

The Elephant in the Room

By Terry Kettering

There's an elephant in the room.
It is large and squatting, so it is hard
to get around it.
Yet we squeeze by with, "How are
you? "I'm fine"
And a thousand other forms of trivial
chatter.
We talk about the weather.
We talk about work.
We talk about everything else—
except the elephant in the room.

There's an elephant in the room.
We all know it is there.
We are thinking about the elephant
as we talk together.
It is constantly on our minds.

For, you see, it is a very big elephant.
It has hurt us all.
But we do not talk about the elephant
in the room.
Oh, please, say her name.
Oh, please, say "Barbara" again.

Oh, please, let's talk about the
elephant in the room.
For if we talk about her death,
Perhaps we can talk about her life?
Can I say "Barbara" to you and not
have you look away?
For if I cannot, then you are leaving me
Alone ...
In a room ...
With an elephant.



A FRIEND IS ONE WHO SHARES THE TEARS...