

Wilderness House Literary Review 15/2

Mark A. Murphy

He Who has the Youth (has the Future)

for Aiden McGregor

For you we will share our secret life
with Eleanor Marx
and invite you to confess

your heart's desire. For you
we will admit shame
in a century of wars and civil wars.



For you we will remember those days
when it was enough
to be enthralled

on walks
in Little Stacey Park
and the future was hardly thought of.



For you we will not talk in riddles
when we meet again
but as one rebel to another – equals

in all but age. For you we will march
on the Winter Palace
and join as brothers in St Petersburg.



For you we will dance the Tarantella
in a last act of defiance
and final farewell to childhood.

For you we will share our secret life
with Eleanor Marx
and lay waste a universe of hate

in favour of care, courage and curiosity.

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Marx Eulogy

This is not Eleanor Marx.

This is the old man without any hope of a drink
before the insurrection.

This is a poem then without Eleanor Marx.

This is the old man breaking away, striding
away, going it alone.

This is the old man doing a runner, renouncing
responsibility, his rightful place in the Parthenon
of prophecy.

This is the old man trying to ignore the rebellion
in his own backyard, which has begun just
in the nick of time.

This is the old man emendating his own proscriptions.
No use to collaborate, corroborate, or cry wolf
with Baroness Jenny.

This is the end the old man wanted, sacrificed
his family for, relented like a true victim
of terror.

This is not Eleanor Marx.
She is dressed in bridal ivory.

This is not Eleanor Marx.
She is beyond inconsolable.

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Song for Tussy

i choose to love you like a poet
for in poetry i find no preconception

i choose to love you from the C21
for in my century you are whole

i choose to love you in the moonlight
for in the moon we all find amity

i choose to love you like a musician
for music can be love for a while

i choose to love you as a human being
for as humans we are both as one