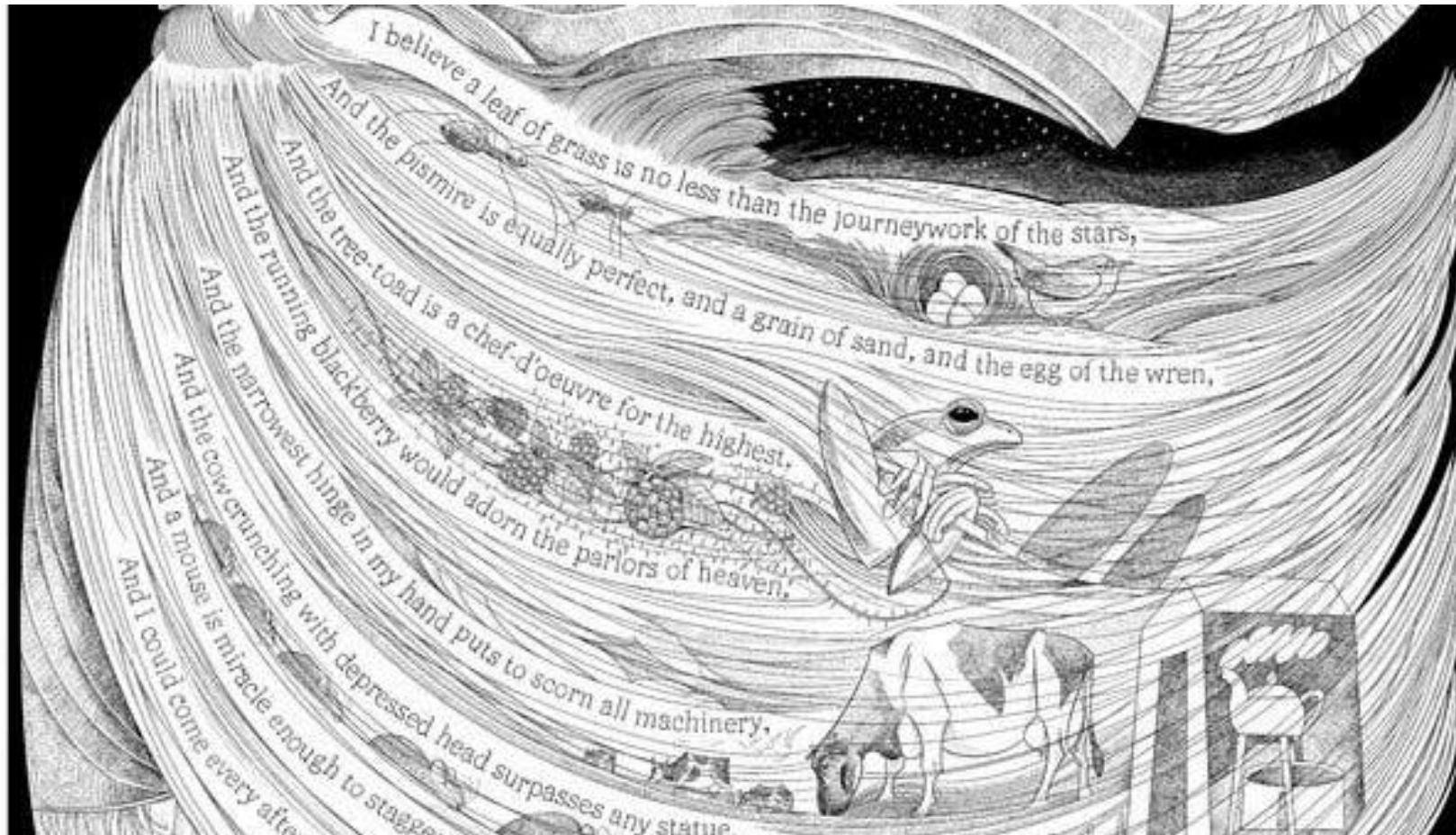


WALT WHITMAN

*..I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the
journey-work of the stars..*

Locked inside, we're like Whitman, finding joy in smallness..



WHAT MAKES A GREAT POET?

To what extent do you agree?



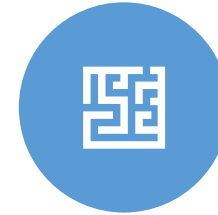
1-HAVING SOMETHING TO SAY?



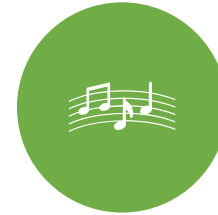
2-HAVING THE "CAPACITY FOR CLEAR THOUGHT,"?



3- BEING GENIUS AT PUTTING HIS/HER EMOTIONS INTO WORDS?



4-POSSESSING AN INSATIABLE CURIOSITY, CONSTANTLY ASKING **WHY** AND **HOW**?



5-SEEING PATTERNS AND RHYTHM IN EACH LINE AND VERSE OF EVERY POEM?



6-BEING A REPRESENTATIVE OF HIS /HER TIME?



7-SPEAKING TO FUTURE GENERATIONS?



I Hear America Singing

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of **mechanics**, each one singing his as it
should be blithe and strong,
The **carpenter** singing his as he measures his plank
or beam,
The **mason** singing his as he makes ready for work,
or leaves off work,
The **boatman** singing what belongs to him in his
boat, the **deckhand** singing on the steamboat deck,
The **shoemaker** singing as he sits on his bench, the
hatter singing as he stands,
The **wood-cutter's** song, the **ploughboy's** on his
way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at
sundown,
The delicious singing of the **mother**, or of the young
wife at work, or of the **girl** sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to
none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party
of young fellows, robust, friendly,
***Singing with open mouths their strong melodious
songs.***



The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jjo5k3y7w0s>

NEGATIVE ELEMENTS



POSTIVE ELEMENTS



Oh me! Oh life! of the questions of these recurring,
Of the *endless trains of the faithless*, of cities fill'd with the *foolish*,
Of myself forever *reproaching* myself, (for who more foolish than I, and
who more faithless?)

Of *eyes that vainly crave the light*, of the objects mean, of the *struggle*
ever renew'd,

Of the poor results of all, of the *plodding and sordid crowds* I see
around me,

Of the *empty* and *useless* years of the rest, with the rest me
intertwined,

**The question, O me! so sad, recurring—What good amid these, O me,
O life?**

Answer.

That you are here—that life exists and identity,

That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse.



I PAD- commercial

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ep2_0WHogRQ

VOLVO - commercial

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=42ZMiODnMtE>

LEVI'S - commercial

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FdW1CjbCNxw&t=1s>

