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Real Life, Outside Please

John Grey

It was one of those parties where MIT and Harvard students sit around, drink wine, discuss the latest "ism".

I wasn't expecting a brawl.

But some clever guy
was playing Holocaust denier
and another had Auschwitz
in his family history,
so a fight broke out,
the kid with the Polish name
getting in a few right hooks
to a pasty face
with a screaming girlfriend
before the host
and his rowing-team best buddy
pulled the guy off.

They were both asked to leave, the physics major with the bleeding lip and the one reading law with a fading photo of old Cracow smiles in a dresser drawer back in his dorm.

Once chairs were up-righted, stains cleared, everyone else got back to the glass they'd been sipping, where their opinions had left off. It was as if nothing had happened. Not at any time. Not anywhere.

Biographical Details:

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident. Recently published in Sin Fronteras, Dalhousie Review and Qwerty with work upcoming in Blueline, Willard and Maple and Red Coyote.