

New history! New heroes! I project you!
 Visions of poets! only you really last! O sweep on! sweep
 on! 60
 O Death! O you striding there! O I cannot yet!
 O heights! O infinitely too swift and dizzy yet!
 O purged lumine! you threaten me more than I can stand!
 O present! I return while yet I may to you!
 O poets to come, I depend upon you!



O SUN OF REAL PEACE.

First published in 1860 as part of "Apostroph." See line 49 of that poem. Published under present title in 1867.

O SUN of real peace!¹ O hastening light!
 O free and extatic! O what I here, preparing, warble for!
 O the sun of the world will ascend, dazdling, and take his height
 —and you too, O my Ideal,² will surely ascend!
 O so amazing and broad—up there resplendent, darting and
 burning!
 O vision prophetic, stagger'd with weight of light! with pouring
 glories!
 O lips of my soul, already becoming powerless!
 O ample and grand Presidentiads! Now the war, the war is
 over!³
 New history! new heroes! I project you!
 Visions of poets! only you really last! sweep on! sweep on!
 O heights too swift and dizzy yet! 10
 O purged and luminous! you threaten me more than I can
 stand!
 (I must not venture—the ground under my feet menaces me—
 it will not support me:
 O future too immense,)⁴—O present, I return, while yet I may,
 to you.

¹ "O sun of real peace" added in 1870.

² "O my Ideal" added in 1870.

³ "Now the war, the war is over!" added in 1870.

⁴ "O future too immense" added in 1870.