

Enough Rain Makes a River

**Text (and some pictures) By:
Walter Shawlee 2**

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Walter Shawlee 3.0**

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CANADA V1Z 2V4**

In the beginning:



Poetry has certainly fallen on hard times in North America. People used to know Robert Frost, Ogden Nash, Leonard Cohen, e.e. cummings, William Carlos Williams, Rod McKuen, or someone else at least casually.

Today they know the Coke or Pepsi jingle, or possibly have committed the opening lines of Star Trek to memory. This seems like a very poor turn of events to me.

I think that poetry has a special abbreviated power all its own that serves us very well. At this point, however, I certainly wouldn't mind if it was **called something else**, since it seems to have come into such considerable disfavor with just about everyone. The "Poetry" section in Chapters is one tiny four foot high

bookshelf, with hardly anything on it.

People often seem to be deterred from reading poems because they feel (or far worse, are **made to feel by others**) that they don't really understand what they are reading. This is especially unfortunate because poems only come to life in the light of your own interpretation and experience. There are no larger issues of wrong or right in this material, and the interpretation you find on your own is fine with me, so enjoy yourself here. If you didn't get what I intended, then that was strictly my fault.

My own experience has been that shorter explanations often seem to be better, which is how I came to write in this particular way. If a word like "poem" offends you, or makes you feel less of a man, somewhat effeminate and emasculated, then think of these as **very short** essays or stories; or possibly as the sound tracks of commercials, if you're not much of a regular reader.

There is a slight chronological order to these, but they are also grouped by related events, if that's any help in their decoding. Actually, now that I think of it, they are really a bit random, time-wise.

Since I ran into quite a few problems, some of which wound up here, you may find something of real use to you personally. Some people find comfort in knowing they are not the only one to have troubles. Frankly, it's hard to be cheered by the knowledge that not only you, but countless unknown others, are going to sink in any given boat. Just keep in mind that God has quite a sense of humor, if you feel your tenuous perspective slipping away. It's also important to remember that God isn't finished yet.

We are not monolithic and seamless. We show everyone different things, give them more or less access to our hearts and thoughts. We are each a thousand different people, every version tailored for the person we are meeting at the moment, because no other behavior is possible. No matter what we show, other people can only see some things, and never see others, and we reflect that in the same moment. Some see the box, some see the contents, and others worry about how it was made or where it comes from, and see the least of all.

Every so often, we show everything to someone, and they see it all, and return that generosity back. That's the moment, that state of tenderness, that explains what life is for, why we are in it, and what our part is. It's where strength comes from, and what love is built on. The greatest tragedy is that the moment eludes some people all their lives, and they live in the emptiest kind of sadness, unaware how close escape has always been, sometimes only a few words or looks away. We choose everything, but often never realize that it happened.

Most of these are like picture frames, waiting for you to fill them in with your own private thoughts and feelings. I hope they give you some pleasure or pause while you go through them.

Special thanks to my son (Walter Shawlee 3.0) who took many of the photographs (and certainly the best ones) in this book. He has a great eye, and a good heart. And to my daughter Rosanne, who has the best laugh in the world, and always cheers me up.

Walter Shawlee 2



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:



The haiku and other oriental poems reproduced here have come from a variety of translators, Ho-yen's comes from D. T. Suzuki's excellent and extraordinary book "Zen Buddhism". Since I have read at least two differing translations for most of these poems, I hope I have remembered the ones with the best sense of the original author, as I felt it.

The line from J. R. R. Tolkien is from his "Lord of the Rings" trilogy, and is also written in his book as:

"elen sila lumenn omentilmo"

My wife, Suzie, had it inscribed on a ring for me years ago. After 34 years, I still think it's true.

The lines from my father's book (***Only Lovers Know***) are taken from the poem of the same name, and are the closing five lines of the book.

The quote from Mel Webster is from one of his science classes in the late sixties, which I am sure none of his students ever forgot.

Some people have also had a very great influence on me either personally, or indirectly, and I see traces of them in these pages, my wife's being the deepest.

Robert A. Heinlein, Jerry Severeid, D. T. Suzuki, Taj Mahal, Kim and Alice Badrkhan, D. H. Lawrence, Bonnie Raitt, Hermann Hesse, Eric Frank Russell, Holly Sparks, Gwen Voorhees, Mel Webster, Al Singer, Bob Pitters, Jerry Cutler, Jesse Vasquez, Charmaine Kadley, Rod McKuen, Lois Young, Van Morrison, Danny Leonette, Magan Bensow, Sten Nilsson, Dan Wheeler, Bertil Gustaffson, Keith Laumer, Lasse Smedlund, Jack Hartman, Kahlil Gibran, Ronnie Brittan, Scott and Rena Kaplan, Chris Loelke, Bart Braverman, Eric Nadler, Sandy Bull, Scott and Johnny Davis, all three of my parents, my sister Angela, and especially my uncle Ted, who gave me the best and most important advice of my life.

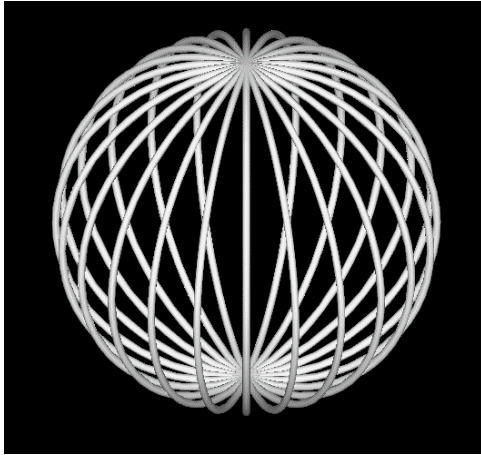
Thank you all. No matter what any of you imagine, I ***never forgot any of you***, even though we are certainly far apart now.



“Nature tends toward equilibrium”

--Mel Webster

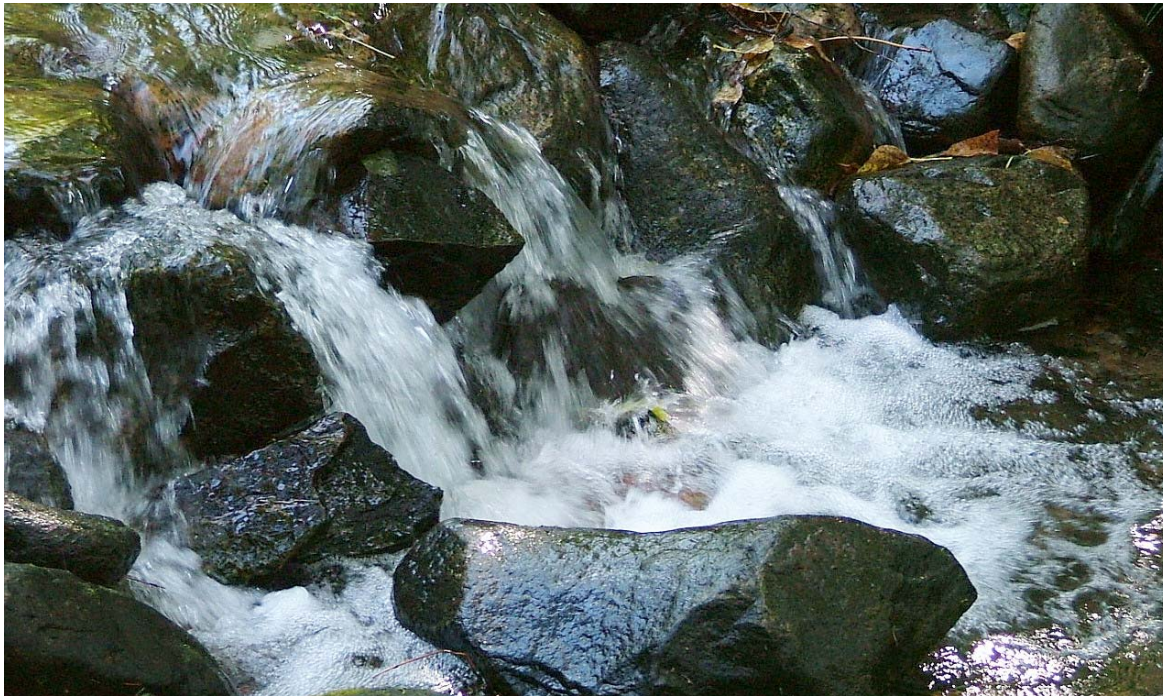
●1



This in your hands
is the clearinghouse of my life

this is the part i built
that is for showing

the rest has gone silent and forgotten
waiting for different days.



I wonder
and it is enough

for i have come to love you
without any escalation
of reality.



On this day
there is quiet
and in the great empty spaces
god is crying the oceans

even now
he knows of the days to follow.



When i saw you last
so many months ago

i didn't know you at all
we were both so obscured
by layers of other people
and unrealized dreams

now you shape my world warm in your soft outline
and color it in your very green eyes.



The eye lies on the edge
between the mind
and the body

balanced on the thin line
we hope is sanity.



The mixture of welcome and reserve
in your open body

still color in your face
when you see me looking at you
though i see the smile too

and your hands
moving us closer together.



Fear is the worst fire

if you let it
it will burn down the house of your heart
and fill every room with darkness
rob every moment of your future from you

it makes its way in like cold rainwater
and finds every crack and crevice
winding like a serpent around your life
choking your dreams into extinction

it's not weakness that invites it in
it slips in when faith and hope are forgotten
when you lose the feel of the sun on your face
and stop hearing god's endless heartbeat
every moment of the day.



I can understand a musician

he has found the beauty
motion makes with objects
as the ear watches.



Revisions cover the pages
of my letters

so unsure of us both.



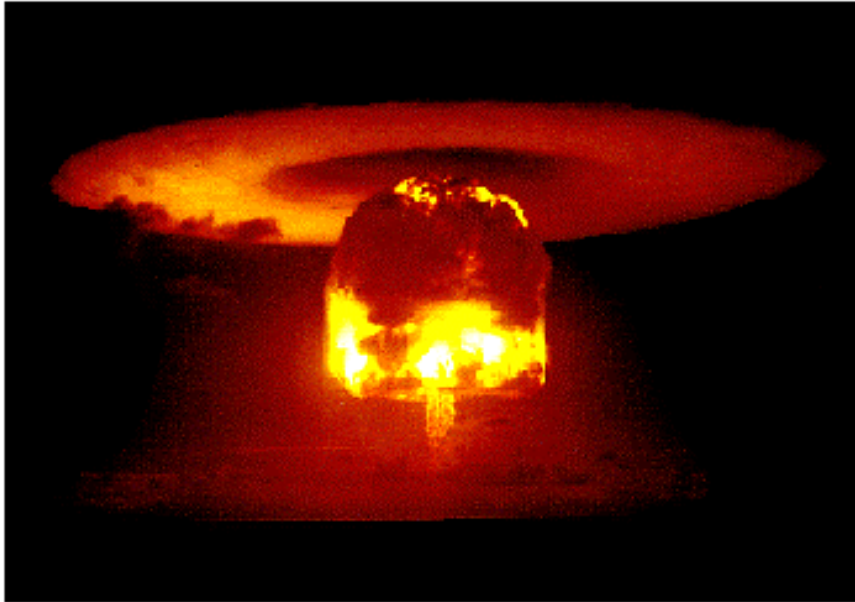
Sorrow is a simple thing

without the complications
of assembled emotions

it's just the closing of a tired hand
on nothing.



Some days, we feel compelled to count
about thirty-six million minutes
makes a lifetime
two thousand tears fills a cup
but the world has its own scale
so enough stars make a night sky
and enough rain
makes a river.



Of all the fires we made
there has never been one like this before

it seems like we have taken
all the hate and shame in the world
and made it visible

touchable
tasteable
immediate

but we remain far too foolish
to be afraid of this nightmare
even though it is looking at us
slyly
with slitted eyes
and a bottomless hunger.



My hands resting on your body
almost unbelieving

your eyes are a mixture of color and my reflection
angled up in the corners

where our communal smile
is changing the shapes of our faces.



Surfaces changing
hair or clothes

and it matters only
to the people looking in

and passing on.



In this place
in the streets
down just below foot height

rebounding off curbstones
and becoming conduit rapids
the last edges of rivers flow

for the most part
very changed
now carrying only the decay
and soap washed from cars

in this place
the very height of mastery
and delusion
man walks on water every day.



We have a great many fears
and illusions

you and i

and we color every moment of our lives with them
the momentary reflections of our eyes

everything lives there, waiting
and nothing is hidden for long

when someone stops to look inside.



Each man and woman
like a christ

born into the uncaring stone womb of the world
at the hands of the ethically blind

that we reach out to you
through the darkness we build and worship
is really the miracle

our denial of each other:
the cornerstone and beginning
of the denial of you also

as we condemn and execute each other
for a wrong word or gesture.



I remember you warm
next to me

and i try to put your smile on
everyone

because i remember you too well

soft
and gone.



From my six foot two height
i watch what we have done

and suffer from a dim desire
to walk down to the harbor
early some sunday morning

and row out to heaven
in an abandoned boat.



Evening
and late

and my mind and body upset
by whatever process

hand and mouth do their telephone work
and i shake a little while i wait
for you

to come and untangle today for me
with the right words
and your clothes thrown over the chair.



I gave back the shadows
and obligations
i received as gifts

I put them back in the hands
that never could spell my name

then picked up my life and left
and found a new home

and all the times i thought i had been sold
and lost to me

i see are otherwise

though the margin is not so great.



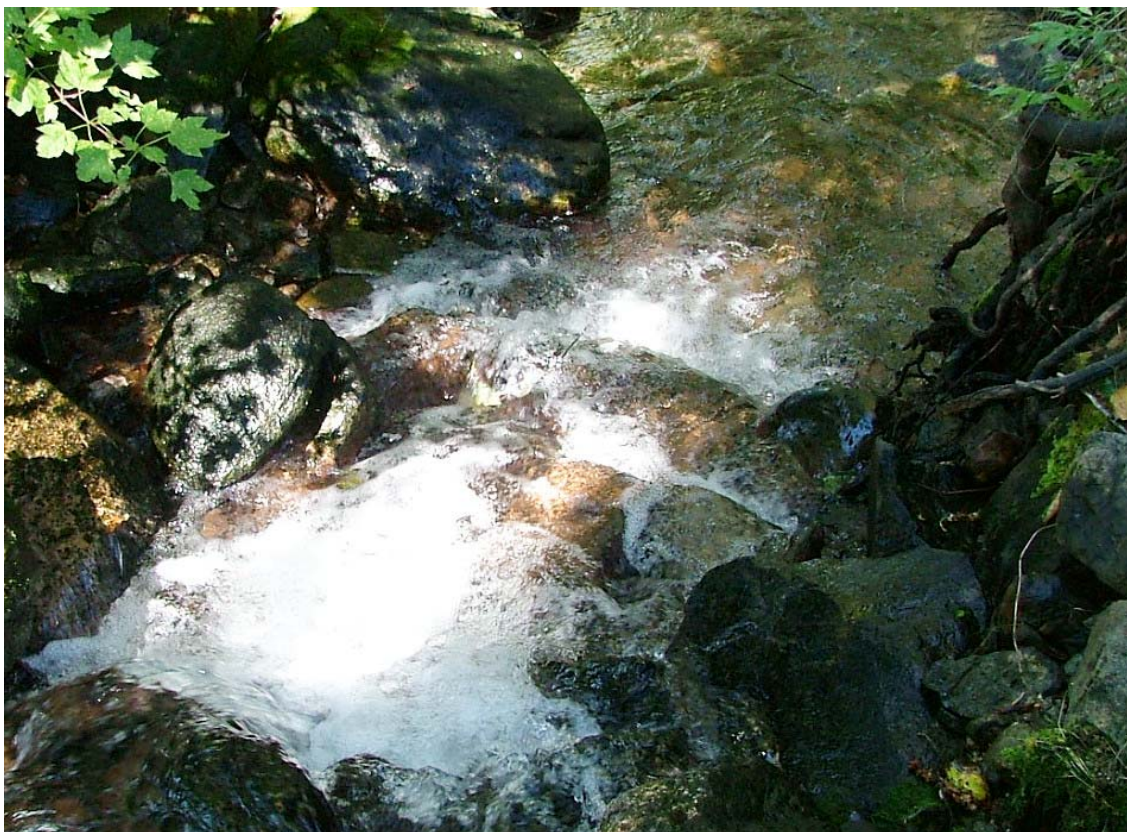
Hands unbuttoning my clothes
some yours, some mine

while we clear off
all the things separating our bodies
from the love we want to share

and later
quiet and no longer rushed
our shared memories play back in my closed eyes
in time to your heart

and i wonder
just before sleep
why you smile and love me still
even though you know i will soon be gone

whatever the reason
i love you with all my heart
and i hope you heard me say it.



I saw them for only a few minutes
their lives about to be broken
by people with papers and rifles
who didn't even know their names

that's why he held her so close
that her tears were running down his
cheek.



Lonely now
even when i walk beside you

twenty and soon more
and everything has moved

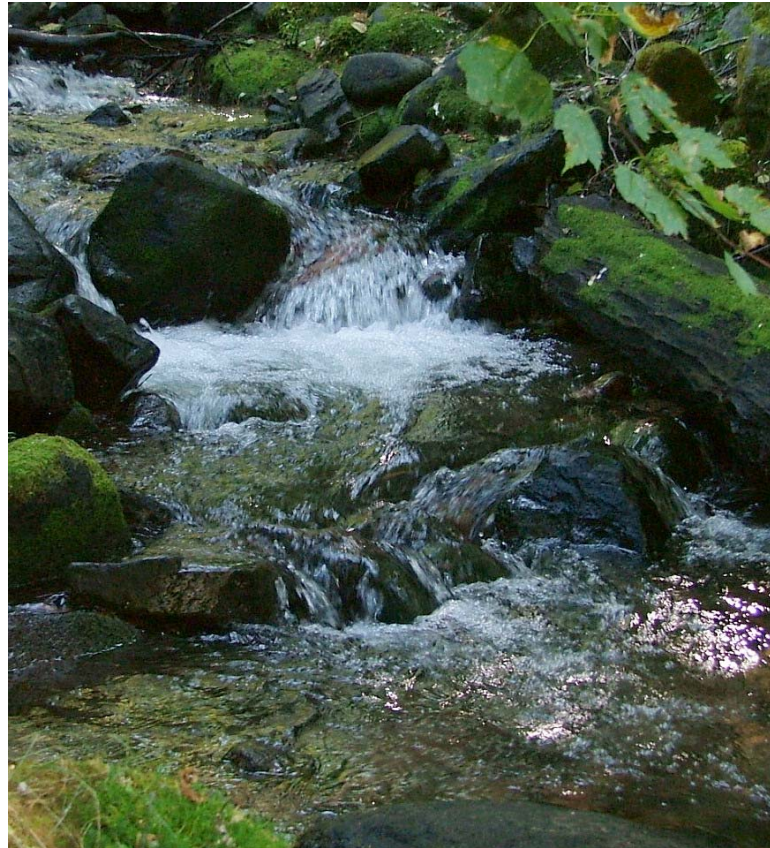
and tonight

with both the pillows on one side
i know i will not sleep so well
because i dream now
without the gentle touch of your love.



In a very basic sense
there is just no escape

if the fools come into power
they will surely inherit us all.



**“for a cool evening
i hired the old temple porch
penny in the dish.”**

--Shiki

● 2



The days pass quietly
through my hands

bringing new lines
to the pattern of my face

and everywhere i see the distant shadows
of memories
coloring everything through my eyes

the pressure of their presence
turns me down empty streets

and much farther inside.



After i've tried everything to keep sleep away
eventually i slip into the lonely shapes
of my dreams

where i look for someone else
to wake me.



Excuse my smile
when you are so deeply involved in my criticism
but i can see you don't understand yet

that it's my life
and not my desk
that is so cluttered

and that isn't something
easily corrected with a dust cloth
and a few boxes.



Our bodies are made from the hearts of stars
and our souls from god's dreams

so no matter the scale of what happens
it's just what's next
and never a reason to be afraid.



Everything cold
and i stand like an idiot

with my jacket open
absently watching the snow

possibly awaiting a word from god
to the effect

awake.



Winter,
sometimes
the bitter snowfall
of the heart

with your tracks leading away
and out of sight.



It is a strange thing to have hands like mine
things flow together around them
like sugar crystals
around an inspired string

tools move and even people soften
entire ideas live in their motion

but they have yet to close on something
they do not come to release.



Awakening
and seeing my homesickness in the mirror

wanting my feet to walk
in familiar places

the ever expanding truth
is my knowing
that i never had a place to go

except your arms

and those are gone now, too.



Fingers moving up and down the strings
tracing my mind in music

eventually slipping into a cool and quiet
mantra shape

that runs over my life
like clean water

and washes away my past
for half an hour.



Hands against my face
leaning on the desk

no feeling left
no traces of the years before
and no future promises

i can't break out of this loneliness
even though crowds spill around me
like waves on the beach.



In the motion of revolution
the ominous pressure of evil

it squeezes people like soft fruit
to cover the country in blood

obscuring an endless host of unclean motivations

and the patriotic survivors
will praise the new order

as a visitation of the maker.



Leaning back in my chair
eyes passing over the months of uncompleted work

i know perfectly well
i've no eyes left for it

so
all the power shut off to my workbench
i wander through the streets home
hoping to run into company

who is tired of things too.



We have built on soft sand
hiding our love and thoughts from each other
quick to be angry
slow to forgive
certain, but wrong

so all the walls will come down in time
with a short scrub grass
growing up between the street corners

and the gray sunlight
lightly coloring the spaces between the buildings

the winds at year's end
will cover the cities
hiding them in snow and old leaves

and those left
will sing their mourning songs in a low voice

and count numbers on their fingers.



I learned to cry when i was very young
and perhaps that saved me
because my tragedies were short lived
and soon forgotten

other than that

what can i say to you?

those who didn't love me
i loved anyway
and left my sadness unspoken

i simply left eventually
to go my own way

and those who loved me
saw me safely through.



This war cost us all so much

those who went
discovered there was no coming home
and those who wouldn't go
found there was no staying home

the ones who schemed to stay behind
found themselves difficult to live with
and surrounded by shallow friends

saddest of all, were those who cheered
and buried their sons and lovers
with brave faces

only the damned scriptwriters slipped through
almost without a scratch
already hard at work
on their next effort.



Snow and heat are all the same
when you are in transit

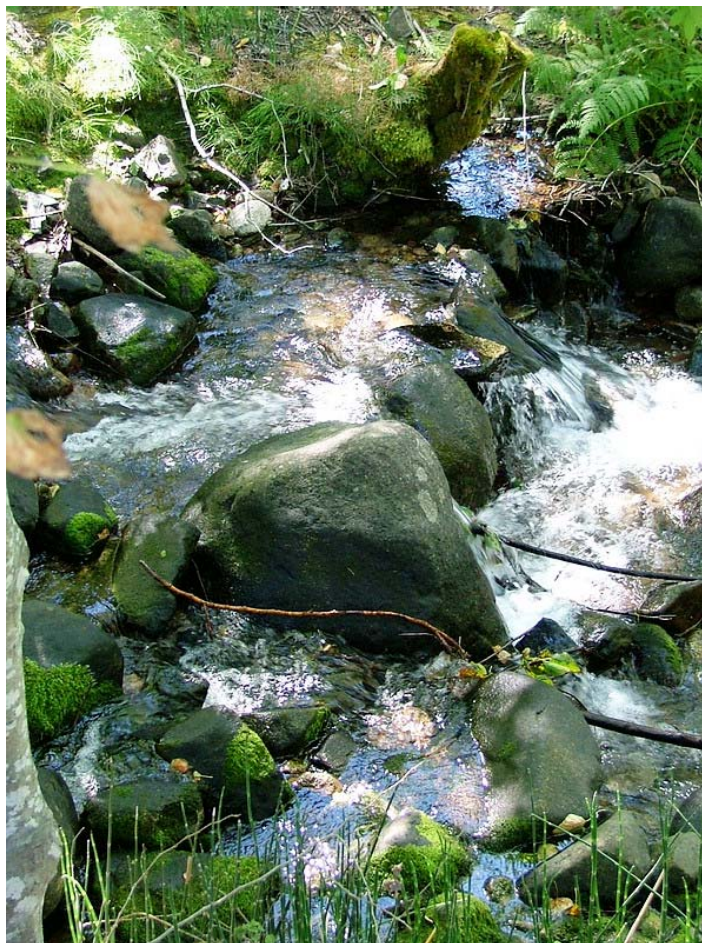
i only wonder where i will wash up next
and how the hand that picks me up
will deal with me.



A small piece of mind and metal

fashioned with hands
that long to close on another hand
rather than steel

but i couldn't find one
that would take my hands to lips
and erase the scars my life has bought.



**“a star shines on the hour
of our meeting”**

--J. R. R. Tolkein

● 3



So difficult for me to speak sometimes

you hold my life and dreams
in the smallest corner of your smile

words only the something we use
when our love is in doubt
and we hesitate

inches from god

to reach out
with our broken lives.



Morning, and our time

quiet voices speaking
and when i look at you resting on my shoulder

the sun rises through your hair
changing the shadows and lights
that spill over your face

so beautiful
that it makes my heart hurt.



Face to the window
my mind traveling with the rain

you know by the pattern
of my face

that i am much too far away
to be reached with a word.



Your hand moving up my back
coming to rest in a few minutes
with a finger touching my lips

and with some soft words
you slow down my life
and bring me sleep.



Tomorrow

i will give back
all that i took from you

the sound of your breathing
and the view from your eyes

i will give it all back to you
tomorrow

and the day after

i will be no one again.



Morning graying into existence

overhead, the pressure of rain
and future rain

here at this lonely moment
we will part company

but we will be together again,
we will be together again.



We are
sad children
with eyes that wander to the sea

and you are alone in us all
slipping away on tired feet

because you have known love

and we have seen only its pantomime unfolding.



We've been so hard on each other
but the learning process is slowly ending

each moving off in a different direction
to find someone whose body and mind
moves in a warmer harmony

during the long wait for sunrise.



“here
where ten thousand captains
swore grand conquest

tall grass their monument.”

--Basho

● 4



Here, between these two trees
the water runs quickly over the stones

breaking into pale gray tears
of industrial waste.



Hot summer ashes
enclosed in a two dollar jar
for this journey

the resting place where no one can call you back
for one more mission
or one more flight

god have mercy on this soul
written across the top
but unreadable now.



I am the word
that precedes the sword

and the voice that will continue
through other lips

i am the carrier of absolute death
and darkness

i count the minutes in the universe

no christ image, this

this is the pealing of bells
in the graveyard
brief, distant notes of warning

i am neither lesson nor reminder
and I hold out no salvation

at any price

i am the utter darkness in guile shapes
that runs on desire feet
through your thoughts

i am the expedient evil
that you will happily bless as truth.



This is any of us

half his face burned away
lying in the dark water

while the waves of government
wash his blood
into the fiberglass coffers of progress

farther up the beach
the various liberation forces
are churning the fields into wreckage

while the sky is sick with smoke.

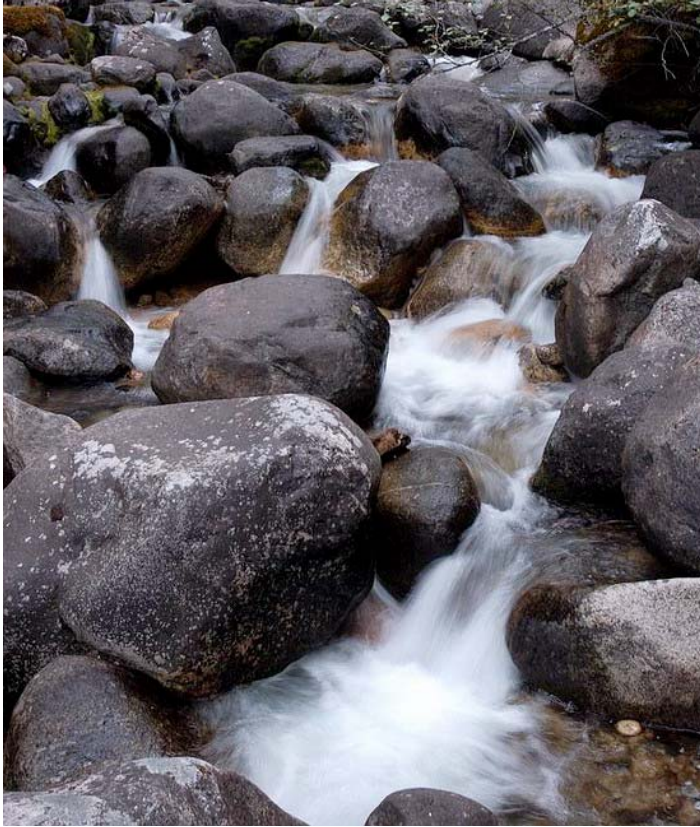


This is the place
where man plays with symbols

here ideas migrate from mind to hand to chalk

and from time to time
someone copies down the chalk

and a shadow passes across the earth.



From behind the shelter
of his uniform

a broken man cried out
in the pain of a life
with too many empty spaces
and unfittable pieces

all the words and years
translated into gunfire
that sweeps the field of our own children
and lowers them awkwardly

to rest.



A coin is only metal
backed by an idea

a thing to be felt
to know the full impact
of faithless silver serrated edges
and a politically inspired prayer

and a thing to be passed into the flame
to make at last
something of value.



Distant bubbles crack on the horizon

summoning the heat and glaze from their sleep

to walk again on the surface
as they did on creation morning

in that shimmering moment
we are returned to the simple parts
of our construction
that we have always been

though somehow reluctant to say it

now,
if lips and tongue were still intact
one might say that we have found
a small measure of peace

amid the heat and ash.



**“buddha on the hill
from your holy nose, indeed
hangs an icicle.”**

--Issa

●5



Occasionally,

while flashing on tuna sandwiches
i have the feeling

that if christ had died for the dolphins

it would all have turned out better.



I sure look
suave as hell

with my tie
in the welsh rarebit.



We never know exactly who we are
until that fateful moment

when we are faced with a four page form.



What is the difference between science and faith?

when the sun rises, it can be all about
orbital vectors, radiated spectra and
rising soil temperatures

or it can be the unexpected miracle that makes life possible
while it opens a field of flowers
and warms your cold, upturned face

one is the spiral bound set of tables, one is the poem
whichever view is more important to you
determines how your life is lived

but just remember that all of it is true.



The meek do not inherit the earth

unless they also know a bit of kung-fu
and have pretty good aim

because balance in life means not only to do no harm
but sometimes also not to let it be done
a much more difficult task

the subtle difference between being a stone
and being a tree
in the landscape of life.



**“The early dawn
Found the lovers alone.
With their thousand things.
The things that
Only lovers know.”**

--Walter Shawlee

●6



Dawn arrives
having practiced the whole afternoon and evening
on some distant neighbor

with a very gentle touch
she sets the evening's end on fire
bringing the not so quiet
truck and store opening morning
in tow

i think that early then
with your heart alight
you look equally beautiful.



My promise is that i will never leave you alone
and dying

abandoned
in the wasteland of the heart

i will be here with you
until the stars are dust
and time is forgotten

until words
are no longer spoken

and everything
is only memory
except the fact that i remain..



In my life

there have only been a few soft voices
people that would turn to me

and whisper

only a few eyes that made the journey
into my own

and lived to tell the tale.



After our beginning song
and all the stored tensions
in hands and lips

have quieted

more relaxed
we stretch out deeply into each other
hands resting on the malleable forms
of each others lives.



**“When water is scooped in the hands
the moon is reflected in them**

**when flowers are handled,
the scent soaks into the robe.”**

--Ho-yen

●7



The risks we welcome
unthinking

our tools lying idly
on shelves and streets

our collective thoughts unclear

and filled with too little love

hands in pockets
while mankind struggles to be born.



We believe so quickly
it can all be done from inside

but the truth is that no one sees their own face
like another

or hears what our heart has waited a lifetime to say.



The source of all things
who is heaven and earth

dearly loved is your name
in the minds of your children,
who have touched your face
in the shapes of their dreams

give us in the passage of each day
the bread and breath of life,
through the work of our own hands
at the cost of our own tears

forgive us out of love
when there is reason
as we struggle to close the spaces between
us

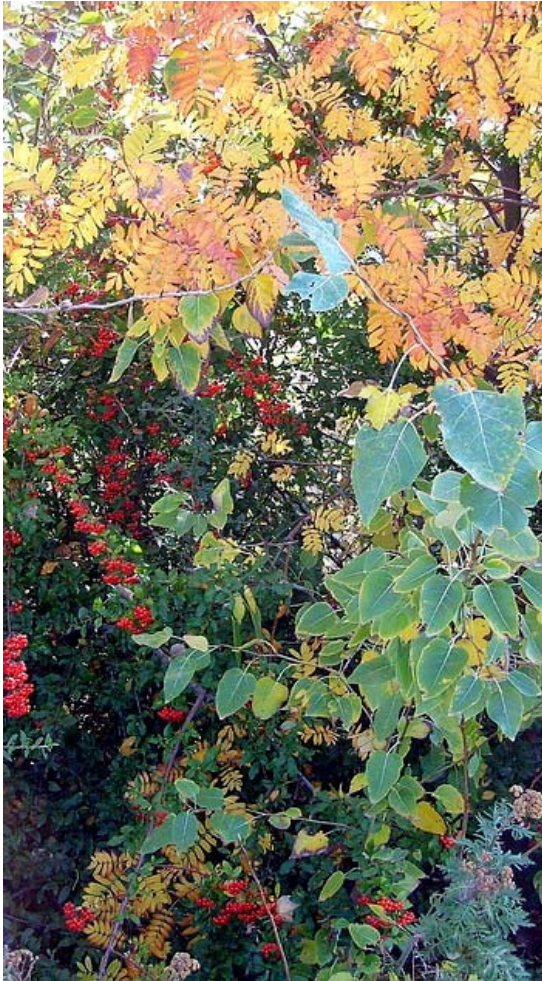
and may our love bring light into the world.



Sunlight fractured across the snow and ice

blue-white, brilliant, freezing
overpowering

alone and awake
on the frozen verge of heaven.



I try to live every day
as if I will never see another

because one day it will be true

i try to leave no kind word unspoken
and no heart forgotten

i know it is all illusion
but I love the taste of food
the feel of the sun on my face
the sound of my sweetheart's voice
and the view of the night sky

every day seems like an unexpected gift
that passes without regret

something for which I remain eternally grateful.



Despite endless discussion
and the certain impact of events

everyone finally makes their own life
from what chance casually provides

but even though the truth
is fast forgotten

the outcome is never in doubt
you will become the person you choose
and all the rest
is no more important
than old leaves

lost in a winter river.



On the first day of the world
he raised his hands to the face of god

it was a man and a woman rescaled
the chain not yet become flesh
of the living
and that which gives life

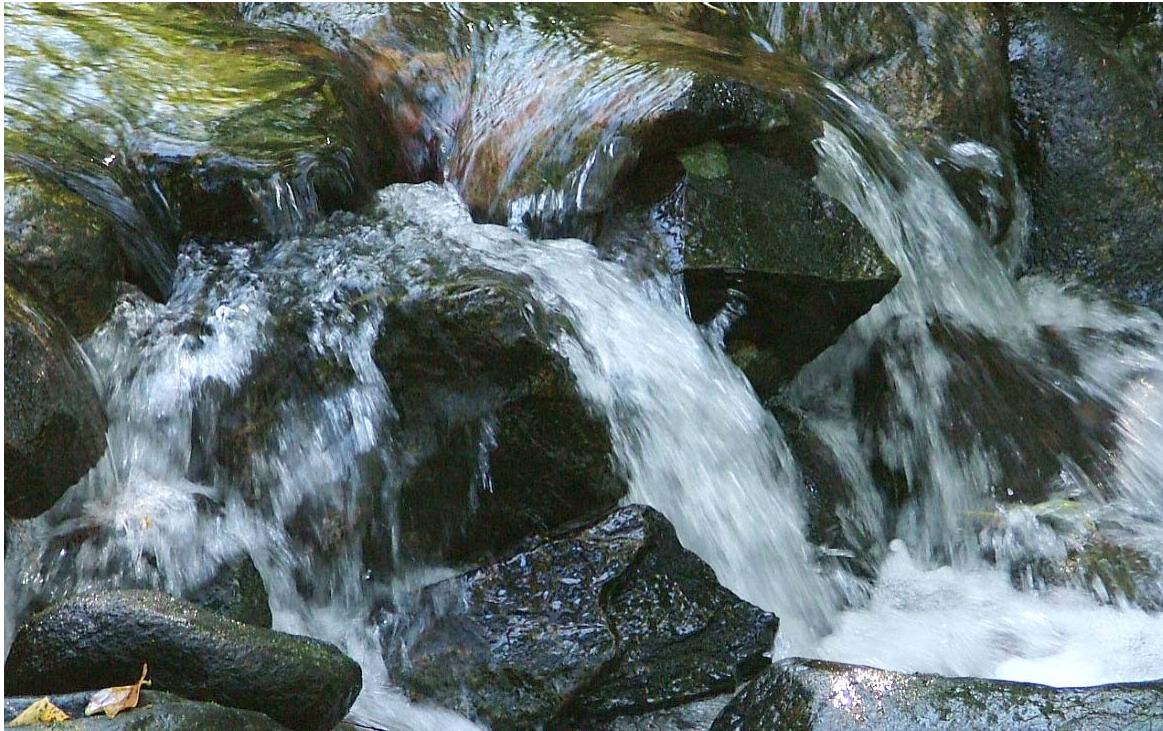
and in time
they became the same
and it was as if the waves
that struck the beach
were the fingers of his wife
tenderly touching his face

the sea and the sky took on the same color
and without a horizon
heaven and earth became forever linked
though we deny it with the same breath
of our understanding.



I have a rock and roll soul
and a heart expectant

so all my scars went away
with improved perspective.



Remember,
there is something
broken in all of us

that only someone else can fix

that's why god created love,
so that none of us would mind the repair.



Life hollows out your heart

sometimes with careless strokes
and not so gently

and that emptiness is grief and sorrow
loneliness and fear

but those moments pass

and that greater space
becomes filled with joy
love and understanding
tenderness and compassion

life touches you
so that you will contain more
and understand more

you can hide from it

but then how will you know
how precious some things are

if your heart is small
and filled with fear?



Trying to justify this all
is hopeless

i write because i have
nothing else that brings me peace

restless always
to be on my way.

AUTHOR'S NOTES:



Many of these have been circulated before to friends, in different forms. Danny once made me a group of hand-thrown prayer jars, and one Christmas I sent them out with copies of the prayer in the last section. Some have been in letters, some on things I built, some in shorter hand-made copies of this book.

Originally I wrote (because I didn't have a typewriter) on punched cards, and used an old unit record machine (IBM 407) to list out what I was working on. Since then, I have used many different computers, and a pile of handwritten notes and margin notations. The final draft for this was made on a computer because I am still in contention for the title of world's worst typist. Besides, why deceive you? I really like them, I have a machine-friendly heart.

These have all been written over the last thirty-eight years, the first ones between 1967 and 1973. The ones I like the best came later, around 1980 to 1988, and again in 2005. Some of the oldest ones I have rewritten to make them cleaner and less clumsy, but I feel the ideas have remained the same. Many I got rid of altogether because they were too personal, silly, self-indulgent, ghastly, too obvious, badly written, irrelevant, or some ugly combination of the above. You may feel that I did not edit out nearly enough material. Everyone's a critic at heart.

I've had a few comments over the years about the mechanics of my writing style. Not everyone seems to appreciate my punctuation or format. I can only provide a peripheral explanation, since I am too used to it now to explain it any better.

The idea of capitalizing "I" everywhere it appears on a page seems to place too much undue emphasis on me; after all, why not capitalize "You" (common in many European languages, but not English). Likewise, capitals to mark the beginning of a sentence seem equally peculiar if you know where it starts anyway, and don't exist in oriental languages. Form is not a good substitute for content.

The spacing lets me put emphasis or a pause where it seems most appropriate, and to make the reading smoother. Often the shape of words seems to have its own meaning. I don't think that a forest of brackets, semicolons and commas would be much of an improvement, coupled with dense-packed text. Anyway, style is personal, and this is mine; so don't fret over it. I'm not likely to change to make you happy (if you are grammar crazed), but I'll certainly let **you** write any way **you** want, which is quite a gift these days.

Bart Braverman was kind enough to share something with me years ago that I thought was humorous originally, but have since found to be surprisingly accurate:

----You can tell whether someone really loves you by whether or not they lean over to unlock the car door for you.---

Because I have found it to be so useful, along with it's logical derivatives, I feel compelled to pass it along.

Every so often, I come across something great, a story or song, and wish I had a way to put a footnote in your life so you would see it too. This is my best chance to have my way on this issue, and I hope something here will be new to you, and a welcome and pleasant surprise. This is a pretty eclectic mixture, so something here may interest you, no matter what your taste may be.

Books and stories:

"The End of the Dream".....Philip Wylie
"Wasp".....Eric Frank Russell
"The Peter Prescription".....Dr. Laurence Peter
"Three Hearts and Three Lions".....Poul Anderson
"100 Poems from the Chinese".....Kenneth Rexroth
"Ahead of Time".....Henry Kuttner
"The Prophet".....Kahlil Gibran
"More than Human".....Theodore Sturgeon
"Zen Buddhism".....D. T. Suzuki
"Diabologic".....Eric Frank Russell
"The Moon is a Harsh Mistress".....Robert A. Heinlein
"Jack of Shadows".....Roger Zelazny
"The Man who Died".....D. H. Lawrence
"The Door into Summer".....Robert A. Heinlein
"Tree and Leaf".....J. R. R. Tolkein
"Out of the Crisis".....W. Edwards Deming
"The Psychology of Everyday Things".....Donald Norman

A few of these will be difficult to obtain, since they are not all currently in print. Henry Kuttner's book, for example, does not seem to have been reprinted since 1952. Philip Wylie's book has just been reprinted by DAW, and is available again. Eric Frank Russell's books were re-printed in 1986, Deming's book is available only from MIT Press.

Songs and records:

"Snowflakes are Dancing".....Tomita
"A Little Help from my Friends".....Joe Cocker
"Bare Wires".....John Mayall
"Dead Skunk".....Louden Wainwright III
"Who Knows where the Time Goes?".....Judy Collins
"Giant Step".....Taj Mahal
"Electric Blend".....Sandy Bull
"Leader of the Band".....Dan Fogelberg
"Have a Heart".....Bonnie Raitt
"Hungry for your Love".....Van Morrison
"Scatterings".....Juluka
"Catching the Sun".....Spyrogyra
"Hello and Goodbye".....Tim Buckley
"Coffee Blues".....Mississippi John Hurt
"Jungle Book".....Weather Report
"Can't find my way Home".....Blind Faith
"Arc of a Diver".....Steve Winwood
"As falls Wichita, so falls Wichita Falls".....Pat Methany & Lyle Mays
"In the Midnight Hour".....Roxy Music
"Time has Come Today".....Chambers Brothers
"Embryonic Journey".....Jefferson Airplane
"Visitor from Venus".....MJQ
"Ecstasy of the Dancing Fleas".....Penguin Cafe Orchestra
"Gloria".....The Doors

Some of these are also a little tricky to find. The album "MJQ Space" may not be available in the US, it is a European Apple release, they are the Modern Jazz Quartet Sandy Bull and John Hurt are on Vanguard records, and may be available only on order. The Doors version of "Gloria" is on "Alive She Cried". Juluka are from South Africa, but are available on WEA. PCO is very tough to locate, but really worth it.

If you are a drinker, let me pass along my favorite drink; CC, grapefruit juice and ice. Another one, called a "Captain's Enigma" from The Cannery in Vancouver, is also not bad; light and dark rum, apricot brandy, orange juice and crushed ice.

On a closing note, I have lost track of quite a few friends over the years, since we have all traveled so much. This is my attempt to make amends. If you want to get a note off to me, even if it is just to berate me for my bad writing, you can send it to me by Email at: **walter2@sphere.bc.ca**
I also collect blue things, you're always welcome to send me one. All for now.



**Every heart is a lock
every word is a key**

**this book is for you
a small gift from me.**



If you liked this book, please donate
\$10 to your local food bank,
or do something nice for somebody you don't know,
and we are even.