For Algeron Charles Swinburne

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For Algernon Charles Swinburne

Ice warm lubricant for the
Sexual mind
I raise my cut glass
coffee cup
to you. Extending myself
beyond all dream
of recompense

For energy expended on
projects of unendable
mirth that leaving this
void empty
also empty the cold dripping
sexual mind.

Riming Song

Padding softly through your deep-pile,
I decry the filigree, your life style,
"Too lush," I say, sipping all the while
on the better bourbon I've slipped from
your stockpile.
I say, half in truth, half to rile,
Half in innocence, half in guile,
Give me instead, that nitty-gritty life style
That loves a clean place just to defile
That believes a miss is as good as a mile.
High priced wine ain't worth the bile
that bought it, I say, sipping all the while
On that better bourbon maintaining that I'll
rest our providence on the body of your smile.

Summer Day

She stood, watching the trees.
I didn't ask her what she saw,
For it was her's, not mine.
Walking down the hill, she watched her feet
drift silently through the grass.

We sat by a stream
of clear snow water.
I could see her mind floating on it
like a child's sail toy.

She kissed the day and it blushed.
She ran in slow motion,
Racing at the day as it ran to her.
I watched as she laughed at a bird
cought in the sun.

Wind Curtain Room

My world
Of a wind curtain room
is cool pillow clear
soft as swans eyes
through icycle tears.
It's the dusty creak sound
of worn wooden chairs
full of glass dreams
that die in black air.

It's the mandolin sound
of music box chimes
like dripping wax candles
seen through glasses of wine.
It's holes in the rain
alone on a street
when all you can hear
is your own shuffling feet.

Michael Murphy