

*Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass:
A Glimpse, 1892*

A GLIMPSE through an interstice caught,
Of a crowd of workmen and drivers in a bar-room
around the
stove late of a winter night, and I unremark'd seated
in a
corner,
Of a youth who loves me and whom I love, silently
approaching
and seating himself near, that he may hold me by the
hand,
A long while amid the noises of coming and going, of
drinking
and oath and smutty jest,
There we two, content, happy in being together,
speaking little,
perhaps not a word.

