

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Matthew Murrey: Three Poems

Matthew Murrey · Wednesday, May 27th, 2020

### Inky

My son's rat is as clean  
as a garden, as calm  
as the Buddha's thumb.  
When I hold him  
he looks right at me,  
but I'll never know  
what he knows,  
what any animal knows:  
our dog staring out the window;  
that cardinal on the roof  
casting out his red song,  
or the cows lining up  
twice a day to be milked.  
Most people think people  
are completely different,  
better than animals—  
but I think of Inky the rat:  
he's never bragged  
of his patience,  
bitten in anger,  
or schemed after money.  
I can't even say the same for myself.

\*

### Rapture

*"And let them have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the heavens and over the livestock and over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creeps on the earth." — Genesis 1:26 (English Standard Version)*

Garbage bags glassed  
windows. Siding hung  
from houses like rags.

Kids cried all morning  
 but never came out.  
 Then a low, loud angel  
 roared out of nowhere  
 and plunged over there  
 in thunder, raised a wedge  
 of black smoke the wind  
 smudged away. Amen.  
 It is good to praise the end  
 of the ones in charge.  
 Though they fed us,  
 they also drove the trucks,  
 held the stinging prods,  
 and did their best to hide  
 their bloodcut blades.  
 They were here Saturday,  
 then done for by Sunday.  
 They became churches  
 for ants and flies, the tip  
 of the inverted steeple  
 of each vulture's spiral,  
 relics for their unleashed,  
 lean dogs to fight over.  
 They never dreamed rejoice  
 would be for us, the ones  
 they'd penned and preyed upon.  
 We bow our heads  
 to earth, eat what it provides.

\*

### **Brancusi's *Sleeping Muse***

Ear to the ground,  
 oh mellow, brown-yellow  
 hollow orb, stay  
 still. Behind sealed lips  
 tongue hankers  
 for pancakes and kisses.  
 Missing hands miss everything:  
 keys, keyboards, hammers,  
 buttons, sand and silk.  
 And a long lost dick—  
 well, you know  
 how pathetic dicks are,  
 don't you? Longing  
 fills the cask. Art  
 has turned my head  
 into the golden egg that lies

on the floor and listens  
to exhaust and the chatter  
of strangers who stop, stoop,  
gaze, then walk away.  
A thing of beauty is a joy, whatever.

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