

# Wishing Chair, Whitman

My name it is Whitman  
I am only a man  
Though my words or my looks might offend  
For those ladies at tea  
Will read nothing by me  
And no gentleman calls me his friend

I went down to the docks just to watch the ferries cross  
And the sweat on the deckhands shimmer  
And the seagulls grey  
Like the clouds that play  
Across the hayfields and frame houses

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Now Emerson said I had promise  
But I soon came to push him too far  
And the jobs that I lost  
And the rivers I crossed  
Only add to that song of my spirit

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The talk at the saloon was of war coming soon  
And my mouth it went dry at the thought of it  
But Lincoln's my man  
And the South could be damned  
If they break up this glorious Union

Captain my Captain  
Who'll lead us now  
All the young men I've tended or buried  
No cider or bread  
For those beautiful death  
And the grass their just resurrection

Now you across time  
Your thoughts might be mine  
I've had hunger and fears and regrets  
And I've sorrowed its true  
But my words saw me through  
And love sang my body electric

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