

**Song of Myself**  
**Walt Whitman**

I celebrate myself,  
And what I assume you shall assume,  
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loaf invite my soul,  
I lean and loaf at my ease... observing a spear of summer grass.

I exist as I am, that is enough,  
If no other in the world be aware I sit content,  
And if each and all be aware I sit content.

One world is aware, and by far the largest to me, and that is myself,  
And whether I come to my own today or in ten thousand or ten million years,  
I can cheerfully take it now, or with equal cheerfulness I can wait.