

ERINIA
Glenna Holloway

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.

Blue is a cool color but Erinia
was wise-warm in the eyes.
On coal smoke evenings, I can still see
her cobalt and crackling embers,
still remember summer day irises
on apple crunch mornings. The worst
the north could muster
forgot to blow and bite when she smiled.

Her thicket of sable lashes defied
the age stored beneath, age that comes
from hearing of the heart. But if you looked,
you could see those indigo shadows were old
as change or sorrow, holding where we were,
holding steady to where we were going.

And it was just like Erinia
to leave all the best memories as she left.