

THE HUNGER MOON

Summer is sweet on the tongue,
soft on the shoulders as kachina clouds,
unlasting as the corn god's shades of green.
Yesterday when the sun centered on my roof,
the red-tailed hawk reeled around
the hot glare forcing shut my eyes,
tightening his circle and pouring down
his cries on my doorstep.

He is back with the dawn. Down and down
he hurls his keening like splinters of cold.
The hawk is a prophet of the hunger moon--
a time of no more corn,
a time when the deer go far,
leaving no tracks to a place no man finds.

None of us will starve, not even the hawk.
For me, famine is of the spirit
while the body fuels on dried fare,
and the only sweetness comes in jars. The wings
are first to wither, then the deep singing.

Someday I will follow the hawk. I will climb
past mounds of dead-gold buckbrush.
My foot will rattle shards of ancient lava,
startling a lizard into the dominion
of beak and talon. I will face the she-wind
angering in the cinder cones, prying
at broken shadows of the sacred peaks.

There in the secret heights I will master
the proper maintenance of wings.

--Glenna Holloway

THE REACH OF SONG, 1987; The Diamond Muse Award,
1990; DEAR MAGNOLIA, Grand Prize, 1991; POET, 1992;
RED MOUNTAIN REVIEW, 1995.