

AUTHOR'S IMPRINT

I know her. Her poems
come from hearing centuries,
listening to hours, to now.
A hearing of the heart.

I know her by touch,
her words making contact
in surface ways,
a one-finger caress. Her lines
plunge deep in veinous ways--
corkscrews and neon probes.

I know her in right brain ways
where no progress ventured
for years. I feel her push,
a force not prepared for,
rooted yet pliant.

Her artistry defines her:
sometimes a blue ache, a peony,
an ice peak on my spinal graph.

And after such intimacy, holding
my fragile premises in her hands,
how can either of us say
we've never met?

--Glenna Holloway