

VERNAL EQUINOX, HIGHWAY 101

Laying aside the lap model computer  
you had me bring, I recline my seat,  
gaze at your face, your hands on the wheel.  
The blue of your eyes matches the Pacific;  
the blue behind mine  
is color-coded like flow charts.  
Watching you scan the visuals scrolling  
from the road, I long to know  
what things you save and what you delete.

Mountain graphs interface with sun. Make us  
a copy. Smile me warm, smile us synchrony.  
My data banks have space for more  
than cryptics and fractions.

Be keyed with whole things, natural  
and animate: waves straining on tiptoe  
to rake the tops of seastacks,  
yearling elk trumpeting the fir forest,  
aspens learning green.  
Input the green of my irises.

Memory me again with April verbs,  
unstress my shade with cerulean,  
the sound and taste of azure. Program us  
for being. Gentle your touch and your time.  
Process all your softest words through me.

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--Glenna Holloway