

*She Sits and Shells Peas is her fourth mind-body-soul book. The author, through tiny personal essays and poetic verses, encourages the reader go within, while enjoying shared mystical moments and joyful oracles, in an easy reading style.*

## **She Sits and Shells Peas**

By Ilis Trudie Palmer

**Order the book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13527.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**



# SHE SITS AND SHELLS PEAS

Author of *Dancing Between Tall Grass*

**ILIS TRUDIE PALMER**

Copyright © 2024 Ilis Trudie Palmer

Print ISBN: 978-1-959620-45-7

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-792-4

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.

2024

First Edition

## Sugar Cane Juice Stories

Sitting close  
not touching physically, but spirits intertwined —  
aunt and her sister's child.

Quietly absorbing the energy off the evening,  
the hint of dew forming, fog settling  
on the hills in the near cline.

Cane juice running like ribbons down their forearms,  
settling around round elbows

soon making the brave  
jump to strong thighs.

Honeybees crowding round,  
waiting to suck the last bit of sweetness  
from the cane peeling.

The aunt sighed —

one laced with memories as delicious as this sugar cane  
recalling

the days when she was a little lass harvesting  
without even a cutlass.

It was a skill,

you had to use your feet to break it and your knees to  
snap it,

from the stalk.

Remembering the times when dinner was cane juice  
from freshly harvested fields,  
stolen before they were carted away to make sugar,  
King Sugar —  
the bane of the black man, bitcoin for the other man.  
Recollecting the days  
when money could be made;  
when a bundle of root knots was sold for a penny, an  
English penny.

The niece sucked out the juice.  
Sharing similar memories but hers less stark,  
more fun times —  
running in fields, harvesting cane, chasing mongeese;  
chewing on the fibre,  
whitening teeth.  
Then home for supper —life had gotten a bit  
better.  
Both souls, different timelines.  
Coming together in this time,  
enjoying sweet sugar cane,  
reminiscing.

## Trust That Spirit Knows the Way

Ah, that word, eh? That T word. Those five innocent letters coming together, causing many a heartache and negative emotion when we start using it as a verb. We trust. We trusted. We used to trust. We no longer trust. It is amazing the short time lapse between what is, to what used to be. So, I would not blame you if you read this story with your skeptical spectacles on. I, myself, have been burnt from trusting a bit too much. The scars still show.

But what about the kind of trust that Spirit wants us to engender when it comes to our soul and our path? Can we place our trust there — in Forces not seen, and experienced infrequently—except for the lucky ones amongst us with active *clairs* who might have heard, felt or just knew that something is as it is, and can be trusted as...ehem...gospel?

We trust, we trusted, we used to trust, we no longer trust.

I agree it is tough. Especially when we have been asking and asking and not getting an answer, and now we are being asked to trust. That is asking much.

# **How the Village Obeah Woman Met Her Match**

(Clash of the sorceresses)

Where I come from, in my part of the world, Halloween is not a holiday or an occasion that we celebrate. It just never was. I do not know if it is celebrated in the land of our former colonial masters but it was never planted in the Caribbean, or if it was, it didn't survive.

Perhaps the rulers and slave owners had their hands full enough dealing with our ancestral magic of voodoo and obeah, that they chose not to introduce something that might have given the slaves another means to make contact with the other side.

Like with everything else, globalization, the advent of cable television, and now the internet, Halloween is now seeping into our cultural sphere. Added to this, is a growing expat community so that now I see the costumes and the sweets and decorations of carved pumpkins and scarecrows in the supermarkets and stores. Shrewd businessmen and women know to provide for sale to the people, what the people want.

We are a people still somewhat steeped in certain aspects of our African tradition. Some islands more than

others, have active voodoo and obeah practitioners and given that they are still around after all these years, it means that their services continue to be exploited.

*The Google* is replete with definitions of what obeah is and, in some cases, what it isn't. But in a few words, it is a spiritual belief practiced by persons mostly in the British West Indies (now Caribbean to a larger extent) that uses the connection to spirits and other things supernatural, to create some change in the physical, which can be positive or negative.

In most cases, a person would go to visit the obeah man or obeah woman when they want to exact some revenge on someone whom they figured had done them some wrong.

It was their form of justice, as if to say, what the courts would not grant me, the obeah man or woman would. Caribbean people talk about which country has the 'stronger' obeah — the scale of measure being the efficacy of the remedy, I assume.

There was an obeah woman who lived in my village. I do not think anyone else knew that she was one except for me, since no one ever spoke of her being such. And believe me, if you practice obeah, you want it to be known either to get clients or to instill fear in others.



I was a little girl then and did not understand energy and vibrations or anything of the sort. I just knew when something was off, or not feeling right. So this one evening, I was going to the village shop to buy bread. It might have been after seven o'clock because it was already dark, and there was a full moon already peeking over the top of the nearby hills. The moon light was brilliant. I remembered as a child believing that the moon shone only over my village since it felt so near and so personal.

I never liked walking past this woman's fence—it being dark made my fears grow even more but I had to. I could not tell my mother that I did not want to go and buy the bread for breakfast the next morning because an obeah woman lived across the way. So, I braved up and set out.

Approaching her property line, I felt her energy. It was dark and strong and foreboding and the idea of turning back tickled my mind but I kept walking, as quickly and as quietly as my little feet would allow, on the hard-packed dirt path.

When I was almost by her gate, I heard a cooing sound, like a dove. I never recalled doves cooing at night. Who was cooing or what was cooing? Then I felt eyes on me. I knew it was her. I do not know what came over me but I stood still and turned my face toward her gate and

waited. If there was going to be a showdown, better now than any other time. She would just serve me to the spirits and that would be the end. I somehow felt it might be a better option to my life as I was living it. As young as I was, I knew and understood poverty—and poor we were!

I felt eyes on me; I knew it was her.

The gate creaked but did not open. That is when I noticed that she had a well disguised spy hole. She could look through it and see people passing without them noticing her watching.

Oh, I see, I thought to myself. She is a spying Obeah Woman!

I crept closer. I did not know why. Maybe death was calling my name. The cover over the spy hole moved and a single dark, wicked looking eye peered out at me. I did not even scream. I just stared right back at her. Me, my little eight-year-old self, staring down the obeah woman. The eye blinked. She realized it was me. I knew she had been watching me for a long time. I always felt her eyes on me, whether or not I actually saw her.

The moon brightened at that very moment, as if it was shining a spotlight on the showdown. Was it good

against evil, young against old, or just me against this woman?

She did not say a word except to coo several more times while she continued to stare at me balefully. I stared right back. I have huge eyes. And they were fixed on her. Even today people tell me they feel uncomfortable when I set my stare on them. She must have gotten uncomfortable for she hissed and made a spitting sound and slammed the cover of her spy hole shut.

I stepped back, shrugged and continued my journey to purchase my bread.

I remember when she died. I did not attend her funeral — no reason to, I was not interested.

About two years ago during a quiet time I saw her, we had nothing to say to each other again.

Even as I was writing this story, I felt her presence over my shoulder but there was no fear. I had won the battle against her since I was an eight-year-old. She knew who held the power.

## **Make Me Your Instrument of Love**

You strum my taut strings—the master player you are  
making me your bass guitar—pulling out the deep  
notes, the passion-filled sounds  
my lithe body like the electric guitar—  
classical.

Me, writhing in sheer pleasure to the acoustic sounds—

my strings plucked,  
bridging the quivering vibrations, sending them to the  
topmost top—  
moving like cosmic powered kundalini energy,  
resonating—  
settling in my orange-fired sacral space  
sending forth finger licking flames  
of orgasmic pleasure—  
creating beautiful music,  
birthing lasting art.

## Space Tag

have you ever been there —The Meeting  
'twas only fate that brought you here —The Nudging  
please, let me introduce you to —The Greeting  
shy curious gazes that meet and lock —The Staring  
mouths open but no words escape —The Hard  
Swallowing  
thumping, thumping of two beating hearts —The  
Pounding  
puzzled eyes, dark pools of deep questions—The  
Wondering  
accept that it was meant to be — The Understanding  
that they had finally found each other —The Knowing

## **When They Stop Listening, You Need to Stop Talking**

My friend lost both his mother and life partner within the space of six months. He had not recovered from the first before he was reeling again from the second blow. Both of them were sick for some time, but it was the actual knowing that they were gone, and that you would never see, nor hear, nor talk to them again, that sent many of us to our knees in grief.

I watched him suffer. There was not much I could do and from where I sat, knowing what I know, it was hard for me to sympathize for very long. I have written about my view of death in countless stories and he knew, so it was difficult to understand what he needed to hear from me. Maybe it was just a listening ear. I was a good friend. I listened and listened. I cried with him and shed tears of joy with him, whenever he recalled the happy moments he shared with both persons. Death had come home to him. It became real. He struggled with the grieving process, wanting to be strong for his siblings and daughter, but still unable at times to deal with the crushing blow of the double loss.

One evening he sent me a message. He was in a bad place. It was as if he needed relief or a release but did

not know where to find it. I felt the agony in every syllable he wrote.

I wanted to help him so desperately

“You know,” I began cautiously, “your family is gone but they are still around. They see your tears; they hear your cries of regret and remorse; they understand how you feel and they want you to know that it is okay; they are okay; everything is as it should be; they have not left you and will never leave you.”

I closed by saying, “You can communicate with them if you want to, it is not difficult. But you have to want to. You have to believe that the veil between the physical and non-physical is thin enough to allow this communication. Do you want me to help you to reach them?”

My friend left my message on read!

So here I was, knowing that relief could be his; that he possessed what was needed to communicate and feel the love and attention of his crossed-over family, and he chose not to. I did not know why — whether it was some measure of disbelief or fear, or a mix of both but he did not respond.

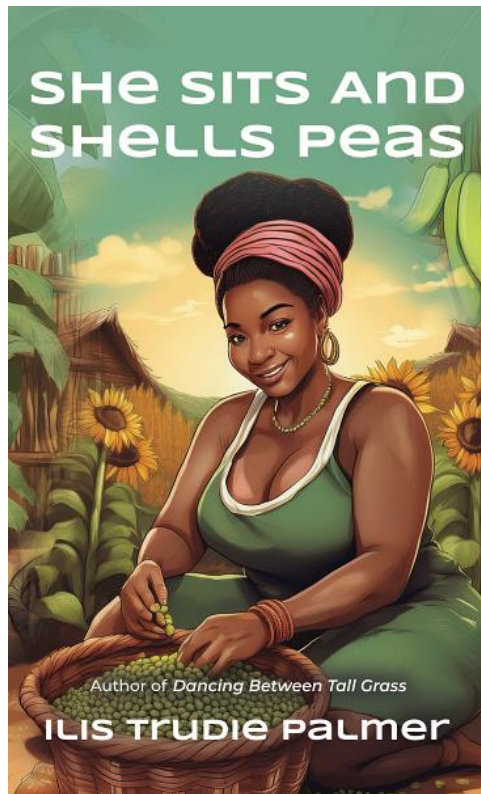
A few weeks have now passed and I have not heard from him. I do not know if he is doing better. Perhaps he is.

*She Sits and Shells Peas*

His life partner visited me several times. We had a chat about this and that but she never gave me a message to give to him. I guess she wanted to speak with him herself.

When he is ready and if he needs help, he will find me. But for now, I have stopped talking.





*She Sits and Shells Peas is her fourth mind-body-soul book. The author, through tiny personal essays and poetic verses, encourages the reader go within, while enjoying shared mystical moments and joyful oracles, in an easy reading style.*

## **She Sits and Shells Peas**

By Ilis Trudie Palmer

**Order the book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](https://www.booklocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13527.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**