

THE LONG HALL

I've never been anything but young.
No way to practice the later stage stuff.
Somebody keeps turning down the lights
so I can't read the numbers on the doors
in this long hall, can't find mine.
And what was that in the path of my shins?

Yesterday
was not like this creeping jurisdiction
of faster, with no form and no rules.
Oh, I sometimes jostled people I passed,
muttering my "pardons," no chance for more.
But time was just a minor idol, not a tyrant.

Today
gravity is pulling me into an alien draft.
Passers are armed with looks to kill with,
words to match. When did I get this slur
in my stride, this rust on my hand? This is
no time to look old, I'm just now nailing down
my possibilities, closing in on the attainable.

But this corridor is getting narrower.
What I'm gaining on is the vanishing point.

And now there are no more doors.

--Glenna Holloway