

# We Children

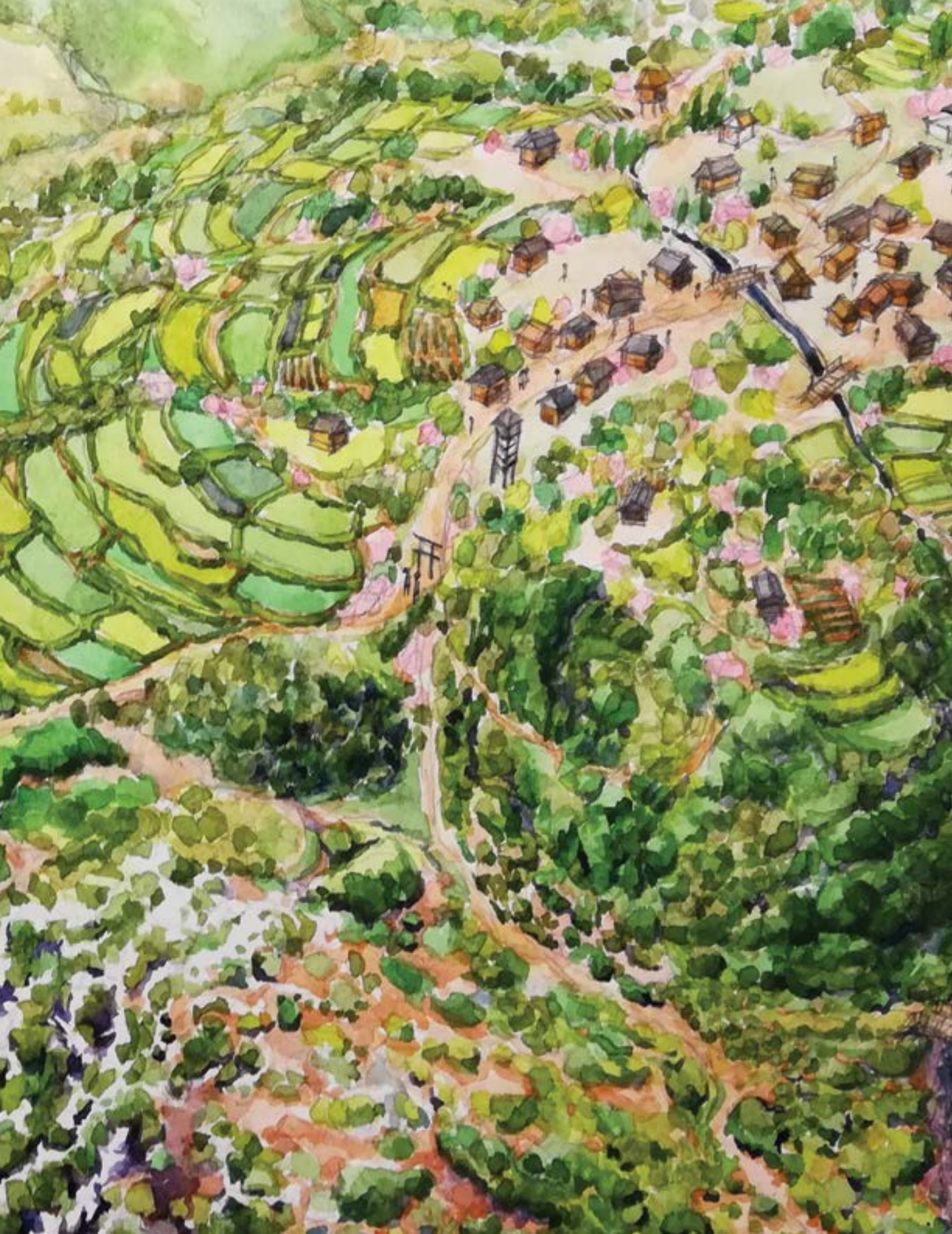
and

*The Narrow Road to the Deep North*

Libby Hathorn & Sadami Konchi







*In praise of poetry and for poets the world over.*

*– LH & SK*

**We Children**  
and  
*The Narrow Road to the Deep North*



**Libby Hathorn & Sadami Konchi**



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## Matsuo Bashō (1644-1694)

‘Go to the pine if you want to learn about the pine,  
or to the bamboo if you want to learn about the bamboo.’  
‘I am seeking the everlasting self which is poetry.’

Haiku endpapers

*The Narrow Road to the Deep North* by Matsuo Bashō.

Translated by Nobuyuki Yuasa (Penguin Classics, 1967)

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enabling Libby and Sadami to travel to Japan  
to write and illustrate this book, 2019.



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'A special visitor is coming today,' our father told us.  
'Who?' we asked, stopping our game of leapfrog.  
We were not used to visitors.  
'Bashō,' he said with a smile. 'The great poet Matsuo Bashō.'  
'The great poet Matsuo what?' Izumi giggled.





**‘His friends built him a hut.  
They planted the rare banana plant,  
the Bashō, just outside.  
And the great poet called himself  
Bashō from then on.’**





**We children, Izumi and Ren and Yoshi,  
had heard about the Great Poet before.  
Our mother and father had told us.  
Our neighbours, especially the village poet  
over the hill, could talk about nothing else.**



**‘Bashō is walking a long way  
through all kinds of weather  
to look at things,’  
our father said.  
‘Like what?’ little Yoshi asked.**



**‘A tree or a waterfall; a shrine  
or a flower,’ our mother told us.  
‘Bashō looks and looks  
and looks,’ our father said.  
‘And then he writes his poems,  
special poems that will last  
forever,’ our mother told us.**



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