AH, NOT THIS GRANITE DEAD AND COLD.

Ah, not this granite, dead and cold!
Far from its base and shaft expanding—the round zones circling,
comprehending;
Thou, Washington, art all the world’s, the continents entire—not yours alone, America;
Europe’s as well, in every part, castle of lord or laborer’s cot,
Or frozen North, or sultry South—the Arab’s in his tent—the African’s;
Old Asia’s there with venerable smile, seated amid her ruins;
(Greets the antique the hero new? ’tis but the same—the heir legitimate, continued ever,
The indomitable heart and arm—proofs of the never-broken line,
Courage, alertness, patience, faith, the same—e’en in defeat defeated not, the same:)
Wherever sails a ship, or house is built on land, or day or night,
Through teeming cities’ streets, indoors or out, factories or farms,
Now, or to come, or past—where patriot wills existed or exist,
Wherever Freedom, poised by Toleration, swayed by Law,
Stands or is rising thy true monument.

February, 1885.

WALT WHITMAN.