

REMEMBERING ERINIA

You could always count on Erinia's eyes.  
She listened to you with them, heard it all,  
even what you didn't say. Her eyes  
were country cures, not old wives' tales  
like Aunt Vi's--squinty, darting, doubtful.

Erinia was wise-warm in the eyes,  
God's love-warm, although blue  
is a cool color. She made you think  
of summer irises  
on apple crunch mornings. North winds  
forgot to bite when she smiled.

You'll never find a better definition  
of beauty than Erinia. But she wasn't pretty.  
Her thicket of sable lashes defied  
the age stored beneath, age that comes  
from hearing of the heart. If you looked,  
you could see those indigo shadows were old  
as change or sorrow. She knew where  
she was, held steady to where she was going.

Worshipper and witness, she flowered.  
Her verbs were seedlings, her prayers oak trunks.  
Erinia fashioned her life after His--  
leaving us all the best when she was gone.

--Glenna Holloway