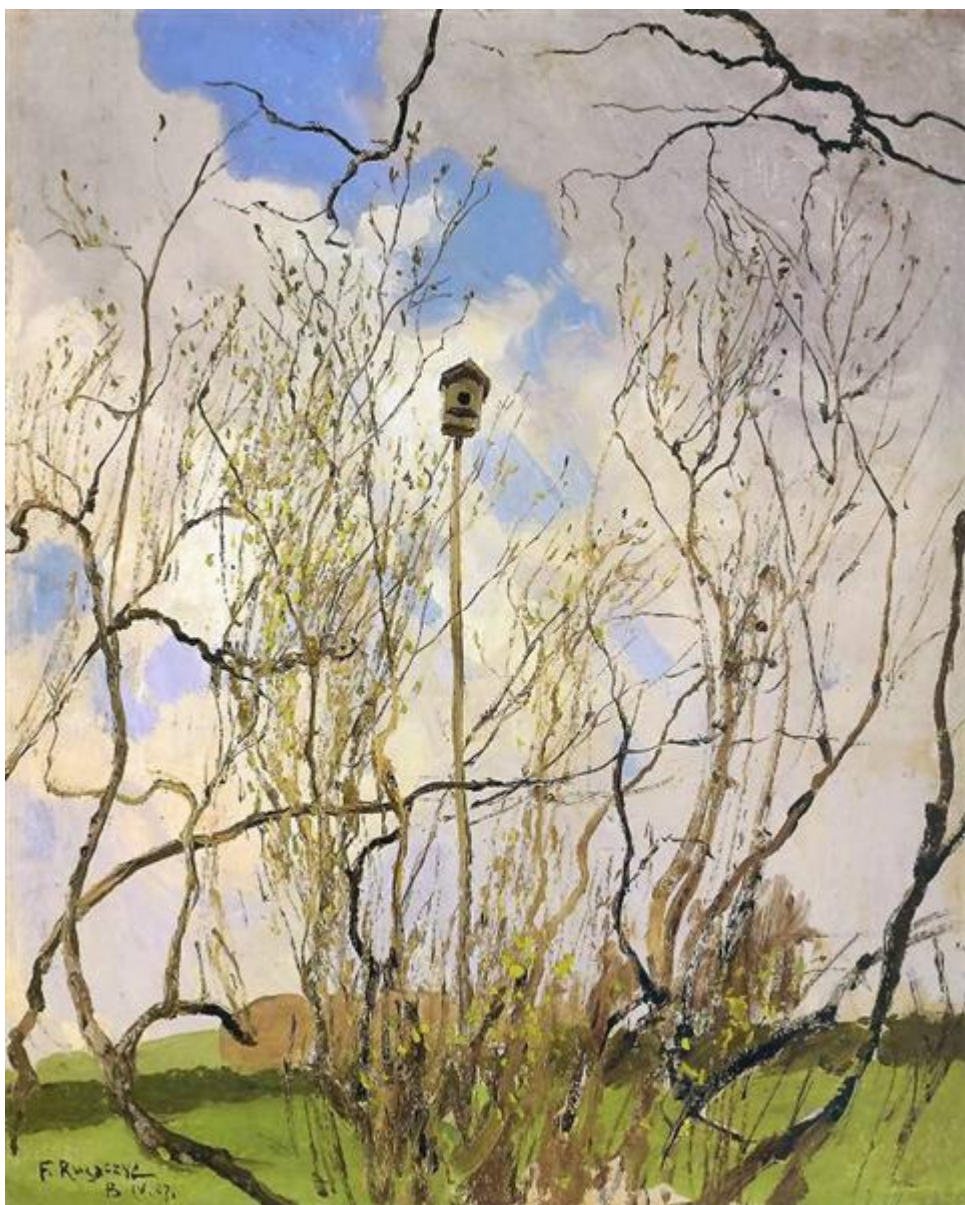
何にも似ていない

一つの海、一つの月、一つの太陽

君を思い出させる

愛しい人よ、一つの言葉、一つの詩

その言葉そのものが



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/ferdynand-ruszczyk/wiosna>

bíonn ina Earrach  
nuair a shealbhaíonn tú croí  
croí geimhriúil, a stór  
is tú solas na cruinne  
níl slí ann don sioc níos mó

suddenly it's Spring  
now You enter wintry hearts  
You the life and light  
of this world and of all worlds  
the frost has nowhere to hide

突然春が来た  
今、君は冬の核に足を踏み入れる  
君はこの世界とすべての世界の  
いのちと光だ  
霜はどこにも隠れられない



[https://www.galphia.com/artist\\_fabr.html](https://www.galphia.com/artist_fabr.html)

[Girl at the Window]

an chruinne go léir  
samhlaigh é! ionainn atá  
mé ag cur thar maoil  
ag cur thar maoil ionatsa  
aistear trí am agus spás

the whole universe  
imagine it! inside us  
i'm brimming over  
brimming with you, Belovèd  
voyaging through time and space

宇宙全体  
想像してみて！僕達の内側で  
僕は溢れている  
愛しい君で溢れている  
時空を旅しながら

Which one?

[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gustave\\_De\\_Smet#/media/File:DeSmet-Bottle.jpg](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gustave_De_Smet#/media/File:DeSmet-Bottle.jpg)

bhí fear ann fadó  
agus buidéal lena thaobh  
doscartha 'bhíodar  
    cailleadh é gan choinne ansin  
    cuireadh an buidéal taobh leis

there once was a man  
with a bottle by his side  
inseparable  
    he died unexpectedly  
    the bottle buried with him

昔、ある男がいた  
彼の傍らには瓶があり  
切っても切れない関係だった  
    そして突然亡くなった  
    瓶も一緒に埋められた

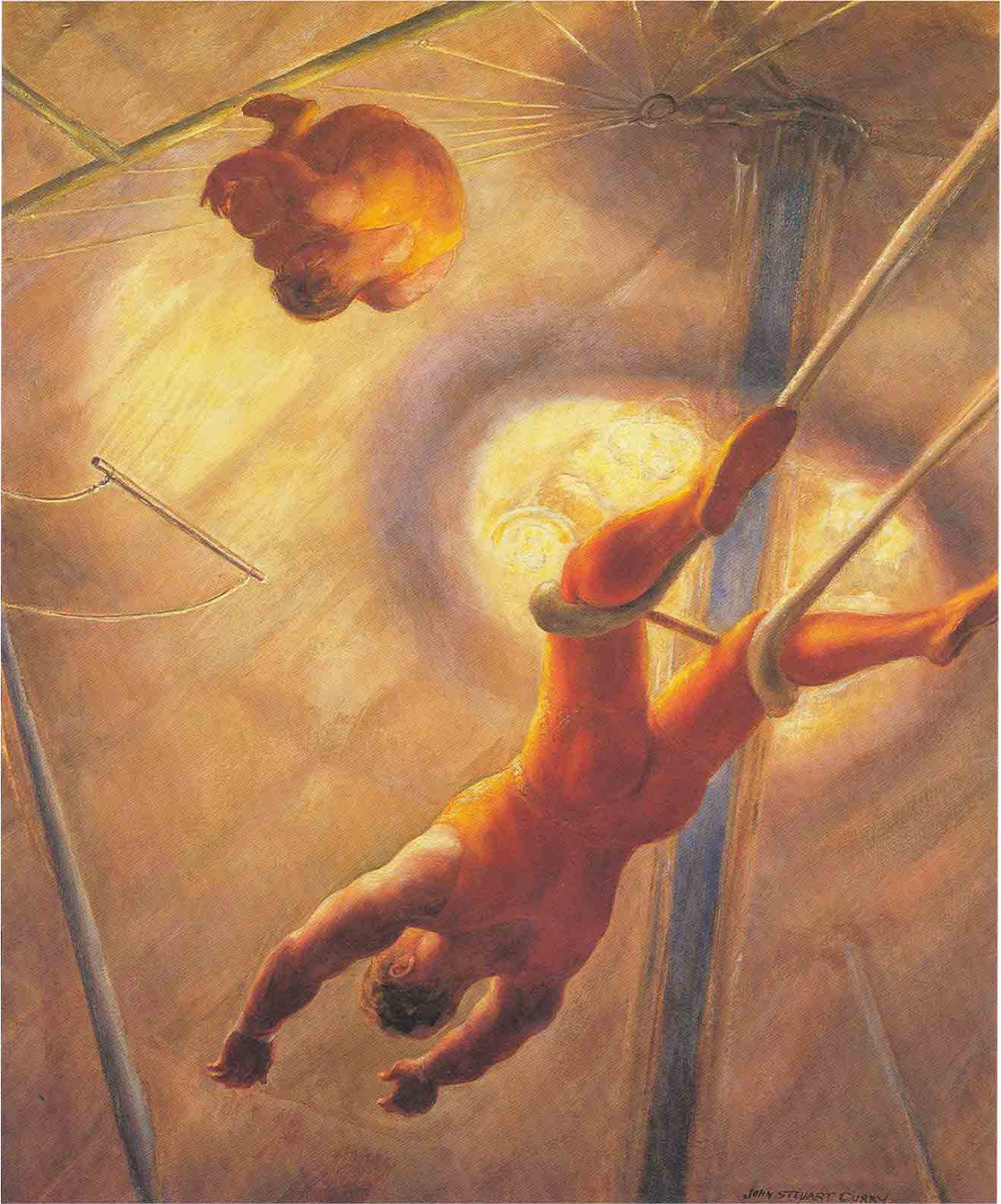
Which one?

[https://www.galphia.com/artist\\_arseg.html](https://www.galphia.com/artist_arseg.html)  
[South of France Street Scene]

go síoraí seasta  
taoi mar a bhís riamh, a mhaoin  
ní athróidh tú  
is é is gile liom fút  
gur gheallais nach n-athrófá

it's always the same  
we meet and You are the same  
You, who never change  
Belovèd, what delights me  
is Your promise not to change

いつも同じだ  
僕達は出会っても、君は同じだ  
君は決して変わらない  
愛しい人よ、僕を喜ばせるのは  
君の「変わらない」という約束だ



<https://uploads3.wikiart.org/images/john-stewart-curry/the-flying-codonas-1932.jpg>

á, an traipéiseoir  
nach aige 'tá an misneach  
eitlímse san aer  
n'fheadar an mbéarfá orm  
sín amach do lámha, a mhaoin

the trapeze artist  
now, there's confidence for you  
i fly in mid-air  
not knowing if You'll catch me  
Belovèd, reach out Your hands

空中ブランコ乗り  
さあ、自信を持って  
僕は飛ぶ  
君が僕を受けてくれるか分らない  
愛しい人よ。手を差し伸べて

Buddha?

<https://www.rawpixel.com/image/3062359/free-illustration-image-buddha-gold-vintage>

duitse í m'anáil  
chun go mbeadh brí le hanáil  
duitse a chanfad  
    chun áilleacht a chur im' laoi  
    ní dhéanfad faic dom féinig

i shall breathe for You  
so that breath is meaningful  
i shall sing for You  
    so that song is beautiful  
    and do nothing for myself

僕は君のために息をする  
その息よ意味をなせ  
僕は君のために歌う  
    その歌が美しいものとなるように  
    それは自分のためじゃない



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/sanyu/doi-1946>

ceistíonn an domhan mé:

"cé chomh léir duit í mar sin?"

"chomh geal leis an ngrian

ach í ina hiar-íomhá

(bíodh nach mbaineann sí le ham")

they all wish to know:

"how clearly do you see Her?"

"perfectly!" I say

"but as an afterimage

(yet She has gone beyond time")

皆が知りたい。

「君ははっきりと彼女を見ているの？」

「完璧に！」と僕は言う。

「でも、残像のように見えるよ。」

(それでも彼女は時を超えている)



<https://www.wikiart.org/en/henri-matisse/icarus-1944>

ag titim, a stór

ag titim atáim gan stad

cá raghainn, a chuisle

os mo chionn agus thíos fúm

an ghormchathair ghríobháin

falling, Belovèd

still falling falling falling

nowhere else to go

a labyrinth of blue waves

nothing else above, below

落ちていく、愛しい人よ

まだ落ちていく、落ちていく、落ちていく

他にどこにも行けない

青い波の迷路

上にも下にも他には何もない

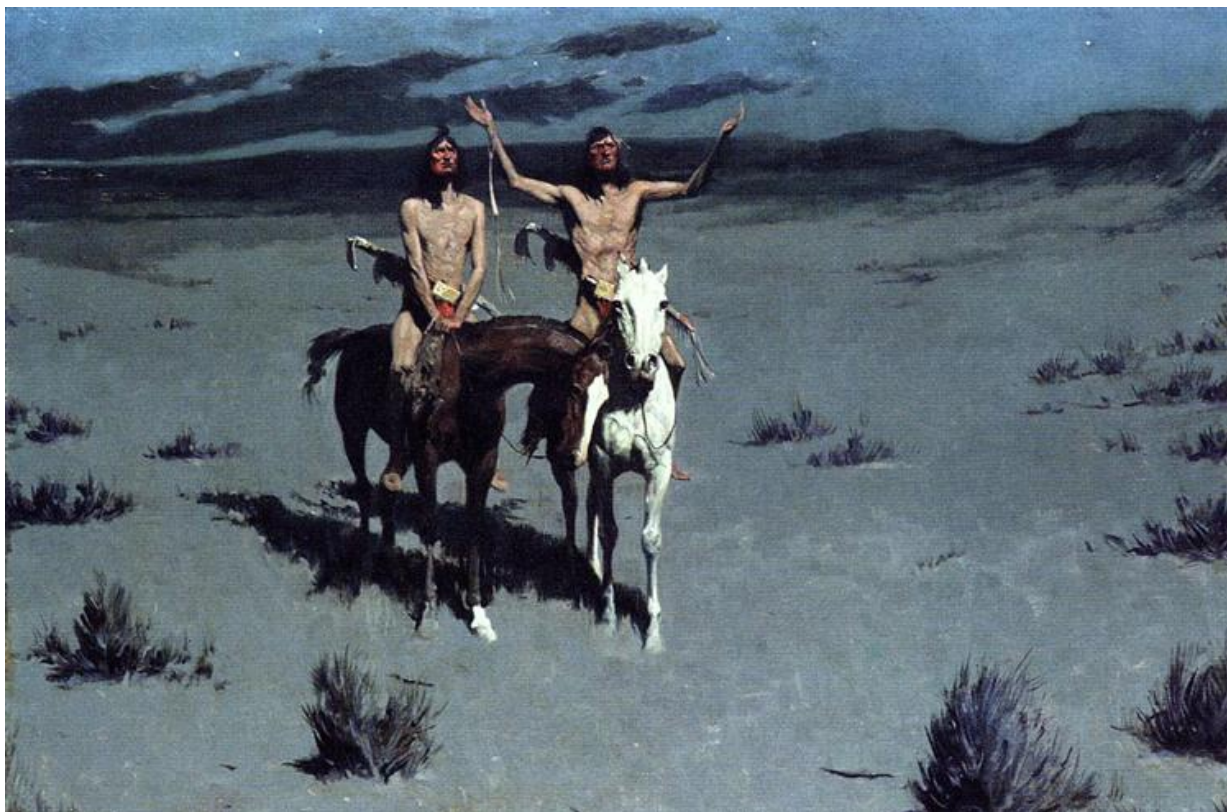


<https://www.wikiart.org/en/mainie-jellette/a-water-lily-pond>

duilleoga báite  
nuair a d'fhéach na sean orthu  
cad ba léir dóibhsean  
cad a bhí ina gcroí istigh  
fiche míle bliain ó shin?

those water lilies  
when our ancestors saw them  
what was it they saw  
what was it stirred in their hearts  
twenty thousand years ago?

あの睡蓮を  
僕達の祖先が見た時  
彼らは何を見たのか  
彼らの心の中で何が揺さぶられたのか  
二万年前だったか？



<https://uploads7.wikiart.org/images/frederic-remington/pretty-mother-of-the-night-white-otter-is-no-longer-a-boy-1900.jpg!Large.jpg>

na spéartha síoraí  
IS TUSA É SIN! deir tú  
agus tuigimse  
is radharc é nach gclúdódh néal  
ní dhéanfadh ré níos gile é

endless are the skies  
THAT THOU ART! i hear You say  
and i understand  
clouds cannot obscure this view  
no moon can make it brighter

空は果てしなく続く  
それがわたしよ！と君が言うのが聞こえる  
そして僕はよく知っている  
雲もこの景色を遮れない  
どんな月もこの景色を明るくできない

"The first peace, which is the most important, is that which comes within the souls of people when they realize their relationship, their oneness with the universe and all its powers, and when they realize that at the center of the universe dwells the Great Spirit, and that this center is really everywhere, it is within each of us."

### *Black Elk*

Acknowledgements:

*have you not seen them*

appeared in the TSA Tanka Anthology 2022 (Tanka Society of America).

*the shadows of trees*

won the Kotodama Tanka and Haiku Contest 2022

*all i know is this*

appeared in *Cold Moon Journal* (Sep.2022)

## 『揺する愛』について

わたしはガブリエル・ローゼンストックの俳句を五千句は訳している。今回はギリシャ詩人サラ・ティリコウ女史とヤコブ・オリンピア氏も参加している。彼らはガブリエル・ローゼンストック氏がかつて重病から生還した直後に出版した俳句集『銀の樺』にも参加したガブリエル・ローゼンストック翻訳チームのコアメンバーである。この俳句は彼が生を賭けて詠いきった句であり、これ以上の句にわたしは遭ったことがない。

「もう一度 此岸に戻れと 銀の樺」。

アジアとくにインドに滞在し真の無常感を体験し、西欧哲学を突破して人間という知的な動物の在り様、そして変わり様、そして本来を取り戻す俳句を詠んだ。それはJUNPAの目指すところと合致している。さてこの句を普通に読めば冬の静かな風景だが、わたしはガブリエル・ローゼンストック氏が臨死体験のさなかでも銀の樺（詩友）のすがたを視ていたと分かった。「あの世へ行くために渡る川、すなわち三途の川をわたる途中で現世を振り返れば、銀の樺がみな手招きして戻って来いと言っている」。

このように俳句には文字面の背後に俳人の哲学、思想、人生観が裏打ちされてる。ここに季語があるとすれば銀の樺、すなわち冬である。然り、彼が死を覚悟して、それでも生きなければと奮い立ったのはクリスマスに向かう日々だった。家族、詩人仲間、友人は神仏に祈った。さながら立ち並ぶ銀の樺のように。

すみくらまりこ

詩人、翻訳家、編集者

## About "Stirring Love"

I have translated 5,000 haiku by Gabriel Rosenstock. This time, Greek poets Ms. Sarah Tilykou and Mr. Jacob Olympia are also participating. They are the core members of the Gabriel Rosenstock translation team who also participated in the haiku collection "Silver Birches" published by Gabriel Rosenstock shortly after recovering from a serious illness. This haiku is a haiku that he devoted his life to composing, and I have never come across a better haiku than;

"Return to this shore once again, silver birches."

During his stay in Asia, especially in India, he experienced a true sense of impermanence, broke through Western philosophy, and wrote haiku about the way humans, intelligent animals, change, and restore their original nature. This is consistent with JUNPA's goals. If you read this haiku normally, it would be a quiet winter scene, but I realized that Mr. Gabriel Rosenstock was looking at the silver birches (poet friends) even in the midst of his near-death experience. "When I look back at the present world while crossing the *Sanzu* River, the river you cross to go to the other world, all the silver birches are beckoning me to come back." In this way, the poet's philosophy, thought, and outlook on life are backed up in haiku behind the words. If there is a seasonal word here, it is silver birch, that is, winter. Yes, it was the days leading up to Christmas when he was suffered by illness, but he felt compelled to live. Family members, fellow poets, and friends prayed to the gods and Buddha. Like rows of silver birches.

Mariko Sumikura  
Poet, Translator, Editor

## Further Reading

### *Every Night I Send You Flowers*

(Bilingual tanka in response to artwork by Odilon Redon.

Published in association with

Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, 2020):

<https://www.edocr.com/v/ox5ekdgm/gabrielrosenstockbis99/every-night-i-send-you-flowers>

### *The Road to Corrymore/ Bóthar an Choire Mhóir*

(Bilingual tanka in response to artwork by various hands.

Published in association with CCC, New York, 2021):

<https://fliphtml5.com/svsjj/huic/basic>

### *Rising Flame of Love*

(Bhakti- and Advaita-inspired tanka in response to artwork on vintage Indian matchboxes. Published in association with CCC, New York, 2021):

<https://www.edocr.com/v/ggm9wne7/gabrielrosenstockbis99/RISING-FLAME-OF-LOVE>

### *Broken Angels/ Aingil Bhriste*

(Bilingual tanka in response to artwork by various hands.

Published in association with CCC, New York, 2021)

<https://www.edocr.com/v/0aaxvoj0/gabrielrosenstockbis99/BROKEN-ANGELS>

### *Outskirts of the Mind/ Ciumhais na hAigne*

(Bilingual tanka in response to artwork by various hands. Published in association with CCC, New York, 2021)

<https://www.edocr.com/v/mjwdvrk5/gabrielrosenstockbis99/outskirts-of-the-mind>

*Secret of Secrets/ Rún na Rún*

(Bilingual tanka in response to artwork by various hands. Published in association with CCC, New York, 2021)

<https://www.edocr.com/v/djr6qn6d/gabrielrosenstockbis99/secret-of-secrets>

*The Lantern/ An Lóchrann*

(Bilingual tanka in response to artwork by various hands. Published in association with CCC, New York, 2021)

<https://www.edocr.com/v/m0qky85l/gabrielrosenstock/the-lantern>

*Brightening of Days*

(Tanka (5-7-5-7-7 syllables) in Irish, English and Croatian. Poems of love, mystery and longing, in response to artwork by Alfred Freddy Krupa. Croatian translation by Tomislav Maretić. Published in association with CCC, New York, 2022)

<https://www.edocr.com/v/vmoq4ml0/gabrielrosenstock/brightening-of-days>

*D A Y BREAK*

(Bilingual tanka, 5-7-5-7-7 syllables, poem-prayers for prisoners, in response to photographs by Ron Rosenstock. Published in association with CCC, New York, 2022).

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/1135894>

*Empty Vase / Vása Folamh*

(Bilingual tanka, 5-7-5-7-7 syllables, in response to artwork by various hands. Published in association with CCC, New York, 2022)

<https://www.edocr.com/v/ao7lbv8a/gabrielrosenstock/empty-vase>

*Lightning Within / Tintreach Istigh*

(Bilingual haiku and freestyle tanka in response to artwork by the

American Impressionist Childe Hassam. Published in association with CCC, New York, 2022)

*Ants are Rejoicing / Seangáin ag Déanamh Gairdis*  
(Freestyle bilingual tanka in response to artwork by Goan artist Sonia Rodrigues Sabharwal. Published in association with Cross-Cultural Communications, New York, 2022)

~

**Short tanka & haiku video-poems  
from Inner Soul Films:**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CVeo2deLIpk>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NSbEgGtmXW0&t=254s>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=duS1AvhMR1Q>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=feeVR5XDisE&t=3s>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gND656ppbNA>

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**Café Dissensus:**

<https://cafedissensus everyday.com/tag/tanka/>

**Culture Matters:**

<https://www.culturematters.org.uk/index.php/arts/visual-art/item/3960-standing-rock>

~

**Ekphrastic haiku:**

<https://www.pinterest.co.uk/pin/630433647807203296/>

<https://www.pinterest.co.uk/dmhball/ekphrastic-haiku-vol1-gabriel-rosenstock/>

<https://www.amazon.co.uk/Rare-Times-Gabriel-Rosenstock-ebook/dp/B06X1B81Y2>

~

**Haiku Books, Chapbooks & other Resources:**

[https://terebess.hu/english/haiku/Stillness\\_of\\_Crows.pdf](https://terebess.hu/english/haiku/Stillness_of_Crows.pdf)

<https://www.bookdepository.com/Antlered-Stag-Dawn-Gabriel-Rosenstock/9780992723897?ref=grid-view&qid=1651150093467&sr=1-45>

<https://terebess.hu/english/haiku/Where-Light-Begins.pdf>

<https://www.bookdepository.com/Judgement-Day-Gabriel-Rosenstock/9780993421785?ref=grid-view&qid=1651150145395&sr=1-52>

<https://www.bookdepository.com/Haiku-Enlightenment-Gabriel-Rosenstock/9780985467982?ref=grid-view&qid=1651149840338&sr=1-4>

<https://terebess.hu/english/haiku/Silver-birches.pdf>

<https://ojarart.com/buttonhook-press2022-chapbook-seriespoetry-all-forms-stylesirish-english-haikugabriel-rosenstocka-sweater-for-the-tayfela-celebration-of-the-art-of-issachar-ber-ryback/>

<https://www.bookdepository.com/Sioc-Maidine-Morning-Frost-Jack-Kerouac/9781851320837?ref=grid-view&qid=1651149890663&sr=1-7>

<https://www.bookdepository.com/Orpheus-Underpass-Gabriel-Rosenstock/9781912111701?ref=grid-view&qid=1651149930456&sr=1-14>

<https://bonesjournal.com/books/Gabriel-Rosenstock-Is-m%e9-l%3na-l-AM-JONAH.pdf>

<https://www.bookdepository.com/Tea-wi-Abbot-John-Mcdonald/9780993421754?ref=grid-view&qid=1651149984246&sr=1-32>

<https://bonesjournal.com/books/Gabriel-Rosenstock-THE-CROWS-OF-KILFINANE.pdf>

<https://www.bookdepository.com/Angelic-Flights-Gabriel-Rosenstock/9780893047092?ref=grid-view&qid=1651149749839&sr=1-1>

<https://www.amazon.com/Stars-Are-His-Bones/dp/0893047082>

<https://www.thehaikufoundation.org/omeka/items/show/1395>

<https://contemporaryirishwriting.ie/books/gabriel-rosenstock-haiku-mas-e-do-thoil-e-2014/>

<https://www.bookdepository.com/Naked-Octopus-Gabriel-Rosenstock/9781782010487?ref=grid-view&qid=1651150014532&sr=1-42>

<https://www.imbolcfestival.com/phototanka/#page/1>

<https://indd.adobe.com/view/3e6b79da-543b-4c7d-b5f0-43a20fb6d692>

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4\\_2zpg5opjk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4_2zpg5opjk)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OHweFWNfYM8>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=45kLs3EeDJU>

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yaJUFg1vX\\_4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yaJUFg1vX_4)

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### **The Culturium:**

<https://www.theculturium.com/author/gabriel-rosenstock/>

### **Modern Literature:**

<https://www.modernliterature.org/2020/07/05/ploughing-a-lone-furrow-gabriel-rosenstock/>

### **Poetry Reading**

#### **(in Irish)/ Crossways Festival:**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pkPALindbzE&t=271s>

Gabriel Rosenstock is a bilingual poet, tankaist, haikuist, novelist, playwright, essayist, short story writer and translator:

<https://www.rosenstockandrosenstock.com/>

# DUET OF WATERFALLS



**Eastern-Western Poets in Sympathy:  
Poetic Dialogue**

*Gabriel Rosenstock & Tatsuo Murata*

JUNPA BOOKS



## **Sound of Falls**

*“Waterfall roar”* Gabriel Rosenstock

will ye no' come back again?  
... I never left  
whisper in the reeds

nach dtiocfaidh tú go deo arís?  
... níor imíos riamh  
sioscadh sa ghiolcach

戻りはすまい  
葦むらに囁きなど  
残しはすまい

Gabriel Rosenstock

holder of all emptiness  
in your empty sporran –  
bloomin' heather

an folús go léir  
id' sparán folamh –  
aiteann faoi bhláth

虚無の保持者よ  
それは空財布—  
花咲くヒース

with your mattucashlass  
perform brain surgery on all –  
waterfall roar

led' sgian achlais  
déan obráid intinne orainn go léir –  
búir easa

懐剣で  
みなに脳味噌手術施しき  
瀧の轟きよ

Gabriel Rosenstock

the moors are desolate  
where are all the bonfires?  
frozen moon

is dearóil iad na caoráin  
cá bhfuil na tinte cnámh?  
gealach reoite

湿地荒れ  
篝火いずこ  
凍り月

whiskey –  
it was made for you –  
grouse in the gloaming

fuisce –  
duitse a deineadh é –  
cearc fhraoigh sa chlapsholas

ウイスキー  
君がためにぞ作らるる  
黄昏の雷鳥よ

Gabriel Rosenstock

this world  
this queer round thing  
singing bowl

an domhan seo  
an rud ait cruinn seo  
babhla cantaireachta

この世界  
奇妙で丸いこのものは  
歌う鉢

Three that won't bear caressing  
An old woman, a hen, and a sheep

An triúir nach fuiling an cniodachadh  
Seann bhean, cearc, agus caora

愛撫に耐えられぬこの三つ  
老女 雌鳥 羊

Gabriel Rosenstock

stars over Scotland  
over Tibet –  
are they free?

réaltaí os cionn na hAlban  
os cionn na Tibéide –  
an saor dóibh?

スコットランドの空の星  
チベットの空の星—  
それらは自由

Gabriel Rosenstock

weep with me  
laugh with me  
shaggy highland cattle

caoinigí  
is gáirigí im' theannta –  
eallach Gaelach

共に泣け  
共に笑え  
毛羽立つハイランドの家畜たち

Gabriel Rosenstock

reverence and irreverence  
the tight-rope we walk together –  
oops!

urraim is neamhurraim  
téad rite a shiúlaímid le chéile –  
hoips!

敬意と不敬  
我ら共々綱渡り—  
おっと！

Gabriel Rosenstock

your short life –  
your life eternal . . .  
bog cotton under a full moon

do shaol gairid –  
do shaol síoraí . . .  
ceannbhán faoin ngealach lán

君 短命—  
君 永遠の命 . . .  
満月下 沼の綿

Gabriel Rosenstock

leprechauns!  
last man in the universe  
to believe in them

leipreacháin!  
an duine deireanach sa chruinne  
a ghéill dóibh

レプラコーン（小妖精）よ  
宇宙で 最後の最後に  
信じるにたる者よ



come with me, will you not come  
to the woods of Hallaig?  
time is a deer

tar liomsa tar, nach dtiocfá liom  
go Hallaig, is an t-am  
ann ina fhia!

付いてこい  
ハライグの森へこないかい？  
時は鹿なり

Gabriel Rosenstock

form is emptiness  
emptiness form –  
a mermaid dives

foirm is ea folús  
folús foirm –  
tumann murúch

形は無い  
虚しい形—  
人魚の飛込み

nothing from your mouth  
that is not preserved by moss –  
lichen

níl aon ní a tháinig ó do bhéal  
nár choinnigh an caonach slán –  
Léicean

君の無音  
苔に遮られたわけじゃあるまい—  
地衣よ

Gabriel Rosenstock

what was it you heard in the bagpipes?  
love? war? triumph? defeat?  
ha ha

cad a chualaís sa phíib mhór  
grá? sléacht? bua? cliseadh?  
há há

バグパイプに何を聞いた？  
愛か 戦か 勝利 敗北？  
ハハハ

“woe to thee, my country,  
the great sheep are coming!”  
was it you who spoke?

“mo thrua ort, a thír,  
tá an chaora mhór ag teacht!”  
an tusa a labhair?

「汝に災難 わが祖国に  
偉大な羊 来たりたり！」  
語りしは汝なりしか？

Gabriel Rosenstock

There will not be one wise man  
Among a thousand fools

Cha bhi aon duine críonna  
'A measg mille amadán

一人の賢人も出ないだろう  
この何千もの愚者のなかからは

Irish, English, French, Greek, Japanese edition  
Gabriel Rosenstock Haiku Collection

## Silver Birches



もう一度  
此岸に戻れと  
銀の樺  
ガブリエル・ローゼンストック

ガブリエル・ローゼンストック俳句集

## 銀の樺

愛・英・仏・希・日 五ヶ国語版

JUNPA BOOKS

Irish, English, French, Greek, Japanese edition  
Gabriel Rosenstock Haiku Collection

# Silver Birches

Irish (Original) by Gabriel Rosenstock  
English by Gabriel Rosenstock  
French by PY Daniel  
Greek by Sarah Thilykou  
Japanese by Mariko Sumikura, Tatsuo Murata

愛・英・仏・希・日 五ヶ国語版  
ガブリエル・ローゼンストック俳句集

## 銀の樺

アイルランド語（オリジナル）：ガブリエル・ローゼンストック  
英語：ガブリエル・ローゼンストック  
フランス語訳：ダニエル・P Y  
ギリシャ語訳：サラ・ティルコウ  
日本語訳：すみくらまりこ 村田辰夫（監訳）



1

cé hí féin  
níl aithne agam uirthi...  
mo chéile amach anseo

who is she  
i have no knowledge of her...  
my future wife

qui est-elle  
je ne sais rien d'elle...  
ma future femme

ποια είναι αυτή  
δεν την γνωρίζω...  
μέλλουσα σύζυγός μου

あの娘(こ) 誰れ  
知らぬ女 (ひと) なり  
未来妻

2

baintear preab  
as neacha dubha an altáin...  
ga gréine gan choinne

it startles shadowy beings  
of the gorge...  
sudden sunlight

elle réveille les êtres ombragés  
de la gorge...  
lumière soudaine du soleil

τρομάζει αχνές τις σκιές  
μες στο φαράγγι...  
ξαφνική αχτίδα

峡谷の  
影驚かす  
陽の光

3

teacht uair amháin eile  
ar an saol seo...  
beitheanna geala!

to come once more  
into this world...  
silver birches!

venir une fois de plus  
en ce monde...  
bouleaux argentés

να 'ρθεις άλλη μια φορά  
σ' αυτόν τον κόσμο...  
λευκές σημύδες!

もう一度  
此岸（しがん）に戻れと  
銀の樺

4

fuaim  
leathsciathán féileacáin...  
ag bualadh

the sound  
of one butterfly wing...  
flapping

le son  
d'une aile de papillon...  
battant

ο ήχος ενός  
φτερού της πεταλούδας...  
που φτερουγίζει

一匹の  
蝶の羽音が  
パタパタと

5

an turasóir deireanach  
ar domhan...  
uaigneas

the last tourist  
in the world...  
loneliness

le dernier touriste  
au monde...  
Solitude

ο τελευταίος τουρίστας  
στον κόσμο...  
μοναξιά

この世での  
最後の旅人  
寂しくて

6

ag dul suas ag dul síos  
ní thuirsítear riamh sinn...  
aistir shíoraí

ascent and descent  
we never weary...  
endless peregrinations

montée et descente  
nous ne fatiguons jamais...  
pérégrinations incessantes

άνοδος πτώση  
δεν μας κουράζουν...  
προσκυνήματα άπειρα

昇り降り  
倦まずに進む  
我らの旅

7

crann giúise  
ag machnamh ar shaol file...  
sular rugadh é

a pine tree  
meditating on the life of a poet...  
before his birth

un pin  
méditant sur la vie d'un poète...  
avant sa naissance

ένα πεύκο  
στοχάζεται τον ποιητή...  
πριν τη γέννα του

沈思の松  
詩人の生涯  
生誕前も

8

tá an caladh thall  
ag gaoch orainn...  
is an caladh a d'fhágamar

the other shore  
is calling us...  
as is the shore we left

l'autre rive  
nous appelle  
comme celle que nous avons quittée

η άλλη ακτή  
μας καλεί...  
κι αυτή που αφήσαμε

彼の岸が  
我らを呼ぶよ  
此岸去るとき

9

bímis soiléir ina thaobh -  
sinne neacha neamhshaolta  
na todhchaí

let's be clear about it -  
we are the aliens  
of the future

soyons clairs -  
nous sommes les étrangers  
du futur

να είμαστε σαφείς -  
είμαστ' οι εξωγήινοι  
του μέλλοντος

はっきりしよう  
我らは未来の  
エイリアン

10

ár ndámh  
ár n-amhráin – go maire siad –  
ár n-orthaí rúnda

our poetry  
our songs – may they live –  
secret incantations

que notre poésie  
que nos chants - puissent vivre -  
incantations secrètes

η ποίησή μας  
τ' άσματά μας – να ζήσουν –  
μυστικά ξόρκια

我らの詩  
我らの歌よ 生きてあれ  
秘密の化身

11

is beag nach gcloistear  
cogar uaidh...  
ceo istoíche

one can almost hear  
it whisper...  
fog at night

on peut presque l'entendre  
soupirer...  
brouillard la nuit

μπορείς να την ακούσεις  
να ψιθυρίζει...  
ομίχλη νύχτας

聴けるよね  
囁いているよ  
夜の霧

12

uaigneas . . .  
crann á ofráil féin go hiomlán  
chun na réaltaí

alone . . .  
a tree offers itself completely  
to the stars

seul...  
un arbre s'offre entièrement  
aux étoiles

δέντρο μονάχο . . .  
προσφέρει τον εαυτό του  
όλον στα αστέρια

ただ一樹  
身を差し出しぬ  
星空へ

13

as a nduibhe is a n-éadóchas –  
alpann préacháin  
grian na maidine

in their blackness and despair –  
crows gobble up  
the morning sun

dans leur noirceur et leur désespoir -  
les corbeaux gobent  
le soleil matinal

σε μαύρη απελπισία  
κοράκια τρώνε  
πρωί τον ήλιο

暗と闇  
カラスのダミ声  
朝陽かな

14

bhfuil fhios aige  
cad is uaigneas ann?  
dreoilín teaspaigh

does it know  
what loneliness means?  
the grasshopper

sait-elle  
ce que signifie la solitude  
la sauterelle

άραγε ξέρει  
τι σημαίνει μοναξιά;  
πράσινη ακρίδα

知りたるか  
孤独の意味を  
キリギリス

15

go tobann  
aghaidh a athar san uisce fuar –  
iascaire aonair

suddenly  
his father's face in icy water –  
lone fisherman

soudain  
le visage de son père dans l'eau glacée -  
pêcheur solitaire

ξάφνου στον πάγο  
η εικόνα του πατέρα –  
ψαράς μονάχος

突如見る  
氷川の漁師  
亡父の顔

16

sa taibhreamh aige  
is ina chodladh atá sé . . .  
capall cortha

in his dream  
he is asleep . . .  
weary horse

dans son rêve  
il dort...  
cheval fourbu

στο όνειρό του  
κοιμισμένος είναι . . .  
κουρασμένο άλογο

夢のなか  
眠りていたり  
疲れ馬

17

ar dhroim na ciaróige  
lonraíonn solas an domhain  
go léir -

shining  
on the beetle's back -  
the light of all the world

luisant  
sur le dos du scarabée  
la lumière du monde entier

λάμψη στην πλάτη  
ενός σκαθαριού –  
το φως όλου του κόσμου

背が光る  
カブトムシ様  
世の光

18

ciúnas na gealaí . . .  
gach aon soicind  
bristear croí

stillness of the moon . . .  
every second  
a heart is broken

calme de la lune...  
chaque seconde  
un coeur est brisé

γαλήνη της σελήνης . . .  
κάθε στιγμή  
μια καρδιά σπάει

月しずか  
刻一刻と  
胸やぶれ

19

istigh san ubh . . .  
is beag atá ar eolas  
ag an storc

inside the egg . . .  
stork knows little  
or nothing

dans l'oeuf...  
la cigogne ne connaît rien  
ou si peu

εντός του αυγού . . .  
λίγα ξέρει ο πελαργός  
ή τίποτε

卵のなか  
知るや知らぬや  
コウノトリ

20

ligeann do scáil scíth  
ach siúlann tusa ar aghaidh  
go diongbháilte

your shadow rests  
but you walk on  
determined

ton ombre se repose  
mais tu continues de marcher  
Déterminé

η σκιά σου στέκει  
μα εσύ να συνεχίσεις  
αποφάσεις

影宿る  
なお歩みゆく  
心決め

21

ár n-aithreacha dorcha  
a n-aithreacha siúd ...  
cé sinne anois

our dark fathers  
and their fathers ...  
who are we now

nos pères sombres  
et leurs pères...  
qui sommes-nous maintenant

οι μαύροι πατέρες μας  
κι οι πατέρες τους ...  
ποιοι είμαστε τώρα

闇の父  
その父方よ  
我らは何ぞ

22

ní chloiseann ár gcroí  
a thuilleadh . . .  
an tuirne

our hearts  
can no longer hear it ...  
spinning wheel

nos coeurs  
ne peuvent plus l'entendre...  
le rouet

οι καρδιές μας  
δεν την ακούνε πλέον ...  
ανέμη αργαλειού

我らの心  
もはや聞けぬが  
糸車

23

titeann an oíche  
ar dhaoine . . .  
ar éisc freisin

night descends  
on people . . .  
and fishes too

la nuit descend  
sur les gens...  
et les poissons aussi

η νύχτα κατεβαίνει  
μες στους ανθρώπους . . .  
στα ψάρια επίσης

夜は更けぬ  
人のうえにも  
魚にも

24

lastar an tine . . .  
tagann seanscéal  
chun cuimhne

the fire is lit . . .  
an old tale  
remembered

le feu est allumé...  
un vieux conte  
remémoré

η φωτιά ανάβει . . .  
μια παλιά ιστορία  
ανακαλείται

火が燃ゆる  
昔の話  
よみがえる

25

níl ann ach brionglóid  
eitleog san aer . . .  
ach fós

it's all a dream  
a kite in the air . . .  
and yet

ce n'est qu'un rêve  
un cerf-volant en l'air...  
et pourtant

όνειρο όλα  
χαρταετός στον αέρα . . .  
και ακόμη

すべて夢  
虚空の凧よ  
だけど未だ

26

bláthanna an chrainn silíní . . .  
coinníonn a gcuid rún  
chucu féin

cherry blossoms . . .  
keeping their secrets  
to themselves

fleurs de cerisier...  
gardant pour elles  
leurs secrets

άνθη κερασιάς . . .  
κρατούν τα μυστικά τους  
για τον εαυτό τους

桜花  
己が秘密を  
抱きつづけ

27

éagann an solas . . .  
do dhuine éigin áit éigin  
is é an tráthnóna deireanach é

light fades . . .  
for someone somewhere  
it's the last evening

la lumière s'estompe...  
pour quelqu'un quelque part  
c'est le dernier soir

το φως που σβήνει . . .  
για κάποιον κάπου  
το τελευταίο βράδυ

光薄れ  
誰かが 何処かで  
終 (つい) の夜

28

siosarnach tráthnóna . . .  
beocht arís  
i mbriathra na sean

a rustle in the evening . . .  
the words of our ancestors  
coming alive

un bruissement au soir...  
les mots de nos ancêtres  
viennent à la vie

θρόισμα στη δύση . . .  
τα λόγια των προγόνων  
ζωντανεύουν

薄暮　さらさら  
先祖の言葉  
生き返る

29

i bhfad ón domhan seo  
níl ann ach buille an chroí . . .  
snámhóirí oíche

away from this world  
only the beat of the heart is real . . .  
night swimmers

quittant ce monde  
seul le battement du coeur est réel...  
nageurs nocturnes

μακριά απ' τον κόσμο  
μόνο η καρδιά υπάρχει . . .  
κολύμπι νύχτα

世を離れ  
鼓動だけは実（まこと）  
夜の泳者

30

inné  
inniu amárach ...  
monagamas ealaí

yesterday  
today tomorrow ...  
the monogamy of swans

hier  
aujourd'hui demain...  
la monogamie des cygnes

χθες  
σήμερα αύριο ...  
μονογαμία κύκνων

白鳥の  
抱き字 (モノグラム) の昨日  
今日 明日

31

casann an domhan . . .  
an fhuaim a dhéanann bancnótaí  
á bhfáscadh i ndorn

spinning world . . .  
the sound of banknotes  
squeezed in a fist

monde qui tourne...  
un bruit de billets de banque  
serrés dans un poing

γυρίζει ο κόσμος . . .  
ο ήχος των χρημάτων  
σφιχτά στη χούφτα

地球独楽 (ちきゅうごま)  
札 (さつ) を繰る音  
潰しけり

32

bhí fear ann fadó . . .  
is gan de chompánach aige  
ach maide siúil

there was a man once . . .  
his only companion  
a walking stick

il était une fois un homme...  
pour seul compagnon  
une canne

ήταν ένας άντρας . . .  
μόνη συντροφιά του  
ένα μπαστούνι

その男  
唯一の友は  
杖なりし

33

eitlíonn éin go hard . . .  
tagann seanchairde scoile  
chun cuimhne

birds fly high . . .  
old school friends  
come to mind

les oiseaux volent haut...  
de vieux amis d'école  
en mémoire

τα πουλιά πετούν ψηλά . . .  
συμμαθητές μας  
έρχονται στον νου

鳥高く  
昔の学友（とも）が  
胸に来ぬ

34

cá bhfuil sé  
cad atá ann . . .  
ár gceann scríbe

where is it  
what is it . . .  
our destination

où est-ce  
qu'est-ce...  
notre destination

πού είναι  
ποιος είναι . . .  
ο προορισμός μας

そは何処ぞ  
そは何なりや  
我らが終焉

35

maide siúil . . .  
cá bhfuil sé anois  
torann an bhile a leagadh

walking stick . . . .  
where now the sound  
of the felled tree

canne...  
où maintenant le son  
de l'arbre abattu ?

ένα μπαστούνι . . . .  
πού είναι τώρα ο ήχος  
πεσμένου δέντρου

歩行杖  
いまや枯木の  
音がせり

36

de lá is d'oíche  
lúbarnaíl gan stad . . .  
nathracha na haigne

night and day  
they slither and crawl . . .  
snakes of the mind

nuit et jour  
ils ondulent et rampent...  
les serpents de l'esprit

νύχτα και μέρα  
γλιστρούν και έρπουν . . .  
φίδια του μυαλού

夜に日に  
這いずりまわる  
思惟の蛇

37

fothrach caisleáin . . .  
eitlíonn éin  
isteach is amach

ruined castle . . .  
birds fly in  
and out

château en ruine...  
des oiseaux y entrent  
et en sortent

ερειπωμένο κάστρο . . .  
τα πουλιά πετούν  
μέσα και έξω

荒城や  
鳥が飛び来て  
去りゆきぬ

38

pianadóir óg . . .  
níor theagmhaigh sí fós  
leis na heochracha dubha

young pianist . . .  
the black keys  
untouched

jeune pianiste  
les touches noires  
non appuyées

νεαρός πιανίστας . . .  
τα μαύρα πλήκτρα  
ανέγγιχτα

ピアニスト嬢  
黒鍵いまだ  
触れられず

39

ní go fóill  
ní go fóill . . .  
préacháin ag teacht abhaile

not yet  
not yet . . .  
homecoming of crows

pas encore  
pas encore...  
retour au nid des corbeaux

όχι ακόμη  
όχι ακόμη . . .  
επιστροφή κορακιών

未だ来ぬ  
未だ来ぬなり  
カラスの帰還

40

níor líonadh fós í  
an ghloine scoir . . .  
uaigneas

not yet filled  
the parting glass . . .  
loneliness

pas encore emplí  
le verre des adieux...  
solitude

δεν γέμισε ακόμη  
το τελευταίο ποτήρι . . .  
μοναξιά

満たされぬ  
別れ盃  
寂しけり



### **Gabriel Rosenstock,**

Born c. 1949, Kilfinane, Co.Limerick, in postcolonial Ireland. Poet, tankaist, haikuist, novelist, essayist, playwright, author/translator of over 180 books, mostly in Irish(Gaelic). Member Aosdána (Irish academy of arts & letters). Lineage Holder of Celtic Buddhism, Former Chairman Poetry Ireland. Prolific translator into Irish of international poetry (among others Ko Un, Seamus Heaney, K. Satchidanandan, Rabindranath Tagore, Muhammad Iqbal, Hilde Domin, Peter Huchel etc.); plays(Beckett, Frisch, Yeats); songs (Bob Dylan, Kate Bush, The Pogues, Leonard Cohen, Bob Marley, Van Morrison, Joni Mitchell, David Bowie, Bruce Springsteen, Nick Drake as well as over a hundred art songs. Recent haiku-related titles include Emptiness with American photographer Ron Rosenstock (Long Exposure Press), Rare Times with Dublin photographer Jason Symes (Kindle), a book of ekphrastic haiku in response to the controversial collages of Karl Waldmann, Judgement Day (The Onslaught Press), haiku in response to a photograph of the Very Rev. Chögyam Trungpa dressed in Highland regalia, Antlered Stag of Dawn (The Onslaught Press), a book of haiku-

awakening for young readers, Haiku, más é do thoil é (An Gúm), a version in English of that title Fluttering their way into my head (Evertime) and haiku in response to a musical score by Ross McKessock Orpheus in the Underpass (The Onslaught Press).

His most recent volume of poems is Glengower: Poems for No One in Irish and English. (The Onslaught Press). Rosenstock's creative, collaborative work with visual artists and photographers has featured on many platforms, such as The Culturium. His latest collaborative title, with Kashmiri artist Masood Hussain, is Walk with Gandhi, haiku and commentary.

## **Sarah Thilykou—Greek**

Her poetry collections are: \*The world in Three Acts \*(Athens 2017), \*Duet of Islands \*(JUNPA 2018), a Japanese - English collaboration with Maki Starfield, also in Spanish and Portuguese, \*Their Name \*(Athens 2019), \*Woman in the Garden \*(Athens 2020), \*Antigone in Haiti\* (Nikas Publ. 2021), \*One \*(Nikas Publ. 2022). She has translated Abhay K's \*100 Great Indian Poems \*(Nikas Publ. 2023) and Gabriel Rosenstock's \*I am Jonah \*(Nikas Publ. 2024). Forthcoming poetic synthesis \*Molyvos \*(Nikas Publ. 2025). She is a founding member of PEN Greece.

**Mariko Sumikura**—*Japanese*

Poet, essayist, translator. Graduated from Ristumeikan University.

Representative of Japan Universal Poet's Association and Chief Editor Poetic-Bridge of Ama-Hashi (online). Published in *Kokoro Kaoru Hito*, *Yume Tsumugu Hito*, *Hikari Oru Hito*, *Ai Matou Hito* and *Tsuchi dakuMasuraa*. Mariko was born in Kyoto.

**Daniel Py** -French

born in 1948, Orléans, France.

A professional classical musician - retired.

Co-founder of the A.F.H. (French Haiku Association) in 2003.

Co-founder of the « Kukai de Paris » ( « Paris Kukai », monthly haiku meeting in the heart of Paris) in 2007.

Has published poetry and haiku booklets ; translations from english (i.e. Blyth's first volume of *Haiku*) and spanish ; anthologies about haiku in various french publishing houses (Eclats d'Encre, Pippa, Unicité).

## あとがき

ガブリエル・ローゼンストックの俳句は、これまで5000句余も訳してきたが、2019年に発表された作品がとりわけ素晴らしい。幸いにもJUNPAは作者の許可を得て五ヶ国語版「銀の樺」を出版する機会を得た。

これは日本が誇る「能」の美意識に通じる句集となっている。どの作品も繊細な美意識と深い意趣という従来の作風の清澄化、さらに幽玄の境地を見せてくれる。幽玄とは日本特有の美意識であるが、能においては超越した世界の深遠美を意味する。哀しみと喪失に現れる悲しげな美を含んでいる。

作者は2018年の秋に重篤な病に罹り奇跡的に回復された。執筆に復帰されて生まれた俳句がこの本に納められている。「銀の樺」というタイトルは、

もう一度  
此岸に戻れと  
銀の樺

という句からきている。彼岸はこの世からあの世へ行くときに渡るといわれる三途の川の対岸のことで、日本人には容易に理解できるものである。

通読していただければ、ガブリエル・ローゼンストックが「詩人が希求する境地」に達したことが理解していたるに違いない。また能舞台のように充実した読後感が得られるであろう。

すみくらまりこ

## Afterword

I have translated over 5000 haiku of Gabriel Rosenstock up to now. Therefore I realize that his work produced in 2019 is fantastic. Luckily to say, JUNPA got his permission to publish Silver Birches in five languages.

This is haiku which connects with the sense of beauty in a Noh play in which Japan takes pride. Everyone agrees that he shows a delicate sense of beauty and purified words. Readers will find the Noh play's profound beauty of the transcendental world, which includes sorrowful beauty in grief and loss. The author suffered a severe disease in the autumn of 2018 and recovered miraculously several months after. Since his recovery, he has produced again haiku of great value, and many can be found in this book. The title Silver Birches derives from a haiku of his

to come once more  
into this world ...  
silver birches!

When you read this book, you will see "the supreme state to which poets aspire" and which I'm certain that Gabriel Rosenstock has reached. There is a story in this book and like a Noh play it will linger long with the reader.

Translator Mariko Sumikura

# APPENDIX

Gabriel Rosenstock in Japan (2012)









ガブリエル・ローゼンストック短詩集  
サンユウカ

Gabriel Rosenstock Haiku Collection

Irish, English, French, Greek, Japanese edition

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