

MIGUEL MURPHY

The Vulnerable Datura Vampire Blossom

It must be lovely to sleep in you, Eye Flower, opening deceitfully
tendrils in the night. I call your color Wolf Scruff, your blindness
hypnotic as a wound's purple fringe, torn, burning slenderly.
White Violet, releasing exhalations. *Ah*, your sigh

released in the moondawn while you quietly untwirl, Little
Lightning Mouth, unfurling & turning slowly in
soft, electronic seductions, speak to me. Say to me words
lovers risk in twilight, promising endlessness, caresses

victorious as shadow upon the flesh. Your cold heat speaks
to no one, Snow Neon, floating alone. Alive at night
a heart must tremble at the window & talk to the failures
it knows. What summer. What year. In the cactus garden, Glittering

Quartz, I hear a night moth eaten by an owl. Bats cartwheel & radar
the blood-warm crickets. The white leather of your neck has its charm,
but your thirst is a silver radiance. Poisonous Angel, the night is long,
too long to whisper without promising the repetitions

of the pulse under your skin to another nude & listening being.