

Sonnet to a Japanese Spring

Armand L. Mauss

Spring has come to old Nippon!
Standing on a hill I see
Verdant valleys neatly sown,
Stepped and terraced, and a bee
Buzzing busily drops down
To gather nectar from the sea
Of blossoms on yon cherry tree.

Fuji-san has lost its gown,
Frosty white through winter's night;
Yet a glist'ning snowy crown
Rests atop its purple height.
Brooks flow bubbling, gurgling down
To meet the river, silv'ry bright
In Rising Sun's first rays of light.

There's nothing which will more display
The proof of God's omnipotence
Than gazing on this vast display
Of Nippon spring's magnificence!

Note: I wrote this poem while living in Japan fifty-six years ago. "Nippon" (Nip-POHN) is the Japanese name for Japan. "Fuji-san" is an alternate (and more poetic) synonym for "Fujiyama," which means "Mount Fuji." I have capitalized initial letters in "Rising Sun," a translation of "Asahi," which evokes an ancient, honored symbol in Japan.