

SOME LEAVES OF GRASS.

Of obedience, faith, adhesiveness ;
 As I stand aloof and look there is to me something profoundly
 affecting in large masses of men following the lead of these
 who do not believe in men.

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I do not affirm that what you see beyond is futile, I do not
 advise you to stop,
 I do not say leadings you thought great are not great,
 But I say that none lead to greater than these lead to.

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We consider bibles and religions divine—I do not say they are
 not divine.,
 I say they have all grown out of you, and may grow out of you
 still,
 It is not they who give the life, it is you who give the life,
 Leaves are not more shed from the trees, or trees from the
 earth, than they are shed out of you.

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I will sing the song of companionship,
 I will show what alone must finally compact these,
 I believe these are to be found their own ideal of manly love,
 indicating it to me,
 I will therefore let flame from me the burning fires that were
 threatening to consume me,
 I will lift what has too long kept down those smouldering fires,
 I will give them complete abandonment,
 I will write the evangel-poem of comrades and of love,
 For who but I should understand love with all its sorrow and
 joy ?
 And who but I should be the poet of comrades ?

—Walt Whitman.