

Richard Murphy

Three from *I, Me Me Mine*

Ouch, All Together

Misery loves symphony. Violence
giving tympani. Too bad. Cat gut
everywhere. Bows and bows.
Witness oboed out of the way.
Suck it up on a harmonica.
Better yet use the bad breath
and exhale irony. The hand
contorted and expensive material.
The hand-contorted and expensive
material. The hand contorted
and expensive material.
When three quick-witted
conversationalists with symbols.
Musketeers crashing rabbit ears
for each other live.
The piercing champagne is how
anyone knows where to put fingers.
Welcome orphan unity to join in.
The islands forcing silence on lips
camouflage unnatural acts: a snicker,
a laugh. Now is talking.
Wee jumps in
anytime 3/4. Or else.

Cranium Terrainium

Spelunkers rappel into wells to splash around in mine reflections. Many would not enter the mind at all if it were not for the rush in the appearance of such a large number of family resemblances everywhere eyes were cast, the self-absorbed bungee jumpers leaping into spongy mirrors. However, the glint of roles and possibility energize the species attached to vines and lines. Within each cave, weasels do the dirty work for glands and organs that pull on their tails. With so many phantoms and shady underworld characters, the umbilical cord thug pulls organs together while believing it controls its mother. An orchestra of Tommy guns performs its opera. A hardhat re-enters the scene of the primal scream. One headlamp elbows the pitch shadows aside to frame a seer. The torch bearer shuttles a spark in from the eyes and ears in attempts to create a brilliant grotto. The best that any body can do is to reach a teacher into the crevices and drag the stubborn numb lulls into the light of day one at a time until the definition of steward brings action.

Outside, the human mound bulges with limpid brow and prowess. Other swells parting eyelids crawl into their own holes for similar reasons, but each alpha animal assures itself that the landscape can only study and stare at one particular lump of ligaments and lipids. Meanwhile the mountain and valley grow tiered and tired, and the sea empties and swills. Even the cold poles tip their caps to water. Trees don't hold their ground. A flea ranges the endangered caged bear.

Dear Great Grandchildren,

A guide led the group of fact finders and truth seekers away from a cave's large mouth through his purgatorial categories toward Darwinian unassuming paradise. For the first two legs of the journey, the hunter and gatherer dragged information with knuckles, behind, and did so quietly and in fear, we like to imagine. To this day, new information becomes history overnight. When the dark corners of homes were left for good and evil, and fantasies of grottos, catacombs, and hell carried torches well into yesterday, allegories lit up the evening sky. One nearly carried half the globe to some forbidden city in the heavens of absolute zero.

At the half-way house, the addicts wouldn't give up their diaper rash. At first, monkeys laughed at the feces theses, but when the adult bags of wind mapped out the family trees, reservations became more patient with urges to nail things down. Before the moon became a plum on the ends of thumbs, and fish and amoebae were elevated to god status, beliefs asserted themselves with penises and other tools. Censuses, after birthrates and death counts, determined who stood and who prostrated. The armies of men charged each other and then charged the women. Thinking through what would be honest and credible was a charge.

It took what seemed millennia to get the spotlight off the dark side's Ben Herr and Bend Her sets. The waves of trauma continue to rock the solar ship, making many passages sick. Today is another day as parasites and so leeches continue to pig pile on the old books to make literal news while sucking on the cavern airs of the mine mine. The old hard headed living quarters carry the easiest of access, and the taboo of any work that doesn't require repeated motor skills fastens its tentacles to fingertips. The binary entrails tail us out of the stalls, into the public arena. After the last period is a good place to start your marks.

Yours, now, and truly guilty.

Rich Murphy's latest publications are forthcoming from Ahadada Press and Codhill Press. Individual poems and essays have appeared in *Poetry*, *Fulcrum*, *Grand Street*, *New Letters*, *Negative Capability* and *Rolling Stone*, to name a few. He is a graduate of Boston University, and currently teaches at Virginia Commonwealth University.