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Spirit World Restless



Poems by Judih Haggai

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Spirit World Restless
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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