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SUMMARY KEYWORDS

poem, book, comrade, depart, elude, candidate, carry, hand, long, fair warning, rapture, gawk, unquestionably, person, roofed, affections, deliberately, victorious, american public, possibly

00:06

I'm Tracy k Smith. And this is the slow down.

00:23

When a book speaks to you, it's like another soul has traveled deliberately through space and time to unite with yours. As a writer, I know how much work goes into the writing of a book. But sometimes as a reader, it feels that something larger than just another person is involved in the Rapture. And the wonder that books Foster.

00:53

Today's poem is,

00:55

whoever you are holding me now in hand

00:57

by Walt Whitman,

01:02

whoever you are holding me now in hand, without one thing, all will be useless. I give you fair warning before you attempt to me further, I am not what you supposed, but far different. Who is

he that would become my follower, who would sign himself a candidate for my affections, the way is suspicious, the result? uncertain, perhaps destructive, you would have to give up all else, I alone would expect to be your sole and exclusive standard, your novitiate would even then be long and exhausting. The whole past theory of your life, and all conformity to the lives around you would have to be abandoned.

01:55

Therefore,

01:56

release me now, before troubling yourself

01:59

any further.

02:00

Let go your hand from my shoulders, put me down and depart on your way, or else by stealth in some wood for trial, or back of a rock in the open air. For in any roofed room of a house, I emerged not, nor in company. And in libraries, I lie as one dumb, a gawk or unborn or dead, but just possibly, with you, on a high hill first watching lest any person from miles around approach, unawares, or possibly, with you sailing at sea, or on the beach of the sea, or some quiet Island, here, to put your lips upon mine, I permit you, with the comrades long dwelling kiss, or the new husband's kiss, for I am the new husband, and I am the comrade, if you will, thrusting me, beneath your clothing, where I may feel the throbs of your heart, or rest upon your hip, carry me when you go forth overland, or see, for the US merely touching you is enough, is best, and thus touching you what I silently sleep and be carried eternally. But these leaves conning you con at peril, for these leaves and me, you will not understand, they will elude you at first and still more afterward, I will certainly elude you, even while you should think you had unquestionably caught me, behold, already You see, I have escaped from you. For it is not for what I have put into it, that I have written this book, nor is it by reading it, you will acquire it. Nor do those know me best to admire me and hauntingly praise me, nor Will the candidates for my love, unless at most a very few prove victorious, nor will my poems do good only, they will do just as much evil, perhaps more, for all is useless without that which you may get that many times and not hit, that which I hinted at. Therefore, release me and depart on your way.

04:40

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