

Somewhere between  
the dream life predicted  
in our high school yearbooks  
and now, lies the Path  
we actually walked:

# This Path

A Silver Boomer Book

Editors:

Ginny Greene

Becky Haigler

Kerin Riley-Bishop

Barbara B. Rollins

Silver Boomer Books  
Abilene, Texas, USA

THIS PATH. © 2009. Published by Silver Boomer Books, 3301 S  
14th Suite 16 - PMB 134, Abilene TX 79605, USA

Poetry and prose © 2009 by the authors

Cover art © 2009 by Kerin Riley-Bishop, Barbara B. Rollins &  
Kathy Evangelista

Image page 12 © Absolut\_Photos | Dreamstime.com

Image page 207 © Graffpix | Dreamstime.com

Image page 215 © Hailey Kay Dods

Other matter © 2009 Silver Boomer Books

The rights to works within this collection remain the property of the individual authors. Inquiries regarding reprints or adaptations of any work contained herein may be directed to the publisher who will forward requests to the authors. All other 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 copyright holder.

[www.SilverBoomerBooks.com](http://www.SilverBoomerBooks.com) ~§~ [SilverBoomerBooks@gmail.com](mailto:SilverBoomerBooks@gmail.com)

ISBN: 978-0-9802120-4-4

---

*Dedication*

*to all the lantern holders and  
trail markers who helped us  
make our way*

*with particular appreciation  
to the fellowship of  
Abilene Writers Guild,  
and in tribute to founder  
Juanita Daniel Zachry,  
April 6, 1917 - July 29, 2008*

---

## Other Silver Boomer Books

*Silver Boomers*  
 a collection of prose and poetry  
 by and about baby boomers  
 March 2008

*Freckles to Wrinkles*  
 July 2008

*Song of County Roads*  
 by Ginny Greene  
 September, 2009

## ~ Laughing Cactus Press Imprint ~

*Poetry Floats*  
 by Jim Wilson  
 August, 2009

*Bluebonnets, Boots and Buffalo Bones*  
 by Sheryl L. Nelms  
 September, 2009

## ~ Eagle Wings Press Imprint ~

*Slender Steps to Sanity:*  
*Twelve-Step Notes of Hope*  
 by OAStepper, compulsive eater  
 May 2009

*Writing Toward the Light*  
*A Grief Journey*  
 by Laura Flett  
 July 2009

---

---

## *Table of Contents*

*We look back on paths we walked...*

***Paths***

Barbara B. Rollins .....13

***Prodigal***

Becky Haigler .....14

***Boundaries***

Lynn Pinkerton.....15

***Predator of Forever***

Carl L. Williams.....17

***The Road***

Lynn Pinkerton .....18

***Silver Breeze***

Ginny Greene .....19

***security***

Becky Haigler .....20

***Black River***

Charles P. Ries .....21

***Requiem for a Sailor***

David Davis .....25

***To Old Moon***

Rebecca Hatcher Travis .....26

***Raspberries and Tea***

Brianna Cedes .....27

***Rootin' - Tootin'***

Carole Creekmore .....29

---

---

*fort zone is the most dangerous place to be.” James Arthur Ray ~§~ “It*

---

<i>Welcome Wagon</i>	
Carlos Colon .....	30
<i>I Shall Not Wear Purple</i>	
Betty Wilson Beamguard .....	31
<i>A Distant Garden</i>	
Peter D. Goodwin.....	33
<i>Silver Strike</i>	
June Rose Dowis.....	34
<i>Past Passed</i>	
Errid Farland .....	35
<i>Audio Tour of Edinburgh Castle</i>	
Frances Hern .....	38
<i>Oasis</i>	
Lee Ardell .....	40
<i>String of Pearls</i>	
Nancy Purcell.....	41
<i>After the Beach at Sixteen</i>	
Sharon Lask Munson .....	50
<i>good at any age</i>	
Carl Palmer .....	52
<i>The Front Seat</i>	
Lynn Pinkerton .....	53
<i>Relics</i>	
Sharon Lask Munson .....	56
<i>Can You Play?</i>	
Sharon Hogan Ellison .....	57
<i>a computer, dad</i>	
Carl Palmer .....	60
<i>Musings At Season's End</i>	
Gaby Romero .....	62
<i>Being</i>	
Kerin Riley-Bishop .....	63

---

*is the poet's privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by re-*

---

---

<i>Ode to Lovell Paul Phillips at West Ward School</i>	
1953-54	
Judy Callarman .....	64
<i>Ostrich</i>	
Rebecca Hatcher Travis .....	66
<i>The Dance Class</i>	
Carole Ann Moleti.....	67
<i>Several Silent Sorrys</i>	
<i>(To Elaine)</i>	
Jim Wilson .....	72
<i>China Guilt</i>	
Lynn Pinkerton.....	73
<i>Room for Improvement</i>	
Becky Chakov.....	75
<i>Chimera</i>	
Sharon Mooney .....	76
<i>Going Home</i>	
Terrence J. Kandzor .....	77
<i>Déjà Vu</i>	
Barbara Darnall.....	80
<i>Eating Early</i>	
Terry Sanville.....	81
<i>Running</i>	
Sandra Simon .....	86
<i>Flying Free</i>	
Ginny Greene.....	88
<i>What I Didn't Learn in School</i>	
Phillip J. Volentine .....	89
<i>On Being Seventy</i>	
Barbara Darnall .....	94
<i>The River Maze</i>	
Janet Hartman .....	95

---

*minding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and com-*

---

---

<i>Wafting</i>	
Richard T. Rauch.....	97
<i>Exile</i>	
Kerin Riley-Bishop .....	98
<i>The Misfit</i>	
Judith Groudine Finkel .....	99
<i>Callers</i>	
Carl L. Williams.....	102
<i>At Play With the Mouseketeers</i>	
Anthony J. Mohr .....	103
<i>Tomorrow's Yesterday</i>	
Barbara B. Rollins .....	105
<i>An Evening With the Jersey Boys</i>	
Ann Reisfeld Boutte.....	107
<i>Paradise Born</i>	
Barbara B. Rollins.....	109
<i>Message for My Family</i>	
Diana Raab .....	110
<i>I Must Go Down to the Sea Again</i>	
Barbara B. Rollins .....	111
<i>August 1, 1966</i>	
Janis Hughen Bell .....	113
<i>Great Aunt Pearl</i>	
Becky Haigler.....	117
<i>A Maze</i>	
Jim Wilson.....	118
<i>Colors of War</i>	
Pat Capps Mehaffey .....	119
<i>His Face Kaleidoscoped</i>	
Yvonne Pearson.....	123
<i>Saturday Nights</i>	
Helga Kidder.....	124

---

*passion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past.”*

---



---

<b>Star Gazers</b>	
Craig S. Monroe.....	125
<b>Corners and Edges</b>	
Carol Bryan Cook.....	130
<b>No One Calls</b>	
Ken Paxton.....	131
<b>Note to an antiquary</b>	
Phil Gruis.....	136
<b>Back In The Basements</b>	
Marian Kaplun Shapiro.....	137
<b>Mother, Edith, at 98</b>	
Michael Lee Johnson.....	139
<b>Mirror, Mirror</b>	
Joy Harold Helsing.....	140
<b>Of Cotton-Patch Lessons &amp; Air-Raid Drills</b>	
Bill Neal.....	141
<b>country cream</b>	
Sheryl L. Nelms.....	145
<b>The Poet Interviews a Lobster</b>	
Becky Haigler.....	146
<b>The Reunion</b>	
Madelyn D. Kamen.....	147
<b>Breathing</b>	
Janet Morris Klise.....	149
<b>The Hunt</b>	
Yvonne Pearson.....	150
<b>Hand-Me-Downs and Potato Soup</b>	
Rita Rose Rasco.....	151
<b>Nora Lee Benefield</b>	
Janet Klise.....	153
<b>Yesterday and Today</b>	
Lee Ardell.....	154

---

---

<i>Endless Possibilities</i>	
Carole Ann Moleti.....	155
<i>Distance</i>	
Barbara B. Rollins.....	160
<i>Unreality Show</i>	
James Penha.....	161
<i>Side Trip</i>	
Arlene Pineo.....	165
<i>breathe deep</i>	
Sheryl L. Nelms.....	169
<i>My Father's Truck</i>	
Ellen E. Withers.....	171
<i>Summer Child</i>	
Linda Kuzyk.....	174
<i>The Possum That Changed My Life</i>	
Thelma Zirkelbach.....	175
<i>Off the Mark</i>	
Jim Wilson.....	180
<i>Sink or Swim</i>	
Jeanne Holtzman.....	181
<i>Life's Buffet</i>	
Mary Carter.....	185
<i>Driving Down to Nogales</i>	
Sheryl L. Nelms.....	186
<i>A Different Wrinkle</i>	
Madelyn D. Kamen.....	187
<i>Perspective</i>	
Barbara B. Rollins.....	190
<i>My 20-Year Love Affair</i>	
Stewart Caffey.....	191
<i>Bossa Nova Hand Dance</i>	
Kenneth Pobo.....	192

---

---

<i>Letting Go</i>	
SuzAnne C. Cole.....	193
<i>Choices</i>	
Mary Carter.....	194
<i>Twenty-Six Cents</i>	
Thomas Wheeler .....	195
<i>Nostalgia Under Glass</i>	
by Ginny Greene.....	200
<i>This One Can</i>	
Ginny Greene.....	201
<i>Malleable</i>	
Kerin Riley-Bishop.....	204
<i>...and we plan future paths.</i>	
<i>Panicked</i>	
Jordan Reyes, at age 10.....	206
<i>Carlsbad Caverns</i>	
Riley McCone, at age 11.....	207
<i>Pink Converse</i>	
Annalyn, at age 15.....	208
<i>The Empty Room</i>	
Nate Giesecke, at age 15.....	209
<i>Aerials</i>	
Cody Holloway, at age 16.....	211
<i>Along This Path</i>	
by Hailey Kay Dods, at age 17.....	213
<i>Meet the Authors.....</i>	215
<i>Meet Those Following in the Path.....</i>	232
<i>Let go my bone!</i>	
The Quartet.....	234
<i>Attributions.....</i>	236



*We look back  
on paths  
we walked...*

## *Paths*

*Barbara B. Rollins*

A hundred years of nights and days  
since Robert Frost surveyed two paths,  
while time caromed through history's maze  
and culture burst with heat that crazed  
the china mores of the past.

A simple time, a wooded place,  
within, without, choose this or that.  
New England's order, peace and grace  
mock Texas plains where rocks replace  
leaf-covered ways with vast grass mat.

Nothing stands to block my way;  
a hundred paths each step could birth.  
I long for order – yea or nay —  
as choices wail to have their say  
and force a measure of their worth.

Would Frost concede the challenge worse  
or scorn the shallow weight I give,  
my literal reading of his verse?  
I'll never know. We can't reverse  
time's path but each the now will live.

---

*business and commerce, so that their children can study literature and*

---

## *Prodigal*

*Becky Haigler*

Why do we not value  
what is most abundant,  
most needful? No tax on air?  
No levy on sunshine?  
My father's love was so free  
I thought it worthless.

But when purchased pleasures failed  
I sought the coin of his favor,  
the currency of his covering.  
So I came, muddy  
and smelling of pigs' dung,  
and my father embraced me.

## *Boundaries*

*Lynn Pinkerton*

Keeping pace with the slow rhythm of hot, southern days, rivers of sweat meandered down my young, naïve body. It was on a day in August of 1965 that I trudged the walkway through tall sheltering pines to my next class. Marooned in a small college town in deep East Texas, days were filled with summer-school classes, welcome trips to the local Dairy Queen, and cool nights with friends piled into my blue-and-white '55 Ford looking for boys and diversion at the town's only drive-in movie. It was the summer the Beach Boys happily crooned about "California Girls," while we slept soundly in unlocked dorm rooms. Little of importance existed outside this sphere of security and comfort.

My routine trip to class was sharply interrupted by a friend who excitedly announced that "Black Power" had "gone crazy" in California. He went on to explain that he had heard on the radio that wild bands of Negroes were burning down Los Angeles, and white people everywhere were worried their city would be next. I had never heard of a place called Watts and could not imagine what could upset people enough to burn down their own neighborhood. I mustered up a dutiful amount of shock and concern, made a mental note that I needed to buy new eyeliner and hurried off to class.

In the days to follow, fragments of the drama unfolding fifteen hundred miles away pricked the safety net of my small

---

*the status quo." Robert Byrne ~§~ "To stand at the crossroads re-*

---

world. With one TV set in the dorm living room, only three television networks, a pay phone down the hall, a city newspaper the size of a large greeting card, and local radio stations more captivated by the daily *Farm Report* than national news, outside information was slow to come.

It was the first time I remember hearing the word “riot.” The echo of Martin Luther King’s appeal for non-violence was drowned out on the streets of Watts by angry cries of “Burn, Baby, Burn.” Generations of simmering racial hopelessness and frustration boiled over into raging fires, looting, violence and bloodshed. Fourteen hundred National Guardsmen and fifteen hundred police finally restored a fragile peace. Dawn of the sixth day revealed that much of this segregated Los Angeles neighborhood lay stunned in still-smoking, charred, black rubble. Thirty-four people were dead, one thousand injured, four thousand arrested and \$35 million worth of damage had been inflicted on neighborhood homes, shops, cars and cafes.

Unfamiliar, distant reality poked at the boundaries of my cozy cocoon, as my middle-class white friends and I sat around the dorm eating popcorn, playing Beatles records and trying to sort it all out. For the most part, we were well-intentioned in our efforts to reach out and understand the despair and dreams of our far-away neighbors. But exams were coming up and there was no Internet; no email, blogs, YouTube, i-reports; no cell phones or twenty-four-hour news sources. We remained an island surrounded by narcissistic collegiate life, disconnected from what was happening across town and across the country.

Looking back at the Sixties several decades later, I am astonished at how I rambled through college relatively unaware of the breaking news continuously happening around my country. While I grooved to the sounds of “Hang on, Sloopy” and flipped hopefully through *Bride’s Magazine*, humans left first-time footprints on the faraway moon, Timothy Leary



powered up the “psychedelic sixties,” the sexual revolution roared to life, women flung off their bras and aprons and demanded more from life, four hundred thousand tie-dyed hippies gathered on a rural New York farm for a legend-in-the-making called Woodstock, the anguish of the Vietnam War was shouted from flag-draped caskets and burning draft cards, Camelot was gunned down and The Great Society born.

I rode the white line right down the middle of this exciting, historic phenomenon of radical social and political revolution and did not know I had been there. Like the Watts summer rioters, I lived segregated and apart, isolated by invisible boundaries of youthful self interest and small-town myopia. Only later did the quiet riots of time and perspective bring my global village into sharper focus.

## *Predator of Forever*

*Carl L. Williams*

Time is ever hungry and kills to eat,  
mauling the hours and savaging the days,  
swallowing whole the tender portions,  
yet chewing slowly on the gristle,  
licking up the seconds like the flow of blood,  
consuming lives and dreams and memories,  
while tracking the ages with ravenous intent,  
devouring decades without mercy,  
and feeding on eternity, insatiate.

---

*ished person is a boring person.” Anna Quindlen ~§~ “Thy word is a*

---

## *The Road*

*Lynn Pinkerton*

Her fresh footsteps  
innocently wiggle forward  
gambling  
on the imaginary road ahead.

Early days of  
original promise  
stretching  
out in benevolent possibility.

Small hands  
chase flickering fireflies  
dodging  
frozen moments in glass prisons.

Time topples into  
pimples and proms  
teetering  
on fleeting feet of change.

Tender days  
of budding vision  
flaunting  
virgin skin and saluting breasts.

---

*lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.” Psalms 119:105 KJV*

---

Birthdays repeat  
like rapid-firing guns  
drilling  
holes in plans and plots.

Dimming dawn unfurls  
billowing skirts  
revealing  
sagging sunsets and graying finales.

Undaunted, her wrinkled hopes  
gobble up change, still  
gambling  
on the imaginary road ahead.

## *Silver Breeze*

*Ginny Greene*

Watching that woman  
wearing grey  
around her temples  
Looking back at an empty nest  
throwing off shackles and  
charging down a new road  
Cheers to the woman  
roaring past gray  
and on beyond purple

*security**Becky Haigler*

crisp uniform, jacket  
with official patches  
tall, folded into  
rolling desk chair  
phone pressed to  
lined face awkwardly  
maybe a hunter, tanned  
but not work-burned  
thinning gray, neatly trimmed  
brushy mustache, comfortable  
no weapon, this job is  
a bird nest on the ground