



TAOS  
SOUL

JOHN HAMILTON FARR

# TAOS SOUL

Love Stories, Heroes,  
and Wild Adventure

by

JOHN HAMILTON FARR

Zoo Pilot  Publishing

TAOS, NEW MEXICO, U.S.A.

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Zoo Pilot  Publishing

TAOS, NEW MEXICO, U.S.A.

For Teresa,  
the best sister any  
brother ever had



I can't imagine life  
without you on  
this earth

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# Introduction

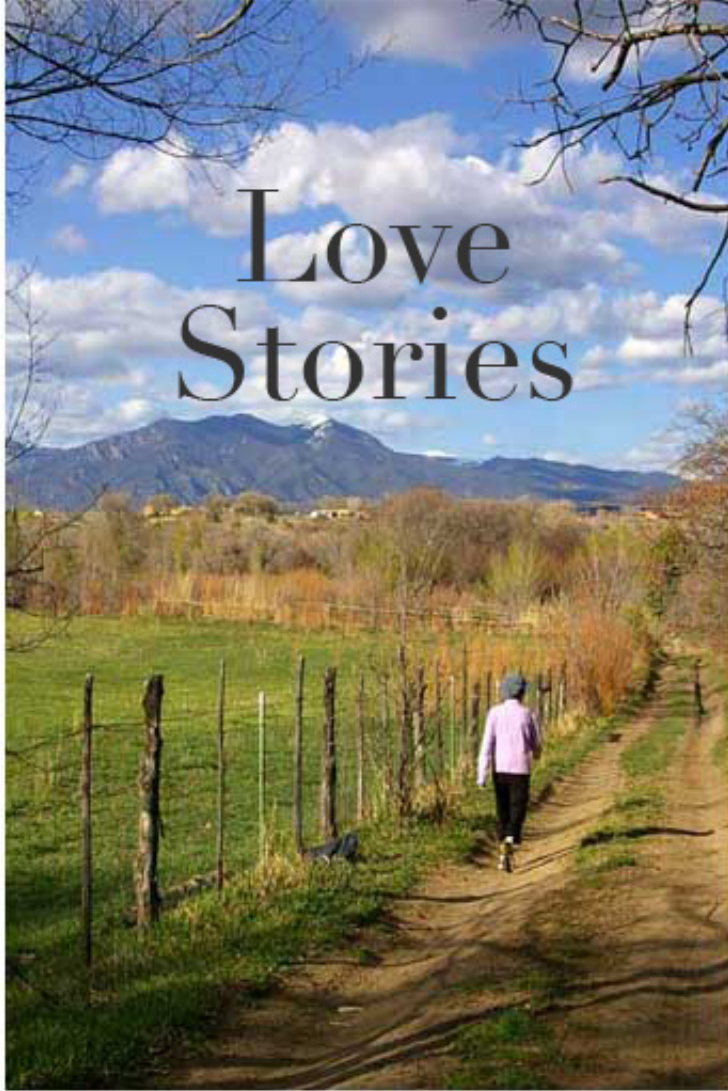
TAOS SOUL is a collection of 62 individual stories about life in this amazing place. Some of them are road trip journeys of discovery to other destinations launched from Taos, but most of the action takes place right here or deep inside the heart. I think you'll find the themes I've chosen (Love Stories, Heroes, and Wild Adventure) very apt. My wife and I moved here from Maryland in '99—see my [BUFFALO LIGHTS](#) book for that—and nothing is like it used to be or ever was. Occasionally hilarious, though (thank God).

For more details about this book, please visit my main website, [FarrFeed.com](#). If you've purchased yours already, thank you and enjoy! Inside you'll find my best work from the last few years. The chapters cover the period from 2005 to 2010, though none of them are dated. I wanted the tales to stand on their own, and I hope they do.

- JHF

*About this book: All content selected and repurposed from online and print writings by John Hamilton Farr. Original sources include GRACK! columns at [JHFarr.com](#), [FarrFeed](#), and columns for *Horse Fly*, a monthly Taos newspaper.*

# Love Stories



# Motherly Love

IT WAS FRIDAY AFTERNOON, and the post office was full of Indians.

Maybe it was like that every Friday, I didn't know. But there they were, old women mostly, and many of them seemed not to have seen each other since the last time they checked their mail. I stood in line and waited forever. The holdup was an Anglo family of four getting passport photos and applications. (The Indians all had P.O. boxes and didn't need to wait.) In front of me was a tall white man with short hair and a jeweled stud in his left earlobe, wearing a long black leather overcoat. The Pueblo women were five feet tall at most and moved around like a slow river. I felt like I was in another time.

When I was finished at the post office, I walked down the street to visit Rick at Brodsky's Bookshop. While he talked to a customer, I picked up a book of hippie photographs from the '60s and '70s. A lot of the pictures were from northern New Mexico: the Hog Farm commune over by Peñasco, back-to-the-landers building an adobe house in Truchas. Some of the women were drop-dead beautiful, with barefoot babies in the dirt. There was a picture of a tall strong fellow using a horse-drawn plow in front of a stunning mountain landscape. I turned the page to find a picture of Janis Joplin sitting on the ground with her back against an adobe wall, somewhere on the High Road. The caption said she'd come here with her manager, Al Grossman, to shoot a cigar commercial at the Rio Grande Gorge Bridge near Taos. I couldn't remember ever seeing Janis advertise cigars, but back then I wasn't watching much TV.

In 1971, I almost made it to the Hog Farm. I was living in an 8x16-foot shack in the Ozarks about an hour outside of Fayetteville, where I had my first real grownup epiphany one cold November night:

A heavy rain was pounding on the corrugated tin roof. I'd just had a meal of apple pancakes and made coffee with fresh pure water from a well 15 feet outside my door. There was a simple fireplace with a wood fire blazing. For light, I had candles and a kerosene lamp. As I sat typing a letter on an old portable resting on my legs, I suddenly realized that *everything was perfect!* In that moment, it all had come together: the night was freezing cold, the rain was pouring down, I was alone in the middle of the woods—but also warm and dry and in a state of grace. I felt like I had discovered the secret of all creation, and there was nothing else I needed or desired.

There was another person living not too far away on the same property, an artist friend from Austin. He drove a battered VW bug with no rear window and a plastic kiwi from a shoe polish store display glued to the hood. The car was painted with silver enamel from a can, even the wheels and tires. He told me there was somebody in town who planned to drive a converted school bus to New Mexico, and that we should go and check it out.

The bus had wooden bunks inside, and in the middle was an old pot-bellied wood stove with the stovepipe poking through the roof. The kid who owned it was scruffy, with a beard, and wore a dirty flannel shirt. His destination was the Hog Farm. I didn't trust him much and doubted that the bus would make it, so I said no, and we drove back in the autumn drizzle to our lonely acres in the hills.

\* \* \*

Now I live just over the pass from Peñasco, less than 30 minutes away. Hippies don't plow in Truchas any more (not with horses, anyway), but Janis lives in music, and the mountains are still there.

The other night, it was really cold outside, near zero or just below. I decided to build a great big fire in the crumbling kiva fireplace beside my desk, turn off all the lights, and sit there by the flames. As I did, I felt an elemental peace. The rough adobe kiva was like a fire pit in a cave, and everything was perfect all over again. It wasn't just the warmth, but something deeper and ancient as hell. When I tried to focus, it wriggled away, so I sat for two whole hours thinking nothing. It was almost 3:00 a.m. by then. Somehow I wasn't tired.

Just climbing into bed felt special, and I lay there happy in the dark a long, long time.

## **Island**

LOVE AND HOPE in the midst of madness...

Six months since I'd held the woman I love and no decent place

to meet her in the Albuquerque airport, its charm extinguished by mazes of security barriers and no access to the gates. I wasn't scared, but somebody sure was. (Not the governor up in Santa Fe, thank you Jesus, who'd responded to Washington's call for troops in airports by sending all of six National Guardsmen, more than enough to deal with any poor bastard who forgot to dump his nail clippers before getting on a plane.) All I wanted was a little privacy to greet my wife, but had to settle for standing in an empty spot as close to the restricted arrival entryway as possible. I didn't want the whole world to see me lose it, if that's what went down. It did, of course.

Six months is a long time, and I was simply overwhelmed: "You look so beautiful..." I knew, but I was still astonished. We hugged so hard I thought I'd break her bones, and then an earthquake hit my chest: "I didn't know if I would ever see you again," I spoke from deep inside a throat that barely worked and held her till the shaking stopped.

I can't recall much of the first leg of our journey north to Taos, but she wanted to stop off at the Santuario in Chimayo, and I do remember that. It's always been a kind of pilgrimage for us, to sit quietly a while inside and feel the peace. This time there were free candles for people to take, and I watched a biker with a braided ponytail kneel and pray for what seemed to be forever. We stepped slowly past the altar to dig our fingers into holy dirt, then walked outside. It wasn't cold, and there was water in the acequia.

Afterwards we ate tamales at Leona's. The forecast snow was nowhere to be seen, so we decided to take the High Road back instead of fighting traffic in the canyon. Blue skies and sunshine framed the stunning vistas as we headed up to Truchas and beyond. Everything was beautiful, especially the horses. (What is it that makes New Mexico horses look so good, standing in a winter pasture?) "I know a lot more about these little mountain villages than I did before we left Maryland," she sighed as we drove past eclectic adobe homesteads, old dead cars in muddy yards, and trailers with tires on the roofs. Eventually the road curved down from the jaw-dropping view of the final pass and sent us into Talpa. A short detour past the triple-murder Mustang gas to buy some milk, another mile to my own neighborhood, and there we were: reunion with the kitty-cat, birdies at sunset, a fire in the kiva, exploring my funky old adobe, and getting re-acquainted. We didn't go out for dinner, either.

In the days before her arrival, I'd moved beyond nervous to inhabit a realm devoid of thought or expectation. Even though we did and didn't do a lot of things over the next two weeks, the condition persisted. I'm used to staying up quite late, but almost every night when she pulled the covers around her neck to settle

down to sleep, I found little else to do that made much sense. I couldn't write. I couldn't think. I must have wanted time to freeze, and freeze it did.

Two weeks later we drove back down to Albuquerque. This time the girl who bravely eulogized her father without a single sob shed tears because she found it hard to leave, and we waved at least three times before she disappeared on her way to being stranded in Chicago by the snow.

It's January now, and I wake up late in Llano with the cat across my legs.

## Grounding by Default

THE TIME CAPSULE FROM HELL still packs a wallop.

That would be our storage unit at the north-side Hinds & Hinds in Taos. I was trying to sell a solid cherry hutch and had driven there to meet a would-be buyer at 10:15 a.m. Upon arrival I pulled the mover's quilt off the hutch and waited, trying not to stare too long at nearby boxes with my honey's writing on them. By 10:25 a.m. my buyer still hadn't shown up and I'd finished the coffee I'd brought with me, so I took up position outside under a large Siberian elm where I could look across the field and see if anyone was driving in. That wasn't what was on my mind, of course.

It was always a shock to revisit the place, no matter how together I was before I raised the sliding metal door. Whenever the flotsam of our move out here in '99 came into view, I needed counseling, strong drugs, or better yet, a good long hug from the woman who wasn't there. This time I took matters into my own hands.

With no one else in sight, the long gravel driveways between the rows of storage units—usually a parking lot of the damned—were strangely soothing in their dusty emptiness. I looked up at the clear blue sky, faced each of the four directions in turn, and said my morning prayers. This time I gave thanks for being here, for having life, and asked what I could do to help the healing from a thousand miles away, and also how to fill the hole I felt

inside my heart. I stood there in the morning sun, waiting for someone I didn't know to come and buy a hutch we'd bought together that I really didn't want to sell at all, missing her so much I felt I'd fall to pieces on the spot. I asked again and again what I should do, quite literally asked, and then I heard: be yourself. That was it, no more, just be yourself.

By now the buyer was almost 30 minutes late. I decided that the emotions aroused by my going to the storage unit had prevented him from showing, and I was glad he'd stood me up, in fact. Sell the hutch? Okay, I tried, and not for the first time. Earlier in the week, there'd been another call, a woman who had left a phone number with only six digits. (More divine intervention?) I covered up the hutch, lowered the metal door once more, and realized the sadness was a gift.

She and I have hit the jackpot, after all. To blow up our lives and still be this connected doesn't happen every day. We've answered questions most don't even ask, though God knows neither had in mind to wonder in the first place.

*Make my bed, clean my bowl, and see with open eyes. Just be myself and let it roll, and live for size six bare feet on the ranch-house kitchen floor.*

## Tunnel

TOO LATE AGAIN!

*Way down deep below it all, I rushed into the musty chamber where the lonely one had been sharpening her knives and found only an empty stool. The seat was warm, however, the grinding wheel still slowly turning. Quicker than a cornered rat she was, and much more dangerous. Unlike a desperate varmint, however, she was calm and unobtrusive face-to-face. Only when she'd slipped away could things get out of hand and usually did.*

Meanwhile, back in Taos, it was morning.

The hot sun on the cold adobe windowsill felt very much like home, and I was glad. I opened the bedroom door and stepped outside: the metal storm door frame was hot to the touch, the

wooden boards of the dilapidated deck cool and dry. A perfect laundry day, I realized, and hurried back inside to load the washer. While it was running, I walked out from the other door, the shady side, and went up to the road to get the paper. All around were sky and mountains, and it felt like spring. I could see snow glinting on the Brazos Cliffs, some 50 miles away. As I walked back to the house, I glanced over at the outdoor thermometer tacked up on the trunk of the giant elm tree that would take the north wall with it if it ever fell: just under 40 cool degrees, but who could tell?

I had some errands to take care of after hanging out the wash. My truck was loaded down with 25 white plastic chairs I'd borrowed for a play, and I'd promised to take them back. I also had a payment to drop off at the post office in case the mail lady was late that day, and of course I needed food.

The day was glorious, the traffic light. I eased the F-150 down impossibly narrow old Ledoux Street past vanity galleries of the well-to-do and parked down at the end beside the yellow curb. It was almost noon and there was no one else around.

The wooden doors below the arch that framed the walkway to the tiny courtyard stood ajar. I found the spot beneath the shelter of a porch roof where I knew the chairs belonged and carried them from the truck, three or four or five at a time. Inside the little private space, the air was empty in a way that made each step important. The sun was hot, the shadows cold. I left the scene more tidy than I'd found it and was sorry when I finished.

Back out at the no-parking zone by the curb, a heavy bearded fellow tried to ease an even bigger truck past mine without success. It was shiny and silver, without a speck of dirt.

"Do you know who this belongs to?" he called out as I approached my muddy, well-worn heap.

"It's mine, and I'm moving it right now," I answered, marveling that I didn't mind. As I climbed inside, I noticed that I'd parked much farther from the sidewalk than usual. *How interesting*, I thought to myself, and didn't mind that either.

A few minutes later, I'd mailed my bill and found a place to park at Cid's. The locally-owned organic foods supermarket was only moderately busy, and I had time to look around. The customers intrigued me as they always do, all the more so on the first day this year when I'd seen people wearing shorts. A lanky blonde woman, maybe 35 years old, walked by with khaki ones so small I thought she must be German and might have been. Her legs were tanned, and her hiking boots were caked with dried brown mud.

A few days earlier, I'd doubted everything there was. The irony of being married but alone had worn a hole I couldn't see and left me open to what no one talks about in Iowa or over coffee at the mall. Before I knew what happened, there was blade against the bone.

Home now back in Llano, I reveled in the glory of an ordinary day.

## River of Soul

I STOOD THERE for the longest time, just listening.

I was at a birthday party for a friend. Two men, casual acquaintances of mine, were sharing impressions of a certain stretch of high country powder. One of them works up there, patrolling on skis, and the other had just skied through checking it out. "That 14-foot eyebrow is still there," the first one said, shaking his head in awe. It took a moment for me to realize they were talking about snow formations, places where the wind had formed drifts into recognizable features. I could tell from their stories that they each skied alone in the wild empty places, enjoying the solitude only locals can know. They traded details about snowscapes and how to navigate them as intently as golfers talk greens—the difference was, it hit me when I turned away, was that these two loved something that could get them killed.

There was a quality here notably absent from my own pretender's life, and I let it sink in. Later the first skier and a famous broke novelist sang a traditional northern New Mexico birthday song for the host—in Spanish, in harmony—then grabbed him by the ears and kissed him on both cheeks. We ate, drank, played music, and hollered. Two people taught me the new cool guys' handshake. *Dammit, John*, I told myself: *five and half years, and you're almost a real person here*. Why had it taken so long?

I'd had a chance when we first showed up in '99, utterly freaked by the force of our changes. "Normal" was there for the taking, solid as gold, only wrapped in brown paper. When the man in the small village post office gave us our keys and said,

“Welcome to the valley!” I knew that he meant it. At Las Posadas that Christmas, I sat in a crowded warm kitchen while other folks’ grandmothers stirred pots of posole and treated me like kin. In the spring I helped clean the camposanto, raking old finger bones back into graves. “Come visit us,” said Señor Medina, but I was too homesick and tense, middle-aged crazy inside, and I just never did.

In the tough times that followed, I’d frequently wonder if things had ever really been easier, like my wife said they had. What of my younger days in Maryland, those 30-something, calm-before-the-storm days? Was I purer in heart, or just not really tested?

After a few weeks of landing in the sleepy Eastern Shore college town in the summer of ’75, I’d met most of the right people. Someone had taken me out to a beautiful mysterious bluff overlooking a tidal river and showed me where to gather English walnuts, and there was a trail leading down to the sandy beach where locals could go skinny-dipping. A sculptor lived in an empty country church. There were people living off the land or from the river, poor teachers happy in their garrets. It seemed that everyone I found was living on the edge but didn’t know it. Certainly no one my age had kids or houses or seemed to care. That’s how I remember it now, although there are things one forgets.

I forget being lonely, unhappy, and poor. I forget how I had nothing and wanted to die. When I first met the love of my life, I was one month’s rent away from leaving for good. Off to Montreal, was my thinking. There were bars and coffee houses where I’d play bad guitar, date dark-haired French girls, and somehow get fed. My honey and me happened, though, and I fell like a redwood. That first April dinner at her place, before we’d ever had sex, all innocence and thrills, sitting in the kitchen while she cooked in her bare feet—I never wanted to be anywhere else than by her side.

There were never any “calm before the storm” days, I’ve since decided. That’s not it at all. There’s never any plateau, either, no resting place for fools. But there is a quality of lessened interference. Whether by default or grace, sometimes everything is there.

I played a certain song of mine at the party. It has to do with how I felt one late fall day in Maryland, looking up at the first “V” formation of migrating swans coming back for the winter. Standing there at dusk in a shopping center parking lot, stunned with longing and awe, I suddenly realized I was alone: no one stopped or raised their eyes. The surroundings reflected the price of leaving the Garden, and I wrote the song to express the deep sadness I felt. I’ve sung this for years, but something very

unexpected happened this time:

“The swans they flew over, they were the first of the fall;  
the swans they flew over, but nobody saw;  
they were out shoppin’, all down at the mall;  
the seasons were changin’, but that wasn’t all...  
They’re tearin’ the heart out of this beautiful land;  
buildin’ a Walmart, where corn fields should stand;  
they’re pavin’ it over and sellin’ its soul;  
gonna move to the mountains, before I’m too old...”

To my great astonishment, when I got to the second verse, I suddenly choked up! I kept on singing, but the words came out in a sob. My voice cracked and stumbled, but onward I went. The amazing thing was, I wasn’t embarrassed. I can’t explain it, but I wasn’t uncomfortable, having this happen. It just did. Repeating the first verse had the same surprising effect. When I finally finished, I said something like, “Oh man, I got myself!” and maybe I did. No one seemed to mind a bit, and the rest of the evening rolled along just fine.

I was the last one to leave. After gathering up my things, I walked out with my host, the birthday boy. Neither of us had a flashlight, and my truck was forty yards away, sitting in the mud. I couldn’t make out a thing at first. “I’ll bet if I stop and wait for a minute, I’ll be able to see in the dark,” I said. My friend thought the same, and we both stepped out of the circle of doorway light for a moment. Slowly the truck and driveway materialized, as obvious as anything, and there was more: all at once we heard *coyotes everywhere*, as if pausing had turned up the volume, too. There were loud howls and yips in every direction, and I thought there couldn’t be a cat asleep for miles!

Definitely in the groove now, and sparks were flying. Fully awake, the Ford and I followed them all the way home.

## **Killing the First Elk**

MY FRIEND WAS DRIVING when we came around a curve in the mountains west of Tres Piedras.

“That’s where I got my first elk,” he said, motioning with his chin. The way he said it, I knew it was a long time ago, and that he’d done it many times since then.

He told me he’d been out working nearby, when his companion shouted that there was a “cow” down in the creek. He wasn’t thinking elk, but that’s what he found after going to investigate: a badly-wounded elk cow. Someone had shot off a hind hoof, and the animal was terrified and could no longer run. He approached her cautiously. As he got up close, he could sense or hear her heart beating loudly: ka-BOOM-pah, ka-BOOM-pah!

“Don’t be afraid,” he said. “I’ve come to release you.”

Immediately, her heartbeat quieted and slowed.

[ka-boom-pah, ka-boom-pah]

She let him come right up to her.

He pulled out his .44...

*...and shot her in the head!*

## Poor Old Hobbes

DEATH AND WEIRDNESS are in the air, New Mexico triumphant.

That isn’t all that’s wafting, either, as the cat grows strange and stinky near the end. If Hobbes were an old man, it’d be time to find out where he hid the will. As it is, I could locate him in the dark from just the snoring, never mind the aroma of fermenting gym socks. He deserves better, as does everyone heading over the hill. When I no longer have a dream except to see what happens next, will somebody please make sure to anoint my shuddering carcass with a little aftershave or Pine-Sol?

Hobbes entered our lives 14 years ago in the cradle of my lover’s

hands. She went out walking one day from our country house in Maryland and came back holding something too small to recognize from across the room. Why, a cat! The last one had gone off to see the vet and come back lifeless in her carrier. (I put her in a cardboard box and buried her by the peonies.) Were we now to have another? Apparently so—someone had dumped the tiny kitten in a ditch, and now he owned us.

When he was still so small that I worried he might barf or poop without warning, I got into the habit of carrying him on my shoulder, so he'd get used to it. After that, the quickest way to calm him down was always to grab him by his hind legs and tail and drape him over my back like a sack of cat potatoes. He almost never dug his claws in, even when I had him ride on top of my head, and seemed to thrive on this comical abuse. Now when I pick him up, there's almost nothing there, and each paw needs manual disengaging. But he still purrs like a monster, and if anything, his shaky, failing body vibrates all the more.

\* \* \*

Moving to New Mexico was at least okay for Hobbes and maybe good: he didn't seem to mind exchanging cool green grass for dust and prickly bits at all, and there was lots of entertainment. In San Cristobal, he wandered among the neighbor's cows—incredulous, I imagined—and stayed far away from the coyotes that rested in the yard like scruffy German shepherds. If he ever met an elk, he didn't tell me. The golden eagle I saw catch a prairie dog never bothered Hobbes, who'd grown smarter over the years and generally avoided trouble. The rat in the ceiling piqued his interest, for example, but no killer instinct. (Peanut butter on a trap took care of that.) Here in Llano, he wandered in the sagebrush and never picked up thorns. How do they do that?—I watch every step and still get cactus in my Crocs.

In the six months, though, everything has changed.

If we are what we eat, then Hobbes is almost vapor. I used to call him "El Gordo," too, but now he weighs a full third less than he did a year ago. At first we thought we might have accidentally starved him slowly since the summer. Believing his teeth had simply gotten too bad for him to chew the hard, dry kibble, we bought him nice wet cat food. He ate enough to gain back half a pound and then lost interest again. The look in his eyes, when he has one, says, "My God, what's *happening* to me?!"

I know, of course, but I can't tell him. The vet says that his lymph glands are badly swollen and he might have cancer, since there isn't any fever. He has trouble swallowing—the real reason he can't eat much—and I'll bet a tumor pressing on his larynx is why his old meow is weak and scratchy. He only lives for laps

now, seeking reassurance, and his breath would fell a ponderosa pine. Before I realized how sick he was, I hated him for his obstinacy and threatened to smear his back with bacon grease and stake him out on the mesa. Can't do that now, though, and wouldn't have anyway. Being ripped apart by a bear or coyote might be more organic, but when the time comes, Hobbes will have the barbiturate in a vein and come home like his predecessor. I'll have another cry and get the shovel out. We'll pick a spot, drink a toast, and put him in the ground.

*New Mexico, the portal!*

Like every other traveler far from an imagined home, he'll end up where he started, in the shadow of the mountains...

## **Busted Down in Babylon**

SHE CALLED FROM ARIZONA because I'd sent her a video.

My mother lives 600 miles away from Taos, and I hadn't telephoned for months. Last week, though, I made a one-minute video of myself and emailed it to her. (A very nice video, too, I'll have you know.) The sight of me had emboldened her, and her voice was strong. She was holding up really well for being almost 85 and never doing anything the least bit healthy, I thought. She exercises on the inside, though, from working out things like how my wife and I should come live in her doublewide:

"... and Kathy would have a home!"

Oh woe be unto me, foul strangler of wifely ambition! It's a husband thing, of course. Either that, or the notion of having our own place (again) is foreign to me and I'm stupid.

"We're doing fine here, but thank you."

"I tried to get you a home," she said, referring to the check that helped us close on the Still Pond place back in '88, well before mildewed old dumps in the Maryland countryside cost more than mansions in Spain.

“I know, and you did. We’re very grateful. We had a home.”

“Yes, but you LEFT IT! You didn’t STAY!”

“It’s a big, wide, wonderful world out there, Mom...”

But of course I’ve never had the slightest *true* regret. Not even when my honey was living 1,200 miles away, I’d just had the most alienating “holiday” conceivable, there was nothing left in the bank, and I wanted to drive my truck straight into the gorge. Not even then had I wished, even for a moment, to be living back on our 2.57 acres by the Chesapeake Bay, my sweetie’s academic cancer factory checks paying for it all, while I pretended to make art in my studio, mowed the grass, and watched TV all night. *What kind of a man would*, much less admit it, except under waterboarding or motherly love?

(Something in her knows, of course, and puts the energy to other uses.)

When I was growing up as an Air Force brat, we moved over 40 times before I graduated from high school. Some of those were moves within the same community, but sledgehammer changes of household, every one. One such move was from the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia to the bank of the loathsome Rhine: occupied Germany under perpetual overcast, no TV, dark bread, and funny little cars. I built model planes, avoided baseball, and bought Jerry Lee Lewis 45s with my saved up 25 cents per week allowance like any red-blooded 11-year-old would do. The money is important: my memory is one of grinding artificial poverty, preemptively imposed in fear of making us too soft.

And then one day an opportunity arose. My mother and father announced that as an incentive toward earning good grades, they would award each of us school-age siblings a whole quarter for every “A” on our report cards. I thought I had it made, since A’s were all I ever got. This would be like six weeks of allowance all at once! When the wonderful day came around, I ran home and proudly presented my report card to my father, who was already handing out big shiny quarters to my younger brother and sister:

“Sorry, Johnny, none for you,” he told me.

“B-but I have all A’s!” I wailed, clueless and stunned.

“We *expect* you to get A’s,” said my mother, stepping in from the kitchen. “These are for your sister and brother.”

“But-but...” etc.

\* \* \*

The call is short this Saturday. We wish each other well, I tell her I love her. But mainly I keep going, faster all the time.

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# About the Author

**John Hamilton Farr** is the author of *TAOS SOUL: Love Stories, Heroes, and Wild Adventure*; *BUFFALO LIGHTS: Maryland to New Mexico*; and dozens of columns for *Horse Fly*, a monthly Taos newspaper. He has published relentlessly online since 1997 and currently writes at 7,000 feet from Taos, New Mexico, U.S.A. For more information about John, please see the [About](#) page at FarrFeed or his [Contact](#) page at JHFarr.com. Visit [Zoo Pilot Publishing](#) for a complete catalog of books by John Hamilton Farr and links to ebook stores.



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