

TO PEGASUS

Out of the Gorgon's ugliness and death
you sprang whitely free. Never ridden,
you led Bellerophon in vain pursuit until
he slept, dreaming how to master you.
When he awoke, Athena's magic bridle,
the promise of success, was in his hand.

Chimaera fire-breath no match for your speed,
your hooves struck cosmic flint, sparks
turned to stars. The sky is still patterned
with your bright trail as mortals remember you
with metaphor, honor you with satellites
thrown like sugar cubes in your heavenly field.

Regard my calling kindly, winged stallion,
and bear Erato nearer. Let the trailing edge
of her hem brush my pen, let me create
an earthly line almost worthy
of your flying mane. And as I waken--
let my poem still be firmly in my hand.

--Glenna Holloway