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## *Come Morning / Follow / From Here*

John Grey

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## Mythcon 52: The Mythic, the Fantastic, and the Alien

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### Abstract

Come Morning: Dawn breaks, fog lifts, the forest reclaims its green, sun bums off mist Follow: The car with the bumper sticker that read "There's no place like Narnia" pulled up beside me at the red light From Here: The Great Pyramid rises from the Plains of Giza, taunting my callow brain with the superiority of its geometry, the brazenness of its secrets.

### Additional Keywords

Poetry; Come Morning; Follow; From Here; John Grey

## COME MORNING

by John Grey

Dawn breaks,  
fog lifts,  
the forest reclaims its green,  
sun burns off mist,  
dark carrion birds disappear  
into the aeries of the earth  
replaced by starlings, finches,  
a gentle cast of sparrows,  
wild flowers unwrap petal fingers,  
burst across graveyard hills,  
bury the footsteps of those  
who stalked the night,  
clouds are puffy, white, shapeless,  
the moon is a mere phantom of itself,  
wilderness becomes civilization,  
the boatman puts away his oars.

## FROM HERE

by John Grey

The Great Pyramid  
rises from the Plains of Giza,  
taunting my callow brain  
with the superiority of its geometry,  
the brazenness of its secrets.  
Its answer could be somewhere  
inside the myriad chambers, corridors, galleries,  
or carved cheekily into one of those  
sun-cooked outer stone walls.  
Or perhaps, somewhere inside my head,  
another pyramid is being built,  
the mirror of this fabulous tomb,  
and those are the hieroglyphics  
that mock me with their elusiveness,  
that my fingers roam across  
like space-ships exploring the universe.

## FOLLOW

by John Grey

The car with the  
bumper sticker that read  
"There's no place like Narnia"  
pulled up beside me at  
the red light,  
awash with grinning children  
in the front and back seat  
a kindly-faced, grey-haired  
old man behind the wheel.  
For a moment, I wanted to  
leap from my car into that one,  
shrink to the foolish size of youth,  
laugh with the other boys and girls,  
celebrate the perpetual wonder of  
tiny eyes blinking out of car windows.  
But, like so many times before,  
the green light defeated me.  
Before I had a chance to move,  
the other vehicle spun out into  
the sky, vanished behind a thicket  
of clouds, leaving a smoke trail  
of the old man's homey laughter  
sandwiching the cheerful echo of  
his golden wards.

