

T E R R Y   H A U P T M A N

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## Strangers to Each Other

for Mahmoud Darwish

*When will peace open our citadel doors to the doves?*

—Mahmoud Darwish

*Then I look, towards his eyes,*

*but I don't see him. . .*

*I leave the café in a hurry,*

*I think: maybe he's a killer or maybe*

*he's a passerby who thinks I'm a killer.*

*He's frightened, and I am too!*

—Mahmoud Darwish

In Jerusalem, walking around the Old City's walls,

Following goats and children, near the Damascus Gate,

Behind The Dome Of The Rock,

We knew we didn't belong,

And ran to eat pita bread in a nearby café

Where Holocaust survivors looked us

In the face of memory

In the salt-fate of beginnings

And endings

Passed the Bedouin caravan of ancient song.

In the year of forgetting

Walking around the Sea of Galilee

Under the canopy of strangers

Under the fig trees and cypresses

With the song of the living skimmed off promise

With the spirit of non-violence crushed

In the palm of the hand

Strangers to each other

Infidels to each other

Thieves in the

marketplace

Scapegoat to Scapegoat

Brother to Brother

Arab and Jewish shopkeepers of prophecy

Car-bombed under tasseled olive trees

Hasids and Jihadists

In holy war

Put out the same birdseed

Then turn to prayer

Shrapnel in spice boxes

Hornets in cinnamon

In the blue light

Endlessly

Rocking

Babies.

## The Carmel Market in Tel Aviv: Shuk Ha' Carmel

*Please G-d protect us and keep away the pain  
Guard every moment with every breath we take  
You know we sweat so hard for survival  
Every night and every day*  
—Ofra Haza

*There is nothing one man will not do to another*  
—Carolyn Forché

Listening to Ofra Haza's Yemenite songs  
Of desert tears  
    In the storytelling spiral of  
        Broken cloves and salt  
Bazaar of cashews, dates and figs  
    Caravans to the port city of Jaffa  
Bargaining for bread and olives  
    Chickpeas and wine  
        Amber earrings  
            Hamseh the eye of G-d  
                Promise of pomegranates  
                    In a bloodbath of hope.

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**Terry Hauptman** is a poet/painter who has traveled to many corners of the world, but her home now is in Vermont. She is the author of three poetry collections. The poems included here are from her newest manuscript, *The Indwelling of Dissonance*. Her 5'x50' Songline Scrolls have been exhibited nationally.