

ERINIA

Her eyes were country cures--
not the old wives' tales of Amy's or Vi's,
squintish and skimpy and always doubtful.

She was wise-warm in the eyes
although blue is a cool color.
She made dreariness brim alive
like kids on Christmas eve. Her eyes
turned cobalt and crackling embers
on the coal-smoke evenings of my lost hope.
And I remember clear cerulean
on apple-crunch mornings. North winds
forgot to wail and bite when she smiled.

Erinia's thicket of lashes
defied the age stored beneath, an age
that comes with hearing of the heart.
But if you made a study, you could see
those indigo shadows were old as change
or sorrow, holding where we were
and where we were going. And endless
emollient for my pains.

It was just like her
to take nothing away when she left.

--Glenna Holloway