

**I  
Would  
Like  
to  
Give  
a Shout  
Out  
to  
Walt  
Whitman**

Wrap up  
In you,  
Tasty dish

Run my fingers  
Over your  
Worn Creases,  
Lord I wish

Putting you  
On top  
Of my list

Run my eyes  
Over your  
Body of text,  
Hit or miss

Sing to  
     Your songs,  
 So sumptuous

Run my mind  
     Over your  
 Love of diversity,  
     Like a brushing of lips

To be  
     Man or woman  
 Mr. or Miss

Run your lives  
     Over one  
 Another,  
     Don't make sense

Be born  
     Checkered  
 With leopard prints

Run your hospitality  
     Over to your  
 Neighbor's often  
     High fence

To love  
     Is at best  
 Something immense

Run your soul  
     Over into compassion  
 That is love's  
     True intent

**S Horner**