



WALT I WOULD SING THE SONG OF MYSELF, HOWEVER  
SELECTION OF POEMS

Author: William S. Nelson II

Source: *English Studies in Latin America*, No. 16 (January 2019)

ISSN: 0719-9139

Published by: Facultad de Letras, Pontificia Universidad Católica de Chile

---

This work is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Non Commercial-No Derivs 3.0 Unported License. To view a copy of this license, visit <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/3.0/> or send a letter to Creative Commons, 444 Castro Street, Suite 900, Mountain View, California, 94041, USA.

Your use of this work indicates your acceptance of these terms.





English Studies in Latin America  
ISSN: 0719-9139  
Issue 16 (January 2019)

# **WALT I WOULD SING THE SONG OF MYSELF, HOWEVER**

## **Selection of Poems**

William S. Nelson II<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> nelson.traduce@gmail.com

The force that pushes the daisies  
up from the seed through the stem  
to the petals into the seed again  
is defiant of the planet  
is the radiance of the sun  
as reflected in the planet  
is the planet itself  
is the force of the universe defiant  
of the universe  
is the radiance of the stars  
reflected in the planets  
sitting in a mushroom  
standing in a tree  
buzzing in an insect  
flying in a bird  
swimming in a fish  
running in an animal,  
the flinging  
inanimate universe  
is animate.

What shall become of my Oxygen?  
where will my hungry soul flow?

What shall become of my Carbon?  
Where will my four bones go?

And what will happen to my Hydrogen?  
Shall I be welcomed everywhere?

At least I can say that my Nitrogen  
will be life as earth and air.

All the bottles  
that have been  
made into homes  
into art  
into rafts  
into midden

that have been made into tools  
into shivs  
into vases  
into drinking glasses  
into lamps  
into chandeliers  
into salt shakers  
into firebombs  
into toys  
into planters  
into watering cans  
into candelabra  
into curtains

into tubes

All the bottles that have been hugged in desperation  
That have been broken in frustration  
.....been hidden by the unhinged  
..... been stored by the epicureans  
..... been stockpiled by Bill's friends  
..... been let fall in the darkness  
..... been let go in the wind  
..... held in both hands  
..... held up to the light  
..... appreciated expertly  
..... opened inexpertly  
..... balanced on heads  
..... caught while falling  
..... bobbled  
..... spun  
..... poured out on the floor

They're out there.

Containing.  
Protecting.  
Retaining.  
Partitioning.  
Promising.

Millions of bottles are falling right now  
it's an incontrovertible fact  
a bottle is falling  
where after might follow  
that unmistakable 'crack'  
or a perfect popping splinter sound  
but probably just, "thum".

All the bottles  
The Brown Green Blue bottles  
Will go on long  
After the eyes of humanity  
Have closed.