

A KOF Poem by Willie Rosoff

There I was in Boulder, among so many friends
Where the deep conversation really never ends
We all go there each year just to be all together
To sit with each other like birds of a feather
We go deep with each other and we go there so quickly
Safe conversations, with love and without being prickly
With purpose we do this like we have it perfected
We do it in Boulder as if it's expected
But it happens because we all go there to do it
The hard thing that we gnaw on is there, so we chew it
We trust, so it's safe, let's us go deep so fast
Then in two days it's over, feeling totally gassed
Conversations like this don't oft happen in life
Lest we purposefully meet just to talk without strife
Come together we do every KOF year
To talk with each other and lend each an ear
To love and to listen, we're friends helping friends
Hoping above all that KOF never ends
There's conveners, presenters, attendees galore
We are Keepers when there, behind a grand door
Where we talk oh so deeply about things so profound
All that love in the air... it's a beautiful sound
I feel heard when I'm with you and that feels like love
I feel warm when we're talking, fits like a hand in a glove
There's such listening and trust and such patience around

Introspection, support and realities found

Acknowledging you acknowledging me

And the mess in my mind is suddenly free