

ATT: Poems for Parents

LITTLE GIRL GONE

Glenna Holloway

It's such an old cliché--
but maybe this really is a trick mirror
from a passing carnival
stretching her taller than I.
Looking right at her I didn't see it--
only when I stood behind and gazed unblinking
into the hard shimmer of our reflections.

There where surface ripples rounded her
and blue defined my eyes twice, my walk,
she spent all summer.
The newer image grew stronger,
passed into the parallax, and only mine
stared absently from the tilting frame,
pale and unfamiliar. I turned my back.

Now ahead I see a woman in a glossy gown.
She holds a gilded looking glass
and calls for me to hurry.