

Glenна Holloway  
1028 Apple Lane  
Lombard, Ill. 60148

MOON THOUGHTS IN JAPANESE TANKA

Glenна Holloway

Watching moon-wake through  
Night eyes of glass is reading  
Cosmic poetry  
While it is being written  
By ancients on scrubbed blackboards.

Atoms out in space  
Contain the seeds and spores of  
Hopeful latent stars.  
Comets' trails should be sifted  
For air-borne genes of heaven.

Why is man so proud?  

---

Galaxies are God's gardens;  
Planet earth is one  
Bud on an eternal tree.  
Could man's role be that of bee?



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SERPENT SEED

Glenna Holloway

It's the only moment you can kill it:

Envy isn't green excepting that first

tender tendril fresh-clawed from fertile

dirt, uncurling, clutching sun & catching

red. Too late: the shoot leaps into flame,

a ravening tentacle spreads, throttles itself

impotent, thickens, toughens in the final fire.

Dull dross remains, cold-rolled into a fist. The

oblique rays of tomorrow's rising uncoil Medusa's hair.

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WHEN THE GARDENER GOES HOME

Glenna Holloway

I found him there

Where everyone most remembers him—

Surrounded by humus crumbs, cracked clay pots  
And flakes of red geraniums.

A plant was in his hand, roots up. He

Was just sitting on his work bench

He built around the old live oak

He left growing up through the corner

Of his homemade nursery. He was leaning against it,  
The massive trunk made a certain bend to hold him.

His eyes rested on sun stripes

Between the greenhouse laths. Only

By then there was a split moon. But all

The potsherds around him still held

The long day's warmth.

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"WHEN EVERYTHING THAT TICKED HAS STOPPED"

...Emily Dickinson

by Glenna Holloway

This stark cubicle stays closed  
In total solar eclipse—no green grows—  
Only the walls are tender, your prodding  
Finger knows— but found no entry—  
No valve for compressed dark to drain.

The machinery is jammed with black—  
One only Who could repair my brain  
Suffocated in the crumbled cell block  
Of my soul.

This cold crucible stays filled—  
Refined slag, a purity of dross—  
Your hopeful hands bruise  
And now they smell of losing—  
On your way Home, gather all  
The dying Anodynes from my old Garden.

BLOCKS FOR BRAQUE

I know you, Georges--  
at least I know what  
you wanted me to know  
(Maybe not that you were  
a house painter first)  
SEARCHING underneath  
old brush strokes  
SEIZING what others  
disdained, I find  
you WARRING WITH  
the Fauves who  
were warring with  
Monet, Manet, et al  
I know you in veinous ways  
In linear ways minus shadows  
In behind-the-eyes ways  
where LIGHT strikes  
mirrors in the secret vaults  
of knowing

TRAILING you  
the length  
of a camel's hair  
we passed at ANGLES  
on the parallax  
of Hogarth's curve  
blown beige and BARE  
palimpsest for SPECKS and SHAPES  
some elbow-skinning, some BONE-cracking

Once or twice  
I  
followed behind  
you close enough  
to gather your dropped  
bottles, glasses, trees, books  
even a guitar and a violin or two

I GRAYED  
my COLORS  
dutifulLY  
I scraped...  
Collaged...  
Textured...  
Scratched...  
I STACKED  
the CUBES  
SPACED so  
the steamroller  
could distill them to ESSENCE  
And often I was  
near enough  
to notice  
Pablo  
stealing  
your best  
STUFF

GLENNA HOLLOWAY  
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NOTHING LEFT TO SAY

You said it all  
in one lean-as-a-scalpel comment,  
leaving me unwhole and unhealed  
on the cutting edge of a period.

Your words were over quickly.  
My sentence goes on and on.

--Glenn Holloway

DON'T EVER COME WHEN I CALL

Forsake day.  
Fold yourself in evening  
and follow me. Let my voice  
cover you.  
The dark doesn't plunge and bristle  
between us. I can push it aside,  
move through its loose layers.  
I can't cross streaming moats  
of hot-icy brilliance.

Your shine dilutes me. You turn  
and I'm revealed too soon.

Shaded and contained  
illumination is still the betrayer.  
Even here we can't escape  
roots and tendrils of light.  
Blind, I could feel it,  
know its frequency like a pulse.

It impales us on vivid points,  
you in your narrow spectrum  
I can never enter--  
I in the wide aftermath  
of night you should not.

Forget we almost met. I see too well  
my hand would sludge your morning.

--Glenn Holloway

FROM DAY ONE

You came out of the wet dark swaddled  
in her scent, the hot immediacy of blood  
and secret flesh no ablution could wash away.  
Soon you smelled of her new blessings,  
flowing for you alone.

Each one breathing shared essence,  
no other sense so irrevocable, it's how  
in a torrent of migrating wildebeest, cow  
and calf find each other after crossing  
a flooded ravine. How on frigid shores,  
rippling with fur and fat,  
seal pups reunite with their mothers  
returning from the sea.

Though the first keenness fades  
as receptors expand  
with the world's emanations, tying you  
to other warmths, other ways, it's how,  
for your allotted span, the memories  
you inhale can veer you across streets  
or continents, tracking the source  
evoking ineluctable images  
hung forever in your head.

--Glenn Holloway

Mrs. R. W. Holloway  
3811 Carole Dr.  
Doraville, Ga. 30040

TO MEASURE TOMORROW

by Glenn Holloway

My window's draped with woven pheasant wings  
Pretending to seclude my wanting world  
With pigment of prefabricated springs,  
And poses that some feather-artist swirled  
Into the sterile cloth as if he thought  
Forever would be caught in warp and woof,  
Escape-proof in the four dimensions taught.  
He could not know that from my vaulted roof  
No threads could thwart a creature made to soar  
Beyond the singing suns and silver signs  
To places where dimensions number more  
Than all the dyes and all the shuttled twines.  
Each night we leave the folds men can define;  
Each night we penetrate a new design!

surprised  
awed praised

~~She sits in her wheelchair and says  
she would like music every night which~~

МОРЯКОВ ТАНКАЗМ ОТ

*Clos  
Lanai* ~~was sold to her lifetime~~

While other times "Why don't we go somewhere?"

The  
best  
law  
clients  
neighbors  
form 1 Set 9  
fashionable. The  
2 per art  
When her other  
law clients  
neighbors  
form 1 Set 9  
fashionable. The  
2 per art  
While others fine, they don't care for  
when her other pastime is to go somewhere.  
and clients they never seem to mind how she feels,  
neighbors  
measures  
fashionable. The  
2 per art  
applique and lace

~~Her droppings are exquisitely soft~~

*Diseases seek their plants*

3. She smiles while they discuss some famous place;

If she would have enough private new land at sea.

Mrs. R. W. Holloway  
1028 Apple Lane  
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FOUR THOUGHTS IN TANKA

by Glenna Holloway

An empathic soul  
May thrum to avant-garde or  
Aged corn—but hums most  
Satisfyingly to a  
Tenuous balance of both.

Watching star-wake through  
Night-eyes of glass is reading  
Cosmic poetry  
While it is being written  
By ancients on scrubbed blackboards.

Every round of rain  
Is primed and loaded with an  
Embryonic rose,  
~~honeyed leaf~~ latent leaf  
And each storm should be sifted  
~~with sun shade~~  
For air-borne genes of heaven.

~~Storms should be~~  
Sift each ray of sun  
For air-borne genes of heaven;  
Every round of rain  
Is primed loaded  
With a  
latent leaf at

If you snare a piece of  
Of spring or Eos-tinted  
Shreds to weave a word,  
You overheard the first Muse  
Rehearsing hymns for the sun.

July 19, 1908  
Dear Mr. Holmes,  
I am sending you

OUR THOUGHTS IN TANNA

by Charles H. Joffaway

A complete copy

of my first lecture to

the Comptons' class last

Wednesday at 8 o'clock

at the home of Prof.

recognizing extra-work thoroughly

and always at ready to serve right

comes before

which it is denied him

any audience or compensation whatever.

Yours to know your

as well as his best regards

Yours truly yours

before as during those hard

times to assist you in your

success is now all

dependent on you to

know a few words

you are doing the right thing

and that you are making

## THE CREATION MACHINE

Eons before we encountered the womb  
and ventured into death's arena, this  
short apprenticeship we serve between  
revolving epochs, there was staging room  
where I remember bending toward the kiss  
of light, becoming crystal tourmaline  
then part of a pool flooding a ravine,  
and next a mustard seed, the genesis  
of being. And you and I met at times,  
you in a storm or a blue clematis.  
But can you recall the others with whom  
we shared galactic fires and helix climbs?  
Or did we leave them in the early rimes  
of cooling clay to plan a nobler tomb?

Our blazing fall must have been awesome when  
the red giant burst and spewed us through the void.  
Swift sidewise flashbacks of the beginning  
ignite the dark navels of our minds then  
vanish like a burned-out comet tail. Freud  
said we forget what we can't face— Did spinning  
through velvet silence, pressure of twinning  
cells blank that memory? Or have we employed  
soft padded rationale on which to lean  
our origins? Perhaps we even enjoyed  
the centrifuge, imploded time. All men  
were processed thus. The creation machine  
we know as death will one day intervene  
and gather us back to stardom again.

611e



I gave the order to destroy the targets.  
Incredible the way our rounds homed toward  
Their marks, made tracks and turrets flash and soar.  
Grey-eyed Athena gasped, her aegis high  
Above the rubble, sending us a hawk,  
A grey-backed raptor screeching victory.  
Her cloud expanded slower than our eyes.  
My crew racked up their scores like arcade games.

In thirty minutes, wounded men arrived.  
Elation dwindled in a grinding pall;  
We watched as one man fumbled on his way  
As if to hide a pistol in his sleeve.  
On closer look, he held his severed arm  
And died beside my tank as others groaned.  
Two more made wine-dark seas with their own blood.  
Iraqi armored troops, surrendering.

Back on patrol at dawn, the goddess glowed;  
Homeric rosy fingers earned their poems.  
The crews were sobered, combat had its bite.  
Then, animated sights required decisions.  
The shapes we read were not exact enough  
To leave no doubt. But if we held off long  
We'd be precisely in their range. Commanders all  
Have grappled that chimera in their crows.

"Sweet Jesus, Cap'n, time we oughta shoot!"  
My gunner cried, a black Teléma<sup>n</sup>chus,  
His tongue undone, his trigger in control.  
The radio confirmed no other tanks  
Of ours were in the sector. No more choice,  
Our time ran out, I ordered the attack.  
How many gods had we provoked? I prayed:  
Please my dear God, don't let us torch our own!

As images exploded we heard words:  
An error! Static. Curses. "Hold your fire!"  
We hit two U.S. tanks, off course for hours.  
No one survived our deadly friendly blasts.  
I could not break. I kept my men from breaking.  
Penelopes were told their wait was done.  
And who explained such useless costs to them?  
And in this world, who can explain to me?

Last year I had a letter from the harpist.  
Like mine, his family dreaded further war.  
My students asked unanswered questions daily.  
What Muse would guide us through the final course?  
We studied Homer's "man of many wiles."  
And could he in the end persuade himself  
Of what was justified? What learned or gained?

Like why we're back to do it all again?

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Today I had a letter from the harpist--  
 Who earned a medal in a later battle.  
 His children fear he'll leave them for a war.  
 My students ask unanswered questions daily.  
 Muse, tell me of the "man of many wiles,"  
 And could he in the end persuade himself  
 Of what was justified? What learned or gained?  
 Must we go back and do it all once more?