

Jeanne Lohmann

ON STUDYING WHITMAN INDOORS

Come into this classroom, Walt.
Turn us all out of doors. Take us
To the long beaches to read your poems.
Shout your words against the breakers,
The cry of gulls and the sea's wind.
Fling your arms about us
Where we sit huddled over your books,
Timid, in glasses.
Teach us new laughter, lust.
Point us toward miracles.
Show us our city and the open road.

Barefoot in the grass,
Stretched out, breathing hard,
And touching one another,
We could believe you:
We are your children and comrades.
We know how to walk in this or any weather.