

Poetry Series

Isaiah Grey
- poems -

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Isaiah Grey(1971)

A homichlophile am I, a ghost in the fog, a pluviophile, a limnophile, a dendrophile... And, conceived by the sea, how could I not be a thalassophile?

*cinquain: Ascension

Fearless
Like Icarus
Reckless and curious
You're flying too close to the sun
I fear

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*haiku: China

blogspot blocked -
my own fault for coming to
China

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*haiku: Eulogy

the legend -
all smoke
and no fire

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***haiku: Luscious Maroon**

nipples hard -
not so much cherry pink
as deep luscious maroon

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*haiku: Persephone

Persephone
taught me to see
in the dark

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*haiku: Skies White And Heavy

skies white and heavy
a dragonfly wonders
where is summer?

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*haiku: You Posted

you posted
our private conversation -
betrayal

(November 2006)

Isaiah Grey

***in Praise Of The Umbrella**

You can't stay inside
Just because of the rain

I mean, that's what
Umbrellas are for

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*persuasion

Though first impressions are hard to unseat
I persuaded mine to concede defeat
And I fell for your trick and retreat
Into the shame of the morning after

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***sijo: Q&A**

Unapologetically, your dark chestnut eyes question me
Across the cold hostile room. I wonder what answers they seek
As they double the distance between what's thought and what is said.

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***sijo: Red Is The Colour**

Red is the colour of your
sad secret life inside the cage

Of the carnal thoughts that keep you
imprisoned behind their bars

And the blood that courses
through your veins - your only salvation

Isaiah Grey