

Rich Murphy

**Portrait: Space Shot**

“...[O]uter space has allowed us to succeed in representing the external partner of conscience.”  
—Peter Sloterdijk

Empathy on empty and conscience  
addicted to bad faith in a gutter in outer space,  
prosthetic eyes and prefrontal cortex  
orbit around Earth, an “I” (circa  
20<sup>th</sup> Century) in the sky watching.

The SUV with DDTs, retrorockets,  
and artificial gravity bee-lines  
to reptilian trajectory at every scare  
by planet three sociopaths.

A dream dog with heels and opposable thumbs,  
the domesticated animal cloaks  
gladiators thrilled by goal posts and tailgates.

Space station reflection mirrors  
for deliberation on greenhouse gases  
by the two-faced homo sapiens from the Oz-zone  
where self-consciousness gilds every deed.

With trophy cases filled and stacked,  
poor sports alone expect to receive apologies  
while rested envy and resentment rise  
from the bench and enter the coliseum.

## The American Raspberry

In a field with feet planted in broad daylight  
the organic farmer shouts out the American gain  
to eyeballs glued to dollars.  
Behind optic nerves, a dopamine hawk tips on a limb  
expecting movement below.

Each seeded row producing for personal growth a community  
rots at harvest while debt slavery whips through lifetimes  
leaving bold thought erased, lobes fallow, walls without bookshelves.  
Only fingers that skate across the phone chirp  
feel for Braille, any sign in glass, reflection or fish below.  
Slick propaganda bytes nibbling pupils and nimble thumbs  
while sliding watches into cemetery plots.

No loafer inhales and on summer grass corrugated cardboard  
wakes at mowers copping hieroglyphic green space for no one.  
A garaged wheelbarrow listens for the language discoveries.

## Bubble Bath

The film studies student in every community  
pokes around the soapy substance and discovers.  
Hysterics bursts open to bubble world  
where prescription lenses occupy eyeball sockets:  
O me, O my, a not wholly one bathes in perspectives.

Each bead from the foam froth communes  
in view point habits and rituals, a magic  
adhesive for the droplet circle separation.  
Should seepage leak from glob to glob,  
all hell savages ravage in efforts to form a globe.

Within a single air sac for pupils cornea  
background props prop-up “initiatives”  
with “outside-the-box” blather  
for the blind-spotted mope not failing better  
or learning during the deflation.

In a dark room with lather all around  
the world history con pop lover navigates  
without a concession stand to find  
the homo sapiens secret.