

Song of the Virtual Poet on Christmas Day 2003

*Thanks be to God, Will Shakespeare and Will Geer,
Walt Whitman and John Miller, Randy Wallace and My wife, Marilu.*

Thank you Lord, and thank you too, Walt Whitman:
my voice is flowing again and in a special way.

And thank you, Randy Wallace,
brother, bard with my guitar,
I who had lived in the Babylon
that my soul had been too many years,
alone and mute.

And thank you, John Miller,
lifelong friend,
for being my encouragement
(thick-and-thin) these many years
of snail-mail and the telephone traffic of our time.

And thank you, Marilu, my wife of forty years!
for your soul and for our children
and for all the gifts that you have been
(and they are legion!)

And thank you, all my people,
in Louisiana and the world.

I am a new poet,
born just this day as He is born this day eternally
and bound for the Internet,
the virtual poet,
bound no longer to the printed page
(and I honor the printed page)
or the local pub:
No longer bound at all.

Hello again, My Lord,
Will Shakespeare and Will Geer,
Walt Whitman and John Miller,
Randy Wallace and My wife, Marilu.

And hello everyone
In the whole wide world,
the Internet, the global village of us all,
I will be faithful to you millions all,

And I will talk to you man to man,
no matter what your sex.

And you will hear
as if in coffee klatch,
and one day soon you'll answer,
and the colloquy will be complete the world around.

We'll have many things
to share then, I and you, World-Listener,
and as each of us sings
and listens for the answer, not an echo, but an answer;
then harmony will be our cornucopia evermore.

– Walter Rufus Eagles

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