

RECLAMATION
Glenna Holloway

It's hard to believe
such common clumsy things as words
can fit into a sonnet's silken web.
Or in a lullaby or hymn
without leaving jagged edges to mock
the lyricist. Our awkward verbs
are hammered and stroked
into moving speeches, nouns that roam
the streets are washed and pressed
in friendly letters, get-well cards.
Pieces of communication, odd patches
of old cultures past repair
are gathered, polished. Damaged heaps
we've spat out, killed with, wasted
can be re-used to build and mend.
In spite of all the bitter tongues
that tarnished them, they can be
proclaimed again. Salvaged
by enlightenment, recycled curses
still create new songs and verses.