

KEATSIAN CRAVING

In this, a new millennium, it's hard
to write a verse in Keat's formal style.
And yet, tonight I'm inching toward the bard
who beckons me to ponder for awhile
the music in life's silent solitude.
The mind must empty, body must retreat
from audibles and tangibles possessed--
and worse, possessing-- waiting to intrude
on any fragile song that might compete
with being thingful, stuffwise overblessed.

He'd think those words unfit for poetry.
And I agree, but they express my state--
obsessed with objects, all consuming me,
amassed belongings I've now come to hate.
Just let me hear the quiet of a cave,
a moss-lined valley when no breezes blow,
or stillness in an empty church at dawn.
Convinced the notes are there for me to save,
I'll search out every pianissimo
while learning to be soundless as a fawn.

And when my notebook's treble staff is filled
and pastel sketches shade the once-blank page,
I'll pass it on to someone who is skilled
in spirit artistry, who can engage
the waiting ear and eye so long denied.
From colors that are yet to be revealed
and melodies still waiting to be heard,
an ode will softly rise on morningtide
to soothe the souls who wander far afield.
Perhaps with tones like those of Keats's bird.

--Glenna Holloway,
First prize, Poets & Patrons of Chicago, 2005,
(C) THE LYRIC, 2006,
The Quarterly Award

APOLOGIES TO CLEMENT MOORE ONLY

T'was the eve of election in Senate and House
The halls were deserted except for a mouse.
The pledges still rang from the rafters with care
And each author hoped to return with fanfare.

The union-owned boys stroked their soft featherbeds
While visions of future plums danced in their heads.
Some dreamed about honors, the gown and the cap,
While some merely planned on a long winter's nap...
Provided no agency raised such a clatter
That snoops would be sent to see what was the matter!

Such thoughts made one spring from his bed in a flash;
He threw on his bathrobe and knotted the sash.
"My motives were pure as the new-fallen snow,"
He cried out the window to objects below.
He thought how his stand on the debt would appear,
And his sleigh rides to visit old allies so dear--

But his steamroller staff was quite lively and quick,
And peopled with folks who were full of Old Nick.
Astride of the Eagle his courses they came
To chasten and castrate opponents by name:
"Incompetent," "Dunderhead," their phrases blitzed 'em;
The talk got so hot on the networks it fritzed 'em.

From rooftops to war zones, to each City Hall,
They'd thrashed away, gnashed away, hashed away all.
Let shibboleths clash, let the wild charges fly--
He'd surmount any obstacle clear to the sky!
He'd make 'em forget all those junkets he flew;
He'd give 'em a tax break and subsidy too.
He'd promised each house and each barn a new roof.
He'd promised to fatten each steak on the hoof.
He wagged his head as he paced all around,
Then pleased, he returned to his bed with a bound.

(cont.)

Part II, What He Dreamed

He dreamed he was cold from his head to his foot;
His raggedy clothes were all covered with soot.
A bundle of junk he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler untying his pack.
His eyes lost their twinkle, the scene was not merry.
The garbage pail yielded the pit of a cherry
And one bone to clench in his chattering teeth.
His chilled breath encircled his head like a wreath.

He'd once promised chicken for every lean belly
From platforms as firm as a bowl full of jelly.
He'd been chubby and charming, a magical elf
Who laughed at the people, and flattered himself.

A wink of the eye and a nod of his head
Would end this fool nightmare, this feeling of dread.
If that didn't do it, oration would work.
He mouthed flowing phrases with never a jerk.

A beggar who heard him was thumbing his nose.
From his squat at the foot of a chimney, he rose;
With dignified manner he started to whistle
While snow swirled about like the down of a thistle.
The bum hummed a dirge as he faded from sight,
And left the Old Boss to the bitter cold night.

--Glenna Holloway

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7.

LADIES' DAY AT THE STADIUM

my mother
Maybe ~~she~~ saw a genetic spasm in ~~the~~ jaw,
maybe she caught the coloratura register
my voice~~d~~ veered into by the ninth inning.
~~she~~ gave my good luck skirt a tug and said,
"Now don't get all crazy like your father."

I guess I was going stratospheric.
I'm a grown woman, after all. The ball park
was full. I spotted friends, ~~a few whiffers~~
other mothers and grandmothers. My dad wore
his logo sweater and his major league grin.

Most of us knew the premise, the promise
curved to fit the dome of sky encompassing
doers and watchers. The diamond below
was a coveted jewel, opposing colors played
its facets like points of light.

Sometimes eyes could barely follow
the small white comet activating its surfaces
in brilliance. There was a pervasive belief
in the science of synergy, the cutting edge,
the origin of the Big Bang.

And finally the master was at bat. My mouth
clamped shut, my father stopped breathing.
Only another diamond can cut up a diamond;
the angle of the blow is critical.
We heard it. We saw a distant running star

gazing blueward, arms up in hopeless homage.
The comet was beyond earth's pull, gone
to another galaxy. My father and I were
orbiting, weightless in space, gone hoarse.
Dancing around my mother's universal smile.

--Glenna Holloway

by min

(cover)

"...We dance around the ring and suppose, while the secret
sits in the center and knows. —Robert Frost

"...A poem should be equal to: Not true.
For all the history of grief: An empty doorway and a maple
leaf

For love: the leaning grasses and two lights above the sea
A poem should not mean. But be. —Archibald MacLeish

215,000 DP circulation

85,000 Rass Wond

NEW, IMPROVED TEMPO LIVING TIPS.

1. SPELLING: Check the spellings of names--full names, please--with the actual individual. DO NOT RELY on co-workers, neighbors, etc. Check the spelling of corporations, etc. If it's an odd spelling--and you've double-checked it--follow the word with CQ.
2. FACT CHECK: Double check numbers, dates, etc. Avoid generalizations whenever possible [as in: The business was started a couple of years ago]. Check university credentials, numbers, etc.
3. DATA: If a source gives you a figure, check it with the agency responsible for reporting the numbers; don't take anyone else's word for it. For example, if a source says the Illinois Department of Transportation reports that traffic is up 45 percent, check with IDOT.
4. SOURCES: Always obtain information from acknowledged sources. Generally, public relations people are just that: facilitators, not sources.
5. DETAILS, DETAILS, DETAILS: Get names, ages, towns and titles [if applicable]. Watch for details that capture a mood, make a story interesting and add color. THINK of the senses [sight, sound, touch, smell].
6. QUESTIONS: If you pose a question in a story, make sure it gets answered.
7. BACK IT UP: If a subject tells you starting his business was tough, BACK IT UP with facts.
8. CLICHES: Avoid them under pain of death.
9. CONFLICT OF INTEREST: You should not be writing about any person, any family member or any group with which you are personally associated.
10. REVIEW: Before writing, review your interviews and decide what made the strongest impression on you. If it did, it will probably make the same impression on the reader. REMEMBER: You are giving readers a look at someone or something they don't have the opportunity to meet or see.
11. FOCUS: Early in the story tell the readers why they should read your story. This is also called the nut graph. It is ESSENTIAL. Keep in mind where it falls in the story. If it is too far down, it will appear on the jump and you will have lost the reader.

12. EDIT YOURSELF: A well-respected reporter once remarked that he wrote down everything he had, then went back and cut it in half. It was then he felt he had the story. DO NOT DUMP YOUR NOTEBOOK INTO THE COMPUTER.

13. GET QUOTES THAT SAY SOMETHING: This starts in the reporting process. Listen for the quote that provides a glimpse of that person's character. "This is a lot of fun" is not that kind of quote. Analyze quotes; if one might be better if paraphrased, do it.

14. A REASON FOR BEING: Do not quote two people saying the same thing. Do not give a generalization, then follow it with a quote saying the same thing but adding nothing else. Quotes should move a story along, not slam the reader to a halt.

15. ADJECTIVES: Be precise. Avoid cuteness and redundancy. A "hot sun" is redundant.

16. CLEAR AS MUD: If you don't understand a subject thoroughly, your readers won't either. Go back to the source. Have the subject explained in layman's terms. This is particularly important in medical and technological stories.

17. ENDINGS: The inverted pyramid is dead. Every story should have an ending. But don't be too cute.

18. OUTLINE: That's right--the kind you put together for high school term papers. If you're faced with a complicated story, set down a rough outline of the points you think need to be covered, then arrange them in a way you think will be easiest for the reader to follow.

19. TRANSITIONS: If a story changes thought or direction, there should be a transition. "And" or "Also" don't qualify.

20. REMEMBER THE EDITOR: Call if you have a question in direction. It's better to talk to the editor before you start writing than to have to rewrite a story.

21. PERSPECTIVE: Give the story a perspective. For instance, set it in a national or historical context.

22. DON'T ASSUME ANYTHING; QUESTION EVERYTHING: All stories, from the 3-inch talk items to lead pieces, should give the reader the who, what, where, when and why--and be verified. Editors never want to hear a reporter say, "I assumed," "I thought," "I think so," etc.

23. AMEN: Before turning in your story, put it aside for a day or so. Then reread it and make any necessary changes.

Writing Tips

1. SPELLING: Check the spellings of names--full names, please--with the actual individual or corporation. Do not rely on co-workers, neighbors, etc. If it's an odd spelling--and you've double-checked it--follow the word with CQ.
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6. QUESTIONS: If you pose a question in a story, make sure it gets answered.
7. BACK IT UP: If a subject tells you starting his business was tough, back it up with facts. In addition, be wary of claims that something or someone is the largest, smallest, fastest, slowest, tallest or any other such superlative. If you're going to use such a description, you need to be able to back it up.
8. CLICHES: Avoid them.
9. CONFLICT OF INTEREST: You should not be writing about any person, any family member or any group with which you are personally associated.
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13. GET QUOTES THAT SAY SOMETHING: This starts in the reporting process. Listen for the quote that provides a glimpse of that person's character. "This is a lot of fun" is not that kind of quote.

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15. ADJECTIVES: Be precise. Avoid cuteness and redundancy. A "hot sun" is redundant.
16. CLEAR AS MUD: If you don't understand a subject thoroughly, your readers won't either. Go back to the source. Have the subject explained in layman's terms. This is particularly important in medical and technological stories.
17. DON'T OVERLOOK THE OBVIOUS: If you're writing about a program that helps cocaine-snorting mothers overcome their addictions, be sure to talk to one of the mothers. Don't talk with just the people running the program.
18. ENDINGS: The inverted pyramid is dead. Every story should have an ending. But don't be too cute.
19. OUTLINE: That's right--the kind you put together for high-school term papers. If you're faced with a complicated story, put together a rough outline of the points you think need to be covered, then arrange them in a way you think will be easiest for the reader to follow.
20. TRANSITIONS: If a story changes thought or direction, there should be a transition. "And" or "Also" don't qualify.
21. REMEMBER THE EDITOR: Call if you have a question in direction. It's better to talk to the editor before you start writing than to have to rewrite a story.
22. TENSE: Pick one and stay with it. The same goes for "says" and "said."
23. DON'T ASSUME ANYTHING: All stories, from the 3-inch talk items to lead pieces, should give the reader the who, what, where, when and why--and should be verified. Editors never want to hear "I think so."
24. AMEN: Before turning in your story, put it aside for a day or so. Then reread it and make any necessary changes.

SOME COMMON MISTAKES YOU SHOULD AVOID MAKING

Names: Make sure you have them correct. This applies to people as well as to organizations, businesses, agencies and programs. The name must be spelled the same throughout the story, and don't write Employee Assistance Plan one time and Employee Assistance Program another. A newspaper's credibility is in jeopardy when we get names wrong; how can a reader believe anything we have reported if we can't even get a name right?

Jargon: In almost every case, there's a better way to say it. Some groups, such as educators and social service workers, seem to think they must communicate in their own language. Plain old English is much better. (In the same vein, if a person's title seems awkward and confusing, it's OK to rephrase it, as long as you don't change the meaning.)

Quotes I: The spoken word is not always easy to read. When you have a quote that is the least bit confusing, it's better to drop the quotation marks and paraphrase. Direct quotes are necessary to a story, of course, but not every thought must be in a speaker's own words--as long as the meaning does not change.

Quotes II: When quoting someone, put the attribution after the first phrase or sentence, not after several sentences or at the end of the paragraph. People need to know who is speaking right away so they can evaluate what is being said.

Quotes III: Do not quote single words. As in, it felt "wonderful" to win the award, Jones said.

Tenses: Choose a single tense for your story and stick to it. Don't switch from present to past and back to present by using he says and he said interchangeably.

Where? The word "local" means something different to everyone who reads your story. In most cases, try to be more specific.

Don't leave us hanging. If you raise a question, answer it. For instance, in Scenes, if you include someone who made a bid on something in an auction, you must say whether that person's bid was successful. If you say a person planned to move to California in the mid-1980s, tell us whether he actually did.

Expectations for Tempo Living writers:

1. Multiple-source stories.
 - Talk not only to friends and people associated with group/person but to competitors and outside organizations.
2. Names spelled correctly.
3. Facts checked--and rechecked.
4. Accurate, meaningful quotes.
 - Don't repeat information in quote.
5. Good grammar.
6. Honest representation; no conflict of interest.
 - Writer should not be involved in organization or have family members involved. Writer should not be doing public relations work for person/firm or have arranged to do so.
7. No promises--to sources, to public relations agencies, etc.
 - The Tribune does not allow writers to give sources advance copies of articles.
8. Good communication with editors.
 - If story changes, call and update editor. Also contact editor if deadline date has to be changed.
9. Within the length limits set by editor.
 - A guide: 1,000 words equals 150 picas.
10. By deadline.
11. Contact names and phone numbers for photos.
12. Prompt submission of invoices.

DIVA, REMEMBERED

Hers was the perfect instrument, so said
Reviewers. Lavish public praise and love
Were fuel for the music life she led
Where splendid voice and skill go hand in glove
With travel, wealth, an elevated scale.
And beauty--such as men could not resist
On stage or off. Sometimes she would regale
Them all with riddles, leave them sad, unkissed
Like Turandot. What's seen with eyes, the heart
May not record in depth, nor does it last.
This prima donna's throat held endless art
Beneath all surface visage, prime then past.
Vibrato of the spirit's secret places,
The lightning of her sound still lit our faces.

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BEST OF SHOW: MICHIGAN MURAL

For months the shorelines spread a wash of gray
While spackling wrinkled margins winter-dull.
But as the palette changes, interplay
Of light and hue converges to annul
The drabness, adds chartreuses flocked with creams.
Gulls wind the winds, faint sunslants silhouette
Returning geese, late lightning rips the seams
In blue reserves to pay off March's debt.
New artists work in shades of lullabies
And flower-stippled air. The spectrum's brush
Paints summer flashed with cubist fireflies.
Oak panels take on autumn's early blush;
Each frame holds last impressions of Monet.
The next stroke primes a redding sumac spray.

--Glenna Holloway

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Nine gaggle geese
aim their arrow north
One feather drifts south

--Glenna Holloway

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~~Take out AND~~
Calls on Topic
+ other
Sonnets
A to ✓

THE ARBITER

I killed it easily. It wasn't warm,
It wasn't beautiful or soft, its eyes
Held no appeal, this creature I despise.
Yet there's a strange perfection in its form--
I try to look more closely but a swarm
Of always-scouting scavengers, the flies,
Appears on cue the moment something dies.
I back off, mostly from my inner storm.

This animal was ordained at its birth,
Each cell a triumph, living as designed.
No one appointed me to judge the worth
Of miracles that reproduce their kind.
My flawed esthetics do not rule the earth.
Forgive me, our Creator, I was blind!

--Glenna Holloway

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BEAR AND BEE HIVE BY NIGHT
(Ursus americanus)

My honey mills wind down in aftercool
of late September sunlight's rapid plunge.
All day, productive order was the rule,
now workers rest before their first waves lunge
at morning sweetness waiting in the clover.
Moon-time awakens hulking stealth with claws,
just like a Choctaw spirit passing over
sleep-dark weeds and logs on brazen paws.
Old Bruin knows the dynamo is dormant;
he knows he needn't fear sting-barbs or shot.
He comes as if he's cued by an informant,
then wanders off to some deep woodland spot,
my precious topaz beaded on his chin:
His tongue will find it, tell him where he's been.

So he'll be back. He needs no workers' dance
to point him toward his coveted reward.
Once found, his black brain memorized each chance
he took and won. He's proved himself the lord
of night, of fields and salmon streams, wild bees
besides. Now mine, compared, make easy prey.
Each raid, he's also seen my apple trees;
he'll soon gorge twice at my expense. By day
I don't believe old tribal kin return
as bears. By sun I count compounded loss
and load my double-barreled vengeance, burn
with educated scorn for tales that cross
the years. Through hunter's sights I watch him pose
against the moon, my aim. He's safe. He knows.

Glenna Holloway
--THE SOUTHERN REVIEW, 1997

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HOLDING HANDS IN FOG

Division fades between the pier and sea.
A monotone of pewter palls the sky.
An artist's canvas, stretched and primed to dry,
Awaits new scenes, the dawning century.
Our minds demand delineations be
Apparent; living seems to go awry
When borders vanish. Each insistent eye
Will furnish lines, avoid anomaly.
Stay close, we may lose sight of certain guides,
Resulting in a blur like smeary chalk.
The gray horizon, out of focus now,
Will clear with time's forever-changing tides.
Between the high and low, we'll make this walk
By love's design traced on our wedding vow.

--Glenna Holloway

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IN A ZOOM LENS
(Acinonyx jubatus)

Explosive expletives, light speed
Define the cheetah hunting prey:
Designed to chase, an ancient breed.

Aloof, she seems to pay no heed
To grazing herds. She looks away,
Dark-spotted expletive, light speed.

Alerted, healthy bucks stampede;
The cat is probing for a stray
To chase, flawed members of the breed.

She's driven by three young to feed.
Tall shoulders, rowing spine convey
The oldest expletives, light speed.

She makes her choice, intentions freed,
She looses rolling muscle-play
Designed to chase, perfected breed.

She kills a lame calf for her need.
She hunts by sight, she hunts by day,
Dark-spotted expletive, light speed.
Designed to chase. Endangered breed.

--Glenna Holloway

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OLD CHEYENNE WHIT WITH A WHITE CANE

To him our metaphors are recondite,
Our modern terms are riddles to a brain
Where long-gone wispy hunter's trails remain
And only childhood images are bright.
When man transcends his bone-imprisoned night
To touch the saving Braille and taste fresh rain,
His lengthened grasp can snatch the key from pain
To open what mere language fails to light.

We read to Whit then he becomes our gauge,
Our guide for measures we can seldom find
To pace the dark, to pacify the rage.
For we, far-sighted, young and keen of mind,
Are often trapped inside a blackened cage...
Till life is lit with vision from the blind.

--Glenna Holloway

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PUSHING THE DISCOVERY WHEEL

I want to know how fire can burn
Inside the sea, how crust can churn,
Erupt a molten orange flow
Of matrix, chunks of reef aglow
Like ships aflame from stem to stern.

Beyond my grasp, my hope to learn,
My senses labor to discern
The crystallography of snow
I want to know.

In educated awe I yearn,
And aim my diligence to earn
New answers from the dynamo.
In my allotted time below
As cosmic engines pump and turn--
I want to know!

--Glenna Holloway

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PREMONITIONS
(Mozart's Concerto in C Minor)

An orchestrated omen interweaves,
Its net engaging deeper than the ear.
The mood suggests a person who believes
His life is playing out, the end is near.
The pathos is subdued a little while;
Remembered briefly is the bon vivant.
Fresh melody evokes a sudden smile,
And yet the violins make no detente.
Perhaps he's only demonstrating range;
Composers often build a tomb motif,
Harmonic agon isn't new or strange.
--No, this finale is his own deep grief.
Resigned to every measured strain of truth,
The man knows death will take him in his youth.

--Glenn Holloway

Première
Chorale

Section C at orchestra

Measure 1

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RONDEAU OF HELIOTROPS

They turn to light as they emerge,
Compelled to make an upward surge
From underneath last year's decay.
Their leaves unfurl to face the day
Between anemones and spurge.

They track from east to west; from verge
Of dawn to edge of night they splurge
Their hues, tropism's grand display:
 They turn to light.

When worship's done, each blossom's urge
Accomplished, photo cells all purged
Of green, unable to obey
Sun's will, each bacchante
Bows down to death. Beyond the dirge
 They turn to light.

--Glenna Holloway

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SAGANESQUE SONNET

I'd read of close encounters, full of doubts,
And yet one scientist has made me quell
My skeptical response: I'm in his spell.
His studied speculation now re-routes
My reasoning; it drowns pragmatic shouts,
Then stirs up images of nonpareil
Exotic beings on some parallel
Who might inhabit other whereabouts.

I re-read all of Dr. Sagan's theses
So at the start of this millennium,
His bold position on unproven species
Persuaded me to recognize the sum
Of his beliefs. His logic rose like cream
To lift his words beyond the mortal dream.

--Glenna Holloway

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SAM'S SOLO IN BEE FLAT

Just like an armored knight I sally out
to run the gauntlet, gloved and cloaked with care.
I gather booty with a twinge of doubt
that I'll escape the field without my share
(or more) of poison spears injecting me
with fire-- which leaves each gilded guardian less
her lance, a fierce and willing casualty
of duty and my lordship's due process.
They're programmed perfectly to serve their queen,
they never see their jewels in my jars
serve sweet-toothed waiting ladies in between
fresh buttered rolls or apple-almond bars.
It's worth each risk this errant noble takes
to taste warm gems my other honey makes.

--Glenna Holloway

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TRANSFORMATION

Amazing how such clumsy things as words
Can flow into a sonnet's silken woof
And leave no ragged edge, no scattered sherds
To nick the readers/writers with reproof.
As verbs are stroked or hammered into forms,
Thoughts enter minds as if they're borne on air.
The keystones of foundations, eyes of storms,
Odd patches of old cultures past repair,
The tarnished heaps we've spat out, killed with, wasted,
Now merge in books, re-used to build and mend.
Good reading as a civil joy, once tasted,
Refines mankind into a better blend.
The written word can salvage human curses,
Recycle slag in noble prose and verses.

--Glenna Holloway

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VELDT VIGNETTE

The cheetah ambles past her grazing prey,
dark-spotted precedent, designed for speed--
a chase machine, a disappearing breed.
Her head an expletive, she seems to pay
no heed to nervous hoofs. She eyes a stray.
The healthy bucks set off the herd's stampede,
releasing her restraint. Intentions freed,
she starts her sprint, this cat who hunts by day.

High shoulders knotted like a hairy fist,
hind quarters pushing 60-miles-an-hour,
she overtakes an antelope in dust,
a desperation try since twice she missed.
She can't always succeed despite her power.
This time she heard her cubs and knew she must.

--Glenna Holloway

A. 4 poems submitted

B. I'm a U.S. citizen

C. Personal info:

I. Legal name: Glenna Holloway

II. no pen name

III. Residential address:

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E-Mail address:

glennapoet@gmail.com

IV. Date of birth: Feb. 7, 1928

V. Gender: female

VI. Occupation: Retired silversmith and enamelist.

Now concentrating on poetry.

VII. Awards: Pushcart Prize, 2001, Illinois Arts Council Fellowship, 2005,
two NFSPS Grand Prizes, 1987 & 2007. Many magazine publications plus new book:
NEVER

FAR FROM WATER and OTHER LOVE STORIES, 2010.

Dear Bonnie,

Here's what you asked for.

Let me know if you'd like a copy of my new book. My royalties go to Grace Church

Regards,