

あなたの

一本の黒髪が

地平線ちへいせんになりました

One strands of your black hair, has become my horizon....

363.1 地平線 ちへいせん horizon

「まじや」
汽車 TRAIN

ぼくの詩のなかを

いつも汽車がはりてゆく

その汽車には たぶん

おまえが乗^のってらるのだろう

でも

ぼくにはその汽車に乗^のることができません

かなしみは

いつも外から

見送^{みおく}るものだ

"The Train"

In my poems
there is always a train,
and I think
that you are on that train —
but, I cannot get on it,
only always gaze in sadly
from the outside.

I first began to read the literature of ancient Japan through the interpretive filter of English translation. I then began to translate poetry myself as I progressed with learning the Japanese language. The following poem and its translation is an example of the classical poetry that has had such a large impact on the style and development of my own creative writing. This poem, by Fujiwara no Teika, was written in 1232 and appears in translation in *Japanese Court Poetry*.

Although I heard

Au wa

From the outset that a meeting

Wakare to

Can only mean to part,

Kikinagara

I gave myself to love for you

Akatsuki shirade

Unconscious of the coming dawn.

Hito ni koikeri.

(Miner and Brower 271)

My own interpretation and translation of the original is:

For us to meet

Was for us to part

Though hearing of this

Closing my eyes to the bright moon of dawn

I gave myself up to love of you

I chose to translate the poem this way because the original work's character for "dawn" is made of the two characters for "bright" and "moon". I felt that the expression "bright moon" in English translation preserved some of the original language's visual essence.