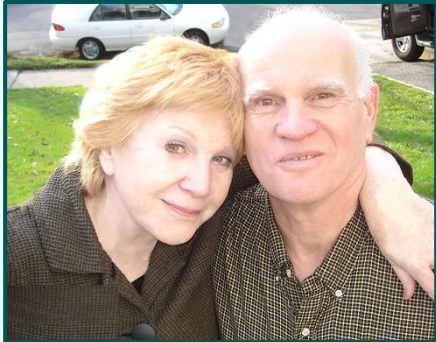


My brother, Gary the Poet

Gary Galsworth is my older brother. He was writing poetry 35 years before I—or any else—knew about it.

As far as I can make out, Gary started writing way back when in the 1960s. No one knew. His earliest published poem, “Winter’s Passing,” was written in 1964 shortly before the birth of his first child, Ondine.



I knew nothing until 2007 when a package of some 100 poems arrived in the mail with a note inside that said: “Hi Sis, When you get a chance, could you take a look and tell me what you think...? Love, Gar.”

I started reading and thunder-struck. Blown away.

Gary’s poems were fresh, vital, personal—simple and yet cascading with wisdom and humanity—and humor. I loved them. They contained ... well, everything ... so splendidly captured, so modestly offered. In a sense they were unclassifiable, poems without genre. They were simply great!

When I first thought of sharing Gary’s work on this website, I struggled to justify that positioning on a site about visual thinking and workplace visuality. Then I realized the delightful match between Gary’s remarkable poems and the heart of my own work in the world: i-driven ... the human spirit and the sure and certain need that each of us has to express.

My brother, Gary, is a poet. He has always been a poet. And it is with immense pleasure and pride that I invite you to enter his work.

Let the poet speak,

Gwendolyn