

DECODING 101

Glenna Holloway

It's late. Elongated shadows  
crosshatch my yard,  
blacker on black cryptograms  
I can't read.

My neighbor's hunched silhouette  
behind his forgotten blinds  
moves suddenly to the left.  
His darkness rises.  
One hand goes to his face,  
a single legible line  
among the hieroglyphics  
held in a pale frame.

Overbearing, cocksure,  
I never liked him by day.  
In this moment I recognize  
a lost and lonely brother.  
All my warmth surrounds him,  
a new-found sister's prayers  
against the night.

Tomorrow I will introduce myself.