

But watch. The lids lower and raise and she's gone.  
Here sits a middling woman with nothing to gain  
by telling you this. I wonder why I did.  
Yet you must have noticed when daisies died  
and orchids appeared on a hollyhock stem.

You've seen fawn eyes offer praise, trust, then steam  
with sudden rage, and back again to blue-greened  
layers of velvet empathy, deep ingrained  
with kindness, reflex lenses of compassion. Right now  
transmission is past tense, how long I never know.

I share these eyes with her and her. I've confessed  
the complexities of woman. A blink. That fast.  
The change can happen with a syllable, a color,  
or slowly like the build-up of a chafing collar.  
Part of this trihedroness should be kept

in full sun; part needs to be tightly capped  
like fulminate of mercury, never stirred.  
The less definite one needs to be steered  
with a modicum of persuasion, a steady hand.  
Sometimes the hand must be mine, my conscience hound,

or just the basic elements of humanhood.  
Are we so different after all? If you had  
a psychic scalpel would you sever  
all your selves, or keep them in the brew for savor?  
Flavor may flourish more with more than one receiver.

--Glenna Holloway