

IF BLESSED

By Allison Grayhurst

Blank, solid, dependable
on the surface, without a flaw.
But after the end result, when the day
has paid its dues, chaos fractures
the spine, enters brightly and
consumes. Blessed once to receive.
Blessed twice to give, and in this way,
made whole.

If blessed then honour the doing,
daily training the dread to feed in its cage,
remain content in its bonds, content and never
over-thriving. Take the hand
of infant peace and gently caress its fingers,
know it is fragile and demands
great care and attention,
know you are bless, and be diligent
in your offerings and your praise.

UNCUT

Upstream, across the stream
to the bottom, it could have been
done, if the stars were aligned and
the temperature poignant enough

to boil over and reveal
the full of its power. It could have toppled
security measures, unified its truth
with popular culture if the apex had been
achieved and the ceiling cracked to cave in and
collide the sky in conjunction with the ground.

It could still gallop, unbridled
through the neighboring streets and then out, across
boarders. Unlike the delusions
that dripped over the tub, keeping
us awake all night, flooding toenails and ankles, crossing
over miles to vaporize in the first warm breeze,
it is stronger. Stronger
than any ego-charm, continuing its supremacy,
aching, as it clears the deck
of the frivolous and the unnecessary.

It could still be seen as enormous
as it is – breath-gasping, far-reaching, a hot glowing hut
of mystical enterprise.

Take it down, every inch, scatter it
among the needy. Feed it as crackers without spread, for its
nature is substance and its time is a slow forming tornado,
gaining friction, gaining on destiny.

IN WAITING

A dozen times I waited for
the whispered word to lay
a foundation and rise up into the sunlight –
glowing.

A thousand hours I have been
sitting, fixing the wheel, using the tools
at my disposal, subjugated to
this neophyte democracy, scheme
of constraint, holding vigil
to the past, in waiting.

In prayer, in the shower, behind broken
blinds, peering out, listening for the next move,
hearing a far-away crow, playground screams, idiot
conversations. A dozen times a dozen days playing
the sieve-taker, the monastic overseer, doing only
what the day allows, wondering where
the campfires burn and if they will ever burn
close, past midnight, for me.

Bio

Allison Grayhurst is a member of the League of Canadian Poets. Three of her poems have been nominated for Sundress Publications “Best of the Net” 2015, and she has over 850 poems published in more than 380 international journals and anthologies. Her book *Somewhere Falling* was published by Beach Holme Publishers, a Porcepic Book, in Vancouver in 1995. Since then she has published twelve other books of poetry and seven collections with Edge Unlimited Publishing. Prior to the publication of *Somewhere Falling* she had a poetry book

published, *Common Dream*, and four chapbooks published by The Plowman. Her poetry chapbook *The River is Blind* was published by Ottawa publisher above/ground press December 2012. In 2014 her chapbook *Surrogate Dharma* was published by Kind of a Hurricane Press, Barometric Pressures Author Series. In 2015, her book *No Raft – No Ocean* was published by Scars Publications. More recently, her book *Make the Wind* was published in 2016 by Scars Publications. As well, her book *Trial and Witness – selected poems*, was published in 2016 by Creative Talents Unleashed (CTU Publishing Group). She is a vegan. She lives in Toronto with her family. She also sculpts, working with clay; www.allisongrayhurst.com

Some of the places my work has appeared in include Parabola (Alone & Together print issue summer 2012); Elephant Journal; Literary Orphans; Blue Fifth Review; The American Aesthetic; Agave Magazine; JuxtaProse Literary Magazine, Drunk Monkeys; South Florida Arts Journal; Gris-Gris; The Muse – An International Journal of Poetry, Storm Cellar, morphrog (sister publication of Frogmore Papers); New Binary Press Anthology; The Brooklyn Voice; Straylight Literary Magazine (print); The Milo Review; Foliate Oak Literary Magazine; The Antigoneish Review; Dalhousie Review; The New Quarterly; Wascana Review; Poetry Nottingham International; The Cape Rock; Ayriss; Journal of Contemporary Anglo-Scandinavian Poetry; The Toronto Quarterly; Fogged Clarity, Boston Poetry Magazine; Decanto; White Wall Review. All submitted poems are previously unpublished. I hope that you will find my poems to be of interest, and I look forward to your response