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 slowly. Her hand flies to her face, lingers: A single bent but legible line among hieroglyphics in 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 the self just met to her I've never known.

--Glenna Holloway