

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

Mark A. Murphy
Immolation

Wear your long hair up with your Celtic barrette
now as the little dove flies from the cedar tree at Nickerson
Let it tell the world of a girl tortured by death
feasting on her breasts as she reaches for salvation
death as real as any vulture watching the pot-bellied infant
the kill that does not stop for any dialogue
death that denounces any reason
the kill with no intent, beyond the suicide of a girl
 seated in a tree swing
Love, wear your long hair up with your Celtic hair clip
as I undress you, one more time, upon my knees.

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Infinite Blue

Our moon is a silver chalice
to drink from
before we slumber
sheltered in each other's arms.

How could I not love you
more each day
knowing
there can be no compromise?

Our stars are gods to wish upon—
errant dreams
guiding the owl's shadow
in the windows before daybreak.

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Shadowless Seas

Nora, there is no artifice here, no court-martial,
no foot soldier, no sailor's boot to smite my lady's womb.
O rose, O love of my life, do not undo me
with your chagrin, your concepts of nothingness.

For no other reason than you, for no other cause
than I love you, shall I sail the hopeless
and indivisible oceans. O punish me, love,
take my lowly heart and submerge it in salt water.

In the midst of all the enemies of loving, in this
crisis of storms, where fiend is friend, and friend is woe,
I will worship you as though it were my last day.

Take what is rightly yours, and raise the oceans
against me, there is no artifice here, only goodness,
the raucous, the rowdy, and impending loss.