

AUTUMN SLEEP
(1983)

and

ROOTS IN WINTER
(1984)

uncollected haiku

LEE J. RICHMOND

with all good will to
Elizabeth Searle Lamb

This special edition of
AUTUMN SLEEP & ROOTS IN WINTER

is limited to five hundred copies,

Signed by the author

Leah J. Richmond.

AUTUMN SLEEP

(1983)

and

ROOTS IN WINTER

(1984)

uncollected haiku

LEE J. RICHMOND

Pearl Paul Ltd.
New York, New York
1984

Copyright © 1984 Lee J. Richmond
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Made and printed in the United States of America
by Pearl Paul Ltd.
New York, New York

Cover Photograph by David Laurence Lande

First Printing, 1984

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The haiku in this fourth collection have been sent over the years in correspondence to friends, family, students, scholars, critics and colleagues, among whom are L.A. Davidson, Madame Harold J. Isaacson, Toshimi Horiuchi, John Stevens, Lilli Tanzer, Bruce Kennedy, Patricia Walsh, William Bysshe Stein, Alfred Kolb, Virgil Thomson, Robert Spiess, Diane Smith, Laurence Perrine, Chris Hewitt, James Gargano, Nathan Schwartz, Bruce Bawer, Robert Richman, Addy Tintner, John H. Rutter, James Ackuff, Michael Reitelman, Elyse Hayes, George Nauss, Anthony Parks, Chris Challis, John Montgomery, Joy Walsh, George Smoot, Robert Phillips, Michael Phillips, Sir Rudolf Bing, Irene Monty, Sarah Panarety, Ruby Spriggs, Herb Dalin, Shinji Watanabe, Edwin Moseley, Marcelle Thiebaut, Carol Reynolds, Sabine Sommerkamp, Hiroko Odagiri, Joseph Madalena, William J. Higginson, Tony Suraci, Edward Fricke, Tim Page, N. Talbot, Selma Stefanile, Atsuo Nakagawa, Anne Mc Kay, Mark Spilka, Doris Parsons, Archie Laano, Cecila Parker Miller, Teresa Stratas, James Dickey, Phillip Booth, Chad Walsh, James Elson, Rev. Thomas F. Hoar, C. M., Northrop Frye, David Lande, John Frederick Nims, Marie Borroff, Eleanor Steber, Armando Cartelli, Greta Garbo, Leonora Brodwin, James Hafley, Walter Sutton, Nikolais Vourkas, Haruki Majima, Barry Goldsmith, Richard Kanuck, Ann C. Wintergerst, Tohru Hoshino, and my Mother and Father.

To these persons I offer my gratitude, my respect and my love.

AUTUMN SLEEP

1983

*Each stands alone on the heart of the earth
pierced by a ray of sunlight:
and suddenly it's evening.*

Salvatore Quasimodo, *Edé subito sera*

*When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my
complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me
through visions: so that my soul chooseth strangling, and death
rather than my life.*

Job 7

*My dreams were of the most terrific description. Every species
of calamity and horror befell me. Among other miseries, I was
smothered to death between huge pillows, by demons of the
most ghastly and ferocious aspect. Immense serpents held me in
their embrace, and looked earnestly in my face with their fear-
fully shining eyes. Then deserts, limitless, and of the most
forlorn and awe-inspiring character, spread themselves out be-
fore me. Immensely tall trunks of trees, gray and leafless, rose
up in endless succession as far as the eye could reach. Their
roots were concealed in widespreading morasses, 'whose dreary
water lay intensely black, still, and altogether terrible, beneath.
And the strange trees seemed endowed with a human vitality,
and waving to and fro their skeleton arms, were crying to the
silent waters for mercy, in the shrill and piercing accents of the
most acute agony and despair.*

Edgar Allan Poe, *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*

*A man dreamt that he slipped out of his flesh just as a snake
sheds its old skin. He died on the following morning. For his
soul, which was about to depart his body, provided him with
these images.*

Artemidorus, *The Interpretation of Dreams*

Traveller repose and dream among my leaves.

William Blake

Trailing
as I go out the gate,
Autumn cicada

With what strut,
peacock makes hieroglyphic
in the snowy road

Autumn moon,
sky tonight will not be big
enough to hold it

Against his chest
stethoscope, how dark it sounds
Spring is past

In the root cellar
recovered an old straw sandal
Winter-bound

Cicadas' morning
I think only of the bedroom
of my parents

The May rains,
loneliness in my bowels
and this hangover

*This Autumn
beginning to feel lonely,
I grow a mustache*

*Doing my wash
this February's sadness,
forgot my bedclothes*

*Winter thunder.
There in the shaving glass
razor waits poised*

*How perfect,
cutting white chrysanthemum
with shears new sharpened*

*A speckled hen
walking in dark March mud,
and I become sad*

*Sickroom
its voice larger than mine
Autumn fly*

*Waking in a sweat
rose petals burning from
the bedpan*

*First cicada
throw-away skin found,
such joy of destruction*

*The umbrella,
it is too small to hold up
that much sunlight*

*In the warmth of Spring
the fly swatter
waits on a wall*

*My fever gone,
looking so insistently
for the fly swatter*

*Hot Autumn day
in a tattered fly swatter,
a violent life*

*Deep Autumn
shall I get rid of fly swatter?
one fly in sunroom*

*Winter afternoon
getting rid of fly swatter,
one fly in sunroom*

After Yayu
(1701-1783)

Cicada-voice
weeping for throw-away skin,
weeping for itself

Seeing my friend off,
to the last chrysanthemum
going back home

The fire-fly,
it too may burn itself away
in a cage

So near his end
the fire-fly too,
not a friend

The vast sky
tonight it is filled with
one firefly

Those who watch over
the cherry-flowers
move with one white head

First cicada
just as the child begins to
cut teeth

*His poor thin hands,
old Autumn horse fly
without wife*

*Winter-bound,
cutting my toenails
to wait it out*

*Has the cherry fallen?
nobody from my old home
is here to tell*

*Morning-glory
above the town, factories
begin the day*

*Here and there
finding a cicada husk,
fit for a hokku*

*Here and there
finding a cicada husk,
or it finds me*

*My neighbor,
his single visit in Winter
to read a newspaper*

*Spring cleaning,
sometimes in old love-letters
only three lines*

*Entering Autumn
sad the way the swans have gone
to fat*

*This Autumn
how old I am growing,
the swans are fatted*

*Along this road
nobody goes,
only one fatted swan*

*Sad the way
the swans have gone to fat,
this Autumn morning*

*How lovely!
even the way the swans lean
to Autumn fat*

*With essence
of my cherry-flowers he goes,
has left me nothing*

*Two fried herrings
going cold in a pan!
the heat!*

*The housefly
under dead salmon's whiskers!
such heat!*

*One more cast skin
still he cries, the cicada
sickly, I feel better*

*The sick man walking
to the doctor's, embosses
the mud of Spring*

*After Bashō
(1644-1694)*

*Down to the very bone
the caustic bite of radish,
Autumn winds blow*

*Autumn is ending,
with other worldly things
frying-pan thrown out*

*The white dews
wherever they fall, is not
an old man's affair*

*Dragonfly
never to see it again!
it brushed my beard*

*The morning-glories
turning to my neighbor's yard!
how keen the slight*

*Hateful flies
after tasting my blood,
have left me alone*

*The first cicada,
behind? in front?
looking and looking for it*

*Mother and I
counting the morning-glories,
losing count*

*So deep, surely
it has been dyed by Autumn
morning-glory*

*In the fisher town
even it stinks this evening,
Autumn full moon*

Regain my true self,
my garden-broom finding it
a cicada husk

The flowers have fallen;
writing he is unhappy
with Spring

No one at all comes,
broom in the garden finding
two cicada husks

Killing the fly
after tasting my blood,
wish for a new body

Holed up in these rooms
standing red before me
cicada's first scream

Morning-glory
embraces my thinning ankle,
tendrils in Autumn

Morning-glory
three of them opened and
became one fence

Without glasses
red chrysanthemums far off
torn into bloom

Killing the fly,
after tasting my blood.
Day darkens

First snow
enough to bend the old snow rabbit's
ear

Not even November
Winter flies are quarrelling
over my Winter clothes

Nobody's to blame
the Autumn roses thrown away
black

With my hair clean cut
I would invite you to comb
lonely Autumn night

Their buzzing
the advent of Summer skies
mosquitoes

Without notice
old snowshoe rabbit, limping
into Autumn

Withered pampas grass
among it small Winter moon,
it corpse-rouge colors

Februaries
forty-two Februaries,
cold rain falling

Its motor,
a sound of Autumn's heaven,
red dragonfly

Leaning on a stick
I watch the oldest straw-man
leaning on a stick

All that's left of him
old snowshoe rabbit, limping
out of Winter

In the Winter river
a long time from some far place,
large and small roots

*Chest pains
in Spring night miles off someone
brakes on highway*

*Withered pampas grass
standing taller than I, no
way to see out*

*Year's Day
thrown away, battered Yule tree
nobody's to blame*

*The last snow
sleeves of straw-man, shedding
a melancholy load*

*Fever dream
swatch of straw-man's coat, eddying
into snow*

*Somehow,
feel the cavity in my tooth
less painful this Autumn*

*Hand on chest in pain,
hanging repellent on plum limb
with the other*

*It can't be helped,
in my clothes press it's made a home
Winter fly*

*After Kyoshi
(1874-1959)*

*Summer moon
on a dish a lone apple
loses its blush*

*The Autumn rose
has bled my finger a white rose,
this languor*

*The dawn is here
dreaming of the harvest boat
straw-man*

*A white magnolia it blooms,
white ice-bag
on this day of high fever*

*Nothing else,
all night trying to force the blooms
Winter-bound*

*Sad how winters pile up
this being in the suburbs,
have lost count*

*Cicadas' racket
this disgust for everything –
I trim my nails*

*So lonely
this being in the suburbs,
I take supper early*

*I watch a straw-man
a night coat fastened to wind
I lean on my stick*

*Inch by inch, slowly
this Autumn candle like
no hair, no nose, no teeth*

*After Arō
(1879-1951)*

*Holding to the grasses
and drying away with them,
Winter fly*

*Morning-glories sprouting –
I can do nothing else but
make haiku*

*Spring night
small satisfaction for the day,
that fly working its hands*

ROOTS IN WINTER

1984

In every parting there is an image of death.
George Eliot

*Red dragonfly
what makes it seem eyeless,
the Autumn wind*

*With bow and arrow
the scarecrow of my youth
aimed*

*On the blue iris
a soap bubble has left
its soap*

*This morning's sadness
a white handkerchief, laundered so
impeccably*

*On the clothesline
bright red kimono, a fly
in and out, out and in*

*The Summer-thin
cicadas are crying so
her words*

*In mother's voice
all of Autumn's cicadas
heard it*

*The rainy season
a cold stethoscope listening
with only one ear*

*Scolding myself,
the iris by the doorstep
somebody's trampled*

*Four months in bed
how is it they are obscene?
out of season flowers*

*Mantis
eaten in the white frost,
a pair of green legs*

*Fallen from a tree
shell of cicada,
stuck to my greatcoat*

*In mother's voice, all
of Autumn's cicadas
start to cry*

*Morning-glory
coveting it most of all,
refuses to bloom*

After Kyorai
(1651-1704)

Departing swans;
my old home now a furnished room
for the night

Morning-glories
there must be one that will wait
till I break fast

Four Brooms

1

Bamboo broom
in the moonlight, where it was
misaid

2

Bamboo broom
its yellow tooth, everywhere
graveyard-cleaning

3

Bamboo broom
fallen blossoms cover it,
discreetly

4

The moonlit snow
its corpse of bamboo, broom
bounces about

After Raizan
(1653-1716)

Brightness of plum
not planning to die so soon
yet this sickness

Against my back
 stethoscope, how dark it sounds
 the Autumn wind

Morning-glory
 so prompt it is, my cane
 crushes one

Straw-man,
 it has a name, fingerprints
 from foot to face

On the butterfly
 thumbprint carried off, some
 part of me left

Sickroom
 its shadow bigger than his,
 Autumn fly

He tenders to-day
 the last seventeen, petals
 of the plum-tree

The house for me to die
 windows newly washed,
 a foot of iris

*Somehow, tonight,
the Easter bell and all,
sickbed looks lovely*

*Cicada holes,
passed two or three without tears
close of Autumn*

*An old man's love
why, even knotted tulipwood
is beautiful*

*This ear infection
wonder if the Spring crow
sounds as cruel?*

*Easter service
keep wondering where I put it,
bulb left for dead*

*Easter morning,
old forsythia trussed up
to be straight*

*A black worsted suit
forgotten on a clothesline,
full of Autumn*

After Seishi
(b. 1901)

*Fireflies are dead,
in their cage this darkest night
all of Autumn*

*Old scarecrows
everywhere, where once I lived
where are the men?*

*Autumn wind,
it seems to be spitting out
grave-heads*

*In the snowfall
passing for people scarecrows
of February*

*The pampas grass, —
O shaking one's heart loose of
all loneliness*

*Much the same each year,
blue urine bottle bluer
than the irises*

*Staying only
long enough not to offend,
cherry-flowers*

*How pitiful
to see them snow powdered,
white chrysanthemum*

*Sad by night,
having eaten the mushrooms
so fresh by day*

*Summer-thin
handkerchief swollen with blood?
mosquito smudge*

*Easter bells
assaulting the April air,
this sad waking*

*Easter afternoon,
heaviness of a flowered shawl
on my shoulder*

*One day in Autumn
I forgot to bolt the gate,
living with this fact*

*Swatting a fly
and then a second, the heat
soon subsided*

*An old newspaper!
swatting a fly this evening
slipped by me at noon*

*In hospital
no window to see Spring wood;
read hokku*

*Snowy day,
trying to find the poet's
obituary*

*Four months in bed,
blue urine bottle bluer
than the irises*

*While I watch canna
burns itself away
Autumn fever*

*A pepper-and-salt hen
walking in late March mud,
found it in tears*

*No cicada left
all the same, walking all day
on its husk*

One more cast skin
still he cries, the cicada
only sound for days

The drollness!
somebody singing Schubert,
an Autumn cicada

Making
a poem of plum-flowers,
misspelling words

Roots in Winter
indoors and out
are being wetted

As if someone
had planted them, last year's
morning-glory

Chest pains,
sound of someone breaking
plum-tree branches

After Kyoroku
(1655-1715)

White chrysanthemum
shadows up a balustrade,
grow taller by night

*Autumn wind
the peacock has no say,
unkempt*

*Winter sun
while I am watching it,
becomes Autumn's*

*One Autumn day
forgot to bolt the gate
and not going out of the gate*

*Winter sun,
while I am watching it
the wind is Autumn's*

*A dragonfly
its eye as large
as mine*

*Peacock,
after it the heat again,
imposture of fan*

*What does it come to?
cicada husk I pick up,
thrown away*

*All my past made up
on the diary pages
specks of Autumn fly*

*Pondering my sickness,
on the diary pages
specks of Autumn fly*

*Suddenly waking
from Autumn orchard and in
this sickroom lying*

*Autumn wind
no say in the matter,
peacock*

*Spring night
in the garden where darkness was
a peacock*

*Fed up with pills
all beautiful shades they are
Autumn peony*

*What does it come to?
cicada husk held cautiously,
thrown away*

*The few cicadas
left seem to recall me,
wherever I go*

*Spring cleaning:
out with a hundred hokku
a blue bedpan*

*Absorbed
by myself, I let peony
go one full day*

*New Year afternoon
three lines come to mind
old, old nuisance*

*Before today
where did he come from
scarecrow*

*In the shaving glass
razor is poised.
Winter thunder*

*The few cicadas
left seem to recall me,
all day our loud tongue*

Autumn rain
taunted by a razor, no cause
to shave today

Swatting a fly
and then another, I felt
quite exhausted

Swatting a fly
and then a second, and I
still wring my hands

Swatting a fly
then a second, an Autumn
night's pleasure

At my old home
refusing to bear till Autumn,
morning-glory

After Kitō
(1740-1789)

Cherry-tree shape,
created by
first storm of Winter

Autumn tempest,
how tender suddenly my
father's face

*Stooped man who planted it,
not taller than
sunflower*

*I departing,
it remaining,
morning-glory*

*Buson in mind;
moonlit train, going blue
at my back*

*Morning-glory
through a hole in the screen,
finding me indoors*

*On the verandah
cast-off shells of cicada,
sweating out a cold*

*On the roof-garden
might be a scarecrow, someone
over there*

*In the Autumn rain,
watching the morning-glories
go bad*

Morning-glories'
veins, dragging down a lattice
they look upwards

Morning-glories'
veins, loading down a lattice
isn't it random?

Autumn full moon
in the fisher town going
to putrefaction

A goose's honking
coming? going? –
have quite forgotten

It goes out a light
from somebody's house
Autumn suburbs

Watching from a train
wild plum as night comes on,
things unearthly

Peach-flowers!
but here in our house the taste
of mackerel

*Autumn full moon
on the fisher town bloating
with putrefaction*

*Sick for so long
walking into flypaper
one night in Spring*

*The fresh kimono,
laid out for when the last dews
hold to his eyes*

*Far from his old home,
fast growing on kimono
February frosts*

[On His Birthday]

*The cruel ships
moving forwards and backwards,
all this Winter night*

*To wake in this world,
loneliness in my bowels
some hangover!*

*It goes out, a light
from my neighbor's house
Autumn deepens*

