

Your cadence hurries blood and leads us on,
Your tongue attracts then strands your lovers, opens
Doors to weary puzzles hung in shadows.
Drunk on the taste, the sea-blown sound of words,

You laid aside your compass, let them lead.
Sometimes they beached you tenoring their lyrics,
Your drowning mind uncertain what to keep.
Beneath those waves, the two-legged bait was you.

And yet for all your flaws, you keep us coming
Back. You trip us with those hidden nooses,
Dare us troll again where we can't see--
To plunge with sharper hooks and deeper eyes.

Dear Dylan, from your weedy earthy banks,
Surrealistic colors mix with music
Despite the alien notes no scale contains.
Perhaps no one should ask for more than that.

--Glenna Holloway