

RENEWING AN OLD TESTAMENT

For forty years I've wandered the wilderness
of your hair, exploring it like a pilgrim,
getting lost in dark thickets,
plunging my face and hands in feral fragrance.

Saying you're past wearing it wild,
you discipline last night's tangles
possessively vining your cheeks; you confine
willful tendrils high above your morning smile.

Only the sun knows where to find secret strands
gone white as salt. Sometimes they sneak out
in lake breezes while the prim espaliered clump
belies the deep coiled woman waiting.

And I still covet the jungle midnight
when your freed charges flare and wisp
across my pillow, flowing riches
regaling my skin, cool teasing again

like milk and honey on my mouth
as I touch the long fringes of my promised land.

--G. R. Holloway