

ENERGY IN A THUMB DRIVE

Every day I think to myself, I must back up all that stuff on my 6 year old lap top. But I never do.

I get attached to things. I have T-shirts that I bought in every color from Eddie Bauer that I thought would last forever. It surprised me when odd little bumps in the knit that look like tiny nipples poking out started to surface. I don't want to buy new T-shirts, I like these, so I wear them anyway.

Six years ago I bought my lap top computer. By the time it was all over it my bank account was less by about a thousand dollars. It should last forever. But, this year, after traveling for several weeks, I returned home to a blank screen. The lights were on but no one was home.

When that laptop came into my life I had everything from my old computer transferred into it. There are scanned photos of high school friends, my girls when they were babes in arms, letters from when they were young adults and angry with me and I with them. History. And... my stories. My poems, all 2 of them.

I have become very adept at practicing non-attachment. And, trusting the universe and trusting that computer techies are usually an ongoing source of continual optimism. "Oh, it is *just* the screen. That's good. The lights are all on, oh, that's good, it has power. Was the screen kind of waving on and off for some time? No, that's good, that would suggest you might have accidentally shut the screen down and it isn't really going out. Bring it in and let's have a look at it."

A week later... I got it back with a note from the techie that my lap top had been shut off and re-started 15 times with the screen successfully coming back on. I dug through my baskets, paper clips, reading glasses, my favorite yellow mechanical pencils, clips, ouch... the exacto knife... and there at the bottom were the 2 thumb drives from the days when I carried them to and from my teaching jobs.

I plugged one in.

2003

Dear Liana,

Thank you so much for the wonderful weekend. Madam Mao was fabulous. I love the Santa Fe Opera, we have to do this every summer! Your dad should have been there. He would have loved it. I miss him so much, I know you do too.

Dear Richard,

How could you leave like this! I can't get through one more day without you. I want you back. I want you back now. Those damn plumbers YOU think are great are a bunch a damn crooks.

Dear Arin,

Thank you for your kind words, I deeply appreciate your expression of sympathy. And your dad's too... interesting arrangement of words, " Richard died, oh, that is too bad, even **SHE** doesn't deserve that".

(sigh... ex-husbands...)

In May of 2003 Richard and I made a 5 hour drive, from rural to urban, to Albuquerque for a YoYo Ma concert the next day in Santa Fe. We always got good tickets and settled into our seats with a good deal of excitement... 2 country bumpkins sitting 75 feet away from YoYo Ma. (yikes) We smiled at each other a lot that day and I felt Richard's eyes on me even when I wasn't looking his way.

After returning home he gave me this poem.

FOR BERMA

Beyond music

There is your face

There is the breeze

There is your breath

Beyond the pizzicato

There is the rhythm of the moon

The continueo of the waves

The crescendo of the sun

Beyond the tenors

Past the sopranos and baritones

There is the thundering silence

The unheard symphony

The singing beyond music

Richard Correa, 2003

A half a continent away, now, Richard is back with me for a day.

I can feel his eyes on me. I am startled by a presence in the apartment several times, quickly looking to see who is in the room...

Smiling, "Oh, it's you."