



## Words in Pictures

03 27 2017 by Harry Zirkelbach  
Stars and Sun date 37470



Great paintings don't need  
words.

Words cannot make those  
paintings greater. They might  
add to the viewers appreciation.

Poetry to prose, the wrier's ambition is to tell others  
something interesting, in words.

Add to the reader or listener's experiences in life. Simple.

We hear of one we know it is said, "He won a million dollars  
yesterday", Finds that person newly interesting.

News that added to that another's world.

Still to the billionaire, another millionaire is not that interesting.

A unique object may defy improvement.

Tuesday morning last, the first robin sang outside our window,  
and all night Thursday a windless heavy rain fell,  
both joyous noises less heard recently, told me something joyful.

Sunrise/sunset, curvature of the earth,

an osprey sitting on a dead tree limb

eating a fish larger than himself,

Michelangelo's David, and on, defy improvement.

Daily, mankind sees perfection, then describes it  
to a lover, friend. or stranger.

Typically, it matters not to whom this is told,  
for the narrator will fall short of the perfection in their mind  
even when beginning that description.

A Category Five cyclone comes upon the mythical small  
community of Podunk Missouri, touches down for ten seconds,  
rises back to the storm of which it was a part, disappears. It  
leaves behind destruction; every building  
unrecognizable pieces, all inhabitants dead, roads impassible.  
First arrivals describe the scene in negative superlatives.  
Yet to the meteorologist, it was simply, the perfect storm.  
Which to describe, the storm, or its results? Both.

"A rose is a rose, is a rose," tells the story of that flower.  
Perfection defies improvement.

Today, and every Moday to come, hopefully,  
men and women will sit here and read in turn.  
When each is finished, the others will nod consent, "well done".  
We readers each appreciate that silent approval,  
return to our garrett, determined to tell the next tale  
equally true  
to topic and our ability.

This is my understanding of our goal,  
beautifully, uniquely,  
painting with these individual oils,  
our own words.





Then again,  
one of my obligations is to family.  
Amy, Grace, Julie, Josephine, Treesa Zirkelbach.  
The daughters of Barbara and Harry.

The photograph was taken by Bernie Mantey not that long ago  
on visiting Denver from his home in southwest Colorado, the  
hamlet Oxford, once an eastern train stop on the route to  
Durango a bit west.

I was working and away that day, and Bernie asked the girls to  
sit for him. That was done, but, always something interferes; one  
daughter was not home. She called Bernie asked him to return  
the next day to reshoot the girls. He was available, did. This is  
it. Had Bernie taken individual photos of these ladies, each  
would be perfect, but to have them all together and smiling in



unison to perfection is just about unbelievable, praiseworthy. All because daughter Grace insisted on imposing on a good friend who just happened to be visiting our home. I have no idea why

Barbara didn't insist in being included in that photo.

Perhaps one more perfect smile would have been too much. As it is, the family cherishes that moment, have happily shared the picture of perfection to any and all, just as I do joyously today.

In the wg-wg anthology, be sure to include your photograph, one you are pleased with, and there is always that possibility of including another photo of yourself in any article you write.

We change as we age, and that must not be ignored.

Doesn't everyone smile at the obituary photo of the aged lady's bridal picture in the obituary; of the Old man, handsome as husband in GI photo taken just after entering the military? We choose to tell our story as we see fit, and the same is true of those who want to be remembered in death, by a photo of an earlier moment. All we write is said define us; just as a chosen pictures of our youth tell others what we found unreachable those later moments.

Still, it is considered a waste of years for a centenarian to have his obituary photo to be his baby photo in the obituary.

Who would recognize him?

And that's all I have to say today about word pictures.