DECODING 101

It's late. Elongated shadows crosshatch my back yard, extending beyond definitions: Black on black cryptograms I can't read.

My neighbor's silhouette hunches over her desk lurches abruptly, holding my eye to her window. She rises unsteadily. Her hand goes to her face, lingers. A single legible line among the hieroglyphics of a shaded frame.

I never liked her by day.
In this moment I recognize a lamed and lonely sister.
One deciphered blip on night's graph.

Tomorrow she will have a new neighbor. Tomorrow I will introduce myself.

--Glenna Holloway