

A collection of muses written by and for those who suffer from invisible diseases such as Meniere's Disease, an inner ear disease that may cause vertigo, hearing loss, tinnitus, and pressure in the ear or head.

Musings From The Invisible

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**Musings
From
The
Invisible**

Sponsored by Meniere's Resources, Inc.
Arranged by T. Al-Pearl

*"As our hearing becomes silent, we must learn to
listen with our heart and never allow our voices to
become mute..."*

T. Al-Pearl

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ISBN 978-1-60145-874-2

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Printed in the United States of America.

BookLocker.com, Inc.
2009

Cover design by Atkins Photography LLC
www.LifesBestMemories.com

Table of Contents

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On the Potter's Wheel by Sherry Mason	1
The Last Rose by Paul Keenan Smith	3
A Moment on the South Santiam River by Paul Keenan Smith	4
Friday by Karl D. Clawson	5
Still the Same by Linda J. Weber	7
Boccherini's Coffee House by Paul Keenan Smith.....	8
The Hole in My Heart by Linda J. Weber	9
Come Dance With Me by Amanda Lowe.....	10
Old Irish Lament from the Sea by Jim.....	11
Soul Symphony by Diane	12
Love Your Babies by Richard Sloan	13
The Battle Always Won by Paul Keenan Smith.....	14
I Wish I Knew How to Write a Poem by Nassman	15
I Don't Dream by Rae Nell G.	16
Episodes by Linda J. Weber	17
Families Are Forever by Stacey R. Nyborg.....	18
You by Rae Nell G.	19
Kindness and Light by Paul Keenan Smith	20
Same Old... by Rae Nell G.	21
Missing Piece by Ron Kostiuk	22
My Safe Place by E.R.....	24
Soup Kitchen Angel by Paul Keenan Smith.....	25

Musings From The Invisible

I Slipped Away by Bob Ramsey	27
Beloved by Paul Keenan Smith	29
Live Each Day by Ron Kostiuk	30
Once More by Cara Free.....	31
No Refunds by Ron Kostiuk.....	33
Frog Song by E.R.....	34
A Lot of Living To Do by Ron Kostiuk	35
The Night Before Black Belt by Karl D. Clawson	37
The Distant by Jim.....	41
You Know Who You Are by Paul Keenan Smith	43
Sometimes by Richard Sloan	45
Depression by Kim Belden.....	47
Forgotten Merry-Go-Round by E.R.....	48
Mary Celeste by E.R.....	49
Mortality and Reflections by Richard Sloan.....	50
A Mama's War Dead Son by Paul Keenan Smith.....	53
Letting Go by Amanda Lowe	55
Poems from the Psychotic by Jim.....	56
The Full Mailbox by Jim	58
Slices of Time, Stacked and Remembered... Veterans Day by Jim...60	
Woman in the Mirror by T. Al-Pearl	63
Intruder—Crimson Letter M by T. Al-Pearl.....	65
My Daddy by Sherry Mason.....	68
Reflections of a veteran on a quiet dark night... by Jim.....	71
It Would Be So Easy by Paul Keenan Smith	73

Musings From The Invisible

Forbidden Beauty by T. Al-Pearl.....	76
My House of Cards by T. L. Randolph	78
I Felt the Sun by T. L. Randolph	79
My Uncle by Richard Sloan	80
Ode to Great Big Mable by Karl D. Clawson.....	84
The Beast That Is In Me by Paul Keenan Smith.....	88
Behind This Mask by Amanda Lowe	90
I Have Meniere's by Rae Nell G.	91
Where is Their Humanity? by Linda J. Weber	92
Vietnam War from a New Perspective by Susan Storm Smith	93
Angel Faces by Pat Guy	96
This Year it Wasn't Just a Tree by Susan Storm Smith.....	99
Tired by Herb West	102
Pleasures of Summer by NTF.....	107
Summer's End by NTF	108
Visiting Nana and Nampa in Boston, Massachusetts by Ruth Coole.....	109
The Sound of a Heart Breaking by T. Al-Pearl	112
Eight and Nineteen: Years of Pain, Illness and Love of Life by Paul Keenan Smith.....	119
A Special Gift by Lee Mickle.....	121
Cara and the Bee by Paul Keenan Smith.....	123
Emily Rose by E.R.	124
Coping with Deafness by Anonymous	126
Story of my Life by Sandy	134

Musings From The Invisible

Horsefly by Michael Goldman..... 135
Broken Beauty by Pat Guy 146
Meniere’s Disease Resources Available Online 149

It Would Be So Easy by Paul Keenan Smith

It would be so easy to pull this off. A three piece rod hidden under my clothing, the reel placed unobtrusively in an inside coat pocket. There are a dozen places where nobody would ever know that I had been fishing in any of the many spots not visible from any road or path. I know the river too well to be observed by anyone. I could fish for hours and never see another person, all the while fishing stealth fashion, unseen and unnoticed. It would be so easy. Never have I seen a game warden or any officer of the law on my river. They have too much territory to cover and too few resources. I have seen the rare other person fishing, but never the law. How simple it would be to catch trout and lots of them for hour on end. Easy. No problem.

So as to protect the runs of wild steelhead and salmon the season on my river is rather short, a few days shy of five months. One cannot purposefully fish for those anadromous fish although I tied into one last year (who knows if it was a salmon or a steelhead?) and it bent the hook of my soft hackle and almost pulled my three weight out of my hands. No, I am seeking the rainbows and the cutthroats, those sleek silver chunks of fight and stamina. I know where they are because I have walked the river. Every bend and hole and riffle and pool is in my memory. Every run and rapid and under-bank cut is there as well. The coastal cutthroats and rainbows are making a comeback in my river and I

Musings From The Invisible

want to continue fishing for them. Why wait? I do not want to bide my time until spring. The end of May is too far away. It would be easy. Hatchery fish are many years gone from the river. Only these wild trout remain to challenge me. They will be hungry as always. I know what they like. I know where they are. I know how to catch them. No one would ever know. How easy is that? I would release them all like I do when the season is open.

The fish in the pond where I angle for bluegills and largemouth bass is not productive in winter. The water is too cold and the fish are unresponsive. But the river is just right with the rain having caused the feeder streams to flow and the weather to turn cool and crisp. It is just right for trout fishing and it would be so very easy. All I have to do is gather my equipment. I need my hat and waterproof jacket, my rod and reel, and just a few things from my vest that I can store in the jacket pockets. The net will fit inside the jacket, a bit uncomfortable for certain, but I can't be seen with a fishing net. Someone would know what I was planning to do and I cannot have that happen. This must remain my secret, my clandestine outing for the river, my secret game with the trout.

Sometimes I wish that I did not like fly fishing so much. So many fisher folk are fair weather types. The weather turns cooler and they stack their gear in a closet somewhere awaiting the new season opener in the spring. My gear is always at the ready.

Musings From The Invisible

My reels are paired with their rods in the combination that seems best to me. There is always plenty of tippet material and I have more than enough leaders. I am ready. All I would have to do is put on my waders and get to the car. I could do this before first light so that no one would see me wearing the waders. It would be difficult to explain why I was wearing them when the fishing season was several months closed. So, I would be careful. I would run down my list of items I needed for the second time, double checking to be certain that I have everything. All that would remain would be to get into the car and drive. How easy is that?

Easy? I would catch fish, many and varied fish, but I would lose myself, my integrity. The spirit of the sport that I carry in my heart would diminish. I would feel guilty for all time and no running riffle or deep blue pool could wash the shame of it out of me. Yes, it would be so easy, so very easy, but it would be so painful, so very painful, so damaging to who I am. And pain caused by wrong action is never easy no matter the fleeting pleasure that caused it.

Good fishing to us all, that is, when the season is upon us and the fishing is easy or even not so easy.

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*Emily Rose by E.R.*

With her lovely, fair curves  
and her long, slender arms  
I fell hard and fast  
for her womanly charms  
Some say that each heart  
but one true love knows  
Mine for a certain  
was Emily Rose

The moon in the night  
with its shimmering glow  
Just could not compare  
to her beauty below  
He looked on with envy  
as the wind filled her clothes  
Ah, such a lady  
my Emily Rose

Together forever  
we would sail all the seas  
But an angry, fierce tempest  
brought us both to our knees  
Fate can be cruel  
when the wicked wind blows  
Now there on the rocks  
lies Emily Rose

As I stand at the shore  
wiping tears from my eyes  
My life goes on

*Musings From The Invisible*

but part of me dies  
In the morning's gray light  
as the tidewater flows  
I whisper goodbye  
to Emily Rose

~~~~~

Musings by Wobbles

...I have to admit that I am not prone to depression and cannot fully understand what you are going through. However, I am old enough to have been through a lot of emotionally unsettling situations. I have felt my share of sadness; I even retain sorrows that will never fully go away. Nevertheless, I must say that I have always seen a glimmer of light even in my darkest mood.

But from what you are saying, I have the impression that you are on the verge of losing all hope and are reaching out to us for help...the fact that you are seeking help here is an excellent sign. Now you have to take it one step further and seek help from someone close to you, like your wife or doctor. You need someone to take charge and get you pointed in the right direction. We will be here and fully supportive while you recover from your gloomy state.

...with most gifts, it is the thought that counts and your thoughts are priceless...I thought of the affects of that famous photograph taken of our good earth from our faithful moon. For a while there, all of us knew that we were brothers and sisters on this planet, each toiling the earth while each looking to the stars. We were united in spirit. Thanks for wrapping my mind in your thoughts of togetherness.

...I certainly have chronic health problems, but I

Musings From The Invisible

have, for the most, been able to remain reasonably happy, feel joy, appreciate beauty, love mental involvements and retain a sense of accomplishment as well as my sense of humor. You are right about the need to work for happiness when you are chronically ill. It takes a mental doggedness to persevere when being dragged down by poor health...from despair comes hope. With chronic diseases, one has to discover that all is not dark and cloudy. There are rays of sunshine. The trick is to position one's self into the sun's rays. You need to work to keep there.

...I think we all want to die peacefully and unexpectedly in our sleep after an evening of joyful celebration with family and friends. Alas, most of us will not follow this path. Instead, we will develop an ailment or two that has life threatening aspects...some days I feel the stress of having a fatal disease. Today is one of those days.

...I cannot think of the last time that I used reason to fall in love with someone. For me, I think chemistry plays the dominant role. It gets the dice rolling. Sometimes you get a lucky seven and other times you end up diced.

Anybody want to roll?

...I managed to go for a walk this morning along the Fraser River. It was a short walk, but it was most enjoyable. The air was still, clear and chilly, about

Musings From The Invisible

25 F, I'd say. The river was high and active with workboats going out to sea and coming home to dock. In the distance, toward the south, Mont Baker glistened with fresh snow. The air was very fresh, very countrified. All in all, I had a memorable walk even though I went slowly. I am going to keep walking until I drop.

...melting snow is soaking my feet, skies are graying my mind, wind is wildly whipping my beard, and air is spitting at me. Do you want to change places? I am going to sit next to the fireplace and get all cozy.

...but I totally agree with the idea of us being on a planetary spaceship. We move through space at high speeds, we are on our own, and we need to be cautious not to harm our vessel. Without it, we are utterly doomed. The only place where the analogy breaks down is that we cannot accelerate the center of mass motion of our solar system. Perhaps a better analogy is that we are adrift on a boat in the cosmos. No matter what, at some point in the future when the sun cools and expands, we will have to abandon spaceship Earth to find new habitats.

...I live in a town called Burnaby, which has a population of 200,000. We are adjacent to the City of Vancouver on Canada's west coast. The greater Vancouver district has roughly two million people, making it Canada's third largest city. We have a typical northwest climate: rainy winters and dry summers. Due to the presence of the Pacific Ocean,

Musings From The Invisible

our temperatures are moderate with summer highs in the mid 20s (high 70s) and winter lows near freezing.

The natural scenery in this area of the world is absolutely breathtaking. We have snow-capped mountains that spring right out of the ocean. The skiing season often starts in late October and ends in early May. There are lots of hiking trails that lead to areas with abundant wildlife. Our oceans are full of salmon, orcas, seals, flatfish, shrimp and plankton. Our skies are constantly astir with eagles and ravens. Most of British Columbia is a splendid place due to its low population and the geology of the terrain.

Besides the natural beauty of the land, there is much to the cultural life in this area...the people are friendly. This is a city of immigrants and a city that feels itself on the move. It has a positive image of itself...I used to be able to escape this by skiing up through the cloud deck. Those were magnificent times for me. It is an unbelievable thrill to ski upward through the clouds and then break out into raw sunshine while being surrounded by peaks sparkling with fresh snow. It felt so great to be alive. I am blessed to have such memories.

Musings From The Invisible

...I used to tell my students that the mark of an educated person is that they know what they don't know. Be intellectually humble and accepting of new thought.

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