

[Home](#)

[Summer 2007](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

[Summer 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Contact](#)

# POETRY OF ALISON EASTLEY

COPYRIGHT 2007

## The Dream Temple Of Kos

The story of Hippocrates is shrouded  
in uncertainty

despite these facts.  
He trained as a physician

in the Dream Temple Of Kos.  
This was back

when Apollo  
and Panacea watched Hippocrates

observe the sick  
and injured. He knew

his humours  
which, in Latin means moisture

although I doubt  
he laughed

until tears ran down his face.  
Hippocrates

was too busy  
blaming the weather

known as autumn depression  
where those inclined to drink

quickly became drunks.  
Hippocrates said a lot

about the cause and even today,  
nothing much has changed.

*Taking An Oath*

Who wouldn't admire  
a man more discreet than opium

imported from Egypt,  
how it always leaves a note

on the pillow where dreams  
escape the sad woman

wandering like the ghost  
of an insomniac with a torch

in her hand. The light  
is softer than the solid claw

of night's bitter talk.  
At least she can look

forward to a visit  
from Hippocrates who says

'Melancholia is moist.  
She must be dried'

so he offers red wine and bleeds  
her vein. Hippocrates

takes an oath and finally  
there is silence.

*Hippocrates Has Another Dream*

It was as cold and dry  
as ink

tracing where the fracture  
in the skull

was and it was a shame  
ink poisoned

what was left  
of a war-torn life.

Hippocrates sighed.  
His head ached

like a truth  
trembling the last

autumn leaf on the tree  
outside his bedroom window

where he played as a boy.  
In dreams,

he turns to what is warmer  
than an epidemic

of winter  
in the crowded city of death.

## Detours

Her clothes are too messy  
to mention a trousseau

even though she's in a new  
house with a garden of hydrangeas

dropping leaves where thorny  
weeds scratch her hands,

draw fine red lines like a trail  
that starts and ends too soon.

It's not the same when he  
is driving in the country late

at night. When he arrives,  
she acts like a superstitious

bride where distance means  
there is no need for a map.

## Greenpoint Beach

At the windswept outpost  
cold waters crash against the coastline.

We scramble over rocks, collect starfish  
from white sand sticking to our hands,

the smell of salty memories,  
our childhood *lifted out of time*

*and given to space.* I asked you  
if you knew I felt so close I was incoherent

trying to describe we are inseparable  
as the waves at Greenpoint Beach

*(Italics: Rainer Maria Rilke, Letters On Life.)*

**Alison Eastley** lives in Tasmania, Australia with my two teenage sons and on a good weekend, my lover, Larry. Previous work has been published in *Poor Mojo*, *The Absinthe Literary Review*, *Ausgang*, *Words On Walls*, *Mannequin Envy*, *Double Dare Press*, *Lily Lit*, *Wicked Alice*, *blue fifth review*, and many other fine journals.

