

# WHITMAN SAMPLER

By Celeste Emelia Mattingly

I sail out the smoke-tinted window. Up, up, and away to where Walt Whitman lives.  
Imagining what we'll say and do—how we'll laugh and play and be  
—together—  
the two great mystical souls that we are.

I boast of my spirit too, Walt. It knows its divinity. It knows its place. It knows itself—so old and so wise—as  
I look into the eyes of the youth around me listening to the dissonant sounds of rock 'n roll.  
Confused? Stoned? Dying? I remember the pain of all..  
Clarity of consciousness is what we have today.

Wouldn't you say, Walt?

**EVOLUTION** – for which only **"I AM"** responsible inspires me.

The sounds of the factory pour into my open and/or closed windows. The puffing, whistling and clanging of  
the slaves... who punch time cards... real-time, military-time, is there time enough?

"Not for long, not for me," I tell Walt Whitman and he agrees... much better is in store for the likes of those  
who dwell where there is no time...

We light candles and try not to smoke—anything—while we do what we believe is no joke.  
Communion!

It's true! It's true! We're all interacting. There's life in this life and there's life in that life. There's life on earth.  
There's life on Mars. There's life after death! There's death in the bars!

The miracles go on and on as the light of "life" emanates from them.  
Living, loving, laughing, playing—the struggles of each day—beginning new.

Becoming gods and goddesses they telekinetically strive to do what is best for themselves and for YOU.  
"Mind over matter," they remind themselves, "intellect over emotion," they say.  
"I over E," she says laughingly, "except for me."  
With eyes open or with eyes closed—the struggle of each day begins anew.

With eyes open or with eyes shut, awake am I to the muse, to the music of the spheres,  
to the **ultimate consciousness**.  
Wake up! Wake up! I say to you!  
As I look into the mirror at my own lights waning.  
Wake up to the muse! Wake up to the music of the spheres!  
Wake up to the **ultimate consciousness!**

A toast! A toast! And thus I dare to propose a breakfast tea toast! To the likes of you, Walt Whitman,  
your friend the poet, Allen Ginsberg and all of us here today!

Written in 1986 for professor Carolyn Knox at UCONN (in the boastful style of Walt Whitman)  
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