

森田孟歌集

『青い渚』『白銀の葉』『吹き尖る峰』『通奏低音』より
— 21 Tanka Songs by MORITA Takeshi —

喜多文子

Trans. KITA Yoshiko

Deeply influenced by Kondo Yoshimi, one of the most notable contemporary tanka poets, MORITA Takeshi became a fresh young member of Yoshimi's innovative tanka school called Mirai when he was 19 years old. Since then, Morita as a tanka poet has published seven tanka books of his songs so far: *New Haven* (1978), *Blue Shore* (1980), *Thawing Clouds* (1982), *Silver Leaves* (1992), *A Sharpened Peak* (2001), *The Bass Continued* (2001) and *Yes, but the Wind* (2005).

Drawing inspiration from things surrounding him such as nature, the activities as a literary critic and family, Morita delicately probes into questions of his new understanding of the world today in which he lives searching after “hardness” as his belief. Underlying of such creative meditation is a tensile strength and sustaining sincerity. His tanka offers their readers a chance to muse on themselves and helps them carry their lives forward just as Morita does in his faith.

However, there is more than those offered in his poems. At whatever point one reads the tanka songs related to his family, the poet's words show us how his poetic sensibility and originality have been cultivated and nourished in his everyday life as a distinguished scholar, teacher, father, husband and

son.

The sequence of tanka songs here follows Morita's personal history. He has been thus composing poems at all seasons of the year and of his life.

雨^は霽れて図書館に読書進みし日大きく傘を振りふり帰りぬ

The rain stopped
In a library my reading went well
Now go home
Swinging an umbrella.

*

雪山の輝き迫る汽車の窓トンネルを越せば母の待つ町

Snowy mountains shine
Overspreading the window of a train—
In a town beyond the tunnel
My mother is waiting for me.

*

処理しきれぬ感情一つ持ち越して今朝は齒磨く血の滲むまで

An emotion
Was carried over to this morning—
I brush my teeth
Until blood is oozing out.

*

冬錆びし棚田^{きだ}段なす山峽を煙ひとすじ風に従う

In winter valley
Terraced fields lie waste—
A streak of smoke is following
The wind.

*

襞襞に光を溜める松毬を娘は見せに来る拵^てげたる掌に

My daughter
Wants me to see a pine cone
Gathering sunlight in each lamella
On her little palm.

*

吹かれ来し黄の輝きは娘の髪のリボンに止まりて秋蝶となる

A golden yellow blown
toward a ribbon in my daughter's hair
Transforms into
An autumn butterfly.

*

妻の磨る墨の香の部屋ふかふかと冬陽溢れて異郷の如し

The scent
Of my wife's calligraphy ink fills the room
In the calm sunlight of winter
I'm a stranger.

*

夕焼けと妻の叫べばヴェランダに三人の子らがなだれ集まる

A sunset!
The moment my wife exclaims
Three children rush onto a veranda
All at once.

*

麦秋の中を錬りゆくポオ論に肉太の蛾のきらぎらとして

Little by little
In the time of barley harvest
My essay on Poe has been polished —
A huge moth glares.

*

安全網なりし母あり五十年生き来し吾に空を与えて

I was given
The sky by my dear mother
Acting as a sanctuary
As long as fifty years.

*

言い交わさぬ日日を重ねる子には子の父には父の哀しみがあり

Daily life is steady
Without explaining in words —
Children cherish their sadness
So does their father.

*

静かなる影を湛える堅牢は時代時代の苦しみの華

Hardness
Contains a still shadow
Times endure their hardship
The essence of spirits.

*

対岸の稜線を白く越し来たる雲崩れ初む昼たけゆきて

A white cloud travelling
Over a mountain ridge of the opposite shore
Begins to collapse
As noon ripens.

*

稲刈りのすみし田の面に霜ふりて鷺に厳しき朝の光の

After rice reaping
The field is covered with frost
A heron must suffer
In the morning light.

*

とりどりに色塗り分けし風船を今朝は心の空に放ちぬ

I set the balloons
Tinged with various tones of colour
Free in the sky of my heart
This morning.

*

こぼれ落ちしままに消え去りゆきしもの春の疾風^{はやて}に吹き尖る峰

There is something
Fallen out of me and has gone—
Exposing itself to a spring gale
A peak is sharpened.

*

春雷には遅き轟きとどろく日ユーゴに空爆始まると知る

On the day
A clap of late spring thunder broke
The outbreak of air raid in Yugoslavia
I learned.

*

水蒼く湛えて白き瀬を立てて夏の流れあり常に心に

A summer stream
Is full of azure water
Splashing a white spray—
Always in my mind.

*

授業了えて戻るキャンパス秋雲に小鳥木伝う夕べユリノキ

Across the evening campus
I walk after lecturing all today—
A bird is jumping along a liriodendron
With autumn clouds.

*

膨らみていつか雪崩も産みゆかん細ほそ雪のつぶて造る日

I make
A tiny stone of snow
Believing it to swell into
Snowslide someday.

*

長き日々を勤しみし先生平和への希求を通奏低音として

My dear master

Worked hard day after day

Longing for peace

His bass continued.