



[Home](#)

[Summer 2014](#)

[Fall-Winter 2013-14](#)

[Summer-Fall 2013](#)

[Spring-Summer 2013](#)

[Winter-Spring 2013](#)

[Fall-Winter 2012-2013](#)

[Summer-Fall 2012](#)

[Spring-Summer 2012](#)

[Winter-Spring 2012](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011-12](#)

[Summer 2011](#)

[Winter/Spring 2011](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011](#)

[Summer 2010](#)

[Spring 2010](#)

[Winter 2010](#)

[Autumn 2009](#)

[Summer 2009](#)

[Spring 2009](#)

Three Poems

by John Grey

On Becoming an Eagle

We're cruel when the opportunity arises,
to our own skin, the tattoo artist
jack-hammers an eagle into a leathery arm,
for every wince, a tip of feather, a lick of fire,
no rebirth without a trickle of blood,
a spurt even better. I visualize a cymbal
crashing, waves of sound splashing the ears.
Or a tenement imploding, clouds of cement
dust, wood like rain. I wish I were tougher,
a boxer in a ring maybe bashing some lights out,
an ornery devil who ought to be on a leash.
I'll growl when the guy's done cutting,
leap to the floor, jump around on all fours.
We're animal when hungry beasts show up
on our flesh someplace. Maybe I'll just bite
my lip instead. I've hurt enough. I've earned it.

At the Club

We're oiled enough for what we need to do.
A steamy night, we're scrappy and starved.
On the prowl for anyone we wish, even
the international market. Chortling on all sides,
like it's a river. I trace my nails to some lovely
with a fine brown map. Buddies move with
the light, are coated a bilious lime green.
I sit back, like I'm in rain and loving it.
Hold onto that head my love or you'll find
you're in the sheets. Alcohol operates
in just such a way, closes in on you like men.
Music blitzes stone processions. We're working
that in whatever way we can. Body like
a vase, may I sniff your flowers. Supernova
eyes - learned that one from the Discovery channel.
Have another. I'm boozing my way into your
thoughts. Just waiting until the decks are cleared.

Yellow Tape

I'm the guy with the yellow tape. I arrive
after the first responders but before forensic,
before the detectives in the suits who've seen
all this before. I wrap that strip around
fire plug, telephone pole, even a parked car
and a mail box. I'm paid to separate the ones

Autumn 2008

Summer 2008

Spring/Summer 2008

Winter/Spring 2008

Editor's Note

Guidelines

Contact

to whom death's only a job and the gathering
crowds who are there for the novelty
of bullet wounds and blood and tears.
Some nights, I do nothing but sit back
in my patrol car, sip coffee, maybe nibble
on a donut, with yellow tape balanced
on my knee, a whole mess of it in the
passenger seat, a box of rolls in the trunk.
Look in on me, one eye closed, one ear
cocked for the radio. I may seem loose
but I'm ready to spring. Catch a glimpse of
these fidgety hands. It's never over.

John Grey, an Australian born short storywriter, poet, playwright, musician, has resided in Providence, RI, since the late seventies. . Has been published in numerous magazines including *Weird Tales*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Greensboro Poetry Review*, *Poem*, *Agni*, *Poet Lore* and *Journal Of The American Medical Association* as well as the horror anthology *What Fears Become* and the science fiction anthology *Futuredaze*. His plays have been produced in Los Angeles and off-off Broadway in New York. He won the Rhysling Award for short genre poetry in 1999.

Copyright 2015, © John Grey. This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws. It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.
