

Continuities

By Walt Whitman

(From a talk I had lately with a German spiritualist.)

Nothing is ever really lost, or can be lost,
No birth, identity, form—no object of the world.
5 Nor life, nor force, nor any visible thing;
Appearance must not foil, nor shifted sphere confuse thy brain.
Ample are time and space—ample the fields of Nature.
The body, sluggish, aged, cold—the embers left from earlier fires,
The light in the eye grown dim, shall duly flame again;
10 The sun now low in the west rises for mornings and for noons continual;
To frozen clods ever the spring's invisible law returns,
With grass and flowers and summer fruits and corn.