

# Lion

Peter Murphy

Toward the leaves  
Scattered brushed  
Long brown leadened  
Swirl of haze trodden  
The spring garden  
Merges with  
Merges down  
With the forgotten

Flowers. Fawn, shadows mere  
On a puppet horizon  
We want that lion  
On our skin  
The best of the set we think we've gotten

As if we possess  
That we would rise  
To a Master's height  
A worse sublime  
When the tattooist claws in  
And starts his trace  
We grimacing and cry "foul"

Flowered forn, shadows, mere  
On a puppet horizon  
We want that lion  
On our skin  
The best of the set we think we've gotten

Save only the lion's tail  
The pain of imprint not what we thought  
The lion safe from knotted claws  
Is not what we've forgotten

Towards that wall  
Of scattered brush  
Long and proud  
Forgotten  
Swirl of haze  
Swirl of trust  
The spring garden  
That we've trodden

Flower, forna, shadows mere  
On a puppet horizon  
We want that lion traced on our skin  
The best of set we think we've gotten