

**Leaves of Self:
Poems & Translations**

Earl Trotter

Peach Blossom Press



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Mountain Journey

Far up the cold mountain
the path is steep.
Amongst the white clouds
dwellings can be seen.
I stop my cart
and view the maple woods
in the evening light.
Their frosted leaves
are even redder
than the flowers
of the second month of spring!

Du Mu (803–852)

Three Autumn Haiku

The autumn wind
blowing hard crosswise –
the looks on people's faces!

Uejima Onitsura (1661–1738)

The sparrows too,
partake of
the lotus-leaf rice².

Lightning flash –
the startled look
on the dog's face!

Kobayashi Issa (1763–1828)

2 Served for the elderly at Bon Festival time.

The Sound of the Bell (after Mishima)

The sound of the bell
came in slow waves,
awakening pulsations
in darkness,
spreading
in all directions.

The gravely swaying sound
did not toll the time
but
dissolved it
and carried it away
into eternity.

Night Piece

Late at night
leaves from the maple
fall
in ones and twos
into the black brook
and vanish
into the darkness.
Under the streetlamp
stray goldenrods
sway
in a light breeze -
a cool clouded chill
pierces the air.
Asters
have begun to bloom
but, in the dark shadows
I cannot see
their ice-cold blue.
As I leave,
invisible acorns
lightly tap
the leaf-strewn ground.