

To those who've fail'd

To those who've fail'd, in aspiration vast,
To unnam'd soldiers fallen in front on the lead,
To calm, devoted engineers – to over-ardent travelers – to pilot on their ships,
To many a lofty song and picture without recognition – I'd rear laurel-cover'd monument,
High, high above the rest –
To all cut off before their time,
Possess'd by some strange spirit of fire,
Quench'd by an early death.

Walt Whitman