

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,
 The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are
 with me, 15
 The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate
 into a new tongue.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
 And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
 And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation^o or pride, 20
 We have had ducking and deprecating^o about enough,
 I show that size is only development.

Have you outstripped the rest? are you the President?
 It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every one, and
 still pass on.

I am he that walks with the tender and growing night, 25
 I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night.

10-11. *Creeds . . . forgotten*: Certain creeds and schools of thought for a while
 sufficed, but are now retiring to the back of the poet's mind. 20. *dilation*: here,
 expansion. 21. *deprecating* (dĕp'rĭ-kāt'ĭng): disapproving.

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the
 stars,
 And the pismire^o is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and
 the egg of the wren,
 And the tree toad is a chef-d'œuvre^o for the highest,
 And the running blackberry^o would adorn the parlors of 30
 heaven,
 And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all
 machinery,
 And the cow crunching with depress'd head surpasses any
 statue,
 And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infi-
 dels^o

28. *pismire* (pĭs'mĭr'): ant. 29. *chef-d'œuvre* (shĕ-dĕ'vr): masterpiece.
 30. *running blackberry*: The blackberry sends out runners in the ground.
 33. *infidels*: nonbelievers. 41. *effuse*: pour out.