

# Hope Holz

## Fandom

*For Chris Ryniak and Amanda Louise Spayd  
on the opening of their exhibition, Unseen Forces*

### Magic-Makers

You weave together myth and whimsy.  
Conjure the lilting light of fireflies  
in humid summers.  
The abandon of naked feet on damp grass,  
Jars in hand to capture a fleeting moment of youth.

### Unseen Forces

Draw us to you like we were once drawn to fireflies.  
We yearn for warm and welcoming nights.  
Careless footfalls in fields,  
Green blades tickling between our unshod toes.

You pine like we do.

Seize those lost instants and Create  
a token of childhood and longing.  
We cherish it for the prize it is—  
A glimpse of happiness in an old pickle jar,  
Held tightly by hands we imagine once again soft and small.

**Hope Holz** is perspicacious, empathetic, intuitive, and candid. She is also kind, but not always to herself. She is learning to define herself by who she is and not her acts or accomplishments—by adjectives, not verbs and nouns. But, since the preceding is not sufficient for a biographic blurb, she concedes the following.

Hope Holz lives in the Dallas area with her husband, a dog, and three cats. She currently seeks a Master of Liberal Studies with dual concentrations in creative writing and literature from Southern Methodist University. She loves big words, holds strong opinions on the Oxford comma, and intermittently blogs at <http://hopeholz.com>. In addition to this publication, her work will appear this fall in *Adanna Literary Journal's* “Women and Spirituality” special issue.