

COMING TO TERMS WITH HIGH VOLTAGE

July lightning cracks.
A red wire falls in a field,
blackens one bean row.

Linemen make repairs.
One hands tools to another
higher on the pole.
He nods--gloves, sleeve seams live-traced
in creeping glow like fox fire.

The field browns with fall.
Tall green weeds hide the charred stripe
long after harvest.

The farmer, electricians, passers-by never noticed
two haiku and a tanka happened here.

--Glenna Holloway