

# **New Poetry from D.A. Gray: “Cactus Tuna”; “We Return from the Holy Land. God Stays”; and “Reverse Run”**

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# **New Poetry from D.A. Gray: “Our Backyard Apocalypse”**

We set small bowls of sugar water  
on the garden’s edge. Bees were scarce  
since the freeze which had almost finished  
what the pesticides had started. Still,  
some survived.

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# **New Poetry from D.A. Gray: “Mosul Reflections,” “St. Martin in the City,” “The**

# Rearview Has Two Faces”



STOMACH OF A COUNTRY / *image by Amalie Flynn*

## **Mosul Reflections**

Ten years and the place is not the same.  
Memory of green hills in a dry land,  
cratered by what fell from the sky.  
I don't know whether to trust the image  
on the screen or the one in my mind.

One I only knew as Sayyd gave well water,  
sweet tea and mince meat on laffa.  
We were tired from the spring rains,  
three days in the stomach of the country,  
we sank into the hard wooden benches  
and we ate.

I thought of Jonah, not wanting  
to travel here, and when he did, enraged  
at an apocalypse that never came –

how he rested under a bush then watched  
it die.

The father of the family smiled  
as I ate – both of us, with time, smiling.

*Dost thou well to be angry?*

His child in the corner never took her  
eyes off me. Her mother would glance  
over, expressionless, as if waiting  
for something that never happened.

Rain fell like mortars, knocking the edges  
from the dirt roads, craters in the middle.  
In a few minutes it would take us with it,  
descending. We'd see the fragments,  
some carved reliefs; we'd wondered  
what we'd destroyed, what we'd left  
the world – an image of broken rock  
in need of a makeshift savior.

### **St. Martin in the City**

Hunger sometimes reaches up  
grabs your cloak while you're riding.  
You can't shield your eyes,  
or go into hiding.  
Every treasure you've carried home,  
is never enough.  
A beggar beside the road, lifts his head;  
loose skin and sullen,  
he shivers and so do you.

\* \* \*

The day before we shipped  
I was walking with Preacher  
into the Walgreens for cold

medicine and we saw a man  
asking for change. 'Pity it  
couldn't be him,' Preacher said,  
not waiting while I fished for coins.

Since returning the eyes  
of every refugee leap  
out of every face.

\* \* \*

The stuff of nightmares.

Suffering  
you thought you knew.

Sometimes it happens, a hand  
reaches out and causes  
you to draw back – until  
you see your fear in their eyes

both surprised how easily  
the veil between you parts.

### **The Rearview Has Two Faces**

Your memory has two faces. The thought occurs  
as you adjust your mirror in the chapel parking lot.

The eulogy's done its job, a few tears from even  
the most stoic, stone-faced ground pounders,  
the cracks in the First Sergeant's voice as he belts  
'Smithson,' once, twice and again – as he waits  
for a response that never comes.

the words-

he defended the abstraction of freedom with every fiber,  
never showed late, said his prayers, and flossed.

If you believe

You remember an emails he sent. 'When I get back, there's a lineman job in Oklahoma. And the houses are cheap.' Days before he did it.

You remember

the night  
on your property, shooting empties off fence posts.  
'I'm not going back,' he said. And you knew he would.  
Frustrating as hell but reliable. And you'd rather  
have sincere doubt than cocksure and careless.

The sun from the East burns the side of your face  
through the driver's side window. In the rearview  
you can see your left side turning red.

Yeah.

The night he told you, you didn't sleep, agonized over  
what to do about what he hadn't done yet.  
And when he showed that morning, early,  
two full duffel bags and a goofy grin, you chided  
yourself for doubting.

You look one more time.

Sometimes he's there sitting in the back seat,  
an afterimage lingering after the flash has burned,  
you still trying to regain your vision.