

ON READING WALT WHITMAN

Read Whitman, in the
breezes of God.

Read Whitman,
with sunlight warming
your bared chest.

Read Whitman,
under blue skies with someone
you love and someone
who loves you.

Read Whitman,
in airs pregnant with the
fragrance of spring,
airs that drop sweet odors
like apple trees drop their
fruit.

Read Whitman,
under trees loosed from the
soil, drunk on the glory
of life and dancing
through the forest like
some wind tossed leaves.

Read Whitman,
sprawled on grass that
conceals the billion lives
of countless ants,
grass, that green sky that
covers the earth and
changes flesh to smoke
again.

Read Whitman,
when your soul is restless
like the seas of the world
or when it's exploding
like holiday fireworks
in the mad/beauty of

attempting to comprehend
God.

Read Whitman,
when you are feeling
most Christ-like.

Read Whitman,
when you feel most alone,
most lost, most un-understood.

Read Whitman,
when you've changed your
flesh for wind and your
mortal heart for the
wine of love.

Read Whitman,
at the height of erotic ecstasy
when whole universes rush out
of you at the speed of light.

Tear out your
eyes of blindness and
replace them with the
sight of one of God's
greatest poets!