

HAIKU/TANKA SUBMISSIONS FOR 750TH SHINRAN SHONIN MEMORIAL, FEBRUARY, 2010

MARGARET CHULA – PORTLAND HAIKU

nothing moves but water
and the golden carp
time passes

days grow shorter
the keening of crickets
in the dim light

not seeing it
till darkness fills the pond
the white carp

connecting the Kannon's
one thousand and one arms
spider webs

this sadness—then
seeing the light
on the maple leaves

sudden gust
the sway of bamboo
one leaf detaches

chanting
the Heart Sutra
crackle of incense

wind through bamboo
the unwavering back
of the Zen master

last day of the year
the incense ash
leans towards Buddha

TANKA BY MARGARET CHULA

yesterday's desires
what were they?
a vase
without flowers
holds only itself *

from the garden
a handful of pink roses
and mint for my tea
strains of a Mozart concerto
just this, just this

at the altar

of the hundred-armed Kannon
the priest hands me
a Satsuma orange
left for the Buddha

my turquoise mala
unravels on the altar
the incense stick
still releases fragrance
after it burns out

walking the path
through the dark garden
moonlight shines
on the flower
with no scent **

BRIAN NAGATA - OAKLAND

Though I go to hell,
Amida is there waiting!
How grateful I am....

Of all life's wonders,
Namo Amida Butsu
Found its way to me....

Because I am me,
Amida guides me along,
How lucky I am!

I know nothing but
Amida is here for me
Thank you, Namo Ah...

I am so grateful,
For Bachan's love brought me to
Amida Buddha.

CARRIE MORI, IDAHO-OREGON

hot summer dusk
the beat of wood on leather
memories awaken

silent hondo
gong pierces then pulsates
relections blossom

ALOVERA, VON RYAN V. – UNITED ARAB EMIRATES

Dews gathering strength
Weighing down the blades of grass
Waiting perfect fall.

GEORGE P. LIN – Los Angeles

Buddha Teaches Us
Compassion Is In Our Hearts
We Have Learned His Way

KENT MATSUDA – ENMANJI

Illumination.
Namo Amida Butsu.
Appreciation.

MRS NOYE IMAMURA (92 YEARS) HALF MOON BAY HAIKU (her poems were written in Japanese and translated by Rev. Umezu)

1. I conduct daily services every morning and evening. How peaceful it is!
2. At my old age, I realize the peaceful compassion – the unhindered path.
3. This gift of life reminds me of the peaceful nembutsu.
4. Receiving my Buddhist Name of “Splendid Flower”, how peaceful it is!

TANKA

1. Peace, the theme of the 750th memorial service, is inviting me.
2. How shameful that I do not know what peace means as I worry about my life and death at this old age.
3. I just think of Peace while wishing for the peaceful observance of the memorial.
4. I wish for the long-lasting Light in order to eliminate the darkness for many generations to come.
5. It is our Peaceful dream to pass on the Dharma-light as we row a boat in the rough ocean.
6. Tears flow from my eyes as I put my hands together in deep appreciation.
7. Encountering the hard-to-encounter teaching, I live my life keeping the Peaceful six-character Name as my shinjin.
8. Using the moon and flowers as examples, the Peaceful and profound Nembutsu Dharma is being expounded.
9. How Peaceful my life of old age is as the Buddha’s way illumines.
10. “Deep Sorrow”, “Compassion”, “Benevolence”, and more and more Buddhist terms I hear. How Peaceful it is.
11. The fruit of people’s hardship and the light of determination is Jodo Shinshu.

JEANIE SHIMOZONO – ORANGE COUNTY

A gust of cold air
Rings of glitter
Sprinkle pools of gold

His journey was good
He struggled for ten more years
And ten after that

Skimmer, black and white
Gliding swiftly, rippling by
Quiets every thought

Do now what you can,
Time wraps itself around us
Ever so quickly

Striking for my truth
The clang of the bell resounds
Come as you are, now

The mind at war seeks
The sanctuary of peace

A dance in a dream

Be a torn down dam
Together Namandabu
Let the waters flow

STOCKTON DHARMA SCHOOL

KAYLA MARTIN

In the blowing wind
The tree will sway to and fro
Then, the leaves will fall

When the clouds are gray
We will shelter in our homes
Maybe it will rain

MARISA PETERS

The trees are swaying
To and fro in the cold wind
The leaves are falling

Tree tops high above
Almost reaching for the sky
Hidden in the clouds

ALEX MILFORD

The wind is blowing
Through the green willow trees
And shining on the water

The mole and the rat
Are sitting on the river
Waiting for badger

ANNIKA ESTRADA

The artist works hard
The art show is almost here
It's his turn to shine

The beautiful pot
Flowers blooming in the Spring
And, soon they will wilt

COREY LOUIE

The llama walks slow
In the rain, it looks for food
But it is happy

The earth starts to shake
Trees are flying crazily
The people stay calm

TYLER NAKAUE

Lightning flashes bright
The rain plummets to the earth
Thunder is booming

The fish are swimming
The people use flies for bait
Fish have predators

DAMIEN LEVITT

The snow is falling
It piles on a mountaintop
Gleaming in the sun

The ocean is blue
It is filled with salt water
Watch out for the waves

KENTON SHIMOZAKI

The sea flows smoothly
Bringing waves upon the land
Crashing on the shore

The rain hits the street
Dripping past my window pane
Silently tapping

KRISTIN LAM

Silent winter nights
Cool, crisp and slightly spooky
The best breathing air

Bright, youthful flowers
Representing emotion
Touching every heart

MEGAN DOI

Lightning strikes the sky
The thunder rocks and rolls, and,
Rain keeps the rhythm

Fireflies ignite
Glowing in the midnight sky
Like a flying light

BROOKE SHIMASAKI

There are willow trees
Swaying in the breeze
They are beautiful

Many flowers grow
As far as the eye can see
They are so gorgeous

BRIAN ITO-KILEY

Siddhartha sat down
Under the huge Bodhi tree
And was enlightened

Spider spins a web
Carefully knitting his string
He hopes a fly comes

LILIA ISHIHARA

The birds are flying
So gracefully in the sky
I love to watch them

BRANDON TAM

All of a sudden
The bird flies out of the tree
And stretches his wings

SO. ALAMEDA COUNTY – DHARMA SCHOOL

EMI YAMASAKI - 8

reading a good book
never ending excitement
wild, peaceful, fun

KAILEN MARK – 12

In a big forest
Sitting under a huge tree
Noise of animals
Nice chattering, twittering
The forest alive, soothing

GARRETT MARK – 9

floating in a pool
on an inflatable raft
extremely peaceful
peacefully camping outside
raining on the tent lightly

KAITLYN JANG – 12

nature, forest, park
chant together with Sensei
meditate calmly

TRENT OSAKI - 9

Doing nothing happily
I'm sitting down quietly
sleeping so calmly

PJ KAREN – 9

meditate alone
in a quiet place you like
living things around
sleeping downstairs on the couch
not waking up 'til breakfast

NATALIE MURAI – 8

reading everywhere
feel calm, peaceful, quiet, glad
happy fun to read

RYAN KASAI – 10

thinking of nothing
nothing is peaceful
have an empty mind

BRENT SAKIHARA – 8

peacefulness in woods
trees swaying faster in peace
peacefulness is here

WEST LOS ANGELES

CHRISTOPHER PEDERSEN

Cherry blossom tree
Hear bees fly to the flowers
You can smell honey

Waving field of grass
There is water under it
Skinny roots below

SALLEA UNGER – ARIZONA

in white desert glare
spot of shade provided by
saguaro Buddha

MINAE CABRAL – LODI

Haiku

Fall leaves fill the sky,
The smell of autumn lingers,
But for one moment.

Tanka

Follow the wisdom
of the Amida Buddha,
and tranquility
of the peace he gives to us
will guide us all forever.

Filling up with peace,
the serene feel around me,
clean, fresh air to breathe,
listening to the world's song,
is refreshing to us all.

Slow down day by day,
to listen to the whole world
sing it's harmony.
The peace and tranquility
of the nature around us.

A peaceful late night.
Walking along a back road.
The trees to our left,
a lake to our right, shining.
Feeling at home with nature.

REV. DON CASTRO – SEATTLE

Shinran where are you?
Returning like the waves of...
San Francisco Bay?
"When saying the Nembutsu,
Know that I am also there."

WALNUT GROVE ENTRIES

CHRISTY ISHIZUKA

Sitting in the pew
Listening with open mind
I feel one with all

Flowers rice and fruit
Offerings on the altar
Buddha gives back light

WALNUT GROVE BUDDHIST CHURCH DHARMA SCHOOL

Stillness in water
Everything in harmony
Colored leaves float by -

WALNUT GROVE BUDDHIST CHURCH ADULT STUDY GROUP

Leaving the city
Casting aside the chatter
Awareness of space
Into which enters calmness
My mind becomes undisturbed
-

ROY MAYHUGH

High and far away
The wandering geese call home
Lightness now descends -

HOLLY PAULS

Fading dusky light
Cranes glide on lofty currents
Another day ends

SHARON YOKOI

Leaves turning color
Everything now quieted
Glorious weather

Touched by morning sun
Rivers rise silently
Cool and beautiful

Trees whistling faintly
The lap of the deep water
Silence suspended

Beautiful old fields
Turning of the leaves
Tranquil dusky light

Burning impatience
Stilled by Amida Buddha
Peaceful acceptance

Small gestures offered
A simple significance
Acts of gratitude

PAMELA BABUSCI – ROCHESTER

praying to Buddha
in solitude
i feel weightless
like falling petals
under the Milky Way

BERKELEY BUDDHIST TEMPLE DS**Maya Kato, Freshman**

the wind blew softly
and waves poured over the rocks
the sun is setting

Kyle Honda, Sophomore

In the silent night
Leaves fall and blow in the wind
People are sleeping

Colin Wong, Sophomore

Muscles burning, yet -
miles, time: gone in Nirvana
perfect runner's high

Kaz Lewis, Sophomore

Sticky Summer breeze
Too hot to function, but still
the true Summer bliss

Michael Adachi, Freshman

The bell rings at 3,
while riding home on the bus,
we take a long nap

Kevin Honda, Junior

Quiet and Silent
Little ripples in the pond
So calm and tranquil

PRIYANKA BHOWMICK

range of hills covered,
with snow, an amazing view,
soft cotton on sale.

darkness of the room,
the curtain soars with the breeze,
haunting spirit flies.

beyond dark grey clouds,
hosting anchor, the thunder,
rain, the performer.

LJUBOMIR DRAGOVIC – Bosnia-Herzegovina

village cemetery
a thin rabbit's ears stick out
from behind the burial mound

strollers' contours
in the calm reflection
autumn sun

like a blade
the night train passes by
dark emptiness

left without its post
the old scarecrow has become
a cold road sign

I hear two voices:
from the depth of a shell
the depth of the sea

cloudless sky
a hitchhiker's thumb
fades on the asphalt

wiggling path
a dragonfly trembles
hunting its shadow

heavy sky
a lettuce leaf bent under
a snail's burden

asphalt-paved road

a donkey roars
with the same zeal

MICHELE HARVEY – BROOKLYN

turning over
to the muted underside,
a scarlet leaf
along this windblown trail
of what I wanted in life

RUBY IZUMI – MONTEREY

Oneness is within
Peace and Tranquility a
Realization

PATRICIA MACHMILLER

the morning's coolness
wrapping each forest thing in
blue tranquility

tranquil afternoon—
the bayou and the heron
each one listening

in tree bowers, fog
seemingly comes from nowhere
moving peacefully

the tranquil heron—
suddenly only spreading
rings of golden light

forest solitude—
heads of the fiddleneck ferns
tranquilly unfold

LJUDMILA MILENA MRSIC – CROATIA

among the duckweed
still and green is everything
but the eyes of frog

VASILE MOLDOVAN

New Year's dream
for any haiku poet:
Shinran Shonin

The last word
on the dying soldier's lips:
PEACE

Between the battle lines
an olive tree blossomed...
just here

Peace Delegation-
a flock of white doves crossing
the battle line

Heroes' Place-
a disabled soldier
feeding pigeons

Making a halt
in the ancient hermitage-
Peace and Tranquility

Mountain monastery-
the prayer bell bordering
with the sky

BORIS NAZANSKY – CROATIA

night sky
full of newborn stars
campfire

fog shrouding the hills
the flock of wild geese
knows its way

PREDRAG PESIC – SERBIA

fog shrouding the hills
the flock of wild geese
knows its way

The shadow of acacia
blossoming with
scentless flowers

Blossoming branches
of my neighbor's sour cherry
in my garden

croaking jackdaws
across the bridge the sun
enters the clouds

by the puddle
one bird different
from all the others

Up to your house
the rain follows me --
and a stray dog

a bird arrives
when children leave
the white cherry tree

at the gate
a dog calls his master
with the barks

fishermen step
on the cracks in the boat
full of scales

thrown out of the house
on the fire-wood
a birdcage

it doesn't rustle any more
is the ripe cherry tree
ashamed of the birds?

STJEPAN ROZIC – CROATIA

by the music school
Vivaldi taking a walk
through the spring park
white coffee table
on the lawn – the breeze browsing
through the newspaper
after the spring rain
the valley is flooded with
the nightingale's song

San Jose Betsuin 6th Grade Dharma School Students

Dylan Blum

Watching the Shinran
Helping him think smartly smart
After Shinran's Death

Livia Shih Umeda

Watching nature go
After sunset leaves the sky
Darkness falls today

Connor Mukai

I work at Obon
I like to eat at Obon
I dance at Obon

Tyler Onishi

In gassho I say
Namu Amida Butsu
It is a prayer

Ashley McDonald

I love buddhism
Founder of Jodo Shinshu
Mt. Hiei Japan

Jacob King

When I meditate
I am peaceful and calmer
Faith in Amida

Linsday Nishikawa

Lost parents at young age
Went to Mount Hiei
Peaceful and Faithful

Alison Shikada

Amida Buddha
Namu amida butsu
His loving teachings

Cammi Kaneko

Amida is gone
Forever he walked from me
His teachings will stay

Mitchell Tsudama

I bow during church
I smell the incense at church
The fresh air is nice

Drew Johnston

As a fish swims fast
Round the corner eagerly
Watching the flies dance

Mitchell Kitazumi

When I do gassho
Namu-amida-butus
Is the phrase I say

SLAVKO SEDLAR – SERBIA

My childhood oak
blasted by the war: now birds
make nests beneath the stars

Cows from pasture
follow the sun, together,
disappearing beyond the hill

Waiting for concrete
a mixer mixes water
with pieces of the sun

A drought year
Following the moves of my pen,
a fly drinks the ink

New Year. . .
My old shoe
leaks

KEITH SIMMONDS – UNITED KINGDOM

majestic beauty
illuminating the dawn:
tribute to nature

deep in the soul:
the light of freedom
keeps glowing

metamorphosis...
lights burning
in the darkness

a maze of beauty
dangling in nature...
feast of the senses

deep in thought
mind body and soul ~
a symphony

tender beauty
basks in the glow of love...
a sunlit garden

scented dawn:
an invitation to
a peaceful prayer

TIFFANY STRONG (13) – WEST LOS ANGELES

Lying on my back
Watching the clouds rolling by
A breeze on my face

A warm summer day
Children splashing in the pool
Kicking back with friends
People tanning all around
I feel so blissful and calm

SASA VAZIC - SERBIA

to Katmandu...

where people fly overhead
with angelic eyes

house of gods
the door the color of rainbow
lightening up the road

the dark nook of the world
full of cobweb -- I am
a fly caught in it

summer shower
carrying a broken branch
full of clouds

white mountaintop
a flock of ravens
drives the clouds away

slowly sinking
into oblivion --
the setting sun

a wounded woman --
her pale hand tenderly moves
to touch a dying baby

red sky
all clouds hidden
behind eternity

CYNTHIA WONG – OREGON

The nembutsu is
Calling out and being called
Both at the same time
Namu Amida Butsu
Namu Amida Butsu