

AUTHOR'S IMPRINT

I know her by name,  
by style and stance.  
But I've never even seen  
her picture. She could be  
30 or 80, for such poetry  
comes from agelessness  
at either end of the gamut.

And I know her by pure touch  
because her words have made  
contact in surface ways  
like a one finger caress,  
and deep veinous ways  
like a light probe.  
I know her in right brain ways  
where no progress had moved  
for years. I feel her pushing,  
a force not prepared for. When  
I muster my opposition, she is  
pliant. And my argument  
finding nothing to break,  
recoils, ineffectual, on itself.

And after such intimacy, holding  
my delicate premises in her hands,  
how can either of us say  
we've never met?

--Glenna Holloway