

LEARNING IS A RED RING, MAYBE PLAID

Today I pushed discovery's heavy wheel  
--one full circle, one whole turn around.  
My pockets bulge with new things I can feel--  
six stones--and maybe dragon seeds I've found.

Today I ate an orange, pulled the peel,  
half white, half yellow-reddish, then I wound  
my wrist with curling smell, a fruity reel  
of scenes from Florida. My brother frowned.

He needs imagination, can't match sound  
with colors, size, can't figure where to look  
for lazy cloud-sheep grazing on the ground,  
can't press the just-washed moon inside a book.

I've heard a song shaped like a shepherd's crook,  
I've tasted thunder and I know it's black.  
Each picture that my play-like camera took  
was soft or hot or tickly, front and back.

His life is boring, everything's the same  
as others see. It really is a shame--  
his mind's a single track that seems to lack  
gold knobs and circuits for the learning game.

--Glenna Holloway