



*She glides mysteriously through
pure drifting snows in the dream
night after night, a stranger of
my unconscious. Perhaps several
women, all those within a lifetime
I am destined to encounter, to find
and be found. Passing in the frozen
stillness she pauses when I call, but
does not turn to me.*

The darkness obscures a face never fully revealed, yet I know serene, beautiful. Is she the perfect one, sent to make a life together, or the last, to lead me beyond? At the very moment of awakening, though reassured by the dream, I hope that when we meet I will be stronger, confident, my anger and hurt overcome, hidden damage confronted and repaired, finally healed.

In the vast, unfamiliar region I headed south, not through Taos or Santa Fe, places with recognizable names, but to Ganado, unheard of, unknown. Taking a job as an orderly at the hospital there I bound myself to experience unmeasurable grief, not by choice but default, until returning to Palo Alto. And when back at Stanford, a different person; one whose life, caught by strong currents, fell away, forever changed. Not even shaking, with unnatural calm my destiny was forged by the cylinder spin, pull of a trigger. I drifted away, never to return.