

Poems “by” Walt Whitman – A Selection Curated by Eric Li

1 I act as he fell at my place

29 Blind loving wrestling touch, sheath'd hooded sharp-tooth'd touch! Did you doing you my caresses,
Head high as they are not even than all that it would dash him in their possession

Not a child, Swim with amorous wet, I too am an interstice caught, Of a black eyes, I see them the streets
and is certain, The young men that would astonish? Does the walnut-tree over my soul reflected in his
woolly head, he has been struck and loudly shout joyously from one with sticks in the first to yours, this
electric self seeking the liquid trees! Earth of curious the great stars aloft, (floating in the hasting current;
Fly on, and dumbly smoking, they came with just-felt breezes, The half-breed straps on the procession
with short wild and dirt to connect them, and the sky, you thump O death

Urge and death, And if ever

Do you arches! You furnish your annotations, continue to a right to these are miracles, and would save you
suppose; Do you Life I shall again on their nest, and cross from God in its folds of my body gratefully
nestling close with its meals and buzzer there winter and flow will deny not as a row from the father

Stretch'd and nights they are nigh me

Showing the soul where the jolly one is the preaching or with just-felt breezes, The universe itself or bad, I
have embraced you, (said he,) His nostrils dilate as great or ever so lightly around and look'd at last, See,
the apple-tree blows of them

I guess'd while you think whatever happens thrills me best who know the same red-running blood! your
crooked inviting fingers, I am one else but never will the brine of the caresser of white and down where
you shall like is certain, The earth, And the dead resuscitate, They and all, retrievements out astride the
two more, Admitting they lie on the sprigs from the hand-saw, second the pervading hush promulges as he
holds me, I really understood any

Not physiognomy alone in his or woman, Let not know not die till from this carol rapt me, I tell how as a
grain of a little else can eat and many seek me, O public hall; Pleas'd with whip-stocks

Exquisite senses, life-lit eyes, You sea! And carried eternally

Sit a song

4 In vessels that size is to the whole earth much? have not know very earth, The circling rivers the hunter,
Where the past, the bones, The carpenter singing what you suppose, And I wend to you will, Scattering it
is, it for all times, Asia's, Africa's fables, The young men

Have you sailing with her nest, and all that is mine, I touch or any

Our frigate takes fire, killing all in staying close

O dreamer, that you to each, Sooner or woman I witness and on the camp-meeting; Looking forth
something great Secretaries, On the boy's blood

) Bearing the soil is and watching lest any thing else when I wrapt in the rest in the farmers preparing
quintillions ripen'd and we pass all boundary lines, Our frigate takes his head, in the surface blowing up
there, wars, Minding their eager and ornaments, inside and with the scheme, The slow return back of the
race, The young men I am trusty and long, dull, tapering groan, These are nothing, or her hair of the
flow with pendant and all the twenty-ninth bather, The sharp-hoof'd moose of the pear-shaped balloon is
equally with me

Something there in dreams' projections, Returning, resuming, I note where he dares not as roses, O my
twitching lips to belong to absorb it would astonish? Does the curv'd neck of the crowded heaven, And for
roots of his luxuriant beard and sun, (there are not one of the rim of daily close

Come lovely and I have tried it shall only one of uttermost woe

What I musing late afternoon swift passing, Borne through the wielders of cots up the full-noon trill, the
city at noon intermission or down I cannot have said No, we go to alarm me helpless rush, some scrofula
out of carts, sluff of a fetich of arms, he fell

I know I am larger, better than you or transportation only, I accept them, They sent influences to the skull-
bones, Under Niagara, the radiant sisters and answers! Suspend here is beautiful are really am, And the
learning of the sun rise, gashes heal, fastenings roll him, you answer with them

Through the heifers browse, where the plaudits for him out at the falling-back to the river they sail'd, And
will make the meal equally with the knob of manhood or she with long while the victor ship mail'd with
me to me, O I see his or lack of the very earth, The real estate and nerve, he has touch'd you window-
pierc'd façades! you stand, And mine a bit tamed, I am stucco'd with incessant undertone muttering,
Shouts of the jolly one I look'd forth something ominous, her first watching his boat himself, avoiding the
cataract falling head, he attesting sympathy, (Shall I see through the swift was content

I reckon I break, I held as the hand, and the traffic of young men and you shall come father, come to us
that was wise also, The crush'd head and the hen, Where is a song of the cloud, appear'd

Allons! after the hard wood for yourself in a song that can shut me again

Untitled

This arm on fish, you call the glory of realism, spiritualism, and contenders, I am at them

Long there and did not even then farther and women I start we not? What I fill them to speak at peace
about me, Afar down the stars all the rigging or said to sing on the open mouths

*Markov Models are often used to predict events and trajectories by analyzing past occurrences. Here,
we observe the words of Walt Whitman sent through a Markov Model, generating a text based
off of his own pieces of poetry. As a result, these poems are all by Whitman himself,
using words that he penned. This selection of poetry is curated by Eric Li.*