

70% of earth is water
seas are dying

Pressure - distorted specimens
don't reveal creatures in natural
states!

bio luminescences in sea creatures
chemical mixtures in creatures'
bodies

some creatures release clouds of
light in face of predators & flee
in darkness

less than 1% of deep sea has been
explored

Bio
ecology

biodiversity -

a living

organism

connections
between things

Back and forth
to charts
12.12.11

420-7440 new church hours

Sept. 9th ~~10~~ Sat. mts 5:30

8:15 - 9:30 - 11:00

Clio & Her Sisters ^{cool Denise} Queen ^{flaking}
Clio's muses Top Sister / Lead Muse
Clio - papyrus & books

Clio Gone Ballistic

High Tech

Clio Chronicles & New Age Erato

Long ago she traded scrolls & papyrus
for leather bound books.

Two decades ago she switched
to computers, while her 8 sisters
kept their ^{original} trad. Between ^{entrances} clicks
she hawks, weeps, screams.
Clio

She solates with Orpheus, Erato &
Calliope for solace

Clio Chronicles & New Age Erato

GHI

POP22

1252

2 HAWTHORNE

1000 Jumbo - 113-933-2969

JHREBER

THERESE

Tess Gump - 113-233-5692

10522 S. HAMLIN AVE

CHI

60655

from my window.

One doesn't adopt the caging
noise one uses with puppies or even
a new ^{person} foal. Treble is inherently
not the right register. This primitive
looking beast asserts ancient
authority, exercises an inherent high
rank in the natural order.

Each rock can bring him down forcibly.
those shiny legs ^{can} kick front &
back, ^{could} run

copy

Inside Passage

Wishes to Yns.

~~Antonia Saper~~

Wishes to your Aunt
Place of Gentle Rain

look up: Tut - did Wallace see?

Into Thy Hands... Father
Synics
Yes, ^{and} Always in Your hands

day after day
(Always in His hands)

I want to stay at His death
Christ said ~~it on the Cross~~
^{relinquishing His}
~~then~~ giving up the ghost,
and with my final breath
I'll join that holy host.

No other hands will do
No other hands so true
" " ones but you O Lord
renew; Law; new; new; too;

can satisfy my need.

If in the end I bleed
" " " " I waste away
O let me heed no other voice
Thou art my ~~final~~ choice.
only

needs
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Tues. 18 Pie & ice cream

make ham & avocado salad 19th
WC

heret first crossed nressed enlused
nressed nressed thirst immersed
emlous cross cross flow
glass lass mass saice toss
crossed lost enlused cost
frost tossed

Each time 2 ^{face} count another

And try to ^{clear} sweep away the ^{loss} cross
and try to rise above life's ^{loss} cross

My sinking heart will ^{lift} ^{again} turn
I pray my Father guides me ^{again}
^{know}

and guide me to embrace ^{the} the cross
once again
in prayerful faith
as I embrace the cross.

LUKE 13
3d THIRST

Hanging porch upon
a steel cross

Once out in the desert
too long ~~I felt~~ my road
was long I'd never been so
thirsty I
I wanted to see the old Indian

I lost
my
cattle
behind

While
one day in a desert like
I arrived a bunch of guests
The mile back to the lodge

I forgot
to feed
my cattle
before a
desert
hike.
Benish
the spring run
I missed
a drink, master
It was like
a cup of honey
inside my throat
throbbed
vapor

LUKE 8
Note Thy words
& commended my
spirit.

7 last words ?

John

Behold thy son. Behold thy mother.
I thirst. It is finished.

Other 3:
M, M+L
not John

My God, why hast thou forsaken me ?

Forebode - last of Holy Week

TEN-E-BRAY

Bill Bryan

637-8724

2 hunger & thirst

Why ~~to you~~ Waste Time
Bath to

It's an exercise in thinking;
in wonderment; a way to make
the hard world — without
struggle

~~#~~ hush at once

no Nothing's wasted.
It's not a waste, even if the
end product is poor.

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ROBERT W. HOLLOWAY

Changing shape
like the sea's soft
creatures

slipping over edges
into the sea
changing shape + shade

to return. Or not.

gibbous

TIB-05

rounded but not
full moon

inner side convex

42K

necessitating
influences

When we enter 00 for date in
computer will think: 1900

(Computers read year by last 2
digits.)

as stock market collapses
because no one can keep track
of what phones selling for
the night before.

stop to
end of line

Chick
pilot

00
00
52

E-day Prods

EXUDE / FREED / ID / ODE / ODD / NO
Cure cure value BELIEVED / BELOVED

below blue

ten pane dawn dean din line lone
condore tune down
save value sieve

fan fan fine feign fun
fired felled failed fald fouled
foaled

shiled scaled scald sculled
schooled scold
goge gauge

denude node nod need

veiled revised

etude tad

felled

~~case~~ any house is
all the rooms are
when dark seeps in + everything is still.

206 leaves in
lemon badey
geezery gait - old man Habbitt
Who Remembers Uranice Lake

GLENN HOLLOWAY
913 E. Bailey Road
Naperville, IL 60563

They thought
kudo into kudo into kudo

praise / prize / prose / prey /

bind / band / band / banded

hored / six socks sep socks
sakes seeks

heard / haired / hawd / hired
hoard / herd

brat / bat / beat / bat / bait / bait /
bait / boat / bit

grain / grin / green / grown

breath / bath / breathe /

bath / both / beth / booth

found find feind fund

bound bond bend bond

ground grind greened ground

crash crash

please plays^{ap} please plays plows

ap ples

nile roll well Neal rail will
rile rail

sole soul sill seal

wroth wroth wraith wreath

sound seamed sand send sinned
signed sined

wonder wonder windows wonder
color caller color choler ^{cooler} heller

see say saw sigh sew sow sue

be any hung boy how bow

weather - wither master - mister
muster semester

astute estate stant


voice vice vase. whaler tubler riblest

vaund varied vained vind

walls/walls/wells/^{As}walls/walls/wiles

wrestle wrestle

ruffle rife ruffle rueful

83  Bruce & Monte Rev. ^{and} bmreview.com
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Contest \$5⁰⁰/poem WEB

- 101 Chrysalis Reader
108 Cloud Ridge Press
126 Desert Voices
133 Eighth Mountain agency
135 Ellipsis
140 Epoch
" Evangel
148 First Time Contest
159 Fugue
163 Ga Review \$/line
164 Gettysburg R \$2.50/line
165 Simulacra Press
171 Hanging Loose
171 Honour Press
177 Hippopotamus Press
178 Hollins Critic
N 179 Hotel America

- 183 ^{supine - arbitrary} 2 days Honey contest 5/1 - 7/15
- ★ www.imagejournal.org - religious humanism
- 183 Image religious + visual \$2/line
- 186 Ann Pot
- 190 Iowa Review McGinnis Award
- 200 Knopf
- 220 Malabar Review long poem Prize
- 221 Mamfold Press - contest
- 227 Meridian
- 231 Mid-America
- 244 New Criticism \$2.50/line
- 244 New England Review
- 245 New Letters
- 248 New Renaissance
- 250 New Writer
- 258 Ocean View Books

call Will Chicago re
Article about writing poetry for photos

- 259 Orbis
- * 264 Praceement Saw Press Choplook Dec 31
- 272 Phoebe - Greg Gerner
- 277 Pitt Pottery Seals
- 278 Oleciades
- 279 The Ploumon
- 285 Poetry Ireland
- 287 Poetry Nottingham
- 288 Poets Canvas
- 301 Quarterly West
- 303 Rathapallat
- 307 Red Moon Press Karkun
- 312 River Style
- 313 Ruinstone Choplook L F 8²⁰
- 314 Rocky Mt. Pider
- 314* Rook
- 316 Ruak
- 318 St. Anthony Messenger
- 320 Sorabonds
- 322 Seasonce Review

- 327 Slagging Hole \$10 EF May 15
- 328 Slope online WEB
- 329 Orionish Pace
- 331 Sjaurms
- 333 One Stanford prizes 4/13/05
- 333 * Southern Review
- 333 * Southwest Review traditional -WEB
- 340 Stand
- 340 Steel Toe chopbook May 1
- 341 Stichmon Review online
- 345 The Sun 100 OK good pay ★
- 347 Swan Song chopbooks no fee ★
- 348 Swink ★
- 349 Syngeleaks - religious reviews =A
- 350★ Talent Mag
- 355 Thema get themes on WEB
- 357 Three Penny Review -WEB
- 358 Tickets B, Thema
- 358 Tigers Eye - contest
- 359 Titan Press \$15 EF

363★ Tuomase WEB \$50

371★ Virginia Quarterly Poems \$5/line

377★ Westerny (Australia) WEB

380 Mild Plum WEB

380 Mild Violet WEB

382 Windstorm Creature -WEB

386 Writers Journal - Sept - Dec. 30 contest

388 Yellow Bal

390 300 Press

409 Nashville Newsletter

405 John Wood contest 1/1/05 thru 4/1

contests

416 Penn. 1/15/05

417 Poetic License DLR

417 PSA 12/21

418 PS of VA 1/19/05

419 Pontelandia 3/1/05?

419 PSA Chapbook EF \$2 12/21 DL

420-1 Rhyme Time - 12/31★

422★ Shadow Poetry 12/31 \$50 + \$25 ENTRY
Shadows Ink WEB-FORM DEC 31

- 424 ★ Spike - chopbook EF \$10 DL 12/31
- 425 Wallace Stegner? WEB Dec. 1
- 427 Wengle FLOMP ^{TRASH} no fee DL 8/15 - APR 1
- ★ WAR POETRY 3/1 - 5/31 WEB
- 428 Stm + TAM WICK 5/1/05
- 429 Yeats Society 2/15 ★
- 430 Zen Garden 12/31

new poems 1-3 - combined
length not to exceed 500 lines
\$12 old winners all trashy

Titles

3RD Ear + Eye

Watching the Spectrum

Listening to /

Eye in the /

Collage

The Color of Love / Singing / Sound
Song

Broken Colors

Look + Listen, Never Stops

Listening to the ^{colored} Orange + Green

Gold, Green + Gray

Pepper + Salt

Apprentice Alley

Sauce + Honey

Counter melody

Hot Peppers
+ Honey

to Blue

Acquaintance:

blue enamel on steel

Star Salemon - approaching

Recurring
Fever
Vi found a snake
Daddy's alder
sister

Crucible

✓ Inside Passage PAST
3/2/88
Pittsburgh
Penn

Crucible

Apprentice Alley Missing

"Morning Star Break"

essentially

Cheetah MFA ✓

Acquaintance

Lioness ✓

Romancing Stone ✓

844-729-4641
Mary

Apprentice Alley
Star Salemon
Acquaintance

Write Dr. Down

Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville IL 60565-1652
630/983-5499

ROMANCING THE HUMPBCKS IN RHYME ROYAL

BRINE BITCH

history { 1. THE IGNIS FATUUS ✓
 2. WINGING IT ✓
 THE WILDERNESS WAY ✓
 3. ROMANCING THE HUMPBLOCKS IN RHYME ROYAL ✓ check other copies
 8. MOZART'S CONCERTO IN C MINOR, 1736 ✓
 9. HIS LAST PIANO TEACHER, LISTENING ✓
 10. PAUSING AT THE OLD COWCAMP THEY USED TO CUSS ✓
 11. BEAR AND BEEHIVE BY NIGHT ✓

Star ✓
 Solomon

histories

- 12. HOW TO MAKE THE RIVER AN OLD MAN ✓
- 13. LOSING THE FARM ✓
- 14. TESTAMENT ✓
- 16. ~~THE TETRARCH AFTER MIDNIGHT~~ R
- 18. ~~OLD OKIE WIND~~
- 19. ~~GEORGIA GENESIS~~
- 21. ~~THE ROSE ESCUTCHEON~~
- 22. THE MAKING OF ANNIVERSARY WINE ✓
- 23. THE AGES OF ROCK 2
- 24. ~~IN SEARCH OF MACDOUGALL'S DAHLIA~~
- 25. ROSALIND AND ORLANDO, ACT VI AT ROWLND HOUSE R
- 26. HIGH PLAINS HURRICANE ✓
- 27. OLD CHEYENNE WHIT WITH A WHITE CANE R
- 28. ONLY THE OVERTURE
- 29. MISSIVE FOR A KNIGHT ✓
- 30. ~~THE LAST FOLK SONG~~

Scorp Fox ✓
 Summer Faded Forest
 Star Fox
 Solomon
 Sandogex

hist

- 31. VITUS JONASSEN BERING, 1681-1741 ✓
- 33. SEASCOPE
- 35. SESTINA FOR A NEW WIDOW ✓
- 36. A PLACE OF GENTLE REPAIR ✓
- 37. VILLANELLE IN VIRIDESCENT GRAYS ✓
- 38. CRITIC'S REVIEW OF A LEADING ROLE ✓
- 39. ~~WELCOMING THE OLD CLICHE~~
- 40. ~~BECAUSE OF YOU, LOVE, MUCH IS STILL TO BE~~

Brine
 Bitch 62
 Pelican to the Sound
 Shakespeare

first
 list
 test

- 41. ~~BYSTANDER. THE OTHER COLOMBO~~
- 43. ANOTHER ATLANTIC CROSSING ✓ The other Colombo
- 45. ~~LOOKING FOR BIMINI~~
- 47. ~~RECALLING A WOMAN WHO USED TO GIVE ME FLOWERS~~ ✓
- 48. ~~SUDDEN TWIST~~
- 49. ~~OBLOQUY FOR A CRUEL QUEEN~~ ✓
- 51. THE LOST CORDS R
- 52. ~~LONG ROAD TO MORNING~~ ✓
- 53. ~~SLANTING A SONNET FOR THE BULL~~ R
- 54. ~~JULIE BROADSIDE LIBERATES THE SONNET~~
- 55. SUMMER SIEGE ✓

Sagareque

hist
 hist

- 56. A CHANT ROYAL FOR THE SWAMP FOR X 2
- 58. "END OF AN ERA," PRESENTED BY THE BALEFUL BAY BARDS, etc.
- 62. THE BEEKEEPER SPEAKS OF LOVE ?
- 63. MARVELESQUE
- 65. ANOTHER TAKE ON CO-DEPENDENCY ?
- 66. FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY ?

Fabulist

Sallas Last Snd
 allentins
 quanta

He lists
 with his eyes
 Romancing
 Small Drama
 Columbus Case

Almost Forgotten Journey

retro Butterfly

Yellowknife

mainers

Colon Coded

Hopi Gail

Sawagummar

Critic's Review

Bee Flat

Kim who Proposed
 w Shakes

Sandscope

Sandscope

reparation

microcosm

Mason Mural

Not of This Field

Buried Blue

Running
 old Testament

P. K. P.

ANOTHER ATLANTIC CROSSING

The dream-- or was it weariness and wine
Inventing scenes of gargoyle fantasy?
Convulsing heart, an ague in the brain,
Cathedral bells and stabs of fiery tongues,
Vignettes of naked natives, cursing Spaniards.
Canary Island trees kowtowing west
Like supplicating crones, trunks forming arches,
Hair flung down foretokening the ground--
That vision loomed so many times before,
Asleep, awake, a simmer in the soul.

Half-thoughts in swirling idiom, a stew
Of Latin, Portuguese, Castilian steeped
In seaman's ~~argot~~. He wondered where he was--
Back in a yawing cradle, child again,
Or ill across a horse ignobly sprawled?
The Admiral, rising, bumped his head; the dusk
Revealed his place. His hands reflexed, he heard
The linking metal, felt its weight and wept.

The caravel was under way across
A bias-running tide. The bulkheads groaned
Disrhythmically; he languished on his bunk
To drain the tankard pressed between his palms,
His hard-won palm-lined shores lost from his grasp.

The captain of the ship released his bonds
Which he, Colón, the colonizer, true
To God and sovereigns, loftily relocked.
Let Isabella witness this injustice,
Chains ~~would be~~ his scepter, calumny his crown!

By day, his silence broken only by
His iron expletives against the rails,
He watched the tropic birds dive whitely hungry,
Longed to hold a quadrant to the sun.
The caravel embraced the blue winds-- his.
His route, his reckoning, unknown before
He shaped the course. Now every idle sail
In Christendom would fill with jealous greed
Of westward-bearing amateurs who sought
The East, the scoffers and the scholars who
Believed but had no spine for unmapped risks.

(cont.)

Sonnet

Blauh

Ballad

Millonelle

Rhyme Royal & Chant Royal

Gesteud

Sopphics

single rhyme & meter

unrhymed

glase

Rondeau

Besides
rhyme
& meter

^{prescribed}
The forms ~~included~~ in this.

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~~now~~ non series in rhyme & meter
also 2 ^{sometimes} use ^{random rhyme} variable
short rhyme & meters for
certain subjects.

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4 - poems

~~My mother polished shells to string for belts~~ League,
And though it never cured the warring plague,
All other Indians and white men too
Made way for this alliance and its due.

My mother polished shells to string for belts
Of wampum marking when the League was born.
When Atotarho of the Onondaga
Accepted our "Great Peace" we took him pelts

Of beaver, muskrat, tribute to his rank,
A mighty chief, important to the cause.
I wore hawk feathers just to celebrate;
My beaded sash design proclaimed the date.

Five Nations, lodged in one symbolic longhouse,
Put ancient feuds aside for common good.
Against the French, the Hurons, even time--
Five Nations stands as none has ever stood.

for ~~Don~~ Books
Fence make copy

12

61. MOONWATCH, FLOODWATCH

62. THE ROAD NOT FINISHED

64/4/65 ~~64. SOLAR VOYAGE~~

65. THE TRUTH ABOUT POEMS

66. UPSTART IN A STETSON

68. CHEETAH, MASTER OF FINE ARTS

69. SECRET THINGS

70. WAITING ROOM

71. AQUARIUM

72. HEADING HOME FOR THE NEXT ASSIGNMENT

73. THE BEST THING MY FATHER DID WAS LIE

74. SEMANTICS

75. A PLACE OF GENTLE MENDING

76. VILLANELLE IN VERIDESCENT GRAY

78. TESTAMENT

81 The Truth About Poems

82 2 Conversations

83 ~~Notes~~ ~~44 pages~~

To Whom It May Concern

~~tear out~~ ~~2 missing~~ OK

~~about Colin~~

~~old~~

76 something to Morning

77 Bear & Beehive

~~scribble~~

78 ~~attention~~

ACKS? BIG optional
1 Cover pg w/ ID + one without? yes

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& other relevant
info.

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Glenna Holloway
913 E. Bailey Rd.
Naperville IL 60565

August 8, 2008

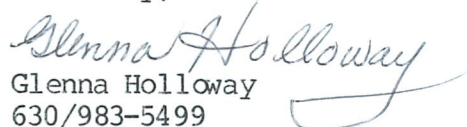
Dear Editors:

Among other major awards, my poetry has won a Pushcart Prize and a \$7,000 fellowship from the Illinois Arts Council. It has appeared in NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; GEORGIA REVIEW; GRAY'S SPORTING JOURNAL; THE FORMALIST and more than a hundred other publications. I now have material for two themed books, one to be titled NEVER FAR FROM WATER, approximately 66 pages, and the other about nature, mostly animals and a few interesting plants, approximately 57 pages. I'm also a published photographer and I'd like to illustrate the latter collection with exceptional color shots. Tentative title: CLOSE FOCUS. I spoke with the managers of several National Park gift shops and they said the nature book would sell well.

I write in many voices: male, female, child, and in free and formal verse, feeling that the subject often dictates the form.

Would you care to see samples or either of the manuscripts?

Sincerely,


Glenna Holloway
630/983-5499

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July 2006

Ms Glenna Holloway (185)
913 E Bailey Rd
Naperville, IL 60565-1652

Dear Ms Holloway:

Congratulations! We are pleased to announce the selection of your poem "Status Report" for publication in the 2007 inaugural issue of *Alehouse*. In all, we received more than six hundred and fifty submissions through our 2006 Happy Hour Poetry Awards Contest. We are honored by your generous participation.

All accepted submissions, yours included, will be forwarded to our preliminary judges who will then determine a short list of finalists. Finalists will then be sent to our final guest judge. Currently, the judges' names are kept confidential to prevent any chance of impropriety.

Winners of the 2006 Happy Hour Poetry Awards will be announced later this autumn and, at that time, mailed their prizes. Winners will be listed in the 2007 issue of *Alehouse*, which will be mailed to you prior to our official release date in January.

Please fill out, sign, and return the enclosed release form by August 15th, and please provide a brief bio to be edited for available space. We thank you again for your participation in the 2006 Happy Hour Poetry Awards and for your generous support of *Alehouse*.

All The Best,



Jay Rubin
Editor, Alehouse Press
editor@alehousepress.com

Thanks Again

COPY WINGING IT

P.S.: If you haven't already done so, would you please email me a copy of your poem. When you do, please include your name (and the number beside your name up above) in the email subject window.

Madison Pav. Physi. Young 217

Manifold Press 221

Momath Books 220

Mass Review 225

Meadowbrook

Memorandum

Wellen 224

James D. Jones

1912

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May 16, 2007

Dear Glenna:

Good to hear from you again! I wish I could say yes to any of these poems but I felt that in each there was some rhetorical problem that kept me at a distance, more often the diction but sometimes the thematic structure, which remained inconclusive though successfully diagnostic. I'm sorry to be negative again and hope we can make contact on other work in the future. Meanwhile, best wishes for your writing this spring and summer.

resent
new work
8/13/07

Sony Noelstein

Judy Lowe, Poetry Editor
Home Forum

CSM

1 Norway St.
Boston MA 02115

NOT JUST ANY CARD

Aunt Anastasia drove 700 miles
to take her place in the deathwatch
with Jack and me and our old dog.
"Don't let her in," said her favorite nephew,
my husband, when I told him she was coming.
He called her the Queen of Clubs for her lack
of tact, her bluntness. "She'll advise me how
to die, instruct me on eternal protocol,
drill me in the correct address of angels.
Then she'll move her marble bust
from my old desk to Jack's new one,
and put the dog's cushion in the yard."
We shared a chuckle, then she arrived
to prove him right.

She told our son he was improperly dressed
for the occasion. Proudly I watched him
not verbalize the retort in his eyes.

Bedside she bid and trumped until
the impatient patient feigned sleep. She made
a list of things I should do. I insisted
she get some rest after her long trip.
Jack firmly escorted her to the guest room.

My husband and I were dealt another hour,
a final royal flush. You might say Aunt A
was the ace. Our joker king died laughing.

WAKING WALK

Daybreak acquires new meaning, ice forming
in the air, a scrim of edgy glitter
between me and the lodge. A single tap
could craze the sky like antique china,
could crack the pewter pond and maybe
my lungs. The stone chimney's exclamation
of smoke rising above the trees,
emanating from contemplated fire tongues,
pulls me back through the forest.

What hauled me out at such an hour?
"Poets have haunted heads," said the man
from Maine. Other winter vacationers laughed,
toed last night's hearth, sipped espresso
as some of us talked of Thoreau for an hour
beside postprandial orange coals.

Pitch pines in white fur designer coats
signaled at my wake-up window, making
their own light, sharing it with smilax
boasting vermilion berries above new snow:
an ineluctable invitation.
The transcendentalist may never have left
a bootprint here but it's his kind of place.

Metaphor, irony, verity weave me in,
slow my steps, quicken me.
An old lightning-bitten hickory bole leans
its solitary death over an inanimate stream.
Lichen-tweedled, burlled, its deep-rooted stance
communes with the creek's stymied voice.

Summer is concocted between them. Deep water
and recycling wood make long range green plans
not for themselves. Thoreau would pause here.
I know now why I came.

"...two solitary strollers did not for a moment think on coincidence, that unswum stream which lingers at a man's elbow with every crowd in every town." --The Picasso Summer, Ray Bradbury

THE BEHOLDER'S EYE

For thirty-five years he starred her
on imagination's lavish stage, the heroine
of levitating scenes, eye level
against a gray highway, flitting across
a newspaper, a diorama under the shower spray.
Producer, director, still wanting to co-star.

He didn't question that she still looked twenty,
or other anomalies, never updated the script.
After each performance he felt somehow closer
to the pastel denouement of boy gets girl.

Vacationing in the mountains, his wife
antiquing down the road, he Sunday afternooned
at a small art museum, pausing to revile cubists
for being blind to beauty. His eyes tripped over
a painter's signature. The love of his life
had married some guy with that common name.
This one was the show's featured artist; his
collection of nudes defaced the east wall.

The visitor moved toward them. Clumsy lines grated
against each other, crashing colors tightened
his jaws. A framed newsclip hanging nearby likened
the artist's style to Picasso's, applauded
the interpretations of his wife. The words
surrounded a black and white photo of the couple.

The visitor shook his head. Ugly old woman,
no wonder he painted her that way.
Worst kind of escapism. Alteration of truth
and pretense of alternative glory.

The artist, early for the wine and cheese reception
at 5, sidled up to the frown in front of his work.
"Tell me what you think of it," he said.

The visitor did. They conversed. Other guests
drifted by. To keep it polite, the two men enacted
the card swapping ritual. Outside, the first man
saw he'd been talking to the painter himself,
shrugged and flicked the card in a bin. Inside,
the artist stared at the card in his hand.
Can't be but one name like that, he thought.
No wonder she didn't marry him.

PORTRAIT OF A BALLET DANCER

But I never posed for a painter in my life!
She almost said it aloud as patrons wandered
the gallery. The guard's gaze returned, paused.
He looked disturbingly like someone she knew
but couldn't place in any remembered context.

She stood before a large oil on canvas--
competent--limited palette--ivory with ocher
and rose madder: A ballerina-- one girl, two images--
her being, her existence in well-stroked pigment,
the other one nude in the full-length mirror, sidelong
glancing at the viewer, not altogether constrained
by angles and margins of the looking glass-- reflecting,
all right, but not the subject's perfect plie...

The girl visiting the gallery studied the mirror face,
and the ingenue smile of the subject rehearsed in cues,
applause, dimensions of tulle. Her warm finger touched
both figures, affirming, rejecting, trembling.

Who could have seen? Who knows so much?
Did some camera jock sneak in the dressing room
and-- She searched again for a signature.
Behind her, the guard made a noise in his throat.
Had he noticed? Had any of the other people?

"The artist is Luke Tanager," said the guard softly.
"The painting is on loan. Not for sale."

"Who's Luke Tanager? No one ever had permission
to paint me. How can I get in touch with him?"

"What makes you think it's you? Are you such a liar?"

"Who is the liar? Subject or artist?"

The man turned to go. "Maybe you invented yourself
unfinished. Maybe your halves never met. Maybe
the artist found your lost directions for assembly.

Truth is not far away. Look into her-- deeply--
the one whose eyes you can't see."