

**GLENNA HOLLOWAY**  
913 E. Bailey Road  
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Foster Sonnet  
PRIZE POEMS, National Fed-  
eration of State Poetry  
Societies

ROMANCING THE RIVERSIDE  
Glenna Holloway

I breathe silk fog that strokes the beaver run  
Then climbs until impaled on spears of pine.  
I wade the backstream watching herons pose  
While feeling satin silt with unshod toes.  
Infused in morning's patterns just begun,  
I move within the negatives of sun  
As part of this viridian design  
To slip through willows where the white-tails dine.  
Tonight I'll hide in musky twilight's rise  
And see the deer by moonshed as it vies  
With nimbus, pale as cotton newly ginned.  
Remembering to stay against the wind,  
I wander this kaleidoscope, a child  
Whose random river dreamscapes all grow wild.