

We want to know, if you please, of your place of abode.
 A little curious, too, of your state and characteristics.
 The kind of heaven or hell you are in, and how you enjoy it.
 Your sphere of existence, your plane, your manner of living, your outlook
 immortal.
 Your seership, your spiritual idiosyncrasy, and any wise thing you choose
 to reveal.
 We know you Walt, and we love you well.
 And by the same token, you know us, and love us, too.
 So tell us, tell us, something, kind pal, of our hungering soul.
 Haven't we seen you a thousand times in various guises!
 In hospital tents, in camp, in the trenches, on fields of battle and carnage,
 complacent, unwearied.
 You brother beloved, whose memory never shall fade from the earth, while
 humanity lasts, and love of comrades endures.
 Reflection and mirror of ages past, and ages unborn.
 Cheerful cosmopolitan, optimist, born of the Cosmos.
 What do you say? Got anything more to tell us?
 No! Yes!
 Ah, well, we listen.
 "Comrade," only I hear.
 Our very good thanks, kind shade—that's much.
 The climax of all perhaps, to my thinking,
 For what said the Christ of Gallilee, eh—to Peter and John?
 As he conquered his crucified way to betrayal.
 Golgotha—Gesthemane—all.
 The Cross and the thorns, the blood and the sweat.
 The spit and the shame, the vinegar, spear and the ultimate Crown?
 "Henceforth I call you no more My disciples or servants, but friends."
 Aye, Comrades all—Hallelujah.
 Very well, brother, so be it—we've walked with you, talked with you oft in
 silent communion, and wept.
 Yes, mused and moralized, mentally, physically, psychically, anywhere, every-
 where, you understand.
 Held converse and wrapt meditations, many and many a time.
 But never an audible token or answer, Walt, to all our inquiries have come
 from your lips.
 But softly, again and again, to one and another,
 Serenely, quietly, calmly "Comrade" silently whispered to all.
 And Walt, we've certainly seen your welcome, fraternal smile, betokening
 a comrade's salute.
 Presto—too, we salute in response to you, Comrade ava'!
 By the Powers above, what more should we want?
 For after all that perchance is enough.
 The alpha-omega, the sum and conclusion of all.
 The glad, hospitable smile, one voiceless, inaudible word, and a comrade's
 free salutation.
 A comrade's salute, and a beckoning onward.
 From out the inscrutable darkness to pure untellable light.
 And down through the centuries yet to be the unmistakable hand grasp.
 Comrade, Captain and Friend.
 Banner, Standard and Pennant.
 Champion of Freedom—Liberty-loving democrat.
 Strong, stout, indomitable, doughty, unshakable staunchion.
 Hurrah!
 Ancient of days and essence of youth eternal.
 Upright, august and graceful
 Walt Whitman, for ever, encore.

With Whitman in Camden by Horace Traubel is the
 most extraordinary biography in our language.
 While reading it you are able to live and move and
 have your being with The Good Grey Poet .