

Elephant in the Room by Terry Kettering

There's 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's there. We are thinking about the elephant as we talk together.

It is constantly on our minds. For, you see, it is a very large elephant.

It has hurt us all.

But we don't talk about the elephant in the room.

Oh, please say his (her) name.

Oh, please say his (her) name again.

Oh, please, let's talk about the elephant in the room.

For if we talk about his (her) death, perhaps we can talk about his (her) life.

Can I say his (her) name to you and not have you look away?

For if I cannot, then you are leaving me....

Alone....

In a room....

With an elephant.