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Queen

Shane C. Murphy

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POETRY

QUEEN
Shane C. Murphy

I imagine a field topple
about the lovely of summer
those golden lovelies and
what bends
to the mighty.
A silhouette
in runoff.

I heard
the taps
of rain
fall
like shivers;
a-pat
and-at me
terror
terror
terror;
but more
like starwater
in the hot
morning
shower.

Wandering
from place
to place;
poor
as
the
man

you are;

Self

silent

I am

what is coming.

I cannot reach all of me.

I cannot feel where the child grew in my head.