

## DREAMS – LIFE GOES ON

When in my 20s, I had an image of myself ... seated in an old wooden rocker, long hair, jeans, boots, my wife at my side, two small children ... the rocker atop an old, worn oriental rug, the kind bartered for at Veteran's Village ... the walls of the room, like so many in the Loop ... rough-textured plaster, dingy ... cracks ... a chasm, even, jaws gaping wide to reveal the bones inside ...

My guitar ... a Martin D-12-20 ... haven't had 12 strings on it since sometime in the 60s ... rich, red-brown mahogany back and sides, spruce top, lacquer, yellowed with age ... it was beautiful ... the deep, rich tone ... the gleaming wood in the incandescent lamp light of a living room, at once so real ... now just a memory ...

That image was my most "real" possession then ... played out against a backdrop of "Teach Your Children" or "Our House" ... [laugh] ... I could carry everything I owned in one trail-sized backpack ... my guitar in its case ... [pause] ... I carried them on the road more than once ...

*[long pause]*

One day, when I wasn't looking, I met Sharon ... and slowly my whole life changed. Not a revolution ... nor even an evolution ... just a change, a wee bit here, a wee bit there ... [pause] ... one day, some time later, we talked about marriage ... it seemed natural ... and before much longer, children ... that, too, the same ...

... without fully realizing why, I cut my hair ... began working like a galley slave ... trying to figure out how to swim up stream against this tidal wave of ... "stuff" that didn't make much sense to me ... the image ... well, much had changed.

*[pause]*

It's just ... I looked into the crib in our living/bed room ... and saw this life, this precious being ... and it hit me - she had no say in this ... she didn't choose to come into this world ... the road before her – the fact she was on a road at all - was of my own doing, not hers ... and the weight of that felled me like an on-rushing avalanche ...

*[long pause]*

She has three boys of her own now ... we had a second daughter who has a boy of her own ... four grand sons ... all, each with their own dreams, one day ...

*[long thoughtful pause]*

... dream, yeah ... life goes on ...