

Jeff Branin

GOD, DO I LOVE READING WHITMAN

God, do I love reading Whitman
Out loud, shouting it from the top
Of my sand dune at sounding whales
And do I love Ginsberg, chanting
Holy, Holy at bleached fish bones;
William Carlos, I dance for the dawn;
Byron, the wind; and young hack,
That's me, I look back at the tent
And typewriter, piss and moan,
Scream of circus animals' desertion,
Of lions that escape me
I'd love to recapture to keep
Me sane 'til the next creation
And God, do I love playing it.