

## A TALE OF TWO POETS

The first one spiraled her words, preened  
her posturing, posed her poem spindled,  
oblique and opaque on the twilight page.  
Roots choked on themselves as she spiked  
shallow insights with small conceits,  
infected the wound, paused in vagaries  
to couple with disjointed abstraction.

The second poet, fluid and fluent,  
picked up the fallen wand, confronted changing  
winds unwinding truth from tangled vines,  
and spread it on bleached vellum at noon.

Modernists wandered by with shielded eyes.  
How long, the second poet wondered,  
before they would be weaned to solid light,  
before their outrage waned  
after catching a writer  
in the unforgivable stance  
of being understood?

--Glenna Holloway