

THE CLOSING
CIRCLE

by Alexis Rotella

For Cor
Have a
Beautiful
Spring!

Love,
Alice

Closing The Circle

by Alexis Rotella

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

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Two Trees, Wind Chimes

Books by Alexis Rotella:

CLOUDS IN MY TEACUP (Wind Chimes Press)
TUNING THE LILY (High/Coo Press)
AFTER AN AFFAIR (Merging Media)
ON A WHITE BUD (Merging Media)
HARVESTING STARS (Jade Mountain Press)
ASK! (Muse Pie Press)
CAMEMBERT COMES FROM THE SEA (White Peony Press)
REARRANGING LIGHT (Muse Pie Press)
POLISHING A LADYBUG (Swamp Press)

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Closing The Circle
by Anneke Boeke

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First of all I would like to thank
my mother for her love and support
and my father for his love and support
and my friends for their love and support

These haiku were written in 1982

For Paula

Book by Anneke Boeke

CLIMBING IN MY REARVIEW MIRROR
I SAW THE LIPS OF A WOMAN
WITH AN OPEN MOUTH
ON A WHITE WOODEN BEACH
HANGING FROM A TREE
AND I SAW THE
COMMENT CORN FROM THE
AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH
FOLLOWING A LATELY

For Paula

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Paula

INTRODUCTION

Closing the Circle is a multi-dimensional collection in which Alexis Rotella chooses the Taoist symbol of completion to take her readers through a seasonal exploration of inner and outer rings of experience. Although these haiku may appear to be simple nature sketches to the casual reader, those who know her work will realize that Alexis is saying much more on a much less apparent level. Here is an example of the poet using absolute economy of language to operate as the lens, the eye through which the perceptive observer enters the circle of the universe and becomes more finely tuned to the details of the temporal and spiritual worlds.

In these poems Alexis moves away from the psychological haiku of her earlier collections and moves closer to a oneness with nature which does not preclude psychological awareness but instead enhances it. Alexis is a wordsmith, and these poems do what she has taught them to do — they invite question, they create tension not unlike the tension in a drop of water ready to flow in an unexpected direction away from the circle of itself. And one wonders if, as the calligrapher in the title poem closes his circle, his eyes, Alexis isn't closing *her* circle, *her* eyes as she completes a cycle in her own poetic and spiritual quest.

Adele Kenny
January 1985

chin on the broom floating petals

Spring breeze
the new neighbor's fence
falls over

Saying goodbye to old neighbors
their faces
already someplace else

The swan walks to the water
leaving behind
a gigantic egg

Oceanside
lovers keep house
under a striped umbrella

After the maid leaves
Buddha
way off-center

On Buddha's bronze face
dried streams
of green rain

In tai chi ch'uan
child reaching
for the swallowtail

Bangkok

In a sampan cooking soup
he refills the pot
with the river

on the sleeping swan
sun
pours down

small breeze
corrugating
the gold fish pond

Beached kayak:
a hermit wades up to his waist
in moon

in the tin bucket ccclatter of ccclams

soaking up the moon the snail

outside the heavy
parish doors
blue dragonfly

sound of pigeons
rippling
the rain

flute
waiting
for breath

Night
Falls

On the rose bed

This dragonfly's shadow
is it, too,
made up of atoms?

During grace
a butterfly tasting
all the peonies

In dialect
Grandmother speaks
to the peonies

Noontime bees:
almost every hollyhock
is taken

Floating through galaxies
of Queen Anne's lace
a white butterfly

rose rose rose
rose rose rose
rose rose rose
rose rose rose

rows and rows

windswept pine taking the shape of Shiva
all during my morning meditation the white egret
through fog the sound of a prayer wheel

after my manicure
the oyster shucker's hands

Subway
I wander around
an old man's face

in the doctor's old bag cocoons

stars
sounding
the pond

wind chimes
how they just
let go

(for Rod)

Summer afternoon:
children take turns hobbling
on grandfather's stick

Behind the barn
an old Buick
rusting with apples

Sundown
one by one the mullet
slap the bay

a swan
fills
the lake

Chasing my shadow
but careful not to enter it,
the monarch

Dusk:
the monarch leaves
and the beach is deserted

Mallard nibbling his tail
is taken sideways
down the stream

shark

Skyscrapers
a flat moon pressed against
the sky

Halo
around the lamplight
cold his wedding ring

through the bird skull whistle of wind

sparrows lifting my soul

window washer
dropping An

a

r

i

a

Winter chill:
the moon moves away
from the geese

Woman with shopping cart
pushing
the wind

Looking in
on the quilting-bee
full moon

Forty-five degrees:
an icicle crashes
on Buddha's head

New Year's Day:
my father cracks
his knuckles

Wind
a snow-ghost skates
across the yard

On the polished casket
a snowflake
turns to water

winter sky:
grinding
ink

Winter morning:
the white cat curls around
the wooden Buddha

Calligrapher
closing the circle
closing his eyes

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