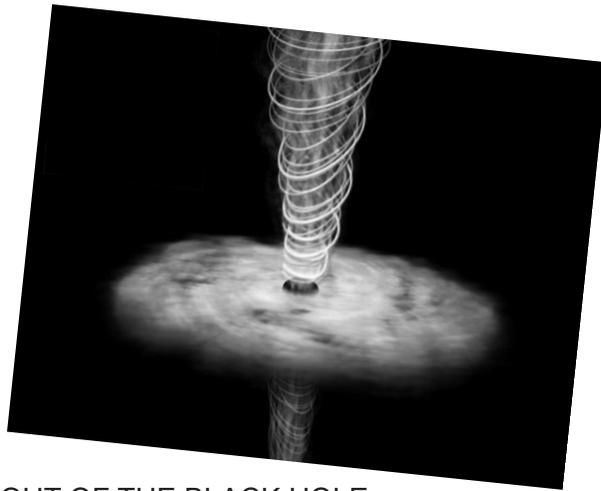


# IN SPIRIT TIME

-APPROACHING THE EVENT HORIZON

BARBARA ROMNEY  
SPRING EQUINOX 2015



## OUT OF THE BLACK HOLE

THOSE OLD GUYS  
for my brother Kim Romney

Those old guys  
you know  
    the brilliant  
    the wise  
        some in their nineties

those wise old guys  
    change their minds  
    change their theories or  
        at least expand them  
            past recognition  
                with no apologies  
those brilliant old guys

You know like  
    E. O. Wilson  
    Noam Chomsky  
    Stephen Hawking  
        free to think  
        free to say  
whatever  
        free to be  
whomever  
                they so desire  
Wilson spent his life studying  
    ants  
    and came up with provocative  
        facts

If  
you gathered all  
the living ants  
in the world  
and weighed them  
then  
you gathered all humans  
and weighed them  
ants and humans would  
come out about even  
Then at 94 he wrote  
*The Meaning of Human Existence*

How you get from entomology to  
philosophy  
I have not a clue but then  
I am neither a guy  
nor ninety  
nor brilliant  
nor wise

And we have Chomsky  
not yet ninety  
who perhaps  
flung his brilliance too wide  
like pearls before pigs  
but still sticking  
with his one grand notion  
- The Commons -  
which  
may save us in the end  
if we but take our fingers  
out of our ears and listen

Then we have Hawking  
just turned seventy-three  
but  
brilliant

wise beyond his years  
who insisted for decades  
once in that hole  
nothing can ever come out  
He's who started that whole  
hole thing anyway  
Now he says  
something is coming out  
but he knows not what  
Truth to tell I am glad something  
is coming out

I need to write a poem about that  
which will make two of my dead friends  
happier with me than they were  
when they heard that last poem I wrote  
about the Black Hole and me  
when I believed with Hawking that  
nothing could get out

My two dead friends  
peers of mine  
wise  
brilliant  
both declared something had to come out

Blue Eyes told me  
perhaps it will make that one star  
twinkle brighter  
but I didn't believe either friend  
Then  
after my second friend died  
I read that Hawking had changed his mind  
*Something IS coming out*  
He just doesn't know what

Perhaps Blue Eyes knew even  
before Stephen perhaps...

**November 19, 2013**

Sunny bright desert day in early November  
Days like this I love and are the reason I live here.

Eighty-third Birthday coming up.

Hospice is convinced

I have only a few days left; are amazed I am still here.

So this may be my last birthday.

I'll have a party. Invite everyone in town I know.

I'll read my Eightieth Birthday (2010) poem

and any one can say anything and

drink if they want or not as they choose

that will be a great way to go.

It is all planned in my head.

Now it is time to email invites.

I awake on that morning. Just because hospice says it is time to go  
does not make it a closed case.

Suppose I wait and decide that my last birthday party  
will be when I am eighty-five.

First I tell this to myself and

I look and find the sky's now desert blue.

Then I tell a couple of friends and

the sun warms and brightens the day for all of us desert creatures.

Springtime and my daughter

takes me on a drive over the Loop Road.

We discover later those spiky yellow desert flowers

that bloom everywhere are Prince's Plumes.

Somehow knowing the name sharpens

the yellow and the brightness of our memories.

We see a mother bear with her cubs

lumbering across the road.

We drive the River Road on Mothers' Day

after a spring time downpour, to find a multitude of waterfalls  
cascading over the sheer cliffs replenishing the river's muddy glow.

If I had died after my eighty-third birthday party, as planned,

missed would be this drive with my daughter,

missed the sweet splashing sparkling waters and

missed all the sunny bright desert days before and since.

And yet to come.

**May 2014**

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Barbara  
Nov. 19, 2014  
Just turning 84

## MY DREAM OF RIVER & SNOW

I awake to my dream

Struggling  
unbalanced

Gravity pulls  
one foot  
then the other

Night's dark  
no stars

I am alone  
alone  
not lonely

River is black  
smooth as ice  
reflecting  
nothing

The darkness of the river  
The darkness of the night  
no stars  
the darkness  
engulfs me

Snow begins  
flakes dancing  
flakes  
undeterred by gravity

The flakes increase  
Large and larger  
each iteration  
growing in complexity

The flakes swirl around  
as a cocoon  
embracing me

The river  
cold  
black  
is gone

Everything is soft  
white  
warm

I snuggle into my  
cozy  
cocoon  
dancing  
as snow  
dances

white everywhere

free from cold  
from fear  
free  
from gravity

I dance  
as snow dances  
floating  
swirling  
in my cocoon

I dance with  
the snow

Warm  
Without fear

I float free

## GRAVITY

Of course everyone knows  
gravity is the glue  
holding us down

Actually gravity  
creates the reality  
within which we live

No gravity  
and rapidly  
our world spins  
apart  
out of control

Gravity must  
be a kind of  
love

There are other kinds as well  
but gravity's the one saying yes  
saying  
*'til death do us part*  
That's gravity speaking



## THE TATTOO DREAM

Leg stiff  
    cramping  
holding still  
    for  
        so long

Then she said:

*Just a moment*  
*There are a couple of more feathers*  
*to do*

a tattoo  
    so small  
a raven  
    flying  
on the inside of  
    her left ankle  
just behind her ankle bone  
    flying flying

How she came to the tattoo parlor  
    she doesn't know  
Bu she's here and  
    it's almost done  
Standing up  
    dizzy wobbly  
        outside  
            but  
she sees the raven flying up  
    up and away

Looking down  
    turning her foot  
        there  
        the raven is  
    flying up  
        on her ankle

It was the right thing to do  
    to have  
    the raven  
        there  
    with her  
in times of uncertainty

He will always be there  
    with her  
    showing her  
    the way to fly

## HEFFALUMPS AND ALL THAT

I.  
On her first day  
her mom phoned to see if  
all was going o.k.  
We put Amanda on the phone  
*Oh, Mommy!*  
*They know about Heffalumps*  
*and all that here*  
*This will be a happy place*  
*for me*

She was too small  
to clamber on the city bus by herself  
She had to be lifted

Arms up totally trusting  
*"Help"* she said  
and then she was in my arms  
and then running down the aisle  
looking for a vacant seat  
a seat for her  
her seat

I pulled out all  
the old A.A. Milne books  
I had memorized as a child  
and we read them together  
with the other younger children  
and whoever else wanted to listen

*Halfway up*  
*is the stair where I sit*  
*There isn't any*  
*other stair quite like it*  
*I'm not at the bottom*  
*I'm not at the top*  
*so that is the stair*  
*where I always stop*

Don't you wish the folks in  
Washington  
could discover that simple truth  
or

*I wanted a rabbit*  
*a little brown rabbit*  
*I looked for my rabbit most*  
*everywhere*

about finding what you had always  
wanted  
had dreamed of  
- a little brown  
bunny -  
found it  
on the Commons but  
not for sale in any shop

We all have  
little brown bunnies we seek  
We just have not found out  
they can't be purchased in any shop  
not even at Tiffany's

And to think that  
I learned these things  
in a little book of children' poems  
when I was maybe six or seven

II.  
Forty-five years later shopping  
in Wabi Sabi  
all Amandas long gone from my life  
I called to my new friend  
soon  
to become my lover  
for a while

*Hey! You would like this.  
It has heffalumps all over it*  
Suddenly she was right with me  
her hand on my arm  
We had not touched 'til then  
asking  
*Heffalumps!  
How do you know about Heffalumps?*

*Oh! I was brought up by them.*

*We both burst into laughter*

And we both remembered  
when we were tiny  
  
our families sitting  
focused on the little wooden box  
the radio  
listening to the Sunday evening  
Fireside Chat  
Our president visited with us  
in our homes each week

Amazing

It was a great comfort  
when some were hungry  
We knew he cared  
and was doing what he could  
to get the nation back on course

III.  
Which eventually he did -  
but only with the help of a great war  
This changed everything  
Ourselves  
were changed  
most of all  
Will it take another great war  
to get us back on course  
or are we past the tipping point?

But my lover has since died  
and I have found no one new  
who knows about  
Heffalumps  
or who remembers  
Fireside Chats  
or what all that was about  
or who remembers  
small wooden boxes  
radios  
more fascinating than any TV  
or video  
  
or who remembers a time  
when unmarried women  
could not get contraceptives  
a time when women could not vote

IV.

There was a time when  
wives were listed as property  
along with the slaves

Is this true? I don't know -  
I'm probably making that up  
but it seems likely.

What is important  
is what we/you feel/think  
about all this or  
the likelihood that it may be  
like that again

And did you know a black teenager  
- male, of course - was shot  
right here in Liberty Park  
in Salt Lake City  
a couple of nights ago  
I think he died  
but am not sure  
What do we feel/ think about that?

V.

Did you know that Alexis Kelner  
- remember him?  
Wasatch Mountain Club  
- Dick Gale  
physics prof  
formed a group to  
save the canyons around  
Salt Lake City  
from a scheme that would  
have connected  
all the ski resorts together  
in one grand loop

VI.a

There you have it.  
I have to sign off for now  
I need a ride tomorrow  
to get my hearing aids fixed  
Otherwise I'll have to wait another  
couple of months

Right now

I need recharging

I know how to recharge my  
laptop  
my radio  
my alert call button  
I know how to recharge  
most anything almost

VI.b

But  
In the larger picture of things  
my hearing aid matters  
not even a jot  
nor does  
my broken shoulder  
Bye

Right now

I DO  
myself  
need recharging  
as do you  
my friend  
as did my sister  
as did my lover  
as do I

That's about it  
for now

## UNENCUMBERED

I loved her  
    well and good  
She loved me  
    after her fashion

I remember her  
    as we drove the Loop Road  
I remember her  
    on dark nights  
        stars  
    blazing  
    beyond imagining

I remember her  
    as I walk the walking bridge  
        the river under  
        the cliffs above

I remember us and  
    the river  
    the lakes  
    the redrocks  
us under  
    the stars  
    the desert sun

I remember our silence  
    awestruck  
    before  
        our universe

    But  
be that as it may  
    her being  
        dead

    and me  
        alive  
she can't reach out  
    and pull at me  
    with any ambiguity  
    with any negativity

Sleeping  
in one of her nighties  
    so soft  
    so ample  
I cuddle those perfect moments  
    I have saved  
and we float free  
    unencumbered by  
    any reality



## RIVER ICE

Though snow still hides in crevices  
and under arches  
the river ice gives way  
stacks up  
layer upon layer

Now the water's smooth and clear  
a looking glass  
reflecting back  
shrubs and grasses  
rocks and desert sky

Winter's  
been long  
been cold  
been hard  
seeming never ending

Here  
by the river  
the sun on my back  
I'm warmed through to the core

Layers and layers of past  
melt  
float away  
freeing me to reflect on

NOW

Perhaps this bleak winter is  
nearly  
done

## PREMONITION OF SPRING

Sun slants across the valley  
    spreading gold on bushes  
        grasses

Premonitions. . .

My two old ravens  
    glide into their  
        crooked old tree

They face me defiantly  
    reminding me of yesterdays  
        long gone

Premonitions. . .

The first mourning dove  
    pale  
    almost while  
    delicate  
    tentative  
        settling first here  
        then there  
            alone

My old ravens  
    know their place  
    know their tree  
        nothing new here

Premonitions . . .

A searching dove  
    yearning

My heart says  
    Make time for an  
        instant of gold

The sun paints gold on  
    humble bushes

It only takes an instant

## ASPEN GROVE

I.

We wander the aspen grove  
trunks white  
stretching almost beyond sight  
silver leaves shimmer  
in the light summer  
breeze

She: Do you hear the doves?

Me: I hear them  
often  
but see them  
never

She: See those high marble pillars  
guarding  
the edge of the grove?

I look

I see the pillars  
for the first time

She: The doves nest  
on the top of those pillars  
near the sky

They come down  
rarely

I hear the doves clearly now  
as we wander further into the grove

II.

Almost tripping, I recognize the man on  
the ground. Oh, he is alive alright and  
grins at me as I turn him over. He is  
one I made promises to, almost beyond  
memory. So unkempt, hideous is he I  
can hardly touch him let alone perform  
any promise. Bringing water from a  
nearby spring I wash him and clean him  
up. He grins and laughs at me the whole  
time moving in ways that makes my task  
harder. He could do it himself but making  
me do it brings him pleasure..Then he is  
as clean as he can be whereas I am filthy  
and cannot do what I had promised.  
I disgust myself.

III.

I return to the clear spring  
wash my whole body  
over and over  
Wandering the aspen grove again it is  
as beautiful  
as peaceful  
as it had been before

But my companion is gone  
I see the pillars  
guarding the grove  
no more  
nor are doves  
any longer

anywhere  
to be heard or seen

## THE STROKE

As you may know already, for several months

I have been having difficulty with my heart.

But then in April I had a stroke.

I am sure you will understand when I say

I certainly never planned on having a stroke.

The heart problems were quite sufficient to be dealing with

but when I was in my doctor's office for a routine visit

sitting there had a stroke.

This was after I had decided No more hospital & no more procedures.

As luck would have it the doctor insisted that I go immediately to the hospital

which was just as well because it turned out

I needed quite a bit of physical therapy to get

my body to cooperate with instructions from my mind.

In particular my left hand refused to follow instructions and this made it

impossible for me to write even a brief email.

I am much improved and was able to come home last Thursday.

I am still very tired and weak but am beginning to get my body if not my brain

under control. However I am in Hospice and therefore getting essential help

that I need to have an hour or so a day of productive time or to do some fun

and exciting things such as going outside and enjoying the wonderful weather,

visiting with a friend

or snagging a poem.

## OUT OF THE BODY

Remember this:

To have an

out of the body experience  
you have to have a body

I have yet to hear tell

of such

either before birth

or after death

You have to have a body

LOSING IT, ONE

I am a clinician observing my own  
S E L F  
In times past  
the light was always bright

Yesterday  
on the phone  
a long time friend  
commented on how  
he had always seen my  
S E L F  
competent  
full of energy

a  
S E L F  
quite clear  
about its  
S E L F

Now  
S E L F  
dims  
flutters a bit  
no smiles

A clinician would say  
*she lacks affect*

No affect  
No SELF  
Searching for affect  
Searching for feeling  
There is none

It is not that it is hidden  
It is not there

I observe my  
self  
growing dimmer  
No feeling

Now  
I can hardly find  
myself  
at  
all

### THREE LOST FRIENDS

Mae and Bonnie Blue Eyes and Perhaps. . .

Sweet Mae  
    in the cottage next door  
coffee together  
    maybe three times a week  
We talked of  
    NOW  
grew flowers in our tiny yards  
I even planted a small stick of  
    Desert Willow  
    in the lawn between us  
She reminded me always to water it  
    which I did when she told me  
    to.  
It is now a tree  
    twice as tall as me  
    still standing there  
on the lawn between  
    the two cottages  
    neither of them  
    now hers nor mine  
  
She told me of going out into the desert  
    with her mother  
    during the depression  
    digging for roots  
    to cook a stew  
They ate whatever they could find  
  
I told her that my dad  
    only used bad words  
    when he was under  
    some old house  
some old house with frozen pipes  
    he in the dirt floored cellar  
trying to thaw them out

In her last couple of months  
I went over to her place  
    every night at 4:00 AM  
    to check on her  
She was always O.K. -  
    until the very day she died  
  
So I lost my coffee drinking  
    reminiscing companion  
  
Next of course was Blue Eyes  
I have written plenty of her already  
    but will add here  
    a few lines from another poem:  
  
    *I called to my new friend*  
    *soon*  
    *for a while*  
    *to be my lover*  
Hey, you would like this!  
    It has lots of  
    heffalumps  
  
Suddenly she was right with me  
    her hand on my arm  
    we had not touched  
    'til then  
    She asked:  
    How do you know *about*  
    *heffalumps*  
  
Oh, I was brought up by them!  
    *we both laughed*

As Mae had done  
Blue Eyes stayed in her own place  
She knew she wanted to stay there  
to live and  
to die there  
Every morning she got on her walker  
struggled  
around the building  
dragging her oxygen tubes  
She kept moving and  
even kept pleasant  
most of the time

Then one day  
me in the hospital in  
Salt Lake  
she died  
I thought she would wait until I got  
home  
but NO

Now  
after a year or so  
for a while there is perhaps  
another  
or rather  
there is NOT another

Each day the decision makers  
demonstrate  
she's too far gone  
she cannot cope  
she needs  
care  
'round the clock

She needs to be put  
in long term care  
She lasted there  
not even  
two weeks

Will I find another friend  
to drink coffee with  
to have a glass of wine with  
on the patio?

One who remembers  
Fireside Chats  
and all that  
who remembers a time of hope  
a time of hope  
even in the midst of vast  
despair

I fear that's  
the last chance  
for a friend for me  
but  
a word to the decision makers  
Listen -  
However ditzy I may get  
please remember

Even though I continue  
to wave goodbye  
I am myself  
I am  
ME

Please don't forget that  
- even if I do -  
and don't forget  
however  
ditzy  
I may get  
don't forget to remember  
to say

***I love you***

## WE NEVER KNOW

On NPR

The poet\* said

*You never know*

*Perhaps*

*Your last poem*

*will be*

*your last poem*

That's all well and good

if

your last poem

is only

a day or so old

but say

your last poem came two weeks

or even

some months ago

Then

it would be with less equanimity he

could say

*My last poem may be*

*my last poem*

For we

never know

when

what image

what sound

may snag a poem

out

of the misties

We never know

\*Billy Collins

## LOSING IT, TWO

I wanted to talk with my love  
but the phone  
gave me trouble  
Someone came by to help  
and dialed

then

I remembered  
She is dead –  
Her name  
escapes me

As does my own  
at times

I lost her name  
although I had not lost her  
just her name

So  
Let's do something together  
you and I  
while gravity still  
holds us  
and binds us all  
together

## PRAYER

Hey there, Magnificence  
Coyote in the sky!

Yes  
there you stand  
on the highest butte  
The blue black desert sky  
A sliver of moon  
sprinkles forth  
numberless stars  
flecks of moonlight

I see you there  
hungry  
alert  
sleek  
muscled  
beautiful  
always at the ready

And  
in the valley  
far below  
we wait  
Silent  
as only sheep  
or  
rabbits  
can be silent

We know  
one of these nights you'll  
snatch  
someone  
maybe me  
or one  
who stands nearby

We wait  
'til moon and stars dim

We wait  
silent through the night  
'til morning  
when  
you fade away  
melt  
into the sky

And  
we are free  
to scamper about  
in the sun  
and do what sheep do best  
stay with the flock  
do what everyone else is  
doing  
and thus be safe  
'til

Dark  
Hush!  
We must each  
be silent  
silent through this night  
however long

## DREAMING OF SPIRIT TIME

In Spirit Time

I sit on a rock in a high  
and grassy place  
and play my songs  
on a wooden flute

All the wild desert

Spirit Creatures

gather:

Coyote

with her pups

Pairs of mourning doves

Great Bear

still sleepy from

her mountain cave

Three lizards

sunning on a stone

Deer & Rabbits

silent

Snake

always present

though hidden

and

those Two Old Ravens

seek me out

wherever I go

In Spirit Time

Sky is blue black

with stars

glowing brighter

as one of us and

then another

departs

My songs

the only sound

in Spirit Time

all the desert creatures

gather

listen to my songs

keeping me

company

in Spirit Time



THE DREAM OF MOVEMENT AS MIRACLE:

Recapturing the miracle

Once I thought  
The body's the doorway  
to the soul  
A poem was there but  
I lost it  
That was long ago

Now I seek  
movement as miracle

Here  
Lips and fingers search  
the tenderness  
the treasures of your body  
your face  
your hair  
your breasts anticipate  
my tongue

The miracle is movement  
of the body  
of the mind

Here  
we are privy to pleasures  
deep  
profound  
There is no turning back

Here  
The body moves as does the mind  
Time curves in on time and  
changes as it curves

One can memorize  
the street names of a city  
or the peaks and valleys  
of a mountain range

Here  
there's no such map  
only wave after swelling wave  
through which the body seeks  
the path anew  
and soul follows after

Movement as miracle  
over and over  
as  
we rise up  
into  
oblivion

DREAMING THE LAST TEMPTATION: A place of women only

My dream woman pulls me

toward her

slim yet sturdy

She turns

her hands guiding me

I am as appreciative of her

as though she were actual

No phantom

this dream woman

she's warm in my bed

She takes my hand

leading me to

*A place of women only*

Women of all kinds

women

ready for the office

relaxing at home

some

outrageously

costumed

some dark as my dream

woman

some pale as though having

never seen the sun

others soft

curly headed

demure

Music

laughter

dancing

wine

enhance

all temptations

A smiling woman

lounging on a couch

her small breasts bare

I reach out

but her

rejecting laughter

burns my cheeks

One there is

tall & stately

naked

except for a dinner jacket

multi colored

brocade

with tails

the neckline plunging

between her breasts

one button only

Jacket brushes the hipbones

Belly tight

Her legs and body smooth

white as porcelain

Her feet in

high-heeled pumps

brocade

What a vision this woman is!

Oh

I want to pull her to me

But my dream woman

still holding my hand

firmly

leads me away

On the way out

someone serves us drinks

and small sandwiches

We find a place to sit

and visit quietly

away from

all the commotion

I look at my dream woman

my guide

Then back in my bed

I surrender

Nothing can

entice

me now

My sleep is

quiet

My sleep is

long and deep

## APPROACHING THE EVENT HORIZON

The ascent is difficult  
stones and slippery gravel  
deter my feet  
my lungs  
lacking oxygen  
suck thin air

My event horizon beckons  
it seems  
my ascent is steady  
I praise my feet and lungs  
for sticking with it  
I tell them we are nearly there

Is this true?  
Doubtful

I tell myself  
this story  
I tell it this way  
to maintain  
the illusion  
I am still in control  
which everyone  
around me knows  
I am not

Rather  
my event horizon  
swirls outward  
sucking me in

Once gravity nabs me  
across that horizon  
no more struggle  
no pain

only all encompassing  
deepening spirals

One returns  
reunites with One

Of course as always  
there are the watchers  
They feel my struggle  
They cannot see the horizon  
Nor understand  
the relief it  
promises

You smile  
You ask *Are you afraid?*  
Some will say  
*It's for the best*

You say it  
but not to my face  
You wait 'til I am gone  
then comfort each other  
with such words  
thinking you yourselves  
are in control  
I turn and smile  
sorrowfully  
I leave you behind  
for I  
am gone

## RAVENS AGAIN

Hundreds of ravens  
form a grand whirlwind  
    high  
    in the sky  
spiraling fast and faster  
    counter clockwise  
                                until  
three or five birds  
peel off  
    fly toward  
                                somewhere  
    far to the west  
                                now  
just moments later  
    two or three more  
    peel off  
following those first to go  
  
and on  
    and on  
        and on

'til the whirlwind's  
    so sparse  
    so spare  
it no longer spirals  
                                now  
only a sprinkling  
    of birds is left  
    interspersed with  
        faint flecks of  
                                the first snow  
fluttering downward  
    reminiscing on times  
    long  
                                past

## THE LAST POEM: THE GIFT

Desert sun warms her back  
yellow pad on the table  
mechanical pencil in hand  
attention so rapt  
she's unaware  
of  
the watcher

Occasionally her tongue moistens  
her lower lip  
she erases a word  
or a line  
and writes something new

The watcher watches

The writer writes  
still  
unaware of the watcher

Finished  
she reads the whole page  
Silently  
mouthing the words  
She smiles

Now  
she faces the watcher  
hands her the page  
says

*It's for you  
I wrote it for you*

Both of them smile  
The watcher  
looks at the page

It's blank  
No words  
No smudges from  
erasing  
Totally clear

One of them begins to weep  
the writer or  
the watcher  
Or  
is it both?



November 19, 2013 Barbara near the river

*In Spirit Time* by Barbara Romney Galler © 2015

A poem without a takeaway  
is a cold and lonely thing  
like a beautiful wine glass  
left empty on a dusty shelf.

Send any takeaway you have to:  
[barbararomneygaller@gmail.com](mailto:barbararomneygaller@gmail.com)  
or [gallerbarbara@gmail.com](mailto:gallerbarbara@gmail.com)  
I will read what you send with appreciation.

A heartfelt thanks to everyone who has supported my  
writing this last period of time including:  
Everyone at Rocky Mountain Hospice  
and  
the Saturday Afternoon writing group  
Christy W.  
Jenny and Joe  
Cousins Joe and Sharon  
Pretend Cousin Alfred  
Cousin Charlotte  
Adopted brother Chuck and partner Stan  
Adoptive granddaughter Jenifer C.  
Tawn Lee and Ann G.  
Arran  
and especially  
Nancy K.  
and  
Steve at the Copy Center  
and not to forget  
my lovely daughter Turiya  
who is a great support  
although she lives far away  
in the snow and the cold  
where the sun shines only rarely

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

for Arran Barnum

YES

I do love mechanical pencils  
especially nice ones  
especially nice ones that have a good eraser  
with a cap for the eraser

The cap seems to keep the eraser good  
soft and useable

SO

I asked her to go over to Desert West for  
paper and also to get a pack of GOOD pencils  
maybe four or five in a pack

WELL

She couldn't find a pack like that so she bought  
a Box containing really nice pencils  
all with nice erasers with caps  
twelve nice pencils with caps  
on the erasers

At first I thought  
how extravagant  
but then I looked at the price  
of \$8.99

That was much less than \$1.00 a pencil  
incredibly cheap

SO

I opened them and began to use them  
What a delight  
If I left one in the kitchen  
I just got one out for the table in the living room  
If I lost the one in the living room I still had one  
for the computer table  
If I lost that one then I just helped myself to  
another  
a plethora of pencils  
what a delight

NOW

I am satisfied I know when enough  
is enough  
what a delight  
to have a never ending  
box of really nice pencils  
So I do know  
for the first time WHEN  
enough  
is enough  
I DO have enough pencils  
as they say  
to last a lifetime

YES

that is a joke  
feel free to laugh with me



Photos of Barbara courtesy Turiya  
Graphic of Raven by Tyler Quintano  
Photo of Black Hole courtesy National Geographic  
Birds in Flight via Google Commons