

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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