

A. MARY MURPHY

Five Poems

1.

I will eat fish so I taste like fish
I will eat fruit so I taste sweet
because I have a man who says to me
I need to taste you again

2.

he distracts me with his kisses
while he fills my pockets with rocks
I hear them flint against each other
but the perfect mouth is on me
and I'd face down fire for this
better the stones be hidden on my body
than in the fists of self-righteousness
when the beloved fingers beckon
and the mouth says *the harbour is this way*

3.

he has big booted feet
like I hoped he would
excellent artistic fingers shapely and long
his cheeks are in a state
of constant blush

and I'm going straight to hell
 his boyish mouth pouty and plump
 he's perfect original pure
 and putrid drooling creature that I am
 I want to sully him smutch him mess him up
 to take away the shine of his perfection
 and give him the edge he needs

4.
 the cruelty of clothing
 heavy like a temple veil
 rips away and

oh your body your naked body
 all its beautiful distances
 near me and in my hands
 pale and shallow breath
 wreathes every turning
 your shape unfolded
 for me to travel

5.
 he taught me a valuable lesson
 to wit it always ends
 I didn't believe him when he said it
 but then he showed me it's actually true
 demonstrated his remarkable capacity for truth
what makes you think it will end I asked him
because it always does
 what a punch line
 I'm telling you
 later on I answered his original question
will you be all right when it ends