

I Sing the Body Electric by Walt Whitman

I SING the body electric,
The armies of those I love engirth me and I engirth them,
They will not let me off till I go with them, respond to them,
And disarrange them, and charge them full with the charge of the
soul.

Was it doubted that those who corrupt their own bodies conceal
themselves?

And if those who defile the living are as bad as they who defile the
dead?

And if the body does not do fully as much as the soul?

And if the body were not the soul, what is the soul?

