

Song of Myself by Walt Whitman

Song of Myself is a wonderful poem, composed by a great national poet of America Walt Whitman. Whitman's attitude towards life is democratic and optimistic. Through his poems, he tries to unite the people of different culture and civilisation together. He believes in oneness and equality. It is true that he is known as a patriotic poet but his poems do deal only with one theme, he uses various themes to express his thoughts and ideas. His *Leaves of Grass* is a wonderful volume of poetry which is also called the epic of democracy.

The present poem *Song of Myself*, the poet celebrates the self. The speaker of the poem speaks not just for himself but for all mankind, praising the joy and wonder of experiencing nature. The poet celebrates the human body and its ability to become one with the self and with nature. The speaker shows that the union of the self and the body allows for a true transcendent experience. This joined self is capable of simultaneously being one with nature and standing apart from nature.

The self can merge with all things and experience all things, and it will go under many transformations.

The I of the poem is quite clearly, then, not the everyday self, the small, personal ego that is unique and different from all other selves. Rather the persona who speaks out in such bold terms is the human self-experiencing its own transcendental nature, silently witnessing all the turbulent activity of the world while itself remaining detached; apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am, both in and out of the game and watching and wandering at it. This I am immortal and persists through numberless human generations and through all the changing cycles of creation and destruction in the universe. It cannot be measured and circumscribed; it is blissful serenely content with itself, and needs nothing beyond or outside itself for its own fulfilment.

Hence the Whitman' persona can declare that "*I am the poet of body and I am the poet of soul*" he will not downgrade one in order to promote the other. the senses are miracles, no part of the body is to be rejected or scorned, and sexual desire should not be something that cannot be spoken of: "I do not press my fingers across my mouth. I keep as delicate around the bowels as around the head and heart. Copulation is no more rank to me than death is".

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