

WALT WHITMAN

1819-1892



A Glimpse

A glimpse through an interstice caught,
Of a crowd of workmen and drivers in a bar-room around the stove
late of a winter night, and I unremark'd seated in a corner,
Of a youth who loves me and whom I love, silently approaching and
seating himself near, that he may hold me by the hand,
A long while amid the noises of coming and going, of drinking and
oath and smutty jest,
5 There we two, content, happy in being together, speaking little,
perhaps not a word.

1860/1867

Once I Pass'd through a Populous City

Once I pass'd through a populous city imprinting my brain for future use
with its shows, architecture, customs, traditions,
Yet now of all that city I remember only a woman I casually met there who
detain'd me for love of me,
Day by day and night by night we were together—all else has long been
forgotten by me,
I remember I say only that woman who passionately clung to me,
5 Again we wander, we love, we separate again,
Again she holds me by the hand, I must not go,
I see her close beside me with silent lips sad and tremulous.

1860/1861

