

9th Grade Haiku on “Waves at Matsushima” by Sotatsu



Sun, warm like summer.
The sun and moon each take turns
Lightning the big sky.

Cold, swirling water,
Crashing against rocky land.
The dark sky is calm.

Up on the cold mount
The tree feels the freezing chill.
The tree looks like night.

The moon is like ice.
It's so cold it's breathtaking.
The moon warms the night.

I feel very blue.
The tree does not feel so blue.
I watch the snow fall.

Frozen sea stands still.
Time stops as the white snow falls.
The fire and I move.

The water ice cold
Catches my breath and grabs hold.
Winter is coming.

White sheet covering,
Covered the tree quietly,
Light and darkness both.

Snow is falling.
It blankets the browning grass.
Winter has arrived.

With cold comes regret.
With regret, a sense of hope
For something bright: Spring!

Snow is coming down.
Everything is cold and white.
The cabin is warm.



Bored like every day,
Bright sun is burning my face.
But wait, a storm comes.

The boat was resting.
Even the blue water rests,
But a storm will come.

There was a red boat.
It randomly disappeared.
It was like magic.

The water was light.
It looked like a piece of glass.
The bird broke the glass.



The moon glows tonight
And the waves reflect that light.
They shine together.

The shining water,
Shining like the moon at night,
Beautiful as snow.

The island seems calm.
The moon brightens the night sky.
The moon is a lamp.

The moon is so bright.
The moon is like the ocean.
Both twinkle at night.

The night is so cold.
Like a jewel in the sky,
The moon shines so bright.

The moon is a pearl.
The dark sky is an oyster,
But time will change it.

It is dark outside.
The moon looks like a bright jewel.
It makes me feel good.

Silent, summer night.
The waves sing a lullaby,
The moon beaming bright