

Glenna Holloway <walkingtomorning@gmail.com>

2014SPL Holloway

Glenna Holloway <walkingtomorning@gmail.com>
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Unrhymed Entry

Glenna Holloway
<walkingtomorning@gmail.com>

LEGACY OF DEAD POETS

Poets die like everyone else.
What's different is
we keep generating poems
Metered in other dimensions,
fueled with comet tails.

Someone
probing inside his head
like a cave fish looking for
his lost eyes
will stumble on the warm premises
conceived but never quite born.
Yet nothing good begun in faith
and mystic inspiration
is ever wasted.

Even now you are getting closer
to the power source.
You resonate, reflect the colors,
the aura that flesh wore, indelible
but unseen until transition parted
the spectrum surrounding us all.

Now and then in mystic alignments
a poet will catch sight of it
in late dark while other people sleep.
Or on dawn's cusp before waking.

We are not strangers, Poet. Look
deeper. Here where the poems are.