DECODING 101

It's late. Elongated shadows crosshatch my back yard. Black on black cryptograms I can't read.

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

I never liked her by day, origins, isms, idioms posing large, differences sharply lit. 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