

Dusting the Buddha



Angela Leuck

Cover: Hexagram 32 Duration

Enduring relationships cannot be forced. Thunder
and wind both must be continually observant of what
is correct in their nature. It is only through the waxing
and waning that the light of the moon continues to shine.

The I Ching

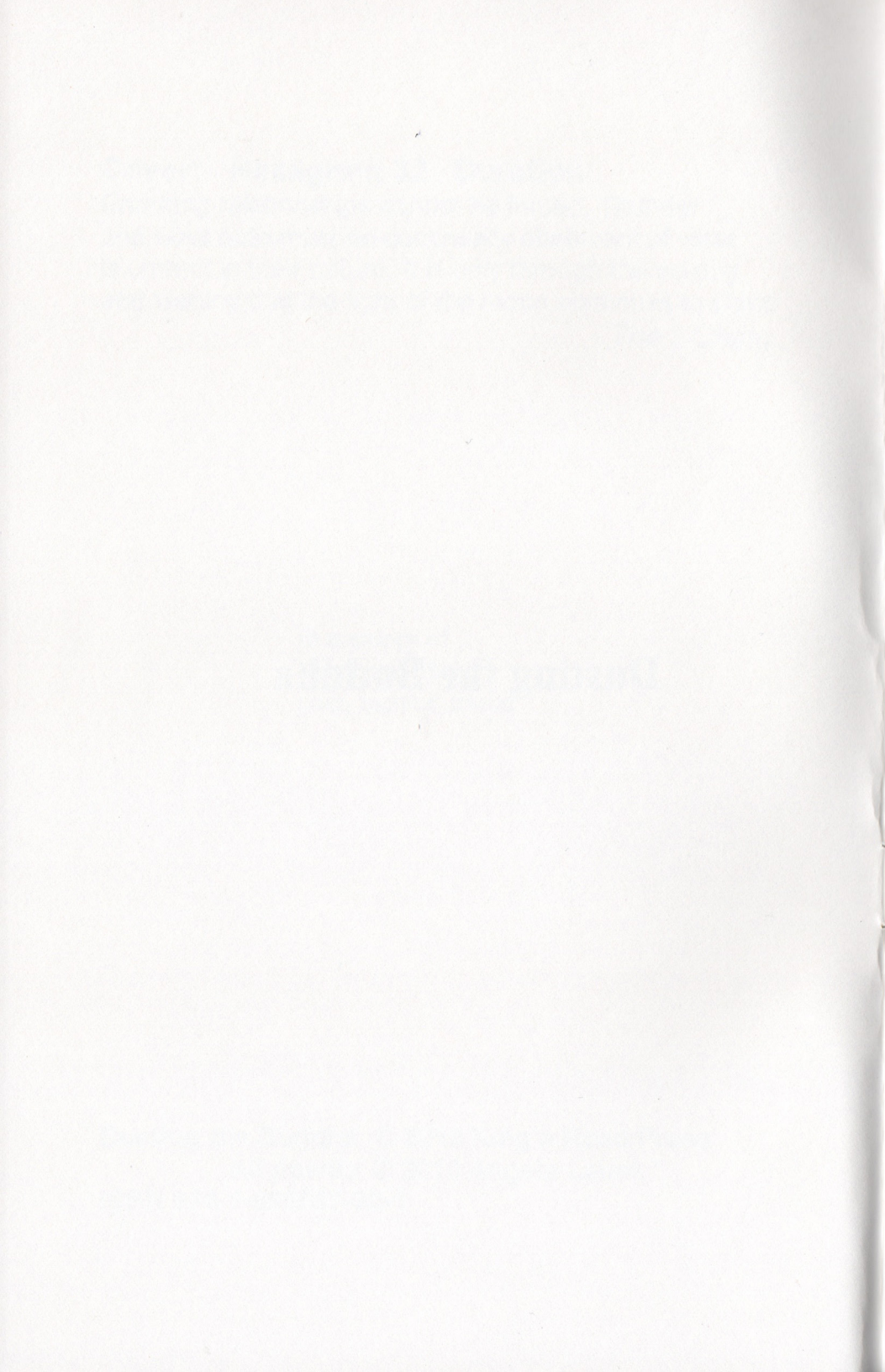
In memory of
Marianne Bluger
poet, mentor, friend

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a day in the country—
the breeze opens my journal
to an empty page

Dusting the Buddha

thoughts spinning
round and round—
screech of a rusty carousel



a day in the country—
the breeze opens my journal
to an empty page

thoughts spinning
round and round—
screech of a rusty carousel

a white-haired woman
mops the zendo floor—
apple tree in bloom

summer solstice—
I lower my body
into the steaming bath

a row of clothes
hung out to dry—my old self
flapping on the line

long wait for dinner—
we discuss
death haiku

turning up in my bed
the lost origami
lotus flower

five houses down
that man too
alone on his balcony

just outside
the locked pagoda—
crabapple in bloom

my old wedding ring
no longer fits—
I prune the roses

nearly fifty—
I am still the child
she gave away

five hours down
that man too
alone on his balcony

Boxing Day
nothing to buy
nothing to return

just outside rainbow his
the locked page the signal on
crabapple stage and course I

let's keep in touch
she says
at arm's length

—yell fifty—
child and like I
yours gave away

beneath
the willow tree
my willow heart

fall drizzle—
I run my fingers
through your hair

no matter
how carefully I walk
mud on my shoes

sweeping the cobwebs
from their house—
the old couple

from the bonsai
another leaf falls—
we drift further apart

no longer friends
still on the shelf the book
you lent me: *Silences*

buying a silver ring
under the light of the moon
love charm Sunday tourists

autumn
dyeing my hair
a deeper red

ahead
I glimpse the winter's
to come

sweeping the cobwebs
from their house—
the old couple

wandering
in and out of church
Sunday tourists

from the bonnet
another leaf
we drift further

your words
do not deceive me—
winter's last breath

no longer friends
still on the shelf the book
you lent me: Silenus

buying a silver ring
under the full moon—
love charm

ahead
I glimpse a bridge
to somewhere else

bare young shoulders—
spring enters
the corner shop

subway breakdown
a poster of butterflies
spreading their wings

mist rising
from the spotlights
midnight jazz

first day of spring—
on the tiles
a fresh shine

the poet Marianne Bluger
coming to call—
I dust the Buddha

late young shoulders—
spring enters
the corner shop

first day of spring—
on the tiles
a fresh shine

subway breakdown
a poster of butterflies
spreading their wings

late afternoon—
conversation deepens
with the shadows

mist rising
from the rooftops
midnight jazz

Acknowledgements

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Previous books by Angela Leuck

Garden Meditations (éditions ming, 2008)

haiku noir (Carve, 2007)

haiku white (Carve, 2007)

Flower Heart (Blue Ginkgo, 2006)

Rose Haiku for Flower Lovers and Gardeners
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