

“ MIRACLES ”,  
Walt Whitman -

Why, who makes much of a miracle?  
As to me I know of nothing else but miracles,  
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,  
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses toward the sky,  
Or wade with naked feet along the beach just in the edge  
of the water,  
Or stand under trees in the woods,  
Or talk by day with anyone I love, or sleep in the bed  
at night with anyone I love,  
Or sit at the table at dinner with the rest,  
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,  
Or watch honeybees busy around the hive  
of a summer forenoon,  
Or animals feeding in the fields,  
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of insects in the air,  
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars shining  
so quiet and bright,  
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon  
in spring;  
These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,  
The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its place.  
To me every hour of the light and dark is a miracle,  
Every cubic inch of space is a miracle,  
Every square yard of the surface of the earth is spread  
with the same,  
Every foot of the interior swarms with the same.  
To me the sea is a continual miracle,  
The fishes that swim-the rocks-the motion of the waves  
-the ships with men in them,  
What stranger miracles are there?