

Glenna Holloway
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WHO NEEDS EDEN?

Glenna Holloway

I breathe the fog that crawls the beaver-run
And climbs until impaled by spears of pine;
It fled the sea and soon will flee the sun
To secret places where old herd bucks dine.
I watch the valleys for the twilight's rise,
And walk the bony hills against the wind
To meet the moon and wait there while it vies
With nimbus rings like cotton newly ginned.
The morning brings slow rain that bleeds the clay;
It dabbles in the marsh and dimples sand.
A few miles down the highway's puddled gray
It rinses whitewash off the melon stand.
I wander this kaleidoscope, a child
Whose patterned ^{leaf}~~green~~ and ^{bark}~~wood~~ designs grow wild.