

GLENN HOLLOWAY
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RECLAMATION

To think such common clumsy things as words
Can flow into a sonnet's silken woof
And leave no ragged edge, no scattered sherds
To mock the lyricist with sharp reproof.
Those verbs we stroke or hammer into forms,
Nouns passing through the streets or on the air,
Those pieces of foundations, parts of storms,
Odd phrases of old cultures past repair--
The tarnished heaps we've spat out, killed with, wasted,
Can always be re-used to build and mend
In spite of all the bitter tongues they tasted,
Can be proclaimed again, a better blend.
 With God's grace we can salvage human curses,
 Recycle slag, create new songs and verses.

--Glenna Holloway