

Three Poems by Kate Duvall

The Sacred Tryst

Below us,
I can see nothing but oceans, oceans,
And more oceans stretched out for miles around;

Oceans the color of emeralds,
Wine bottles, and your eyes,
Dotted with the occasional rainbows.

Above us,
A brisk summer breeze has lulled the Lions Rapids'
Agonizing roar into a blissful, soothing, kittenlike purr;

In a silent splash,
Old Roy G. Biv and his magnificent young sons and
daughters
All come racing up out of the oceans to give

Each one of us indigo winkings and high fives --
All the while the rhinestone shower curtain
Of the two cataracts behind us shields us

Both from harmful UV rays and the glare
Of the half a dozen black-and-silver orchids
Piled high up on the cave ceiling

Like your great-grandfathers' faces glowering at our
Youthful indiscretions just as old man Biv is about to split
a gut
Laughing at the two of us in shades of vivid tangerine and
scarlet!

After all, it's here, on this day, you have sworn your
everlasting
Love to me, and all I can think about is how soggy
My Speedos are and making my own magic water inside
the falls....

Two Tickets to Paradise?

Take me to the Caribbean!
Take me to the turquoise seas!
Take me to the white-sand beaches!
Take me to the lush green palm trees!

Take me to the Virgin Islands!
We'll go dancin' in the sand
Every night and every mornin' --
Makin' love to steel-drum band

Serenades and scuba divin'
For some sunken pirate's treasure
That'd make me rich and famous!
Wouldn't it be such a pleasure

To follow you far away from here --
Away from all the ennui
Of life in these Chicago 'burbs --
My dead-end job, your family

Who never liked us, anyways,
So let us fly down there
Tonight -- so I can live my life...

And YOU can pay my first-class airfare!!!!

The Itsy Bitsy Spider Christmas Edition

(Based on an old Ukrainian folktale)

The itsy bitsy spider climbed up the Christmas tree.
Down came her tears in droves as she did see
All the itsy bitsy children playing underneath the base
While their itsy bitsy mother prayed to God for loving
grace.

(The itsy bitsy pine tree'd been planted in the hut
Years before, when a squirrel dropped his nut
Into the itsy bitsy house's dirt floor.
Now the itsy bitsy pine tree was almost 7' 4"!)

The itsy bitsy mother found herself at her wit's end.
She prayed, "Dear Lord, why don't You be a friend?
Please send me some angels to decorate my tree!
This year, I've got my hands full with my kids, as You can
see!"

The itsy bitsy spider called her itsy bitsy friends
Into the hut before Christmas Eve could end.

All night they sat up weaving lacy webs into the tree
To glisten in the morning's light for all the world to see.

The itsy bitsy mother awoke on Christmas Day
In shock to find her itsy bitsy children all at play
Underneath a tree lined with itsy bitsy webs
From top to bottom -- spiders' nests made from silver
threads!

The itsy bitsy webs had turned to silver in the dawn,
And the itsy bitsy mother never wanted from then on.
So now that it's time for me to clean out my own house
For my Christmas guests, I guess I've finally got an
excuse --

Not to mess with those disgusting cobwebs in the spare
bedroom (*tee-hee-hee!*)...!

-Kate Duvall