

In the midst of the pandemic

my writing friends are churning out volumes. Serious stuff ... deep thoughts, reflections on solitude and loneliness, page upon page of beautiful imagery and metaphors.

My poet friends challenge themselves with quatrains, sonnets, villanelles, and sestinas while others produce limericks and parodies of old Country & Western hits like *I go out Walkin' after Midnight*, *Stand By Your Man*, and *Crazy*.

But Me? Not a word. Seems strange at first, word lover that I am, but then I recognize it for the truth it is. As quick as I have always been to grab what is immediate when it came to dangerous opportunities or men, especially opportunities involving dangerous men, I've never been one to dive into the wreck until the wreck has been at least part-way cleared.

I'm the one to count on in a crisis ... the non-anxious presence in a room where someone's mother is dying, and calm, even when the hospital calls to say my oldest son is in a coma and it would be good for me to come now.

I tend to sit with things awhile until finally, words begin oozing from my pores, starter words like *Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys*.