

Holloway  
913 E. Bailey Rd.  
Naperville IL 60565

OLD TESTAMENT FROM JOHN

For forty years I've wandered the wilderness  
of your hair, exploring it like a pilgrim,  
getting lost in sorrel thickets,  
plunging my face in feral fragrance.

Saying you're past wearing it wild,  
you discipline night's tangles  
possessively vining your cheeks; you confine  
willful tendrils high above your morning smile.

Only the sun knows where to find a few strands  
gone white as salt. Sometimes wind  
sneaks them out to glisten  
while the prim clump espaliered at your nape

believes the deep coiled woman waiting.  
And I still covet the jungle midnight  
when your freed charges flare  
and wisp across my pillow,

and riches flow over my skin, cool teasing  
like milk and honey on my mouth  
as I caress the long fringes  
of my promised land.

--G. R. Holloway