

DECODING 101

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

At his desk, my neighbor's hunched silhouette
behind blinds he forgot to lower
moves abruptly, catching my eye.
His darkness rises slowly. One hand
goes to his face, a single legible line
among hieroglyphics in a frame.

Overbearing. Cocksure. Fitting words for him
by day. I never liked him.
In this moment I recognize a lamed
and lonely brother. My warmth rushes to him,
a sudden kinship of knowing.
One deciphered blip on night's graph.

Tomorrow he will have a better neighbor.
Tomorrow I will introduce myself.

--Glenna Holloway