

# His Circle and Hers Meet

## Peter Murphy

As if afloat, as if afraid  
The spirits meet  
Waited for an age  
It was a lesson sentAbstract and numb  
Abstract and bleak  
Patience lent  
His test of patience lentHorizontal yet erect  
Yearning lying in wait  
Oneness floats about  
Unity served on his plateCircling roundabout  
The lover he will meet  
Dripping mellow stains of long  
M, m, m, m, melting in her heatThe lover he must meet  
Circling round about  
Dripping mellow stains of long  
Melting in her heatWithout a blink, without a sigh  
His circle and hers meet  
Synchronized split  
Split seconds beatShe killed his past with her kiss  
All past was but a lie  
She killed his head  
She killed his mouth  
And opened up the skyShe killed his past with her kiss  
All past was but a lie  
She killed his head  
She killed his mouth  
The he-she joiningThe moment now  
Would be the only sound  
No front no back  
No present tense  
No milk from no holy cowShe killed his past with her kiss  
All past was but a lie  
She killed his head  
She killed his mouth  
And opened up the sky