

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

John Grey
SLEEP ON GRASS

I am bent in the path of phlox,
the fluttering lust of balsamine meadows,
off come the socks,
out stretch the toes;
the walker spurns the hardness of rocks
for the languor of what grips, what grows.

It's the beauty to which I am indebted,
the heart tuning of pumpkin colored leaves,
by dew-lip wetted;
up roll the sleeves
to catch the sun, aided by soft grass, abetted
by lily-pad marsh, its torpor, its heaves.

Such generosity, the nature of the gift
is that I not need be an aberration,
big-heart healed rift,
cool sensation,
the lowering of the body is the lift,
the sleep on grass, the rejuvenation.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

QUIET MORNING IN SUBURBIA

The moose was the first to leave.
He was slow and had the longest journey.
The bear followed, scurrying here, hibernating there.
The deer lingered for a while.
There were still patches of green along the highway.
But, eventually, they too set their course
for some place else.
And, of course, the gray wolves, the coyotes, followed.

The kids are all excited.
They saw a raccoon in our backyard tree.
They should have waved, not giggled.
There'll never be another.
And was that flash of brown a weasel or an otter?
The stream's dried up.
Does it even matter what that creature used to be?

It's a quiet morning in suburbia.
The only sound is a bluebird not singing,
a warbler all warbled out.
Love, at least, is staying put.
It's no bobcat thankfully.

Wilderness House Literary Review 8/1

DEAD LYNX IN THE SNOW

Death has done a good job of it.
It's kept her clean and meaty enough
to last the winter.

It even sends a little life her way
to fool the landscape.
Her fine coat ripples.
Ear tufts flutter in the chilly wind.
Her claws dig deep in snow.
Yes, she could be sleeping.

Only hunger will tell otherwise.
Maybe the half-crazed crow, the scrawny wolf,
the snarling flesh lust of the wolverine.

And then spring will finish the job
the scavengers have begun.
Insects will nibble, worms devour,
rains wash away.
Eventually, all that's left of death
is life.