

Chapter 1 : Project MUSE - I Wish I Had a Heart Like Yours, Walt Whitman

Jude Nutter writes in I Wish I Had a Heart Like Yours, Walt Whitman some of the most poignant, human, and all-encompassing anti-war poetry I have ever read. She writes some of the poignant and human poetry I have ever read, period.

Richmond - Ind Dear Walt; Last night was my first real attempt at the kind of splurge we have talked about. I came off at the Presbyterian Ch. There were some present. I guess it was a success. At all events, the thanks were profuse and hearty. I now feel sure I can make this sort of thing all over the country. But I want to reduce the bust exhibition business to a magic lantern performance. It would cost like sin to tote several large busts about the country. I must have them some way. I am worried about Harned. I hope the affair has not been serious. And I hope you are comfortable. Will send it by 1st of next week. What about the lecture for the Fidelity? Kind regards to Mrs. Morse " was a self-taught sculptor as well as a Unitarian minister and, from to , editor of The Radical. He visited Whitman in Camden many times and made various busts of him. Whitman had commented on an earlier bust by Morse that it was "wretchedly bad. Bohan, Looking into Walt Whitman: American Art, " University Park: Pennsylvania State University Press, , " The famous abolitionist John Brown " began pursuing a violent guerilla war against slavery in Kansas and Missouri in Ralph Waldo Emerson " was an American poet and essayist who began the Transcendentalist movement with his essay Nature. LeMaster and Donald D. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. Garland Publishing,], Elias Hicks " was a Quaker from Long Island whose controversial teachings led to a split in the Religious Society of Friends in , a division that was not resolved until For more on Hicks and his influence on Whitman, see David S. Knopf, , 37" He died of a heart attack on March 11, He met Whitman in and proceeded to visit the aging author almost daily beginning in mids. The result of these meetings" during which Traubel took meticulous notes" is the nine-volume collection With Walt Whitman in Camden. Later in life, Traubel also published Whitmanesque poetry and revolutionary essays. Garland Publishing, , " For more, see Carol J.

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I wish I had a voice like yours, Jude Nutter! I made myself slow down my reading. I put the book down to think, letting her poetry sink more surely into the well of memory.

In your body, a great heaviness. As if you had swallowed your own grave. Hour after hour the artillery and the mortars coax dark mouths to open in the duff and the muck, and there are times when a manâ€™s photos, long bones, muscles, hardwareâ€™s opens with them. And how many times in the life you had before this one did you cross, without thinking, walking upright and whistling, a distance of fifty yards? When the man right beside you dies, you know it, without looking: First there is nothing more than his great stillness; then, around his head in the dirt, the long- furred banner of his blood appearing. You notice his hair, darkened with sweat, a fold of skin above the collar of his battle dress; how sunlight is thrust like a dowel through the tidy stigma the bullet has punched in his helmet, which has come to rest beside you, now, on the battlefield. Alive or not, each man here is equally dead; and so, in a lull behind a screen of smoke, you put on his helmet, aware that a helmet pierced by a bullet will help you, until the danger has passed or darkness falls, in feigning death. And so the mind begins to rehearse its own oblivion. Long before he knocks off the helmet to press the narrow rictus of the Luger against your temple, you smell the breath of the barrel. He is your ageâ€™ no more than twentyâ€™ and his eyes are ransacked, empty, the windows of a mansion gutted by fire. But after holding your gaze for the briefest moment, he steps back and holsters his pistol; and flat in the dirt, in a fever of grief and fatigue, you are no longer sure if he is real, or a dream with a heart made kind by carnage and darkness, or even which possibility you might prefer. Either way, after holding your gaze for the briefest moment, he stepped back and holstered his pistol. Either way, he has passed you over. American Journal of Poetry 3 Some make hardly a soundâ€™ a sand grain blown against glass; but othersâ€™ butterflies, for instance, kiss a bit harder and leave behind a whiplash of dust. The mind is a jailer whose job it is to wake us when we are not sleeping and I am suddenly the child I used to be, running amuck through the garden with my killing jars and my nets; a child so in love with the world that she carried pieces of it everywhere so she would never forget. There was nothing beautiful in such dying, in such bluster and panic. My net had a mesh as soft as a stocking and it held the scent of chemicals and breakageâ€™ a bitterness like tarnished metal. Every day there were items left behindâ€™ torn wings like scraps of propaganda, the leg of a cricket like a dropped hat pin. In the killing jar, the crickets were the worst of allâ€™ their leaps against the glass the music of someone fiddling with the small change in his pocket. What hubris to think the insects loved their lives any less than I loved mine. From a distance each tree was a green trawl of light. At the end of every trouble, I thought, were fields like this, fields like sunlit platforms. I could step right into it and never arrive; it was always behind me, where the grass had already shrugged off the dark kiss of my small boots. I have wasted my life trying to enter this promise. I will waste whatever life I have left. What the world gives, the world then takes away.

Chapter 3 : Jude Nutter (Author of I Wish I Had a Heart Like Yours, Walt Whitman)

"The poems in Jude Nutter's I Wish I Had a Heart Like Yours, Walt Whitman consistently and beautifully re-imagine the poem of meditation on the atrocities of war. Nutter invokes, invites and revises Whitman's civil war poems through thoroughly contemporary and female perspectives.

Chapter 4 : Project MUSE - I Wish I Had a Heart Like Yours, Walt Whitman

In "Return of the Heroes," Walt Whitman refers to the casualties of the American Civil War: "the dead to me mar not / they fit very well in the landscape under the trees and grass".

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On mornings free of cloud the insects mistake my windows for clean platters. of sky and knock against them, seeking entry. Some make hardly a soundâ€”a sand grain.

Chapter 6 : I Wish I Had a Heart Like Yours, Walt Whitman by Jude Nutter

Publisher's Summary In "Return of the Heroes, " Walt Whitman refers to the casualties of the American Civil War: 'the dead to me mar not/they fit very well in the landscape under the trees and grass'.

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