“Song of Myself, Number 33”- Walt Whitman

I understand the large hearts of heroes,   
The courage of present times and all times,   
How the skipper saw the crowded and rudderless wreck of the   
steamship, and Death chasing it up and down the storm,   
How he knuckled tight and gave not back an inch, and was faithful of   
days and faithful of nights,   
And chalk'd in large letters on a board, Be of good cheer, we will   
not desert you;   
How he follow'd with them and tack'd with them three days and   
would not give it up,   
How he saved the drifting company at last,   
How the lank loose-gown'd women look'd when boated from the   
side of their prepared graves,   
How the silent old-faced infants and the lifted sick, and the   
sharp-lipp'd unshaved men;   
All this I swallow, it tastes good, I like it well, it becomes mine,   
I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there.   
  
The disdain and calmness of martyrs,   
The mother of old, condemn'd for a witch, burnt with dry wood, her   
children gazing on,   
The hounded slave that flags in the race, leans by the fence,   
blowing, cover'd with sweat,   
The twinges that sting like needles his legs and neck, the murderous   
buckshot and the bullets,   
All these I feel or am.   
  
I am the hounded slave, I wince at the bite of the dogs,   
Hell and despair are upon me, crack and again crack the marksmen,   
I clutch the rails of the fence, my gore dribs, thinn'd with the   
ooze of my skin,   
I fall on the weeds and stones,   
The riders spur their unwilling horses, haul close,   
Taunt my dizzy ears and beat me violently over the head with whip-stocks.   
  
Agonies are one of my changes of garments,   
I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I myself become the   
wounded person,   
My hurts turn livid upon me as I lean on a cane and observe.   
  
I am the mash'd fireman with breast-bone broken,   
Tumbling walls buried me in their debris,   
Heat and smoke I inspired, I heard the yelling shouts of my comrades,   
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels,   
They have clear'd the beams away, they tenderly lift me forth.   
  
I lie in the night air in my red shirt, the pervading hush is for my sake,   
Painless after all I lie exhausted but not so unhappy,   
White and beautiful are the faces around me, the heads are bared   
of their fire-caps,   
The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches.   
  
Distant and dead resuscitate,   
They show as the dial or move as the hands of me, I am the clock myself.   
I am an old artillerist, I tell of my fort's bombardment,   
I am there again.   
Again the long roll of the drummers,   
Again the attacking cannon, mortars,   
Again to my listening ears the cannon responsive.   
  
I take part, I see and hear the whole,   
The cries, curses, roar, the plaudits for well-aim'd shots,   
The ambulanza slowly passing trailing its red drip,   
Workmen searching after damages, making indispensable repairs,   
The fall of grenades through the rent roof, the fan-shaped explosion,   
The whizz of limbs, heads, stone, wood, iron, high in the air.   
  
Again gurgles the mouth of my dying general, he furiously waves   
with his hand,   
He gasps through the clot Mind not me--mind--the entrenchments.