

Alec Soth's Archived Blog

April 5, 2007

Friday Poem

Filed under: [poetry](#) — alecsothblog @ 10:02 pm

Long Story Short

by G. E. Murray

One marriage, three children, the usual hero-to-hump tale
of jobs in alternating altitudes, stories of unrequited joy.
Fresh identities, dramas unseen. Too much of dawn
going dark, making for a rich meal of dread, when contemplating
love above the brim.

You also should talk about dealings with heavy weather
and one-night agonies, as if descending permanently
into a single distinction. It boils to skin
and plain whim, or any fabrication sufficient
to implicate the act.

Just then, something glimpsed from a taxi careening
through Paris, afterimages of a lost father's face
becomes a tree in the park, tall, rustling with allusions,
or was it simply cool air stealing across your face—
that isolation again?

5 Comments

1. Wow, what a poem.

Comment by [Jen Bekman](#) — April 5, 2007 @ [10:40 pm](#)

2. I loved it. Thanks for posting it.

Comment by [Raoul](#) — April 6, 2007 @ [11:35 am](#)

3. My word, this has a lot of relevance for me...

many thanks.
Dave.

Comment by [Dave Greenwood](#) — April 7, 2007 @ [10:48 am](#)

4. [...] alec soth - blog » Long Story Short by G. E. Murray A great poem from someone I hadn't heard of before Friday. From the book Arts of a Cold Sun. (tags: poetry words) Digg This Save to Del.icio.us [...]

Pingback by [Personism » Blog Archive » links for 2007-04-08](#) — April 8, 2007 @ [8:17 am](#)

5. Brilliant poem. Thanks for exposing your audience to it.

Comment by [Chris](#) — April 12, 2007 @ [2:09 pm](#)