

## Foreword

WHAT'S ALL THIS AND HOW COME?

During the 1920's, my mind found itself playing with words, this for their sounds, their emotional values, and their many meanings. Without any intention of writing poems, I found myself in the position of the woman who said, "How do I know what I think unless I can hear myself talking?"

How could I judge the sensitivity of my ear, my timing, the soundness of my ideas unless I put them on paper? This I proceeded to do.

I found them uneven, some juvenile, and stuck them away. More than five decades later, they haven't improved! I could throw the whole batch out, but that would be like drowning an entire litter of kittens because one is cross-eyed and one has no tail—when perhaps two or three family members or close friends will give them a home. So all of a sudden, here you are.

You are not supposed to like them, although I do hope you find a few you actually do enjoy. You don't even have to decide if any are poems at all or merely bits of prose.

O yes, whichever they are, they kept coming into my head while I was working long hours, taking correspondence courses, and helping raise a small, very beautiful family, two members of which will get the first two sets.

Gordon Birrel

October 7, 1984