

A. MARY MURPHY

Two Poems

1. Your Silence is So Vast it Crushes Me

your silence is so vast it crushes me
like standing at the edge of the steppe
overwhelmed by solid relentless distance
my tentative hands poise in their need
to catch even a single falling sound
a solitary fragment a hieroglyph
the wind might carry on its capricious breath
my exhausted ears become intimate
with the magnified absence of your voice
echoed in the keening of my own

2. In the Perfect Egocentricity

in the perfect egocentricity
of her strong German birthname
my little daughter believes and sings
Twinkle twinkle little Stark
her assertion unclouded
by sophisticated language
only the widest most perfect eyes in space
declare she accepts that she is beautiful
that she purely and simply is all there is