

# O Me! O Life! By Walt Whitman

Oh me! Oh life! of the questions of these recurring,  
Of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities fill'd with the  
foolish,  
Of myself forever reproaching myself, (for who more foolish  
than I, and who more faithless?)  
Of eyes that vainly crave the light, of the objects mean, of  
the struggle ever renew'd,  
Of the poor results of all, of the plodding and sordid crowds  
I see around me,  
Of the empty and useless years of the rest, with the rest me  
intertwined,  
The question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good amid  
these, O me, O life?

Answer.

That you are here—that life exists, and identity,  
That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a  
verse.