

### ALMOST FORGOTTEN JOURNEY

Eons before we ventured through the womb  
and entered into death's arena, this,  
the short apprenticeship we serve between  
revolving epochs-- there was staging room  
where I remember bending toward the kiss  
of light, becoming crystal tourmaline,  
then part of tide-wash flooding a ravine.  
Next I became a seed, the genesis  
of being. Probably we met at times,  
you in a storm or molten rock's abyss.  
Can you recall the others, those with whom  
we shared galactic fires and helix climbs?  
Or did we leave them in the early rimes  
of cooling clay to plan a nobler tomb?

--Glenna Holloway