

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Mark Murphy: Two Poems

Mark Murphy · Thursday, October 21st, 2021

### The Ruin of Eleanor Marx

At the end of the small hours  
sommolent streets

dreaming our future  
without you

Our night dead mixing it  
with your night dead

Our night head conspiring  
with your night head

\*

At the end of the small hours  
rumours of song starlight  
and rebellion

Out of each song courage  
Out of courage song

Freeing you from the analyst's couch  
the unexpected  
abyss

Baggage of morbidity  
Brittle glass of a would-be kiss

\*

At the end of the small hours  
you are alone in an open window

Keeper of the infamous *Nachlass*  
in search of a last justification

---

Part aristocrat part Rabbi  
Part light part dust part pain

Borne remorselessly backwards  
with your fronds and ambiguity

\*

At the end of the small hours  
when the hand mocks and sun consumes

When the bloodied nose  
spells indignation upon the bed

When the fox in the abattoir  
tiptoes to certain doom

When the hullabaloo in the theatre  
spills into conceit and whisper

\*

At the end of the small hours  
when the candle is spent  
end to end

When the great weight of being  
eclipses unbearable lightness

When pages are torn out of turn  
and differences of opinion

hide in the margins of thought  
as hieroglyphs on the temple door

\*

At the end of the small hours  
when prophecy buries the hatchet

And the great arcana of history  
falls flat like the belle of the ball

When the aggregates are in  
for the tenants in the Soho slums

hiding coal from the slag for winter  
Will it be fly or will it be spider

\*

At the end of the small hours  
After the final vote

After the dreams of laughter  
and forgetting

After tall the secrets are blown  
After tall he nails have been nailed

After past is transferred to present  
After the battle-lines are drawn

\*

At the end of the small hours  
After the rosettes of doubt

After the long convalescence  
and the debt never repaid

After the nights of hard drinking  
and fine-dining

After all the wordless waiting  
After all the touching and tears

\*

Come the night the world ends  
We shall all be waiting

Eyes wide shut

Arms open wide

\*

## Nihilist

May your tongue turn black as your heart  
You who bark like a pig

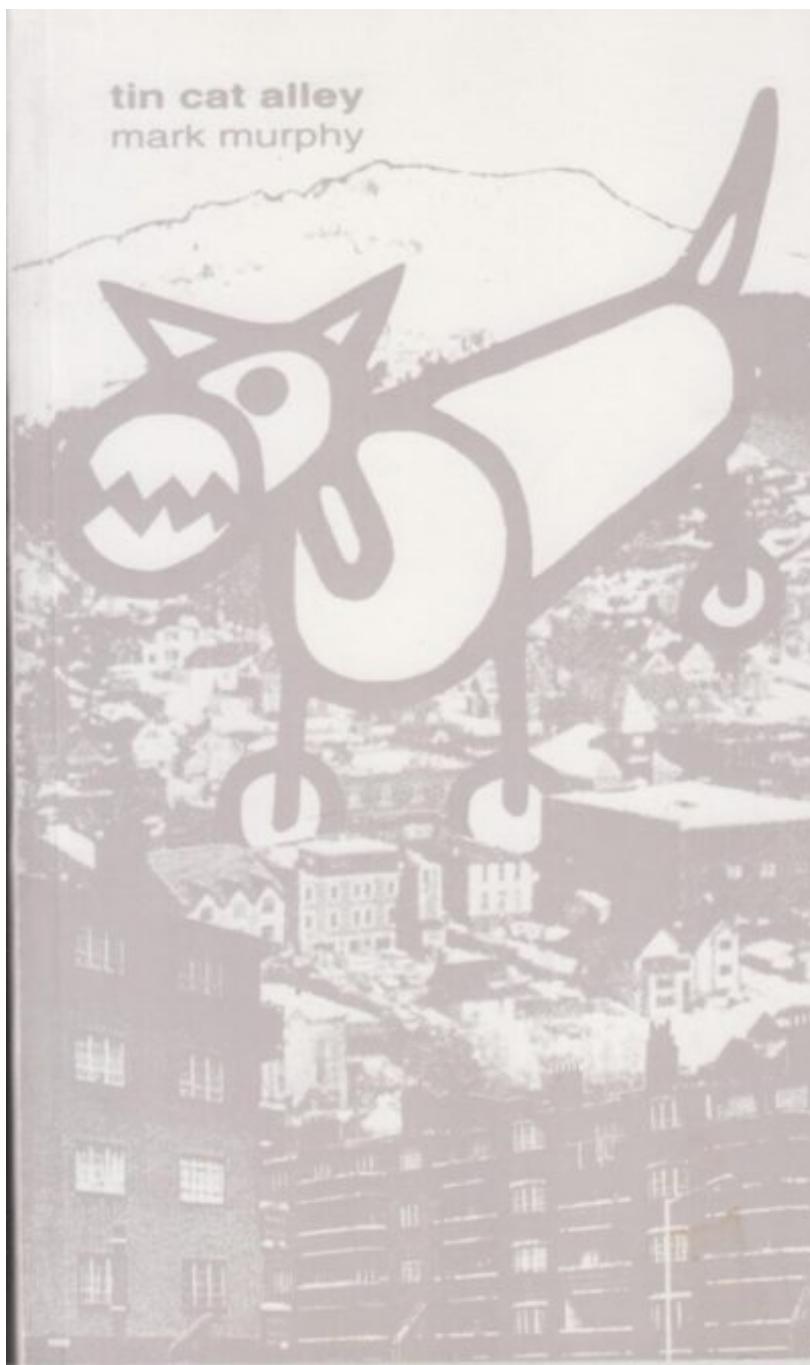
You who would work over your own shadow  
You who would tie the devil's hands

Damn your smoke and mirrors  
You who would string along the moon  
You who only answer to the void

May your brass neck betray you  
You who howl at the moon like a yard dog

Damn your Gospel of Pleasure  
You with no fire in your belly for human love

\*\*\*



This entry was posted on Thursday, October 21st, 2021 at 7:29 am and is filed under [Poetry](#). You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can leave a response, or [trackback](#) from your own site.

