**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. |