

### The Picture Puzzle

If I could draw a map for you—my mountains, sea, lakes—my  
Italy and Greece—

Places never been but loved—the desert with its camel—igloo,  
kayak, Eskimo—

I would show you just how love can put together a thousand exactly  
fitting pieces.

I, the sensualist, am nomad, do not have a sensual home—  
That is, I love the silken tent of rich sensation,  
Unfolded, pegged and panoplied, refolded when I roam.

To be exact, and I am most exact with such imaginary themes,  
I have travelled here and there over rifts of floating places  
And fed with substance, native to the region, legendary dreams.

I have done better. I have brought into my house the bit, the part.  
Never gone Pacific—A single pineapple summons that delightful  
land:

The girl in the sarong, of course, demands that I require a little  
less from touch, a little more from art.

The thing itself—When possible, I wrap, unwrap the woman—  
do not underestimate the man.

I merely talk of that accompanying and complementary force  
Which makes the ocean when I see it just that much more blue,  
the desert, visited at last, more tan.

I do not wish to find the dervish done, the flambé guttered out,  
the dates all pitted—

I want the Chinese courtesan to rise from China with a lavish bowl,  
A fingerbowl perhaps, no more, no less, in which the hand already  
rich with food is graciously admitted.

*Charles Edward Eaton*