

## 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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