

Cynthia R. Golderman

GOODBYE MY FANCY!

He comes to me when I call to day-dream
knowing the mutuality of our passion,
he reads to me, my head in his lap,
his hand on my breast,
I say Walt, you are the greatest lover
and the greatest poet, he says never mind
let me feel your nearness,
let me clasp your hips and breasts
and know the softness and the melting;
later we will walk and smell the lilacs
my sister poet, my great love.
he comes when I need uplifting of the spirit,
those great piercing eyes
that great craggy head,
those rough and tender hands,
his white hair and beard, the beard
that prickles my skin and makes me sigh with
the smell of it,
of grass and lilacs and manliness,
I want him as I have never wanted anything,
or anyone,
at any time in my life,
how many can feel his way? how many can write
of it and make one stirred to their roots?

I have walked down the same streets,
I am the part of him that was a woman,
I feel the same toward my fellows,
under the stars, clasping them and having
to share, feeling for the tree that stood alone
and the thrush searching for his brothers,
I search like he searched,
Walt, I have in my soul a reverence for life
that I share with you,

I cry in the green heart-shaped leaves of the lilacs,
and drown in their perfume,
brushing my hair, a middle-aged woman
finding her love in a dead poet,
someday, there will be an end to daydreams
and we shall be together, listening to the thrush
Goodbye my fancy! until we meet in Paradise.

