

HUMOR

from "Song of Myself" (1855)

Walt Whitman

(1819-1892)

Who goes there? hankering, gross, mystical, nude...

Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,
Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking and breeding...

I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
Seeing, hearing, feeling, are miracles, and each part and tag of me is a
miracle.

Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or am touch'd
from,
The scent of these arm-pits aroma finer than prayer...

I am a free companion, I bivouac by invading watchfires,
I turn the bridegroom out of bed and stay with the bride myself...