

TRYING TO IGNORE THE METAPHORS  
(While Writing a French Rondeau)

I think of Cliff while watching lightning split  
The tallest pine astride the ridge then hit  
The vine-choked underbrush with rolling fire.  
Dead leaves flare up, rain hisses, makes a spire  
Of smoke, a claim. I hear it snap and spit,  
Prepared to smolder all day in the pit  
Beyond the slough. And once the burn has quit  
At water's edges-- still, as I retire,  
I think of Cliff.

Each summer conjures well-aimed storms to slit  
My battered woods. I search for any bit  
Of green returning near charred wounds, and liar-  
Like, hail life as something to desire.  
All winter when my likeness seems to fit,  
I think of Cliff.

--Glenna Holloway