

GLASGOW—TOKYO LINE

ALSO BY JAMES MCGONIGAL

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GLASGOW—TOKYO LINE

An East–West Hyakuin

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COVER IMAGE

KATSUSHIKA HOKUSAI, *Viewing the Sunset over Ryōgoku Bridge from the Onmaya Embankment* (Onmayagashi yori Ryōgokubashi sekiyō o miru), from the series *Thirty-six Views of Mount Fuji* (Fugaku sanjūrokkei), 1830–31. Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Henry L. Phillips Collection, Bequest of Henry L. Phillips, 1939. www.metmuseum.org

To all our children

GLASGOW—TOKYO LINE

*Two of a similar spirit have met;
who can distinguish host from guest?*

序

あおうめや

ao ume ya

Three ducklings chase their shadows
down the drainage ditch.

Our washed-away bridge rebuilt.
Plump berries wait: wild, sweet.

Window boxes sprout
green peppers in summer grass.
I didna plant that.

Stretching for plums, my fingers
greet a snail. Good day, neighbour.

Thunderheads this evening.
Five sunflowers sway above
hedge branches uncut.

Unkempt leaves. Twa laddies
run past, loose frae school.

Tractors growl down
eggplant rows across the street
せみの声

semi no koe

Fledglings long flown. Listen:
bees building in the nestbox.

Can fresh leaves foretell
the snick-snap of garden shears
on October days?

In time, pencil marks crumble.
My ballpoint ticks on the page.

Eftir lang days, gane.
The dochter pegs white sheets oot
hoo her mither tocht.

Crisp white crease, a mountain fold,
soon cranes circle the garden.

Cucumber horses
and aubergine cows! Stick legs
trot across gravestones.

Late again. Umeboshi
crinkle in Obon heat.

Children, please carry
a soup bowl and glass of wine
to this spot. And drink.

I hae few halie corners.
A kirkyaird, a cradle. Ach.

Place gifts close enough
for their old hands to grip –
rain washes the tomb.

Storms gaither, blotching the moon:
summer is the time for ghosts.

Why redd up the hoose
whan naebody veesits, bar
the deid? Guid reason!

Already autumn has scorched
and bent waterside grasses.

Laden with nectar
a bee dislodges petals,
lifting off late blooms.

Vermillion dragonflies
flicker among dry reeds.