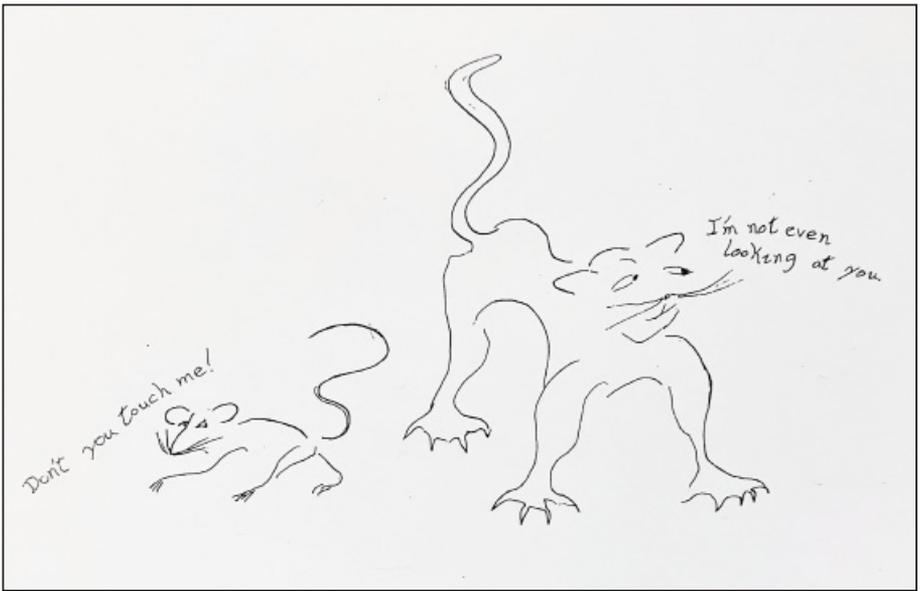


I DO CARE

Poems & Drawings

by Barbara Engel



Featuring

Tributes and Remembrances

from her

Multnomah Arts Center

Literary Community

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**Multnomah Arts Center
Literary Community**

Compiled and Edited by

MAC Literary Arts Instructor

Christopher Luna

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Published Online, Nov. 2021



Every now and then, the impact one individual can have on a community can equal the impact a community can have on an individual. About a year after the passing of Barbara Engel, we received a short email about a generous bequest from her. Who was this woman that I would come to know only after her passing as witty, creative, caring, funny and loving? What compelled her to

support our big little arts center? A few inquiries later, I learned just how involved she'd become in the Portland arts community (clearly a friend of chamber music) while living in her adopted home near Multnomah Village in SW Portland. She'd taken many classes besides poetry (songwriting, sculpture, nature journaling, ceramics, prose) and had a similar effect on students and instructors as what Christopher shares below. Another friend shared a picture of her. In retrospect, I'd seen Barbara a few times in the halls of the Multnomah Arts Center and the warmth of her presence returned to me. Thank you Barbara, for all you did, and will continue to do to bring creativity into the hearts of our community.

Sincerely, Michael Walsh, MAC Director

Barbara always sat at the corner of the table, smiling an eternal, impish grin. She read to us in German. Her feedback was always thoughtful and on point. She joked often, and brought us presents: loaves of bread she had baked herself and pieces of paper folded into small booklets featuring her delightful line drawings. Like many writers, she sometimes apologized for her poems before she read them, which then proceeded to blow us away with their wit and quiet power. She always made me smile, and frequently let me know how much my workshop meant to her. I miss her terribly, but take comfort in the grace with which she responded to her diagnosis. In fact, it was she who comforted us when she got sick, assuring us that she had lived a long and amazing life and was ready to let it go. I hope that I can summon even a fraction of that contented wisdom when my time comes.

Gratefully, Christopher Luna, MAC Poetry Instructor

POEMS *by* Barbara Engel

The internet

whispers through the house

“We can make it faster

easier,” they say

“We can hook it up to your fridge,

your oven

your baby”

“We can take the load off your shoulders and make you free.”

All the while I quiver

with the electronics shivering through the

house I quiver through the night of slivered sleep.

Each morning my ipad is filled

with heartfelt messages political

“We have to beat them”

“We have to remove them”

The internet in its efficiency,

has tribalised us

from what we once thought

was about to be

a global loving world.

[The people have the power]

The people have the power

If they know the internet.

People have the power

if they know how to connect.

People have the power

when they are loved and confirmed.

People have the power

when they plant trees

when they write poems

when they focus on what they love

People have the power

in the smallest detail of a flower.

An Owl on a Perch

Buddha still
Buddha wise
I sense it all
With Closed eyes

I might raise a lid
Turn my head
Spread my wings
Dive directly
To where it's hid

Nothing escapes
I can see through
Your drapes

It's best
That you rest
Be where you are
Be who you are

I might let you go far

Leaves

leafing for some time
leaf out for some time
to leave for some time
to again leaf out for some time
All this above the roar of I-5
above other people's noise
above other people's presence
above my recoil into a nest
for a while
to leaf out for a while
to blossom for a while
to leave for
really not ever

**There's something to be said for a
box;.....for a fence**

Nov. 5, 2018

for a fenced-in community
which I would like to strangle.
I was there to collect mushrooms
by the shopping bag full
long before
they built their houses
and
made their signs of
“Trespassers will be Prosecuted”
Their gate is locked from the inside.
I could buy a chain
and lock it from the outside.
With some effort
I can still go into this gated community
but
not with
the feeling of welcome
the mushrooms produced.

[When I was nine I remember being boxed in]

When I was nine I remember being boxed in
on a long slow freight train from Munich to Bremerhaven.
We (my mother and we four children) shared a
box car with two other families,
each with piles of hay to soften
the five day ride.
A ride so slow
So tired
my little brother accidentally
bumped me.
I kicked him
and my father
who was there only to say good-bye,
hit me

for the first time in my life
and the last time.
He was not a man who ever hit anyone
but only this one time when he too
felt boxed in.
The train was so slow.....
slow enough for
the children to get out
and pick flowers
for decorating the doorways
on both sides.
The train was so long,
we could see the last cars
curving a mile away.
The train was so slow and so long
that being boxed in
unboxed a slew
of possibilities.

The Answer is Just Beyond the Next Wall

Walls cannot stop
The force grows only greater
The undercurrent of a stream will find its way
The desire you have can find its way
in a surprising way
It will curl
back
and forth
around to one day
when you have your way
and reach the pinnacle
of the high Himalayas
Such are the forces
that can converge into a
Civil (uncivilized) War

["Whew! So much clutter! Whew!"]

"Whew! So much clutter! Whew!"

Did she know the contents of those shelves
there in the dark basement?

A mere glance around. Already she knows enough.

"It's going to take weeks to clear out those shelves. Whew"

There were eight shelves,
each with a focus:

camping,

old letters

pottery

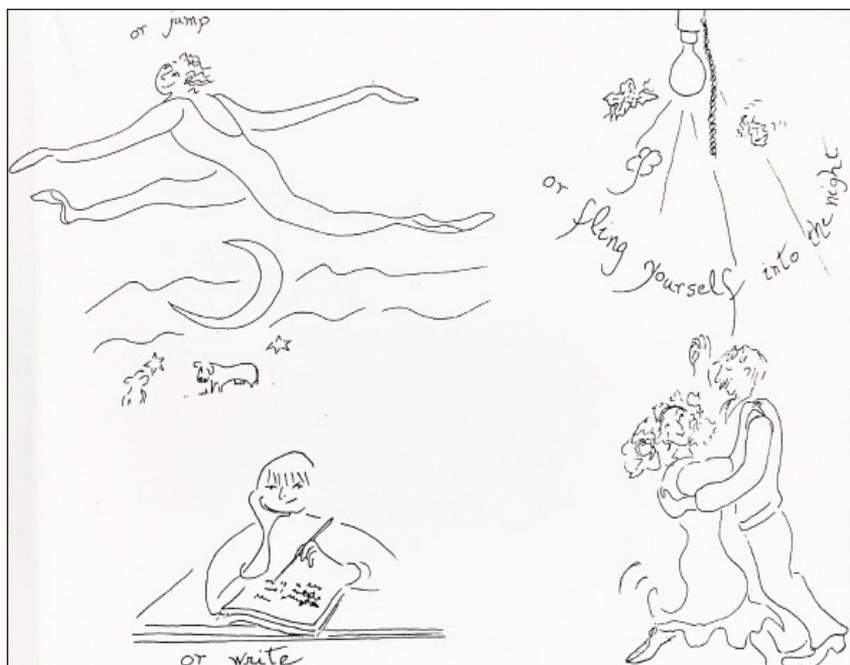
climbing

French

a roll of material for drapes

books written by friends

Whew!



[In a star filled night]

In a star filled night
our camp chairs circled around
keeping us a leg's length from the fire
at which point a crane
silhouetted across the sky.
Stories about the return of the beaver
the abundant beaver
that had been turned into pelts and sold
to China and to Europe
Stories of hope for the return of the beaver
Already our works of building mud-stick dams across
streams was encouraging them.
And fish were coming back too.
Beaver, you know, are sensitive
and cannot be transported just anywhere.
They need the right mate
the right feeling
for building a home
before they'll settle
into building a den
and having a family.
Wild horses
they are territorial
and will viciously fend off
competing grazers.
Land near Hays Canyon,
because of the fire,
must lie fallow every other year.
It must not be plowed before
reseeding
for fear of losing top soil.
At which point the temperature dropped.
I retired to my tent
to rise before dawn
for another day of planting aspen, snowberry,
alder, cottonwood, milkweed, mulberry, wild
rose in exclosures along the
South Fork of the Crooked River

[Do I care?]

Do I care!

That is the trouble.

I do care.

I care to please.

I care to be liked.

Does that get me
where I want to be?

Like a fish

I was born

into a form

and a place

that took me to place

to place

In the first place

our nurse maid said

sit down when you eat

otherwise your legs grow fat.

She said, if you look in a mirror very long,

you'll turn into a monkey.

She said, the sun will shine if you clean your

plate. She loved us....four of us.

We loved her too

in those days when no mother could

function without help

because even the laundry was done by hand.

Our nurse maid was with us until I was nine.

Then.....when it came to manners,

no one cared

except for me.

I knew assiduously
how things should be.
I kicked my little brother's knee
because his elbows were on the table.
He didn't eat right
and was a mess.
My mother didn't care.
After a while I learned
America was not a rigid place
and now my siblings fat and thin,
mostly sloppy,
are the finest I know.
Moral: Add your pleasing other self to the pleasing yourself self like a
fish swimming back to where it began



A Bench

A log on this grassy path
had been there long
With a seat for two
a mossy armrest at each end
Peering into the
high canopied forest
Trees thick with lichen
Their lower branches,
bereft of sun,
like stumps where arms had once been.

My friend said, "Let's pretend we're still in the forest."
as we sat down on

A Bench
in the airport
with a seat for two
a metal armrest at each end
facing a large picture window
like a fish tank-viewing

Five young Asian inhalers
of battery powered cigarettes
who swallowed the smoke:
Polite, because they did not pollute
nor explode the air of

A woman with an oxygen tank and a body
moving penguin-like to a too small seat
to tap her violet fingernails
on a pink smart phone
from which emerged her thin friend with a car
just in time to be transported away

From the Smoke
of three husky tattooed puffers
prepping themselves
for a flight before they steeped out.

Three valets stepped in.
Two sat down to smoke.
The third, had brown buttoned earlobes,
and
held the wheelchair for a rest.

The entire time cars filed by
dropping off a myriad of imaginations
one or two
at a time

When a sudden misplaced windowsill hit us in the head.
It could have been a branch in the forest.

Untitled

My little sister exclaimed,
“Look at all the lights. This village has so many lights.”
We had left our little village deep in the Alps.
This army transport brought us past the Statue of Liberty to Ellis Island,
Where we four siblings followed our mother through the high
ceilinged structure.

.....to a revolving door.....

I saw my first African American
.....with a sudden thought.....
“Polish people can’t be that bad!”

Polish prisoners had stolen apples from our tree.
I had thought, “All Poles are bad.”
This one Afro American punctured my mind when I was nine.

Clothesline

In the winter my laundry hangs
in the basement.

The sheets begin at one line;
cross over to
the next line.

In this way
there is more line
for socks, handkerchiefs
underwear
and washcloths.

In the summer my laundry flutters
on a triangle
formed by a line traveling
from one end of the balcony
across the yard to and around the
walnut tree
back to the other end of the balcony

in full view of my
neighbor's
kitchen window
and from the boulevard
below.

All my life I've hung
clothes on the line,
first with my
mother
in far away places
in the early morning sun
long enough to dry
before the afternoon
thunder shower.

We folded the clothes just so.

The socks were turned inside out
the toes pulled in
and rolled up tight because
that was my father's family's tradition.

My mother and I pulled the sheets
taut in all directions
before coming together to a fold
like square dancers
stepping 6 steps in
and back again.

The towels were folded into thirds
lengthwise
then doubled twice
before putting them on the shelf
with the fold facing out.

"This is the only way to fold clothes,"
my mother would say,
"No one else really knows how."

I still fold clothes just like that
except
the sheets are not pulled taut
and
the socks are merely bundled
into pairs by their cuffs.

Untitled

In school we learned that Hitler was like Jesus.
The pictures of little children and animals coming to him
Said so.
The War ended.
I found out quite otherwise.

Something happened on the way to the Bookstore

"May I grind you some pepper?"

offered the waiter as I looked up from my salad.

Not wanting to feel out of step,

I said, "Yes, of course,just a little."

I did not appreciate pepper.

Only when I had guests did I put out the pepper shaker.

I did not even flavor my cooking with it.

I knew pepper could have a powerful effect.

Seventy-one years ago

my five year old cousin, in the middle of

enjoying his mashed potatoes,

had bitten into a peppercorn

which sent him screaming

from the table.

My travels and my gourmet friends made me realize

how "tone deaf" I am when it came to pepper.

Good pepper mills are prohibitively expensive.

I've looked all over, saw many, but books

and skis came first.

One day

with a friend..

...we were coming out of the forest,

thinking we would stop by the little bookstore....

The sign said, "Will return in 15 minutes.

"Next door the sign said,

"Everything you would ever want in a kitchen."

We perused the cosy little place when suddenly I asked.

"Do you have pepper grinders?"

The little white-haired woman

immediately demonstrated "the very best.

"Simple in form...wooden...with an excellent grinding mechanism

made in Nantucket.

Easy to fill.....a revolving hole in the side.
The pepper was deliciously aromatic.
The pepper mill was not cheap
It was an unexpected find
in this delightful shop in this tiny town.
It has made all the difference in my appreciation
of pepper.
Of course, sharing this experience with this friend,
..has given me an unforgettable taste for pepper.

Untitled

Our mother took us to a drugstore.
We sat on high stools and blew through
Straws into our chocolate milkshakes.
People wondered whether we had been adopted.
My mother was American.
We four siblings spoke no English.
We had shoddy clothes and impetigo.



Death by Cellphone

Mildred

Stepped into the gondola

Others stepped in too.

Mildred eyed one woman:

“Please don’t talk on your cell phone;

.....it’s the radiation. It causes cancer.”

The woman slipped the phone back

.....into her purse.

Three months later

.....Mildred is dead.

Nellie and Willie

Came to lunch.

They are ill and slow.

I led them on a walk.

We had some coffee

.....hardly any talk.

“I’m sorry,” she said. “We are so slow.”

“Don’t worry,” I said.

“I’ll fly when you go.”

The Radio

Announced:

“Despite the prediction,

The weather was not nearly so stormy.”

.....disobedient weather.....

Learning to Drive

When I was sixteen

I drove my parents to the coast and back.

A week later I drove my father and sister

.....through the Portand hills.

“Don’t jerk the car or put on the brakes so fast.”

my father said.

I drove slowly up the hairpin curve

Until the car curved in slow motion

Nose-dived down the ravine

.....rolled on its side like a bulging whale....

I opened the window and crawled out.

My father crawled out the driver’s side too.

My little sister crawled out with her doll.

“I can scramble up there to that house and call the towing truck,” I said.

“That would be good,” my father said.

Later we took a streetcar home.

My father was silent all the way.

(I didn’t drive again until I was twenty-four, when I took lessons from a friend.)

I could never teach someone to drive:

I’m a bad passenger;

A good back seat driver, like when we were driving

.....in a Eurovan to Door County in Wisconsin.

I said, “Ease up. The speed is 50”

“I see that” he said.

“The turn-off is in two miles,” I said.

“You needn’t tell me. I can see straight ahead.”

“There’s a truck advancing from behind,” I said.

“What did you say? I can’t hear you.”

The truck roared as it came barreling by.

We missed the turn off and fortunately the ditch.

I was put into a “straight jacket”

To never speak again or motion to

.....anything at all.....

COLLABORATIONS *with* CHRISTOPHER LUNA

Poetry is an astounding “Hello”

uttered by a stranger you’ve known a thousand years.

It tells nothing new
but brings you to a new way
of seeing—vision investigated
by a slight shift in perception
like a ballet dancer lifted
to new spheres.

She floats above mundanity
only to land
on a steamer headed for
Vienna, tiny ancient city of her dreams
where she will remain
until she transmigrates
dissipating into the linguistic ether.

Sometimes I begin with the first thought
and other times with the third
until I find myself plunging. Frequently I plunge in,
swim in a river of words, soaking in in them
and then spit out refreshed
renewed, reborn as embodied possibility
drawn to depths I had not known
forced to accept truths painful & glorious
bringing me to a new perception
of Truth & Beauty unforeseen
making this life
unbearably blissful.

Barbara Engel & Christopher Luna
Multnomah Arts Center
March 2017

Barbara Engel
and Christopher Luna

Poetry is an astounding "Hello"
uttered by a stranger you've known a thousand years
It tells nothing new
but brings you to a new way
of seeing - vision instigated
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on a steamer headed for
Vienna, tiny ancient city of her dreams
where she will remain
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Barbara Engel

Before dawn, just as the sun
was peering over the cliffs
we found ourselves fishing
silent yet filled with emotion

By the blackberry thicket
Quiet tail flicks ~~cause~~ ripple ^{into} circle
Shadows expand, shadows contract
I am still and not still

An opening in a frightening sky.
I impale myself on poetry
and drown

*Barbara sent Christopher Luna the following statement of appreciation for his book **Message from the Vessel in a Dream**. Below her email is a poem from the book that borrows a line from Barbara.*

Christopher,

Little by little I am nibbling on your “vessel” of poetry: so full of rage, appreciation, wondermentstruggle.....all-encompassing life. It is liberating, thought provoking rich.....often like dark rich music, like an all-enveloping mood of an encapsulated seed striving to be..... at times being and accepting and then raging and being again in spite of realizing deception and disappointment.

It needs to be read and reread. The cover fully matches the contents.....full of exploration.

A full appreciator of you and your class.....Barbara

I’m convinced of the vitality of the seed David Randolph

My home and life’s work were taken away. I escaped into the sanctuary of story. Pained audits of the damage incurred as a result of treating flesh-and-blood conflicts as clashes between allegorical opposites. It’s a tether. A kind of malady. A very mysterious business. Artists don’t make art. The art makes itself through us. I’m not the doer, you know. I’m just along for the ride.

Poetry is the conduit that makes things happen. It’s the thing that feeds you and eats away at you; gives you life and is killing you at the same time. The energy is not to take. It’s to dance with. It’s about a process of becoming a container of different archetypes. It is immersive. You zoom into this tiny world and it becomes galactic or immense.

This is how I’m going to die one day, crushed under a pile of paper. Explosions notwithstanding, the soul is an illusion. It gets tiresome after a while. This predicament is a gift from God. If you get rid of the demons and the disturbing things, then the angels fly off, too. There is the possibility, in that mire, of an epiphany. The purpose of life is an expansion of happiness only the valiant can create. Telling about ourselves in the hope of being recognized as we’d like to be.

My home and life's work were taken away. **Felix Rafael Cordero**, a painter and photographer whose home in Puerto Rico was obliterated by Hurricane Maria.

I escaped into the sanctuary of story. **Rene Denfeld.**

Pained audits of the damage...incurred as a result of...treating flesh-and-blood conflicts as clashes between allegorical opposites. From "The Illness and Insight of Robert Lowell" by **Dan Chiasson**, The New Yorker March 20, 2017.

It's a tether. **Barbara Engel.**

A kind of malady. It's the thing that feeds you and eats away at you; gives you life and is killing you at the same time. **Daniel Day-Lewis.**

A very mysterious business. **Peter Matthiessen.**

Poetry is the conduit that makes things happen. **Marianela Medrano**

Artists don't make art. The art makes itself through us. I'm not the doer, you know. I'm just along for the ride. **Ezra Miller**, interviewed by Erykah Badu, Interview November 2017.

The energy is not to take. It's to dance with. It's about a process of becoming a container of different archetypes. **Tori Amos**, interviewed by David Marchese for Vulture.com on November 13, 2017.

It was immersive. You zoom into this tiny world and it becomes galactic or immense. **Ellen Grossman.**

This is how I'm going to die one day, crushed under a mountain of paper. **Rachel Maddow**, interviewed by Janet Reitman, Rolling Stone June 29, 2017.

Explosions notwithstanding. **Cynthia Nixon** as Emily Dickinson in the film A Quiet Passion.

The soul is an illusion. It gets tiresome after a while. **Harry Dean Stanton**

This predicament is a gift from God. Statement attributed to **Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi**, purported leader of the Islamic State, by Washington Post reporter Louisa Loveluck, September 2017.

If you get rid of the demons and the disturbing things, then the angels fly off, too. There is the possibility, in that mire, of an epiphany. **Joni Mitchell.**

The purpose of life is an expansion of happiness. **David Lynch.**

Only the valiant can create. **Frank Capra.**

Telling about ourselves in the hope of being recognized as we'd like to be. **Richard Avedon.**

POEMS & MEMORIES FOR BARBARA

Christine Colasurdo: The last class Barbara took from me was “Reading and Writing about Roses.” That summer-term class met outdoors weekly in the morning, in various rose gardens around town. One such site was the small rose garden in front of the Portland Art Museum. I was so impressed when Barbara announced to our class that she’d be biking to the location from her house. And she did! It was all uphill going home, as she lived off Terwilliger Boulevard. Way to go, Barbara!

TANDARADEI FOR BARBARA *by John Hall*

She used to be a German teacher
so while we were sitting at her table
watching whales outside her window
I asked if she had a favorite German poet.

After considering my foolish question
—because who can pick one poet
for an entire language—
she said, “Walther von der Vogelweide.”

“There’s one,” I cried,
and we paused to watch
a gray whale throw himself
onto the heaving surface of the bay.

I apologized for hollering again
about another whale,
to which she replied that her mother
used to squeal whenever she saw one,
and she smiled remembering
the girlishness of her mother.

I figured that she thought that Walther
von der Vogelweide
would keep me busy
for a while
and it just so happened
that I found an old paperback at home
with a few of his poems,
devout and naughty.

I didn't remember to ask her
about the little bird under the linden
by Walther von der Vogelweide,
the little bird that can keep a secret.

I didn't remember to ask her
about the meaning of the word, "Tandaradei,"
a medieval word made up for the occasion,
the melody of the underlying joy.

Whales leaping,
little birds singing discreetly,
poetry unsentimental and devilish,
luggage thrown out the second-story window
when it is time to go,
Tandaradei.

Poem for Barbara *by* Susan Rankin

The thing I butterfly to
is a pixie in a shell
scolding anyone blathering
a boring feed
overhead the way the mole
mounds wherever it will
regardless, irreverent, and incorrect
happy in its Bavaria
skis where it pleases
freight-trains the continents
to Bancroft Street
in the Tualatins
with Mother, Father, brothers, sister
like pikas on the sides of mountains
rocks, streams, trees, peaks, ranges
and to sure cliffs above the kelp
calling the spouters
old Boulder boyfriend
ensconced with Billy and Emily
in towering rain forests
the thing I caterpillar to in a person
is a pixie happy in its old growth
finding tricky ways to give
and cohere with nature's bounty
of Pacific wood, rock, and winterberry

*Leah's daughter, **Liliana Amjadi Klass**, wrote this about sitting in Barbara's backyard. She later sent the poem to her:*

1/5/19

Sitting in your backyard,
drinking sweet tea,
looking at the vines,
the birds above me,
hearing them sing,
makes me free.

On several occasions Barbara baked bread to bring to her fellow writers in Christopher Luna's poetry writing workshop at Multnomah Arts Center.

From: **Barbara Engel**

Date: February 5, 2018 at 8:05:28 AM PST

To: **Leah Klass**

Subject: **Bread**

Liebe Leah,

I have been bred to bake bread. This loaf I have not tasted, and am bringing it to class. Certainly the more there is to eat the richer the class. But, just thought, in case you are wondering about this day and food, I am bringing some.....which might totally flop out of people's hands when they see options.

Immer Deine

Barbara



From Barbara to Christopher Luna

Here are just two of the many compliments Barbara paid me during the time she spent in my workshop:

“Your class is ever more like a generous home....making us into more generous people too.”

“I have been telling others about your class: how wonderfully you teach by doing; how you bounce us off each other; how you make us more than we were; how you are a fountain of wisdom.”

From: **Barbara Engel**

Date: Mon, Oct 17, 2016 at 7:25 AM

Subject: **Hi**

To: **Christopher Luna**

Christopher,

Your prompts are excellent, as is the class. Lucky to be in it. Looking forward to all the mingling and exchanges. Broadening above all, which you maneuver so well.

Barbara

I have to miss the next class (Oct. 24th). I'll return on Halloween

From: **Barbara Engel**

Date: Wed, Mar 29, 2017 at 3:47 PM

Subject: **Hi**

Christopher,

Our last class was most valuable. Interesting how I found myself so ready to replay a line without thinking. So ready to remake it. There are gems to play with. Possibly I'll see what happens. If something happens you will be the first to know.

It was a fine fun class. I hope this spring term your class fills up.

Barbara

Interesting how “rewrite” means to alter; ...”replay” means to play again. I really meant “rewrite.”

October 4, 2018

Just a thought: (It's not that I have morbid thoughts: quite to the contrary) but one of these days it might be fun for each of us to write our own obituary. However, I may be the only one who would comply. It is probably not the right thing for a class assignment. Some would take it seriously.

Thank you, Christopher, for being there.

I'm always amazed at how well you read people. You play us like a musical instrument.

Barbara

December 20, 2018

Dear fellow poets,

Know that in no way do I feel down and out. Who else has such comfort as this chair in this house with a medical brother at my side looking into wind blown branches?

I'm so fortunate to be this age (81) plenty good for a life to be done. I have had a good one. Whatever way it goes, I'm not unhappy at all.

From: **Barbara Engel**

Date: Mon, Sep 16, 2019 at 9:17 AM

Subject: Re: Seeking Additional Writers for Memoir Writing and Poetry Classes

Hi Christopher,

At the moment I am unable to attend anything beyond this living room and doctor's appointments. A blood clot has lodged itself behind the left knee and my lower left leg is swelling fearlessly. But..... there is always hope and I am in the greatest of comfort. Everything is a challenge, which makes for a great climb. Climbing has been my passion.

Wishing you a rich autumn in all respects,

Barbara

Barbara's Obituary from the Oregonian

Barbara C.L. Engel • *June 19, 1937 - Nov. 9, 2019*



Barbara was born June 19, 1937 in Hamburg, Germany and died Nov. 9, 2019 at her home in Portland. She was predeceased by her parents, Louise and Rudolf Engel, and is survived by her sister, Dorothee Goldman; and brothers, Michael and Rolf; long term friends, Patience Willner and George Coffee.

Barbara thrived on friendships with those who shared her interests in pottery, drawing, music, gardening, poetry, literature and outdoor activities, such as skiing, climbing, hiking, ocean shore exploring and restoring areas with the Oregon Natural Desert Association. For this she received the Alice Elshoff Desert Conservation Award in 2018. She was a linchpin for her family by caring for her parents during their declining years and by maintaining contacts with new and old relatives on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. She is remembered as being energetic, loyal, unselfish, creative and environmentally friendly.

After obtaining a Masters degree in German language at the University of Colorado, Barbara taught that language in Montana and Oregon and English in Austria.

For the last year she has dealt stoically with adenocarcinoma of the lung. She chose to donate her body to Biogift Anatomical.

chap·book

/ˈCHAp,boʊk/

noun

1. HISTORICAL

a small pamphlet containing tales, ballads, or tracts, sold by peddlers.

○ NORTH AMERICAN

a small paperback booklet, typically containing poems or fiction.

The **Literary Arts Program** at Multnomah Arts Center offers creative writing classes for youth and adults.

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The **Multnomah Arts Center Association** (MACA), a 501(c)3 non-profit organization which supports the vibrancy and health of the Multnomah Arts Center, helped fund the creation of the Multnomah Arts Center's **Poetry Pole** in 2014.

Find out more at www.MultnomahArtsCenter.org