

John Grey

A Walk Through A Graveyard

short cut through eternity,
stone upon stone,
nothing budging
but the clouds breaking,
slow drizzle,
man nothing but
stone within stone,
cold cross,
frozen angel,
even the footprints
spared their imprint
by leaves of dead autumn,
till I reach out my hand,
touch my damp chin,
stroke the blood

John Grey is an Australian born poet, works as financial systems analyst. Recently published in *Bryant Poetry Review*, *Tribeca Poetry Review* and the horror anthology, *What Fears Become* with work upcoming in *Potomac Review*, *Hurricane Review* and *Osiris*. He lives in Rhode Island.