

AWAKENING

Now that it's no longer true,
I can bear to say it: For years
my most memorable moments were spent
outside
a jewelry store window in Chicago
looking
at a piece of Australian black opal,
green, red and blue simmering
softly in its dark core.
From a certain angle, lightning struck
and the colors collided and crazed.
Overwhelmed,
orange and pink shivered, flared
inside where something reveled
in its experience with fire.

One day you taught me to love--
the agape kind for others, and slowly,
another kind for you.
You pulled sounds out of guitar strings
just like the opal looked. And I felt
rocketing lights when you touched me.

Now the place for keeping my memorables
expands
with a vaulted ceiling. I blink
at the jewels in my trust,
knowing
the secret wealth is mine to share
with you-- a solar celebration
where once was only black.

—Glenna Holloway