

Finally, the best article is "The Making of an Angel." I had favored the article, "Touching," as the best until I realized that three times during my reading of "The Making of an Angel" I found myself crying. Then I remembered the words of Frederick Buechner to pay

attention to those things that bring tears to your eyes, and then I knew that "The Making of an Angel" was the best article--no matter how much I liked "Touching." The winner is an essay about greatness of soul--the possibility (and fact) of high human dignity and the actual accomplishment of great dreams being fulfilled. The reader knows that he also is summoned to raise his sights and strive to do better than he has been doing and seek to develop strength of character and purity of heart.

LITTLE GIRL GONE

Maybe it was a trick mirror from an old carnival
stretching her tall, taller than I.

Looking right at her I didn't see it—
only when I stood behind and gazed unblinking
into the hard shimmer of our daily reflections.

There where surface ripples rounded her
and blueely defined my eyes twice, my walk,
she spent all summer.

The strange image grew stronger,
passed into the parallax, and only mine
stared back from the tilting frame,
pale and unfamiliar. I turned my back.

Now ahead I see a woman in a glossy gown.
She holds a gilded looking glass
and calls for me to hurry.

SEEING DARKLY FOR NOW

Off tomorrow's starboard
the morning's wings bud pink
beneath the brow of the moon
and the sun's opening eye. We've come to launch
our own first light from sundry planes
layered with homemade flight plans.
We are long past the wax and feather era
if not the disabling myths
but in our rising aura
we plod against the pull as earth inhales.
Our probing beams waver,
pale against the vastness. Oblique rays
ricochet off melted sapphire mists;
facets of obsidian night reflect
our flawed designs and opaque facts.
Yet for all our yawing, for all the slipstream
flowed across the way of our species,
there is a certain contact,
a benison-bright apogee
our inner spaces are programmed to compute.
And having gained it once, we complete
a holy circuit, imprinting our imperfect cells
with codes and coordinates
for our collision course with eternity.

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THE LEE WALDROP ROLLER WRITING CONTEST
sponsored by the National League of American Pen Women
Black Hills Branch

JUDGES CRITIQUE: (Poetry)

Achieves Purpose	Needs Improvement	Comment
Subject		
Aptness of title		
Imagery		
Impact		
Appeal		
Flow		
Notable Aspects <u>20 Honorable Mentions in first batch,</u> <u>but Only 10 places awarded</u>		
Major improvement needed		
Competition rating		

THE HUNGER MOON

Summer is sweet on the tongue,
soft on the shoulders as kachina clouds,
ephemeral as Muingwa's shades of green.

Yesterday when the sun centered on my roof,
the red-tailed hawk reeled round the hot yellow
forcing shut my eyes, tightening his circle
and hurling down his cries on my doorstep.

He is back with the dawn.
Down and down he throws his keening *good*
like splinters of cold.
The hawk is a prophet of the hunger moon:
The time of no more corn, when the deer goes,
making no tracks to a place no man ever finds.
And before he sleeps, the great bear
eats bark and things that crawl.

None of us will starve nor will the hawk.
For me, famine is of the spirit
while the body fuels on dried fare
and sweets that come in jars.
The wings are first to wither, *) true*
then the deep singing.

Someday I will follow the hawk. I will climb
past wilding mounds of dead-gold buckwheat.
My foot will rattle shards of ancient lava,
startling a pika into range of beak and talon.
I will face the he-wind
angering in the cinder cones,
prying at broken shadows of the sacred peaks.

There in the secret heights I will master
the proper maintenance of wings.

2nd Place

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Tailless
hawk-like
man

SALES FIGURES

Hot-wired for sound and motion, Hendrix sat in the outer office already tasting every word he and the man inside would serve. Two of his own kind waited in tan lounge chairs near Hendrix. They had traded small nods as each entered the arena. The clan was thinning. Once there would have been four or five grinning their clean-shaven double-breasted confidence at their rivals. Once they warred sportingly. Now it was kill and eat if they could. Lately Hendrix woke all hours of the night, a weird feeling in his chest or belly or down his spine, always trying to scrape sleep back over it till time to bathe and cologne the reek of failure.

Every morning he put on his well pressed lies, emulsioned the kink in his colon and headed out again to another reception cubicle, ten-by-ten designer spaces for people who worried their ties and wearied their creases. Now he declined the presiding blonde's offer of coffee, thinking about the clown in the inner office, imagining him swiveling around in his imported smoke chrysalis between his Wall Street Journal, his damn computer and his crystal decanter. Hendrix toyed for awhile with the idea of a clone or two of himself he could send to the other chambers he must visit; they could all finish in time for a golf match. One of them would have to win that at least.

He didn't play much anymore except when a client preferred to say "no" over the back nine. The embroidered bottom line of the executive encounter was always the same, over drinks, over lunch, over fair-traded joke stock. And however cerebral, handsomely holstered or steel-jacketed in necessity, it was always a scorching stinking lead slug NO going straight to the gut.

The inside door opened, ejected the first salesman, pale and older: The indecent exposure revolted Hendrix. The man lurched out into the corridor. The second salesman, suddenly infected by the same germ, lumbered to his feet mumbling, "You think he forgot his overcoat?" The blonde looked irked. "Maybe he's coming back," said Hendrix, vowing never to let anyone see like that into a torn opening. The second salesman gathered up the coat; they all heard the shot in the hall. Only Hendrix was sure what it was.

THE FORGIVEN

The seedling cedar
We hoed down in the herb bed
Now shades our fear of old age.

It grew beneath sage and basil
And basil, it's strength unseen
Till we returned from summer.

VIBRATIONS

Perfection is white
The equal presence of all
Colors in the spectrum's blends.

By wave lengths each sends
Invitations to our eyes
As they divide the sunlight.

Glenna Holloway (C) 1984
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

22 lines

UNDERSTUDY

Glenna Holloway

Long before we encountered the womb
and ventured out into the arena of death
for this short apprenticeship we serve
between cycles, I remember being
part of a vein of kaolin, a waterfall,
a jacaranda tree. And you and I met at intervals—
you an atom of mauve jade, of cycad, you
in a summer storm touring the temperate zone.

But can you recall our awesome journey
from the red giant's fiery outback
or did we dull that facet
in the velvet void, slough it off
our sensors in the silent spinning?

There was enough to ponder
in the cooling crevice, the twinning cell.
And I know all knowledge and skill
is saved somewhere without waste,
nothing stored in anonymity,
no unsigned contributions to final perfection.

Perhaps we deposit the overburden of memory
in arcane vaults sealed with imploded time
until the stage is set to bring us back to stardom.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60540
(C) 1981

AFRICAN SYNOPSIS, THE BAOBAB TREE

Glenna Holloway

Morning:

A ragged inkblot against the sun
erupts like a geyser into crazed sky.
Zigzag in slow motion
a black quill
returns to tangled branches of calligraphy.
Limned roots that grew bark
and aspired to heaven
lurch upward to await the twilight embrace
of winged exclamations who won it.

Afternoon:

Berserk lines on vellum-glare
spell an ancient theme
of heathen heat blanching the horizon.
Daily elephants edit details;
warped shade colors lion prints.

Evening:

Reunited on the moon's page,
birds and boughs compose
cryptic verses of silence
rising above
the voices of the veldt howling hunger.

Glenna Holloway
913 Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60540

AFRICAN CHRONICLE, THE BAOBAB TREE

Glenna Holloway

Morning:

A ragged inkblot against the sun
erupts like a geyser into the red-crazed sky.
Zigzag in slow motion
a black quill
returns to tangled branches of calligraphy.
Limned roots that grew bark
and aspired to heaven
lurch upward to await the twilight embrace
of winged partners who won it.

Evening:

Reunited on the moon's page,
birds and boughs compose
cryptic verses of silence
rising above
the voices of the veldt howling hunger.

First Place

END OF AN ERA: THE BALLAD OF BALEFUL BAY

At the Great Auk Inn at Keelsontown,
The old salts toast the warlock winds,
Then tell their tales of love and sails
And watch the birds dive down.

The sea composes its threnodies
For a green-eyed girl, Maureen,
A clipper ship, the Petrel,
And a captain caught between.

His name was Jason Wesley Woods;
He owned that sailing ship.
He ran her tight and record fast,
Packed full of trading goods.

His name was soft like a sleeping surf,
But his will was anchor strong.
Maureen always feared his fancy tongue
And his eyes when he looked too long.

She fled but he caught and kissed her well.
"I've vowed to be rich," he said.
I'll ply every port from here to hell,
But I must have you in my bed.

"You'll see a new world on your wedding trip,
You'll get a new feel in your feet.
You'll learn the ship with your ears and your nails
As you lean from the Petrel's rails.

"I'll teach you to handle both her and the crew,
To respond to the wings of the sea;
With rhythm as heathen, caresses as light,
I'll teach you to love only me."

She wrenched from his arms and tried to unspell
Them both, harshly chastened her heart,
For her mind was as fixed as a buoy bell
Long before a boy hastened her heart.

She forced her gaze where a wave came to break,
For this was no boy but a man—
As tall and as sure as his Petrel's masts;
She was swamped like a skiff in his wake.

"Oh sailor, go follow the farthest tern,
My father invented your creed.
He lured my mother out there where she died;
I know all about your breed.

"You'd bring me squid and a stillborn child
With your nets and sails to mend;
Serpent horizons of swallowed stars,
But my cage would never bend.

"I'll wait for a man with bags of seed
For the sureness of the earth,
Where salt from sweat and not from spray
Weighs up a good man's worth."

Maureen stayed long on the fog-struck beach
With fringes of foam round her knees
While staring for years at each square-rigged ship
Slipping in on the morning breeze.

She heard the Petrel went down in a gale;
She swam far beyond the shoal
As gulls were skimming quicksilver patrol
There where the tide runs pale.

At the Great Auk Inn at Keelsontown,
The old salts toast the warlock winds
Then tell their tales of love and sails
And watch the birds dive down.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565
(C) 1982

ACT VI AT ROWLAND HOUSE

The continuing love story of Rosalind and Orlando
from As You Like It by William Shakespeare

Rosalind My dear Orlando, did you never once
 Perceive beneath the clumsy umber
 On my face the porcelain pores of woman?
 The lack of lurking beard to match my wit
 And worldliness? The coarse-culled shepherd girl
 Espied my subtle hue and turn, then fell
 In love. Yet you, already lover, failed
 To feel vibrations from the very self
 You claimed had conquered you. How could it be?

Orlando Ah, sweetest bloom, my head remained on that spot
 Where first I dropped my jaw and gazed. My all
 Became a thrall to space you warmed, to grass
 Your small foot blessed: A hollow man
 Sans faculties is not observant or sane.

Ros. And yet, should not the countenance which made
 Him thus be the shock to whisk him whole
 To any country street or foreign hill
 By dint of eyes and smile when met?
 Imprinted as you were, it should have hit

cont.

Like lightning, made you gasp my name despite
Disguise. Didn't you detect a likeness?

Orl. Well yes, of course, fair swan. I thought you brother
To my goddess first. Then your guiling talk
Revoked my eyes, led me into fantasy.

Ros. You now admit your role required thought and eyes
Who just before vowed such possessions lost.
And since they truly weren't, good husband mine,
Then tell me, are you always gulled by guile?

Orl. I wasn't ready for it from a boy.

Ros. Again we see your eyes in use. My voice—
Did not my lilt and pitch betray the same
That first had left you speechless? My notes
Resolve no manly chord, no matter how
I lower the scale, yet plucked no knowing string,
No sympathetic bell was struck in you...
And don't plead loss of hearing. We've established
All the talk your ears received, Orlando.
Why, any man should know what doublets hide
Is realized in hose. My curve of calf
Was never granted boy! It takes a dolt
To practice wooing minus any concept
Of the wooed, however improvised.
A dullard would have guessed my prisoned hair,
My silken hand. I must have been past a fool
To feel your credibility would mend

With marriage. I should have cast my irises
On Jaques. He has a drollsome share of brightness.

Orl. Don't lament your lot, rare gem, you're mine
And I am yours. What happened in the woods
Was fate. We're calmer now, released from plot
And ploy of Hymen's vassals in the spring.
I forgive the cruel play you led me in;
You forgive my lapse of sensitivity.

Ros. What? You forgive me? Dear sirrah, no flaw
Have I presented you! Just righteous girlhood
Wasted on a barn-boy. Would that my Maker
Had freed me in the realm of choice. My fret
Is not with Hymen but stupidity...
And now I sniff the perverse Will that paired us,
Kept me captive in a narrow biased pen...
Perhaps your brother Oliver would make
A better match for me— Mature, well-schooled,
Repentant of his villainy, so wise...
And you could have my cousin Celia.

Orl. Enough! Do recall our meeting, madam,
Was a wrestling match in which I felled
The well-known champion. I later killed
A lion and you swooned. Likewise I'll break
All suitors you encourage, and if needs,
Shall pinion you to flutter like a fern
Amid the forest refugees, beckoning
Like lace, but foot-bound to the master stalk.

My craw, too, recoils at our Creator's tongue
And cheek. Those viscous verses mouthed and treed,
My furnace sigh, my sickly public whine.
The audience has grievance as do we.
His comedy has cadence, but thin swill
To intoxicate belief. He staged us all
As fools. Now we've slipped his ancient hold;
Still, you and I are aptly met and mated.
Thus we'll stay, though fashion bids us switch.
I'd rather keep your passion for myself.
Lasting this long, we can go the gamut.
Your brine-cured tool encased in satin roseblush
May sand me to the luster you desire.
Meanwhile content yourself with brawn that won
Your lusty favor. Oliver is flabby,
And Jaques a wet-nosed dreamer. We deserve
Each other, shrew of Arden. Speak no more,
For by my ardor flexed around your throat
Forsooth, that's the way I like it!

DIVING WITH DOLPHINS IS RHYME ROYAL

I watch our boat plow ripe Bahama blue,
Collecting dolphin dorsals in the froth-skids.
A dozen parentheses arch on cue,
Rollercoastering alongside just like kids
Loose in a midway; unimpressed by grids
And charts, they trail confetti-glitter high
And volley fragment suns into my eye.

The salty core of my Aquarian dream:
To slither like a seal through silky warm,
Awaking dozing bigeyes. Their red stream
Will point the way and fling a fiery storm
Of living arrows, cross the scooping form
Of undulating outriders— what a pair—
Pagliacci faces grinning us a dare!

And now the dream is real for we are here;
Increasing time each day the sea is home.
The flanking porpoise escort pushes near,
Suspecting us for wetbacks, monochrome
Against a beige and turquoise catacomb,
Who crossed their borders with rigged passports
And alien marques to dabble in their fortes. *

Our bubble wake is coded melody;
Each globule rises to a treble staff
Of long-reached elkhorn branching like a tree.
Green conveys whole notes from sonic graph
To ears attuned to each breath's epitaph.
High coral altars bless the tithes of sun
While poems flow from reeftop Helicon.

*

This use of forte is not pronounced for-té, but does indeed rhyme with port. Hate to mention it but judges have twice made marginal notes indicating they were unaware that this is correct.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

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TORERO

Incarnadine dawn came before Santos slept.

Day of the corrida!

A dark mountain sprouting stiff red and yellow flowers
and reverberating thunder waited behind his lids. Always
he must strike lightning into a certain crater
between the damp ridges before thunder passed him through.

Early to the rites of preparation, steeping
in the vow to avenge his brother Miguel.

Early and long before the Virgin.

Hot laughter with his comrades, fear cased in brocade,
superstition buried in colors of scorn.

He had even looked at his bulls and learned
one was kin to the hooking horn-wise brute
who routed Miguel's soul with a splintered bayonet.

Last notes of La Virgen de la Macarena flared from trumpets,
edded through his heated head, followed by shrill corkscrews
pulling the cuadrillas into the circle of ferret eyes.

A thousand prisms on his shoulders ignited.

The circle hailed his name, caressed it. Something—
treble breeze pitched to the trumpets perhaps—
hissed his name.

The two flashing semaphores flanking him

cont.

were silent, fierce-smiling their aficionado faces.
His name wound back in the bell of a horn or the wind's mouth.
The musicians played with too much pathos today;
it was better when they blasted, ponderous and bawdy,
like pompous heralds of Caesar.

"Dios, we have a gale," growled an assistant,
"we will have to drown the capes!"
The wind examined the folded colors, the hair of men and horses.
"Please, Santos, don't work so close,"
his banderillero pleaded, "don't get bull blood
on your belly. You're here, it is enough."
Layers of eyes probed Santos's pores;
the wind stuttered his name.
"They'll get their money's worth," was all he said.

Santos did not hear hoofs pulverizing sand,
sounds of the watered cape, the olés.
His bull was a mountain, an armed freight train,
blood-mate to Miguel's damaged and devious one.
Santos heard only wind instruments deciding his dance,
heard distilled energy humming his mind like wires,
then the racking thrust of his will arcing the ring, entering
the pic, bracing it against picador temptation to twist
and steal the best of his bull.
A trilling time-jam, a man unhorsed,
then he heard the blessing, the God-lonely bugle
retiring the picadors, trailing the man-animal cry
of all who live awhile in the center of the centrifuge.

He placed his own banderillas, planted them close,
claimed only shallow blood and hide enough to hold.
Santos watched the adorned idol raised from a Minoan frieze
size the arena, bobbing yellow bouquets against his blackness,
already knowing there was talent without latent flaws,
already certain this bull would not covet the quarter
where he quenched his horn in a picador's horse.
He saw him suddenly a handsome pander, tantalizing,
parading— saw himself the same, the two of them
in irresistible collusion, peddlers
of a nebulous puzzle, some dark matching piece
for the small jagged niche behind the ferret eyes.

Santos took the sword and muleta for the last act, the faena.
Wind snatched the cardinal cloth, exposed his hiding,
but this toro chose greatness. Waited. Shared.
The pase de la muerte fed the rising circle of fever,
flared the ferret eyes. Santos designed a new pass:
Slow ballet of cerise wing and silver pivot—celebration,
black muscle mass, turning, winding wide
to spare his partner's spine. The pimping wind bared him,
bored into a brief shimmering hate for Miguel
and his curving tricks to crimp his bulls' backs.
The wind gasped, held its breath, puffed away thought,
gusted between passes, reeled around the circle gone hoarse.

Let no ears or tail be taken from this bull;
if the other ubiquitous beast wished to bestow trophies,
nothing less than a trident of horns

and the point of his maleness would do. Again Santos heard his name; the bull smeared by, redding his spangles, honing his primal senses on horn, the memory of it stored in his scars, stench, bone-rattling sideswipe. And the bovine voice of another avenger.

For all his years of bulls only Santos spoke, his fluent muleta commanding the charges, punishing the pale-hearted, persuading the worthy ones of their chances to paint their eager points, telling them at length to bow their heads for the offering, the ritual communion. Veronicas ago Santos would have laughed. Or called it a prank of weariness or wind. Did Miguel's bull declare aloud his name?

Santos spat dust from his mouth. He must not succumb to overawe. This was el toro de bandera every true bullfighter hoped for— measuring the man, rationing his rage, keeping his courage and form to the end. The matador could do no less. Nostrils and eyes streaming grit, he sculpted the short cape, made it vault, caress, made it flow. Signs shredded off the walls; he defied the blowing, moving to the brass song in his brain. Perfect parones, spinning, people-thunder, levitating.

Pase de pecho. Perfect. Bull dancer and minotaur.
Time reverted then raced back. Stumbled. Coiled.
Santos sighted down his sword.

A bull to take recibiendo— the ultimate tribute and risk,
waiting like a figurine, committed to that stand, waiting
for the deified charge to sink the espada,
holding down the triangle head with serge on a stick,
leading it past his sledging chest, trying to remember
the kill would be for Miguel.

The cloth swung forward, beckoned.

The bull came. Santos leaned over the horn with a name cry,
rescued his lungs by a sequin, feet still as stones.

A flawless execution

except steel and bone collided; the blade bowed and sprang
out of its hot sheath, out of crazed thunder.

The withered flower patch bloomed with new crimson;
the bull mastered desperate legs, stilled
his flailing tongue on the taint in his mouth.

Santos refused to heed his wrist, the shrieked advice
to descabello. He retrieved his sword, cursing.

The centrifuge screamed and silenced unheard;
the air churned rabioso. He made himself calm
in his bowl of sweat and whiplash chill.

"We will have total perfection, eh, Diablo?"

A bugle played in his head, an aviso.

The bull summoned him,
waiting like his bronze kind on the parapet,

posing his invitation low and silent.

Sun-flashes along the edge of the ^{sword} estoque, rolling
images, icons of the Virgin, faces of his brother,
el toro his brother. Santos moved to the blossoming spot,
light with new speed. A bright swatch
of last Sunday's poster of Miguel
spiraled into the matador's eyes.
Triumphant horn raised and steel drove down,
compounding the arch. Santos heard
the wind, heard them fall together, heard time unhinge.

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

CHEETAH

I've released you in full color
from my camera, from my sketchbook, even uncollared you
from dark Egyptian tombs. Now draining my sienna palette,
you refuse to keep your paper context;
unhampered by layers of super-polymer
you complete your spotted streak across the papyrus
on my easel. Your dissident design brushes past
my stroke, tracking shadows in my studio,
haunting the old passageways, hunting
the presiding Tomcat, the drab native mouser
who may not submit to your dynasty.
Shoulders knotted like Osiris's fist, your precedent
pushes into dimensions not dealt with
in pigments or even the bas-relief of kings.
I warn benighted Tom of your Isis eyes coming,
your speed matched with light, and hope
he hunches himself in a small niche of time
you can't enter with your leggy serpent length,
your heathen haunches and expletive head.

Confrontation comes spitting sudden:

Arranging himself on a vacant pedestal, Tom bristles
his long lineage, his black leopardship. Smoothing
the smug cap of Ptah he arcs down sovereignty
from ankh eyes.

Below, the grudging cheetah, frieze-groomed,

cont.

slow blinks and tail-tips

distant recognition to her high flown kin.

It is the artist confronted: You've both made your points.

I close the paints and reach for the sculpting tools.

Proxy Tom translates hieroglyphs of motion and muscle,
transmits himself to my clay, rehearses me augur and clue.

At last the main event: Nothing is lost—

Cheetah, you're free— but mine!

Glenna Holloway (C) 1983
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

PUEBLO GIRL AT RIVERSIDE

Glenna Holloway

Blue Corn stared at her hand now gloved in slimes
and evil smells that made her back away.
Her mother had related smiling times
along this bank where she had dug white clay.
Blue Corn was glad she couldn't see it now,
for potters love the earth, this was a sin.
This hand was from a horror film. Oh, how
could people kill their river? He was kin!
A cousin to their kind, their ancient dreams—
Now host to noxious networks spewing scum,
receiver of the progress-laden streams,
the dregs of greed— depraved viaticum.
Someday the town must answer to a judge—
perhaps unknown mutations bred in sludge.

WAS THERE A CHILD NAMED YOU OR ME?

Were there really
satin-green bugs with wire-hairy feet
that made current zigzag down your spine
when you closed them in your palm?
Was there a vine that grew valentine leaves
and mini-potatoes for doll plates?
And easy-to-break chocolate rocks with insides
like sugar compelling your tongue to the test?
Were there tiny tunnels in the suntanned meadow
where you fished for pale humped "camels"
that bit and held the spit-and-mudball-baited stems
of fescue? And farther on, a waiting pond flocked
with yellow-green paisley that hid small swimmers
trading tails for legs? And wilding wispy smells
each matched in your mind with a color...

When was it over,
that swift season of knowing
and being
all there is
eye level in the grass?

Or is it a dose of strained fancy
force-fed beneath the sanded surface?
But wasn't there for sure a certain crouching path
where you couldn't see ahead and you backed off slow,
tightened by little corkscrews of warning in your middle?
Still— the field tilted and swayed—
somehow you went that way without knowing.
The soft fronds closed behind you
and the brambles made you shield your eyes.

*I really loved
this poem, Glenna!
Gilda*

Glenna Holloway (C) 1983
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, IL 60565

19 lines

COMMUTER TRAIN RIDERS

Let all the habitual passengers know
in the dark of their heads that the 8:15 will pile
jackknifed and jagged in a ditch tomorrow; leave
Gabriel feathers on their doorsills so they're sure.
Some will ride it anyway, unable to crack
their molds, ratcheted to their private reels,
racked on indelible rails in sweat-fitted hides.

Knowing now, knowing it in spades,
they rattle their loose change, dash pale
from center to corner, mouths working.
They make long fingernail tracks
on the sides of their pits, finally
fall back to eat and drink. One reads
a certain book, one cleans the attic,
fondling trophies. One prowls sleep with pills.

They do what they can with their morning faces,
staring at the huge WHY that palls their reflections.
Slowly, though not enough to be late,
they go out and board the 8:15.

DEATH: A STARRING ROLE IN THE CELESTIAL SCENARIO

Eons before we encountered the womb
And ventured into death's arena, this
Short apprenticeship we serve between
Revolving epochs, there was a staging room
Where I remember bending toward the kiss
Of light, becoming crystal tourmaline,
And once, part of a pool flooding a ravine,
And next, a mustard seed, the genesis
Of being. And you and I met at times,
You in a hail-storm, then a blue clematis.
But can you recall the others with whom
We shared galactic fires and spiral climbs,
Or did we leave them in the early rimes
Of cooling clay to plan a nobler tomb?

Our blazing fall must have been awesome when
The red giant burst and spewed us through the void.
Swift sidewise flashbacks of the beginning
Ignite the ~~under~~-edges of our minds then
Vanish like a burned-out comet tail. Freud
Said we forget what we can't face— Did spinning
Through velvet silence, pressure of twinning
Cells blank that memory? Or have we employed
Soft-padded rationale on which to lean
Our origins? Perhaps we even enjoyed
The centrifuge, imploded time. All men
Were processed thus. The creation machine
We know as death will one day intervene
And gather us back to stardom again.