

## Poems by Allison Grayhurst

### For a Lifetime

He outsizes the mountains  
in his grandeur, and inward  
reaching, his alleluia and amen are  
uncorrupted. He is beside me  
as I ready for sleep, and puts  
his hand on my leg. Light like laughter, he curls  
his fingers around my steady thigh.

We kiss and talk as if no tomorrow  
awaited us, as if tomorrow's duty we are  
chained to keep could not rule to condemn  
us empty.

Tonight, trusting each other's love,  
he is beside me like a dolphin against a wave.

And safe I breathe and safe I dream, safe  
beside his need and  
strengthening kindness.

## Home

In this sanctuary of cats, guitars and clay,  
words descend from white clouds  
bringing us breath through the window pane.

In this home of perfect love  
and hardwood floors, strong angels  
lean against every door, conversing  
with playful ease amongst themselves.

In these rooms we curl together  
until we feel an alternate, inseparable beating.  
The ceilings are covered in cobwebs  
like birthday string, and our bed  
is a cavern for miraculous dreams.

In this happy corner, we have been given  
a space in time to mould into our own,  
where there is no protection and no facades,  
where laughter rolls like tears do as soon  
as the movement hits, and the day's brightness  
pours in at 10 am, telling us in this genesis season  
that all is here and all is good.

## Whole

Sing, for love is in his astounding  
form and mind that welcomes the intricate unknown.  
In his touch are the things of wings and  
a leopard's elusive step.

Sing for his heart is a cavern where  
mysteries are kept, where my lineage begins  
and the mirror is no more.

Sing, for the sensual stomach, for the  
timelessness of impassioned blood.

Sing, for the connecting limbs, for the  
instinctual rhythm inside that joins us higher,  
together at the deepest core.

## In the Gully of Things

In the throat of things,  
monotony pulses in every  
strand of seeped-through light,  
where crumpled-up paper is all  
to ease your fall.

In the orange belly of deliverance,  
in the blue fantasies of school kids,  
now is not a time to relish in,  
is something to be transported from,  
and your sandals are torn like  
a piece of skin.

In the bedroom against the unwashed wall,  
in the other rooms where spirits  
pace the hardwood floors,  
your eyes are dim with death,  
and the answering machine is broken.

In the book you read,  
in your tight, unclean jeans,  
your faith has failed, and you ask  
for it back, as the cars going by fill your mind  
with a strange, distracting wonder.

## Friendship

With the loyal blood of friendship  
I sing of one who has not betrayed.  
I am wrapped in the distance of time  
and space, but talk through  
telephone wires to her brave  
mind. We speak of things that  
challenge our blindness and deepest core.  
We throw light down the chimney  
and braid the strings of our attachment.  
In tragic bodily curse she discovers  
the way to see. She knocks self-pity  
to its knees and praises the mosquitoes going by.  
She embraces her trials as good gifts,  
though hurting like a simple child.  
We have held the flag that divides  
the foreigner from the native. We have let go.  
These are things we have learned like a dandelion  
stretches naturally towards the sun, like a fledgling  
knows its mother's private tune.  
I am happy to call this blessing mine, to know  
so strong a seed sprout and bloom in spite  
of our incompatible roots.