

Packets

Glenna Hollway
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ROAD SIGNS

So where are my feet going, Lord?
And what are my steps heading toward?

It's not enough to just believe:
I know I somehow have to weave
You in the pattern of my life,
This thingful journey always rife
With breakdowns, backtalk, sidetracks, more,
Plus vendors hawking at my door.
There's good and bad and yes and no
So deftly mixed the lines don't show.
It's not so hard to find Your way
Through white or black-- but oh, the gray!

So guide me, Lord, my sense is blurred,
Distracted by each doubt incurred.
Please set me straight and let me see
Your dusty sandals leading me.

--Glenna Holloway

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DECODING 101

It's late. Elongated shadows crosshatch
my back yard. Black on black
cryptograms I can't read.

My neighbor's window draws my eye,
her silhouette hunches over her desk,
lurches abruptly. She rises slowly.
Her hand flies to her face, lingers:
A single bent but legible line
among hieroglyphics in a shaded frame.

I never liked her by day:
Origins, isms, idioms posing large,
differences sharply lit. In this moment
I recognize a lamed and lonely sister.
One deciphered blip on night's graph.

Tomorrow she will have a new neighbor.
Tomorrow I will introduce the self
just met
to her I've never known.

--Glenna Holloway

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THE ARTISAN

His hands were wise in the ways of wood,
understanding the grain, the strength
of maple, cherry, oak. He could handle
a gangling board and know its heart, foresee
the gain from a saw's hot bite. He shaped

and clamped according to inherent beauty
others couldn't see. When it was time
to release the pressure, no part
of his chosen trees returned to an old intent.

His hands are over eighty now, twin burls,
mahogany stained, dovetailed across his jeans,
their talents passed to nimbler heirs--
a dozen boys, now men, who once knew
the cold clang of the state's steel doors.

He aligned them with a spirit level, turned
them on a lathe of love, joined his planes
with each-- mortise and steadfast tenon,
following the plans of a Nazarene carpenter.

And when people marvel at his work, treasured
in fine homes, when they praise
his students' triumphs, the old man smiles
and says the Master Craftsman taught them all.

--Glenna Holloway

Read Signs
Decoding 01

Antes
from First Things

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BEGINNER'S PRAYER ON 89th STREET

It took a long time to climb, Lord,
away from where the slumlords mock
the masses yearning to breathe free
of Diesel fumes and radon and asbestos.

I was like a roach, Lord, crawling up
a slimy pipe until I was blown away.
In that terrible hollow of my falling,
I heard laughter. But not yours, Lord.

It was You who caught me, jarred me awake
inside. The first time, I climbed alone.
This time, Lord, You'll have to help.
Now I can see-- up isn't where I thought.

--Glenn Holloway

Turner Proctor
 Chapman do
 Beggs do
 Sullivan do

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SUBJECT TO SUBLIMATION

A man's an enigma, Lord:
You filled him with many strengths.
You gave him gentleness,
and filled him with many fears.

He sees male animals fight
for food, for females, for territory.
He sees the fittest win and breed
their strength into their progeny.
And he says, "This is nature's way."

He looks at his own strong arm.
It can curve inward to hold,
comfort and protect
a wife, a child, a neighbor.
And he knows its latent force
is spring-loaded like a lethal machine.

He looks in his dynamic brain and sees
the circuitry for making marvels,
surpassing bone and sinew skills.

He looks at all he is and doesn't know
the sum. Uncertainty dogs him like plague.
Is he shield or threat?
Sometimes the shield must fight
to be a shield.

Whether turning his cheek
or raising a whip as Christ once did,
a man can't hide. Or even turn his back
while he struggles to master himself.

And the one pure truth is:
only faith can save him.

--Glenn Holloway

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THE GARDEN WE CAN'T FORGET

The caption said: ANTHROPOLOGIST THINKS
THE FOSSIL GAPS PROVE DARWIN GOT IT WRONG!
"The evolution path lacks vital links;
The Bible version valid all along."

The Tribune quoted from the firebrand's book,
and ran a column from the college News
reporting how detractors said he shook
the hallowed ivied halls' long-cherished views.

Those who heard his lectures were enthralled.
His scholarship was flawless, research clear.
Despite that some professors were appalled,
he offered theses others hoped to hear:

"That ancient Eden place we can't forget
is cultivated in the gene, the thought.
No scientific reckoning has yet
had potency to dislodge what it taught.

"Creation's wisdom deep within the soul
informs us mankind has a unique role.
Most likely there," he said. "I'm sure it's true."
He pointed to an Old World map, a plain

where rivers met. "But there were others, too,
close by and round the globe. All bore the stain
of Eve and Adam's failing. All were equals
as Genesis, our time on Earth began

incumbent on the women: human sequels.
More pairs were made; incest was not the plan.
No quarrel with evolution or the Word.
Some creatures did descend from those in trees

to walk upright then fade away unheard.
Experiment is one of nature's keys.
Some forms were left to mutate line from line.
But ours was drawn apart-- the Grand Design."

--Glenna Holloway

STAR SALESMAN

You're native to this territory, skilled
in local idiom and dialect,
politically correct, at ease on stage
with pagers, flow charts, wine lists, limousines.

You sprawl across the king-size hotel bed,
designer alter ego hanging pressed,
awaiting morning's cue, your Gucci shoes
ashine for well-rehearsed auditions for
the role of sweet success tomorrow-- or
you'll even settle for a part next week.

A dozen times each month you play this lead.
And nothing but heroically blank verse
suffices to recount the episodes
you tell yourself in mocking dialogue--
in rhythm as you buff your manicure
and duly note the comic undertones
that permeate this neo-classic farce.

Provider of expected locomotion,
the style and polish to complete the plot,
to make the entrance and escort your guest
to lunch, silk lining iridescent wit,
lapels well-tailored with sincerity,
pants creased with confidence. Your faded shorts
don't show as lively anecdotes emerge
from pockets filled with practiced protocol
and uptown jokes, a little charge card magic.
Instead of tacos, you have haute cuisine.

Despite the talent and the presentation,
the bottom line is (how you hate that line!)
the customers aren't clapping for the number.
You know they'll buy a knockoff overseas.
However bourbon-coated or benign
they make it sound, their script says NO, a word
of lead and ice that lodges in soft spots
beneath your belt, attacking gourmet spoils.
And when the scene plays out, the wound-up mime
propels the props to yesterday's airport
where soon the custom-made attire, almost
adept enough to give its own performance,
goes inanimate back on the plane.

Your seat-mate gripes about approaching winter.
You wonder how you'll pay for warmer clothes
before the ice man cometh, credit gone.

At last, unfolded in home's terminal,
you wait in line in Ma Bell's crowded alley,
and dredge your slept-in depths for change enough
to call, report the bust to your exec,
director of these high-camp, one-act flops--
who'll maybe say you don't still head the cast.

allogues / witchy
the Solomon
Cultural
Kauaiian Valley

OBLOQUY FOR A CRUEL QUEEN

Unnumbered songs and sonnets lie at Nature's royal feet,
The sentimental drippings from the maudlin tongues of those
Who try to catch her essence in a pentametric bleat,
Who do not recognize a whore because she wears a rose.

Her ritual rhymes of season seem to charm the fool esthete;
I see a certain sameness to her sins I would expose.
She trysts with Satan at the poles or on some wild arete
Then takes back everything she gives, each favor she bestows.

There was a time I mouthed her songs, believed her cliché-sweet
In days when April softly feathered hidden wrath's repose,
The resting time before the tyrant bared her vast deceit
Concealed inside caressing winds and peaceful river flows.

Her languid sighing promise makes her treachery complete.
While all her panders purify her soul with Sunday prose,
She kills a sleeping village spreading out her molten sheet
To lie and birth a bastard peak where no man ever goes.

Benignly fertile silt and sod belie her ancient heat
As many miles below, the devil's cauldron seethes and glows.
Unfathomed plates and fissures and a sunken gulch compete
In stealthy silent movement of opposing jagged rows

Until one day some unsuspecting residential street
Is swallowed writhing, spewing brick and glass and bloody snows.
Again, a tropic sea is seized in manic fists to beat
Its teeming shores and hopeless hearths, defenseless to her blows.

Don't trust the warming solar rays she hangs out in retreat,
Or feel at peace because a wanton woman changes clothes.
I've watched her fiery symbol burn up miles of prairie wheat;
I've seen the crops I planted hosting hordes of worms and crows.

She saw my need for rain; she calmly came to my defeat
With flood. The land and I cry out, but still the water grows.
She leaves her slimy signature, her bona fide receipt
For missing homes along the trails of sorrowing she sows.

She drives the revolution, making rival pressures meet
To funnel down for bridge and barn as though they were her foes.
She builds a pyre of pines to light her masses of conceit
Then sprinkles forest bone and ash with every blight she knows.

I've smelled her perfumed breath and heard the mockingbirds repeat
The legends of her liliated fields, her famous fabled pose.
Oh yes, I've marveled at rebirth, her flaunted favorite feat,
And drunk her moontime magic full of myth and false agos.

She parodies my sadness with her tears of slashing sleet,
Yet I, long bitter, tremble still in autumn's passion throes.
Despite her endless treason, once again I will entreat
Her mercy, all the while recalling cattle that she froze.

She, the brute, the beautiful, capriciously will greet
Each future generation with great wonders and great woes
Until we storm her secret doors and steal the keys to cheat
This reigning house's charnel clutch, this queen we must depose.

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WITCHWATCH

Night is old, well-practiced. An otherworld presence makes its own lucency. Nothing here is compatible with dawn. And as it threatens the east, celebrants of darkness sing countermelodies as the tenders of lambent logs curl tiny flame tongues around whispers. Assorted appendages, eyes, claws, antennae disappear behind ashes and fungus sweat.

Strange shadows undulate among trees, rocks, covering earth's secrets, webbing things in oaken crotches and undersides of dead green. Scaly skins stretch, writhe, guard hairs and ears go on alert, leather wings fold to hang on root-fractured granite walls well below the pseudo surface.

Small fetishes, slimed for silent running, cache themselves in crevices and sinkholes. Lichens camouflage scarabs, old odors rise, talismans are spirited away like smoke to gardens of excrecence under warped willows and final screeches of night herons.

A nameless few slip between amanita gills or cottonmouth coils in selected shades of black water or sockets of silence where illumination never intrudes. Keepers of the ignis fatuus withdraw to arcane origins. The sun, slowly opening its eye, lags on the brink, hesitant to begin the cycle.

Encroaching tollways, suburban bricks, pastel patios and housebroken animals shudder in their sleep. Aboriginal fuel residues, human emanations and detritus seep down to ancient abodes, ancient tombs as night revelries abate and its paling flickers submerge under decomposing clay.

Labyrinthine voices drift up to pillowed heads in climate-controlled bedrooms, nudging thoughts of ghosts, demons, hags with cauldrons. All such without substance. The real presence is natural, the unwanted life forms, the unacknowledged, unsuspected, unimagined. Regrouped, relentless, gaining. Unseen habitat spreading stealthily.

This collective presence preceded you, covets your space. Persisting for eons, nourished on blackness and covert fire, it will never succumb to twenty-first century morning. In crepuscular niches it mutates, grows stronger, larger. Beware. This presence is part of forever.

--Glenna Holloway

CAT-WALK

Her name is Nefertiti, this tabby
asserting ancient wiseness, suspending
all my substance against the wall
with her gaze-- secret lenses
of Alice's looking glass eye-level,
unguarded for an instant.
Always I've known if I moved with dark
quick as light I could descend
one of those twin tunnels when they opened
to receive concentrated night.

As I entered, (did she know?)
the passage vibrated, still warm
from her last leaps atop the bookcase.
My trackless feet swirled faint smells
of fennel and toadflax. Tiny sparks flared,
died deeper in iris mazes of mist
and whispers of small things hiding
in crevices. Ahead, the shafts converged
in a vault of oak bark, sun-stain,
leaf-shine. Joy was magneto rhythm, prongs
of root forks and moon-shed. A trophy room
was collaged with grasshoppers,
shrews, bright wings. Shelves held stacks
of hoarded summers and adventures
wrapped in fur or sensuous string.

Convolutions of shapes and sounds flowed
on a weft of black, approaching, receding
on a vector of velvet. Green was a flavor
and all else a strong scent.
Motion was a prolonged spring, a dive
that never reached water.

Deeper was slow cryptic drumming,
a flash of gilt and ebony
lancing through scorched grass
dissolving in jungle dusk.

Another door: A sly stir in a chamber
beyond, a brink, a river noise,
a rush of olive and indigo.
At my feet a beetle. No, a scarab jewel!
And I returned to my place
without crossing the Nile.

HAWAIIAN COWBOY

Kome, the paniolo, handled his job on a horse
the way he mastered surf on a native board.
He worked hard for cattle baron Barker
who ranched on Maui when Montana skies rained cold.
Oh, Barker may have noticed the silverswords,
those bizarre plants growing nowhere else on earth
clinging to Haleakala's heights like crazed anemones
thrusting up from cellars of the sea. Possibly
he cocked his ear at a native nene's ricochet call
while pacing the crater's flanks with a cowman's eye.
He may have rattled ancient legends in lava crumbs
beneath his boot, and maybe he even saw
the mystical green sunrises from his weekend boat.
But he never listened when Kome spoke of strange things.

"I can't work anymore for you," Kome said one Tuesday.
"I can't watch plants and flowers that belong here
turn to cud while foreign forage chokes out
everything that's left. Maui-tinihanga is angry."
The big man frowned. "Who th' hell is--"
"Speak softly, Mr. Barker. He may have been a lesser god
but he hauled these islands up to the ocean's face
and threw a rope around the sun like a hobbled calf
so it couldn't gallop off as early as it does elsewhere.
He wanted Madam Pele's doorways caped forever green,
smelling of orchids and ginger and sweetfern."
"Now, Kome, you don't believe that ole wives' stuff.
You're the best hand I got. You just need a little raise."
"No," cried Kome, "I won't return. The silverswords
are unsheathed. I have read the signs. Tinihanga
wants the ranchers and their sins off this sacred ground.
He hates the alien hooves that trample bare the land
and loose binding spirits from roots and secret fissures."

They argued louder like fast-building tide
in a blow-hole in coastal rock. Sun slipped its noose,
the big man made a fist like the whistling wind.
As Kome staggered and rubbed his chin, two cows dropped.

In a week a hundred head went down. Barker's rage
and Lahaina's jail were hard on Kome. But the cows
kept dying and the vets could not say why.
Elder villagers from Kipahulu to Kahuiui whispered
arcane words, climbed Haleakala with baskets of mangoes
and honey-bread to eat while watching the silverswords
sharpen their stand around Pele's oldest paths.
And the fireflowers budding on her longest-silent lips.

Barker stood before Kome's cell cursing wildly, accusing.
"You gave 'em some disease! Th' whole herd's gone,"
he yelled, and died pounding Kome's bars. He hadn't heard
the broadcast quake warnings, or noticed the jail was empty--
except for an odd-looking plant on Kome's cot
and a goose, now mantling his body with its wings.

TAKE CARE WHAT YOU SWEAR

I said I never wanted to see this house again.
It had a starboard list forty-odd years ago.
Almost kneeling now. Terminally gray.
Bindweed snaking over it, crawling inside
to stake its claim among cobwebs and mice.

Two-holer outhouse, yellow jackets in the beams
in summer, icicles dripping down your backside
by November. Winter clawed into each bed and board,
hung on till April. Twice I know of, Aunt Lil
found a rattler under her mattress in the loft.

Wind orchestrates loose tin on the roof, a shutter
clinging to one hinge, and something's low alto,
unidentified. I can hear Mama humming as she quilts,
and Papa calling pigs. Old zither tunes. Laughter.
Love-words. Eye-words and book-words by lamplight.

It's like waking from a long nap. More unwinding
than any vintage wine or workout or Valium.
Dead leaves wisping across the porch remind me
of Mama tiptoeing down the hall to rub
my flu-achy forehead with cool strokes.

Queen Ann's lace sudsing the yard. Biscuits rising.
Damp logs whistling on the grate. Coon dogs belling
in the gap. Church bells in the valley used to make it
all the way up Beckett's Knob to quiver the fringe
on Mama's state fair tapestry on the wall.

One night after the linoleum cracked and rolled up,
and the root cellar caved in, and the roof leaked
on my pillow, the bedroom doorknob came off in my fist.
Standing on that frigid buckled spot I swore
any kids of mine wouldn't have such a life.

Impatience tugs my arm again. "Grandpa, hurry up.
I said I want to go. It's just an ugly old dump.
I bet I've got e-mail waiting. C'mon!"
"Kit, you're the one who wanted to come. I drove
two hours to bring you. I told you what to expect--

but in a few minutes you'll see a real Allegheny sunset."
"No! I wanta go now! I'd rather see Star Trek! I just
did this 'cause Daddy went sailing without me. You said
you lost something here and I thought it'd be cool
to find it but it's all grungy old junk. I'm hungry!"

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KING TUTANKHAMUN:
ONCE THERE WAS A BOY WHO LOVED TO WHISTLE

Young pharaoh, I studied
your museumed effigies catching light,
posed on the threshold of blue and saffron,
paused in the old dreams from the head of Horus:
Morning renascence out of a lotus,
rolling across the arch of heaven on sun wheels,
rafting under-earth rivers near shoals
of Osiris, wrapped in the shawls of Ptah.

Mortal eyes are splended with your accessories,
a glut of gold and gods. And everywhere
your face with your ankh-eyes
reflecting on your mirror world.
You must have seen eyes when yours were closed,
always looking at you,
a thousand replicas to fill your own.

I saw you at the bowstring-- hunter, warrior,
hero-murals of a lord, a moral for your subjects,
foiled with lapis, carnelian, turquoise.
And in the end, failed by the vulturine wingspan
and splayed serpent hood.

But back in the trailing edges of light,
beyond the artists' tales and the godsmith's tolls,
before you changed your name--
there was a smiling boy: I saw him
through a tear in the papyrus, rollicking
barefoot on sands old when legends began.
You on an ungilded afternoon.
Learning how to whistle.

It is he beneath the priceless mask:
Amarna child with puckered mouth
framing melodies for the songless ibis,
and turning Selket's head.
On moon-chilled desert I can hear him
softly behind the myth of death.

Reason in Word
Tut
Hunger Moon

ONCE THERE WAS A BOY WHO LOVED TO WATCH

Young sparrows. I studied
you assumed effort's position light
ness on the side of blue and yellow
ness in the old dream from the head of horse
borned resonance out of a tower
rolling across the arch of heaven on sun wheels
aching under earth rivers near shores
of desire, wringed in the shape of wish.

My eyes are enlarged with your song
a light of gold and gods and everywhere
your face with your sick-sweet
reflecting on your mirror world.
You must have seen eyes when yours were closed.
I have looking at you
a thousand replies to fill your eyes.

I saw you at the bowstring--hunger, warrior
hero-music of a lord, a sword for your resistance
filled with battle, kneeling, kneeling
and in the end, failed by the victorious wind
and stayed serpent hood.

Out back in the vision of the
beyond the artist's tale and the poet's tale
before you changed your name--
here was a smiling boy. I saw him
through a leaf in the summer, reflecting
barefoot on sand and when towards dawn
you on an undisturbed afternoon
learning how to whistle.

It is he beneath the princely mask
sings child with puckered mouth
forming melodies for the songless bird
and turning folk's head
On moon-chilled dawn I can hear him
softly behind the web of death.

—Homer, Iliad
Book 2, line 1000

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OTHERWHERE

In a deep separate place,
we meet the avatars
of our past. Brittle stars
and basket stars cross
warps of coral cosmos
where everything is hungry,
where the crown of thorns
is carnivorous, and night
is autonomous.

Cometing travelers
with unknown names
create their own neon.
Hazardous fringes dangle
from pale half moons
pumping their ubiquity.

Tasting the beginning
on our tongues,
some of us quest
in concentrated color,
this space, this genesis
of the planet's famed hue.

Overweighted with ballast
and the half-empty holds
of our lore, we retrograde
to our earliest horizons.

--Glenna Holloway

Dr. Weaver
Neoclassical
College
Attenuated
Enriched May
Pass Antiglyc
Autumn Not a
Season

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DON'T EVER COME WHEN I CALL

Forsake day.
Fold yourself in evening
and follow me. Let my voice
cover you.
Dark doesn't plunge and bristle
between us. I can push it aside,
move through its loose layers.
I can't cross streaming moats
of hot-icy brilliance.

Your shine dilutes me. You turn
and I'm revealed too soon.

Shaded and contained
illumination is still the betrayer.
Even here we can't escape
roots and tendrils of light.
Blind, I could feel it,
know its frequency like a pulse.

It impales us on vivid points,
you in your narrow spectrum
I can never enter--
I in the wide aftermath
of night you should not.

Forget we almost met. I see too well
my hand would smear your morning.

--Glenn Holloway

A BOWL OF BLUE BLOSSOMS

The delphiniums budded, demanding their own
container, a competent complement for blue.

Glass-vased cosmos watched, bland and blueless,
as the bowl began-- a fat gray coil of earth,
cold slimy to my touch, reluctant to accept
my warmth or my will. I insisted a deep shape,
a reservoir to prolong blue.

Free of my hands, the clay surrendered moisture
slowly. Rearranging its molecules, it shrank,
fossil-dry on a shelf. The dark hollow of my design,
encased in earthly crust, lusted for light.

Graduate of the first fire, country coarse
as big bucktoothed zinnias in baskets in my studio,
its rough brown surface drank deeply of unguents.
Native manganese and copper pigment anointed its flaws.

In a final revelation it vibrated like a nova,
orange to white in the kiln, healed and ripened
in hereditary heat. Today it came into its own
first flowering, paired with now-pollinated sisters
of the soil. Sharing the blue planet's perfected blue.

--Glenna Holloway

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MEMENTOS

Like sanctified relics
of old despots who sold
their bathwater
and bottled tears to subjects,
and stored their fallen hairs
in gold casks,

your words
preserved themselves
in venom and resin.
Some arcane chemistry
kept them fresh
as the mouth that minted them.

Slowly the container dissolved;
the freed mixture set
exquisitely in its exact shape.

My sleep was no longer troubled.
Certain there were collectors
of such kind of bibelot, I waited,
wisely, letting the fossil wasp
enhance the price of amber.

—Glenna Holloway

Memoranda
Paul Place (Blessings)
Don't ever
Come
2 46

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AFRICAN SYNOPSIS, THE BAOBAB TREE
(Baobab: "upside down tree" in Swahili)

Morning:

An inkblot on the sun
erupts hundreds of finches like a geyser
against crazed sky.
Zigzag in slow motion
a black quill
returns to tangled branches of calligraphy.
Wayward roots that grew bark
and aspired to heaven,
lurch upward to await the twilight embrace
of winged exclamation points who won it.

Afternoon:

Twisted lines on sheets of glare,
an ancient narrative
of heathen heat blanches the horizon.
Bias shade accents last night's lion prints
punctuated by commas of fallen twigs.

Evening:

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

--Glenna Holloway

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A TALE OF TWO POETS
Glenna Holloway

The first one spiraled her words,
her posturing, posed her poem spindled,
oblique and opaque on the twilight page.
Roots choked on themselves as she spiked
shallow insights with small conceits,
infected the wound, paused in vagaries
to wend and couple with abstraction.

The second poet, fluid and fluent,
picked up the fallen wand, confronted changing
winds unwinding truth from tangled vines,
and spread it on bleached vellum at noon.

Modernists wandered by with shielded eyes.
How long, the second poet wondered,
before they would be weaned to solid light,
before their outrage waned
after catching a writer
in the unforgivable stance
of being understood?

They 2 poets
Winston Spence

THE INTERLOPER

Beneath inverted black fir jungle
of water hyacinth roots underweaving
my hidden bayou, my diver's lamp the only hold
with my world, I disturb a concert of stripes:
Hundreds of inch-long fishes silver-slanting
right or left as my hand directs. A king-size
mud cat like Genghis Khan eyes me
from the olive drab floor. And overhead!
My lost boat! Impounded since last summer,
clamped listing in a wet/dry vise,
sun-half of bulbous green vases
feigning innocence with flowers. Night-half
of fringe and garland chain, propeller
upholstered in velvet. I rip away the slimy grip
and feel hairy stalactites grow closer,
more determined than topside kudzu.
The gasoline-fed screw might thresh a few feet
before losing. An army of young trees
wades out to make a stockade. Roman-helmeted
herons patrol the spreading perimeter above,
weapons spring-loaded, cocked, lances plunging.
The mighty Khan is guarded by turtles,
the domain well-ruled and defined.

And I, unwilling slave to light and lungs,
unwelcome invader who would linger too long,
must fight myself free.

--Glenna Holloway

INTERVIEW

INTERVIEW

INTERVIEW

INTERVIEW

INTERVIEW

INTERVIEW

INTERVIEW

INTERVIEW

GLENN HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

CANADA THISTLE
Cirsium arvense

Outlaw. Unwanted in 37 states.
I'd be abetting a fugitive if I let you
on my property. But here you're king
of the backroad. Tall, crowned
like your House of Stuart relative.
Flaunting it.

Last week you rewarded my admiration
with your prickles. My finger dripped
into your own reddish center
so irresistible to bees and butterflies.

Today you are softer, more expansive,
a slow-motion explosion of stars.
White dwarfs adrift, gleaming rays
bear your motives aloft for inches
or miles as they orbit
with your yearly designs
on the dark heavens
of warm earth.

--Glenna Holloway

WISHES TWENTY YEARS APART

This would be a flattering place to die
wearing moss lace and three-inch heels
in this balsam-green ballroom,
a fluttering luna moth in my hair.

Here you and I can dance, always new,
always now, our dance as old
as the crane's shadow on ruffled water.
I am forevered with the forest. My gown
is long-leaf rain. I am the tallest red cedar,
piercing the moon, tasting its light.
My pores open for you to spin in my scent.

Midnight lends us owl eyes. Music curves us,
makes us upstreaming salmon in its silverness.
Such easy splendor, dying
in the blessings of these heights.
Never having that blistering farness to fall.

II

My grandmother was a water witch. She told me
I had the hands but I never tried them.
In dreams I dowsed with forked lightning,
zagging down to strike riches each waking stole.

She pointed her hazelwood where reservoirs
still sweeten life. I watched her arching
over promises, wearing a rosary
of fossil bones rummaged from dregs of ice.

Tonight you and I come together in spruce mist,
our steps crossing the premises of roots. Slowly
I begin to bend. Early frost velvets my skin,
my weathered arms tremble into arcs.
Dig here where our dance began decades ago.

Death has no answers. The armor of sleep is thin.
I see my war is not with years, but thingful days
that dry up evening's well.
I will point you to earth's deep stores,
my living body your divining rod.

Isabel
L. Wier
Niles 30 yr 1900

WINTER TWENTY YEARS AGO

This would be a fitting place to the
long mossy floor and three-inch walls
in this half-green hallway
fluttering leaves in the air.

And yet I can dance, always now,
as if I were a child.

I am forever with the forest, my down
is long and rain from the tallest red cedar
glances the moon, looking like light
ly past you for you to join in my own.

Midnight ferns are all eyes, white on red
and as mysterious as the air in the
darkness, looking like light
in the shape of these heights,
remembering that distance is light.

And yet I can dance, always now,
as if I were a child.

My grandfather was a water witch, the old
I had the hands but I never told them.
In dreams I danced with forest lighting,
singing down to still the riches each waiting.

The point of her handwood where the forest
will dance, I feel I watched her
and yet I can dance, always now,
as if I were a child.

And yet I can dance, always now,
as if I were a child.

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And yet I can dance, always now,
as if I were a child.

A BOWL OF BLUE BLOSSOMS

My delphiniums budded, dolphin-shaped sucklings
nursing on light, turning light to pigment,
demanding of me a worthy container,
a competent complement for blue.

Glass-vased cosmos watched, bland and blueless,
as my bowl began-- a fat gray coil of earth,
cold-slimy to my touch, reluctant to accept
my warmth or my will. I insisted a deep reservoir

to prolong blue. Free of my hands, it rearranged
its molecules slowly, making no promises,
shrinking fossil-dry on a shelf. Its dark hollow,
encased in continental crust, lusted for light.

Graduated from the first fire, country coarse
as big bucktoothed zinnias in baskets in my studio,
its rough apprentice-brown drank deeply of unguents.
Native manganese and copper anointed its flaws.

In a final revelation it vibrated like a nova,
orange to white in my kiln, healed and ripened
in hereditary heat on its way to indigo. Settled
down with the world's glazed memories of sky and sea,

it came into its own first flowering today,
paired with now-pollinated sisters of the soil.
Their soft spurs brush its flanks in approval
as they share the blue planet's most perfected blue.

--Glenna Holloway

OCTOBER BEFORE SLEEP

Evening slipped into my tent, surprised me
with the season's first shiver.

My presence grayed, blended with shapes
of feral dissymmetry. Native noises divided
the not-quite dark. Maple flares faded above
banked coals of ground dogwood. Eyes closed,
I sorted sounds:

Small claws scrabbled in leaf mold, legs strummed,
throats ballooned, a well-rehearsed medley.
Wind bumped shedding branches, lapped
the river backwater banking gold and copper change.

All day I'd followed the Black Hand,
an Indian-marked sandstone ridge
bulking between conifers, its painted symbols
pointing to outcrops of flint
I could never find as a Scout bucking for a badge.

Lore of sharp-edged tools and fire abided
in the chips I rattled in my palm. My thumb
explored the facets; irresistibly I made sparks
in the gloom, felt hot blips on my fingers.

Often I'd camped in those woods, after decades,
I the only difference. A loon on the lake
crazed the night, three notes spilled in space,
a blue ice peak on my spinal graph.

Hours later, I closed my canvas chrysalis,
rolled over in the mild warmth of acceptance,
winter still a while away.

--Glenn Holloway

Caliban, Sam, Jack,
with, Gwendolyn, Michael, MFA
with, Patsy, Wilbur, MFA
Cecilia, Penelope

^{Solo}
African Synthesis
Paul of Blue
Oct. 13'4 Sleep
Dispossession
Hopi Homecoming-P

GLENNA HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

AFRICAN SYNOPSIS, THE BAOBAB TREE

Morning:

An inkblot on the sun
erupted hundreds of finches like a geyser
against crazed sky.
Zigzag in slow motion
a black quill
returned to tangled branches of calligraphy.
Wayward roots that grew bark
and aspired to heaven,
lurched upward to await the twilight embrace
of winged exclamation points who won it.

Afternoon:

In twisted lines on sheets of glare,
an ancient narrative
of heathen heat blanched the horizon.
Biased shade accented last night's lion prints
between commas of fallen twigs.

Evening:

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

--Glenna Holloway

HOPI HOMECOMING

Miles fry under our wheels
and slough off. The drought is worse
than I thought. Crops are gatherings
of desiccated crones leaning on each other
rattling last wishes. The racing shadow
in the dry washes and high basalt roadcuts
is my bus from Cleveland.
I can participate in its cubist image
by holding magazines up to the window
though no one else would notice the shade
of difference I make in one small square.
Out there the shadow-bus is being
its true self, compressing its length,
recoiling from desert and heat,
rising taller to look back for its lake.

Blue Corn would smile at the analogy--
that smile that begins at the left
of her mouth and leaves a luminous aura
after the rest of her face has forgotten it.
Odds are she'll be at the bus stop
with the want ads and the Appaloosa instead
of the pickup. Hell, a horse'll feel good
between my legs after steel chairs
and seminar stools. The horse and I
will be in sync before we pass First Mesa.

But soon I must interface with my Badger Clan.
I'm like this bus-- speeding a new highway
still sticky-- a late model vehicle of alloy
containing other lives besides. Which one
am I? Is there a spirit of me beyond
the smoky abstraction the sun reveals?

Blue Corn, my love, you write happy
from your mother's Bear Clan.
You too are no longer programmed
by Kachinas. When you dance I know
your eyes are uncloudy beneath the mask.
Most of you belongs to me
but the foot, the drum, are your own.

Can you make any part of me whole?

--Glenn Holloway

1892 JOURNAL, SETTLING SOUTH OF CLOUD CHIEF

I read it every winter: How the family
stowed it all in the new Studebaker wagon.
Plow, seed, books, pots, Haviland china,
piano, rocker and handmade quilts.
Horse team weaned on grass, a suckling colt,
sixteen head of cattle, milk cow tied
to the end gate. They joined four more
creaking, hooded mobile homes
trailing rooster tails of dust.
On good days they churned up 15 miles
moving west to C & A Country.

Cowboys hired on to drive the herds
across Red River. Wagons went by barge
at Byer's Crossing, pulled by horse
and cable from the other side.

Camp nights, men watched for rustlers, Indians,
anything that moved in prairie dark beyond
the cookfires and smell of jackrabbit steak
and kaffircorn bread. Seven-year-old Lucy
in the Studebaker stared at stars, lower
than in Tennessee. By day, her bonnet poked
from her rattling canvas cocoon as she watched
the waves in endless bluestem oceans.

Lucy told her pa their two-month calf was limping
way behind. Sunday was a rest day, so the men
made leather boots for the bovine tenderfoot,
feet damaged from the wagon ruts. That calf
became the pet of all the children on the trek.

Bought supplies at Ft. Sill, picked up
a military escort through Kiowa country. Cattle
inspected and dipped at the Washita County line.
Wagons jolting, squawking, moved out, moved on.
Tires loose on weathered wood, lame horse, sick
child, pregnant wife, sprained back, cut hand,
case of shingles. One man's heart just quit.

On to the C & A. Lucy on to \$20 worth of land
bought from a squatter, complete
with ploughed fire guard defining the spread
and a dugout home in the ground
hosting rattlers with no respect for claims.

And Lucy remembered: Hauling gyp water in barrels
on sleds, grinding jaws on grit, cottonwood shack
and the fine brick house she raised my mother in.
She seasoned it all, taught school, and played
the church's first organ. Grandma--an Okie pioneer.

The Cheyenne and Arapahoe Reservation, just opened to
settlement, was called C & A Country or the C & A.
Cloud Chief was the county seat of "H" county, Oklahoma.

GLENN HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

REACHING FOR THE BON MOTS

What fun it is to grin and serve
A ripe remark, a spiced hors. d'oeuvre;
It makes an evening tres complete.
I salt my quips, turn on the heat,
But someone always steals my meat
And butchers it first. What nerve!

--Glenna Holloway

Sol. Past
Rejects
Winter + (Bon Mots)
Politics

GLENN HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

PILGRIMAGE TO BLUE

Chicago winters drag their feet through March, often tracking up April's tentative green floors. The malady I suffer from worsens during such seasonal tyranny but spring doesn't bring relief. Mine is a city syndrome. Any city would affect me the same. City born and bred, I continue to be an urbanite by choice.

After years of self-diagnosis and back fence advice, it's clear the condition isn't a simplistic desire for change. A trip to Bahama shores or the Catskills, however pleasant, doesn't alleviate the pangs. Aloneness may be part of the nostrum but that state can be achieved in nearby woods. Neither is it a case of deprivation of beauty. Our county is full of beauty, wild or well-planned. What I crave is not even considered beautiful by many people. The adjectives applied most often are "inhospitable" and "barren."

My problem may be genetic; my father was afflicted, too. Periodically, I long for primitive areas with metaphysically defined ambience and uninterrupted sky of a particular shade. The only cure lies in the Southwest. A place that tells me emphatically and often, "Here is what you need."

I always arrive at night. Each trip there's been a ripe moon climbing rock steeples or saguaro pylons. In the high blue watching places I'm a participant in some ancient ritual my cells remember. Although my insignificance is magnified, I find connection to the

earth, to the universe.

Desert, arroyos, badlands-- such places hold the essence of eternity. Some of the same timelessness exists in the mountains but there's too much minutiae, too much digression and distraction. In the desert the whole composition has the appearance of a final stage of mutation. It's a palimpsest for everything between life and death and it zaps me unfailingly in the embryonics of hope. Somehow it's good to know that even within the premises of seeming finality and immutability, change is still taking place.

This is predator country. A sudden coyote flings itself leanly into the chase of shadows, silent as a star shooting. Sometimes it's a bobcat. I never saw it, but once I heard a cougar. Its sound made ice blue peaks on my spinal graph.

It's crisis country, land of drought and violent storms. Everything has evolved on rough edges, everything makes its own rhyme with voids and lack. All of it has learned blue patience.

Night is a new shade near the ground-- like teal and copen brushed over a thin slice of obsidian. Traffic and tollways reach their vanishing point in the ash patterns of a native potter's cold fire mound. All the custom-made cacophony of my world disappears under the humps of hogans listening to Venus rising.

My destination is always as opportunistic as the desert's flowering. I take a road pointing in the direction my internal compass dictates. If the magnet that's pulling is too much for my rental four-wheel drive, I hire a horse. The last day always calls for a horse. Accomodations are seldom great, they're sometimes my

vehicle. But it's the best sleep of my life.

Early in the morning I inhale endless turquoise horizons. The air sliding through my lungs is cool silk. My eyes aren't halted by stacks of people-boxes shoved together by corporate cliff dwellers. They don't stumble over ropes of smoke. They're not even troubled by questions of what lies beyond. Sight is regaled by multiple meanings of blue.

I move slowly through wood and granite halls accented with collages or bas-reliefs in agate. Surreal chalcedony and jasper sculptures on carved plinths fill the miles of galleries. Pinyons and spruces line the perimeters. Manzanita, sage, cholla, even loco weed add colors and curvilinear cryptics to the murals. Bristlecones and creosote bushes vie for the title of oldest on earth. Investing everything in life, one splits stone to pursue it; the other clears out all nearby competitors with chemical warfare.

The light is alive, constantly offering new swatches of sheen, stipple and glow. Bias bands and vivid ricochets of it backlight, highlight, bounce-light textures against ubiquitous blue.

Afternoon is cerulean, a favorite of my watercolorist friend back home who divulged the trade secret of turning his landscapes upside down after laying a sky wash so the pigment runs deeper at the top. Nature is a watercolorist. Water, unpredictable here, is the prime mover of all the ingredients of form, as well-- leaching out softer rock, leaving bizarre shapes of harder stone-- gnashing away the footing of canyon walls, drilling, grooving, dimpling, depositing. Everything is under the direction of water, wind and temperature,

posing similes for the centuries. And for me.

My horse and I become part of the texture. Each sense is honed and stretched, yet my long-unused saddle muscles are only a subliminal discomfort. I'm attuned to small sounds in vast silence, the feel of leather and pinto hide. I touch ocotillos, last year's agave seeds and pieces of petrified wood.

I can't stay, of course, can't wander too far. This is the outmost periphery of man's habitat, probably an atavistic part for me. I'm not equipped to live here. Nor would I. Too much human presence is an imposition on such places. Quieted for a while are the throwback genes that made me come.

Atop a slope I stop to look back at pronghorns as I leave. As always, they exchange swift retreat for a turn to look again at me. The bond is more than curiosity-- each kind has seen the other before. Perhaps there is nascent recognition of mutual longings, a desire to share some God-given appreciation. And we know there is peace between us.

Undiluted azure anoints me. My mouth still tastes of last night's royal. And the crimped mass of springs and wires behind my eyes has unclenched like a resurrection plant in rain.

^{Know}
Pil to Blue
Pneumonia's
~~Time~~

WILDLIFE ODYSSEY IN BROWN COUNTY

Glenna Holloway

May Day has its origins in old England but dancing around a ribbon bedecked pole is not the best way to celebrate spring. Strolling among flower bedecked trees in fragrant piney woods is far more satisfying.

Indian legend says when the dogwood blooms there won't be any more surprise snowfalls. In Indiana's Brown County, dogwood season usually begins the last few days of April or the first of May. In the cool elevations, the blossoms, millions of them, often last a couple of weeks.

Redbud trees bloom at the same time. On the ground, trillium, wild geranium, May apple, hepatica, bunchberry, wood sorrel and many kinds of violets spread a rich swath of color. White-tail deer, raccoons and other wildlife are active along with many varieties of birds. If you've never seen deer in abundance, you're sure to see them in Brown County State Park.

Two lakes enhance the forest landscape. Multi-colored striations in the exposed layers of ancient sandstone bedrock add background interest to the vegetation. Long ago the tinted hills

(cont.)

and spurs were thrust above the softer siltstone and limestone deposits. The 15,543 acres of park are part of a system of deep valleys and ridges flanking Salt Creek which resulted from the last Ice Age. The carving was not done by glaciers but by outwash and meltwater as the climate warmed.

Located near Nashville, off State Highway 46, the park offers superb recreation facilities. Lake Ogle and Lake ^rStahl are stocked with bass and bluegill for fishing. The state license can be obtained at the park office. The Nature Center has one of the finest displays in the midwest including a specially designed birdwatching room. The center offers outstanding lectures, evening programs and field studies.

Horses and ponies are available at the Saddle Barn. Many riders bring their own mounts and a special horseman's campground is located at the south end of the park. There are 18 miles of bridle trails and 10 miles of hiking trails. All were planned so that people could see and experience representative portions of America as it was in the days of its discovery. Most of the park is not accessible by car but there is a scenic southern loop designed for driving. A cassette tape, and player if needed, can be picked up at the park office for a self-guided six mile tour.

No visitor should miss Ogle Hollow, a large preserve set aside for the extremely rare native yellowwood trees. Members of the legume family, an up-close inspection of the texture and color of

(cont.)

the bark is interesting.

Not surprisingly, the first devotees of the area were artists. Adolph R. Shulz and Theodore Clement Steele founded the original Brown County Art Colony. It was largely their work, and their words that spread the fame of the spot across the continent and beyond. Since then, artists have been attracted to its year-round bounty like a magnet. The current Brown County Artists Guild was an outgrowth of the colony. Some of the founders, notably C. Curry Bohm, landscape designer, and portrait painter, Marie Goth are still active.

The streets of Nashville are lined with quality art galleries and craft shops of all genres--antiques, needlework, woodworking, glass blowing, weaving, confectionaries and a winery. Inevitably there is also schlock. The early craftsmen and women came by their skills honestly. Isolation bred necessity which bred innovation and special quirks of creativity. Artisans using Brown County timber or terra cotta clay are now in their second century.

There are also numerous places to munch, snack or dine sumptuously. For a delicious meal with a view, the Abe Martin Lodge inside the park is hard to beat. Their hickory-smoked barbecued ribs, their steaks, chicken, and extensive salad bar are very good. They also have reasonably priced rooms and rustic cabins.

(cont.)

In April, the local garden clubs will present the 4th annual Festival of Flowers at the beautiful old T. C. Steele state historical site. The grounds are a mass of daffodils and other spring blossoms and inside is a museum of 150 fine paintings. The last weekend winds up with a spring blossom parade. There is also a Kite Fly competition and workshop featuring weird and wonderful homemade creations.

The park has spacious, modern campgrounds, picnic areas, shelters, recreation building and playgrounds. Bring your camera and binoculars. What it has the most of is beauty living wild.

For information on peak blooming dates or reservations, call
The Abe Martin Lodge (812) 988-4418

Wisconsin
State Journal

WILDLIFE ODYSSEY IN BROWN COUNTY

Glenna Holloway

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THE DOGWOOD TRAIL, OHIO'S BEST KEPT SECRET

Glenna Holloway

If you can find it hidden away in the Appalachian Plateau, less than 60 miles south of Columbus, Hocking Hills is a kaleidoscope of white and pink dogwood, redbud, uncountable wildflowers and the best scenery in the midwest. Composed of six noncontiguous state parks, Hocking Hills offers great variety to hikers, photographers, anglers, and nature lovers.

Unlike most sandstone formations, the variety and color of the intriguing rockscapes are the result of meltwater from the last ice age rather than glacial gouging. Time and a unique climate have colluded in ways that aren't duplicated elsewhere. Canadian hemlocks make their southernmost dip into the midwest while dogwoods confront the northerly winter in vast numbers. Caves, arches, and escarpments provide a dramatic background for spring's palette. Professional and amateur botanists exult over slopes of trillium, harebell, fire pinks, hepatica, moccasin flower, colt's foot, astilbe and rare kinds of violets.

(cont.)

The caves are especially interesting. Not deep and labyrinthine, they are called "recess caves" where softer rock has leached out from under the surface layers, leaving great overhangs and vaults. Ash Cave is considered the finest example of such a cave on our continent. Its name is derived from the deep mounds of ashes left by Indians who sheltered there. Mesmerized by a slender waterfall and a cathedral atmosphere, visitors always become silent in Ash Cave. It's the largest of the caves and the most easily accessible. The trail is short, unobstructed and there's no climbing.

The northernmost park is Cantwell Cliffs. Enormous rocks lean, split, hang, overlap. There are wide crevices, serpentine fissures and stone steps so small and steep only the surest well-shod feet should try them. Miles of fairly level wildlife trails lie at the bottom of the valley.

Rock House is next. A cavern rather than a cave, the first glimpse of Rock House is reminiscent of movies about explorers who stumble on the remains of ancient jungle civilizations. Ladder steps carved into the face of the precipice look forbidding but the descent into the hollow is worth the effort even if you decide not to climb those sheer rock steps to enter the cavern itself. The form and enormity of it can't be appreciated from the upper rim. Long and tubular, the inside corridor is studded with "windows" where the softer Black Hand sandstone has weathered

(cont.)

and washed out. Columns supporting the ceiling were formed the same way. Large portions of the rock appear to be painted with abstract murals due to colorful minerals, oxidation and lichens. Ferns, columbines and mosses cling to the declivities among sinewy shapes of roots.

Rock House has a colorful past. It was once a hideout for early Indians, then later fugitives and felons both famous and infamous. For a while it was a haven for bootleggers. In 1835 a 16 room hotel with a grand ballroom, livery stable and post office was built where the park shelter now stands. It attracted socialites from the east who were eager to see the "untame west." It was razed in 1925. A former sojourner wrote a few years afterward, "The vegetation is so thick, I can't believe we ever waltzed here." The surrounding forest is rich and varied as it was then, containing many songbirds, owls and woodpeckers.

Moving south on Highway 374 you arrive at Conkle's Hollow, named in 1797 by settlers for the person whose name they found carved in a rock at the high end of the gorge. Narrow and deep, it's one of the most spectacular areas. Rock formations loom like other worlds fallen from their orbits. Trees split and straddle stone, grow in and out of it in their quest for light. Trunks and logs crosshatch the evergreens and creepers at bizarre angles just the way nature dropped them, either in natural death or in the wake of a cyclonic wind that ripped through the

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gorge 30 years ago. The weight of an unprecedented snow in March of '87 broke more trees. But out of the chaos comes a sense of wonder at each twist of the trail. New vistas open, new designs are revealed in the rocks. There are round holes that would accommodate small animals, and wide yawns big enough for men. Toward the sky at the top of the ledges, the hardwoods lift their new greens. In the mornings the color filters down the sunshafts to tint the damp haze at the bottom. This peculiar reflective quality of the mists is not lost on film. The rift terminates in another waterfall, sometimes two, and a rocky pool. Amplification of the cut causes a roar that sounds like a gale wind. You hear it long before the water is in view.

South again on zagging 174 takes you to the hub of the parks known as Old Man's Cave. There is a lodge with a diningroom, swimming pool, game rooms, guest rooms, guest cottages and campsites scattered in the nearby trees. The area has been formed by a creek cutting through the sandstone forming another recess cave and the Devil's Bathtub-- a huge swirling pothole, and upper and lower waterfalls. At Lower Falls the underlying Cuyahoga shale is exposed for comparison with the less resistant Black Hand sandstone, the dominant link between all the park units. It was named for a black hand painted on sandstone cliffs east of Columbus, supposedly pointing the Indians to a source of flint. The cave for which this gorge is named was, for many years, the home of a her-

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mit who, some say, was a deserter in the Civil War. When he died, the inevitable ghost sightings were reported-- still are, occasionally, usually on cloudy afternoons. The real ghosts are those found by anthropologists and geologists-- signs of prehistoric, pre-Indian man, or crossbedded rock that documents changing ocean currents of other eons, and slump blocks--huge boulders that fell from earlier heights into the widening fissures. The name Hocking comes from a later Indian word meaning "bottleneck." The trail is high and low, deviating among natural honeycombed sculpture and hilly forest. Canadian yew, roundleaf catchfly, black birch, eastern hemlock, myriad ferns, herbs and mosses leave nothing bare, not even living trunks and cold stone.

The highway jogs north before you can proceed south once more to drive to Cedar Falls. For the hardy and seasoned hiker, there are connecting trails from Old Man's Cave but most visitors should save themselves for the actual parks. Cedar Falls is the most rugged of all. Make no mistake, the entire complex of Hocking Hills state parks and the surrounding 10,000 acres of forest, is primitive. There are injuries or deaths each year. People who are not in condition for walking and climbing, or who don't stay on the trails are inviting trouble. Rangers regularly practice rappelling and handling rescue equipment to stay prepared for emergencies. Visitors must be careful at all times, especially at Cedar Falls. Man's

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intervention in the raw natural beauty is kept at unseen levels. Wildness prevails as it did centuries ago.

Cedar Creek pours 50 feet over a semicircular cliff. Another recess cave has formed behind the falls from the sucking of the plunge pool. The falls with their burden of sand have ground a pair of troughs in the cliff face. On the right is a pothole, gouged out when the stream was much higher. Cedar Creek joins Queer Creek below the falls. Together they wander through the gorge choked with enormous conifers and slump blocks. The valley boasts a hemlock 150 feet tall, almost 4 feet in diameter, one of Ohio's record trees.

With the exception of the lodge at Old Man's Cave, accommodations are generally easy to get. Top O' The Caves Campground is located between Cedar Falls and Ash Cave on Chapel Ridge Road, not far from Highway 56, the southern boundary of the area. At the north end, the town of Logan on Highway 33 southeast of Columbus offers convenient access to the parks as well as nearby Lake Logan, a scenic spot for fishing, picnicking, and superb birdwatching-- from great blue herons to eastern bluebirds. A beach for swimming and rental boats are also available. The Inn Towner and the Shawnee are both inexpensive, comfortable motels. There are several restaurants in Logan, the best being the Colonial Inn which tends to close about 8 p.m. There are private homes offering bed and breakfast, social pleasantries and inside infor-

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mation about craft shops and local artisans in the hills. Some of them are rare and wonderful -- like Dwight Stump, the 93 year old basket maker on Toad Run Road who still cuts his own oak splits then draws them through a steel plate to make them round for weaving sturdy baskets like his grandfather made. He is considered such a national treasure, the Smithsonian Institute had him spend a couple of weeks there summer before last demonstrating his craft. And there's Mr. Fossig who turns out fine handmade rocking chairs of native cherry, sassafras, willow and butternut woods designed to fit the customer. And Sue Kennedy who knits Icelandic wool sweaters, and the Bourgins' homegrown apples, peaches, homemade preserves and applebutter. The only way to find any of them is to pick up a visitor guide and Dogwood Trail map at one of the restaurants or where you stay. Even then, you'll find yourself driving the same roads and backtracking to see where you missed the turn-off. But all the roads are so beautiful in their frosting of dogwood, you really won't mind.

When you're in the park area, Aunt Carrie's is worth a stop for lunch or dinner and browsing. Snugged in a preserved country house on Jack Run Road off highway 180, it's not too hard to find and the food is excellent. They also have maps and directions.

Dogwood season is hard to pin down. The fat buds can remain tightly closed until the weather suits them but generally blossoming begins the last few days of April or the first of May.

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Because the climate is cool and moist, the flowers last up to two weeks or more.

With so much bounty, one wonders at Hocking County's reluctance to promote itself more aggressively to the world, and particularly why signing is so poor and directions are so obscure. On the other hand it may be a smart nonmove. A large percentage of the tourists are Ohioans who come back year after year. Once you do discover your way around, it's smugly tempting to keep such delights to yourself. Part of the appeal is remoteness, the absence of commercial glitz and the feeling of being inaccessible to the madding crowd.

May that never change.

The Inn Towner Motel is located just off U. S. Rt. 33 and 93, in Logan, Ohio at 92 Mulberry Street. Double rooms \$30 and up. For reservations call (614) 385-2465.

The Shawnee Inn Motel with comparable rates is located at the Interchange of U.S. Rt. 33 and Ohio Rt. 664 near Logan. Take 664 Exit. Call (614) 385-5674.

Hocking Hills State Park offers camping and cottages. Write them at 20160 State Rt. 664 S., Logan, Ohio 43138.

For information about dogwood flowering, bed & breakfast and other tourist data call the Logan Area Chamber of Commerce at (614) 385-6836

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