O Me! O Life!

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| O ME! O life!... of the questions of these recurring; |  |
| Of the endless trains of the faithless—of cities fill’d with the foolish; |  |
| Of myself forever reproaching1 myself, (for who more foolish than I, and who more faithless?) |  |
| Of eyes that vainly crave the light—of the objects mean—of the struggle ever renew’d; |  |
| Of the poor results of all—of the plodding2 and sordid crowds I see around me; | *5* |
| Of the empty and useless years of the rest—with the rest me intertwined; |  |
| The question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good amid these, O me, O life? |  |
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| *Answer.*  That you are here—that life exists, and identity; |  |
| That the powerful play goes on, and you will contribute a verse.  Walt Whitman (1819-1892) |  |

1Reproaching – an expression of rebuke, or disapproval, or criticism

2Plodding – to work laboriously and monotonously