

GLENN HOLLOWAY  
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TRUMPET MAN SOLO

It isn't written. He's raveling this music  
out of me. High on the treble periphery  
he alloys sound and light, blisters color,  
peels pale gold butterflies off my eyelids.

I don't know how three ribs and a funnel  
can unwind my double helix, play all  
my possibilities in a single opus,  
a gamut of jazz, anthems, blues, arias.

His notes insinuate against thin membranes,  
vibrate glowing filaments. Contrapuntal wings  
he's freed follow him to the knife edge  
of turquoise, flitter into smoking fragments,  
then coil back in the bell of his horn  
to revel in their experience with fire.

--Glenna Holloway,  
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