

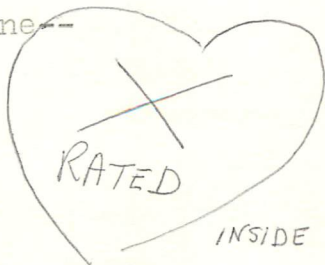
TO MY HUSBAND---VALENTINE

Don't bring me any lacy hearts
With sweetly sticky poses.
In books I read the racy parts
And skip the rhymes and roses.



Let's have a steak, a little wine
And make like kids so jolly
We won't forget this Valentine---
Especially the finale!

OUTSIDE



INSIDE

G. R. Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville IL 60565
708-983-5499

Birthday

O: Your birthday present was tied up with
love and kisses--

I: Too bad you weren't around

GLENN HOLLOWAY

913 E. Bailey Road

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Girl to Girl Card

O: Mad 'cause you heard your guy went for me?

I: Don't believe it. The subject never
came up.

GLENN HOLLOWAY

**913 E. Bailey Road
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ONE-LINERS, BUTTONS & KEY RINGS

I'm working on my Ph.D. in martyrdom

LICENSED SLEEP INSTRUCTOR

I'm an A+ student, Procrastination 101

ZITS FOR RENT

My sis is the wonderkid-- I'm the wonderblunder

My mom knitted me

BORN TO BE ME

I KNOW YOUR SECRET

The real message is in CODE

Let's find out how much I miss you

Yesterday I was the smartest one here

Don't laugh-- Yesterday I was tall and blond

If not for Columbus I wouldn't be standing here

Comet juice--the drink of tomorrow

You've got taxes-- I've got homework



DATE: 4/10/92

TO: G. Holloway

We at KALAN, INC. appreciate your submission to us. Thank you!
After careful review of your ideas, our conclusion is as follows:

- ☒ Your style does not lend itself to our company's products.
- ☐ Nothing at this time, but we are interested in seeing more submissions.
- ☐ Other:

KALAN INCORPORATED

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville, Illinois
(312) 357-0902

Friendship

You're as welcome
as a sharpened pencil
when all of mine are broken--
as a message I can read
when I've mislaid my glasses--
as a bowl of clam chowder in March
seasoned with fresh-ground nutmeg.
Most of all you're welcome
because you fill all the blanks
in my daily crossword puzzle.

Glenna Holloway
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Friendship

ROUND-THE-CLOCK KIND

I have a certain pal for my garage sale craze
And there are special people for Sundays
And fellow dreamers share my literary phase
But you're my only always-friend, all ways.

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When we're together
I never quite say what I want to say.
And sometimes I say almost nothing,
afraid I'll say it wrong
or get my syllables snarled like thread
when I try to sew on a button.
There's really no mystery
about my love, but it's so strong
it makes all the old words weak and pale
even though I arrange them new ways
in my mind. At the last second
when I start to give them to you
I realize how poor they are. But on paper
at least you can see they're real,
and if you can, imagine
they've never been unwrapped before.

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Friendship

MORE THAN ALL OF THE BELOW

A friend like you
is sun slanting
through a stained glass pane,
iced tea on a sizzling day,
or finding money
in an old jacket pocket
when I'm broke.
A friend like you
is a pair of fur-lined gloves
warmed by a fireplace
and given to me right after
I've cleared snow off
my windshield with bare hands.

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First line could also read "cat" with no other changes necessary

The dog misses you,
nose pressed to glass,
eyes trained
on the driveway, except
when those devoted ears
suspect your step
on the hall stairs.
Knowing better, I don't
succumb to dashing
up and down
but more and more often
my hand touches
that anxious head
as we share the window.

COLLETTING MEPS

Today I went to the lakeshore--

So many bright boats rocked on the ripples
But there was one, sparkling, sun-silvered,
farthest out of all, and I thought of you.
No matter how much distance there is
between us, or how many other sails
gleam and beckon nearby, it's your shining
I look to, your sure course I follow.

When we're together
I never quite say what I want to say.
And sometimes I say almost nothing,
afraid I'll say it wrong
or get my syllables snarled like thread
when I try to sew on a button.
There's really no mystery
about my love, but it's so strong
it makes all the old words weak and pale
even though I arrange them new ways
in my mind. At the last second
when I start to give them to you
I realize how poor they are. But on paper
at least you can see they're real,
and if you can, imagine
they've never been unwrapped before.

You're as welcome
as a sharpened pencil
when all of mine are broken--
as a message I can read
when I've mislaid my glasses--
as a bowl of clam chowder in March
seasoned with fresh-ground nutmeg.
Most of all you're welcome
because you fill all the blanks
in my daily crossword puzzle.

GLENN HOLLOWAY
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Naperville, IL 60565

You're the central part of my life.
Without you
I'd be a clock without hands.
Time would be flat and heavy and empty;
there'd be no expression
of sunlight or moonlight
and nothing at all worth pointing to.

GLENN HOLLOWAY
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Somehow

there aren't many forever words
these days. And so much
of what we say is meaningless
or shopworn.

But there's a place inside me
with a language of its own.

Maybe it's my heart,
but wherever it is
it's yours.

Unwrap it slowly and listen
to the words.

They've never been said before.

GLENN HOLLOWAY
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Naperville, IL 60565

Necessary is a word that equates
with food and water and warmth
and you.

For me--

necessarily not in that order.

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When we're all together
I know the meaning of complete.
When we're all together
the meaning of happiness is clear.
When we're all together
I feel the meaning of love.

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Your smile
is the essence of all you are.
It leaves a light around your face
and mine
long after your lips have forgotten it.
But all that shining
is stored always in my heart,
so bright it will never lose its way.

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I always say more than necessary,
hum an extra measure of a song,
breathe another sigh.
You can discard at leisure
what you don't want
along with dried up ballpoints
and crossword puzzles you solved.

I was born afraid of silence--
mine or yours or the earth's.
And if I hold back some of what
I feel, you'll never know how much
love you've generated.
It leaves no room for silence.

The dog misses you,
nose pressed to glass,
eyes trained
on the driveway, except
when those devoted ears
suspect your step
on the hall stairs.
Knowing better, I don't
succumb to dashing
up and down
but more and more often
my hand touches
that anxious head
as we share the window.

The dog misses you more and more,
Eyes beaded on the driveway,
Nose validating the glass pane,
Compounding abstract prints.
Now and then his dedicated ears
Suspect your step
In the hall upstairs.
Knowing it's only the creak
Of morning or evening in the boards
I don't succumb to dashing
Up and down.
But more and more often
My hand reaches for the soft warmth
Of his anxious head
As we share the empty window.

GLENNA HOLLOWAY
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Mother's Day/Father's
Day/Birthday

On your special day
I want you to know
I never forget I'm part of you
as you're a cherished part of me.
Today at the lakeshore
so many bright boats
rocked on the ripples.
But there was one,
sparkling and sun-silvered,
farthest out of all,
and I thought of you again.
No matter how much distance
is between us, or how many sails
gleam and beckon nearby,
it's your shining I look to,
your sure course I follow.

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8 lines

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

Glenna Holloway

Roses are red, that much is right
but violets are purple or often white.
I don't have to call them blue
to find a word to rhyme with you.
Sugar is out, an old cliché.
"Neat" says more than "sweet" today.
In fact you're all of the above,
and YOU— the perfect rhyme for love.

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2. Birthday

Those with birthdays in December
Find that some folks can't remember.
With the rush of holidays,
People wind up in a haze.
Worse, are friends who think the date
Too close to Yule to celebrate.
They'll pile it all in one big greeting—
Gee, I think that's kinda cheating.
So for you I'll play the bard:
Here's a special birthday card.