

BOOK VI

Salut au Monde!

1

O take my hand Walt Whitman!

Such gliding wonders! such sights and sounds!

Such join'd unended links, each hook'd to the next,

Each answering all, each sharing the earth with all.

What widens within you Walt Whitman?

What waves and soils exuding?

What climes? what persons and cities are here?

Who are the infants, some playing, some slumbering?

Who are the girls? who are the married women?

Who are the groups of old men going slowly with their arms about  
each other's necks?

What rivers are these? what forests and fruits are these?

What are the mountains call'd that rise so high in the mists?

What myriads of dwellings are they fill'd with dwellers?

2

Within me latitude widens, longitude lengthens,

Asia, Africa, Europe, are to the east--America is provided for in the west,

Banding the bulge of the earth winds the hot equator,

Curiously north and south turn the axis-ends,  
Within me is the longest day, the sun wheels in slanting rings, it  
    does not set for months,  
Stretch'd in due time within me the midnight sun just rises above  
    the horizon and sinks again,  
Within me zones, seas, cataracts, forests, volcanoes, groups,  
Malaysia, Polynesia, and the great West Indian islands.

3

What do you hear Walt Whitman?

I hear the workman singing and the farmer's wife singing,  
I hear in the distance the sounds of children and of animals early  
    in the day,  
I hear emulous shouts of Australians pursuing the wild horse,  
I hear the Spanish dance with castanets in the chestnut shade, to  
    the rebeck and guitar,  
I hear continual echoes from the Thames,  
I hear fierce French liberty songs,  
I hear of the Italian boat-sculler the musical recitative of old poems,  
I hear the locusts in Syria as they strike the grain and grass with  
    the showers of their terrible clouds,  
I hear the Coptic refrain toward sundown, pensively falling on the  
    breast of the black venerable vast mother the Nile,  
I hear the chirp of the Mexican muleteer, and the bells of the mule,  
I hear the Arab muezzin calling from the top of the mosque,

I hear the Christian priests at the altars of their churches, I hear  
the responsive base and soprano,  
I hear the cry of the Cossack, and the sailor's voice putting to sea  
at Okotsk,  
I hear the wheeze of the slave-coffle as the slaves march on, as the  
husky gangs pass on by twos and threes, fasten'd together  
with wrist-chains and ankle-chains,  
I hear the Hebrew reading his records and psalms,  
I hear the rhythmic myths of the Greeks, and the strong legends of  
the Romans,  
I hear the tale of the divine life and bloody death of the beautiful  
God the Christ,  
I hear the Hindoo teaching his favorite pupil the loves, wars,  
adages, transmitted safely to this day from poets who wrote three  
thousand years ago.

4

What do you see Walt Whitman?  
Who are they you salute, and that one after another salute you?  
I see a great round wonder rolling through space,  
I see diminute farms, hamlets, ruins, graveyards, jails, factories,  
palaces, hovels, huts of barbarians, tents of nomads upon the surface,  
I see the shaded part on one side where the sleepers are sleeping,  
and the sunlit part on the other side,  
I see the curious rapid change of the light and shade,  
I see distant lands, as real and near to the inhabitants of them as

my land is to me.

I see plenteous waters,  
I see mountain peaks, I see the sierras of Andes where they range,  
I see plainly the Himalayas, Chian Shahs, Altays, Ghauts,  
I see the giant pinnacles of Elbruz, Kazbek, Bazardjusi,  
I see the Styrian Alps, and the Karnac Alps,  
I see the Pyrenees, Balks, Carpathians, and to the north the  
Dofrafields, and off at sea mount Hecla,  
I see Vesuvius and Etna, the mountains of the Moon, and the Red  
mountains of Madagascar,  
I see the Lybian, Arabian, and Asiatic deserts,  
I see huge dreadful Arctic and Antarctic icebergs,  
I see the superior oceans and the inferior ones, the Atlantic and  
Pacific, the sea of Mexico, the Brazilian sea, and the sea of Peru,  
The waters of Hindustan, the China sea, and the gulf of Guinea,  
The Japan waters, the beautiful bay of Nagasaki land-lock'd in its  
mountains,  
The spread of the Baltic, Caspian, Bothnia, the British shores, and  
the bay of Biscay,  
The clear-sunn'd Mediterranean, and from one to another of its islands,  
The White sea, and the sea around Greenland.

I behold the mariners of the world,  
Some are in storms, some in the night with the watch on the lookout,  
Some drifting helplessly, some with contagious diseases.

I behold the sail and steamships of the world, some in clusters in  
port, some on their voyages,  
Some double the cape of Storms, some cape Verde, others capes  
Guardafui, Bon, or Bajadore,  
Others Dondra head, others pass the straits of Sunda, others cape  
Lopatka, others Behring's straits,  
Others cape Horn, others sail the gulf of Mexico or along Cuba or  
Hayti, others Hudson's bay or Baffin's bay,  
Others pass the straits of Dover, others enter the Wash, others the  
firth of Solway, others round cape Clear, others the Land's End,  
Others traverse the Zuyder Zee or the Scheld,  
Others as comers and goers at Gibraltar or the Dardanelles,  
Others sternly push their way through the northern winter-packs,  
Others descend or ascend the Obi or the Lena,  
Others the Niger or the Congo, others the Indus, the Burampooter  
and Cambodia,  
Others wait steam'd up ready to start in the ports of Australia,  
Wait at Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Marseilles, Lisbon, Naples,  
Hamburg, Bremen, Bordeaux, the Hague, Copenhagen,  
Wait at Valparaiso, Rio Janeiro, Panama.

5

I see the tracks of the railroads of the earth,  
I see them in Great Britain, I see them in Europe,  
I see them in Asia and in Africa.

I see the electric telegraphs of the earth,  
I see the filaments of the news of the wars, deaths, losses, gains,  
passions, of my race.

I see the long river-stripes of the earth,  
I see the Amazon and the Paraguay,  
I see the four great rivers of China, the Amour, the Yellow River,  
the Yiang-tse, and the Pearl,  
I see where the Seine flows, and where the Danube, the Loire, the  
Rhone, and the Guadalquiver flow,  
I see the windings of the Volga, the Dnieper, the Oder,  
I see the Tuscan going down the Arno, and the Venetian along the Po,  
I see the Greek seaman sailing out of Egina bay.

6

I see the site of the old empire of Assyria, and that of Persia, and  
that of India,  
I see the falling of the Ganges over the high rim of Saukara.

I see the place of the idea of the Deity incarnated by avatars in  
human forms,  
I see the spots of the successions of priests on the earth, oracles,  
sacrificers, brahmins, sabians, llamas, monks, muftis, exhorters,  
I see where druids walk'd the groves of Mona, I see the mistletoe  
and vervain,

I see the temples of the deaths of the bodies of Gods, I see the old  
signifiers.

I see Christ eating the bread of his last supper in the midst of  
youths and old persons,

I see where the strong divine young man the Hercules toil'd  
faithfully and long and then died,

I see the place of the innocent rich life and hapless fate of the  
beautiful nocturnal son, the full-limb'd Bacchus,

I see Kneph, blooming, drest in blue, with the crown of feathers on  
his head,

I see Hermes, unsuspected, dying, well-belov'd, saying to the people  
Do not weep for me,

This is not my true country, I have lived banish'd from my true  
country, I now go back there,

I return to the celestial sphere where every one goes in his turn.

7

I see the battle-fields of the earth, grass grows upon them and  
blossoms and corn,

I see the tracks of ancient and modern expeditions.

I see the nameless masonries, venerable messages of the unknown  
events, heroes, records of the earth.

I see the places of the sagas,

I see pine-trees and fir-trees torn by northern blasts,  
I see granite boulders and cliffs, I see green meadows and lakes,  
I see the burial-cairns of Scandinavian warriors,  
I see them raised high with stones by the marge of restless oceans,  
that the dead men's spirits when they wearied of their quiet  
graves might rise up through the mounds and gaze on the tossing  
billows, and be refresh'd by storms, immensity, liberty, action.

I see the steppes of Asia,  
I see the tumuli of Mongolia, I see the tents of Kalmucks and Baskirs,  
I see the nomadic tribes with herds of oxen and cows,  
I see the table-lands notch'd with ravines, I see the jungles and deserts,  
I see the camel, the wild steed, the bustard, the fat-tail'd sheep,  
the antelope, and the burrowing wolf

I see the highlands of Abyssinia,  
I see flocks of goats feeding, and see the fig-tree, tamarind, date,  
And see fields of teff-wheat and places of verdure and gold.

I see the Brazilian vaquero,  
I see the Bolivian ascending mount Sorata,  
I see the Wacho crossing the plains, I see the incomparable rider of  
horses with his lasso on his arm,  
I see over the pampas the pursuit of wild cattle for their hides.



I see the regions of snow and ice,  
I see the sharp-eyed Samoiede and the Finn,  
I see the seal-seeker in his boat poising his lance,  
I see the Siberian on his slight-built sledge drawn by dogs,  
I see the porpoise-hunters, I see the whale-crews of the south  
Pacific and the north Atlantic,  
I see the cliffs, glaciers, torrents, valleys, of Switzerland--I  
mark the long winters and the isolation.

I see the cities of the earth and make myself at random a part of them,  
I am a real Parisian,  
I am a habitan of Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Constantinople,  
I am of Adelaide, Sidney, Melbourne,  
I am of London, Manchester, Bristol, Edinburgh, Limerick,  
I am of Madrid, Cadiz, Barcelona, Oporto, Lyons, Brussels, Berne,  
Frankfort, Stuttgart, Turin, Florence,  
I belong in Moscow, Cracow, Warsaw, or northward in Christiania or  
Stockholm, or in Siberian Irkutsk, or in some street in Iceland,  
I descend upon all those cities, and rise from them again.

10

I see vapors exhaling from unexplored countries,  
I see the savage types, the bow and arrow, the poison'd splint, the  
fetich, and the obi.  
I see African and Asiatic towns,  
I see Algiers, Tripoli, Derne, Mogadore, Timbuctoo, Monrovia,

I see the swarms of Peking, Canton, Benares, Delhi, Calcutta, Tokio,  
I see the Kruman in his hut, and the Dahoman and Ashantee-man in their huts,  
I see the Turk smoking opium in Aleppo,  
I see the picturesque crowds at the fairs of Khiva and those of Herat,  
I see Teheran, I see Muscat and Medina and the intervening sands,  
    see the caravans toiling onward,  
I see Egypt and the Egyptians, I see the pyramids and obelisks.  
I look on chisell'd histories, records of conquering kings,  
    dynasties, cut in slabs of sand-stone, or on granite-blocks,  
I see at Memphis mummy-pits containing mummies embalm'd,  
    swathed in linen cloth, lying there many centuries,  
I look on the fall'n Theban, the large-ball'd eyes, the  
    side-drooping neck, the hands folded across the breast.

I see all the menials of the earth, laboring,  
I see all the prisoners in the prisons,  
I see the defective human bodies of the earth,  
The blind, the deaf and dumb, idiots, hunchbacks, lunatics,  
The pirates, thieves, betrayers, murderers, slave-makers of the earth,  
The helpless infants, and the helpless old men and women.

I see male and female everywhere,  
I see the serene brotherhood of philosophs,  
I see the constructiveness of my race,  
I see the results of the perseverance and industry of my race,  
I see ranks, colors, barbarisms, civilizations, I go among them, I

mix indiscriminately,

And I salute all the inhabitants of the earth.

11

You whoever you are!

You daughter or son of England!

You of the mighty Slavic tribes and empires! you Russ in Russia!

You dim-descended, black, divine-soul'd African, large, fine-headed,  
nobly-form'd, superbly destin'd, on equal terms with me!

You Norwegian! Swede! Dane! Icelander! you Prussian!

You Spaniard of Spain! you Portuguese!

You Frenchwoman and Frenchman of France!

You Belge! you liberty-lover of the Netherlands! (you stock whence I  
myself have descended;)

You sturdy Austrian! you Lombard! Hun! Bohemian! farmer of Styria!

You neighbor of the Danube!

You working-man of the Rhine, the Elbe, or the Weser! you working-woman too!

You Sardinian! you Bavarian! Swabian! Saxon! Wallachian! Bulgarian!

You Roman! Neapolitan! you Greek!

You lithe matador in the arena at Seville!

You mountaineer living lawlessly on the Taurus or Caucasus!

You Bokh horse-herd watching your mares and stallions feeding!

You beautiful-bodied Persian at full speed in the saddle shooting  
arrows to the mark!

You Chinaman and Chinawoman of China! you Tartar of Tartary!

You women of the earth subordinated at your tasks!

You Jew journeying in your old age through every risk to stand once  
on Syrian ground!

You other Jews waiting in all lands for your Messiah!

You thoughtful Armenian pondering by some stream of the Euphrates!  
you peering amid the ruins of Nineveh! you ascending mount Ararat!

You foot-worn pilgrim welcoming the far-away sparkle of the minarets  
of Mecca!

You sheiks along the stretch from Suez to Bab-el-mandeb ruling your  
families and tribes!

You olive-grower tending your fruit on fields of Nazareth, Damascus,  
or lake Tiberias!

You Thibet trader on the wide inland or bargaining in the shops of Lassa!

You Japanese man or woman! you liver in Madagascar, Ceylon, Sumatra,  
Borneo!

All you continentals of Asia, Africa, Europe, Australia, indifferent  
of place!

All you on the numberless islands of the archipelagoes of the sea!

And you of centuries hence when you listen to me!

And you each and everywhere whom I specify not, but include just the same!

Health to you! good will to you all, from me and America sent!

Each of us inevitable,

Each of us limitless--each of us with his or her right upon the earth,

Each of us allow'd the eternal purports of the earth,

Each of us here as divinely as any is here.

12

You Hottentot with clicking palate! you woolly-hair'd hordes!

You own'd persons dropping sweat-drops or blood-drops!

You human forms with the fathomless ever-impressive countenances of brutes!

You poor koboo whom the meanest of the rest look down upon for all

your glimmering language and spirituality!

You dwarf'd Kamtschatkan, Greenlander, Lapp!

You Austral negro, naked, red, sooty, with protrusive lip,

groveling, seeking your food!

You Caffre, Berber, Soudanese!

You haggard, uncouth, untutor'd Bedowee!

You plague-swarms in Madras, Nankin, Kaubul, Cairo!

You benighted roamer of Amazonia! you Patagonian! you Feejeeman!

I do not prefer others so very much before you either,

I do not say one word against you, away back there where you stand,

(You will come forward in due time to my side.)

13

My spirit has pass'd in compassion and determination around the whole earth,

I have look'd for equals and lovers and found them ready for me in

all lands,

I think some divine rapport has equalized me with them.

You vapors, I think I have risen with you, moved away to distant

continents, and fallen down there, for reasons,

I think I have blown with you you winds;

You waters I have finger'd every shore with you,  
I have run through what any river or strait of the globe has run through,  
I have taken my stand on the bases of peninsulas and on the high  
    embedded rocks, to cry thence:

What cities the light or warmth penetrates I penetrate those cities myself,  
All islands to which birds wing their way I wing my way myself.

Toward you all, in America's name,  
I raise high the perpendicular hand, I make the signal,  
To remain after me in sight forever,  
For all the haunts and homes of men.