



JOHN SLADE

I SING

*Walt
Whitman*

ALLONS! LET'S GO!

(from Song of the Open Road)

Allons! (Let's go) Whoever you are, come travel with me! Traveling with me you find what never tires. I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell.

Allons! (Let's go) We must not stop here! However sweet these laid-up shores, however convenient this dwelling, we cannot remain here;

Allons! (Let's go) The inducements shall be greater;
We will sail pathless and wild seas;

Allons! (Let's go) From all your formulae! From your formulae,
O bat-eyed and materialistic priests!

Allons! (Let's go) Yet take warning. He traveling with me needs the best blood, thews, endurance;

Come not if you have already spent the best of yourself;

Listen! I will be honest with you:

I do not offer the old smooth prizes, but offer rough new prizes;

These are the days that must happen to you.

Allons! (Let's go) To that which is endless as it was beginningless...
To know the Universe itself as a road—as many roads—as roads for traveling souls

Sately, solemn, sad, withdrawn ... accepted by men, rejected by men,

They go! They go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go;

But I know that they go toward the best, toward something great!

Allons! (Let's go) The road is before us!

It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet have tried it well.

Allons! (Let's go) Be not detained!

Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten and the book

on the shelf unopened!

Let the tools remain in the workshop! Let the money remain unearned!

Let the school stand! Mind not the cry of the teacher!

Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! Let the lawyer plead in the court,

and the judge expound the law.

Mon enfant! I have you my hand!

I give you my love, more precious than money,

I give you myself, before preaching and law;

Will you give me yourself? Will you come travel with me?

Shall we stick by each other as long as we live?



ONE OF THE ROUGHS

Who goes there hankering, gross, mystical, nude...?

Walt Whitman, an American, one of the rougHS

A kosmos, disorderly fleshy and sensual ... eating drinking and breeding ...

No sentimentalist, no stander above men & women or apart from them.

I am the poet of the body, and I am the poet of the soul...

The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me,

I believe in the flesh and the appetites,

Seeing hearing and feeling are miracles,

and each part and tag of me is a miracle

I celebrate Myself and what I assume, you shall assume.

Every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you!

My tongue every atom of my blood, born from this soil, this air

Born here from parents born here from parents born here from parents the same,

I now 37 years old, in perfect health begin, hoping to cease not till death

Each moment & whatever happens thrills me w/ joy.

LONG AND LONG

The smallest sprouts show there is really no death,
And if ever there was, it led forward life, and does not wait at the end to arrest it,
And ceased the moment life appeared.
All goes onward and outward. . . and nothing collapses,
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.
Has anyone supposed it lucky to be born? I hasten to inform him or her it is
just as lucky to die, and I know it . . .
Long and long has the grass been growing,
Long and long has the rain been falling,
Long has the globe been rolling round.
Long was I held close, immense have been the preparations for me,
Now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

BEEHIVES, FLASHES AND SPECKS

Where beehives range on a gray bench in the garden
half-hid by the high weeds;
Where the band-necked partridges roost in a ring on the ground
with their heads out;
Where burial coaches enter the arched gates of a cemetery;
Where winter wolves bark amid wastes of snow and icicled trees. . .

His own parents,
He that had fathered him, and she that had conceived him in
her womb and birthed him,
They gave him afterward every day—they became part of him.
Affection that will not be gainsaid . . . the sense of what is real—
the thought if, after all, it should prove unreal,
The doubts of day-time and the doubts of night-time—
the curious whether and how,
Whether that which appears so is so, or is all flashes and specks?

I RE-EXAMINE PHILOSOPHIES AND RELIGIONS

Magnifying I and applying come I,
Outbidding at the start I the old cautious hucksters,
Osiris, Isis, I Belus, Brahma, Buddha,
In my portfolio placing Manito loose, Allah on a leaf, the crucifix engraved,
Taking them all I for what they are worth and not a cent more,
Admitting they were alive and did the work of their days, . . . [but]

There was never any more inception than there is now,
Nor any more heaven or hell than there is now,
The pleasures of heaven are with me now. . .
Such gliding wonders! Such sights and sounds!
Such joined unended links, each hooked to the next. . .

I am of old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise,
Maternal as well as paternal, a child as well as a man,
Stuffed with the stuff that is coarse and stuffed with the stuff that is fine,
I resist anything better than my own diversity,
Breathe the air but leave plenty after me,
And am not stuck up! and am in my place

[I am with you . . .]

TO YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE

Whoever you are, I fear you are walking the walks of dreams,
I fear those . . . realities are to melt from under your feet and hands;
Even now your features, joys . . . dissipate away from you,
Your true soul and body appear before me. . .
Whoever you are, now I place my hand upon you, that you be my poem,
I whisper with my lips close to your ear,
I have loved many women and men, but I love none better than you.
O I have been dilatory and dumb,
I should have made my way straight to you long ago,
I should have blabbed nothing but you,
I should have chanted nothing but you.
I will leave all, and come and make the hymns of You;
None have understood you, but I understand you,
None have done justice to you, you have not done justice to yourself. . .
None but would subordinate you, I only am he who will never consent to subordinate you.
I only am he who places over you no master, owner, better, god,
beyond what waits intrinsically in yourself.
O I could sing such grandeurs and glories about you!
You have not known what you are—
you have slumbered upon yourself all your life,
Your eyelids have been as much as closed most of the time,
What you have done returns already in mockeries,
Your thrift, knowledge, prayers, if they do not return in mockeries,
what is their return?
The mockeries are not you.
Underneath them, and within them, I see You lurk,
I pursue You where none else has pursued you,

DIVINE NIMBUS

This is the female form. A divine nimbus exhales from it from head to foot
It attracts with fierce, undeniable attraction
You unseen force, you tides of ceaseless swell,
What central heart, and you the pulse, vivifies all?
[I feel] the urge and urge and urge, always the procreant urge of the world...

Out of the dimness opposite equals advance...
I love you, O you entirely possess me
O that you and I escape from the rest and go utterly off, free and lawless,
Two hawks in the air, two fishes swimming in the sea not more
lawless than we.

WE TWO BOYS

We two boys together clinging
One the other never leaving
Up and down the roads going
North and south excursions making
Power enjoying—elbows stretching—fingers clatching
Armed and fearless—eating, drinking, sleeping, loving...
Fulfilling our foray!"

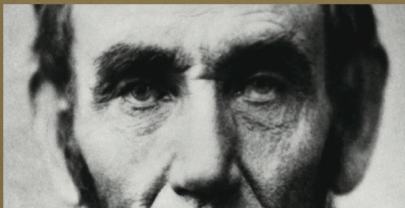
"O YOU whom I often and silently come where you are that I may be with
you! As I walk by your side, or sit near, or remain in the same room with you,
I Little you know the subtle electric fire that for your sake is playing
within me."

Here I hide my thoughts—I do not expose them
And yet they expose me more than all my other poems...
For an athlete is enamored of me—and I of him,
But toward him there is something fierce and
terrible in me eligible to burst forth
I dare not tell it in words—not even in these songs

In your youth, ever love a certain person ardently and your love was not
returned ... and you wondered, is there even one other like me?

"The one I love most lay sleeping beside me under the cover in the cool night,
I in the stillness, in the autumn moonbeams, his face was inclined toward me,
and his arm lay lightly around my breast, and that night I was happy."

Waldo, the dirtiest book in the world is the expurgated book. If I cut sex out,
I may as well cut everything out, the full scheme would no longer exist—it
would be violated in its most sensitive spot: love. Love is the pulse of all.



WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourned—and yet shall mourn, with ever-returning spring.
Ever-returning spring: Trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac-blooming perennial—and drooping star in the West,
And thought of him I love...
Here, coffin, that slowly passes. I give you my sprig of lilac.

O powerful Western fallen star!
O shades of night, O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappeared ... O helpless soul of me ...

In the dooryard fronting an old farm house near the white-washed palings,
Stands the lilac bush tall growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard
With delicate colored blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

WONDERFUL

(Who Learns My Lesson Complete?)

Who learns my lesson complete? It is very wonderful.
It is no little matter, this round and delicious globe,
moving so exactly in its orbit forever and ever
Without one jolt or the untruth of a single second. It is very wonderful.
I do not think it was made in six days, nor in ten thousand years,
nor in ten decillions of years, nor planned and built on thing after

another as an architect plans and builds a house, but it's wonderful.

I do not think that 70 years is the time of a man or a woman. Nor that 70 millions of years is the time of a man or a woman...

It is wonderful, but my eyesight is equally wonderfully, and how I was conceived in my mother's womb is equally wonderful

And how I was not palpable once, but am now, and was born on the last day of May in year 43 of America!

And passed from a babe in the creeping trance of 3 summers and 3 winters to articulate and walk, all this is equally wonderful

And that my soul embraces you this hour, and that we affect each other without seeing each other and never perhaps seeing each other is every bit as wonderful

And that I can think such thoughts as these is just as wonderful,

And that I can remind you, and you can think them and know them to be true is just as wonderful,

And the moon spins round the earth and on with the earth is equally wonderful, and that they balance themselves with the sun and stars is

equally wonderful!

Come, I should like to hear you tell me what there is in yourself that is not just as wonderful

And I should like to hear the name of anything between Sunday morning and Saturday night that is not just as wonderful!

Who learns my lesson complete?

O CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

O Captain, my Captain, our fearful trip is done

The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel trim and daring,

But O heart, heart, heart, O the bleeding drops of red

Where on the deck my captain lies fallen cold and dead.

O Captain, my Captain, rise up and hear the bells

Rise up, for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills

For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning,

Here Captain, dear father this arm beneath your head

It is some dream that on the deck you've fallen cold and dead

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will

The ship is anchored safe and sound, the voyaged closed and done

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won

Exult O shores and ring O bells! But I with mournful tread

Walk the deck my captain lies fallen cold and dead.



CREDITS

Produced by John Slade and Ken Eros

Recorded by Ken Eros

Mixed and Mastered at Eros Creative and Sound - Ojai, CA

Photos of John by Chris Jensen

Designed by The Design-Studio™ at Disc Makers

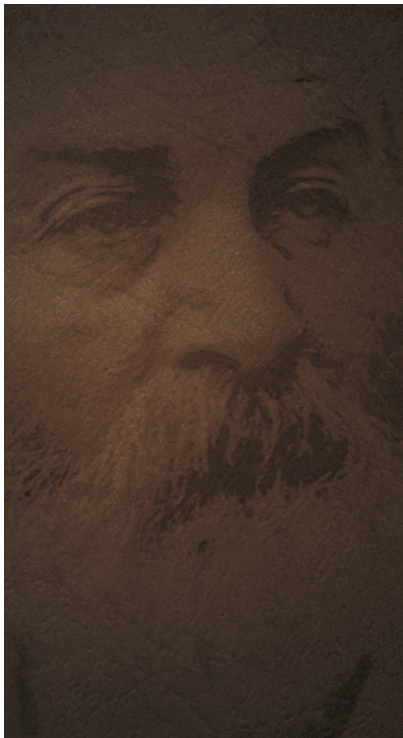
Manufactured and printed by Disc Makers, Pennsauken, NJ, U.S.A.

John Slade – vocals, keyboards

Ken Eros – acoustic guitar (11), b vox (8, 10); bass (10); claps (1,5); drum programming (1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10); e-bow guitar (4); whistling (8)

April Theriault – claps (1, 5); tin whistle (11)

Jimmy Calire – Hammond, sax (10)



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