

MAKING DAYBREAK SOFTER

Black and pouring. Not a morning sun can much improve.
The taxi's horn will cut into it shortly.
You close your bag, put on your cap that precise way,
touch your polished wings. Motions I know so well.

You woke me playing Debussy on your clarinet.
No one writes music like that anymore--
notes on a staff of colors unwound from the spectrum.
You animated tones with woodland legerdemain,
articulated phosphorescence, cerebral and visceral.

You turned Afternoon of a Faun into a willow wind
caressing the old fears I hide. Opening pores
in the soft gray of my rock-rimmed inlands.
My guarded shade flowed aquamarine
and painted us an island. In this place
not meant for magic, you transposed me
to a zephyr key, tuned me to a veridian obbligato.

You blew us a hurricane eye in the storm.
You swept the broken glass out of dawn, smoothed
the jagged edges, let me smell evergreen forests
instead of damp ceiling plaster in a rented room.

It's a way to leave me dry-eyed. It's something
I'll replay to lyrics of rain all day.

And in the coming midnights it may almost
drown out the imagined sounds and sights
of war on a flight deck.

--Glenna Holloway
RAMBUNCTIOUS REVIEW