

and yes i reflect and yes it is all me
head drinking the glass i am everything in everything
and yes i am blocker of torture, i heal everything
and yes i am the water of life and the bowl carrying it

murphy drunk with his rumi

the prison of you gives freedom
your blaspheme is more sweet than wine
the cut of your blade gives life
brings death that is better than heaven

murphy in consequential love

when i look at my love she reddens in face
and if i don't look my heart grows sick
in the pool of her face are stars that shine
without her my stream grows muddy

murphy contemplating his opposites

the one i love becomes radiant as the sun
when she whirls free as the cyclone
when the first breath of spring swirls
any limb worth its weight sprouts green

murphy laughing all day

the door to my heart swung open with drink
she drank a cup of ruby wine with me, she sat
her hair glistened like a net fresh out of water
my face became all eyes, and my eyes became my hands

murphy stretching shoulders like a cat

new drink of wine everyday with lover
her cup fills with passion exciting her hands
if i accept i can no longer hope of thinking
if i don't i will never know peace

murphy answering the phone again

for a while, when i was young i prospered
for a while, all i touched saw love
the end of my life, listen to what has happened
like a cloud i came, like a wind i become

murphy snugly warm in his cave

as long as your face keeps etching my heart
i know the joy no universe can hold
no matter what happens now i know peace
i cannot imagine what sorrow might mean

murphy sipping chicken soup for his son's flu

any spot i lay my head on earth, she is the cushion
in all four directions, up and down, she is the center
gardens, flowers, bird songs, ecstasy and you
all these excuses are ways of what i seek

murphy really trying to pay attention

in the union of our souls we laugh an effortless flower
when you are gone my heart, my reason, go with you
my heart and my head are always fighting over you
both of us say, you belong only to me

murphy conflicted by happiness

the spirit gives me joy and riches i crave
it crafts a covering of skin and veins for my soul
my body is spirit's robe and i wander in its heart
all this world's the mystery and my spirit is master

murphy counting coup on the enemy

if you want your self large, leave your self
run down the river til you're the mississippi
run your full circle like the yoked bullock
turn it over til it all begins again

murphy having talked freely with his daughter

love gives people who love their joy
love gives happiness in laughing breath
my mother's love gave birth to me, not she
a hundred blessings for my mother's love

murphy pondering the dark broken line

i smell you still in every breath i take
i see your eyes dart up to check my face
it's a lifetime, a night and a day, i've wanted you
my senses are consumed with my still wanting you

murphy intoxicated with the spell of words

the spirit which placed fire in my spirit
placed a hundred different fires on my tongue
i burn in all six directions, and i burn within
if i complain the spirit puts its hand over my mouth

murphy not telling his nightmare fears

i found the gift of poetry in the glow of earth's spirit
this bride, this poetry, entered the storehouse of my mind
in every verse i write i find more gifts of this spirit
every one pure like mary, yet pregnant, yet virgin

murphy complicit with thought

if the smell of doubt hangs to you don't come up my street
if you can't strip yourself bare don't swim in my river
since direction comes always from the center out
let your direction be your way, let my way be mine

murphy watching a building reflect gold of sunset

i have dived into the spirit and the spirit is me
don't look elsewhere, for the earth's spirit is me
i am the decider, and i would lie
if i said someone else may decide

murphy shouldering the mantle as leader

your love takes my soul and soars to the sky
you lift me to the thinnest layers of ether
i want your sun to touch all my raindrops
so your heat will make me the rising mist

murphy cockeyed in love

the candle of your face is not your mother's flesh
and your father did not give your form with his semen
do not be so angry as to hide what you are
your beauty and wisdom cannot be tucked behind your hand

murphy explaining singularity to his math class

my blessed sleep was stolen because she woke me
i had wet my pillow weeping all alone
she came in silence, brought her river of feeling
sweetness kissed away crusted salt of my tears

murphy still chasing his dreams

there is a spirit within your soul, seek for that spirit
there is a gem within your body, mine for that gem
if you become a wandering seeker for this sparkling spirit
don't look outside your heart, dig deep, deep, inside

murphy the daring spelunker again

i was an atom, you made me larger than everest
i was always behind, you made me top man around
you made me able to cure careless hearts lost in rapture
you made me dance to my own music in ecstasy

murphy acknowledging his debts

even should you achieve satori for a hundred days
your soul will not be content in its singing of the heart
and why do you now laugh at what i am saying
haven't you lost it yet, are you still in that logical mode

murphy peering redevyed through the mists

this is you, making me drunk in shul
making me worship ba'al in the temple
in your arms i don't know the rules of good and bad
i am putty in your hands, treat me kindly

murphy recognizing the need for matriarchy

on our day together we chanced upon a florist
for a moment i lost it and looked at a yellow rose
your look was one of betrayal as you whispered
my face is here, those petals are over there

murphy becoming aware which way is up

in the tavern of love who has ever seen such a drunk
who has seen barrels all broken and scattered about
the floor is wet with wine as are the heavens above
who in his lifetime has seen such endless toasts

murphy imagining letting himself go

when a shaman spills his secrets to the world
with every word he breathes new life
the shaman never begs for what he needs
the shaman gives his life before you can ask

murphy once again unable to say no

today she is asking for even more madness
i am already crazed, yet she wants more lunacy
if she didn't, why is she tearing open my shirt
what more can she hope to get out of me

murphy lying open and defenseless

the men who are conversant with the spirit world
are not recognized by those who want to know
it can't get stranger than to get to the final truth
become a believer and have others still question you

murphy dribbling the ball upcourt

don't tell me about the night, our day has no night
don't talk about religious love, our love has no religion
it is a limitless ocean without border or shore
where we drown without moaning or invoking the divine

murphy dogpaddling on his way

up til this moment i tended to talk madness
i complained of first one thing then another
i pounded on the door to enlightenment, and then it opened
i found i had been pounding from the inside out

murphy staring at his new tattoo

love comes from nowhere and it should never end
those who fall in love live only within that love
tomorrow when they talk about who will rise on high
those who are not in love will sink slowly to the bottom

murphy treading water in the middle of the ocean

you thought him the moon but he wasn't
you thought him the king but he did not rule
then you turned to me and asked why get up so late
it's because the sun is with me and time doesn't matter

murphy imagining himself the reason

there was once a man who had everything to lose
like the wind he skittered across the ocean
but there was still the touch of land in his fingers
a strand of hair kept him from the heights of faith

murphy stoking the fire for the spirits

if i hesitate the fire will burn all my soul
those i talk for as well as myself will burn
if i scream the lips i scream with will burn
through me comes fire, flesh and spirit will burn

murphy touching his flint to steel

i am in love with an angel, what good is advice
i have been poisoned by love, there is no antidote
they can't keep me from her by tieing me down
my heart will keep beating, why hobble my feet

murphy arguing his case before family court

don't walk past my grave, it'll make you drunk
you'll see eternity, the world will spin and spin
you'll be dropped into an ocean to crash on the shore
you will be swallowed by the ground whirling in my grave

murphy whistling to keep his spirits high

i have become pure as the color of this wine
the glass is singing, ululating because i care
i have drunk deeply and am drinking again
my head has become wine, it is now become me

murphy tinkling in the loo

speaking often of the spirit lights a full moon
speaking often brings light to the path of truth
every morning and evening i speak to the great spirit
saying earth is, and was always, our mother

murphy being indian in the big city

for a while i found my worth by acting like others
ignorant, i thought i could make a name for myself
when i was concentrating on self i missed my worth
but when i lost myself in feeling i sensed the world

murphy remembering when he was still wild

sleep, my love, i leave so you won't see me
for all future years now you won't see me
though each night your spirit will be with me
even with brightness of day you won't see me

murphy remembering how deborah means bee

if you are patient, i'll rend your veil of patience
if you go to sleep, i'll take sleep from the corners of your eyes
if you become a mountain, i'll melt you with lava fire
if you become an ocean, i'll gulp all your water down

murphy gargantuan and omnipotent

i bow my forehead to the ground before your door
i bind my heart with your brushing my hair
life itself has risen to my lips when your lips touch mine
and i gladly taste my life in your soft mouth

murphy reeling in ecstasy

isolation is worth more than a thousand meetings
freedom is worth more than all the world
in solitude alone comes one's moment of spirit
outshining one's life or even earth itself

murphy seeking his vision

there came a time when i found your love
my heart blazed and all else turned to ashes
i put books on their shelves; science, thinking, stopped
i came to poetry, singing my love for you

murphy strumming his troubador lute

i can never know the truth of the earth's creation
yet it fills my heart with love and with laughter
and now how i tremble in the warm april breeze
like the flower stem flouncing its head filled with color

murphy exploring the brightness in her eyes

on the backstreets of altruism self esteem doesn't cut it
what works is honesty, truth, and your nerve
and when you get there, go ahead, risk it all
and then you will win or then you will lose

murphy boarding the plane for reno

when i asked what to do, i heard "let life go"
i found the waterway to purity, and heard "let life go"
i made myself a candle flame, became a butterfly
looked in the face of the spirit, and heard "let life go"

murphy sitting zazen like a fool

we are so much in love our thoughts are all for the other
we could never have thoughts of escaping feet
we are one, our fantasies are both the same
even sleeping apart our dreams intertwine

murphy holding tightly as ever in his sleep

without you my imagined roses grow only thorns
when alone a toad frog croaks as i sing your song
my fingers grate slate when i strum my guitar
so i quit playing to leave heaven in peace

murphy three days without touching his love

with every breath comes a stab to my heart
either she's made of stone or doesn't know
i betray with my eyes the sadness at core
she'll be sure to read all this if i see her again

murphy helplessly bluffing at the showdown

since you've no love to give now, go knit sweaters instead
don't touch me, go work tiny wonders with your crafty hands
go thirsty since there is no wine of love in your mind
go ahead, smash the bowls in the kitchens of lovers

murphy perturbed in his feelings

i am jealous of your brush and your lip stick
because they go into the bath with you, my love
the first gets to run its fingers through your hair
and the second to make your lips red with kissing

murphy remembering the sound of a shower in the morning

i lost all my odes and love poems to the water
all my clothes and belongings taken by the flood
now, all i am, good, bad, sensual, cherokee
comes from mother moon, and her sight takes me away

murphy after his latest giveaway

there was a red hot glow when we joined together
your voice ran through my heart as a pure spring
that water is now a memory falling as winter snow
our beginning distant, past, and now a living dream

murphy feeling the warmth of new spring in his bones

i blaspheme and worship and i'm pure and defiled
i'm old and youthful, and i'm a child
if i die, don't say about me that he died
say he was dead, became alive, then became one with the spirit

murphy scratching the dirt around a campfire

anyone who drinks from your well of passion is changed
your nectar is life and leads to exaltation
death came, smelled me and sensed your fragrance
since then he has lost all hope for my harvest

murphy contemplating her pheremones

when i think of you my heart is the drum of the four winds
i blush so hard blood threatens to run down my face
when i first hear your name from others' lips
my lowly spirit leaves the body for the skies

murphy admitting how tenuous his hold on his emotions

an orange plastic stool holds my glass of wine
the sun sinks, spectacular in sight
i, balanced, am holding an essence
the issuance of wave lengths of light

murphy besotted with color

don't despair for your heart's ease has come
bringing his song the friend of your soul has come
he will snap your hummingbird wings of sorrow
down from his roost the great thunderbird has come

murphy electric from a blue norther

she's the middle of my heart, its muscle and blood
she's the middle of my body, its stomach and guts
how can i ever be unfaithful from this central place
my life still has value because of all she is

murphy tingling to his fingertips

she is a planet, she's the thunder of my being
she is my garden, the flower field of my heart
she penetrates my core to the spirit of my soul
until she goes, whatever she wants, i will offer

murphy burning cedar in his fire

if it is pleasant it is always prohibited
so any normal person will not be allowed to indulge
wine, music, a beautiful face, whirling ecstasy
are the privilege of the elite, so you and i must hide

murphy sneaking in the back door

tulip, look into my eyes to learn a true depth of color
venus, look into my heart to learn a true harp's tone
it's where the melody comes, from the union inside
fate and eternity arriving to catch the wave

murphy practicing his scales

heart, throw off your disguise in the alley
don't let joseph's coat cover your face
you are merely a fish who dies without water
don't think, just jump naked, swift into the river

murphy relaxing after a hard day at the office

the drum of silence is only my heart beat
the song of thought sinks quickly in sound
i float aware within this swirling
i think alone above somewhere

murphy touching his toes in greeting

your face flames with the passion for wine
infused with an essence that's whole
i stand transfixed and feed on your warmth
my hands, heart, head; and my soul

murphy waiting patiently for balky spring

where and why, oh, what and who
this is that and i am you
was it now or is it then
ground is up and breath is wind

murphy sitting in privy council

if you are afraid find another sewer for your mind
if you can't strip your clothes, you don't swim in my pond
there's no bottom here, it's live hard or die
stay over there with your friends, there are no sides out here

murphy scraping his knuckles swimming in a shallow public pool

i am here to greet my father, the sun, at the river
i sing greetings to his gardens green, not yellow
this mother earth without him is dust and powder
there is no dance of life without his circle

murphy swapping the sheets in a hotbed motel

there were many times i knew all the secrets
i was king and slave to my cascade of mind
now i don't know, i don't know myself
i will not boast of being true, but only me

murphy almost finished with his latest booger mask

i studied with a wise man who taught the craft of weaving
the threads of my life became a fibrous bundle of soul
now wily son of earth spins beguiling sense of truth
the green smell of grass, the fit of a turkey gobble

murphy counting his blessings in code

i come to my reeling senses from dance not wine
i have no need to party or to eat rich food
i am without the wine and candles, without song
i am spinning and dizzy, i am drugged

murphy practicing his yogic inhalation

you deserve fodder like a horse, how can i cook
how long can this lover hide his true feelings
how to make the kissing tongue of loving lips
burst with the taste of fresh earth's life

murphy slipping barefoot down the hall

what sort of day would start with two suns
that would be a different shade of red
how they could chase their daily dance of heaven
for a people who would have two shadows

murphy watching buck rogers in a saturday sequel

i recognized your grace when you turned to me
you were the bearer of a fragrant cup
your movement the breath of the room's dance
your soul spread wide to envelop me

murphy indulging in the thought of predestination

i dance a waltz through the rooms of night
turn and swoop, swoop and turn til dawn
this coffee here, this sudden morning
i hold the world in my cup of earth

murphy toasting his bread for cheese and olives

be just to your enemies, don't hate
hate comes hard and fast to the hateful
it's makes their love a crudeness of lust
with an even hand, be warm in your welcome

murphy stacking empty cans to store in the corner

our eyes see each other, and see the same world
we walk a path that meanders its own way
and freshens creek with the earth's pure tears
which sit in calm of pool to mirror moon

murphy woo, woo, wooing along his way

when earth cannot stop her tears is the worst
it's cold and dank, the heart grieves its hell
the food that i eat is changed by sorrow
the more i don't eat the sadder i become

murphy front and center at the weight watcher's brunch

these camels are loaded with dates and their sweetness
these besotted camels have eyes which have widened, changed
they are liquid, deep, and with swirling patterns
so drunk they do not know they see

murphy hunkered in the lee of the roof

the way I love love is different than the muslims
my place is on the ground with the ants
wise solomon had an ashen face and torn guts
this lowly seller of cloth weaves life slowly

murphy downstream of a bend in the river

they say the mind gets in the way of love
and every faith has particular rules
and their words shine like gold in their songs
yet life with my love is warmer and better

murphy clutching the pillow, crushing its down

sometimes my lover doesn't let me in the house
i sit outside and mope, sometimes in the rain
i don't know why i sit outside only her door
but maybe it's because she prefers sad lovers

murphy trying to catch the eye of the cheerleader on the end

a swirling dancer is free from life's body and soul
he becomes more than earth and beyond the sky
how bounteous is the gift of god
to include the swirling dancer in his universe

murphy checking the electric lights on the edge of his roof

every morning this wanton creature shows up with drink
she fills my cup with her small passionate hands
i know when i take the drink my mind flies out the window
but if i don't drink, i won't know the peace of her touch

murphy fluffing the pillows he will lie upon

i search the east for the first gray of light
i settle down to see sun grow orange like bellowed iron
my lady, your love shines just as bright as noon
but it's the radiance of love's birth that i crave

murphy going to sleep early out of habit

the daughter of a daughter sticks to a man
she makes the sun to wake us all, to grow
in her house is mine, the well of my being
let everyone know, fresh water is here

murphy cutting the bait into one-inch chunks

when coyote first sat down with the rabbit
they recognized their kin of being the stranger
they both knew the blood of thoughts' interaction
the earth, the sky, and the firmaments as one

murphy taking the trash to the curb outside

since i can't sip the wine of eternity, i choose love
the continuance of life brings with it this love
it tells the story of the here-now, then die
we together do this now and we shall not die

murphy figuring how to get the baby to carry a load

my passionate pleas come from my father's face
and now, at last, i have the fever of his song
when he knew what to say, and when he was right
the rhythm he then spoke, how quiet of voice

murphy assuming control of the lifeboat, as asked

i can't see you now except in my mind
there's a glow to your face that sets as mask
to notice your lips is to be reminded they're not here for kissing
the thought of your lips lifts a veil from my lips

murphy marveling at the details in the photograph

when i feel like coyote, i can't get to sleep
how can such an egoistic paranoid still self
i can imagine god at rest but not asleep
coyote imagines god and gets no sleep

murphy stooping to slither through the briars

i am drunk from soul's wine, i'm its vessel
the whirling sense has taken all thoughts away
i see candle born deep within my core
each glint the glory of sun on butterfly wings

murphy weighing pantheism versus animism

make the heart a student that focusses on love
the heart will grab the subject as the night grabs the day
then love will burn as image of the stared-at lamp
stain the mind with its glimpse of fate

murphy in puberty imagining having a wife

life neither lives nor dies, it is different
but it can neither escape its birth nor its death
if this paradox doesn't drive me wild, she will
how could i become mad, who already am

murphy wondering why cherokee has no verb of to be

i glanced to see her eyes and was caught in their gleam
my pewter soul began to shine as silver
i reached for her with the hundred arms of my mind
she stretched her hand to just touch my shoulder

murphy test walking his new brazilian huaraches

i can't stop the choking or the welling tears
she sees it all as an afternoon soap
what have we come to, are we hardened to all calamity
what is the difference in our hurts, what is the same

murphy listening, as only a good bartender could, to the old man's
blather

the sad souls who know not the ecstasy of dance
have never fanned their inner flames to red hot life
i sing the truth of their sorrow and their sadness
and will never hear my name recalled from their depths

murphy reciting his twelve tables in the third grade

every day you grow sadder, it stains my heart
you've tired of me as the spider her mate
and even though i've left your side, you still have sorrow
the truth is your sorrow is more faithful than you

murphy tossing only curves during batting practice

if you would find the answer for life and death
life and death would become your waking dream
how could you then live your life to the fullest
how sow your seeds except through your deeds

murphy looking over the edge of the diving platform, with
trepidation

you're not drunk and it's early, why fall asleep
how can i send you my love when you're not there
love whispers in my ears all through this night
oh, how can you go to sleep before me

murphy thinking through the enormity of his spring cleaning

i lost all powers of reason when i found her
my history, my children, my wife ceased to matter
she gathered men, and i took her in my arms
and found the nothing that has always been

murphy floating on his back to catch his breath

when you give your love, it's more than mother earth
i can no longer live without your smile
it's then your heart shines through life's lower struggles
and everyone you see eats the food of your freedom

murphy chiding his grandmother for working too hard

the fraternal twins of mind and heart united
your heart poured its crystal water
now again memory's blur glints fire on snow
now that my fable of life no longer dreams the like of you

murphy proprietary in his attentions

it was water's love alone that made adam from mud
a few drops and all our loves and foibles began
feelings boiled, opened all the veins of the earth
to pour down torrents, tears tearing down mountains

murphy scratching creation in his sketch of a rose

i saw your face, and the bounce of my youth returned
i felt heart rise in beat baring my soul
my life is now completely in your hands
and when i die my soul will still bounce with the vigor of life

murphy making up his shopping list for next week's meals

you can't excuse your depth of meanness as passion
i've heard your drunkenness brayed loud in song
why cut me with the sword whose wounds will fester
why not nip me with a light flicking whip of your tongue

murphy chatting politely at the neighborhood pub

be careful when breathing roses to loved ones
and never prick their egos with thorns
when they're mad jabs return til they haunt you
and when they love you all their roses breathe fire

murphy turning slowly to see all the world

i want to catch all the flakes of your dandruff
i watch late sun make gold with the dust of your feet
i'm ready for your moods and your tempers
it's winter that brings back spring buds

murphy tuning his voice in the shower

i want to be the one chosen for sorrow
how my tears would wash down the street
how barren to be bereft of such feeling
how simple at times to hurt self

murphy haggling over the price of fresh vegetables

the moon's face stays the same through the years
its darks and its lights make an image of her
you probably never catch a glimpse of this moon of mine
it looks like my love when the weather is clear

murphy deciding on his tie for the interview

my love's heart pumps a mississippi of blood
and she floats as the foam floats a stream
turns a wheel, turns a love, turns a grinding
makes chaff of my life move as air

murphy blowing a milkweed to its fate

if you wish a breather from running for love
why are you still in the line with those others
why not use your head sharp like the thorns
to keep the rose in your arms and by your side

murphy at home practicing his ikebana

in the backyards of power arrogance is ruin
the calm reflective man holds the honor
when the dusty showdown comes
you checkmate the king or lose yourself

murphy in his favorite worn jeans

when love becomes war, heart's body flows
the sharp knives hone with their slices
an ocean of blood is our earth time
i tell you true, hold yourself even

murphy turning his back while pleading his love

any place on earth i find myself, i worship her
and plant my seed of being in her skin
any place on earth i hear drumming and singing
i bring to all around my stately dance

murphy waiting, impatient for the dinner gong

the brave man gives all his secrets for free
with every word acres of garden are seeded
he will never ask others from need
he knows the peace of the peace of his being

murphy glowing in his sunlit sitting room

i quit being homesick and welcomed her family
i found a safe way to sing from my heart
sorrow snaps delicate it's sparrow wing
the sun of noon hides hawk his fatal swoop

murphy jarring in his telephone terseness

i decided to hunt for the rabbit til i found him
i forded the spring creeks and tiptoed the brambles
every once in a while he would show me his shit
he knew all of the tricks, that's all that i found

murphy singing in one of his difficult half-step keys

swirling makes treasures in a ceaseless turning
like the showers of spring they thunder with lightning
this pleasure of dance opens earth to my arms
the drums and the singing take all of my breath
4-6-00

murphy making a vow to wear his regalia next time

i have climbed the mountain of my life, and am almost back down
all that up and down was my exercise, my excuse
i have said the same ever since the start, and patiently
now listen again-- my memory is getting bad

murphy remembering the lean years and telling his granddaughter

i went to the earth and entered her sweat lodge
my feelings were received with great good humor
the sweet grass fumes foamed on my skin
she welcomed my love, i was lost in her depths

murphy laying a logical trap in his laboratory

the day i first saw you the thunder being touched my brain
the rabid coyote can only approximate my stunned state
the depravity in your eyes stuck in my heart
iI gave up the guitar and wrote no more songs

murphy wading out into the rocks for his morning splash

your history is the result of all that you've done
you will not be belittled for the giving of self
leaving possessions behind lends nothing to memory
what you have nurtured, what you have taught, are true legacies

murphy sitting in the dim corner of the bar away from the door

one path to truth is through the circle dance
it sweeps ever higher to reach the heavens
if you would transmute your copper to gold
practice a tornadic whirl into sky

murphy blinded by the sun but still blowing his eagle whistle

among the truth seekers, rise high when you swirl in this dance
your path to awareness is the noble one
burnished copper of your soul becomes pure gold
stay on this course, this way is alchemy

murphy pondering the patterns of mendeleev

your bedroom is the finishing school for lovers
they grow aware of their inner sadness and leave
i wait outside your door, the ground on which you've built
i am held by roots and ignore the movement of wind

murphy mowing the grass before it goes to seed

there is a master who sees through every disguise
be quiet, yell, laugh, or cry; he understands
everyone likes to be the one who can explain
but i worship the one who honors through silence

murphy no longer in the ranks of the practicing professors

don't be so quick to identify a non-believer
beliefs will vary, a belief doesn't make one chosen
since it is hard for you to see the earth as our treasure
you ignore the ones who do and do earth wrong

murphy wondering why the coffee can't keep him awake

any man's life spent without knowing love
brings early death mask as if in sleep
stagnant water pools deep in the heart
though water be pure through breath of sweet earth

murphy pacing his coffees so the jitters don't come

you argue too much, you're always getting mad
but i taste honey when i kiss your angry lips
can't you find in that tight cage of your heart
room for the moon of my feelings to grow

murphy reading a rhyming dictionary for the first time

the problem of your ego lies deep in its oneness
you can never let go to let earth in your guts
you keep yourself close in a moated up castle
how could you ever travel to truth

murphy musing on the benefits of moving water

if you don't find love you lose laughter and joy
you wither alone and don't dance on the breeze
it takes several trillion drops from the clouds
to nurture a system for the deep oyster to pearl

murphy waiting on his surfboard for the big kahuna

who can stand and tell me that she's gone
who dare report the sun will never dawn
some ghoul from the graves with his lantern
singing sad songs in his dimness of sight

murphy knowing his last best summer has a bit more to go

i thought my problems could not become knottier
i was crying in grief when she first appeared
the long wildness of hair curled in my fingers
a leash grabbed my soul in its tangles

murphy untangling the backlash on his last cast for bass

i know when i see a keeper of secrets
though those other fools see but a dizzy man
how strange it is for a man at last to see
and understand, and be called but a dizzy man

murphy in the jump-off at double dutch

this woman i have, she's good for nothing
she flirts to please and is fond of games
she should pay more attention to the lips of her grave
how wide the door to the garden of the sky

murphy cracking the window to let out some heat

at last, at last, i now understand
take deep last breath, the end of time has come
the bringer of life give's all life's needs
shows herself one last time to this breathing human

murphy keeping time for a syncopation

the more i try to show her how much i love
the more she hisses at me with a snake's tongue
look, she's licking the blood of claw's revenge
why is she washing herself with my salty blood

murphy knowing the answer should be much more obvious

who has never seen a dawn with eyes still dark
who has never seen a girl with eyes still bright
you tell me that all that sun has burned my face
why not, it takes courage to face the light

murphy splashing ice cold water in his face

i feel complete when we share sun of room
don't leave here with the thought of tomorrow
we are one, not a fantasy pair
our tastes are shared in our communal bowl

murphy sitting in the center of the confucian orchestra

i prefer the dust of your feet to the crystal stream
your path deepens and strengthens my whole body
when i first caught the rhythms in your drum of love
the moon twinned itself and said, "now I am two"

murphy following the bass line as his melody

the lady of grace walks with stomach on empty
the loveliest flute is full hollow inside
pack down your sweets and your pastries
the taste with your lips will taste your lips alone

murphy knowing pain is real even when imagined

keep your distance from a selfish sibling
fade away from that sweaty grasp of love
better to sit at the feet of a laughing partner
so the blood-closeness knot can float its ends free

murphy in awe of the odds for the successful sperm

when i stumbled on the muse i was seeking god
the blushing bride of poetry burst clear in my mind
a thousand brides came gladly with each verse
fresh, and chaste as mary, so pregnant with her birth

murphy staring down an alpha cat

then god said quietly to his divine hearer
don't get in line with anyone except in the alley of love
it may be that you are the spark of the universe, life
but any fire dies, and then one talks about the ashes

murphy hearing the bookie work his marks late in the afternoon

without your soil, i plant roses which yield only thorns
the snake slithers from my seed with other forms
my strumming guitar grows strength like the flute
soars straight to the heavens to seize them with my sorrow

murphy sleeping quiet on his side of the bed

with focussed stare, watch for the fabled coming
in peripheral view uncover your feelings
your heart will know when blood will be splattered
keep your eyes open, you will know if it's you

murphy tuning the guitar before the singalong

i asked the man for wisdom. he said, "you die"
i told him all my thoughts on life. he said, "you die"
i danced and sang with candles and butterflies
"i tried to understand", i said. he said, "you die"

murphy waiting nervously outside the principal's office

strip bare your heart, throw its clothes in the alley
hide your face and think yourself born new
a tadpole you must live only in water
let whatever come you must jump in the stream

murphy sitting in a concrete park replete with pigeons

her color came fresh from pink roses
her laugh honeyed soft the hardest of hearts
her circle of soul sang its completeness
i could but follow the breath of her hair

murphy washing his hands carefully before starting work

heart said, how long is shadow of her passion
night said, her hair is still dark, and long
the cypress sighed from height and stature
the wind whispered full throat in its song

murphy scratching his elbow, the crippled left one

night again, i've heard nothing for a night and a day
i'm sitting still, an alert blob of clay
this dark, this night, hides eyes from sin's glory
dawn soon arrives, may my spirit then speak

murphy knowing pain is inadequate to effect change

i am the firekeeper who kindles the fire of truth
for repentance, for sin, for theft, and for hating
i kindle a flame which sings as it cleanses
i am made of earth, you are part of my hearth

murphy counting his change in francs, carefully, so as to
understand

we all want to make our own children, don't be afraid
whatever you might become you will die, don't be afraid
you breathe through the lungs of all your life's breathing
forget all of that, and keep keeping on

murphy finishing the penultimate page of his paper

watch out for the hellfire of resurrection
don't expect ease when you take out your revenge
it's all you, your words, the warts of your arrogance
watch out for the birth of day, tomorrow you might die

murphy getting his seat at the bar by being early

so you have found, at last, the man of your dreams, fear not
you have accepted murky core of the love of god, fear not
now you know exactly where you might belong
within yourself, the only thing you have, do not despair

murphy waiting for his guinness to clarify

my heart has been flensed into a blubber of being
the sizzle of fat the hot tears of my feelings
don't expect order in my innermost house
note the red on the gateway and don't expect more

murphy watching the walkers down mulberry lane

the holy garden of heaven has shone me its riches
following tracks of my eyes, lighting the way
i will find this woman who shall make me whole
song voice, stay with me, i have need of song

murphy making up the bed out of sheer habit

why is it that your beauty is both thin and bulbous
why is happiness brought to this lover of you
your garden of face flows bright with its feeling
the rose of its ardor, its lilac of leaving

murphy wondering if time will stop for his outstretched thumb

last night she was talking, down the table
i couldn't get her attention to speak with her
so i gathered her whole with the stare of my eyes
as though she heard beauty in my acuity of sight

murphy remembering how to steer by the north star

heart, when will you learn to be less serious
in the land of uniqueness, join with the others
and since you get up early to master eternity
pay close attention to the whirler's dust

murphy listening to a yowling cat in heat

i've worshipped wine, then worshipped the cup
polished my gold and hidden tarnished silver
i've been seed and life giver, i've killed to live
all that i've done i've not learned earth's true name

murphy honoring the sacred circle with his fire

you asked me into the garden of spring sunshine
i came undone, i grew whole again, i'm all ripped up
when you smiled at me i sizzled steam
your sweet smell spread by billowing wind

murphy walking by the neighbor's forsythia

if your search is for truth you will search forever
you will beguile yourself with love, with its fires
your blood will boil its wine in your body
you will seek ambrosia as a constant companion

murphy deciding up or down stream

last night i was at the feet of the master
i asked to be told the secrets of the world
he leaned over slowly and whispered in my ear
don't listen to me, use those eyes for your seeing

murphy sinking into the beta state of being

today we will swirl our swirls to oblivion
today is bright sunshine and mother earth
their love is this life we share in our longings
when our minds recede, go far, far away

murphy realizing his social security check is taxed

mocking birds sing in my garden, not grackles
you lead me to this garden with the light in your eyes
the tulip's sex unfolding, inside and lavish
crystal stream reflecting broken glints of geodes

murphy shifting money from account to account

when i first felt your welcome i melted
my salt went; no curse, thought or doubt was left
my heart swelled to become a heart in heaven
where all eternity was room for my feelings

murphy hunting for bullfrogs late at night

i lived for a time with the flotsam of the streets
i never found a hint, a smidgeon of brother's love
it would be better for me to seek my dwelling
roasting in solitude, steaming in the sweat lodge

murphy selling off all his books he won't have time to read

she has beauty without ego of beauty
her passing has passionate mode
this sun of morning is morning delight
this day we're one, this day we're here

murphy wondering when broadway will be repaved

asking doesn't always get answers for your queries
you don't rack up points for giving away your worldly goods
five years from now, five years of torment
then you can talk of how you walk the path of buddha

murphy settling down in early spring for a beery afternoon

i can never take my feelings from my voice
i sing the words when i tell you of my love
if you cannot share your sorrow with my soul
why have a soul at all, what can i use it for

murphy imagining the eventual loss of his teeth

you have milked me for money and my soul, you bloodsucker
i've never had much money and i can't reach out to god
what money? from where? pissing? a poor man and his piss
my soul? my heart? will piss buy your heart?

murphy walking new york city with a small bladder

you meet jesus on every street corner these days
where oh where can the devil find a seat
my bitter heart is rootless and sends no flowers of feeling
though the earth gushes water and nurtures all around

murphy asking the key for the next singalong

her pheromones matched, her body fit close to mine
i want to sing hosannas but my tongue is mute
has anyone else told you such a rare story
to kneel by a cool flowing brook without drinking

murphy helping an hysterical lady across the intersection

i am the twisting coil of the charmed cobra
i am the coiling wrist in my lover's hair
i swear to god i don't think in constant turning
i only know that dancing the circle makes everything there

murphy staying close to the fire and keeping warm

with my sacred life this time i will be sacred
i will not hold my tongue from the fire of truth
i sing the naked sweat of bodies in august nights
how can i be satisfied with warm water for my thirst

murphy listening to the latest tragedies on the soaps

i will make a life from what is left of life
but i won't go quietly any longer
the pure fire that's the truth fevers my breath
water alone can never slake such a thirst

murphy watching the electronic flicker of the tote board

every night i fight a personal war
perhaps tomorrow i will hack my prayers with a knife
when my love permits love she often snarls with anger
i am at the bottom of a well without rope

murphy sipping his coffee at the local donut shop

i am drunk with the need for my lover
i've gone to land's end, and then gone fast asleep
if i could reach to get to the other
what of this life, can i find it again

murphy jumping off the high board at the deep end

the life of sand, the sand of life, gone with the wind
moon, earth, blue sky; gone, sore gone
don't bother to fill my cup with wine, open the spigot
i'm so drunk with love, i can't put food in my mouth

murphy snipping the wick of his cheap candles to steady the light

do you think i know what i am saying
do you think i can take charge of my breathing
as the pen in the hand of the writer, the air stains my lungs
blows new fate into a living man, me

murphy nattering with the nannies

we will march against your khan, your czar, your caesar
we will chisel stone to stand still as a lion
we will forge steel enough to outfit the army of solomon
we will regroup as molten wax in david's palm

murphy hawkfeathered at the fair

i hear your breath in the smell of grass
i hear the jasmine color of your mind
but even if i had not heard, i would give voice
to your name, and say it again, and again

murphy playing shakuhachi with his hood on

i can't find work these days, and she's the one depressed
in my enforced idleness, i plant my seeds of love
i realize the future as an adzeman hews
shaping the timbers for the arch of his bridge

murphy looking at a picture of his father as a young man in the
ccc

if you cannot accept the birth of your desires, don't dance
if you cannot hear the beat of your hand print, don't play
let the tricks in your mind go the final way of death
then swear by the life you are living, don't cringe

murphy leaning over the edge to see if a train is coming

i don't know why i saw your face that first time
i do know how i was the fox, but now am lion
i hold myself arrogant, and from above
you alone know how well i've learned to bow

murphy sketching in paris at twilight

i find your love when breathing fits my body to sky
there are two breaths for every one of mine
i radiate as sun to deal with all this sweating
my soul steps up as both our fog, our cloud

murphy chewing his food slowly as mama said

in every eye i see, a galaxy shines from its core
the universe winks in depth of shimmer
i grow cross-eyed looking straight down both windows
and what i see is one, and only one

murphy saying hard thoughts soft like winter snow

today i will swirl to the point of oblivion
i will pour all earth's water into my skull
i will swirl in a drunken sense of awe
i want to argue with my betters and make them mad

murphy predicting where the lean young crawdads are in the small
rapids

i can't speak my heart, so heart can't earn my bread
i can't sing out loud to test the excellence of self
but my art and i hold water when we can
with hands of earth i pull my mother's pigtails

murphy touching third in his home run trot

i see fresh with the eyes that she taught to see
deep down in the well to the inmost of me
the sight disappears to an old man's blur
as memory held tight to a moment of truth

murphy humming an old brigadoon tune

the moon is not yet full, but shimmer of lake fills it out
my eye's path to that moon below is direct
the sage of old says pay attention to the water
now rushing, now pooled, now glowing its effulgence

murphy in the laboratory making an emulsion

the man of pride buries neck in neck, in sadness
and in love, and when greeting loud with his mane
i love when you nuzzle with your whole face
there is a man who nuzzles back with his

murphy alert inside sitting at a concert

my hat, my coat, my scarf, all these are me
and in the market place worth but a pittance
haven't you been singing my praises lately
surely you've not forgotten this nobody's nobody

murphy nattering at the poetry tea

i set fire to my pile of tools, my suits, my profession
i started to sing and dance, to court and to woo
when i found my love, she tested my total being
beneath my strength, beneath my skin, to what i always do

murphy plaiting a symmetrical cord

my love and i closed slowly, all aware
we scorched the skin of other to see their fear
then the her of me became the me of her
and there was no more seeing in the mist of us together

murphy getting his mirrors straight in optics lab

it's my mind that sees the other as enemy
i am as much my enemy as my love, or the wise men
i am not afraid to meet with messengers from my enemy
they, like i, always have blood on their shirts

murphy wrapping the fines herbes in muslin

we are going to the orchard to sing, don't forget your guitar
bring along the water drum, we have won our war
we are alive, and the taste of our wine is our dancing
as the buck hares do in their coital stomp

murphy trying to memorize his rhymes before they change

i am the eternal man; sometimes i hide, sometimes i'm seen
i am devoted as christian, as hebrew, as islam, as me
look for me within each man's heart
i put on a new face each breathing day

murphy contemplating the imminent resection of his colon

the koran holds with chains indissolvable
i am the footprint in the dust of mohammad's door
my footprints are here for all to see
i will detest those who say i walked away

murphy walking the river downstream to the left

i am not satisfied, not satisfied, not satisfied
yes, because of the fortune of you, i feel close and warm
yet i'm not hungry for meat or sharp cheese
i only want the taste of your sweet tongue caressing me

murphy sleeping cold under parisian cotton

in this world of treasure i am the water hidden in mud
i am the birth of earth's poised eternity
i have carried the burden of my memory's life
it has welled up within as gift of breath

murphy the backyard gossip in his teens

dear love, why can't you accept me like i am
why not dance free from bewilderment of self
touch me for i am finished without you
i burn inside, why can't you accept my fire

murphy keeping order in telling his travels

the dishrag of your soul drops your dead body
the limpness of cloth crashes, worn out
the dust begins to emerge again as dust
then breath of change in time will embody soul again

murphy listening to the eternal soap opera of love

spring fire of my soul, you use sorrow for being
blessed breath, it is sorrow that withers the sigh
don't despair, it's your sun of love that's burning
your blossom promises me an eternal garden

murphy imagining an oasis mirage

you're always unfair and quick to anger
maybe you should ask those eyes that see so much
whether their eyebrows are having much fun
why can't they look at themselves

murphy prestidigitating his deck of cards

when you're with me, until you feel yourself, you aren't close
you keep yourself apart, so far apart
until you and i are one you keep yourself apart
in the river ways of love it's always your side, my side

murphy thinking hard and checking the time

you promised me love, then you were gone
my blurry sight makes me weak, defenseless
i soldier through my ache of lonely arms
my heart leaks red when you don't hold me

murphy salting his tacos a lot

once we lost sense of our selves, our ego hearts
we reeled with feeling, we wriggled grass toes
we had been waiting for that all our lives
that ecstasy promised then gone

murphy drinking his saki hot like a fool

heart of mine, how are you, alone, without me
heart of my soul, how are you when i go
my face is pale after fall's brilliance
you with your striving for spring, how are you, alone

murphy fishing slowly with his cane pole

i've told you before, don't go talk to the criers
stick to the cheerful, don't settle for bums
when you walk through the brambles of gardens
smell jasmine, and jonquils, and roses

murphy waiting for the traffic to ease before leaving

she conjured my spirit last night, seven times
she felt my heart and its pounding blood
she said, "put him on a stick over the fire
his blood will run out and he will be done to my taste."

murphy chatting with the barmaid about previous lives

you want to hurt, go into the woods to hurt
i have no pat answer for you not to hurt
don't feel special, you have plenty of brethren
how can you live if you feel no pain

murphy in awe of exertion's appetite

i sing the poets of ireland and wales
i sing filled with their sorrows and woes
one hour of love can be worth more than both worlds
i sing the only life we have is free

murphy jet-lagged and hoarse with happiness

i've read your french novels and your chinese poets
i've sent my feelings to wrap around foreign words
an hour of love is worth more than all those soundings
those thousands of lives splayed on the altar of love

murphy contemplating getting a discrete nose ring

i am in love with love as she loves me
my body loves my spirit, my soul loves its body
sometimes i put my arms around love's neck
sometimes she nestles, pulls my neck close to her

murphy in the back of the irish bar with his guinness

i confessed one day to the obvious, our souls are one
i can never cut you out of what i am
yet i know you already own everything i give
i give, so i can stay in touch with you

murphy clackety clacking on the subway line

from the first our souls have been one
there is no belong to me, belong to you
everything we are is open, everything is inside
there is no image necessary, there is nothing between

murphy seating himself during the overture

i am your servant, i am your lackey, you are my soul
i am slave to the mercy of your laughter
the water of life pours from you--- who can die
when you give life to heroes, even to me?

murphy unkinking his body after reading a novel

when your heart quits loving the idea of your self
you can meet the eternal, the beloved
when you look for your self in your mirror
you see blurred shadow of the beloved's reflection

murphy doing a little two step with the bar maid

in the alleys of your idle mind, what can you find
in the mush of your loving heart, why do you cry
every atom of your self from tip to toe shines forth
and you let feelings cloud all perception of truth

murphy groping his way to the bathroom at night

don't go now that I've learned the pleasures of the flesh
don't get tired and take your leave just yet
you came from a great vintage, grew into a fine, fine wine
don't devolve, ambrosia, don't go back to sweet grape

murphy munching his lunch to motets

so you have died in your zeal of loosening the spirit
your birth was the knotting, your death the loss of tie
you let thirst overwhelm you on the shores of the sea
you died in need, with soul's treasure at hand

murphy at dawn on a summer beach

oh, why on earth do things taste, smell and touch so
why do these pleasures play me as you do
breath of your breath keeps fresh all my taste buds
i roll in your dirt to loose all of my senses

murphy watching his granddaughter do her power crawl across the
floor

if you are wise, tell me what should happen this night
shouldn't those in love keep separate from all others
tonight especially when the moonlight reaches these rooms
we are drunk, the moon is also in love, we are insane

murphy tuning in a classical station on the fm band

i called to her, "fill my cup with your wine
i need life and you are the source of life
open your gates of entry." she said, "ssh--
madness is not yet welcome in this house."

murphy tapping his foot to a harpsichord

earth spirit, don't lure me through my senses
don't toy with this human here who comes from you
my instinct is for you and not for my self
take me to you, don't let me taste and think

murphy perfecting his recipe for broiled shrimp

my face in the mirror mirrors all
i am drunk in the circle of the infinite
i banish pain and heal hurt limbs
i am the water of life, the bowl of me is filled with it

murphy idly scratching his incipient bald spot

when you get to the place where our breath is one
then you find what your true lot shall be
don't fight this precious part of time
it echoes whole the snuggling nest of love

murphy distracted by the sitcom in his mind

your thoughts in my mind wax full as the moon
dance filigree round the inwards of me
we melt in my flesh, my felt harmony
no longer alone with this other inside

murphy reaching for his fair share of the chocolate

ah moon, you greet me brightly tonight
you have revolved gracefully again to this place
you have embodied an adequate soul
adequate to stare with a crafty human eye

murphy remembering the stars on a crystal cold night

last night you slept your side of the bed, i was cold
tonight you flounce in silence pretending sleep
i thought your warmth was mine forever
were you only drunk when you first took me

murphy watching comedy tv early in the evening

i asked for a simple stolen kiss, you gave seven
who knew the score, whose student have you been
who taught you to give so freely with feelings
whose children to come have faces of me

murphy waking to an aching head and shaky knees

you laugh with ease as zen master
clone life with your wanting to give
you flower past edge of tree's shadow
show freshness by tossing in breeze

murphy out on a limb looking down

you are the source of all happiness on earth
the land, sea, river, and sky are home to animals
who have no cause for complaint, yet you sigh,
and because of that sigh we strive for freedom

murphy trying to imagine the whereat of the whys

they talk like you do of how i am the way
you made me the carrier of the faith
i know, and you know, the load is too heavy
but my muscles have strengthened, become mountains of iron

murphy scribbling fast in the twilight

you become a world when you whirl around the sun
you become a man when you whirl with men of god
you scintillate as diamond when the moon blankets your face
you become the one when your galaxy is free

murphy solving the many body problem

if you wish to prevail in today's world
or reach what nirvana is offered here
don't listen to the ones who speak for god
find the god within yourself to serve, then do

murphy on his third guinness before he realized

you beseech me at every turn for your love
i want to kiss your hair, your feet, but no --
i drink your water warm in sun's fire, -- you give
everything, you are everywhere, and i can't reach you

murphy squinting his weak left eye at the engraving

i knew a man who thought he knew how to think
his gossamer webs clotted thick in my hands
i watched his words and heard his mathematics
and saw nothing of him but mere froth blurring core

murphy tingling after his first walk on a summer beach in years

my lover who is jealous led me to the garden
i smiled when i caught sight of the roses
look at that, she said, shame to you
who seeks his beauty away from this, my face

murphy remembering that non-cherokee are rude, they stare

how can you play your banjo for the deaf
or draw words or roses for the blind
what can you say to the dying
what an impotent sings to a nymph

murphy wondering whether prostate implies prostrate

you play too long at night with the stars and the moon
can you build a hut with the beams from the moon
that roof caves in to the first errant cloud
better you should don some warmer habit

murphy in belgium for the interesting cuisine

you hedonists only make yourselves slaves
and you who want salvation don't know water runs downhill
those two paths are narrow lanes of ignorance
if you haven't felt real death yet, you still have time

murphy walking past the graveyard and thinking of sex

waiting arms are in every corner you might turn to
the night is fresh brushed hair your fingers sift
the spirit of eternity beats its tone incessant
my heart responds with the warmth of all to come

murphy dancing to an all star klezmer band

despite all my failings i can dance on the earth
the flower of my intoxicated will still seeks you
i know when the ecstasy of release will come
others might hesitate but i will know you

murphy dancing in the hive to tell others of his find

i've been a backward man since i remember doing
i waited all my life for you at the end and that's enough
i know I can now leave my body knowing its purpose
to find the special way i went to get to you

murphy wondering whether his ink will last the night

until you've localized pain, you can't stop it
until you have left this life, you can't be free
until you have crafted the fire in your heart as a friend
you can't find the slaking well of cool waters

murphy popping the top of another brew

you convince a nonbeliever with your face
you don't look at them, you look through them
to find their mirror of ugliness
then smash such madness wholly

murphy in the revival tent re-upping

aren't you dead from all the pain of thought
how long do you have to think about this conflicted world
the only thing you can lose is an arm, a leg, your head or your
bowels
those bloody trash parts aren't connected to the soul

murphy washing his ashcan on a sunday morning

don't follow me if your heart is a bleeder
if you can grieve and ask forgiveness, then welcome
the promised land of heaven isn't found with tentative steps
the slower you go the more sticky the mud

murphy playing barrelhouse in the nursery

tear away the curtained wall of thoughts
or you will only turn the page, turn the page
or close your eyes to this wondrous world
before knowing the fire of self-- how dumb

murphy wiping the cutting board before the next victim

my feelings travel a desert night without your gush of love
they thirst for a pool we both might share
everywhere i find a tent and a tree i stop
i see blood and body parts on every rug inside

murphy with his stereo crooning early sinatra

my eyes run like the river when you stab me with your glance
my heart hangs by a thread when you push me away
i won't let go of your clothes, my love
even when you use my face as a drum

murphy giving his band the down beat

if you thirst for pure water of your heart, you beat
if you knead the dough to make bread, you eat
when you stumble upon this very simple rule
whatever you wish to become, you are

murphy singing into a microphone with a bit of feedback

there is a fire to start in every man's heart
and a wound to be stitched at love's parting
you who are ignorant of these burning painful facts
need to find your love, not study free will in school

murphy the circling hawk spreading his wings

you've raked enough with thorns, my eyes fill with tears
my heart is held together by the thinnest of strings
i can't let go of your coat, it's hold all i have
beat me with fists, i will resonate rhythm of love

murphy wondering how much longer til breakfast is ready

i sat on the earth and felt that i knew her
she said you walk on your own two feet
i asked why she always pushed forward true reason
she said you think too much with your tap root of self

murphy writing forever by chiseling stone

you are my idol, my soul lives in your being, i said
don't talk of souls if you belong to me, said you
why does your mind cut me with its reason, i said
it seems you can't let go your love of self, said you

murphy counting the strokes while brushing his hair

i am the wind shaking my leafy way through trees
if you don't answer the direction i blow, what happens to you
if i were a stone breaking the bowl of your belly
to pour out a hundred seas and a hundred gems, what happens to
you

murphy setting off his cannon to trigger the avalanche

the moon was candle on your face last night
it made me pulse with pride that you were mine
the moon outdid herself reflecting on you
she reached deep within to shine her flicker

murphy grinding his lenses late into the night

you trap me with a thousand strings
when you send me away to wait for your message
who are you expecting to stay home with you
when you call my name, who is going to come

murphy having all the answers on tonight's tv show

my skin is not mine, my love, yours is not yours, yours is not mine
but i feel me, you feel you, and you are me
we have nothing between us but our love
there is no telling up from down nor peace from dove

murphy tipping slow his single malt

i ask the moon her mood tonight, i look
she says, "tonight you ask me my mission
so i show my face in its fullness, kissing
the earth through your eyes, soft and slow"

murphy listening to the hoot owl in his backyard tree

when i shared my bus with those others
the ones from timbuktu and samarkand
my heart leapt to my throat with truth
inside i beat the same redness in my blood

murphy nervous before his annual checkup

heart of mine, would i ever give up on you, no never
would i ever dance this life to the beat of another, not ever
when i feel and see the all as ruby red of roses
i don't need to press my hands on thorns; no, not ever

murphy contemplating his depth of field

i see your regal beauty when you smack your lips
i see the eyes of the raptor seizing prey
there is nothing you don't know, haven't imagined
you merely look within to reflect everything

murphy wondering why playboy needs staples

little one who asks to come to wisdom
you vacillate: now wine, now pickles
i watched the fire last night in my wonder
at your becoming wise before you are shrewd

murphy keeping his tinder as dry as possible

your soul makes its way as snake in day and fish at night
pay attention to how those souls are the same
as are you when you conjure at the bottom of the well
with the eyes of the owl watching the dark of the moon

murphy burping his pleasure at the food of his friend

you won't give away your new eagle feather
and the drummers need their spirit gift
it's not you that owns that icon of virtue
give it away and let the earth feel your worth

murphy brewing the last of his green tea

the spring source of melody beats in my ear
tempting, wild, unsettling, and from where
who let this spy in my heart from that unknowable place
where the river of sound sweeps whole into heart

murphy digging his well deep and straight

last night you came knocking on my bedroom door
i, tired and unreceptive said, please just go
you stormed away screaming my lack of devotion
your wine for life is here, and now you can't drink

murphy holed up with his flu's miseries

don't play the mad seeker of truth with me
you who ask words of wisdom from me
you talk of my iron face, the coldness of steel
have you polished your mirror of morning this week

murphy scraping his face of stubbled care

you, the mist of morning breeze, be kind
waft my tales of devotion to the waning moon
i am wrong to think you can feel like me
you continue reaching, breathing around the world

murphy dipping his hands into the blood of dawn's river

everyone has someone and we have each other
our hearts and our hands are always times two
our match is so solid its spark merely tingles
the twins of our souls in their afternoon room

murphy thankful again for the offshore breeze

tonight i wander alone in the house of my love
she's gone; and sleepless, i stalk this night
i sip slowly my wine and call out her name
my skull is now the cup aslosh with her soul

murphy ready to stomp some grapes

you, the one who smiles like the sun, welcome
without you nothing flowers, the leaves turn yellow, please come
without you the world crumbles to dust and blows away, please
come
without you to drink with, all parties are cold, please stay

murphy with a jereboam to share

then, all of a moment the gasp as i turn and see you
this wine brought to me just this moment before
tastes the same ripeness as your first soft kiss
now it is your depth of soul that is open, that stuns

murphy clearing his palate with pears and some cheese

i lost my heart in its rush to get home to you
it's all gone, all my blood and my bones, on, ahead with you
but i'm still here in my mind's set traps
and they've snared me, and here i am

murphy tangled in his dreaming sheets

in my loneliness the gift of song has come
it has opened my heart with its breath
it has cracked the bones of my pigeons
as from the glare pounce my eagles

murphy still blowing his bone whistle

there was a time i imagined myself a king
and others when i felt caged within an enslaved self
i have now grown past this focus on a complex me
i now know the foolishness of lonely pride

murphy giving away his last eagle feather

the earth has made us addicted to dancing
our hearts, spring clouds, pulse with lightning
mother, with all your heart, open your hands now
for the singers are loosing the drum of their being

murphy rocking on a ferris wheel summer night

the face i see is fresh and beautiful, my love
you laugh with the red of a blushing rose
before wasn't enough, you stole my pulse, my heart
today you're here for the very breath of life

murphy discussing madness with the sane

twin mountains in my mind were nothing but my house
and my way of living that got in my way
i've thought through them deeply since i was a child
and a child's story is a fairy tale

murphy learning his right from his left