

CALAMUS SONGS OF PETER DOYLE

Walt, Walt, Walt,
may you dream something good about me
may a seed be planted
that will grow up around your heart
spread to the tip of your nose
then to your ears to hear love growing
to your eyes to count 1, 2, 3, and to see
to your mouth, your babyteeth grinning
to your tongue to tell it, to your chin
that ledge on the world greeting me
and down your arms to your fingertips
those strong currents and moons of energy
then to your chest like a diver to echo it,
across your paddled stomach to pause and listen
at the omphalos, the center of the world
then down the soft hair of your thighs
past your puckered anus, your jaunty backside
to your toes that grip, silly and singular
and then back up and out, out to
(what can I say more?) your sweet pecker, Walt,
where my love will finally flower.

I'm the slight, stringy type
with soulful eyes
and a moustache that bites
I look a bit of a rat
but my kisses
and tongue-dancing
its pressures and suction
its tight gothic curl
its fine soupy gliding
would keep you buzzing
keep you flopping
half the night
dear, passive, Walt.

I'm languid
I'm liquid
I'm ready
enter me, Walt,
the way velvet curtains
part at the opera
the opera you love
a miniature world
suspended, hushed,
waiting
for the full-throated tenor
the heavier bass
to roar
I'll be the love-struck
heroine
I'll sing soprano
hit the high notes
right off the scale.

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now that I'm in Heaven, Walt,
and I mean Heaven.
where the days run on forever
and love is centuries long
I am a boy again
thoughtless and happy

yet back there
in the nether darkness
I left a seed of light.
Walt, guard it for me.

