

LEARNING IS A RED RING, MAYBE PLAID

Today I pushed discovery's heavy wheel
--one full circle, one whole turn around.
My pockets bulge with new things I can feel--
six stones--and maybe dragon seeds I've found.

Today I ate an orange, pulled the peel,
half white, half yellow-reddish, then I wound
my wrist with curling smell, a fruity reel
of scenes from Florida. My brother frowned.

He needs imagination, can't match sound
with colors, size, can't figure where to look
for lazy cloud-sheep grazing on the ground,
can't press the just-washed moon inside a book.

I've heard a song shaped like a shepherd's crook,
I've tasted thunder and I know it's black.
Each picture that my play-like camera took
was soft or hot or tickly, front and back.

His life is boring, everything's the same
as others see. It really is a shame--
his mind's a single track that seems to lack
gold knobs and circuits for the learning game.

--Glenna Holloway