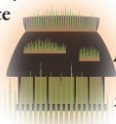




When I come back to my hometown after many years so the flowers bloom, the birds sing, and the wind is breezy. The creek by the gate whispers the same as the old days. But there live no people in old home.



故郷の廃家

The autumn nights are winding down in my travel. I feel sadness and I am troubled alone. I miss my hometown and I miss my parents. I path the home bound in my dream.



旅愁

犬童球溪 / オードウエイ

Deep autumn
the Neighbor
How does he live?



芭蕉

秋深き
隣は何を
する人ぞ

Eat a persimmon
and Temple bell rings
at Horyuji



正岡

柿くへば
鐘が鳴るなり
法隆寺