

GLENN HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60565

JOURNEYWOMAN
(McNeil Sonnet)

My same-street neighbor, buried yesterday,
was never static, always on her way
to parties, sports events and trips abroad.
Each time we talked she said she couldn't stay.
I felt deprived; my life was boring, flawed.
Agendaless, it sprouted burs or yawed
across an unmapped social marsh. My time
was seldom spoken for. I hemmed and hawed
when asked about my plans, my five-and-dime
existence lived by rote. I tried to mime
delight at camping up at Graybar Lake.
She smiled, said she had one more Alp to climb.
Today I learned her pain was long; I rake
old weeds of envy, shudder in shame's wake.

—Glenna Holloway
THE LYRIC, 1994