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MEASURING STICK

by Glenn Holloway

They told her—kindly, of course—

To try something else, ~~because~~

She had no talent for poetry. ~~—~~

~~I found her sitting~~ on the ground,

Silent and slumped like the toadstools around her.

~~She wasn't~~ crying, But from the pages

She ~~gave~~ me, I knew

She knew how to cry.

~~Her meter was as seldom as a total eclipse.~~

~~No, not free verse— an iambic beat tried to be there.~~

~~They told her the rhyme pattern was all wrong.~~

~~And it was. Like wearing mismatched shoes.~~

~~No newly minted phrases. No provocative twists.~~

~~They said she was just not a poet. But~~

~~From her lines I know~~ this about her—

She looked at a dandelion and saw resurrection;

She reached into black holes and felt the fingers of God!