

WITNESS
Glenna Holloway

I try to load my words with meaning,
aim them inside people's need,
try to leave them something
that won't melt in random rain.

I used to want my words to smoke and zap
with the stuff of Isaiah and John.
It's a long time since Pentecost,
maybe a longer one before the end time
when we're given holy answers.
And even as I prayed
for the right things to say
I was like a sophomore reciting
lessons not clearly understood.

I expected too much of my mortal mouth.
I don't know if its sound
ever stopped a fall or helped to make
a Christian. But I've learned something--
trying to say whatever I said
helps keep me one.

And today someone told me
my trying is what he remembers.

Second rights offered