

To an Ex

You lurk there in the dark damp
of night, impossible to tell

if you are in the mood
for mating or stalking possible prey.

You can be so lovely, queen
of the primal muck. But

terrifying, when you open wide,
the doors and windows of

your expression. Your presence
creates a worrying imbalance.

So I am better off without you –
in the company of songbirds,

marsh creatures, shoreline waders.
Not their ominous corrective.

***John Grey** is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in That, Dalhousie Review and North Dakota Quarterly with work upcoming in Qwerty, Chronogram and failbetter.*

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

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