

West Side Window

No rice paper handy,  
some Cantonese calligrapher  
put his inspiration in frost writing  
on my Oregon window. Looking through  
his exquisite brush tracks,  
dark pine, snow pyramids beyond,  
sense struggles to emerge. Straining  
to recall old lessons from Addie Yee,  
elegant Chinese characters scrolling  
down my mind, I can feel fog lifting  
from Hong Kong harbor, sheening my face.  
A junk glides seaward, fresh sun caught  
in its bat wing sail. I see white lotus  
spilling warm gold pollen in your pool.  
The scrivener you sent has reached me.  
The aroma of sandalwood wraps me  
as I open the antique letterbox  
to compare the message I think I read.

--Glenna Holloway