

## CAVALRY CROSSING A FORD

Walt Whitman

A line in long array where they wind betwixt green island,  
They take a serpentine course, their arms flash in the sun--hark to the musical  
clank,  
Behold the silvery river, in it the splashing horses loitering stop to drink,  
Behold the brown-faced men, each group, each person a picture, the negligent  
rest on the saddles,  
Some emerge on the opposite bank, others are just entering the ford--while,  
Scarlet and blue and snowy white,  
The guidon flags flutter gayly in the wind.