

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

John Grey
Your Onions

actually they're all onions
to the desperate,
no cool cucumbers,
no tomatoes
bursting with seeds,
and there aren't any songs,
not like the ones
you hear on the radio at least,
just the melancholy stuff,
all the way down to dirges,
and kisses ...
forget it,
those are bored knife thrusts,
so bored, you don't even bleed,
and here you are,
in your tiny kitchen,
more peeling to be done,
no rough-skinned
but good natured potatoes,
no orange,
pulped up on vitamin C,
just layers and layers
of whatever makes your eyes sting;
call them tears
because, if you don't,
he will

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Coming To Grips With My Reflection

I had it all to do,
shadow of mountains, tree towers,
on my knees, outstretched, at lake's edge,
almost grasped it this time,
water, face, water, face, water, face,
but, one good grab,
and it spilled through my fist
like letters in alphabet soup;
I still cannot prove
a palm of myself exists,
that my reflection
can float on my skin;
yet there I am, on the surface,
it contains, it knows,
one more ripple and it could name me;
but bring it closer and it's gone,
splashes somewhere below,
becomes itself again;
the smallest thing,
it has been libeled,
so pure, and my touch
is no respecter of its aims;
you know,
you know it,
you're there before me,
and yet, one kiss,
and you're gone,
you're water.

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If You Only Knew Me

If you only knew.
could imagine,
in the clamor of my presence,
in the moment of the river,
in the shape of twilight
or amorphous dawn,
its green stalks joyous like the hour,
so love me or the material mirage,
the ever-present mushroom-beds,
the passionate, precious myths.
in the noise of the deep ravine,
even the brink,
perhaps more so,
a poet's nocturnal remoteness,
remote from you,
remote from me