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**John Grey** is originally from Brisbane, Australia, and now makes his home in Providence, Rhode Island. His poetry was most recently published in the [Homestead Review](#), [Poetry East](#) and [Columbia Review](#), and he has work forthcoming in the [Roanoke Review](#), the [Hawaii Review](#) and [North Dakota Quarterly](#).

## Two poems

BY JOHN GREY

### FEELING AUTUMNAL

Once brash colors  
curl up, die,  
drift one by one  
to earth.

Light shrinks,  
wind whips clear  
the last of warmth.  
The sky is as gray  
as granite.

Lake surface wrinkles  
like skin flinches.  
Geese and ducks  
rock in and out  
of ripples.

A man can feel old  
in Autumn.  
The hues fade out of him  
as much as they do the forest.  
Good years flake away.  
The clouds, his hair,  
differ only in the way they drizzle.

I may only be middle-aged  
but I head for home  
before things really darken.

## DISSATISFACTION

This winter has provided  
all of its promised textures,  
white and overspreading,  
as lovely, in an ascetic way,  
as pale cheeks in a mirror.

But its bitterness  
plunges daggers,  
its winds are as brutal  
as they are predictable.  
And this standstill is  
another word for loneliness.

But there's the warmth of the fire,  
a gathering with others  
that begins as necessity  
but matures into closeness.  
I hate to see it leave.

But spring is  
like a child in winter's womb  
I'm so in thrall to its coming.  
But what if it's a monster?

Each morning, the calendar turns over.  
The temperature is up or down.  
The feelings run the gamut.  
I so love this weather  
I can't wait until it changes.  
Or there's a new mood to the air.  
So what's wrong with the old one?  
But mostly, I feel pity for those  
who know exactly what they want.  
The situation's always too ambiguous  
Is this it? Is this not it?  
They'll always have too much to go on.