

GLENNA 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 the curse.

--Glenna Holloway