

*As remediated by Danielle Gasparro

song of the open road* by walt whitman

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author's note

All of the photos included within this remediation, save for the first and last ones, were taken (*shhhhhh...*) while driving. Between November 2009 and December 2010, I had the pleasure of experiencing countless mesmerizing vistas across the United States of America when I embarked upon a series of tours as an independent performing songwriter. The photographs within this book serve as a mere sampling of the rejuvenating scenes my eyes beheld; Whitman's words represent the bountiful melodies that roared within my heart, as I passed them by.

For anyone whose hands have ever played a part in the building of any road.

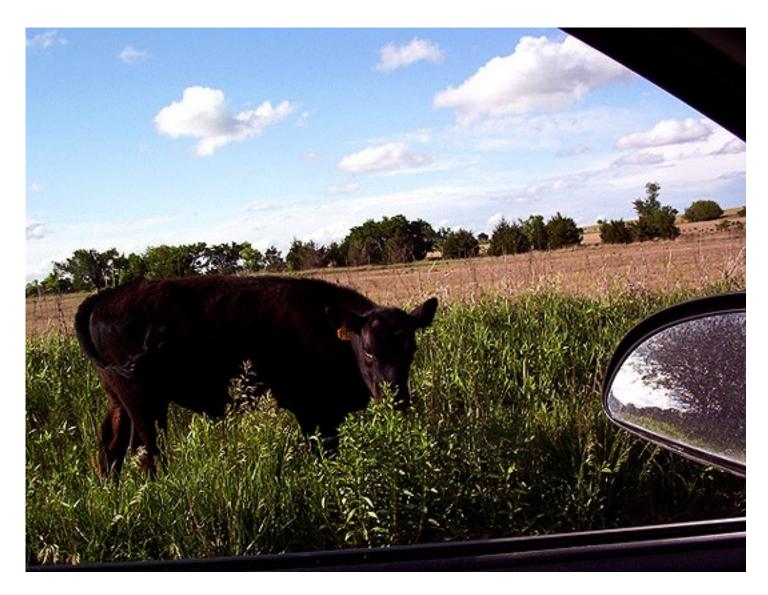


Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road.

The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.



Strong and content I travel the open road.



You road I enter upon and look around, I believe you are not all that is here,



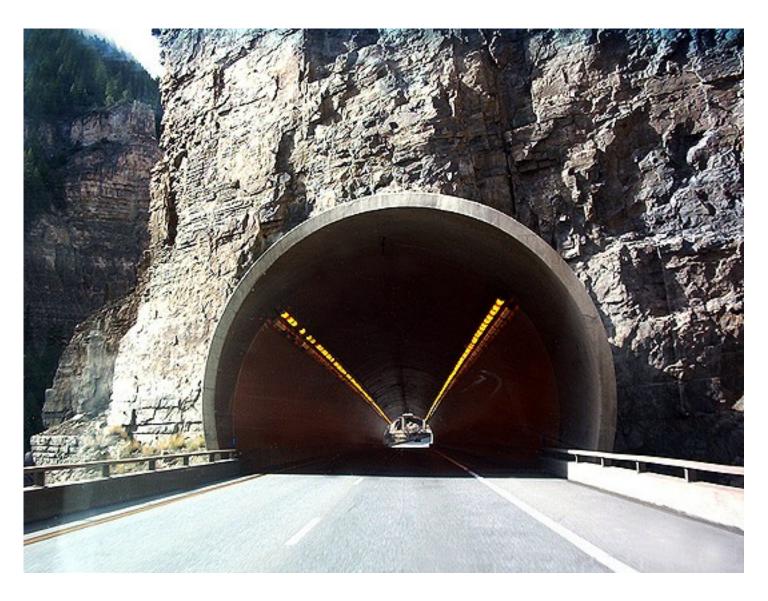
I believe that much unseen is also here.



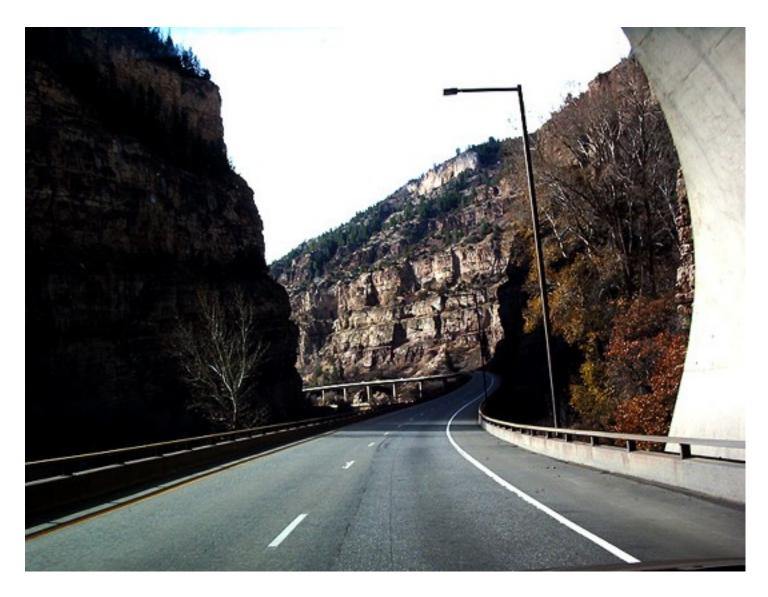
You air that serves me with breath to speak! I believe you are latent with unseen existences, you are so dear to me.



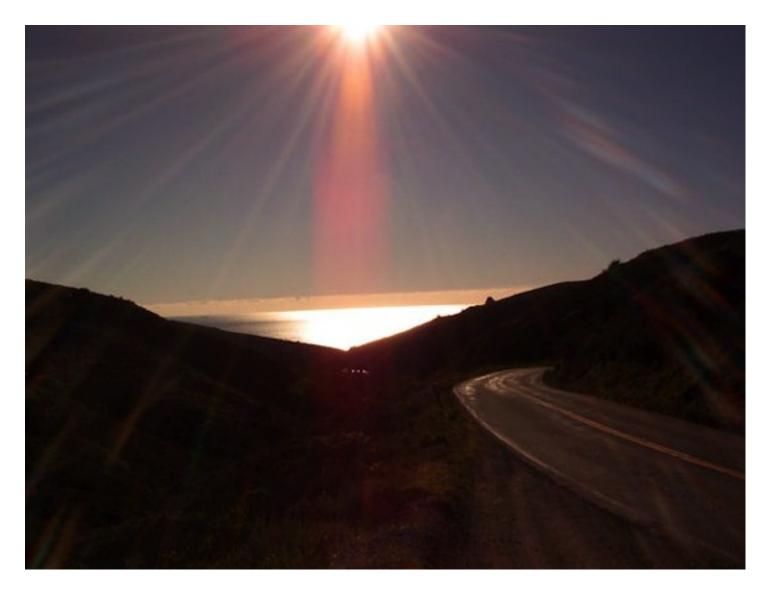
You gray stones of interminable pavements! You trodden crossings! From all that has touch'd you I believe you have imparted to yourselves,



and now would impart the same secretly to me.



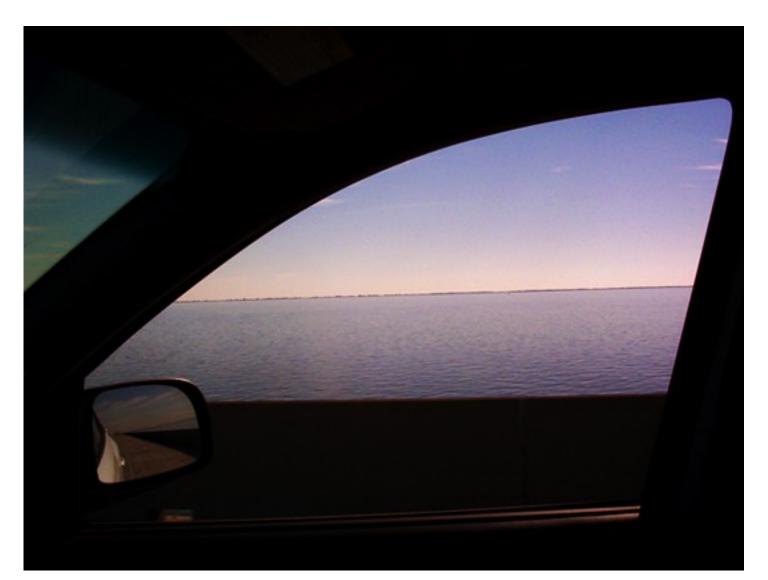
The earth expanding right hand and left hand, The picture alive, every part in its best light, The music falling in where it is wanted, and stopping where it is not wanted,



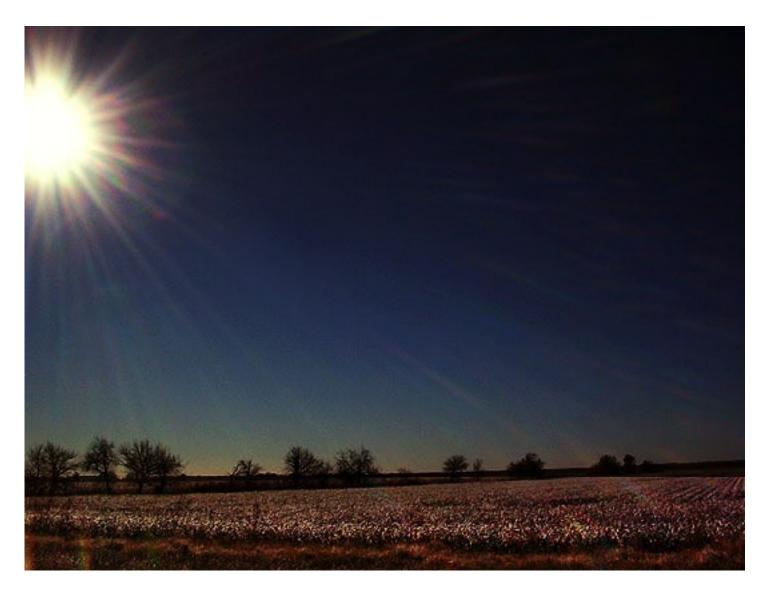
I think heroic deeds were all conceiv'd in the open air, and all free poems also, I think I could stop here myself and do miracles.



From this hour I ordain myself loos'd of limits and imaginary lines,



Pausing,



searching,



receiving,



contemplating,



I inhale great draughts of space.



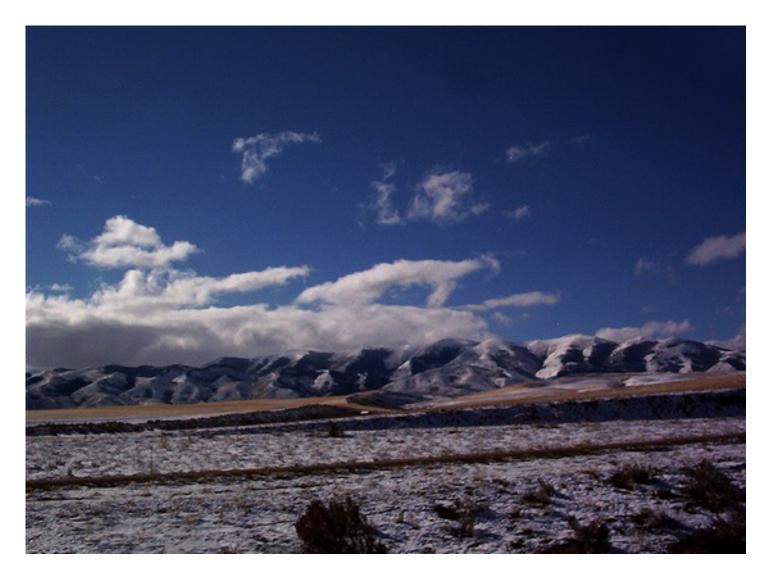
I re-examine philosophies



and religions,



They may prove well in lecture-rooms, yet not prove at all under the spacious clouds and along the landscape.



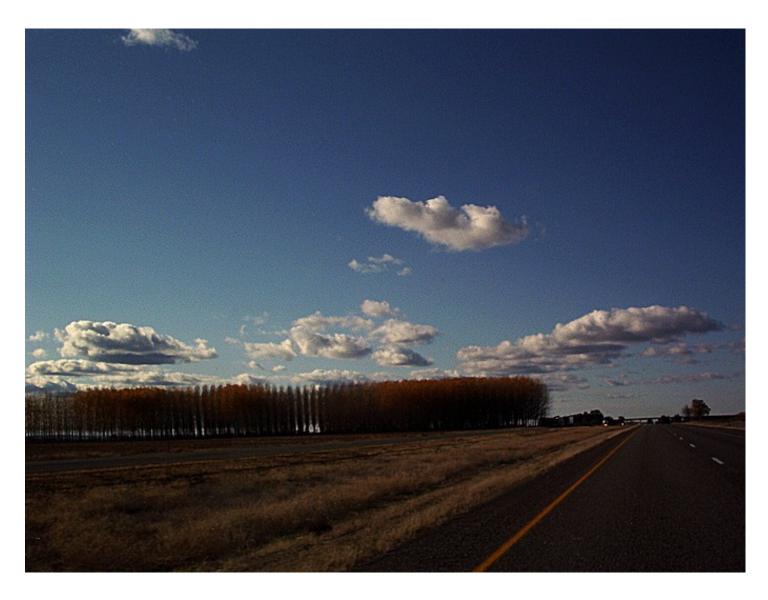
Here is the efflux of the soul,



The efflux of the soul comes from within through embower'd gates, ever provoking questions,



Why are there trees I never walk under but large and melodious thoughts descend upon me?



Allons! The earth never tires,



Nature is rude and incomprehensible at first, Be not discouraged, keep on, there are divine things well envelop'd,



I swear to you there are divine things more beautiful than words can tell.



Allons! To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it,



To see no being, but you also go thither,



To take the best of the farmer's farm,



and the fruits of orchards,



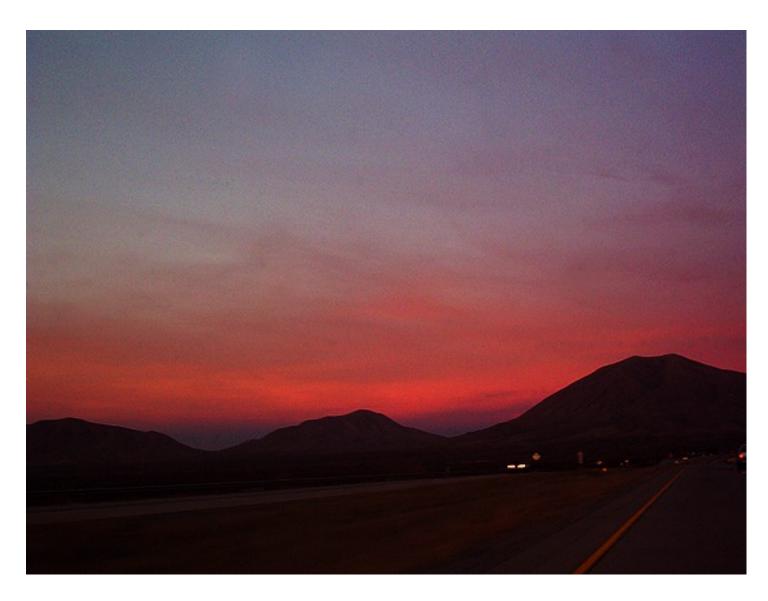
To carry buildings and streets with you afterward wherever you go,



To see no possession but you may possess it,



To know the universe itself as a road,



Forever alive,

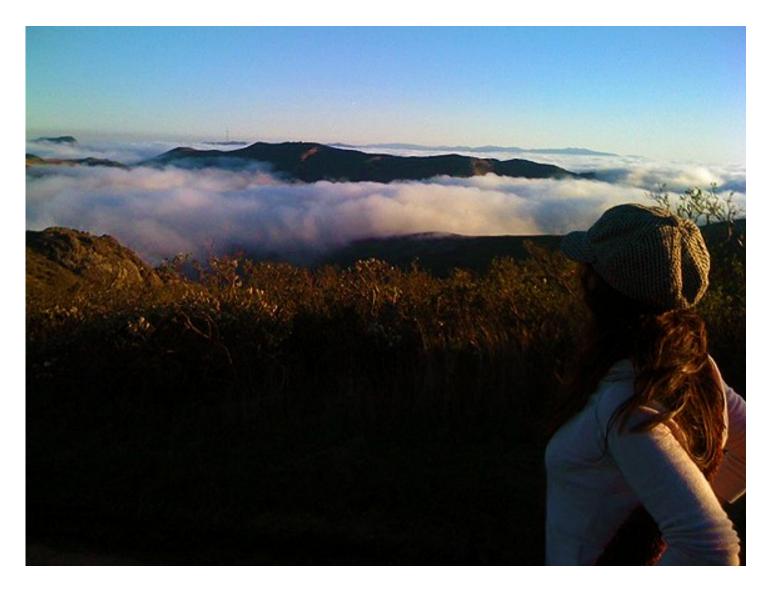


forever forward.



O public road, I say back I am not afraid to leave you, yet I love you, You express me better than I can express myself,

You shall be more to me than my poem.



"Song of the Open Road" by Walt Whitman A remediation by Danielle Gasparro © 2011 All rights reserved.

All photos snapped by Danielle Gasparro, except the first one (cheers, Briana Dunning) and the last (boundless thanks, Mark Coleman).