

Murphy Peter

"Indigo Eyes"

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Fire burning in a hill

The lines are rocky rough

Red angles wait to pick remains

The cindered shoulder

Of confused men

Seperate from their awe

With grey desire

He looks out mad

His soft grey indigo eyes

Indigo eyes ...

Asking

His heaven is uncovered not

A black tree blocks his way

His way is skating round a dome

(His way is in dismay)

The playmate sings

Like Orphee in some thunder world

Asking to be bathed in light

To be exemplified

With grey desire he looks out mad

His soft grey indigo eyes
Saw his past
He had dug for trust
With blind infected hands
And wondered as the hurt bit hard
Why the sacred weren't at hand
Only when his ears were deaf
To the angels light burst waves
Only when his ears were deaf
Did life turn from fog to fog
But not evil but estranged
But not evil but estranged
Indigo eyes, Indigo eyes
Indigo eyes, Indigo eyes
With grey desire
He looks out mad
His soft grey
Indigo eyes
Indigo eyes

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