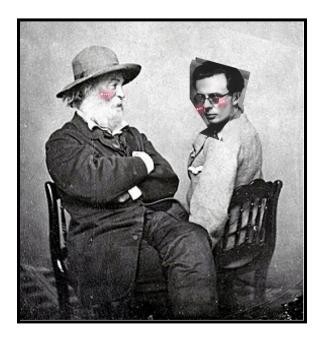
Speaking of love<sup>1</sup>, have some Wuxshwy.



There in the grass<sup>2</sup> he stood, the father of American poetry himself. His beard flowed lusciously in the breeze; his sweaty teeth<sup>3</sup> sparkled in the sunlight. Huxley's attempts to hide his blushing were futile like all his human actions.<sup>4</sup> Starstruck, he whispered, "Oh my Ford,<sup>5</sup> it's Walt Whitman, father of American poetry and author of bestselling book *Leaves of Grass*!"

Whitman gazed serenely in Huxley's direction, his face angled perfectly so as to cover the shining bald spot on the back of his head.<sup>6</sup> Such strategy, such thoughtfulness. His eyes were calm yet they pierced right into Huxley's heart like Cupid's arrows. They contradicted themselves, they contained multitudes of handsomeness.<sup>7</sup> Huxley could not see the poet's jawline, as it was concealed by his glorious beard, but he was certain it was glorious as well.

Then Walt Whitman began to walk most gracefully towards Huxley, who could hardly contain his excitement. Closer and closer he neared. His hair billowed in the wind. Just when Huxley thought it couldn't get better, Whitman spoke such awe-inspiring words, "Hey shawty, wanna link?"

Huxley nearly fainted with joy, "Yes! Yes, my love! A thousand times yes!"

"Fabulous!" Whitman exclaimed in delight, "Let us unite in marriage like how all things are united."9

"Oh Whitman, my relationship with eugenics may be complex,<sup>10</sup> but my relationship with you is simple: true love," Huxley sighed longingly.

"Oh Aldous Huxley, author of bestselling book *Brave New World*, I contain multitudes upon multitudes<sup>7</sup> of love for you as well," Whitman declared, "Now, shall we perhaps mingle our blood within the body of a flea?<sup>11</sup> It is the pinnacle of romance, after all."

"Yes, my love. Yes, we shall."

And so they did.

(can you tell it's 2AM)<sup>12</sup>

<sup>1</sup>This was included at the end of the author's Honors Literature essay about *Brave New World*. Her thesis heavily involved the theme of love.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup>A reference to Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>3</sup>In the movie *Dead Poets Society*, one of the characters describes Whitman as a "sweaty-toothed madman."

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>4</sup>me when the futility of human action

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>5</sup>Henry Ford, the god of *Brave New World*'s World State Society.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>6</sup>He lost it while rubbing his head on a tree. Nature is beautiful.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>7</sup>"Do I contradict myself? Very well then .... I contradict myself; I am large .... I contain multitudes." (Whitman 44)

<sup>8&</sup>quot;hey shawty wanna link" (Yshao 0712)

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>9</sup>A key belief in Whitman's philosophy of transcendentalism is the unity of all things.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>10</sup>Huxley did indeed have a complex relationship with eugenics.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>11</sup>A reference to "The Flea" by John Donne.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>12</sup>The author is quite fond of procrastination.