



PETER MURPHY

PHOTOGRAPHER

With my new camera
I follow you everywhere
my son,

opening Christmas presents
or smiling with your
one-year-, two-year-, three-year-
old face
. . . all
in the album now.

I may forget
for a year or two,
but then
with an event
in the family
or a breakthrough
in technology,
I'll get my equipment out
and start up
on a new album.

You'll always
be in my gaze.
I'll see your days through lenses
turning to negatives,
whose colours won't fade
completely.

One day
we'll still be here

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