

Dear Dr.

John  
Porter, MD  
1810 Clark  
Avenue  
Minneapolis  
Minnesota  
55406

Dear Doctor, MD  
Dear Doctor Medicine  
Emergency

Dr. John  
Porter  
MD

### RONDEL FOR EASTER

We need a psalm to celebrate defeat.  
Our common enemy was made to fall.  
Unlike man's fall, the breach in death's old wall  
Is permanent, death's power obsolete.

For centuries life was a one-way street  
Until the Savior broke that grip and gall.  
We need a psalm to celebrate defeat.  
Our common enemy was made to fall.

From ancient times we sought the way to cheat  
Finality. Our Father heard our call  
And sent His Son to lift that hopeless pall.  
His triumph made deliverance complete.  
We need a psalm to celebrate defeat.  
Our common enemy was made to fall.

--Glenna Holloway

#### PRAYER FOR THE FOURTH DIMENSION

Beyond my own allotted span,  
I futuristically beseech  
Your blessings, Lord. And if you can  
store up my pleas, reserve for each  
progressive decade something they  
will need: New light for those who teach  
the sciences, a new array  
of knowledge, skills for those who reach  
toward unknown limits-- pioneers  
in ocean depths and those who breach  
disease's walls, and planeteers  
and daring engineers who beach  
strange craft upon the outmost place.  
Oh, give them tongues of fire who preach  
beyond my hold on time and space.  
I ask that you would lend them speech,  
words undefiled and sanctified,  
subjected to the Son to bleach  
away impurities. Provide  
new understanding to impeach  
the tyrant grip of greed. Give man  
the strength to tame war's bloody leech,  
and get on with the Master's plan.

Please, Lord, I pray for years to come,  
love's triumph in continuum.

--Glenna Holloway

## LOOKING AHEAD AND LIKING IT

Some scientist is on TV--  
A program called "Tomorrow's Key."  
The speaker, with compelling style,  
Confronts new eras with a smile.  
So many pundits deal in doom,  
The future offers little room  
For optimism, some folks say,  
But this one sees a dawning day:

"Add fifty years onto this date,  
Your health still in a steady state,  
A life where new technology  
Does not outweigh ecology.  
The will to save and not destroy  
Becomes a global drive. Enjoy  
A few projections with me now:

"Advanced research has taught us how  
To use the sun, the molten core  
Of Earth, and wind-- it takes no more  
Than these to power all our needs  
Without pollution, waste. This leads  
To weather mastery, and then  
Fresh streams and forests rise again."

Professing hope with all his might,  
Another expert says he's right:  
"Humanity will share a plan  
Affecting time beyond our span.  
Disease is conquered, even age,  
And best of all, man's inborn rage.  
At last, we should possess the grace  
To take our knowledge into space."

I'm not impressed with Ph.Ds,  
But these are sweet hypotheses!

--Glenna Holloway

TO GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

Master of sounds and symbols, you translated  
worn words into exploding experience,  
tongue-tasted, every nerve nicked with knowing,  
showing each lowly cell small glimpses  
into fissures of forever. You managed  
the majesty of alliteration between man and Maker,  
revealing in divine verses the promises,  
the premises of Heaven. No other psalmist snatched  
swatches of sea and sun to patch raveled reverence,  
rekindle awe, touch errant souls wandering arrant night.

How often can a David-kind come, transforming  
warped wonder, tarnished tones, litter of letters,  
turning it all to music, alive as twining liana?

You lift jaded mortals to look aloft  
as your words cut jewels on jagged Alps. You polish  
paling passion into prisms of lightning light  
augering the core of everything carnal, prying open  
the spirit-seed, the kestrel-winged kernel.  
You make a golden lyre of beauty's idiom  
strung with holiness. You strum it with adoration  
so mortal ears may hear reverberations  
of His creation, the assonance of His Allness.

Each line is glowing patina, mellow as old moons,  
distilled fresh and crisp as the cusp  
of a new moon. Your lyrics flow with faith  
reinforced with fire, shot with steel:  
Always allusion to the Almighty, not illusion.  
Every syllable a synonym for praise.

--Glenna Holloway

WHITCOMB TALLTHORN

We'd heard of Whit for years before we met.  
He'd been a famous woodsman and a guide  
But lost his sight, and illness gripped him yet.  
His kinsmen said he sometimes wished he'd died.

We looked him up to probe his history,  
The legends of his tribe, forgotten lore.  
He'd learned the old ways steeped in mystery,  
Still made canoes and bows of sycamore.

We went to him with patron-beggar greed,  
To pick his brain, then tip him dollarwise.  
At length, he told us patience was our need,  
And his was not our money but our eyes.

He longed for knowledge far beyond his wall  
Where modern metaphors were never known.  
He craved description, basic to us all,  
A comprehension he could call his own.

We read to Whit and swapped our fragile goods.  
Each impasse inched us toward some share-held ground.  
Through confrontations snagged in alien woods,  
He led us, never let us go around.

When man transcends his bone-imprisoned night  
To touch shore's gritty Braille or taste fresh rain,  
He opens what mere language fails to light;  
His lengthened grasp may snatch new keys from pain.

Whit paced the dark and pacified the rage  
For us, farsighted, young and keen of mind,  
Who sometimes missed the measure, lost the gauge--  
Till life re-lit with vision from the blind.

--Glenna Holloway

## HIM I KNOW

Harried and hurried humans need more  
than the Christmas babe the mangered Jesus  
haloed smiling bland  
The explorer encountered Him in a wilderness  
hairy hungry tempted  
The machinist found Him in a factory  
work-muscled sweat-shiny  
toiling with hardened hands  
The soldier met Him on a battlefield  
grimy and grim  
walking on calloused feet  
confronted by confronting  
the cannon and the carnage  
I remember Him raising His arm with a whip  
I leap to His voice commanding the sea

This Messiah and King sweet infancy past  
man-breathed His last  
and Lord-looked down  
to say "Forgive them"

--Glenna Holloway

SANDSCAPE, SOUNDSCAPE  
(Larus, assorted)

The surf is on edge today. Last night's tide hauled in miles of coastal wrack and a wreck from upstate's gale. Gull cries, now raucous as crows, pitch higher as patches of sun fall between leftover clouds. Broken light spatters wings, shatters on piles of ocean's damaged private stock, on stacks of unknown flora from far and deep, on buckets and backpacks of shell hunters.

They've haunted this shoal for years, picking through the afterstrew of storms: Birds flying in from the cays with scooping beaks to fill their crops. Shellers with prongs and buckram bags arriving on bikes. They flock the shore sharing the shrill treble of discovery.

### REFLECTING ON THE LIGHT

The Outer Banks adorn these Eastern shores:  
A beaten golden necklace hangs beneath  
Old Carolina lace on green moire,  
Cape Hatteras the sculpted amulet.

It's here the nation's tallest lighthouse studs  
The pendant-- dulling jewel, creeping cracks  
And crumbled mounting. Some say it's too flawed  
To polish back to brightness. Relocation  
Risks are high the lofty stone would topple,  
Dash its facets past repair, a waste.  
Divided, preservationists debate:  
Some advocate new jetties to protect  
The antique gem from endless seas' attrition.

No expert I, just one whose family owes  
Its life to that old pharos. We were lost  
In Pamlico, rain picketing our smack;  
The Sound was loud, its waves in argument,  
My father's efforts worth no more than foam.

Then sightlessness was stabbed with hope,  
A sudden shaft, a reaming of gray-white,  
An eerie finger pointing us to port.  
Each time it disappeared, eternity  
Set in, but light returned, and so did we.

This landmark, literal and personal,  
Like all its kind in lordly obsolescence,  
May one day lose the fight while heritage  
and history are weighed against the tide.

The price of sentiment is deemed too tall  
By many. Automated tower lights  
With radios are cheap. Loran, radar,  
Satnav move sailors farther from their homes.

Reluctantly I leave this native heirloom,  
Casting stares astern as I depart,  
My wishes wrapped in opalescent mist.  
Behind my wake that intermittent probe  
Will mark my course through every troubled dream.

## SEASCOPE

My world stopped half a country short of shore;  
my days were walled by steel and concrete-scapes  
perimetered within a steeped range  
of metamorphic rock. Each night before  
my sleep curved me in ancient shell-like shapes,  
I gazed at mauve foothills and peaks that change  
with seasons' rituals. Despite their strange  
magnetic strength that grasped me knee to nape,  
they bow to vagrant streams, succumb to green;  
their shoulders freeze beneath a borrowed cape.  
Deceived each fall with goldly glinting ore,  
they stand betrayed, decrowned and pale between  
still-sovereign heavens and the ocean's scene  
where reign is absolute and evermore.

Reluctantly I questioned my devotion  
to scarps and summit knobs that abdicate  
their thrones to vagaries of wind and rain  
or crumble in an avalanche's motion.  
A summer sea had tried to alienate  
my lofty love, persuade me to remain.  
I pulled away, pretentious in disdain.  
Once home, I thought the heights would dissipate  
the spell; the old romance would lift me still.  
But sand that dared each foot to hesitate  
and turn again toward sprays of perfumed potion,  
imprinted wavering soles with practiced skill,  
conspired with seams and souvenirs until  
my house was full of missives from the ocean.

(cont.)

Beyond the touch of tidal certainty,  
the highlands held me close another year.  
They grappled with the rival in my mind  
with cedar lances, granite fists, a spree  
of berries, mushrooms, icy springs, mule deer--  
like offerings for a queen, delights designed  
to levitate my senses, leave me blind  
to other views, a wool-dyed mountaineer.  
It might have worked if not for what I dreamed.  
One dawn I watched exploring sun-shafts veer  
from finial to spire and quickly flee  
—as I did. Without warning, all unschemed,  
I slipped from long-familiar ties that seemed  
like arms, and ran toward nothing but the sea.

All caution failed. A deeper love, my last,  
now fills my admiration's need for power:  
This savage water having many names,  
hoarding the future, harboring the past.  
Never changing, changing every hour,  
devouring storms when weary of their games  
and drowning every sun in fluid flames.  
Retreating soft then smashing back to scour  
surrendered ground. As reclaimed loans provide  
new beds for micro-denizens to flower,  
each probing noon strikes wells of life amassed  
below. White-blossomed animals astride  
the reef slow-sway the line where worlds divide.  
And mine-- complete-- has never been so vast.

## LIONESS

Your mate abdicates the role. You rule.  
You don't need that paling tan  
pooling with shade in the high weeds  
of your stealth, not even in the wadi  
or the wide-open veldt gnawed bald  
by waves of wildebeest.

You could pose bold as bird scarlet  
in any clearing; you could pause  
at the water hole to cool bright insolence  
glowing orange as monarch wings.  
Your span doesn't spin on daily choices  
between locusts in the nerve center  
and grass fire in the throat,  
doesn't wheel on trembling limbs  
bearing fear and thirst.

You don't need camouflage to raid the night,  
parting zebra stripes, stropping your fangs  
on kudu bone. You are Zeus's lightning,  
bane of the grazers, an exercise in dominion  
for your subjects never to forget their ranks  
in the realm. You are Artemis, eyes  
like arrows, ready to geld hyena or spotted cat.  
Your coat of arms should be worn, iridescent  
with pride colors: gold, silver, royal purple  
should radiate rampant where you prey.

And when at last you lie down with the lamb,  
do it in spectral splendor.

## ROSES IN THE WOODS

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half swamp, full of deadness, never owned. A haven  
for quail. Kudzu claimed slimy skeletons  
of willow, snapped off canes for its stalking  
of the stretches of good ground fleeing ahead.

One quail broke cover, crazing the silence.  
Yards away, a swatch of magenta spurted up  
like an open artery between birch bones.

It was no man's land, walking a tightrope of logs  
over redoubts of spikes, caltrops on hidden runners  
conspiring with limbs to make trip-nooses.  
Fallen branches split underfoot. Sudden pointed pain  
entered his ankle. Greenish-brown claws surrounded him.

His hands cupped battle-dyed blossoms; he hunched,  
open-mouthed like a parasite amid exploding life.  
All the blooming centered in a six foot sweep.  
Upright tufts of petals hid their stamens  
till they dropped. Untame but never wild.

He prodded for chimney bricks, foundation parts,  
a rusty plow blade, things that outlast  
dooryard ramblers. The leaf-locked shapes  
were mostly stunted broken trees, swaddled in decades  
of summers. No house ever stood.  
No trellis trained that rose the kudzu left alone.

He returned to the flowers like a dream walker.  
His probing stick struck an almost buried boulder.  
Vines quivered, tightened their defense.  
Cursing, stinging, he hacked at them with his GI knife.

Thorn-crude carving on the stone read: "Jonas J. Rosen,  
Orphan & Bachelor, 1845--1864. His only wishes--  
to rest where he fell and peace for the land he loved."

A scout perhaps. Maybe downed by a sharpshooter.  
The hunter wondered whether Blue or Gray.  
He wondered why his seasoned eyes were wet and stinging,  
and why each rose flamed out and fell--  
red-blown shrapnel for an instant,  
then soft panoply for the breached woven shield.

He loads his van and goes back now and then.  
Not for quail. To plant roses.  
There where the mapmaker quit.

Who takes and goes must return and restore. --Innuit lore

TRYING TO OUTRUN THE PROPHECY

He challenged native legends, raided fields  
at compass point, unearthed Alaska secrets,  
gauged out riches from the Great White Land.  
Then headed south, a profiteer withdrawn  
to self, retired to roses in his garden.

Unseasonal attacks of chill and rain  
have plagued his recent days and nervous nights.  
At dawn his weather radio predicts  
worse threats will strike his Eden after noon.  
He works for hours staking precious blossoms.

And now vindictive airs with gathered miles  
of driven dust and stinging Katmai ash  
pursue him with old promises. The wails  
of wolfwinds rattle myths; he tastes the silt,  
the Bering salt, the waiting North's old score.

He smells the dying salmon, wet bear fur,  
the musk of oxen; hears bald eagles screech,  
two mating pairs in flight, their talons locked,  
soaring, stalling just below the thunder.  
The hybrid rose trees on his lawn bow down.

He sees but cannot hear them break. He knows  
this cyclone, banked off granite, tundra, taiga,  
rolls its eye at him. It roughed the backs  
of auks and arctic terns to reach its goal.  
And he, no random target, cannot hide

from furies sent down from the pole. He breathes  
the oily smoke of Athabascan cookfires.  
His lungs expand on breath of rutting moose.  
He hears the cries of Tlingit fishermen,  
old grizzlies, falling spruce. He knows that he

has not escaped to count and thump his barrels,  
rattle nuggets in his calloused palm;  
inventive elements revise the ledger.  
He tries to shield his roses; quantum chaos  
gears to hold him to the augury.

(cont.)

The deconstruction force is more than vengeance  
as pollen, dander, hair of baby seals  
impose their will for what must fail and fall  
before renascence. Storms converge their sweep,  
an ancient narwhal arrowheads the gale,

becomes a swooping raptor. Manifested  
omens nail him to his garden gate,  
he feels the shuddered ground give way, its green  
succumbs to permafrost. No man eludes  
the source, no distance offers amnesty.

He must go back, as caribou return,  
born magnetized, as glaciers crack and groan  
in spring atonement for abundance. Now  
he knows he will submit, he will appease  
this gyring retribution howling triumph.

His hand, grown numb, relinquishes the roses.

--Glenna Holloway

Glenna Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville IL 60565  
630/983-5499

TO CLIO, HISTORY AS POETRY

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PENWOMAN  
Montgomery

### WALKING TO MORNING

Daybreak acquires new meaning, ice forming  
in the air, a scrim of edgy glitter  
between me and the lodge. A single tap  
could craze the sky like antique china,  
could crack the pewter pond and maybe  
my lungs. The stone chimney's exclamation  
of smoke rising above contemplated fire tongues  
pulls me back through the forest.

What hauled me out at such an hour?  
"Poets have haunted heads," said the man  
from Maine. Other winter vacationers laughed,  
toed last night's hearth, sipped espresso  
as some of us talked of Thoreau for an hour  
beside postprandial orange coals.

Pitch pines in white fur designer coats  
had signaled at my waking window, making  
their own light, sharing it with smilax  
boasting vermillion berries above new snow:  
an ineluctable invitation.  
The transcendentalist may never have left  
a bootprint here but it's his kind of place.

Metaphor, irony, verity weave me in,  
slow my steps, quicken me.  
An old lightning-bitten hickory bole leans  
its solitary death over an inanimate stream.  
Lichen-tweedled, burled, its deep-rooted stance  
communes with the creek's stymied voice.

Summer is concocted between them. Deep water  
and recycling wood make green plans  
not for themselves.

I know now why I came.

## ARTEMIS IN THE SKY ON DIAMOND POINT

She knows him from ancient astral trips,  
gauze gathered at her ballerina waist,  
ankles wrapped in strips of moonlight.  
He lifts her like a bit of cumulus,  
master of the dance that follows  
when day's end slips below  
the obsidian stage. His hunter's horn  
calls only her, her galaxy of gleam  
and spin. He leads her in the pas de deaux  
with the wisdom of his role. He grips  
his star-strung belt, strewing sparks;  
he dips and turns, the cosmic choreography  
older than silver arrow tips.

This millenium she's less the huntress,  
rounder hips, called Diana again,  
and still amused at the old tales  
that she slew him to eclipse his fame.  
Generations witness there's been  
no tropic midnight he failed to track.

Sometimes he spells his name O'Ryan now,  
posing as a mariner to misguide ships  
and amuse his lady. You'll miss his tricks,  
his astrodust and comet tail pips  
unless your eyes of glass are trained just so.

Sometimes he lays down his flashing sword,  
skips equatorial regality, and flips  
a gold coin to choose his mood.  
But she still knows the blips and tracings  
of his path across her southern dark,  
and hurries to her name warmed with his lips.

## NEFERTITI

Her name means "beautiful woman."  
Her sculptors made sure we'd agree.  
Her fame rivals most in Bronze Age lore.  
Her appearance is like an omen.

Murals glorify her form,  
paintings, statues, etchings.  
Egypt's eighteenth dynasty  
delighted in Queen Nefertiti.

Each mention of her in history  
makes us want to know more.  
Blank pages surround her latter days.  
Her ending is a mystery.

Akhenaten, her royal husband, sired  
the most exotic king of all,  
now known world-wide as Tut.  
It's said her stepson was inspired

by her. Perhaps she tutored him,  
modeled him to rule (and model  
for his sculptors too) while learning  
life behind the regal scrim.

It's not known who Tut's mother was,  
Akhenaten never told.  
But Nefertiti loved Tut as her own  
and raised him up to sit the throne.

Both Tut's and Akhenaten's tombs  
were found with all their treasures.  
No mummy, crypt or cryptic measures  
carved in stone reveal her fate.

Somehow her poem failed and faded,  
unsure rhythm, random rhyme,  
then total disappearance  
from all annals of her time.

Perhaps she trod on men's ambitious toes.  
Perhaps she gathered more than she could keep.  
Perhaps she made vindictive, jealous foes.  
Perhaps she wound up murdered in her sleep.

She flared. So bright, so brief, a wind-blown flame.  
Leaving just her beauty-- and her name.

WISHES, TEN YEARS APART

This would be a flattering place and hour  
to die  
wearing moss lace and three-inch heels  
in this balsam-green ballroom,  
a fluttering luna moth in my hair.

Here I can resist the tyranny of time.  
Here you and I can dance, always new,  
always now,  
our dance as old as the crane's shadow  
on rumpled water.  
I am forevered with the forest. My gown  
is long-leaf rain. I am the tallest red cedar,  
piercing the moon, tasting its light.  
My pores open  
for you to spin in my scent.

Midnight makes us owl eyes. Music curves us,  
makes us upstreaming salmon in its silverness.  
Such easy splendor, dying  
in the blessings of these heights.  
Never having that blistering farness to fall.

My grandmother was a water witch. She told me  
I had the hands but I never tried them.  
In dreams I dowsed with forked lightning,  
zagging down to strike riches that waking stole.

She pointed her hazelwood where reservoirs  
now provide life. I watched her arching  
over promises, chanting her origins, wearing a rosary  
of fossil bones rummaged from dregs of ice.

Tonight you and I come together in spruce mist  
where our dance first began. I begin bending.  
Early frost velvets my scars. My weathered arms  
tremble and bow in their divining. Dig here  
where our steps cross the premises of roots.

Death is answerless. The armor of sleep is thin.  
I see my war is not with years, but thingful days  
that dry up evening's sweet well.  
I will point you to earth's hidden stores.  
My living body will be your rod.

GLENNNA HOLLOWAY

913 E. Bailey Road

Naperville, IL 60565

630/983-5499

TRAVEL MONEY TIN

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AUGUSTEMBER

Last night was murky; wild moonflowers  
opened wider to make their own light.  
Tonight, fish silverying to the surface,  
ravel starshine in the cold black river.  
I try to invent another month, name it,  
hold on to summer with coppery fingertips,  
slippery like powder from a monarch's wings.  
A loon on the lake hails the coming autumn  
with two chilled notes spilled in space.

All the way home  
their treble plays my spine, imprinting  
blue ice peaks on my still warm graph.