

The Voyeur As A Dreamer

I dreamed I climbed a tree
in a leafy green garden
and of course what I saw
through a nearby window was
a naked girl looking out into distance
across whose belly and thighs the soft
white curtains blew
wishing they were my trembling hands
wishing oh so badly they were my lips
whispering over her skin,
and I pitied the poor gauzy curtains
that wished they were my hands
and lips and of course
in my dream this girl became possible,
moving her hips slowly from side to side
in a beginning dance the music of which
blued her eyes and softly
awakening
they (her eyes, blue with
music) found me, tortured and erect,
hungry and hot and full,
and still swaying gently she opened
her lips from a small smile
into a round kiss and blew
over me a shower of white
blossoms.

-- E. Hale Chatfield

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