

**"Poets to Come" by Walt Whitman**

Poets to come! orators, singers, musicians to come!  
Not to-day is to justify me and answer what I am for,  
But you, a new brood, native, athletic, continental, greater than before known,  
Arouse! Arouse—for you must justify me—you must answer

I myself but write one or two indicative words for the future,  
I but advance a moment, only to wheel and hurry back in the darkness.

I am a man who, sauntering along, without fully stopping, turns a casual look upon you, and then  
averts his face,  
Leaving it to you to prove and define it,  
Expecting the main things from you.