

*Serpent In My Shoe*

There it is —  
inane, insane instinct  
in the bedrooms of  
the unknowingly damned.  
I rise like a rose  
into bloom then lose all  
my petals to the storm.  
Waves and lions under the  
sink, and the deepest dream I ever  
dreamt was alone with the motions  
of darker worlds.  
I live with my drink and the smell  
of too many ghosts warming themselves  
over my vent.  
I run with the wheelbarrow, my possessions  
piled like dead sparrows.  
Talking, talking through the window I hear  
them talking about the petty thing that keeps  
days turning and leaves no one free enough  
to walk the plank.  
I stand outside for a moment  
and plunge all I know like a stake  
into dry ground.

Allison Grayhurst is a member of the League of Canadian Poets. Her poems appear in over 300 international journals and anthologies. Her first book was *Somewhere Falling* (Beach Holme Publishers, 1995). Since then, she has published ten books of poetry and four collections.