

# Recitatif

Sheila Murphy



Series.1

### ***Sacred Rhapsody of Sacred Trust***

When Beverly invokes a story it is fruitful  
To revere the secret that she speaks,  
There is a recency,  
A lovely certain feel  
Of how the thing that has occurred still happens  
When she says the lines, when Beverly, there seems  
A fern that widely from the metal bucket drapes across  
The way the fern in Peetie's dining room would  
Reach out from its potted home  
Knowing by being known  
That there is more to blooming / breathing than focality  
Of sitting in a place  
When Beverly reveals the prayer that is a part of language  
Everything desists being mere sparseness  
In the bargain Beverly designs  
The sweet earth of a tryst  
Goes infinitely dancing this is why the feat  
Of being Beverly is infinitely singing sweet  
And realistically all the certain songs

### ***Sea Ipso Fact***

Once tuliped idyll pranced before the inward things. No wide slept-through moon to guess. My figment crime, my twelve leaves burling the intrepid meadow now and at the hour pasteurized. Come zither my intransitive mod verb for now. A gilt afraid tree pence would loot the autobroth just sered close to implicit fate. Maternally, she swept under the tousled rug my thought of living infinitely before eternally. I caught her eye just to invalidate the phone line not a moment before throttling our newfound common enemy. Say what branches might, the earphone seems to fit. Hardly the sentence to equate to auditory indigestion third-party reported, thereby axed, along the iffy line of face validity. Be my expert timidly, my point of lurch, my sylph reasoned within these half-thought clothes. How long must we have wasted full-time working hours. Not long till brunch one vortices. The fence has gleamed longer than hailstones. How many prayers equate to visiting in person. I would jeopardize another's sanity come recently to seem my own before I'd faith you into water pacts. This much adrenalin meets quota set intangibly some mothers ago, not more than a whipstitch prior to your time.

Garter snake, harmless reportedly, sequins pitted against a nest of rough- appearing skin

### ***Under the Circumstances***

With nothing else to do, she fell in love,  
But not with him. He knew that  
He was not the object of her first affection,  
But he sought to be  
Included in the photographs  
She spawned. Hoping she would place the mental picture  
In a spot where she might look,  
In other words, nowhere near him.  
In her imagination, he was someone  
Else. In his imagination there was something  
That resisted language.  
How alert does one's affection need to be  
To recognize full inattention.  
Curiosity might taint the heart,  
Or equally might disappear, depending  
On the par value of surreptition.  
Any day now, one of the protagonists  
Was bound to fall in love,  
Offered the law of probability.  
But who would monitor the living-out  
Of such a law, under the circumstance.  
Whatever person might be watching in the foreground  
Would most likely invalidate the outcome.  
That's evaluation for you, always lured  
Into the fate of being uninvolved.  
Stars invariably thought to be partitioned  
From the stripes, that sort of kindling.  
The color blue still labeled true.

***With Oak Leaves Falling***

*For Tommy T*

How were we a while ago with oak leaves falling  
And before they fell / how were we feeling  
Oak leaves falling  
In broad summer where the light  
Was filtered by the differently sized leaves / oak leaves  
That let the lawn be *molto* green / oak leaves  
Before they fell / how were we  
Running through the sprinkler  
How did leaves stay young / how moist  
Did trees become / how moist did we  
While running through the fidgety strong sprinkler  
Lever turning tightly / rigid  
Oak leaves stemmed to tree / to thirty trees  
Oak leaves before their falling / how were we  
Beneath the summer birds of nightfall still  
Awake so long into the breeze through rain smell  
Of dark screens / so safe or are we still  
How were we feeling / filtered by the light-proofing  
Young full leaves / oak leaves before their falling

***Six of Something***

Consider when you name your child that she will not be ceaselessly a child, the name will stain her psyche,  
try not to misspell the name she is to wear

To write is to disturb remission possibly

How can one be difficult under these circumstances

What distance is to be made of this broad jump cloaked revision of the dusted script

Terrain has bothered me before

Intestinal hydrangeas close the gap between incursions noted in impressionable margins

She abbreviated who ought to have been notified

The telephone became an instrument

***Our Respect, Recitative***

Whatever has been stained closes up shop,  
*My angel on the verge*  
*Of sleep together*  
As we do and as we shall do  
Evermore, again, against  
Whatever grain from which chords temper  
Our respective, fine semesters  
Woven one into the next  
Wood chip-off-the-old-brass castle  
More myopic  
Than intentioned

I want to table something slim,  
Suspicious, everlasting, small  
To special, generous

It is a tall sweet film of weeds  
Of seasonal merlot  
So swain talk samples  
Chastity as prime the long stride  
Faintly surreptitious

Touch has been lost  
Sweater faux, the core progression  
Panegyric  
Playthings very plural I suppose

Priest lake warm suspect hydrangea  
May haps portently  
These few notes would fill a hand  
Longing to be half applause

Tell me the logic of suspicion  
Faints in someone's arms  
Perhaps yours when I am here  
Also

Name your favorite page on which to be  
Indented

Who carries me while you sleep do I go somewhere

The laps not yet to be  
Appraised  
The laps yet to be sung  
Suspense surrounds the path  
I'm taller than a landmark any day now  
Fathomed,  
Rhyme to go  
With reason

### **More Cavern**

Para blue eyes more cavern  
Than due blasphemed contiguous  
Return of serve for placard  
Just above the boiling soup

When apologies reach par, the whittled face print might delay awareness. Would the argument conclude.  
Not sure what kind of tattoo . . . An epigram connects the pulse of figment that's sustained to roiling badger.  
Meet me in the anteroom where antiseptic properties co-lapse.

Would you agree to understand  
By way of offering a third opinion  
Akin to *semper fi*  
When tone poems groom  
Pay dirt

Play some instrument  
I might corner  
What your eye appears  
To think it weighs

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