

70% of earth is water
seas are dying

(Pressures - distorted specimens
don't reveal creatures in natural
states)

Bioluminescence in sea creatures
Chemical mixtures in creatures' bodies

some creatures release clouds of light in face of predators & flee in darkness

less than $\frac{1}{10}$ of deep sea has been explored

Biodiversity -
ecosystems
a living organism
connections between things

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.

420-7440 new church hours

Sept. ~~9/10~~ Sat. m^e 5:30

8:15 - 9:30 = 11:00

Clio + Her Sisters Queen Ruling
Top Sister Dead Muse
Clio Muses

Clio - papyrus & books

Clio Gone Ballistic

High Tech

Clio Chronicles + New Age Erato

Long ago she traded scrolls of pap.
for leather bound books.

→ Decade ago she switched
to computers while her 3 sisters
kept their ^{analog} trade. Between ^{enthusias} Clicks of
the hands, sleep, soacoms.
Clio

She collaborates with Euterpe, Erato +
Calliope for soloos

Clio Chronicles + New Age Erato

GFI

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Call for info + see the case

BB

BB the family's mother's name

BB - balloon + master

BB master

BB 2mm long 2mm

BB + 2mm 2mm

BB 2mm 2mm

from my window.

One doesn't adopt the coloring
Mice one uses with puppies or even
a new ^{born} ~~foal~~, - tricolor is inherently
not the right register; This practice
looking less well as sends ancient
authority, exercised in inherent high
rank in the natural order.

Parry poor son hung him down forely,
those shiny legs kick front &
back, son ^{older} run

copy
Inside Passage

Wishes 20 yrs.

~~Zontowai Sojourner~~

Wishes 20 years again
Place of Gentle Plyair

Look up: Tut - did Wallace see?

into thy hands... Center lyrics
you and his always in your hands
day after day
(always in His hands)
I want to stay at His death
Christ said it ~~on the cross~~
~~relinquishing his~~
~~then giving up the ghost.~~
and with my final breath
I'll join that holy heart,

No other hands will do
No other hands so true
" " one but you & Lord
Renew, Iaw; new; new; too;

Can satisfy my need.

If in the end I bleed
" " " " I waste away
I let me heed no other voice
Than out my ~~first~~ choice.
only

needs
form

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Circle - nuts, mints, dessert
Tues. 18 pie + ice cream~~

~~make hom & avocado salad 19
WC~~

burst first crossed nursed embossed
nursed need thirst immersed
emboss cross cross glass
glass loss mass sauce toss
crossed lost embossed cost
frost tossed

Each time I count another ^{base}
And try to sweep away the grass ^{loss}
and try to rise alone like's grass
My sinking heart will him ^{lift again}
I pray my Father guides me again
and guide me to embrace the ^{the} Cross
once again
in prayerful faith
as I embrace the cross.

LUKE 23
5 & THIRST

Hanging perch'd upon
A cruel cross

Came out into the desert
too long ~~I~~ felt my throat
was dry & I'd never been so
thirsty
I cried out, oh Lord I am

I lost
my
cattle
behind
while
we lay in a desert like
I raised a bunch of water
The mile back to the lodges

I forgot filled
to satisfy
my thirst
above a
desert
like
Beneath
the ground
I proceed
I drink water
a well like
a lump of burning ~~coals~~
inside my throat
throbbing
raspberry

LUXE
note Thy hands
I commend my
spirit

7 last words?

John

Behold thy son. Behold thy mother.
I thirst. It is finished.

Other 3:
M, M + L
not John

My God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Funebrae - last of Holy Week

TEN-E-BRAY

Bill Bryan
631-8724

2 hungar & Thrush

Why ~~Don't~~ Waste Time
Both to

It's an expression of being independent; a way to make the hard work — without assistance
~~#~~ honest & simple

no nothing's wasted.
It's not a waste, even if the end product is poor.

library body
at WC

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ROBERT W. HOLLOWAY

changing shape
like the sea's soft
creatures

sliding over edges
into the sea

changing shape + shade

to return, or not,

gibbous

Y2K

TIB-05

rounded but not
full moon

inner side convex

Accessions
influences

When we enter 00 for date in
Computer we think: 1900

(Computers read you by last 2)
digits.

Worlds stock market collapses
because no one can keep track
of what phones selling for
the night before.

52
as is
check
market
info
4 steps to
End of Game

End of Game

Mild Frost

(The man, the girl) relates
all hope

[~~The~~ too long rehearsed in
in ~~smashed~~ body parts
shredded human
blotted
destroyed ruined
useless mouthless

~~human~~ the man, the girl too long rehearsed
in ~~revised~~ ~~body~~ body parts ~~refutes all hope~~
~~bloody~~ all hope ~~all that's~~

~~The differences began with~~
~~Ismael & Iacob~~

The problems here date back to ~~Zorah~~
& ~~Iacob~~ Sons of Abraham
& Sarah & the maid she gave him to ~~Cared~~
sent back his ~~beloved~~
wife

~~EXODE / FREED~~ / ONE / ODE / ODD / ONE
Cove cove value BELIEVED / BELOVED

Cove blue.

ten tane dawn deon dir dice done
condore bune down
saxe value sieve

fan fen fine feign fun
filed felled failed fall fouled
fooled

shield scaled scald sculled
school scold
goge gauge

denude node nod need
veiled reviled
etude tad
felled

~~cove~~ every house is
when dark seeps in + everything is still,
all the rooms are

206 Leenes ein
lemonade
geezingly gait - old man Habib
Who Remembers Ukraine Jake

GLENNA HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Waperville, IL 60544

praise / praze / prose / prez /
bird / bard / beard / bared
hoard / six socks say socks
saheh seeks

Reard / hained / hard / hived id
hoord / head ode

bait / bat / beat / baat / bout / boot / add odd
but / boot / bit
grain / grain / green / groen
breath / bath / breathe /

thoughts that bath / both / beth / booth
found find feind fund
believed followed

bond bond bend bond
grind grind greened ground

brush brush

please plays ^{ap} place plays places
applies

nule role neel neal nail will
nile noil

sole soel sill seal

wroth wrath wreath wreath

second second sand send sinned
signed slined

wonder wonder windows winter
color caler color choler hillier ^{cooler}

see say saw sigh seu sow sue

be bay buy boy how bow

weather - either master nictar
master semester

astute estate stout

voice vice vase. zohler tubler ribler

raund ruined rained rain

walls / woss / wells / ^{A. I.} wells / usoles / uiles

wettle festle

wuffle rife woffle woffle

- 83 ~~★~~ Bruin & Montor Rev., aw.
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- 101 Mayalis Reader
- 108 Cloud Ridge Press
- 126 Desert Voices
- 133 Eighth Mountain query
- 135 Ellipsis
- 140 Epoch
- " Euangel
- 148 First Time Contest
- 159 Fugue
- 163 Ga Review B/line
- 164 Gettysburg R \$2.50/line
- 165 Gimmeback Press
- 171 Hanging Loose
- 171 Honour Press
- 171 Hippopotamus Press
- 178 Hallins Cities
- ① 199 Hotel America

- Sapine - anthology
2 days Honey contest 3/1 - 3/15
- 183 www.imagejournal.org - religious humorism
Image religious & visual \$2/lime
- 183 Ink Pot
- 190 Iowa Review McLemis Award
- 200 Knopf
- 220 Malahat Review long poem Prize
- 221 Marygold Press - contest
- 227 Meridian
- 231 Mid-America
- 244 New Criterion \$2.50/lime
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* 2604 Pavement Saw Press Chophash Dec 31
272 Phoebe - Greg Genna
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288 Poetry Canvas
301 Quarterly West
303 Rathmullan
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312 River Styx
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314 Rocky Mt. Rider
314 Rook
316 Rush
318 St. Anthony Messenger
320 Sorabande
322 Seuntee Review

- 327 Sloping Hill \$10 EF May 15
328 Slope online WEB
329 Montish Poce
331 Sigurnus
333 Am Stanford prizes 4/13/05.
333 * Southern Review
333 * Southwest Review traditional -WEB
340 Stand
340 Steel Toe Chapbook May 1
341 Tidman Review online
345 The Sun pp ok good pay *
347 Iron Sothe Chapbooks no fee *
348 Tank *
349 Synergebooks - religious writings *
350* Talent Mag
355 Thema get themes on WEB
357 Three Penny Review -WEB
358 Tidman B, Themes
358 Tiger's Eye - contest
359 Titan Press \$15 EF

- 363★ Tuonsew WEB \$50
- 371★ Virginia Quarterly Review \$5/line
- 377★ Misterly (Australia) WEB
- 380 Wild Plum WEB
- 380 Wild Violet WEB
- 382 Windstorm Creative -WEB
- 386 Winters Journal - Leipzig - Dec. 30 contest
- 388 Yellow Bol
- 390 3oo Press
- 409 Nashville Newsletter
- 405 John Wood contest 1/1/05 thru 4/1
contests
- 416 Penn. 1/15/05
- 417 Poetic License DLR
- 417 PSA 12/21
- 418 PS of VA 1/19/05
- 419 Pontoonia 3/1/05?
- 419 PSA Chapbook FF \$12 12/21 DLR
- 420-1 RhymeTime - 12/31★ \$50 + \$25 ENTRY
- 422★ Shadow Poetry 12/31 WEB - ENTRY DEC 31
Shadows Inc.

- 424 ~~7~~ J pine - chapbook EF PRO DA 10/31
- 425 Wallace Stegner? WEB Dec. 1
- 427 ~~★~~ Wengle FLOMP ~~PTAISF~~ no fee DL 8/15 - APR 1
WAR POETRY 3/1 - 5/31 WEB
- 428 Stan + Tom WICK 5/1/05
- 429 Yeats Society 2/15 ~~A~~
- 430 Zen Gordon 12/31

new poems 1 - 3 - combined

length not to exceed 500 lines

\$12 odd winners all trashy

Titles

3RD Ear + Eye

Watching the Spectrum
Listening to //
Eye in the

Collage

The Color of Love / Singing / Sound
Song

Broken Colors

Took & Listen, New Stop
Listening to the Orange & Green

Gold, Green & Gray

Pepper & Salt

Opposition Alley

Sauce & Honey

Hot Peppers

& Honey

Countermelody

to Blue

Recurring
Fever

Vi found a snake
Daddy's older
sisters

Aquarium:

Blue enamel on Steel

Star Taborian - approaching

Crucible

✓ Inside Passage

Pass
12/11
Polar
Tropic

Crucible

Opposite Axis Missing

Making Our Break "

Presenter

Cheetah MFA ✓

Aquarium

Lioness

Romancing

Stone ✓

11-729-44641
Honey

White Dr. Dow

Apple Tree
Elsewhere
Eins/Synopsis

$$\begin{array}{r} 23 \\ \times 74 \\ \hline 143 \end{array}$$

✓

Glenna Holloway
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ROMANCING THE HUMPBACKS IN RHYME ROYAL

BRINE BITCH

- History ✓
1. THE IGNIS FATUUS ✓
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 43. ANOTHER ATLANTIC CROSSING ✓
 45. LOOKING FOR BIMINI ✓
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✓ check other copies

for
seascope

Scopes for
Summer sudden twist
Stark for
Golombok
Seascope ✓
Brice
Batch ✓

Releas to the Sonnet
Shakespeare

Sagamore

Sallas last Son
overturns
opposite

He listen
with his eye
forming Powe
small drama
calmness like
Almost Forgotten Journey
Peevish butterfly
Yellowknife
Miners
Color Coded
Hopeful
Sweatgum
Critics Review
Belfast him who proposed
w Shakes.
prevalence
microcosm
Mason Neural
not of this world
During Blue

R. Stepp

ANOTHER ATLANTIC CROSSING

The dream-- or was it weariness and wine
Inventing scenes of gargoyle fantasy?
Convulsing heart, an ague in the brain,
Cathedral bells and stabs of fiery tongues,
Vignettes of naked natives, cursing Spaniards.
Canary Island trees kowtowing west
Like supplicating crones, trunks forming arches,
Hair flung down foretokening the ground--
That vision loomed so many times before,
Asleep, awake, a simmer in the soul.

Half-thoughts in swirling idiom, a stew
Of Latin, Portuguese, Castilian steeped
In seaman's argot. He wondered where he was--
Back in a yawning cradle, child again,
Or ill across a horse ignobly sprawled?
The Admiral, rising, bumped his head; the dusk
Revealed his place. His hands reflexed, he heard
The linking metal, felt its weight and wept.

The caravel was under way across
A bias-running tide. The bulkheads groaned
Disrhythmically; he languished on his bunk
To drain the tankard pressed between his palms,
His hard-won palm-lined shores lost from his grasp.

The captain of the ship released his bonds
Which he, Colón, the colonizer, true
To God and sovereigns, loftily relocked.
Let Isabella witness this injustice;
Chains would be his scepter, calumny his crown!

By day, his silence broken only by
His iron expletives against the rails,
He watched the tropic birds dive whitely hungry,
Longed to hold a quadrant to the sun.
The caravel embraced the blue winds-- his.
His route, his reckoning, unknown before
He shaped the course. Now every idle sail
In Christendom would fill with jealous greed
Of westward-bearing amateurs who sought
The East, the scoffers and the scholars who
Believed but had no spine for unmapped risks.

(cont.)

Sonnets Besides ~~specie~~
Blank rhyme & meter
Ballad The forms ~~exist~~ in this.
Villanelle collection includes blank verse
Rondeau non species in rhyme & meter
Gestend also 2 ~~forms~~ use random rhyme
Sapphics don't rhyme & meters for
single rhyme & meter
Inspired certain subjects.
Close
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Water~~ ~~★~~

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And though it never cured the warring plague,
All other Indians and white men too
Made way for this alliance and its due.

My mother polished shells to string for belts
Of wampum marking when the League was born.
When Atotarho of the Onondaga
Accepted our "Great Peace" we took him pelts

Of beaver, muskrat, tribute to his rank,
A mighty chief, important to the cause.
I wore hawk feathers just to celebrate;
My beaded sash design proclaimed the date.

Five Nations, lodged in one symbolic longhouse,
Put ancient feuds aside for common good.
Against the French, the Hurons, even time--
Five Nations stands as none has ever stood.

~~for Books~~ Fence Books

17

- 61. MOONWATCH, FLOODWATCH
- 62. THE ROAD NOT FINISHED
- 63. SOLAR VOYAGE *Tetraorchid*
- 64. THE TRUTH ABOUT POEMS *make copy*
- 65. UPSTART IN A STETSON
- 66. CHEETAH, MASTER OF FINE ARTS *Cheetah*
- 67. SECRET THINGS *still*
- 68. WAITING ROOM
- 69. AQUARIUM
- 70. HEADING HOME FOR THE NEXT ASSIGNMENT
- 71. THE BEST THING MY FATHER DID WAS LIE
- 72. SEMANTICS
- 73. A PLACE OF GENTLE MENDING
- 74. VILLANELLE IN IRIDESCENT GRAY *still*
- 75. TESTAMENT *Villanelle*
- 76. THE TRUTH ABOUT POEMS *still*
- 77. BEAR & BEEHIVE *Something to Morning*
- 78. To Whom It May Concern *still*

79. *The Truth About Poems*
80. *Cheetah*

81. *To Whom It May Concern*

82. *Something to Morning*

83. *Bear & Beehive*

84. *Testament*

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243. *Cheetah*

244. *Waiting Room*

245. *Aquarium*

246. *Heading Home for the Next Assignment*

247. *The Best Thing My Father Did Was Lie*

248. *Testament*

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304. *Waiting Room*

305. <i

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville IL 60565

August 8, 2008

Dear Editors:

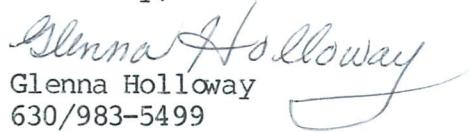
Among other major awards, my poetry has won a Pushcart Prize and a \$7,000 fellowship from the Illinois Arts Council. It has appeared in NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; GEORGIA REVIEW; GRAY'S SPORTING JOURNAL; THE FORMALIST and more than a hundred other publications. I now have material for two themed books, one to be titled NEVER FAR FROM WATER, approximately 66 pages, and the other about nature, mostly animals and a few interesting plants, approximately 57 pages. I'm also a published photographer and I'd like to illustrate the latter collection with exceptional color shots. Tentative title: CLOSE FOCUS. I spoke with the managers of several National Park gift shops and they said the nature book would sell well.

I write in many voices: male, female, child, and in free and formal verse, feeling that the subject often dictates the form.

Would you care to see samples or either of the manuscripts?

Sincerely,

Glenna Holloway
630/983-5499



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PO BOX 31655 • SAN FRANCISCO • CA • 94131-0655
www.alehousepress.com

July 2006

Ms Glenna Holloway (185)
913 E Bailey Rd
Naperville, IL 60565-1652

Dear Ms Holloway:

Congratulations! We are pleased to announce the selection of your poem "Status Report" for publication in the 2007 inaugural issue of *Alehouse*. In all, we received more than six hundred and fifty submissions through our 2006 Happy Hour Poetry Awards Contest. We are honored by your generous participation.

All accepted submissions, yours included, will be forwarded to our preliminary judges who will then determine a short list of finalists. Finalists will then be sent to our final guest judge. Currently, the judges' names are kept confidential to prevent any chance of impropriety.

Winners of the 2006 Happy Hour Poetry Awards will be announced later this autumn and, at that time, mailed their prizes. Winners will be listed in the 2007 issue of *Alehouse*, which will be mailed to you prior to our official release date in January.

Please fill out, sign, and return the enclosed release form by August 15th, and please provide a brief bio to be edited for available space. We thank you again for your participation in the 2006 Happy Hour Poetry Awards and for your generous support of *Alehouse*.

All The Best,

Jay Rubin

Jay Rubin
Editor, Alehouse Press
editor@alehousepress.com

Thanks Again

COPY WINGING IT

P.S.: If you haven't already done so, would you please email me a copy of your poem. When you do, please include your name (and the number beside your name up above) in the email subject window.

Madison Rev. Phys. Young 217
Manifold Press 221
Monolith Books 220
Mass Review 225
Meadowbrook
Menard
Wellen 224

not "theoretical" to say that the actual mechanism of aging is still theoretical, and that we have no way of knowing exactly what it is. But it is clear that the mechanism must be a very complex one, involving many different processes, and that it is not yet fully understood.

The most interesting aspect of the mechanism of aging is probably the fact that it is not just a gradual process, but that it is also dependent upon the environment, and that it can be influenced by various factors such as diet, exercise, and stress.

For example, it has been shown that the diet of older animals affects their rate of aging. In fact, it has been shown that the diet of older animals can even reverse the effects of aging, and that they can live longer than younger animals.

It is also known that exercise can delay the onset of aging, and that stress can accelerate the process. These factors, along with diet and other environmental factors, all play a role in determining the rate of aging in an individual.

single man

single man

Michigan Quarterly Review

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E-mail: mqr@umich.edu • Phone: (734) 764-9265 • www.umich.edu/~mqr

May 16, 2007

Dear Glenna:

Good to hear from you again! I wish I could say yes to any of these poems but I felt that in each there was some rhetorical problem that kept me at a distance, more often the diction but sometimes the thematic structure, which remained inconclusive though successfully diagnostic. I'm sorry to be negative again and hope we can make contact on other work in the future. Meanwhile, best wishes for your writing this spring and summer.

resent
new work
8/13/07

Sonny Goldstein

Judy Lowe, Poetry Editor
Stone Forum

CSM

107 New St.
Boston M 02115

NOT JUST ANY CARD

Aunt Anastasia drove 700 miles
to take her place in the deathwatch
with Jack and me and our old dog.
"Don't let her in," said her favorite nephew,
my husband, when I told him she was coming.
He called her the Queen of Clubs for her lack
of tact, her bluntness. "She'll advise me how
to die, instruct me on eternal protocol,
drill me in the correct address of angels.
Then she'll move her marble bust
from my old desk to Jack's new one,
and put the dog's cushion in the yard."
We shared a chuckle, then she arrived
to prove him right.

She told our son he was improperly dressed
for the occasion. Proudly I watched him
not verbalize the retort in his eyes.

Bedside she bid and trumped until
the impatient patient feigned sleep. She made
a list of things I should do. I insisted
she get some rest after her long trip.
Jack firmly escorted her to the guest room.

My husband and I were dealt another hour,
a final royal flush. You might say Aunt A
was the ace. Our joker king died laughing.

WAKING WALK

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 the trees,
emanating from 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
signaled at my wake-up 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 long range green plans
not for themselves. Thoreau would pause here.
I know now why I came.

"...two solitary strollers did not for a moment think on coincidence, that unswum stream which lingers at a man's elbow with every crowd in every town." --The Picasso Summer, Ray Bradbury

THE BEHOLDER'S EYE

For thirty-five years he starred her
on imagination's lavish stage, the heroine
of levitating scenes, eye level
against a gray highway, flitting across
a newspaper, a diorama under the shower spray.
Producer, director, still wanting to co-star.

He didn't question that she still looked twenty,
or other anomalies, never updated the script.
After each performance he felt somehow closer
to the pastel denouement of boy gets girl.

Vacationing in the mountains, his wife
antiquing down the road, he Sunday afternooned
at a small art museum, pausing to revile cubists
for being blind to beauty. His eyes tripped over
a painter's signature. The love of his life
had married some guy with that common name.
This one was the show's featured artist; his
collection of nudes defaced the east wall.

The visitor moved toward them. Clumsy lines grated
against each other, crashing colors tightened
his jaws. A framed newsclip hanging nearby likened
the artist's style to Picasso's, applauded
the interpretations of his wife. The words
surrounded a black and white photo of the couple.

The visitor shook his head. Ugly old woman,
no wonder he painted her that way.
Worst kind of escapism. Alteration of truth
and pretense of alternative glory.

The artist, early for the wine and cheese reception
at 5, sidled up to the frown in front of his work.
"Tell me what you think of it," he said.

The visitor did. They conversed. Other guests
drifted by. To keep it polite, the two men enacted
the card swapping ritual. Outside, the first man
saw he'd been talking to the painter himself,
shrugged and flicked the card in a bin. Inside,
the artist stared at the card in his hand.
Can't be but one name like that, he thought.
No wonder she didn't marry him.

PORTRAIT OF A BALLET DANCER

But I never posed for a painter in my life!
She almost said it aloud as patrons wandered
the gallery. The guard's gaze returned, paused.
He looked disturbingly like someone she knew
but couldn't place in any remembered context.

She stood before a large oil on canvas--
competent--limited palette--ivory with ocher
and rose madder: A ballerina-- one girl, two images--
her being, her existence in well-stroked pigment,
the other one nude in the full-length mirror, sidelong
glancing at the viewer, not altogether constrained
by angles and margins of the looking glass-- reflecting,
all right, but not the subject's perfect plie...

The girl visiting the gallery studied the mirror face,
and the ingenue smile of the subject rehearsed in cues,
applause, dimensions of tulle. Her warm finger touched
both figures, affirming, rejecting, trembling.

Who could have seen? Who knows so much?
Did some camera jock sneak in the dressing room
and-- She searched again for a signature.
Behind her, the guard made a noise in his throat.
Had he noticed? Had any of the other people?

"The artist is Luke Tanager," said the guard softly.
"The painting is on loan. Not for sale."

"Who's Luke Tanager? No one ever had permission
to paint me. How can I get in touch with him?"

"What makes you think it's you? Are you such a liar?"

"Who is the liar? Subject or artist?"

The man turned to go. "Maybe you invented yourself
unfinished. Maybe your halves never met. Maybe
the artist found your lost directions for assembly.

Truth is not far away. Look into her-- deeply--
the one whose eyes you can't see."