2025年 3月短歌

我庵に人集まりて歌詠めは鉢の菫に日は傾きぬ

waga io ni hito atsumarite uta yomeba hachi no sumire ni hi wa katamukinu

People gathered at my hermitage and were composing tanka before I knew it the sun had begun to set shining down on the potted violets

Composed in 1899, at age 32