

# Matsuo Basho

## Quotes

*Moon, Spring, Water, Flower, Ponds, Tree, Fall, Autumn, Butterfly, Wind, Sound, Clouds, Summer, Years, Nature, Night, Inspirational, Rain, Two, Winter*

Do not seek to follow in the footsteps of the wise. Seek what they sought.

~Matsuo Basho

Real poetry, is to lead a beautiful life. To live poetry is better than to write it.

~Matsuo Basho

Every day is a journey, and the journey itself is home.

~Matsuo Basho

No matter where your interest lies, you will not be able to accomplish anything unless you bring your deepest devotion to it.

~Matsuo Basho

Mountain-rose petals Falling, falling, falling now... Waterfall music

~Matsuo Basho

Before enlightenment, chopping wood and carrying water. After enlightenment, chopping wood and carrying water.

~Matsuo Basho

There is nothing you can see that is not a flower; there is nothing you can think that is not the moon.

~Matsuo Basho

Sitting quietly, doing nothing, Spring comes, and the grass grows, by itself.

~Matsuo Basho

Make the universe your companion, always bearing in mind the true nature of things-mountains and rivers, trees and grasses, and humanity-and enjoy the falling blossoms and the scattering leaves.

~Matsuo Basho

Learn how to listen as things speak for themselves.

~Matsuo Basho

A flute with no holes is not a flute.

~Matsuo Basho

Come, butterfly It's late- We've miles to go together.

~Matsuo Basho

From the pine tree, learn of the pine tree; And from the bamboo, of the bamboo

~Matsuo Basho

An autumn night - don't think your life didn't matter.

~Matsuo Basho

Even in Kyoto/Hearing the cuckoo's cry/I long for Kyoto

~Matsuo Basho

Without bitterest cold that penetrates to the very bone, how can plum blossoms send forth their fragrance all over the world?

~Matsuo Basho

The desire to break the silence with constant human noise is, I believe, precisely an avoidance of the sacred terror of that divine encounter.

~Matsuo Basho

the universe and its beings are a complementarity of empty infinity, intimate interrelationships, and total uniqueness of each and every being.

~Matsuo Basho

He who creates three to five haiku poems during a lifetime is a haiku poet. He who attains to completes ten is a master.

~Matsuo Basho

The haiku that reveals seventy to eighty percent of its subject is good. Those that reveal fifty to sixty percent, we never tire of.

~Matsuo Basho

The oak tree: not interested in cherry blossoms.

~Matsuo Basho

Year by year, the monkey's mask reveals the monkey

~Matsuo Basho

Between our two lives there is also the life of the cherry blossom.

~Matsuo Basho

With every gust of wind, the butterfly changes its place on the willow.

~Matsuo Basho

The temple bell stops but I still hear the sound coming out of the flowers.

~Matsuo Basho

How much I desire! Inside my little satchel, the moon, and flowers

~Matsuo Basho

Nothing in the cry of cicadas suggests they are about to die

~Matsuo Basho

From all these trees, in the salads, the soup, everywhere, cherry blossoms fall.

~Matsuo Basho

Plunge Deep enough in order to see something that is hidden and glimmering.

~Matsuo Basho

Learn about a pine tree from a pine tree, and about a bamboo plant from a bamboo plant.

~Matsuo Basho

Seek not the paths of the ancients; Seek that which the ancients sought.

~Matsuo Basho

April's air stirs in Willow-leaves...a butterfly Floats and balances

~Matsuo Basho

Every moment of life is the last, every poem is a death poem.

~Matsuo Basho

When your consciousness has become ripe in true zazen-pure like clear water, like a serene mountain lake, not moved by any wind-then anything may serve as a medium for realization.

~Matsuo Basho

A weathered skeleton in windy fields of memory, piercing like a knife.

~Matsuo Basho

Why so scrawny, cat? Starving for fat fish or mice... Or backyard love?

~Matsuo Basho

Calm and serene The sound of a cicada Penetrates the rock.

~Matsuo Basho

Orchidbreathing incense into butterfly's wings

~Matsuo Basho

The basis of art is change in the universe.

~Matsuo Basho

Friends part forever wild geese lost in cloud

~Matsuo Basho

The journey itself is my home.

~Matsuo Basho

Old pond, frog jumps in - plop.

~Matsuo Basho

Spring rain leaking through the roof dripping from the wasps' nest.

~Matsuo Basho

How I long to see among dawn flowers, the face of God.

~Matsuo Basho

Clapping my hands with the echoes the summer moon begins to dawn.

~Matsuo Basho

All my friends / viewing the moon - / an ugly bunch.

~Matsuo Basho

Do not resemble me - Never be like a musk melon Cut in two identical halves.

~Matsuo Basho

Learn the rules, and then forget them.

~Matsuo Basho

Come, see the true flowers of this pained world.

~Matsuo Basho

Year's end still in straw hat and sandals

~Matsuo Basho

Awakened at midnight by the sound of the water jar cracking from the ice

~Matsuo Basho

The moon is brighter since the barn burned.

~Matsuo Basho

For this lovely bowl let us arrange these flowers since there is no rice.

~Matsuo Basho

Come out to view / the truth of flowers blooming / in poverty.

~Matsuo Basho

Winter solitude- in a world of one colour the sound of the wind.

~Matsuo Basho

Along my journey / through this transitory world, / new year's housecleaning.

~Matsuo Basho

Harvest moon: around the pond I wander and the night is gone.

~Matsuo Basho

Old pond, leap-splash - a frog.

~Matsuo Basho

Seek on high bare trails Sky-reflecting violets... Mountain-top jewels

~Matsuo Basho

Ballet in the air... Twin butterflies until, twice white They Meet, they mate

~Matsuo Basho

Summer grasses â€” all that remains of great soldiers' imperial dreams.

~Matsuo Basho

I hope to have gathered To repay your kindness The willow leaves  
Scattered in the garden.

~Matsuo Basho

When I speak My lips feel cold - The autumn wind.

~Matsuo Basho

Breaking the silence Of an ancient pond, A frog jumped into water - A  
deep resonance.

~Matsuo Basho

On a bare branch a crow is perched - autumn evening

~Matsuo Basho

The old pond, ah! A frog jumps in: The water's sound.

~Matsuo Basho

Around existence twine, (Oh, bridge that hangs across the gorge!)  
ropes of twisted vine.

~Matsuo Basho

I am one who eats breakfast gazing at morning glories.

~Matsuo Basho

O cricket from your cherry cry No one would ever guess How quickly  
you must die.

~Matsuo Basho



Traveler's heart. Never settled long in one place. Like a portable fire.

~Matsuo Basho

Now the swinging bridge Is quieted with creepers ... Like our tendrilled life.

~Matsuo Basho

Poverty's child - he starts to grind the rice, and gazes at the moon.

~Matsuo Basho

Farewell, my old fan. / Having scribbled on it, / What could I do but tear it / At the end of summer?

~Matsuo Basho

Just washed, How chill The white leeks!

~Matsuo Basho

There came a day when the clouds drifting along with the wind aroused a wanderlust in me, and I set off on a journey to roam along the seashores

~Matsuo Basho

Collecting all The rains of May The swift Mogami River.

~Matsuo Basho

I felt quite at home, / As if it were mine sleeping lazily / In this house of fresh air.

~Matsuo Basho

Year's end, all corners of this floating world, swept.

~Matsuo Basho

The fact that Saigyō composed a poem that begins, "I shall be unhappy without loneliness," shows that he made loneliness his master.

~Matsuo Basho

This autumn- why am I growing old? bird disappearing among clouds.

~Matsuo Basho

Winter garden, the moon thinned to a thread, insects singing.

~Matsuo Basho

The sea darkens And a wild duck s call Is faintly white.

~Matsuo Basho

Not to think of yourself / as someone who did not count -- / Festival of the Souls.

~Matsuo Basho

Sadly, I part from you; Like a clam torn from its shell, I go, and autumn too.

~Matsuo Basho

First snow-falling-on the half-finished bridge.

~Matsuo Basho

A thicket of summer grass / Is all that remains / Of the dreams of ancient warriors.

~Matsuo Basho

Old dark sleepy pool... Quick unexpected frog Goes plop! Watersplash!

~Matsuo Basho

If I had the knack I'd sing like Cherry flakes falling

~Matsuo Basho

At the ancient pond the frog plunges into the sound of water

~Matsuo Basho

Spring rain conveyed under the trees in drops.

~Matsuo Basho

Fresh spring! / The world is only Nine days old - / These fields and mountains!

~Matsuo Basho

Don't imitate me / we are not two halves / of a muskmelon.

~Matsuo Basho

Twilight whippoorwill... Whistle on, sweet deepener Of dark loneliness

~Matsuo Basho

Felling a tree and gazing at the cut end - tonight's moon

~Matsuo Basho

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