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FOUR THOUGHTS IN TANKA

by Glenna Holloway

An empathic soul
May thrum to avant-garde or
Aged corn—but hums most
Satisfyingly to a
Tenuous balance of both.

Watching star-wake through
Night-eyes of glass is reading
Cosmic poetry
While it is being written
By ancients on scrubbed blackboards.

Every round of rain
Is primed and loaded with an
Embryonic leaf,
And each storm may be sifted
For air-borne genes of heaven.

If you snare a piece
Of spring or Eos-tinted
Shreds to weave a word,
You overheard the first Muse
Rehearsing hymns for the sun.