

To Walk Whitman

Hey, thanks, Mr. Whitman
for hearing my voice
my pleasant hum as I sew and wash

It's good to know you hear such a sweet and gentle song
intertwining with all the other ladies'
as we sew
 and wash.

You call it melodies,
yet I fear you fear its tune.
you hear only a dull hum,
 the harmony
ignoring the words,
 the voice.

Well I am not a mellow bassist to be ignored,
masked in the back of the orchestra.
I am not a gentle hummer
here to harmonize your life

and I do not like to sew
 or wash.