

Glenna Holloway
1028 Apple Lane
Lombard, Ill. 60148

RENASCENCE AND RENASCENCE

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There was a million megaton implosion of tense and time:
When I opened my eyes I was young;
All else was hoary-hued, anointed with ashes.
An ocean licked my ankle. It started raining
History, scraps of war, pieces of peace,
Minutes of moon, polyglot thunder. Torrents of leopards
And steel, Nile and China. Ice and rods of condensed sun.
Lightning struck each tree into a cross. A tide of blood
Stained my soles. It clotted and paled and vines grew.
But Woden and Thor awoke again, smiling.
They twisted the crosses into a mutant sign and
Hurled it against the globe.
The orb rolled and cauterized itself in viscous fire as
Souls dervished like desert dust.
I knew them all in their collapsed clocks. My eyes
Were borrowed from extinct sires of eagles. My mind
Kenned all men's knowledge. I could touch
Music and planets, see infinity and Genesis
Unending. I walked the bottom of the deepest seas then
Climbed the apogee of Thule galaxies. But I
Kept returning to the nadir—
The Carpentry of Calvary—where all centuries ~~must~~ meet,
Lap, and ~~look~~ ^{thrive} anachronisms in a rood horologium.
To rechart the collision course with eternity.