

Dr. Hers Ato

Welcome is every organ and attribute of me, and of any man
hearty and clean,
Not an inch or a particle of an inch is vile, and none shall be less
familiar than the rest.

In all people I see myself . . .
And the good or bad I say of myself I say of them.

I am the poet of the body,
And I am the poet of the soul.

Walt Whitman, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos,
Disorderly fleshly and sensual eating drinking and breeding,
No sentimentalist no stander above men and women or apart
from them no more modest than immodest.

I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
Seeing hearing and feeling are miracles, and each part and tag of
me is a miracle.

Divine I am inside and out, and I make holy whatever I touch or
am touched from;
The scent of these arm-pits is aroma finer than prayer,
This head is more than churches or bibles or creeds.

Logic and sermons never convince,
The damp of night drives deeper into my soul.

You must habit yourself to the dazzle of light and of every
moment of your life.

Do I contradict myself?
Very well then I contradict myself;
I am large I contain multitudes.

I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.

- Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*

