**PENSIVE ON HER DEAD GAZING, I HEARD
THE MOTHER OF ALL.**

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| PENSIVE, on her dead gazing, I heard the Mother of All,  |

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| Desperate, on the torn bodies, on the forms covering the          battle-fields gazing;  |

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| As she call'd to her earth with mournful voice while she          stalk'd:  |

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| Absorb them well, O my earth, she cried—I charge you,          lose not my sons! lose not an atom;  |

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| And you streams, absorb them well, taking their dear          blood;  |

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| And you local spots, and you airs that swim above          lightly,  |

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| And all you essences of soil and growth—and you, O          my rivers' depths;  |

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| And you mountain sides—and the woods where my          dear children's blood, trickling, redden'd;  |

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| And you trees, down in your roots, to bequeath to all          future trees,  |

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| My dead absorb—my young men's beautiful bodies ab-          sorb—and their precious, precious, precious          blood;  |

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| Which holding in trust for me, faithfully back again give          me, many a year hence,  |

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| In unseen essence and odor of surface and grass, centu-          ries hence;  |

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| In blowing airs from the fields, back again give me my          darlings—give my immortal heroes;  |

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| Exhale me them centuries hence—breathe me their          breath—let not an atom be lost;  |

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| O years and graves! O air and soil! O my dead, an          aroma sweet!  |

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| Exhale them perennial, sweet death, years, centuries          hence.  |