

## **Holly Day – Two Poems**

### **Two Minutes Thirteen Seconds**

Years later, when all was forgiven, Jacob  
would have Esau over for dinner  
to share some of the good fortune that continued to come his way  
long after one would have expected.  
They would sit around their father's blessing and reminisce  
about the good old days, before this thing had come between them  
this glistening, sparkling promise of security  
that could only be given once, to one person, at one specific time.

Sometimes, when he thought Jacob wasn't looking,  
Esau would try to touch the blessing  
would throw pillowcases and handkerchiefs over it in an attempt  
to steal it for himself. When this didn't work, he'd find the solace he sought  
in his brother's wife, late at night. She never minded his rough, hairy hands  
the thick pelt of fur on his neck and face,  
the odor of goat that clung to his body.  
The weight of debt that hung between the two of them  
was enough to pacify all of the regret.

### **The First of Many**

The tiny eggs open and larvae unfurl  
cluster at the edges of the birdbath as though  
already dreaming of breaking free.

I try to explain to the assembled that I, too  
am like one of those little black squiggles  
a midge waiting to pupate and molt

spread wings and fly away, and that they are to ignore  
the crumpled husk I leave behind.

**Holly Day**'s poetry has recently appeared in *Plainsongs*, *The Long Islander*, and *The Nashwaak Review*. Her newest poetry collections are *In This Place, She Is Her Own* (Vegetarian Alcoholic Press), *A Wall to Protect Your Eyes* (Pski's Porch Publishing), *Folios of Dried Flowers and Pressed Birds* (Cyberwit.net), *Where We Went Wrong* (Clare Songbirds Publishing), *Into the Cracks* (Golden Antelope Press), and *Cross Referencing a Book of Summer* (Silver Bow Publishing).