

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON



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*Spirit World Restless*



*Poems by Judih Haggai*

# Spirit World Restless

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poems by  
Judih Haggai

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\* \* \* \* \*

*“Everything around you—maybe it’s a palm tree,  
dripping water, cars honking, people racing past  
you— everything feels ecstatic when you free  
yourself into the moment. You recognize your  
interconnectedness, and all these things in a moment  
can become mystical doorways for the Soul.”*

Ram Dass, *Still Here*, 2000.

## Upon Waking to Pour the Boiling Water

Rising into the dark—  
feet lead towards habitual pathways—  
the kettle, plugged in, the water ice cold  
yet, trust in heart, self in hands.

Upon waking, the water agrees to boil,  
the bubbles comfort in sounds of *Let’s  
do it*, and yet the mind wanders into  
chai, mint and coffee, as the ringing of  
shotguns serenades life’s breath.  
A choice upon this waking day—

Shall I lurch into the unknown?  
Pull out the plug of swampland, bog?  
Shall I renew the eucalyptus of change?

Upon this morning, unborn yet stillborn,  
as I hold time before it cracks,  
a waking chance, a hope—  
Shall I pass blindly into habits of old  
when dimensions parade in eager competition?

How not, when boiling water sings for me—  
Yet, coffee starts caffeine occurrence,  
when water hums so fine—

A bird surrenders to the branch—  
*Let’s!* the tree whispers—  
As kettle rolls to its destination—  
And cups raise their empty smiles  
to my lips—

## spirit world restless

humping under the carpet  
spirit world is restless

earth shattering windows  
spirit world is waking

doors, roofs, rattling loose  
spirit world is hissing

punches fly, shotguns load  
spirit world is angry

tanks to fields, people flee  
spirit world is roaring

bombs crash, flames climb  
spirit world seeks vengeance

jesus born, buddha floats  
mohammed mourns, mooses sighs  
prophets phlegm, goddesses sick  
chaos builds, heaven faints

swords, flowers, dinosaurs  
water steams, lava sears  
why not give in. spirit world takes off  
hitch a ride to genesis  
toss aside your emptiness  
catch the next wave out

## Impossible to Sit, Seasonal Upsurge

I rise  
the chair begs me to return  
but I can't  
it's just impossible

I hear the sounds of spring  
as I fly with winds  
swirling swooping inside  
I ride  
drinking cool avenues  
in kayak spirit  
morning close  
all one  
forest land and hill  
large and small  
all

I won't be back  
til trumpet sounds me home

## lone hiker

lone hiker  
boots untied, muddy pillow  
birds swoop, rocks roll  
never alone  
night's ensemble

stretching into sleep  
never alone  
dreams of berries  
tossed acorns, squirrels stash  
as winter tunes her bass

## invisible friends

when i was older  
than a horse's glee  
i spoke to the invisible source  
of knowledge

we'd ride in silent glens  
over hills and dales  
invented then

not much higher than i am today  
high enough to listen

we'd speak in song  
and free verse  
reveling in memories  
of lifetimes lived

so soon, it all came true  
me and you  
gone into things we'd gone through

invisible friends we were  
too hard to explain  
to those who can't see

but you and me  
reach out and grab hold  
of others in tune

we resonate  
like magic come quickly  
a buzz and a laugh  
and we're embracing love

## Fast Blush Means Yes

Trail of clothes  
fast blush means yes  
tearing off curtains  
turning up music  
slow peel of inhibitions  
open eyed inquiry  
do you wanna make a moment with me?

Let's undo the seconds  
caress the futon  
undress in closest closet time  
listen how life has chosen us

Come on baby  
let's listen to life

## Another Sick One, I'm Afraid

Pumped up with excuses—  
another sick one, I'm afraid.  
Strapped to the past,  
linked to foul neuroses,  
hooked up IV endlessly,  
bad karma, drunk beatings, infinite nightmares—

Tsk tsk diagnosis—  
too bad, no hope,  
another sick one, I'm afraid.  
Choral agreement, Brunhilde sings the blues,  
wah wah, vultures cry,  
no liver today,  
sick one, sick sick one—

Hospital bed burnt to a crypt,  
fanned by sheet music  
and stones acoustic sickness—

another  
sick one  
I'm afraid.

**a whisper gone sour**

orange juice  
painted sour  
happy wilted morning

what starts as a peel  
into daylight  
slips into last week's mould

penicillin under glass  
coffee grounds  
hardened espresso hurt

watching napkin notes  
passed between daydreams  
a while ago  
bathrobe tattered beyond hope

sip shuffle cigarettes  
emerge from last night's drain  
smoked and filtered

stripped to the basics  
showered and revived  
another century rolls off the bed

**soft reflections going nowhere**

wandering softly now  
bleeding into cosmic melt  
blurring long gone fantasy

painting the connection  
linking love through all  
soundless song erratic

a swish of thought  
immense, self-confident  
claiming past in crucial  
permanence

walking selfless thru self  
embracing moments as here  
swallowing life like a kiss

soft reflections going nowhere  
exhaling hope anew



## Bombasted

Snarling, they push aside their refilled cups,  
half-consumed packets of complimentary jive,  
mirrored walls locked and barred,  
customers glare into menus overdone to death—

Again the roof shakes, walls crack,  
soup spills, baguettes deflate—  
as bass player takes his cigarette break,  
bomb hits midnight outdoor café—

Gone in a flash of shrapnel and horror,  
waitresses scream, cellphones ring—  
Tel Aviv heaves in nighttime disaster—  
bleeding its guts into Mediterranean sky.

## a mellow look at a pillar of salt

tossing and turning a fast look  
from where i see it  
we've come a short way  
from seashell haven

once upon a time  
i crawled in crocodile backlash  
chomping thru tempestuous waters

i leaped upon lily pads  
in evolutionary fervour  
survival! fit to be tied  
i sighed onto the nearest beach

eating coconuts, washing potatoes  
i found myself expanding my repertoire  
two plus two, along the avenue

Noah! save me, baby  
inching onwards  
past ETs and UFOs  
i tossed my 3rd eye in the basket  
of charms  
snake oiled and massaged  
into Thai omega

back home to waters  
calm with human refuse  
Ganges holy  
sanskrit ohm, we  
levitated to rat-race space  
workin the land  
and paintin it grey

was it just yesterday  
they told me not to turn around. . . ?  
and here i go  
risking it all  
for a mellow look  
and a pillar of salt

92 (messages)

breathlessly  
he wrote nine  
tore them up  
cried again  
twenty more  
each one ached  
bled from heart  
ripped apart  
flooded time  
love cracked lines

counting off  
ninety two  
broken dreams

messages  
never sent  
stuck in time

## Dedicated to a Man I Love

You've left me again  
with a thousand smiles

how I ache once more  
(is it true you're gone?)  
so short this time  
such brief unfoldings

you've left

with eyes  
to launch  
a thousand heart waves

aura traced  
in a thousand tears

## Winds of Electric Air

fake Siberia conquers  
winds blow in cinematic gulps  
as if to chill skin from skin  
distance in my thoughts of you

how quick illusion  
jumps my bones  
as if hypnosis is my only course  
on horseback I dream of you

fields of sleighs and hammers  
jingling in rampant haste  
as if fast is our only choice  
swiftly now, I'm exiled

## Cousin Sand Dune

riding thru a storm  
cousin sand dune smothers  
my view

long lost relatives  
sea shelled and shocked  
dance in my eyelashes

my bicycle hip hops  
over aunts and godmothers  
tracing Moses and Inanna  
in fossilled heads

please, trace my ancestry  
as I stomp burial grounds  
and travel fertile plains  
now dust bound home

cousin sand dune  
tripping thru ages  
brush my backside moan

## gone now

you've gone now  
the chance is over  
the meetings on the way  
the looks of intention  
the perhaps of a touch  
the incidence of excitement  
the fantasy of one day

you've gone now  
your thick smile  
your strong shoulders  
your brush and your scent  
your meaningful engagement  
your thighs  
your orchid bearing hands

you've gone now  
your flash red pick-up  
your open invitations  
your powerful suggestions  
your obvious patience  
your cell-phone hesitation  
your size, your eyes

you're gone now

## bleedin for ya

i'm bleedin for ya  
i'm painting cobblestones wet  
i'm cryin for ya  
i'm moanin with wild consent

dip your thoughts  
in my heart ripped ink  
use my tears  
drink everything

i'm dyin for ya baby  
i'm willing you my soul  
i'm offerin you my innocence  
no excuses anymore

## Hey Angry Girl

Hey angry girl  
What's that flame thrower doin in your fist  
Hey, got a gripe  
with the local Oracle  
the fortune telling minstrel with the sneer?

Hey angry, girl?  
rubbed the wrong way, against  
the grain of your placidity?  
Blame a dude with a poisonous name  
a shit shootin noisemaker with a bad sense of real?

Hey girl, anger  
gets a fool to do foolery  
a wimp to limp-out in impotence  
Nails a creep with a lucky bullseye  
straight into a shoulder of ice

Turn that anger, girl  
Into radiant blossoms of poppies  
Put it to bed, babe  
Lay it down to hibernate  
and one sweet day, girl, anger  
will burst into love

**not my type**

he's not my type  
he's alive

he's not my speed  
he's intricate

he's not my kind  
he's fanatic

he's not my kin  
he's unrelated

he's not my world  
he's hidden and huge

he's not my sex  
he's XY more than any other guy

he's not my type  
he's the core of sensation

he's out there  
waiting  
taunting  
baiting

he's not my type  
he's not my type

**Ode to the Madmen I Have Known**

knew you  
to climb the ivory tower  
& rescue the maiden Truth

I watched you  
scale impossible landslides  
to pick a delicate bloom

I heard you  
caress the ears of idiots  
resurrect their ashen brains

I saw you  
leap into the swirling drain  
and jump back out again

you, a madman, among fools  
a weeper amongst tears  
a visionary mountaineer

I loved to watch  
spirit expanded, humour encompassed  
soul embraced madness  
you, a multitude of madmen  
a line-up of straight-jackets  
a metal cup banging on bars  
you, blurred at the edges  
but noisy beyond barriers  
escaping from houdini who-dun-its

this ode is to you  
and all the madmen  
you've made me see

## Lush Green Voice

(listening to Nina Simone)

Pale shadows, a breeze suddenly beckons  
lush green voice waves from palm trees  
suede legs wrap around trunk  
white owl draws a flight plan

I'm there, higher this night  
blending summer hues in a palette of dare  
soft bongos accent exhales and sighs  
sarong blows astray, fresh skin blooms

mesh song to sound  
moon to mystery  
lush green promises  
usher us on

## Watching You Cling

mouth sucking cling  
wrapped around her ghost  
watching you hang on  
I sing a fading song

words burst over symbols  
lake overflows with time  
it's over, seasons turn  
the melody of yesterday

once it rained broccoli salad  
gathered in the morning dew  
sprouts of chicory  
garnished your breakfast tray

but now that days have walked away  
the harvest is poor,  
the noise of tomorrow crashes through  
as you aimlessly sift through time

## Inevitable Halva Sneaks Between Pages

As notion of poetry slams out  
room shaken time warp  
lost snapshots of combusted sighs  
an inevitable craving for halva  
sneaks between pages  
offers relief to barefoot nostalgia

“Once upon a sunset in Greece”  
began the ode better left alone

And dylan strums bouzouki  
grunting a guttural carnation  
re-view, re-wind, re-turn

Papyrus and stylus signal I'm dreaming  
How cruel to be reminded  
as halva sneaks between pages  
and the crush of hope sings in the night

## Between Songs

I'd like to sing  
my heart out to you  
but I'm between songs  
temporarily  
in breath  
out of love  
out of beat

between bars  
between chairs  
between the in and ex of hale  
be  
'tween you and me  
I'm hardly found



## Pale Glaze Over Sunset

As I pour sunset over your long black hair,  
existence melts in lakes of love,  
honey soothes burnt memories,  
warm promises blanket pain.

It's a hug held way past midnight,  
as stars *om* their chords so fine,  
Mercury dances retrograde,  
Fate soon will change.  
Rings of Saturn, Neptunes, moons  
harmonize their paths for you.

Pale glaze over sunset—  
as stars shine their rampant glow.  
All's clear for take-off—  
planetary blessings for the road.

## Branches Brush Your Hair

when I remember  
those branches dripping winter promises  
your lips speaking in snowbound heat

you called my name, the wind called harder  
you, again and again  
as branches brushed your hair

on bended knee you'd sing to me  
mouth to lip  
tongue to longing

as I walk through whispers  
left on my heart step  
I melt like an icicle  
blown wide  
in nurtured sunburst

You, Yeti in full blooded  
wonder  
stark raving fear  
tossing love like medallions  
feeding self in starvation

when I think of you  
I pull forest twigs  
from your hair  
and suck the sap of life

## That You, Hiding in the Crocus?

Carpet of sand-blown rocks  
Is that you, hiding in the rubble?  
The smell of ancient horses  
ground underfoot, in the midst of markets

Cracked soil, parched from long haul home  
Is that you, hiding in a bedouin bag?  
The gathering of songs, all day sounds  
flown on the autumn wind, sown fields longing

Hint of afternoon changes, clouds move close  
Is that you, drifting in sky's glyphs?  
The separation of continents, worlds apart  
letting loose rumours of no return

Daydreams of spring upheaval  
Is that you, hiding in the crocus?  
peeking in sudden child-like surprise  
daring to appear amongst broken bones

## light thru trees

it's a slow sunset hinting eve  
thru leaves intent on pumping green  
i love the sound of silent agreement

day has had its laughs  
its cheers and chocolate treasures  
as the whisper of pause takes hold

wait for me, i'll catch your shadow soon  
in friendship and in parting  
as light blinks thru stubborn leaves  
and i rest my head on life

## listen to the jasmine

as sundown sings its low notes  
we listen to the jasmine  
coffee gentle with cardamom  
fingers stroking twilight

a pause to sip the earth evolving  
treetops told to meteors  
neptune nudging nearer  
our feet breathe the cosmic hush

## Thought with No Direction

She sat toadstooled  
one-side up at the bar  
brazen and boxed  
hard-tack tied and tired—

She called out for another—  
Her voice caught the breeze  
of the subway heading north—  
hitched a ride in the line-up  
for the loo—

Fortunate Soo, standing still  
while movement did the job—  
car shaken, riding til dawn—  
She laughed, jumped back into time—

Leading her mule towards the sassafras,  
her Hyssop bundles fragrant and cool—  
She thought with no direction—  
How she passed her timeless blues  
so sweetly unrestrained—

And the mountain moved,  
making way for her mind—  
mule-laden memories,  
fallen to pasture, slow and sure—  
she passed out, a river of drool,  
running downstream—

Love, a lost petunia,  
a flurry of sounds,  
no way back, the tide  
closed in.

## pain soup and serenade

ladle lazy to stir  
pain soup and serenade  
hope and struggle marinade  
pour on hot steamed days

slow line, trays in hand  
dishing out the evening news  
move on, get it while it lasts  
herbal tidbits in fresh reversal

people, eat your fill,  
there's more, don't you know it,  
digestible bites, bottomless dish  
'fragranced tomorrows,' whispers dessert

## If you hug me

If you hug me,  
If you embrace me  
If you feel for one moment  
how much I love you,  
you will listen,  
o child, o spirit of searching  
o energy of wanting

Aim your desire  
Surpass your hunger  
one more hour  
and you'll learn how sweet  
sings the Bird of Paradise

## afraid to call

tried to dial (afraid to call) so i willed it to be busy  
and i tried to re-dial  
but afraid to call, it was a dial tone of no one home

me, afraid to call?  
afraid to hear that you're lying in bed  
unable to lift your head  
or shave your hair  
while chemo knocks your roots off

me, afraid to pass on  
the wishes, the kisses, the messages  
that sit collecting in my pockets  
my mind filled with tones and blushes  
of those who trust me to call

afraid to call & it's not easy  
yet, i admit when i think of you  
i start to shake

## Move On

we squeeze our anxiety  
for traces of pure inspiration  
looking for angels  
in soul compost

we walk through our dumpster  
hearts  
we search for innocent sprouts  
we stomp demons  
while we flay open innocence

grabbing hands  
we wait for commands  
Wrong Door  
Wrong Path  
Wrong Time

but filth smirks  
underfoot  
and hope belches  
elsewhere

we grab hands  
we steal contact  
we devour our embrace

one flick of a cloud  
and we're home again  
soul safe and energized

we, magic mushrooms  
emerge  
inner fire ablaze

in alchemy  
and destiny  
we move on

### in my last life

as an eagle  
in my last life  
i watched the details  
of probe and swoop

i called to you  
as miles melted into clouds  
i turned to the flutter of wings

my heart knew one intent  
as a unit of strength  
a protector of the weak

it was done, i did all  
as requested, as fulfilled  
impeccable action

my last life was dedicated  
and sanctified, as native  
lore upheld  
as blessed a life as eagles share  
as above, so below  
i fell into infinity  
and reappeared as this

my last life  
swirls within  
as i direct my gaze to you

what is

what is  
lasts as long as it lasts  
it does

what it does  
goes as long as it goes  
it shows

what works  
acts as long as it can  
it will

what it wills  
as long as will is strong  
it leads

what inspires  
enlightens those who can see  
yin/yang

what is  
lasts as long as it is

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