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FANTASY IN C# MINOR FOR TRUMPET AND ORCHESTRA
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You didn't expect him here amid silk draperies and life-size
classic stone sculpture. Nobody knew where he came from
behind the fountains and topiary shapes. But when he turned,
you knew he was a trumpet man:

Son of a long, ragged line who inhaled used smoke
and applause to blow from bulging cheeks,

and the black case followers, the rolled-up bus riders
down the stretched streaking nights, who, closing
their eyes saw brass hanging over them, floating easy,
waiting hugely to be snatched and buried or at least
sabotaged for a night or two of peace and supremacy—
who saw it turn to an armored snake in jealous
helpless hands, belling laughter on three ribs,
tonguing out morning and a hangover
in some mispronounced town.

Nobody saw this loose angled one pick it up;
the instrument came like quick cell division from
his fingers, his tough lip. And the sound began:

Uncoiling slow, coming for us,
crawling into our skins, changing the texture of our bare arms.

You know that sound, mama? Nothing so
simple as heartbreak, Eili Eili,