

## **Jack Erdie**

### **"My Camille"**

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I live to see you in the mornin'  
Like waking into a dream  
Twin lakes of blue love adorning  
A face poured from the pure moonbeams  
With a smile that, like wine,  
Brings the fire back to mine  
If I ask for a sign that it's real  
God, if God there may be,  
Would just shake his head at me  
And demand a doubter's fee for thee, Camille.

Old suspicions and fears  
That've plagued me for years  
From old poison-tipped spears of betrayal  
All dissolve in the face  
Of your honesty and grace  
And the therapy of your embrace, Camille.

I've been on top of the summit.  
Been in the depths of the sea.  
And all that I've gotten from it  
Ain't worth a handful of thee  
I would trade every crutch,  
Every wild oat, as such,  
For your curative touch and appeal  
Loose the mooring of rote,  
Set my weathered ship afloat  
In the waters of my doting, Sweet Camille

And we'll chart a course  
To indulge and endorse  
All this love, and its source to regale  
Till we sail to a shore  
Of a land that's wild and pure  
Where the anthem evermore is "My Camille"

I know I ain't no great thinker.  
Still I think I can see  
The custom craftsmanship of heaven  
Whenever you're in front of me  
Did the Maker foresee

All the mischief in me  
Self-destruct and, for balance, instill  
Wealth of beauty and gentleness,  
Angel elegance,  
All in you, or else by accident, Camille?

And when all that remains  
Of my body and brains  
Is a gleam on my soul's windowsill  
In between, come what may,  
On my last, dying day  
I will sputter, if not say, "Ooooweee, Camille!"

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