

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville IL 60565

WHILE HE'S AWAY

This vase is designed to celebrate the delphiniums
he planted-- these dolphin-shaped sucklings nursed
on light, turning light to pigment, demanding of me
a competent complement for their perfected blue.

Imagining him battle-gearred somewhere on a sandscape
where nothing blooms blue, I write him about my urn--
how it 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,
a fluted collar to flatter the soft indigo spurs
soon to brush its curved flanks.

Free of my hands, its molecules shrank fossil-dry
on a shelf. A week later, successful graduate
of the first firing, country coarse
as big buck-toothed zinnias in baskets in my studio,
its brown rind avidly soaked up latent color
as I smoothed on manganese and copper unguents.

Today, in a final revelation, it vibrated
like a nascent nova, orange to white in a cosmic furnace.
Maybe suspecting its future, it ripened in the last lap
of hereditary heat on its way to azure-- then settled,
content in its glaze, replica of sky, sea and flower.

My letter avoids similes of fire and human clay
lodged deep in my mind's kiln. I describe
only the product of a potter's faith,
and the beauty of this love-shaped tangible fact
filled with delphiniums. Waiting here on our table.

--Glenna Holloway