

Sun-rise

*"Dazzling and tremendous, how quick the sun-rise
would kill me,
If I could not now and always send
sun-rise out of me."*

Walt Whitman

Oh how bright he shines
so bright - the light fades me
into the salty sea
until I stop and breathe
and fill my chest with his wide luxurious girth
his oversoul blanketing me;
I lay awake at night thinking of him
and all his leaves
and cannot sleep until I up,
grab his book
and open it to read him, amusing my tired old limbs,
and take the striking photos
into my eyes
like Lantana joyfully seducing butterflies.

Oh how deeply refreshing
these journeys with Walt,
imagining him first toeing the surf
then floating in the sea
where he gloats about how much they have to give each other.

Oh poet of tremendous heart
and mind that caresses earth
like Neruda passing his fingers over the hip
of his lover languid from the fervor of their union.

These two passionate men
my true forefathers
pierce me with their pens
when my mind is laden with routine
and in need of infusion
soaking and fertilizing
to regain my greenness.

My gratitude for their volumes
spills over onto these lines
all the while humbled by their greatness.

Author's Note: A cherished and magnificent volume was given to us by a friend decades ago: The Illustrated Leaves of Grass by Walt Whitman. It is a joy and always an inspiration opening it to any page and finding this great poet overflowing there. Another volume by my beloved Pablo Neruda, Odes to Common Things, has a similar effect.