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DECODING 101

It's late. Elongated shadows crosshatch  
my back yard, extending beyond definitions.  
Black on black cryptograms I can't read.

My neighbor's silhouette hunched over her desk  
lurches abruptly, drawing my eye to her window.  
Her darkness rises slowly. One hand  
goes to her face, a single legible line  
among hieroglyphics in a frame.

I never liked her by day.  
Now in this moment I recognize a lamed  
and lonely sister. My warmth moves toward her,  
a sudden kinship of knowing.  
One deciphered blip on night's graph.

Tomorrow she will have a better neighbor.  
Tomorrow I will introduce myself.

--Glenna Holloway