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Spring 1956

## For G.

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### Recommended Citation

Murphy, John (1956) "For G.," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 3 , Article 24.  
Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol3/iss2/24>

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## THE SADIST

"Ziegler!" he gasped.

"Did a little investigating yesterday. Seems you'll receive a hundred grand upon the death of your wife. I had a nice little conversation with Selma yesterday. In time, guess who's going to be her next husband?"

"You'll never get away with it. Jim--J-Jim saw you."

"Jim saw an old man. Turn around."

And as he did so, I brought the gun smashing down upon his head. He toppled just inside the tunnel, not too far from the tracks. It was really a very simple matter to drag his body across the rails.

As I departed I heard the moaning whine of the Midnight Special. And I thought about Mrs. Thurston and how she would eventually become Mrs. Frank Ziegler. And then I thought about the \$100,000 and the inevitability of my future wife's er--accident. After all, no matter how careful you are, accidents will happen. Do you suppose it has something to do with the law of averages?

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## FOR G. / John Murphy

Breath and mystery and the child in you  
Beneath this fit of moonlight and babbling starshine  
Left unsaid all quiet and innocence  
To mock the world and my vulture heart.

Let all the words I have sung for you  
Enter silently into your private night,  
To dissolve among tokens of love and praise  
Others have paid you with their eyes.

And being free and quaintly mad,  
You command the universe to sing and giggle,  
Turning my song into a penance,  
To be drowned within its curving mirth.

Until everything is laughter and be silly,  
An idiot's game for the rule I broke;  
Love is the derelection in farewell,  
Farewell is the moment I cannot know.