

Michael Chandler

THE SPIRIT OF WHITMAN

How visible you are  
in the tiny china dolls  
wrapped in leopard skin  
and Pisces moonlight.

How visible you are  
in the unnoticed weight  
the breast shape  
the earth color  
the autumn sustenance  
of acorn.

How visible you are  
in the North East storm,  
your arms made of old leaves  
moving like a fierce conductor.

How visible you are  
in the awesome  
merry contours of the chestnut.

How visible you are  
in the conch shell,  
that rose colored door  
through the eye of life's needle.