

POEM
IN YOUR
POCKET

From THE INDICATIONS

The words of the true poems give you more than poems,
They give you to form for yourself, poems, religions,
politics, war, peace, behavior, histories, essays,
romances, and everything else,
They balance ranks, colors, races, creeds, and the sexes,
They do not seek beauty—they are sought,
Forever touching them, or close upon them, follows
beauty, longing, fain, love-sick.

They prepare for death—yet are they not the finish,
but rather the outset,
They bring none to his or her terminus, or to be content
and full;
Whom they take, they take into space, to behold the
birth of stars, to learn one of the meanings,
To launch off with absolute faith—to sweep through
the ceaseless rings, and never be quiet again.

WALT WHITMAN

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