

O Tan-Faced Prairie-Boy

O TAN-FACED prairie-boy,
 Before you came to camp came many a welcome gift,
 Praises and presents came and nourishing food, till at last
 among the recruits,
 You came, taciturn, with nothing to give—we but look'd on
 each other,
 When lo! more than all the gifts of the world you gave me.

Look Down Fair Moon

LOOK down fair moon and bathe this scene,
 Pour softly down night's nimbus floods on faces ghastly,
 swollen, purple,
 On the dead on their backs with arms toss'd wide,
 Pour down your unstinted nimbus sacred moon.

Reconciliation

WORD over all, beautiful as the sky,
 Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time
 be utterly lost,
 That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly
 softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world;
 For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,
 I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I
 draw near,
 Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in
 the coffin.

How Solemn as One by One

(Washington City, 1865.)

HOW solemn as one by one,
 As the ranks returning worn and sweaty, as the men file by
 where I stand,
 As the faces the masks appear, as I glance at the faces
 studying the masks,

Walt Whitman, Poetry and Prose, ed.

Justin Kaplan (New York:
 Library of America, 1996)