

PARODY



G. K. Chesterton

(1874-1936)

After Walt Whitman

Me clairvoyant,
Me conscious of you, old comarado,
Needing no telescope, lorgnette field-glass, opera-glass, myopic pince-nez,
Me piercing two thousand years with eye naked and not ashamed;
The crown cannot hide you from me;
Musty old feudal-heraldic trappings cannot hide you from me,
I perceive that you drink.
(I am drinking with you. I am as drunk as you are.)
I see you inhaling tobacco, puffing, smoking, spitting
(I do not object to your spitting),
You prophetic of American largeness,
You anticipating the broad masculine manners of these States;
I see in you also there are movements, tremors, tears, desires for the melodious,
I salute your three violinists, endlessly making vibrations,
Rigid, relentless, capable of going on forever;
They play my accompaniment; but I shall take no notice of any accompaniment;
I myself am a complete orchestra. So long.