

On Walt Whitman's Birthday

O strategic map of disasters, hungry America
O target for the song, the jouncing poem,
the protest

A long imperfect history shadows you
Let all suffering, toil, sex &
sublime distractions go recorded
Let the world continue to breathe

It's simple: a woman gets up & stretches
The world is her mirror & portal too

(Whitmanic morning task: wake the country to itself)