

GLENN HOLLOWAY
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POET DISMISSED AS FABULIST
(In Memory of Nemerov)

If this man's master epics were a lie
Time's truth would have revealed the bogus pose.
No rhyme or metric foot could falsify
The jagged wedge of life the author chose.
The incunabula of all we know
Derives its breath from witness of the world.
No residential mortal here below
Could fabricate it; neither knit nor purled
Could narrative reweave such livid facts.
No writer needs invention from himself
To dramatize these players and their acts.
It's he exposed upon the public shelf,
Fair game for book reviewers, pedants, worse:
Empirics crying "Not so!" --that's Cain's curse.

--Glenna Holloway