

A VACATION HOME CLOSED FOR THE AUTUMN

By Greg Gregory

The curtain folds hang creased, finished,
quiet and luminous in the late afternoon.
Released into its own interior twilight,
the house imagines itself empty,
subtly alive.

The bowl on the table fills with half shadow, half-light,
whispering in its permutations.
A vase speaks in a poetry of glazes,
a parallelogram of sun creeps across a carpet,
stretches itself in a chair.

A fantasy of shimmers kiss through the table glass,
the smooth flesh of false apples elevate to Platonic forms,
a calculus of sofa curves into smooth undulations.

All the things that slip sinuous into the slow quiet
in the quick thinness that passes for most of our waking hours
arrest us in a few still moments before sleep when
we let ourselves fall into their unexpected radiance.

IN PARENTHESSES

The way it is (in this world)
we sometimes waken
to sun in the morning
(sometimes not).
One day we will not,
and all our solidity
(the tangible sediment of us)
will slip away into nothingness
as will we (we think, we fear).
The sense that the soul persists
and the expectation (hope)
of sun in the morning
are both (completely) human.

ALICE KNOWS

Once upon a time –
once is no time, cannot be
upon, as upon a table,
and then, a time, as if time
could be put in a bowl
and measured apart from itself,
like water, which is always
part of the sea, even in a bowl
it's ocean, and time, it is us –
heartbeat by heartbeat.

Bio

Greg Gregory has been published in the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom in publications including *The Aurorean*, *Windsor Review*, *Quantum Leap*, and *California Quarterly*. Born in Washington, DC, Greg lived fourteen years in the San Francisco Bay area, and currently lives and writes in Sacramento, CA with his wife, Rita.

EPISTEME