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Junk Travel Through West Memphis

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JIM MURPHY

Junk Travel Through West Memphis

Woman with a starshell light behind her eyes
turns slowly on the sugar of a ride cymbal,
and moves her hands toward the Pleiades

she imagines strung across the dancehall floor.
Other hands are soft on her white taffeta,
and the fingers everywhere in her things

only add their flashing brushes to the torsion.
What a love this is, at the core of quiet music
where rings and wallet can be gladly given over.

Shoes, too, and a bracelet with eight red stars
swinging from the band are calmly offered to those
in desperate need. Her frayed hem sweeps up,

and the bassist at his hat rack lifts an arm
to this backwards-rushing bride. She unfolds
the packet of her tin foil heart, and invites each one

to touch it. She wants them all at her cotillion.
What matters is the glow inside her hilltop mansion,
though the eaves are overrun with Spanish moss

and the portico is strewn with broken glass.
The rough alloy in her brain's blood shimmers,
sets in place, and slows her steps to Zion down.