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Whispers of Heavenly Death

By WALT WHITMAN

(Reprint)

Whispers of heavenly death murmured I hear,
Labial gossip of night, sibilant chorals,
Footsteps gently ascending, mystical breezes wafted soft and low,
Ripple of unseen rivers, tides of a current flowing, forever flowing
(Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless waters of human tears?)

I see, just skyward, great cloud-masses, Mournfully, slowly they roll, silently swelling and mixing, With at times a half-dimmed saddened far-off star Appearing and disappearing.

(Some parturition rather, some solemn immortal birth; On the frontiers to eyes impenetrable. Some soul is passing over.)