

a hippy like helen



Written by bubba



Sometimes memories flap out the rafters like bats and scare the hell out of me. I'm not scared of bats you know, because I've never really seen one. Memories though...where do they come from? Today they come from two bow legs bent into a pair of levis, forty meters ahead of me and then I'm thinking eight years in reverse. She'd take being called a hippy as a complement, which is how I would intend it. We met by orchestrated accident - that social musical where the audience participates, the actors put on their 'interesting' face and (hopefully) create groupies in a matter of hours. Didn't

mind to sweat. Wasn't afraid to eat. Interested enough to question and not immune to disagreeing or changing her mind. With a lisp that worked...worth adding. She had a research background but was an excellent writer because she wasn't boring. Like me, it was the angst that fueled her; she had a crazy mom she liked to write about...up to, then after her death. Not crazy like oppressive or eccentric, insane like tasting colors ...or hearing voices...maybe acting impulsively...nearly always unpredictable. She was a better writer than me too, because she was honest. She wrote to make sense to herself. I wrote to make sense to everyone else. For that reason and others, she scared the hell out of me.

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