

# Good-bye, My Fancy!

Good-bye my Fancy!  
Farewell dear mate, dear love!  
I'm going away, I know not where,  
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,  
So Good-bye my Fancy.

Now for my last – let me look back a moment;  
The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,  
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.  
Long have we lived, joy'd, carress'd together;  
Delightful! – now separation – Good-bye my Fancy.

Yet let me not be too hasty,  
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really blended into one;  
Then if we die we die together, (Yes, we'll remain one,)  
If we go anywhere we'll go together to meet what happens,  
May-be we'll be better off and blither, and learn something,  
May-be it is yourself now really ushering me to the true songs, (who knows?)  
May-be it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turning – so now finally,  
Good-bye – and hail! my Fancy.

by Walt Whitman