

Meet the author:

counselor



creator



catalyst

I'm from the City of Angels when
it was orange groves
and movie lots.

No cloverleaf, no gridlock,
no shopping malls
—not yet.

Just backyards full of colorful
pinwheels spinning
in the breeze.

I'm from lazy weekend carousel
rides, Slip'N Slides,
and ponies that took the long way
home.

I'm from egg salad sandwiches on
white bread
at the Five and Dime,
and double features with my
mother and sister
on Saturday afternoons.

I loved my best friend Billy,
Mighty Mouse,
the Lone Ranger, Fury (the story of
a horse...)
and kick-the-can.

And books...

I loved books

and libraries, quiet and cozy,
packed with stories, spilling over
with adventure
—and possibility.

I loved the future and couldn't wait
for it to arrive.

I'm from bottles of vodka hidden in
the back
of a girdle drawer.

I'm from that white house on the
corner.

The one with the black shutters;
The one that caught fire, after
my mother passed out in bed
holding a burning cigarette.

I'm from longing and loss.

I'm from a bright light that never
had the chance to shine,
and a brilliant light shadowed by
resentment, regret,
and remorse.

I'm from a lucky Valentine's Day
orgasm, conceived in the heat of
passion under the illusion of love
everlasting.

I'm from take care of me and
"make good thy standing place."
(translation: take care of yourself,
I'm busy.)

I'm from June and Jerry.

The beautiful sensitive artist and the
handsome, hard-charging
smart-as-a-whip physician.

I'm from break-ups
and break-downs,

yelling and door slamming,
Hurt feelings and no apologies,
Heartbreak and neglect—
And stony silences that reverberate
through decades of fierce pride.

I'm from care-free summers along
the East Haven shore:
My cousin David in hot pursuit,
me shrieking in mock protest,
rocks tearing tender feet—
My sun-bleached hair a wild mass of
blown wind.

I'm from my Aunt Grace's love...
almost enough to make up for the
rest.

I'm from cheerleading
and scrapbooking,
and journal keeping.
(Barry called tonight. I think I'm in
love... sigh.)

I'm from collecting wisdom quotes,
reading philosophy,
and wondering about a lot of things
other people never talk about.

I don't know it yet, but my truest
love will be
Truth and Beauty.

Mr. Hesse's magical Magister Ludi
and Castaneda's mystical Don Juan
show me my future.

I'm from not
knowing what to
do with that just
yet.

I'm from years
spent dropping
out and dropping
in.

Years wondering
and wandering,
feeling lost and
struggling to find my way.

Youthful years trying and failing,
learning and growing,
grieving and healing.
Honing in and whittling down.

Until one day...

Only my essence remains.
Shining and Clear.

I'm from hard lessons finally learned:
Pain is the teacher,
Joy the revealer,
or is it the other way round?
I'm from giving up trying
to be something I'm not
so I can make the most of who I am:
Counselor, Creator, Dancer, Dreamer.

I'm from fertile limits & diving deep
to discover,
closing doors so others can open.

I'm from a lifetime spent gazing up
at Van Gogh's crazy stars.

Disobedient.

Exploding with color.

One-of-a-kind.

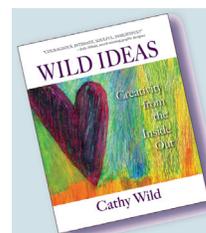
Passionate.

Still.



Cathy Wild

in her own words...



Wild Ideas
multi-award winner



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