

*AUTUMN*  
*WIND IN THE CRACKS*

haiku

Tom Clausen



AUTUMN  
WIND IN THE CRACKS

haiku

Tom Clausen

10-15-94  
to Jim  
and Maureen  
in friendship sharing  
and always all  
the best to  
you  
Tom C

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To Berta and Casey, for their patience  
while accommodating the write in me

To Francine Porad, for her encouragement

To the Editors of the periodicals  
where these poems first appeared



empty parking lot  
some wind collects and swirls  
leaves into a shape

alone in the waiting room  
checking the plant  
for reality



in early morning rain  
I return  
a stranger's solemn nod

everyday she waits  
at the bus stop;  
just to wait

rusted tracks  
beside the freeway    a man  
with a burlap sack

under the pine tree  
that he chose    rain  
at his grave

my father's winter  
coats still hang  
in the closet

with friends  
I open the fortune cookie  
without a fortune

taking off my clothes  
my heart  
closer . . .

in another country  
from a flatcar  
the Milky Way



free spirits . . .  
a year later  
they return

sidewalk sale—  
wind twists a lifetime  
guarantee tag

x-ray room

they remove

her crucifix

myself  
monopolizes  
me

morning zazen:  
marriage counseling  
ourselves

train receding:  
its wake in the grasses  
still waving . . .

end to end  
three Ramblers take part  
in the overgrown field

farm auction —  
fields filled with asters  
and goldenrod



cold autumn wind  
in all the cracks  
eyes of barn cats

the tree that rubbed  
the house noisily  
burns in the fireplace

autumn moonlight  
folded in  
the clothes on the floor

meeting her boyfriend  
our handshake  
out of sync

sneaking M & M's . . .  
the crunching  
in my ears

wanting my old life  
when I wanted  
my present life

cream in my coffee . . .  
visiting from the next booth  
a curious cockroach

asleep

in my lap

the new kitten

I didn't want



the hypnotist  
describes her technique  
sound of the stream

downpour—  
a duck waddles away  
from the pond

after the party  
undressing  
myself

early morning fog—  
in the cereal bowl  
the spoon clinks

in the prayer bowl  
the silence  
of dust

daybreak frost—  
the sound of leaves falling  
through leaves

calling

for the lost cat . . .

wind chimes

mountaintop:  
giving back  
each breath



the way

rain takes

the mountain

after zazen  
the ride home  
without the radio

one tree  
one bird, one song  
the dusk

sunrise frost—  
under the maple one night's scatter  
of leaves



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