

How was the slave
when he first met
the person in the poem?

What ways did the
person in the poem
help the slave?

How can we
help others
around us?

The Runaway Slave

by Walt Whitman

The runaway slave came to my house
and stopt outside,
I heard his motions crackling the twigs
of the woodpile,
Through the swung half-door of the
kitchen

I saw him limpsy and weak,
and went where he sat on a log and led
him in and assured him,

And brought water and fill'd a tub for
his sweated body and bruis'd feet,
And gave him a room that enter'd
from my own,

And gave him some coarse clean
clothes,

And remember perfectly well his
revolving

eyes and his awkwardness,

And remember putting plasters on the
galls of his neck and ankles;

He staid with me a week before he was
recuperated and pass'd north,

I had him sit next me at table, my
fire-lock lean'd in the corner.