GLENNA HOLLOWAY 913 E. Bailey Road Naperville, IL 60565

## TRYING TO IGNORE THE METAPHOR (While Writing a French Rondeau)

I think of Cliff while watching lightning split
The tallest pine astride the ridge then hit
The vine-choked thicket with fast-rolling fire.
Old brush flares up, rain hisses, makes a spire
Of smoke, a claim. I hear it snap and spit,
Prepared to smolder all day in the pit
Beyond the slough. And once the burn has quit
At water's edges-- still, as I retire,
I think of Cliff.

Each summer conjures well-aimed storms to slit
My battered woods. I search for any bit
Of green returning near charred wounds, and liarLike, hail life as something to desire.
All winter when my likeness seems to fit,
I think of Cliff.

--Glenna Holloway