

li bai iv-01

moon over the border mountains

the bright moon rises above tian shan
its light blurred by a misty sea of clouds
an insistent wind sweeps through from afar
howling through this yu mon fortress

while the han have always taken the road to bo dong
the mongols cast covetous eyes on the gulf of ching hai
since ancient times many never returned from the battles
the border guards look up to note the drift of the heavens

their sad faces mean they are again thinking of home
sighs and complaints here on the tower last the night

murphy guarding his post at three in the morning

7/29/2010 3:23 PM

li bai iv-02

the du lu song in six independent verses

in the du lu stream the waters are clouded by silt
one cannot see the moon, one cannot see the moon
and yet the water is deep, over the head of a man

a bird flies over from yue to the south
then a wild goose from Mongolia to the north
i would like to draw my bow and shoot in the sky
but i wish not to interrupt the migration

the leaves of the trees fall and swirl in the wind
this wanderer has found no place to rest
and shares his complaints with those of the leaves

the hanging silk curtain billows in the wind as if men enter
the light of the moon alone penetrates
a happenstance but suspicious

the mighty sword hangs on the wall
and from time to time glowers like a dragon
it is not always used to pierce the hide of elephants or rhinosceri
yet set it on moss and it will surely rust
if it is not used to wash away the shame of the state
how can it buy fame and make a name for itself

the marvelous falcon hunts in the marshes of yun
he ignore kites and sparrow hawks
when he is set to hunt for his master
he is as the roc stretching to the heights of heaven

murphy remembering being six on the colorado river near Bastrop

7/29/2010 3:51 PM

li bai iv-03

i climb to the peak of the hills
then stand to stare out to sea
the bones of the six giant turtles have been bleached
where have the three sacred mountains swum off to
the singing tree has been broken apart
and the bright sun hides its rays

the silver terrace of xi wang mu
the golden gate of the peng lai palace
these too are but dreams
qin shi huang and han wu di
wait in vain for knowledge of the mysteries

the attempts of the birds of jing wei to fill the eastern sea
and reach the island of the immortals was a waste of wood and stone
for a bridge over that immensity of water is impossible

have you not seen
the tomb of qin shi huang in li shan
the tomb of han wu di in bo ling
both have long since turned to ashes
shepherds roam there now
robbers have torn the jewels from their graves

what indeed could divine powers have finally done
they both engaged in fighting useless wars
now they are condemned to eternal impotence
can you believe huang di ding hu flew away on a dragon

murphy imagining the founding fathers with egg on their faces

7/31/2010 9:09 AM

li bai iv-04

the bright sun shines on chang-an from a sky of spring
the glory of lush green pastures sways abustle in the wind
the flowers at the hall of parting perfume the air with their red
inside the imperial harem all is sweet smells, color, and beauty

i would once have been privileged to watch the slender empress dance
as the ladies of the purple palace sang their wondrous songs
the emperor should enjoy himself for full 36,000 days
year in, year out, surrounded by these most delicious pleasures

murphy backstage after the premier performance of his friends

li bai iv-05

the song of yang ban er

sing my lord, sing the song of yang ban er
i urge you to drink the wine of xin feng
why keep the essence you hold most dear

ravens croak in the willows at the white gate
ravens croak hidden under the willow flowers
if you get drunk you can stay at my house

aloe wood burns in the censer with the image of bo zhan mountain
two wisps of smoke rise to the purple clouds in the heavens

murphy ecstatic, surrounded by music, with plenty of chilled sake'

7/31/2010 9:27 AM

li bai iv-06

the two swallows flew freely, first here then there
their innocent flight aroused a yearning in all who watched
they were not isolated but settled on the pearl tower
they were always seen at the golden window by the golden door

but when the bo liang tai terrace went up in flames
they flew away to the palace of wu wang
alas, it was also to burn to the ground
this time their young were killed, the nest was empty

sadly now only one of the pair remains
bereft she thinks only of her former mate
and how he is no longer her partner in flight
her small heart can barely maintain its beat

murphy still bereft from the sudden death of his first wife

7/31/2010 9:44 AM

li bai iv-07

hermits in the mountain drink together

under the pines which tower to the skies
there sit four old men with white silky hair
suddenly countless butterflies rise from the fragrant grass
who has come here on the wings of the spring wind

eyebrows beautiful as snow and ice, faces soft as peach blossoms
young bones with the marrow still fresh, the epitome of eternal youth
they claim to be four ancients who fled to the mountains in the time of qin
here they drink together, talk, and know nothing of aging

they hold fast to their love for the mountains and forests
and are loathe to take part in the struggles of the great outside world
but suddenly they are asked to help the crown prince liu ru yi
the han emperor is apprehensive about the proposed change in plans

he hears the pleas of the mother of the crown prince, the lady qi,
to have the four old men become the crown prince's helpers
they who were back in the mountains of shang
swaying together like clouds with desire free minds

there they lift their glasses and enjoy their libations
and wash their ears after hearing of the lady's appeal
it is delightful to hear their singing in the mountains
but the great joy soon collapses into bewilderment

murphy sipping his sake' replete in his snug little den, safe from the world's torment

8/2/2010 8:27 AM

li bai iv-08

when women of yu dian picked flowers

when women of yu dian picked flowers
they said these flowers reflect our beauty
then one morning a bride for the palace arrived from the west
many of these women shriveled in shame

they saw that even though many han had beauty
they did not compare with the beauty of tartary
that their beauty was the treacherous lies of painters
and all left for them was a cruel suffering of envy

murphy as an athlete, smaller, slower and weaker than most

8/1/2010 8:19 AM

li bai iv-09

the song of the persecuted

a gemstone was taken to be only a peach or a plum
a pearl was laughingly called a fish eye, only to be denied by bian he
many were accused and fled from the turmoil in the kingdom of chu
even the white jewel exchanged for a city was degraded and insulted

bian he wept long his bloody tears in the mountains of jing
ever the loyal servant of the state left to die alone like a legless demon
guan yi wu knew who was chosen as concubine only after he heard the song of ning qi
the duke mu of qin traduced mu bo li xi for a mere five sheep skins

these and more were thrown to brigands and left to fend for themselves and die
though some were later cleared of charges and raised again to the clouds
those who were first defiled and despised as slime, as mud
tai gong the old butcher of zhao go changed to a tiger on the banks of the bo xi

when he raised his fishing line he already chosen wang wen for world domination
he later received ying jiu in the east as he sat by the bends of the wei river
who knew anything of this old man and who will be first to admonish him today
both my eyes can see only the wild geese as they honking fly by

murphy shaking his head at the fatal follies of the graspers for power

8/2/2010 4:34 PM

li bai iv-10

the spring in the hidden canyon

i wipe the white stone on which i sit
then softly strum my familiar lute
the canyon is sad and deep its flowing spring
the practiced hand brings forth a shimmer of sound

this heart feels lonely as a thousand year spruce
as the wind breathes through this deep, deep gorge
a quiet monkey sadly stares down at his shadow
then suddenly screams long and loud

the sorrowful stranger sits still and listens
tears flow quickly and wet his sleeves
yet when after musical tones follow one then another
they reflect the source of their melody

i have merely noted down the sounds
and asked my lute to express my woe
i know not whether the song is old or new
it is the canyon, the roar from deep in the forest

murphy communing with animals as is his shamanic wont

8/1/2010 8:41 AM

li bai iv-11

wang zhao zhun

over the land of qin in the han dynasty hangs the moon
its flowing light irradiates the beautiful zhao zhun
yet once she makes her way through the yu guan pass
she will surely not come back from those foreign lands

the moon rises again from out the eastern sea
but zhao zhun is married to the west and does not return
finely drawn eyebrows draw together sadly as she dies in the high desert
in the eternal cold of the yan zhi mountains only white snow blooms

in life she had not the money to buy a famous painter to do her beauty justice
and now she lies under the green mound of earth as men sigh their grief

murphy contemplating the ills of real politik

8/1/2010 8:55 AM

li bai iv-12

wang zhao zhun

zhao zhun ran her hand over the jewel bedecked saddle
she mounted the horse as tears flowed down her red cheeks
today she was still a member of the han emperor's harem
tomorrow she would be taken as some mongol's mistress

murphy welcoming his daughter's suitor with open arms

8/3/2010 8:59 AM

li bai iv-13

the song of a lady in the harem of the duke of chong shan

the young lady in the harem of the duke of chong shan
was thought by all to be resplendent because of her beauty
though she was not as comely as the fabled sister of li yan nian
she was in her time the most beautiful in her country

she was like peach and plum blossoms shining through the skylight of the hall
surpassing even the explosive grace of the beginning of spring
but after the preference she received, she soon faded from favor
should heaven itself neglect its own beauty to always have interest in her

as the water lilies all fade in the fullness of autumn
their round magnificence twisted apart by fishermen's nets
the lady qi was seen in the street with shorn hair
always those with imperial grace must pay for it, always

murphy understanding the belles of the balls were not for the likes of himself

8/3/2010 9:31 AM

li bai iv-14

the song of jing zhao

close to the bo di cheng fort
a mighty roaring wind brings waves
who would dare in the fifth month
to pass through the ravine of ju tang

in jing zhao then the wheat is ripe
and the silk worm is a butterfly
when unwinding the cocoons i think of you
as i find many new thread ends

i hear a cuckoo cry as it flies overhead
what is a poor woman to do

murphy crocheting strings for his string figure class

8/3/2010 12:26 AM

li bai iv-15

the pheasant song

the dancers craft their ritual movements
the pheasant song is now finished
shouts ring out as the pheasants poise to take flight
they quickly fan their beautiful brocade wings

a swirling wind springs up
the two females eat and drink together
the male steps become bold and proud
who can compete for his attention

suddenly he runs back to the deep grass to die bravely
he could never stand life in a gilded cage
when heaven and earth are infinitely large
why should he wish to turn his back to nature

shan juan did not wish the throne of the son of heaven
as also wu guang withdrew from the highest glory
the heart of carefree scholars is the highest value on this earth
an enlightened one feels at one with the infinite heavens

murphy as intellectually bent as they come

8/4/2010 8:48 AM

li bai iv-16

the encounter

i met you in the red dust of the road
i bowed deeply to your whip with the gold handle
the city lies deep within the green of willows
your house set square in pleasant surroundings

murphy as polite as the occasion demands

8/4/2010 8:56 AM

li bai iv-17

ma gu

i am consumed by love for a beautiful nymph
her home far in the east beyond the green sea
cold are the desolate waters stirred to waves by the storm
high mountains piled one on another til beng hu's shore breaks out

no ship dares cross when a whale blows his water high
i stand trembling with hand on heart as his eyes look me over
a blue bird flies high from the west to continue on east
i confide my message to him to take on to ma gu

murphy imaginative in his sense of the future

8/4/2010 9:05 AM

li bai iv-18

long separation

too many springs have passed since our separation
and he has still not returned home to me
i sit staring out the white window
five times now the cherry tree has blossomed

moreover i have written to him many times
as once su hui wrote to dou dao
when he opened them he had to sigh
so now my soul is torn and my heart broken

i have quit putting my hair up in a lush style
no longer do i brush black temples to order
my hair is now whirled snow from this grief
last year his letter said he had arrived in yang tai

this year his letter says he has again walked away from me
oh, the east wind, the east wind
the east wind blows over me
let it bring the wandering cloud back from the west

i wait for him to come but in the end he remains away
lightly fall the petals on the blue green moss

murphy holed up for the winter waiting for the ice to melt

8/4/2010 10:01 AM

li bai iv-19

the song of white hair (1 of 3)

the brocade stream in si chuan flows to the north
on its gentle waves float a pair of mandarin ducks
the male nests in the trees of the palace the han built
he and the female enjoy the fresh grasses of qin

they would rather suffer death together and break their wings
than to fly into the clouds separate and alone
at this same time a jiao known for her beauty and jealousy
sat alone in the chang men palace and complained about the setting sun

her only concern was to be returned to the emperor's deep favor
and was not stingy in offering gold for a poem for the emperor

murphy the trusty wordsmith offering his services for a suitable fee

8/5/2010 7:55 AM

li bai iv-20

the song of white hair (2 of 3)

si ma xiang ru wrote the poem and received the gold
but now the important man loves the new and harbors much infidelity
one day as he was about to take a girl from mao ling as second wife
his wife wen zhun played for him “the song of white hair”

water that has flowed to the east never returns to the west
blossoms having fallen from the trees are never reattached
a cocoon of silk is spun without any human care involved
but all nature bends subtly in obedience to the wind

but why is lichen on the branches
why does it cling so tightly in its embrace
the tree stands distinct yet it and the moss are together
but the man sees not the plant's devotions

murphy telling the truth by painting a picture

8/5/2010 2:23 PM

li bai iv-21

the song of white hair (3 of 3)

do not unroll your dragon bedecked sleeping mat
allow it to quietly gather cobwebs for you
leave also the jewel bedecked neck support alone
perhaps you may return there in a dream

but spilled water can never refill the cup
an abandoned wife who leaves will not return
but those old friends you have will not turn their backs
that was true in earlier times and also here on the qing ling terrace

murphy unusual in his preference for the company of women

8/5/2010 3:45 PM

li bai iv-22

song of the honorable officer standing on the shore

on the white waves of dong ting lake there are few leaves
ducks and geese fly into the thick clouds of wu
but these clouds of wu are dark and cold
their wind hits the flyers driving them down on the sands to complain

on these banks an honorable official stands bemoaning the coming of the cold
his tears flow like rain
the bright sun hidden above, alone can know his heart
and know he serves an illustrious ruler

the brave man is sick to his heart
the mighty wind continues to rise
oh, that his sky reaching sword were in his hand
and he could cross the waters to kill the great whale

murphy arriving too late in the season for the salmon run

8/4/2010 11:03 AM

li bai iv-23

the song of the general

a bitter storm obliterates the old moon
the zhang hua terrace is assaulted and seized
bright stars glitter over the bei lo gate in chang an
the general in the south is thunder in the clouds

lightning flashes from his sword wielded for the son of heaven
it kills even the great whale that roams the waters of the sea
one's heart and my eye can only admire his great war ship
it reminds of the fabled "prancing dragon" of wang zhun

troops were deployed, trained for battle under the tiger flag
the white waves of the river were like silver tiles on a roof
now he stands in the middle of camp surveying his army
his reddish beard pointed as a spear, his hat standing proud tall

he is cheered as a second zhou ya fu kneeling before the emperor
he calls the enemy commanded by liu li from ba shang only children playing
the song of the lark is heard played on a nomad's transverse flute
from the terrace balcony in answer comes the plum blossom song

the general stirs himself to dance swinging his mighty sword
his officers and men make the heavens tremble in their roar of approval
after this singular success is reported to the emperor
his portrait is certain to be hung in the unicorn gallery

murphy aroar at the harvard-yale game as harvard wins

8/6/2010 10:04 AM

li bai iv-24

the way of the ruler

a great prince is like the sky covering us all
far and wide everything is in his domain
huang di's warriors chang xian and tai ji shan
were like his own arms, steered by his will

the same as the wild goose wings mentioned in the guan zi
liu bei and zhu go liang were like fish swimming together to make a whole
from earth and supporting scaffolding they formed the wall
the union of many virtuous men is a strong foundation

murphy absorbing the strategy of the thirteen man squad as explained by the gunny sergeant

8/6/2010 10:17 AM

li bai iv-25

double hero song

once the brave gao jian li from southern yan
filled his cymbal with hot metal to kill emperor chin shi
and zhuan zhu the famous hero of wu men
hid the knife he used to stab prince liao inside his fish

their rulers were deeply merciful for their efforts
both men gave up their lives for the good of the state
it is as if a mighty mountain were balanced
by a counterweight of a pillow of eiderdown

murphy a simple man with a mighty long lever

8/6/2010 10:34 AM

li bai iv-26

when old friends gather

the eyes of the the horse “violet swallow” are a golden splendor
he shakes his back mane and snorts a fond greeting
it is dawn and a gallop into the distance is in order
there where the friends meet east of lo gate

there the young men practice their fencing
they try to shame the white monkey prince in this art
their pearl embroidered skirts hang below brocade belts
one blade wielded there once killed wu hang

in the past there were thousands of such brave men
all men were inspired with the same martial spirit
and now when ji meng left, others quickly followed
all the the drunkards went into xin feng

laughing they emptied their cups of wine
and killed many men there in the marketplace
they gathered to say farewell beside the cold river yi
and while there a rainbow pierced the heavens

the plan of the crown prince of dan yan was unsuccessful
for jing ko now freely approached the palace of the qin emperor
and wu and yang who accompanied him there
were aghast at what he was attempting to accomplish

murphy seeking to accommodate not discommode

8/6/2010 3:34 PM

li bai iv-27

two songs from chang gan (1 of 2)

when my hair first began to cover my forehead
i played as a child, picking flowers at the door
you came striding by on your bamboo stilts
we chased each other around the bed while eating green plums

in chang gan there was no trouble between us two little ones
but at fourteen i was your wife and a feeling of shame enveloped me
i lowered my head against the dark wall and you implored me to come out
but i would never turn around to look at you

at fifteen i started to lift my head and wished we were in the grave together
i kept faith in the bridge supports and feared having to climb to wang fu tai
when i was sixteen you went far, far away beyond the ju tang rocks
it is now the fifth month and the monkeys cry to the heavens

no one visits me these days, unsightly green moss sprouts outside my doors
the leaves are now falling, autumn winds have come early
it is the eighth month and butterfly pairs flit in the western garden
painfully wounded in my heart i sit alone, my red cheeks are losing their glow

when you reach san ba write me a letter saying when you will come home
i will show my face and not speak of how far you went away, on up to chang fong sha

murphy always prizing maturity and wit in his women

8/7/2010 8:49 AM

li bai iv-28

two songs from chang gan (2 of 2)

i remember how it was in my girl's room when i knew not the real world
i was married to a man of chang gan; now i look at the weather from the shore
in the fifth month when the wind blows from the south i think you will go to ba ling
in the eighth month when the wind rises in the west you will brave the yang zi

i cannot help complaining when we see each other little and are so far apart
how many days does it take to reach xiang tan, are you there yet
i am overcome by dark dreams of storm blown waves
last night strong winds brought down trees at the river's shore

the endless water and the darkness of night, were you safe inside
i want to ride a cloud fast racer again to the log ponds east of the orchids
where the mandarin ducks nestle together in the green rushes
i look now at the kingfisher pair woven onto my windscreen

i complained much in my fifteenth year as a young girl
then my color was the pink of the fresh peach blossom
now i am but a merchant's wife, i worry about the river currents
about floods, and even more about the high winds

murphy shaving his face and trudging off to work on monday morning

8/7/2010 9:12 AM

li bai iv-29

song of the old bright moon

when i was small i knew nothing of the moon, calling it a bowl of white jade
a little later i imagined it the mirror of the genius terrace of yao tai
in the air flying through the clouds, the new moon the feet of another genius
and the full moon was the leafy crown of a cinnamon tree

that a white rabbit was on the moon grinding medicines
i often wondered who they might be helping back to health
that a three legged toad sat in the darkness eating the round disk
how else was that great full moon made to disappear

i believed the archer hou yi shot down nine suns
so the inhabitants of heaven could live thereafter in peace
but i have never understood the darkening of the old bright moon
when bad luck comes, how can i prevent it; this thought saps my courage

murphy contemplating the wisdom of learning greek mythology

8/7/2010 12:39 PM

li bai iv-30

the emperor goes to hui zhong

the emperor has thirty six pleasure palaces
their balconies and terraces reach up to heaven
moonlight slowly walks along the many galleries
where beautiful girls grieve in their misty void

those separated from the emperor share not his grace
peach and plum blossoms suffering from spring storms
but voluptuous thoughts were soon engendered
when the imperial litter took the road to hui zhong

a myriad of coaches accompanied the sun chariot
a thousand horsemen waved colorful flags
the vanguard was already a bit north of hui zhong
while the afterguard was east of the gan quan palace

was the emperor seeking philosophers of xiang cheng as once did wen wang
did he feel he was leading the young men out of the wilderness as once did huang di
no, he was determined to surpass the banquet of xi wang mu served on jasper
and then when he returned to the capital the festive joy left with him

murphy eschewing parties with the in-crowd for more laid back affairs

8/7/2010 1:02 PM

li bai iv-31

left alone without hope

he was a gentleman on a white horse
he left to become a man of the frontier around huang lung
around the tian shan mountains with their deep, deep snow
there came a time he chose to wander afar

now as fragrant herbs stiffen to autumn grass
and cicadas raise their voices around the villages
the wind reminds of the winter sounds of the weaver's shuttle
and moonlight shines on the grief in the cold women's quarters

i remember the year long ago that he left me
i planted a tree that reached to the height of my eyebrows
the tree is now over a hundred feet tall
many flowers have fallen, many branches have withered

until the end i will be alone without him ever again
my tears flow and only i remember why

murphy never regretting having been born poor

8/8/2010 3:48 PM

li bai iv-32

white muslin (1 of 3)

raise your pure voice in song
flash your joyful white teeth
oh, beautiful girl from the north, now my eastern neighbor
sing me the song of white muslin not the one about green waters

she covers her face with her long sleeves as she rises to please
though cold clouds are gathering tonight and it snows over the infinite seas
and the wind from mongolia roars past forcing even the geese to turn back
faces white as jade fill the hall and joy is endless

murphy enjoying the privileges of rank

8/8/2010 4:00 PM

li bai iv-33

white muslin (2 of 3)

the sun sets over guan wa castle
where song and dance continues still
a cold moon rises over the clear river
as the night falls deeper and deeper

a single laugh from one of the dancers
is worth for me a thousand pieces of gold
her veils of silk shimmer and swirl
as she raises her plaintive voice

“now i will not sing the song of spring snow in ying
your heart is wanting to hear the song of giangsu zi ye
for your heart then the song of four seasons
and i hope for your reward”

i wish for us to be like a pair of mandarin ducks
flying away to a pond one fine morning
flying high into the welcoming clouds

murphy smitten with puppy love while in his cups

8/8/2010 5:31 PM

li bai iv-34

white muslin (3 of 3)

the brightly dyed silk is cut with scissors from wu
the dancing costumes are carefully made
the shining make-up and the beautiful clothes
spring's glory is robbed and brought indoors

the eyebrow's arch gracefully, the sleeves swirl
one can imagine a storm and blowing snow
such individual beauty passes before us
there are few such in the world
those who could bring an entire city to its knees

the songs are "the tempest" and "the whirlwind"
they make the heart drunk and make us forget time
as the moon sinks behind the high wall
the candles grow shorter and shorter

i am not reluctant to fix a jade hairpin to your hat band

murphy watching the ogles slip twenty dollar bills under the stripper's garter

8/8/2010 5:52 PM

li bai iv-35

the song of squawking wild geese

wild geese from the land of the barbarians sound their cry
they have left behind the mountains of yan
yesterday they left wei yu in the far north
this morning they are crossing the mountain passes

each of them holds in his beak a reed
on the flight south they will drop them between heaven and earth
in close order, wing to wing, they return
for a time they will be our guest in the foggy land of giangsu

the snow and ice have tired their bodies and they cannot fly high
because of their fear of arrows they constantly call out alarms
if they hear a bowstring twang they often fall to the ground
knowing all this why are you still shooting your arrows

murphy a hunter and certainly no bleeding heart

8/9/2010 8:07 AM

li bai iv-36

a poor woman's unhappy lot

the han emperor greatly prized his a jiao
and wished to bring her to a palace made of gold
every gift bestowed from the highest heaven
turned in the wind into pearls and precious stones

but after the imperial favor was at its height, it left her
the deeper jealousy becomes, the colder relations
and although he stayed in the chang men palace only a few paces away
the emperor did not return to her for even a moment

after rain has fallen it does not rise back to the heavens
spilled water can be collected only with difficulty
the grace of the emperor and the thoughts of the lover
both went different ways like water flowing east and west

what was once a thriving and beautiful water lily
is now only a withered plant separated from its root
whosoever serves another by bringing only beauty
cannot expect to be considered beautiful forever

murphy remembering when he became over the hill as an athlete

8/9/2010 8:22 AM

li bai iv-37

against the xiong nu

the yu zhao ride on horses from the prairies
they wear tiger skin hats and their eyes are green
laughing they shoot their arrows off to the side
saying they have no dispute with most other men

but when they greet with their bows crescent moons
the wild geese fly in fear high into the clouds
loud snaps their whips, the hunt is now on
they gallop into the distance from here to lou lan

once through the gate they never look back
to die for their people is proper they feel
before them the feared five princes of xiong nu
who sack and pillage and never know peace

their cattle and horses graze in baikal
they eat their meat raw, like animals they tear
when they come to the chi shan highlands
they hardly notice the cold ice and snow

their wives ride on horses smiling their way
their jaws like bowls of red jade
they shoot from horseback the animals that flee
they whirl in their saddles excited by wine

the splendor of the pleiades shines far and wide
there they swarm like wasps to battle the hordes
their flashing blades slash bringing hot blood
that covers the ground with a deep purple gore

what brave general can lead us on now
so many a tired warrior sighs to himself
when finally appears sirius' pale glow
and fathers and sons can rejoice in their peace

murphy glad he was a marine only *between* the wars in korea and viet nam

8/9/2010 8:58 AM