

Lolette Escoe

FOR WALT WHITMAN

Poor unrequited lover of the darkness,
Expecting warmth and softness of a mother-kiss
Enormous must have been your disappointment
Coming face to face with emptiness.

Arch Sensualist!
You roughed death's cheek
And curled his hair,
Perfumed him with lilac
And gave him lark's song
To make sweet calling noises
And yourself seduced yourself.