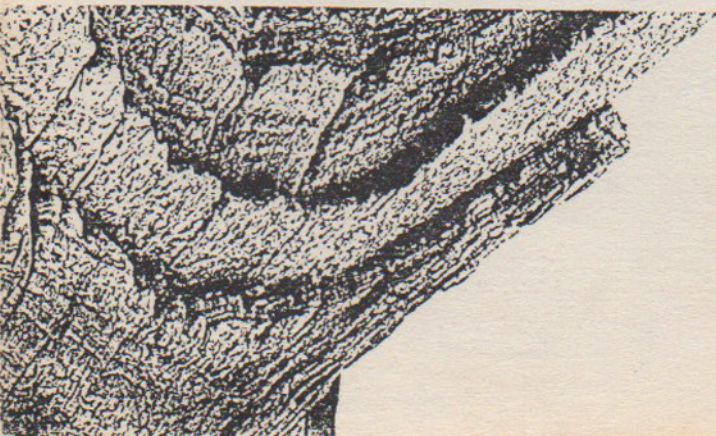




*The Wizard's Rook*

Brent Partridge







Brent Partridge





# *The Wizard's Rook*

Wizard's rook  
which found him  
and closed the square air

Let glowing lantern  
with the soft glow

Wizard's rook  
by the window  
a tiny old light

Shadow in dream's eye  
in the dark

## *The Wizard's Rook*

100 Link Renga

Brent Partridge





## *The Wizard's Rook*

wizard's rook  
wheels 'round into  
and out of the equinox sun

the dewdrop quivers  
with the bell's resonance

trees and mountains, haze.  
by the roadside  
a very old man runs

shadows in children's eyes  
at the beach

moon on the horizon —  
one may jump over it —  
pumpkin time

cold clear morning  
valley looks small and mountains close

wind and ocean  
hill and iris  
look inward

our first and last kiss  
— fate takes us apart

the poem  
opens  
in transcendent patterns

there's no room for jealousy  
in the tangled forest



at the river's bend,  
cliffs; winds entrance  
beyond complexity

new moonset  
they leave the college rooftops

encounters  
with flower colors  
in the cold light

south seven miles  
of immediacy rather than distance

cold fog  
a ghost regards me  
as fleeting

i don't have to say anything  
and that's an understatement

mist rises  
from a field of mustard  
to join the haze

excited, a bird flies low  
its mate through the branches

if a skunk  
steps 'round the corner  
speak politely

frost on the hawk's feathers  
it sits and watches



moonset  
a herd of white deer  
drifts past

deep in the mountain lake  
autumn's reflected

the long night  
memories of friendship  
are those of childhood

heart breaks   inner light  
emerges and rises

hummingbird surveys  
the garden shop  
from a flowering cherry's top twig

seashore sparrows nap  
in the reflected light

solstice  
the last bare sunlit hill  
moonrise

waves of feeling rise  
weariness departs

patchwork poem  
with pattern  
too deep for words

sycamore leaves in a dream  
are still deep on the ground



quails' drumming whirr  
heart quickens  
heads lift

children playing tag  
are distracted by fireflies

a bass  
jumps out  
of the sun on the water

rock cod looks at me  
with wisdom in its eye

centered thresholds  
snapdragons bloom  
though the bees are long gone

the dark is lighter  
plum blossom fragrance

last persimmon  
allowed to ripen:  
sweeter a day longer

dawn — east wind  
doesn't stir any leaves

as i whistle  
i skate beyond the edges  
of melodies

autumn evening  
delusions disappear yet remain



a single cloud  
scatters snow  
from a blue sky

owl's a treetop shadow  
partly floating partly flying

wife of captive mouse  
hops behind  
clay rabbit

your ivory tower  
with heavenly standards

bareroot sawdust bin  
rose leaves  
unfurl at dawn

i slide down a dream wall  
my sleeve's gotten tattered

oak firewood  
circular bird's-eye grain  
stepped vision

half moon  
half off on the horizon

color change:  
mums and leaves  
pastel and fire

wind whistles against itself  
over along the mountainside



lone crow, haze;  
weighted down, buoyed up  
by solitude

newt's still stiff  
from long inactivity

though i hold it  
gopher snake still watches  
the hole of its prey

a cool August morning  
i clean the buddha's belly button

in  
between cherry petal angles  
light through more of the same

foam and rocks  
drawing one seeing the other

it's just fog  
beach and  
wave sound

dream climax wakes me  
summer rain begins

the lake  
makes lightning brighter  
even with closed eyes

white star in water  
morning glory unfolds



solitude evaporates  
at the sound  
of the bell

between meditation and tea  
sun angles up the stairs

a few vine maple leaves  
float without motion  
under tall evergreens

starlit forest road  
we don't hold hands

aurora borealis  
pouring from  
the big dipper

the moon's changed  
yet i'm more the same; still alone

dreaming  
i put a duck feather chevron  
in my hat band

more rain than i'd thought  
the jackrabbits' fur is damp

empty garden  
except for us  
so the hummingbird sings

form and speed  
the shadow of a vulture



two birds hop about  
in the courtyard  
of an empty temple

breakfast  
disappears into a poem

hottest day of the year  
bird netting comes off  
plum trees

no fog on the mirror —  
near salt water - heat wave!

looks in another direction  
to feel it better —  
admiration

as they jump quickly  
off the log

from stillness  
into the water  
a turtle

i remember the sound  
of long ago autumn leaves

a fine wine  
a game of chess  
the sea disappears in rain

unreachable marshy place  
the huge frog's regard



cherry blossoms' fragrance  
that of the wood also  
over a ridge

a cool morning  
still feels warm

the pink lilies' fragrance  
stretches out and stays with me  
a long ways

stars tangle and flow  
ripple and smooth

moth sees the light  
reflected off my hand —  
goes for the lamp

crickets chirp  
close in by the warmth

breeze carves - expands our voices  
between oak, laurel  
and meadow

tiger lilies  
reach almost to the wooden bridge

willow leaves  
on the same twig redwing blackbird  
so alone

frogs also wait  
for the moon to show



clump of Japanese iris  
petals overlap  
all together

keep on falling -- the rain stops  
everyone thinking about it

frog s'silence  
louder than  
their song

obsidian knife, muddy riverbank  
what's become of the owner

from a crack in  
smooth rock  
corkscrews a pine

remaining unseen in the open  
forty minutes: the seals

sea eagle  
and its burden  
the gulls dare not attack

late morning dreaming of giant waves  
arrival

moon wanes  
in the west  
the greenest hills: home

in forest and on sand dune  
new year's day, light of the beginning





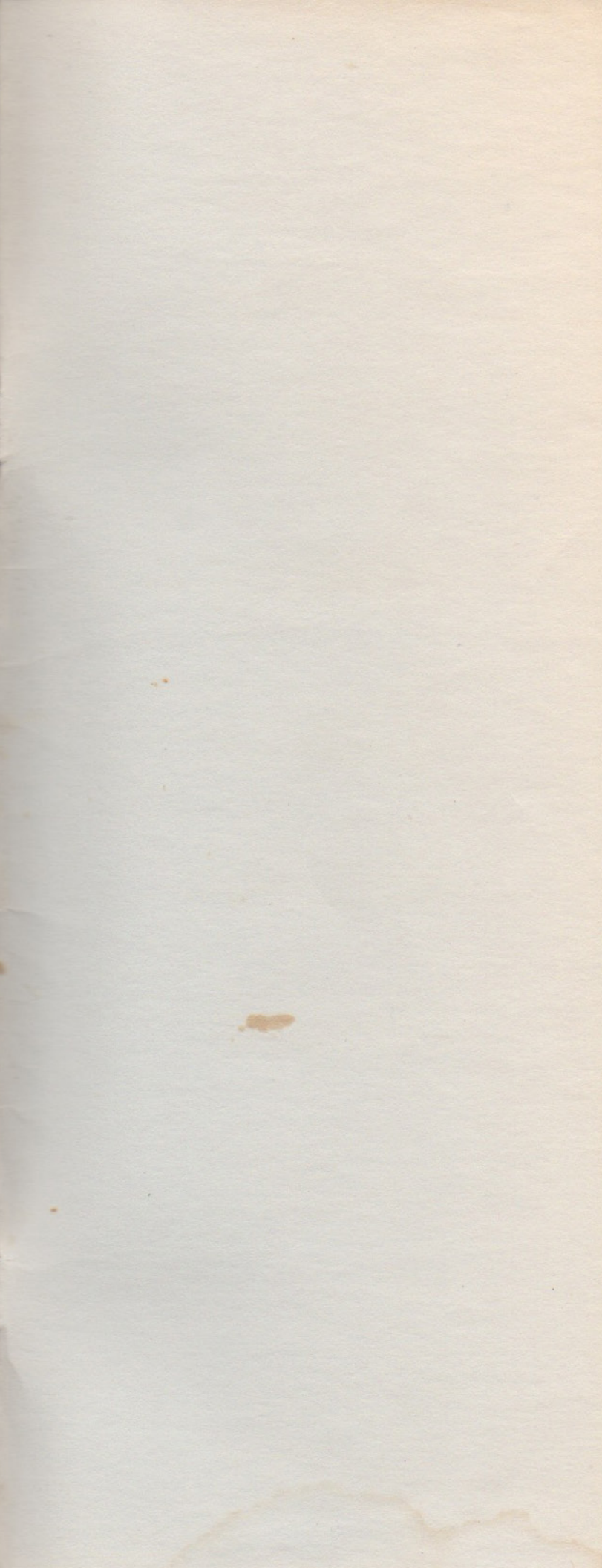
Brent Partridge was born in Anchorage, Alaska, and is a graduate of the University of California at Santa Cruz. Although he has primarily earned his living by matters relating to the garden, and is presently a natural foods baker, he reads widely and has done a great deal of formal meditation. He has been published for several years in the best haiku journals, and has been writing poetry for over twenty years.











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