



# *Orange Buds by Mail from Florida*

**Walt Whitman**

A lesser proof than old Voltaire's, yet greater,  
Proof of this present time, and thee, thy broad expanse, America,  
To my plain Northern hut, in outside clouds and snow,  
Brought safely for a thousand miles o'er land and tide,  
Some three days since on their own soil live-sprouting,  
Now here their sweetness through my room unfolding,  
A bunch of orange buds by mail from Florida.