

text

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
The rose is red,
How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
I.
She walks in beauty, like the night
GIVE all to love;
THE gray sea and the long black land;
I SAID—Then, dearest, since 'tis so,
There! See the line of lights,
I am not yours, not lost in you,
Time is
Love is like water or the air
It was many and many a year ago,
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Love is like the wild rose-briar,
I cannot live with You –
Wild Nights! Wild Nights!
He is stark mad, whoever says,
I DO not love thee!—no! I do not love thee!
YOU'LL love me yet!—and I can tarry
I celebrate myself, and sing myself,
Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded with
I have heard what the talkers were talking, the talk of the
Trippers and askers surround me,
I believe in you my soul, the other I am must not abase itself to you,
A child said What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands;
Has any one supposed it lucky to be born?
The little one sleeps in its cradle,
The big doors of the country barn stand open and ready,
Alone far in the wilds and mountains I hunt,
Twenty-eight young men bathe by the shore,
The butcher-boy puts off his killing-clothes, or sharpens his knife
The negro holds firmly the reins of his four horses, the block swags
The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,
The pure contralto sings in the organ loft,
I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise,
These are really the thoughts of all men in all ages and lands, they
With music strong I come, with my cornets and my drums,
This is the meal equally set, this the meat for natural hunger,
Who goes there? hankering, gross, mystical, nude;
I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,
You sea! I resign myself to you also—I guess what you mean,
Endless unfolding of words of ages!
Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,
Dazzling and tremendous how quick the sun-rise would kill me,
Now I will do nothing but listen,
To be in any form, what is that?
Is this then a touch? quivering me to a new identity,
Blind loving wrestling touch, sheath'd hooded sharp-tooth'd touch!
All truths wait in all things,
I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey work of the stars,
I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and
Space and Time! now I see it is true, what I guess'd at,

Now I tell what I knew in Texas in my early youth,
Would you hear of an old-time sea-fight?
Stretch'd and still lies the midnight,
You laggards there on guard! look to your arms!
Enough! enough! enough!
The friendly and flowing savage, who is he?
Flaunt of the sunshine I need not your bask—lie over!
I am he bringing help for the sick as they pant on their backs,
A call in the midst of the crowd,
I do not despise you priests, all time, the world over,
It is time to explain myself—let us stand up.
O span of youth! ever-push'd elasticity!
I know I have the best of time and space, and was never measured and
I am the teacher of athletes,
I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
And as to you Death, and you bitter hug of mortality, it is idle to
There is that in me—I do not know what it is—but I know it is in me.
The past and present wilt—I have fill'd them, emptied them.
The spotted hawk swoops by and accuses me, he complains of my gab
I will be the gladdest thing
Whose woods these are I think I know.
When will the stream be weary of flowing
OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII.
I held it truth, with him who sings
Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
To Sleep I give my powers away;
I sometimes hold it half a sin
Three little birds in a row
The little sparrows
There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
I think that I shall never see
The little white clouds are racing over the sky,
No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Lo! where the Moon along the sky
Oh, I can smile for you, and tilt my head,
If those I loved were lost
And cannot pleasures, while they last,
He loved three things, alive:
'I have no name:
The city had withdrawn into itself
O gift of God! O perfect day:
The world is too much with us; late and soon,
To him who in the love of Nature holds
It was an April morning: fresh and clear