Poems from Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass*  
(from the 1892 or “death-bed” edition)

(From *Calamus*)

In Paths Untrodden

In paths untrodden,  
In the growth by margins of pond-waters,  
Escaped from the life that exhibits itself,  
From all the standards hitherto publish’d from the pleasures, profits, conformities,  
Which too long I was offering to feed my soul,  
Clear to me now standards not yet publish’d, clear to me that my soul,  
That the soul of the man I speak for rejoices in comrades,  
Here by myself away from the clank of the world,  
Tallying and talk’d to here by tongues aromatic,  
No longer abash’d, (for in this secluded spot I can respond as I would not dare elsewhere,)  
Strong upon me the life that does not exhibit itself, yet contains all the rest,  
Resolv’d to sing no songs to-day but those of manly attachment,  
Projecting them along that substantial life,  
Bequeathing hence types of athletic love,  
Afternoon this delicious Ninth-month in my forty-first year,  
I proceed for all who are or have been young men,  
To tell the secret of my nights and days,  
To celebrate the need of comrades.

For You O Democracy

Come, I will make the continent indissoluble,  
I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,  
I will make divine magnetic lands,  
    With the love of comrades,  
    With the life-long love of comrades.

I will plant companionship thick as trees along all the rivers  
    of America, and along the shores of the great lakes, and all over the prairies,  
I will make inseparable cities with their arms about each other’s necks,  
    By the love of comrades,  
    By the manly love of comrades,

For you these from me, O Democracy, to serve you ma femme!  
For you, for you I am trilling these songs.
Among the Multitude

Among the men and women the multitude,
I perceive one picking me out by secret and divine signs,
Acknowledging none else, not parent, wife, husband, brother, child, any nearer than I am,
Some are baffled, but that one is not – that one knows me.

Ah lover and perfect equal,
I meant that you should discover me so by faint indirections,
And I when I meet you mean to discover you by the like in you.

(from *Drum Taps*)

As I Lay with My Head in Your Lap Camerado

As I lay with my head in your you lap camerado,
The confession I made I resume, what I said to you and the open air I resume,
I know I am restless and make others so,
I know my words are weapons full of danger, full of death,
For I confront peace, security, and all the settled laws, to unsettle them,
I am more resolute because all have denied me than I could ever have been had all accepted me,
I heed not and have never heeded either experience, cautions, majorities, nor ridicule,
And the threat of what is call’d hell is little or nothing to me,
And the lure of what is call’d heaven is little or nothing to me;
Dear camerado! I confess I have urged you onward with me, and still urge you, without
the least idea what is our destination,
Or whether we shall be victorious, or utterly quell’d and defeated.