

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

There is an elephant in the room.
It is large and squatting,
 so it is hard to get around it.
Yet we squeeze by with
 “How are you?”
 And “I’m fine”...
And a thousand other forms of
 trivial chatter.
We talk about the weather.
We talk about work.
We talk about everything else--
 except the elephant in the room.
There’s an elephant in the room.
We all know it is there.
We are thinking about the
 elephant as we talk together.
It is constantly on our minds.

For, you see, it is a very
 big elephant.
It has hurt us all.
But we do not talk about
 the elephant in the room.
Oh, please, say his/her name.
Oh, please, say “.....” again.
Oh, please, let’s talk about
 the elephant in the room.
For if we talk about his/her death,
Perhaps we talk about his/her life.
Can I say “.....” to you and
 not have you look away?
For if I cannot,
 you are leaving me
Alone...in a room...
 with an elephant.

Terry Kettering