

OUR WINNIE

Nine decades is a blessed, full-blossomed life,
a gamut of experience, a range
of love and loss, of happiness and strife.
Our friend has lived through many times of change,
her memories would fill a book if told,
and we all wish she would record the sources
of her inner joy, her wisdom and her hold,
her mastery of living's daily courses.

God granted her good marriage with a man
named Grant, a kindly minister of caring.
Three sons, grandchildren, all of Winnie's clan
contribute pleasure to sweet years of sharing.
Grace Church receives her talents and her grace,
her archives, Graver Lectures, XYZ,
the UMW, WOW, her friendly face
a visage of the church we want to be.

A model for her Extra Years of Zest,
a group she organized to think about
the future as another lively quest,
she still personifies that theme-- with clout.
To celebrate her birthday, let us try
to imitate the nature of her shine
and pray the Lord will keep her safe nearby
for another party when she's ninety-nine.

Our Winnie is a oner. Our Winnie is a winner.

LOSING THE FARM

This shaggy hump of land
Comes down to settle at the shallow pond
Like our old dog, paws in his water dish.
The man I married was my father's only hand.
His first job was to stock the pond with fish.
Young Phil was smart. Why he would work for us
Was hard to understand.

He built a barn without
Much help that March my father hurt his hip.
Spring's greening nap resembled sheared chenille,
Our fields embroidered by the tractor's seeding route
Like Mama's bedspread pattern, wheel-in-wheel.
She died that June, then Phil was hired full time.
Sometimes he cleaned my trout.

I asked him how he knew
So much, and why he didn't take a job
With more to offer. Phil said he loved farming.
Before the corn grew ears he said he loved me too.
At first, my father found the thought alarming,
But soon he recognized his stroke of luck--
What blessings could accrue.

And so they did. The years
Were mostly kind, the rains and Phil were faithful.
He turned the scrub to terraces of grapes
Where domes of purpling autumn almost vanquish tears.
Now neighbors' spreads are gone, the city rapes
Its way toward us, my parents' hilltop graves,
And all our gravest fears.

Besides the pond, our lane--
The graveled last-ditch lifeline left to drive
The truck to market, movies, church and vet--
Was just condemned--last ploy to make us sell. The pain
Of isolation's grip, our drought-grown debt
And kneeling crops conspire to push us out
Of our homemade domain.

With arteries now closed,
The heartbeat stops in this uneven Eden.
No mall, no high-tech electronics plant
Compares with tasseled corn, or beaded arbors posed
Against a moire quilt in day's last slant.
Bulldozers quickly level secret places
Where the dog once dozed.

A PLACE OF GENTLE REPAIR

We left a life where threadbare limbs were patched
With ice, and came where blossom-heavy trees
Embroider sunlit patterns; woods are thatched
With moss and ferns, and water doesn't freeze.
This gentle shoreline seemed to counsel us, pale foam
Erasèd the unresolved designs of men.
Perfumed persuasions made us call this home,
The sea embraced us, helped us mend again.
We learned to swim in light-probed wells of green,
To dive where sequin-flashing gifts appeared
Against a colored coral altar screen.
We learned to smoke and sell the fish we speared.
Far from the bitter welting of our land,
Our ragged edges soon were smoothed with sand.

A PLACE OF GENTLE MENDING

We left a life where threadbare limbs were patched
With ice, and came where suèded cypress knees
Are stroked with sun, where quietude is thatched
With moss festoons, and water doesn't freeze.
The ocean seemed to counsel us, its foam
Dispersed like unresolved designs of men.
Perfumed persuasions made us call this home
As warmth embraced us, helped us mend again.
We learned to swim beneath the tepid sheen,
To dive where sequin-flashing gifts appear
Against a painted coral altar screen;
We learned to smoke and sell the fish we spear.
Far from the bitter welting of our land,
Our ragged edges soon were smoothed with sand.

Where sunlit quietude is laced and thatched
My raveled shores are gently hemmed with sand.

I came from crags where threadbare limbs were patched
With scraps of ice-- to suèded cypress knees

With sun-bleached yarns festooned from wading trees.
For weeks we watched the sea-- the folding foam
Dispersed like unresolved designs of men.
But once we recognized this place as home,
We trolled new warmth to mend ourselves again.
We learned to swim in light-probed wells of green,
To dive where sequin-flashing gifts appear
Against a concave coral altar screen.
We learned to smoke and sell the fish we spear.
Far from the welted rancor of our land,
Our raveled shores are soft, resewn with sand.

The price of fish can sink-- a weighted trap.
Now grays may bring three bucks a pound or more.
One time it dropped to fifty cents like tripe.
If these two drag luck's lap enough before
She rolls away and orders them to shore,
They'll own their boat. Moon dirties comber caps
As numb lips hover over coffee cups.

Making family history interesting to people outside the family, even total strangers, is a feat few writers can pull off. Genevieve Towsley did it, and now her daughter has done it. No doubt the star subject, and probably genetics, have a lot to do with it because this memoir is not only a good read, it's riveting. Nicely interwoven with excerpts from her mother's newspaper columns, Caryl Towsley Moy keeps the narrative moving at a steady pace. She hits all the right notes with honesty, humanity, tenderness and humor striking harmonious chords that make the reader nod, smile and empathize.

--Glenna Holloway

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Watch the divers surface with more persuasion,
Separating tangibles, truth and legends.
You, our guest, should concentrate on our good things;
Let our wine provide you with soothing answers.

TO HOPE METHODIST CHURCH OF VOLGOGRAD

I'd love to meet the members face to face,
Shaking hands, exchanging smiles.
But by the Holy Spirit's endless grace,
Despite the many, many miles,
In prayer I WILL be there.

We all have endless tasks with which we cope.
Sometimes we're stranded on a slippery slope.
Sometimes the way eludes us as we grope.
But God has granted us the gift of HOPE!

In God's name first, then in memory of my dear and faithful husband, Robert Wesley Holloway, this gift was offered in order to share the Lord's promise of eternal life with all who listen to His words and believe.

"Man lives his way by meteorologic and geologic consent--which may be withdrawn at any moment." --SCIENCE TODAY

Form: 12 four-line, seven-foot iambic stanzas turning on the same two rhymes throughout. Sometimes called a jeremiad.

Feeling that subject should dictate form, I wanted a relentless beat under the repetitive rhymes. I call it a formal jeremiad and I believe it to be original although it is possible another poet has devised an identical pattern. 48 lines.

NEVER FAR FROM WATER

Acknowledgments:

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POET LORE, AMERICA.

NEVER FAR FROM WATER

Acknowledgments:

"On the Edge," NOTRE DAME REVIEW; "Moonwatch, Floodwatch," LOUISIANA LITERATURE; "Summer Siege," THE CAPE ROCK; "Villanelle in Viridescent Gray," THE FORMALIST; "Snow Light," BLUE UNICORN; "Seascope," winner, GARFIELD LAKE REVIEW; "Winging It," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; "Chicago, First Lady of the Lake," "Watching Charles Vickery Paint the Christian Radich," "Sapphics for a Santorini Sojourn," ARIEL; "Making Day Break Gentler," winner, RAMBUNCTIOUS REVIEW; "Brine Bitch Off the Bahamas," Milton Dorfman Award, Rome Art Center, NY; "Unmailed Letters of a Young Man Making History," DANA LITERARY, ONLINE; "Leaving Home," SOUTH COAST POETRY JOURNAL; "The Winter Brute," AMERICAS REVIEW; "Pacific Prologue," CHAMINADE; "December Dinner, Manhattan Island," SHORELINES; "Summer Siege," SOUTHERN POETRY REVIEW; "A Place of Gentle Mending," GEORGIA REVIEW; "The Ignis Fatuu," POET LORE; "Sandscape, Soundscape," VOICES INTERNATIONAL; "To My Father, the Captain," THE MENNONITE and PRAIRIE LIGHT REVIEW; "Repertoire," MIDWEST POETRY REVIEW

"Narrative in White," GRANDMOTHER EARTH;

"Wishes, Ten Years Apart," winner, SENSATIONS MAGAZINE; "Watercolor Weekends," BUFFALO SPREE; "Glimpses," CHRISTIAN CENTURY;

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SUDDEN TWIST

We saw his omens in the surly sky
as Woden pounded kettledrums nonstop,
belligerant vibrations aimed to skew
begonia baskets lined up on our stoop.
The dishes jittered, both dogs whined. "Looks like
an air force coming to attack at noon.
Black bombs of rain. Good thing we fixed that leak."
Formations peeled off, targets still unknown.
One cloud took shape like Italy. We watched
the boot's long tongue flop down in piney woods.
"Lou, get beneath the basement stairs!" Bewitched,
I heard my voice but could not move, saw wads
of earth with trees, a truck, a silo flying.
A roar wound me like rope as I was fleeing.

HOLDING HANDS BENEATH THE PALETTE

We two are a new picture, unfinished, unframed.
Stretching our freshly primed canvas to dry,
we envision what we'll paint, knowing
sure strokes are needed in this millennium dawn
as monotonies of gray pall the horizon where sky
and earth meet like rubbed pastels. Delineations
seldom apparent, dimensions seem distorted
when borders vanish, and insistent eyes
try to furnish lines, try to avoid uncertainty.

Despite strange hues, changes in the light,
unexpected smudges, other painters' directions,
you and I promised to keep our own horizon true.
We've seen enough modern living landscapes
to understand how the relentless brushes
of time often obscure finer focal points.

Stay close, my darling, where master artistry
imprinted deep beyond sight will guide us.
Stay near, and we'll complete this composition
together, walking this surface scene
by love's design traced on our wedding vow:
this palimpsest of life-- not still,
but still with us to the mortal margin's end.



BALLADEERS BY NIGHT

The old man in the bar is my friend.
 The obscenity on his tee shirt offends me
~~in the cerebrum~~. But I forgive his need
 to lash out, his selfhood fading
 with each wash. The obscenity of his years
 offends me ~~in the belly~~^{more}. He must have been
 handsome. Something like you, *manage to*
 With the ice in my glass I rattle up *you*.
 A fierce joy that ~~you~~ will never ~~look like him~~.

my last song +
 Every night after the applause, I come here,
 jeansed, bandanaed, beaded silk dress locked up
 in the next block. ~~only~~ A few fast steps down
 to declasse but the whiskey is more honest.

I will my friend faceless as the counter top,
 cool solid against my bare arms. Smooth
 as Doc Severinsen's canned trumpet
 haunting the smoke. My old friend
 tells me I shouldn't come here, it's bad
 for my voice. So's singing, ~~sucks~~, I say,
 and he laughs. What I come to hear.

Doc hovers over the practiced booth sitters,
 halos ~~my~~ ^{the} ~~solos~~ ^{surv} that struck out,
 sucking them ~~toward~~ ^{into} the bell of his horn,
 levitating them on a single luminous note
 the way I sometimes do my audience
 if I'm in the mood. If I'm sure
 I can do it without breaking.

Doc's
 I sip his long legato lines, holding
 the high blue-green vibrato ~~on my tongue~~ ^{the way you used to do,}
 And I can believe you ~~kissing me desperate~~ ^{beside me —}
 till the next riff sounds like fire zeroing in,
 like what you may have heard in the desert
~~if you heard it.~~
 A burst of fire. Friendly fire.

CHEETAH, MASTER OF FINE ARTS
(*Acinonyx jubatus*)

flashy

I've released you in full color
from my camera, from my sketchbook,
even uncollared you from dark Egyptian tombs.
Capturing your style—medallions
of smoldering charcoal on sheet iron palest gold
takes all the illumination and motion
my camel's hair can muster.

finest tools

Draining my sienna palette,
you refuse to keep your canvas context. *Snick*
Unhampered by layers of super-polymer, ~~the~~ oils
you complete your spotted streak
across the papyrus on my other easel.
Your dissident design brushes past my strokes,
tracking shadows in my studio, haunting
the old passageways, hunting
the presiding tomcat, a drab native mouser
who may not submit to your dynasty.
Shoulders knotted like Osiris's fist,
your precedent pushes into dimensions not resolved
in pigments or even the bas-reliefs of Pharaohs.

I warn Tom of your Isis eyes coming, your speed
matched with light, and hope he hunches himself
in a small niche you can't enter
with your leggy serpent length,
your heathen haunches and expletive head.

*Leaping
eye*

Confrontation comes spitting sudden:
Arranging himself on a vacant pedestal overlooking
my work, Tom bristles his long lineage, *then*
his black leopardship. Smoothing the smug cap
of Ptah, he arcs down sovereignty from ankh eyes.
Below, your tail tip conveys grudging recognition
of your high-flown ebony kin.

But

who is
It is the artist confronted:
You've both made the point. I put away the paint
and reach for the sculpting clay.

At midnight my palm slides over your undulating spine.
At last, cheetah, you're free--but mine!

AUGUSTEMBER

Trying to invent another summer month,
I coin a name for it--Augustember.

Trying to hold on to it,
my fingertips turn coppery, slippery
as the powder from a monarch's wings.

Last evening was murky; wild moonflowers
opened wider to make their own light.
Tonight, fish silvering to the surface
ravel stars in the cold black lake.

A loon's blue vibrato plays my vertebrae
like a vibraphone, fingers the frets
of my visceral guitar strings, wavers
in my waning warmth. September bows
to autumn. Suddenly I'm older.

--Glenna Holloway

GLIMPSES

When I was seven or eight
I imagined
storms were swept-up piles
of evil, black bags of it
the devil hung over us
to break suddenly
with writhing weight.
And when all that corruption
began to spill,
it clawed like a falling cat
ripping open the sky, letting
heaven show for a split instant,
brighter than compounded suns.

And then the earth jarred
as God snapped shut
the jagged tear
with an irate boom,
knowing we weren't yet ready

for such unshielded shining.

THE MERMAIDS HAVE THEIR SAY

Of all the sea's amazing creatures, we
Are most misunderstood and most maligned.
Some scientists have said a manatee
Is what the lonely seamen saw. How blind
Do they think sailors are? The other kind
Of insult calls us figment, legend, lie.
Despite all witness, scholars still deny
That we exist; we're classed with drunken visions.
Intelligence and beauty typify
Our kind. Our form was one of our decisions.

P.S.

The rare dizain can't match our rare design
nor can it fully capture our disdain.
But hey, our dizzy wordplay CAN disown
all human traits-- with ocean-deep derisions.

Bio

Glenna Holloway's poetry has appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, GRAY'S SPORTING JOURNAL, McCALL'S and MODERN MATURITY. She won a Pushcart Prize in 2001 and received an Illinois Arts Council Fellowship in 2005. In 2008 she won another \$1500 Grand Prize from the National Federation of State Poetry Societies.

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ESTUARY SIDEPOOL

The tiny caravel was flailed by wind
She couldn't overcome. Her mast was split,
Her mainsail torn, her fragile hull was pinned
On rocks. Two boys who built her from a kit
Were scrambling thigh-deep in a slapping wave
To reach her-- more than just a toy, a prize,
Their model of the Pinta they must save.

Some spatters on their cheeks came from their eyes;
Their flagship broke against the stone and sank.
I'm sure no frail beleaguered craft of old,
Awaited by sad watchers on the bank
And filled with silks and spices in her hold,
Was fought for more intrepidly, and raised.
The boys retrieved their treasure while I gazed.

(The Lewis and Clark party crossed
the last of the Bitterroots in September, 1805.)
traded with Shoshones for 29 horses, 1 mule
11 days to cross
Old Toby, Shoshone guide, lost trail
they ate candles
Sacajawea not in her territory but continued journey
w/husband and son. Sighted the Clearwater R.
Nez Perce found them, fed them dried salmon and camus roots--
made them sick, gassy, diarrhea-- they traded for a dog to cook

1 year from leaving St. Louis to Ft. Mandan in N.Dak
left for mountains (now Montana) in April 1805-- no maps
Aug 18, 1805 M. Lewis was 31
Oct. 16 reached Columbia R.
Nov. 7 thought they saw Pacific but was a bay
Nov. 18 saw Pacific. Clark had his slave York along. Lewis
--had a dog. only 1 death-- early in trek
By dead reckoning, Meriwether Lewis had estimated the trek was
over 4,000 miles. Later surveyors, comparing his maps and notes,
found he was off only 40 miles. M. Lewis, believed to be a
manic-depressive, shot himself at Grinder's Switch, TN in 1809.

seducing your ^{senses}
eyes
but reducing the value of your stone
Foreign inclusions

Lewis and Clark's Corps of Discovery Left St. Louis in spring, 1804, crossed the Bitterroots in September, 1805, saw the Pacific in November. By dead reckoning, Meriwether Lewis ated the entire trek at over 4,000 miles. Later surveyors

KING TUTANKHAMUN:
ONCE THERE WAS A BOY WHO LOVED TO WHISTLE

Young pharaoh, I studied
your museumed effigies collecting light,
posed on the threshold of blue and saffron,
paused in the old dreams from the head of Horus:
morning renascence out of a lotus,
rolling across the arch of heaven on sun wheels,
rafting under-earth rivers near shoals
of Osiris, wrapped in the shawls of Ptah.

Mortal eyes are splendored with your accessories,
a glut of gold and gods. And everywhere
your face with your ankh-eyes
reflecting on your mirror world.
You must have seen eyes when yours were closed,
always looking at you,
a thousand replicas to fill your own.

I saw you at the bowstring: hunter, warrior,
hero-murals of a monarch, a moral for your subjects,
foiled with lapis, carnelian, turquoise.
And in the end, failed by the vulturine wingspan
and the splayed serpent hood.

But back in the trailing edges of light,
before the artists' tales and the godsmiths' tolls,
before they changed your name--
there was a laughing lad. I saw him
through a tear in the papyrus, rollicking
barefoot beside the Nile, running unrecognized
along paths old before legends began.
You on a sun-gilded afternoon,
learning how to whistle.

It is he beneath the priceless mask:
Amarna man-child with puckered mouth
framing melodies for the songless ibis,
and turning Selket's head.
On moon-chilled desert I can hear him
softly beyond death and myth.

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It is he beneath the priceless mask:
Amarna man-child with puckered mouth
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and turning Selket's head.
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WATER VOICES ARE OUR OWN

The final medium for words tones attitudes:
lakes snow creeks dew oceans geysers

Where personal sounds come from where they go:
hidden springs fog bayous frost rain

The unresting place You can hear it all best
after midnight millions of tongues telling
their side of it in rivers ice-melt steam

Water collects each story each verse
and runs with it The human verbal gamut: distilled
inflected echoed yours hers his mine

Doers dawdlers sinners blessed cursed
countless erring saintly humans born thirsting for one
ubiquitous essential: compounded hydrogen/oxygen
leaching out oddments dissolving disseminating

You can't escape it this unstable substance
claiming 3/4 of Earth 70% of your body Don't
think anyone is in charge It goes its own way

Listen to tones rhythms harmonics mutations
History moves in the incompressible carrier
with Muses Fates Furies rolling pooling
with sediment laughing at sentiment hoarding silt
battling basalt cutting canyons through granite
grinding sand bars jostling shells altering falls

Answers bubble in the flow babbling to be heard
Discord cross-purposes charity greed goodness
Ultimate medium of life crux of crisis saving grace
Eons of consequence word the water Water words us

I leave the midnight sounds of the ship's orchestra,
tightly closed couples, funereal scent of carnations.

Down here the engine massages my soles
through thick carpet, strums my belly,
a discordant guitar. The screw munches
loose ice, spitting fragments against the hull
like pieces of my life, a hollow random tattoo.

Old images line my crevices, prime each step.
Other guests are primed with promises
of scenic splendor with gourmet breakfast.
The first corridor is full of trailing sentences,
serial goodnights. I wait for the last door to close.

The empty elevator delivers me to the top deck,
the penultimate chill. The sea
is Irish whiskey smooth on the rocks. The air
cleans my lungs like silk pulled through a gun barrel.

Across the bowscape, the moon trails a ramp wide enough
to climb if I wanted to be higher. At land's end,
an old worn glacier kneels to lap up reflections.
The tall young one catches every dangling shine, volleys
the bright bias from peak to pylon to walls of murals
and friezes of poems in blue calligraphy. Its hoard
of blue is scalded with silver; its face can no longer
resist duress of trapped fire. The facade crazes and falls.
The ocean roars in shock. Slow geysers muffle the crash.

No mattering difference comes of it all.
Liquid silver heals over the wreckage
wallowing to the surface, blue-fluxed, light-braced.
The glacier's forehead exposes another vein of blue,
another poem. The ship barely dips, moves on
in afterquiet while bakers far below make bread.
I feel myself being kneaded on their boards.
Abruptly I'm set aside in a bowl to rise.

I ease back, careful not to slip. Older by a decade,
I experiment with breath, pick up my coat, hunker
in its warmth. A great bald eagle crosses the moon-flood,
sounding like wet sheets on a windy clothesline, circling
to look again at what is passing under his jurisdiction.

Like him, I make a fast ascent. Silvered and possible.

Water: ultimate medium of life crux of crisis
adversity often self-made Water: will we
conserve it preserve it protect it neglect it?
Will we weaken in its undertow? Waken to its warnings?

Answers bubble in the flow demanding to be heard
Our narratives word the water Water words us

The ultimate medium for words and tones:
lakes, snow, creeks, dew, oceans, geysers.
Where personal sounds come from, where they go.
Hidden springs, fog, canals, frost, rain.
The unresting place. You can hear them best
after midnight, millions of tongues telling
their side of it in icemelt, rivers, steam.
Water collects each narrative, each verse,
and runs with it. The human verbal gamut:
inflected, echoed, yours, hers, his, mine.

Was. Am. Will. Wanted. Won't. Doers, dawdlers,
blessed, cursed, uncountable humans born
to thirst for this ubiquitous essential--
compounded hydrogen/oxygen & accessories
leaching out oddments, dissolving, disseminating.

You can't escape it, this unstable substance
claiming 3/4 of Earth, 70% of your body. Don't
think anyone is in charge. It goes its own way.

Listen to tones, rhythms, harmonics, morphed forms.
Each story moves in the incompressible carrier
with Muses, Fates, Furies rolling, pooling, lolling
with sediment, laughing at sentiment, regaling silt,
battling basalt, jasper, jostling sand bars, conchs.
Lyrics bubbling in the flow, demanding to be heard.

We word the water. Water words us.

ANNIVERSARY, DRIVING THE OLYMPIC PENINSULA

Laying aside the laptop you insisted I bring,
I home back to your face, gaze at your image,
your hands on the wheel.
The blue of your eyes matches the Pacific;
the blues behind mine
are 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. So do yours.
There's no need for speed. Please
don't make this a hard drive. Savor scenes,
scents, celebrations of the continental rim.
Beauty should never be a lonely route.

Be keyed with whole realities, natural
and animate: waves straining on tiptoe
to rake the tops of seastacks,
yearling elk bugling in the fir forest,
aspens learning green.
Input the deeper green flecks in my eyes,
the russet of my hair.

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

--Glenna Holloway

ANNIVERSARY, DRIVING THE OLYMPIC PENINSULA

Laying aside the laptop you insisted I bring,
I home back to your face, gaze at your image,
your hands on the wheel.
The blue of your eyes matches the Pacific;
the blues behind mine
are 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. So do yours.
There's no need for speed. Please
don't make this a hard drive. Savor scenes,
scents, celebrations of the continental rim.
Beauty should never be a lonely route.

Be keyed with whole realities, natural
and animate: waves straining on tiptoe
to rake the tops of seastacks,
yearling elk bugling in the fir forest,
aspens learning green.
Input the deeper green flecks in my eyes,
the russet of my hair.

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

--Glenna Holloway

Glenner Holloway
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7:45 COMMUTERS

We learned each other's names when it was clear
we were trained partners, ratcheted
to our private reels, riding the rails
twice daily in proper hidebound suits.

This morning our train broke down. Two hours
into the dark siding of cerebral tunnels
we all knew we could slip from habit's fist,
uncinch our shoulders at home for once
without endangering the planet's orbit. Feldman
announced a long weekend was just the ticket.

No opiates of indispensability fueled
the familiar engine. Rising like saliva
of Pavlov's dogs, the hidden imperative
expanded its premises, revved its throttle.

With the intensity of warriors, eyes narrowed,
we soon piled in a swaying rescue car
come to shuttle us back to the station.
Addicted, hearing impaired, we responded
only to next train's boarding call.

--Glenna Holloway

AUTHOR'S IMPRINT

I know her. The lines
she creates, the words
she commands so well,
the vision she conveys
come from keen hearing
of the heart.

Her artistry defines her:
sometimes a blue ache,
a peony, a sudden peak
transferred from her
spinal graph to mine
as if the stock market
suddenly soared.

And after such intimacy,
holding my fragile premises
in her hands, examining,
arranging them
on her pages--
how can either of us say
we've never met?

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LEGACY OF PAST POETS

Poets die like everyone else--
with one difference--
we keep generating poems.
Metered in other dimensions, implanted
in living cells, fueled with comet tails.
Waiting to be claimed and passed on.

You needn't be genetically related
to inherit the treasures,
to embrace and share the wealth.
Some searching novice
may stumble on Aiken's still warm premises
and Eliot's promises, some conceived
but never quite born. Waiting, not wasted.

All who grasp the gifts, the powers
of Frost, Hughs, Brooks, Ciardi,
will resonate, reflect the inner aura
now worn unseen until transition frees
the spectrum surrounding former flesh--
sometimes visible in the dark
of living sleep,
or on dawn's cusp before waking.

Look deeper, young poets, higher, longer.
Where the poems wait. You are our heirs apparent.