

on paper
and we won't
know

PETER MURPHY

COVER GIRL

Backed by blue,
the bright fringe of her hair
— aura,
halo —
frames a face,
not a mind
behind.

Glistening lipstick,
platinum blond hair
— vision
and real thing,
together.
It's her and it's not her . . .
Hard
to imagine the I
of an actor
here.

Diamond clusters turning on her ear-lobes . . .
Dark red beads around her throat . . .
It's . . . magic. She's . . .
magic . . .

A glimpse of her breasts
expands on the poise with which

in advertisements she glances
from a naked,
public
persona.

Something penetrating
and consciously vacant in her gaze
speaks of a slave's awareness
of existing in another's eyes.

Only modern photography
could bring her form so near to you
as in the vision she's created as
for all
to see

she looks at you
as she's been made
to look.