

Gary C. Busha

A CELEBRATION FOR WHITMAN

I celebrate
fat-bellied pike
and schools of minnows
in cool water
and the wolf on the run
I celebrate
and hunter and hunted
I celebrate fresh cut lumber
and the touch of sawdust
against the skin
and the scrape of beechbark
I celebrate

An unknown voice
and the thump in the dark
I celebrate
and I celebrate butterfried
fish and the scent of mustard
and wet wood in autumn
People I celebrate with beating
hearts who keep time
in rockers on wooden porches

I celebrate water
falling steadily on rock
and the taste of field onions
left drying on lines
And the words I celebrate
and the grass and sea and sky
and I celebrate you
Walt Whitman
for changing while being the same.