

Uncle Walt's Transformations

— In Memory of Anne Sexton

Yes even Walt Disney's
 bland giant Willie's
your father and mine
 such a little boy really
 for all his size
lulled to sleep by the beautiful
 harp/ your mother, easily
 fooled — a bully
 proud of his silly
powers, always looking
 for occasions to display
 or crush with enormous hands.
How Mickey-me tricks him
 with the help of our mother
 though she can't lift a hand
 or foot — being only
 an instrument — if golden.
So Goofey, Donald, and Mickey
 carry off her literally
 down the spiral beanstalk
 into my dreaming bed.
My real mother is waiting, handing
 the axe for fantasy:
 'Cut it down!'
We do it gravely
 with a sense of slow motion
 fibre by fibre by strand
spend most of life waiting
 for the shadow to fall
 the earth to tremble
at the topple of giants
 who have begotten mice.

Merle Wallis Bolick



Illustration: Giovanna Peel