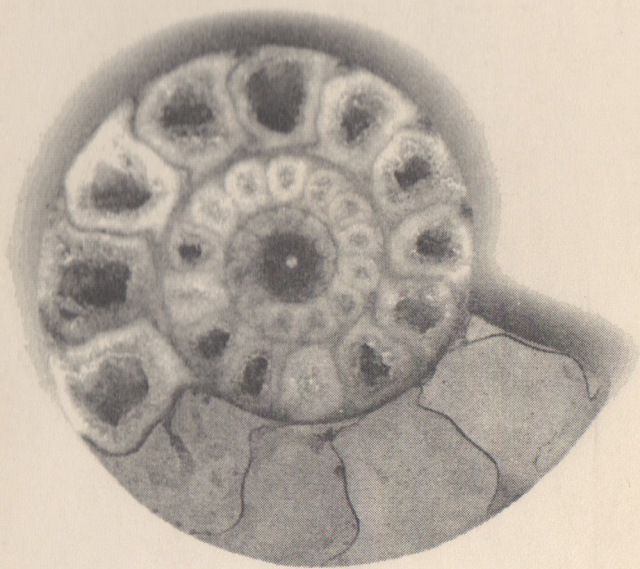


the EARTH
drawn
INWARD

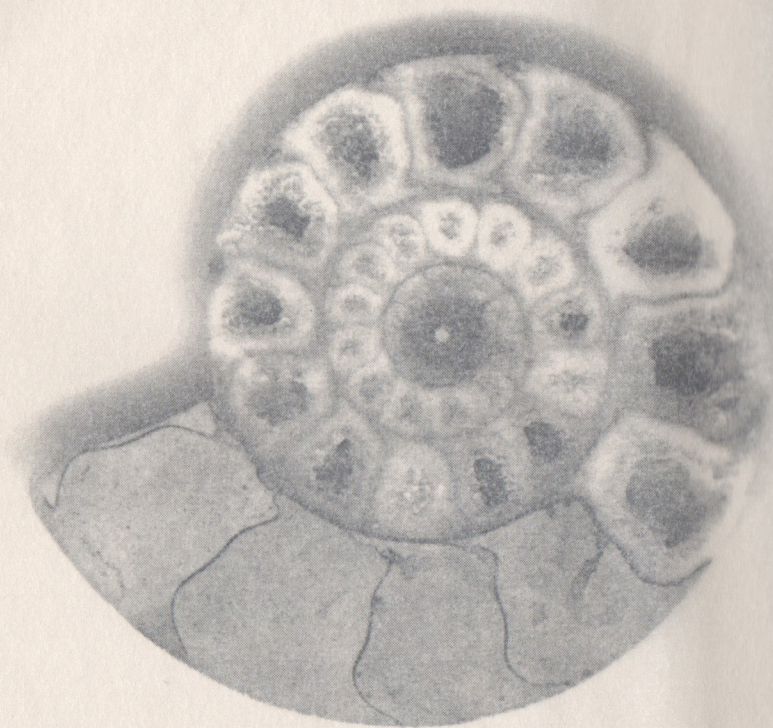


Cicely Hill



The Earth Drawn Inwards

Waring Nash Pencil



The Earth Drawn Inwards

Waning Moon Press

For Tamsin

The Earth Drawn Inwards

Cicely Hill

Waning Moon Press

**Some of these haiku have been previously published in
Blithe Spirit and Presence.**

**Waning Moon Press extends thanks to the editors of those journals.
The haiku, 'Still unopened ...' won a Museum of Haiku Literature Award.**

Also available in this series from Waning Moon Press:

Echoes in the Heart by Michael Gunton

Salting the Air by George Marsh.

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Waning Moon Press

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Telephone & Facsimile 01705 793935

Pausing to watch
Breeze over the hayfields -
Forgotten names

Summer

**Out of the darkness
This summer night, the krick-krick
Of partridges**

**Noon day
Dragon-fly on hot thatch
Pulsating**

**By moonlight, boys
Throw shimmering elvers back
Into the mill-race**

Summer downpour
Green quinces lie
Pitted with gravel

A blind clatters
Onto a kitchen sill -
Geranium scent

Morning sun
Through transparent tags
On bullocks' ears

Blue haze
Shining on the downland
An earth encrusted coin

Forest waterfall -
Seizes
Our words

From the skylight
The shadow of a bird's wing
Crosses her breast

Low water
In the holy well -
This long summer

Wings rustling
A dragonfly alights
On the baby's warm head

Charging the ramblers
A playful cow, her forehead
Stuck with burrs

At the spring
A blackbird disappears
Under watercress

Cows wade,
Earth and river water
Mix

As if in dream
She stroked the skin of a fig
With her forefinger

Through the storm
Hoots of a yearling mare
Echo rounder claps

The alpine tree
That crapped once with lightning
Split in two

**Under green willows
He rakes hay deftly
Into the bonfire's centre**

Forest winds
Fill her robes -
The goddess statue

Through the storm
Hoofs of a yearling mare
Echo thunder claps

The skyline tree
That grappled once with lightning -
Split in two

Cows wade,
Earth and river water
Mix

As if in dream
She strokes the skin of a fig
With her forefinger

Wet fishing nets,
A road unfolding all along
An unknown shore

At the window:
The earth drawn inward
This still night

Midnight lightning
Neighbour never seen before -
There, at her window

Forest winds
Fill her robes -
The goddess statue

Sweet chestnut in flower
A curved bough holding
The evening sun

Through the storm
Hood of a yearling mare
Echo thunder claps

At the window:
The earth drawn inwards
This still night

From the hilltop
A valley silvered by rain,
The morning sea

Forest winds
The her robes
The goddess statue

Wet fishing nets,
A road unfolding all along
An unknown shore

Before the friend comes
Changing the radio dial
To the Third Programme

Midnight lightning:
Neighbour never seen before -
There, at her window

Music in the park
The young girl's yawn reveals
The roof of her mouth

Senryu

**The fortune teller
At the fete this year
Offers therapy**

**In their nice straw hats
Amateur historians
Picking at my house**

A new bungalow
Where the cornfield used to be
They've named it Lark Rise

Before the friend comes
Changing the radio dial
To the Third Programme

Music in the park
The young girl's yawn reveals
The roof of her mouth

At the monk's approach
She slips into her pocket
The smart gold earrings

A new bungalow
Where the cornfield used to be
They've named it Jack Hill

The fortune teller
At the fete this year
Offers therapy

Before the friend comes
Changing the radio dial
To the Third Programme

Scrawled on the loo wall
Various body parts and
The human heart

Picking at my nose

Music in the park
The young girl's yawn reveals
The roof of her mouth

Woman at the **Autumn**
The evening comes together
As she lights the lamp

A sudden turn,
The hairs on her jaw wet
With autumn dew

The first chill night
A mother finds herself
Covering up the dolls

By candlelight
The walls of the cottage
Move and change

Crouching on the bank
Two hands dabble in the stream
Their rosy tongues

At the cook's approach
Slamshuts her pocket
The smart gold earrings

The first chill night
A mother finds herself
Covering up the dolls

Embers die
The chair where the friend sat
Fills with moonlight

The human heart

Woman at the table
The evening comes together
As she lights the lamp

A vixen turns,
The hairs on her jaw wet
With autumn dew

Crouching on the bank
Two hounds slobber in the stream -
Their rosy tongues

Mist
Swaddling the hill
Wet bilberries

Nudged by rain
Yew berries shift and roll
Along a tombstone

Returning -
The path back to my cottage
Strewn with yellow leaves

Hurricane wind -
A plastic dinghy races
Across the garden

Cicada voices die
One by one - The hard splash
Of rain

Two days after
Talk of the hurricane subsides -
Chrysanthemums

While I was away
The swallows
Left

Never up to much
This road - at least it once led
To my friend's house

Wasp nest
Perfect, in the rafters
Of a ruined house

Smoke smell
From the lantern reminds us
Of our old house

Autumn night:
White mist, nothing else
Out there

Senryu

While I was away
The swallows
Left

On their Sunday walk
He tells his wife exactly
How a henstock works

Moving house
The friend's child knows already
The number of stairs

A smile passes
Between the Shoreham lady
And the Donga girl

Once again
In this foreign city
The same quarrel

Winter

This snowy night
Out of the darkness -
Voices on and on

**Frozen furrows -
A single charlock flower
Trembles in the wind**

**Winter sunrise
The bullfinch in the quince tree
Turns a deeper red**

On the doorstep
An inch or two of snow:
The huge night sky

Riddling cinders
In the next door yard each day -
The unseen neighbour

In his shack
Mingling with oil and sawdust
The smell of cold

Head bent
The shape of my neck catches
Melting snowflakes

From the dark mouth
Of a dragonfly, blinking
Eyes of a cat

Down the chimney
First a pigeon's cooing
Then a crust of bread

This east wind day
My soft vest sheds
Smelling of Africa

From the dark mouth
Of a drainpipe, blinking -
Eyes of a rat

Unnoticed till now
A blackthorn tree bent down
By the winter storm

This east wind day
My soft wool shawl
Smelling of Africa

**Head bent
The nape of my neck catches
Melting snowflakes**

**Winter market
Fish glittering in the sun -
Her chilblained heels**

Under forest trees
Gold globes of horse dung steaming
In the frosty air

At work in the field:
Wind reaches the cold hollow
Under his cheekbone

Water in the stoup
Touched by a dipper -
A tiny splash

Friend of long ago
The doll you made for me
In need of a friend

Walking at night,
Sound of the cold river,
Thoughts of sleep

Out of the earth
This night of closing year -
The smell of spring

Senryu

**Elderly couple
Crossing the market square
Lame in the same leg**

**Someone overhears
The "Sorry" as I prune
The wrong branch**

Friend of long ago
The doll you made for me
In need of a stitch

Her two empty shoes
Standing as she did
At ten-to-two

Traipsing the city
All her demented questions
Lost in the wind

Elderly couple
Crossing the market square
Lame in the same leg

Someone overhears
The "Sorry" as I prune
The wrong branch

Here two empty shoes
Standing as the dirt
At ten-to-two

Spring

**Snow falling now
And still you keep opening -
Tender quince blossoms**

Reed sparrow
Under willow's shade
Pottering about

A tiny aphid
Climbing the wrinkles on my hand -
Quite a task

Smudges
On hibiscus stems turning
To leaves in the rain

Gracefully they move
Along the dressing gown sleeve
Green beetles mating

Still unopened
The greenish hydrangea flowers:
The taste of tea

Reed sparrow
Under willow's shade
Pattering about

Sparrows
From among their breast feathers peck
At unseen things

A busy spirit
Clasping the wrinkles on my hand -
Quite a task
Carefully they move
Along the dressing gown above
Green feathers nesting

The branch he cuts
To make a donkey goad
Still in bloom

Smudges
On hibiscus stems thriving
To have in the rain

Edna Whitcomb Brown

Shadows
Over hillside graveyard
This deep grassy slope
Rooms fill with the soft rasp
Of footsteps

Over there
A village cut off from the world
By buttercup fields

On our morning walk
Wet grass made mud inside
Each of us for ever
Setting off and returning
Along this same road

Sparrows
From among their breast feathers peck
Sleeping house;
Rooms fill with the soft rasp
Of cockroaches

Over there
A village cut off from the world
By butterfly fields
The branch he cuts
To make a donkey good
Still in bloom

On our morning walk
Wet grass makes mud inside
Our dusty shoes

Haiku Without Season

**Sundown
Over hillside graveyard
Thin dogs creep away**

**Getting mangy now
Her old coat as she sets off
To feed stray cats**

**Pairs of feet for ever
Setting off and returning
Along this same road**

Looking out long
For the midnight visitor:
The rising moon

Light floods the valley
Someone waking in the cottage
Rises and lets it in

Stairs creak
Down in the darkened room a disc
Plays itself out

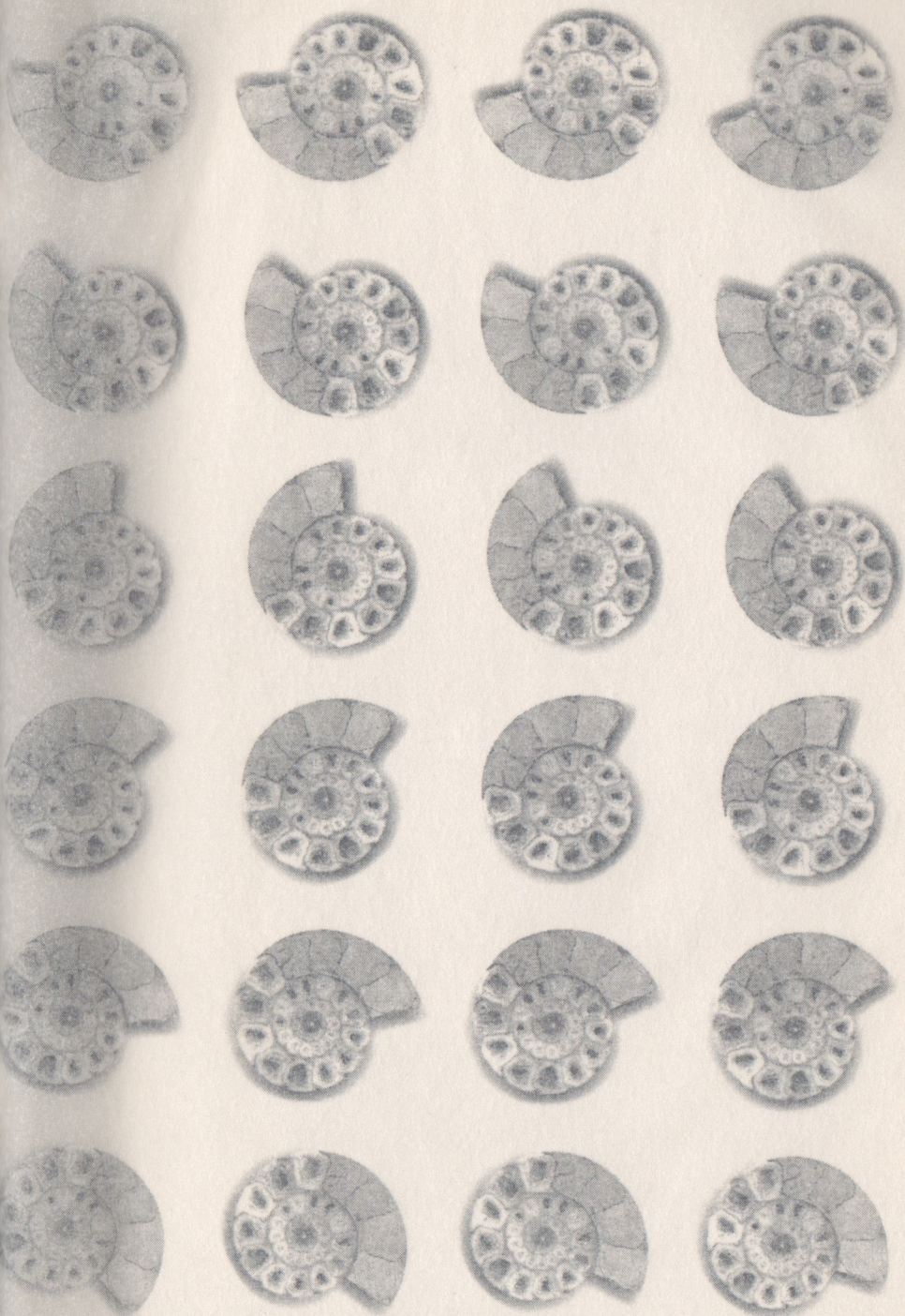
They turn to sleep
A moth in the lantern
Fluttering still

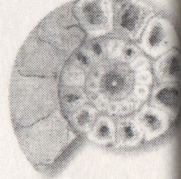
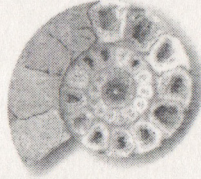
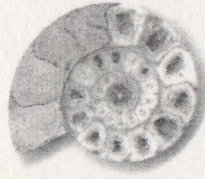
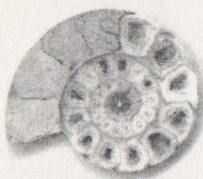
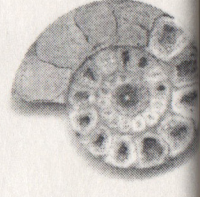
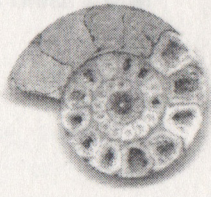
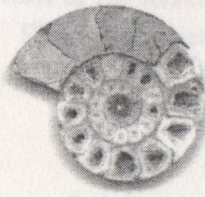
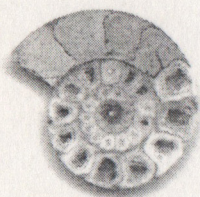
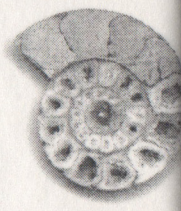
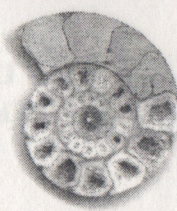
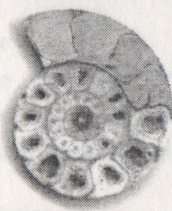
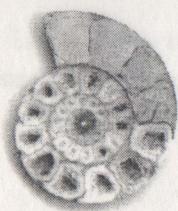
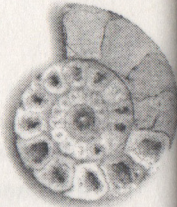
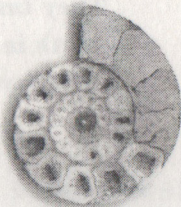
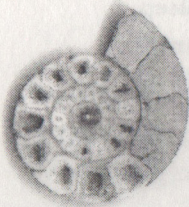
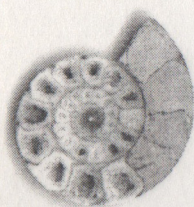
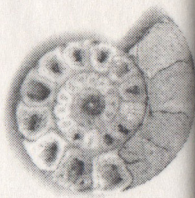
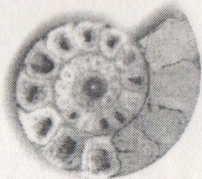
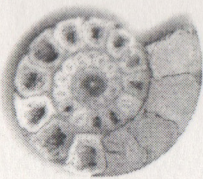
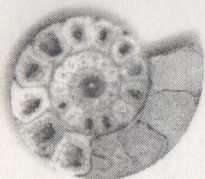
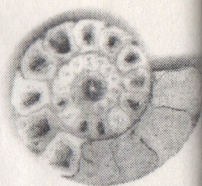
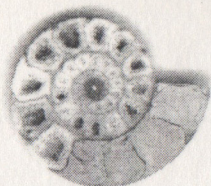
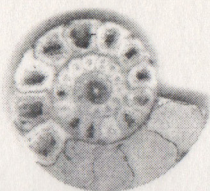
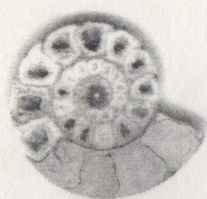
At dawn
Wakened by the long silence
Of an unwound clock

Up above the lake
Where the knapped flint was found -
Let's not search today

They turn to sleep
A moth in the lantern
Fluttering still
And the sun
For the night vision
The rising moon
At dawn
Watched by the long stream
Of an evening clock

Light floods the valley
Someone waking in the cold
Up above the light
Were the trapped birds
Let's not search today
Stairs creak
Down in the darkness
Plays itself out





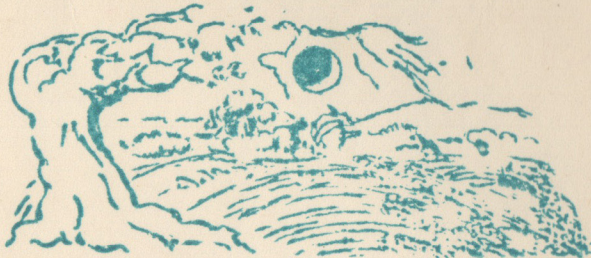
Cicely Hill's haiku are vivid to the senses: full of colour and texture. They lead the reader into a world in which one identifies with the mysterious emotional life of natural objects and feels one's interdependence with nature made radiant and palpable:

Summer downpour
Green quinces lie
Pitted with gravel

Cicely Hill lived for five years in Japan. She feels a particularly close sympathy with one the great themes of Priest Saigyō and the subsequent Japanese literary tradition: the appreciation of the qualities of loneliness. She expresses its flavour through moving poetic images.

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