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ARTEMIS IN THE SKY ON DIAMOND POINT

She knows him from ancient astral trips,
gauze gathered at her ballerina waist,
ankles wrapped in strips of moonlight.
He lifts her like a bit of cumulus,
master of the dance that follows
when day's end slips below
the obsidian stage. His hunter's horn
calls only her, her galaxy of gleam
and spin. He leads her in the pas de deux
with the wisdom of his role. He grips
his star-strung belt, strewing sparks;
he dips and turns, the cosmic choreography
older than silver arrow tips.

This millenium she's less the huntress,
rounder hips, called Diana again,
and still amused at the old tales
that she slew him to eclipse his fame.
Generations witness there's been
no tropic midnight he failed to track.

Sometimes he spells his name O'Ryan now,
posing as a mariner to misguide ships
and regale his lady. You'll miss his tricks,
his astrodust and comet tail clips
unless your eyes of glass are trained just so.

Sometimes he lays down his flashing sword,
skips equatorial regality, and flips
a gold coin to choose his mood.
But she still knows the blips and tracings
of his path across her southern dark,
and hurries to her name warmed with his lips.

--Glenna Holloway