

GLENNA HOLLOWAY  
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RENEWING AN OLD TESTAMENT ACCORDING TO JOHN

This wilderness I've wandered forty years,  
Long lost in secret thickets of your hair,  
Keeps me a captive, burying my bare  
And eager face in softness, hiding fears  
In feral fragrance. Surely there's no strand  
Left unexplored, no unknown layered swirls.  
Each dawn I touch your tangled midnight curls;  
Possessively they vine your cheek and hand.  
You rise to clamp wild tendrils to your will.  
The prim clump you espalier and pin down  
Belies the deep-coiled beauty at the crown.  
I covet every jungle promise still:  
When freed they flow like honey on demand--  
The teasing fringes of my promised land.

--Glenna Holloway