

Seeing You at Last
John Grey

No more of this misspent sleep.
And I turn my back on wilting.
Your heights were all about my vertigo anyhow.
It's time for the ground to stop spinning.

Your roar is exposed as wind.
Your shuttered door locks you in, not me out.
I'm untangling.
No more hot wax dribbling down my face
just so you can wallow in candlelight.

Could be you're a toxic sea creature.
Or a clumsy black cloud.
And a scar with a head, four limbs and a torso.
Not the wingless bird you've always claimed to be.

My skin's no longer at risk of being peeled back.
No more of bringing out my inner marionette.
I've shaken free. I've stepped off that stage.
I've gone back to being my veins, my capillaries,
my ribs not the bars of a cage.

Now you're just a spiderweb floating out there somewhere.
And whatever's at the center—emotionally blind
and aching for more corpses to stick close.

But no more of that willful eye flutter.
Or the talon-like grasp of the lies within you.
No turnabouts. No disruptive silences. No dead ends.
I am surprised how easily the loss of you
accommodates the gains I've made since then.

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in *That*, *Dunes Review*, *Poetry East*, and *North Dakota Quarterly* with work upcoming in *Haight-Ashbury Literary Journal*, *Thin Air*, *Dalhousie Review*, and *failbetter*.