

His Circle and Hers Meet

Peter Murphy

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

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