

Chapter 1 : Carl Sandburg - Poet | Academy of American Poets

the friends of carl sandburg at connemara. Government funding alone can no longer maintain special treasures like the Carl Sandburg Home in Flat Rock, North Carolina without financial reinforcement.

Topically and formally, Sandburg mimics the poems of Walt Whitman. Sandburg, though, is not his equal. There is a charm and diversity, an empathy and a boldness that Whitman has, but Sandburg lacks. And Whitman was more diverse than his well-known Leaves of Grass prophecies. Sandburg wrote some memorable poems including the much-anthologized Chicago and Fog. The first Sandburg is the child of Whitman. The first section, Chicago Poems, could easily be viewed as one continuing poem like Leaves of Grass. And there are gems throughout this set, particularly in the sections titled War Poems and the portraits of poverty in Shadows. But Sandburg lacks something – perhaps the bold sweep and bravado of Whitman. They seem to end when I feel they should push on and raise the language and the stakes of the poem. Some people praise the non-rhetorical plainness of them, but while a strength in the short term, overall it weakens his work and they end up lacking that memorable quality. But I have much admiration for Sandburg. He is a social and a political poet. He is writing poetry from the street with an critical edge. He is aware of the world around him, the people around him. One has no doubt of the time and place in which he writes. His voice is meant to be spoken in public – on the street corner – not read in a darkened bedroom alone. While many poets are better craftsmen, Sandburg actually has something to say in a world that needs things said. Do you know that all the great work of the world is done through me? I am the audience that witnesses history. The Napoleons come from me and the Lincolns. And The only poet I really like. And then I send forth more Napoleons and Lincolns. I am the seed ground. I am a prairie that will stand for much plowing. Terrible storms pass over me. The best of me is sucked out and wasted. Everything but Death comes to me and makes me work and give up what I have. When I, the People, learn to remember, when I, the People, use the lessons of yesterday and no longer forget who robbed me last year, who played me for a fool – then there will be no speaker in all the world say the name: The mob – the crowd – the mass – will arrive then.

Chapter 2 : Analysis of "Fog" by Carl Sandburg | Owlcation

Members and guests are invited to the Annual Meeting of the Friends of Carl Sandburg. The event will take place on Wednesday, April 24 at the Flat Rock Village Hall from PM.

Ranging over anything they found important, from writing and politics to health, humor, and home improvement plans, the letters are packed full of colorful description and period details. Then overwrite it and cut it down. Let no day pass without writing it. When the going is good with you, your sentences march and hammer and sing low and what is called style is there in simple perfection. You have only to go to your memories and to the wellsprings of your own heart for what is termed material. You have an eye for the vivid and can render it sparsely. Most of whatever you now need to be taught will have to come out of your own loving and toilsome practice. It is not possible for me to hob nob with Tavarish on his collectivist farm today. But is it time to bomb the curtain? It might be wise for us to remember that our mass reaction to foreigners as persons is constantly changing. Nothing in world affairs remains static. Why should we expect it to? It is the eternal verities which remain unchanged. The things which, when all else fails, we fight for. It offers a glimpse into the aesthetic and the working methods of a major Illinois writer. The reader finishes *The Poet and the Sailor* feeling that he or she has come to know two remarkable writers and human beings. Even without the Sandburg connection, the Dodson letters are of great value, because they are the reflections of a bright, self-taught, sincere, and faithful man. As this book documents, Sandburg and Dodson built a lasting friendship on the foundation of their letters. Dodson wrote to Sandburg as graphic an account of the war as military censorship and security would allow, and also entrusted to Sandburg his dreams about writing. In turn, Sandburg not only gave writing advice, he confided in Dodson some of the challenges in his own work, particularly *Remembrance Rock*. He also offered Dodson astute advice, writer to writer. Dodson was an exception--and Sandburg took a deep interest in him as a promising writer, almost a surrogate son.

Chapter 3 : Carl Sandburg Quotes - Friendship Quotes by Carl Sandburg

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Analysis "Fog" is a short poem, six lines long, split into two stanzas. It is a free verse poem, having no regular rhyme or set meter metre in British English. The poem is an extended metaphor, the poet seeing the fog as a cat that comes on tiny, silent feet, as cats do when they are stalking for example. Only a cat can move in such a way, almost imperceptibly, and in complete silence. Cats are stealthy, moving in slow motion at times. They can fix themselves onto an object or creature, seemingly in a trance, yet they appear to be moving in a most mysterious fashion. This poem captures a little of this feline mystery. By doing this, the poet is introducing the idea that the fog is alive and is an entity. Cats also have the habit of finding a place which gives them an overview of a landscape or territory. They can sit or lie for hours in this elevated state, taking in all that happens almost inscrutably. Fog, likewise, moves in at a slow pace and then stops, smothering everything, covering a landscape or seascape, and bringing silence and mystery. You cannot see through or into it, much like trying to understand a catâ€”you can only get so far. Can you ever get to know a cat? Ever get to know fog? Cats like to move on at their own paceâ€”at their leisure. They become totally relaxed but when they want to move they do so usually on their own terms. Same with the fog. Short lines By keeping the lines short, the poet is controlling the pace, keeping it slow. This reflects the slow fog rolling in. Imagery Fog meets cat; cat meets fog. Note the use of feet and not paws. The image is of thick white fog which slowly develops into a small feline, becomes life-like and is then gone. The fog is looking, as a cat looks, taking everything in. Here we have a snapshot of a city scene. It is a short animation.

Chapter 4 : Best Famous Carl Sandburg Poems | Famous Poems

*My Friend Carl Sandburg: The Biography of a Friendship [Lilla S. Perry] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Book by Perry, Lilla S.*

My head knocks against the stars. My feet are on the hilltops. My finger-tips are in the valleys and shores of universal life. Down in the sounding foam of primal things I reach my hands and play with pebbles of destiny. I have been to hell and back many times. I know all about heaven, for I have talked with God. I dabble in the blood and guts of the terrible. I know the passionate seizure of beauty And the marvelous rebellion of man at all signs reading "Keep Off. When he was a gelding He flashed his heels to other ponies And threw dust in the noses of other ponies And won his first race and his second And another and another and hardly ever Came under the wire behind the other runners. And so, Remorse, who is gone, was the hero of a play By Henry Blossom, who is now gone. What is there to a monicker? A nut, a cheese, something that the cat brought in. Nick me with any old name. Class me up for a fish, a gorilla, a slant head, an egg, a ham. Only slam me across the ears sometimes and hunt for a white star In my forehead and twist the bang of my forelock around it. Make a wish for me. Maybe I will light out like a streak of wind. Make rhythms up to the ragtime chatter of the machine guns; Make slow-booming psalms up to the boom of the big guns. Make a marching song of swinging arms and swinging legs, Going along, Going along, On the roads from San Antonio to Athens, from Seattle to Bagdad" The boys and men in winding lines of khaki, the circling squares of bayonet points. I stand on sidewalks and you go by with drums and guns and bugles, You and the flag! They are after a Hohenzollern head: There is no man-hunt of men remembered like this. The four big brothers are out to kill. France, Russia, Britain, America" The four republics are sworn brothers to kill the kaiser. Yes, this is the great man-hunt; And the sun has never seen till now Such a line of toothed and tusked man-killers, In the blue of the upper sky, In the green of the undersea, In the red of winter dawns. And is it nothing else than this? Three times ten million men thirsting the blood Of a half-cracked one-armed child of the German kings? Three times ten million men asking the blood Of a child born with his head wrong-shaped, The blood of rotted kings in his veins? If this were all, O God, I would go to the far timbers And look on the gray wolves Tearing the throats of moose: I would ask a wilder drunk of blood. It is four brothers in joined hands together. The people of bleeding France, The people of bleeding Russia, The people of Britain, the people of America" These are the four brothers, these are the four republics. At first I said it in anger as one who clenches his fist in wrath to fling his knuckles into the face of some one taunting; Now I say it calmly as one who has thought it over and over again at night, among the mountains, by the seacombers in storm. I say now, by God, only fighters to-day will save the world, nothing but fighters will keep alive the names of those who left red prints of bleeding feet at Valley Forge in Christmas snow. Good-night is the word, good-night to the kings, to the czars, Good-night to the kaiser. The breakdown and the fade-away begins. The shadow of a great broom, ready to sweep out the trash, is here. Out and good-night" The ghosts of the summer palaces And the ghosts of the winter palaces! Out and out, good-night to the kings, the czars, the kaisers. God pities this trash, God waits with a broom and a dustpan, God knows a finger will speak and count them out. It is written in the stars; It is spoken on the walls; It clicks in the fire-white zigzag of the Atlantic wireless; It mutters in the bastions of thousand-mile continents; It sings in a whistle on the midnight winds from Walla Walla to Mesopotamia: There is a hammering, drumming hell to come. The killing gangs are on the way. God takes one year for a job. God takes ten years or a million. God knows when a doom is written. God knows this job will be done and the words spoken: The red tubes will run, And the great price be paid, And the homes empty, And the wives wishing, And the mothers wishing. There is only one way now, only the way of the red tubes and the great price. Well! Maybe the morning sun is a five-cent yellow balloon, And the evening stars the joke of a God gone crazy. Three times ten million men say: God is a God of the People. The graves from the Irish Sea to the Caucasus peaks are ten times a million. The stubs and stumps of arms and legs, the eyesockets empty, the cripples, ten times a million. The crimson thumb-print of this anathema is on the door panels of a hundred million homes. Cows gone, mothers on sick-beds, children cry a hunger and no milk

comes in the noon-time or at night. The death-yells of it all, the torn throats of men in ditches calling for water, the shadows and the hacking lungs in dugouts, the steel paws that clutch and squeeze a scarlet drain day by dayâ€”the storm of it is hell. Out of the wild finger-writing north and south, east and west, over the blood-crossed, blood-dusty ball of earth, Out of it all a God who knows is sweeping clean, Out of it all a God who sees and pierces through, is breaking and cleaning out an old thousand years, is making ready for a new thousand years. The four brothers shall be five and more. Under the chimneys of the winter time the children of the world shall sing new songs. Among the rocking restless cradles the mothers of the world shall sing new sleepy-time songs. Wilderness THERE is a wolf in me â€¦ fangs pointed for tearing gashes â€¦ a red tongue for raw meat â€¦ and the hot lapping of bloodâ€”I keep this wolf because the wilderness gave it to me and the wilderness will not let it go. There is a fox in me â€¦ a silver-gray fox â€¦ I sniff and guess â€¦ I pick things out of the wind and air â€¦ I nose in the dark night and take sleepers and eat them and hide the feathers â€¦ I circle and loop and double-cross. There is a hog in me â€¦ a snout and a belly â€¦ a machinery for eating and grunting â€¦ a machinery for sleeping satisfied in the sunâ€”I got this too from the wilderness and the wilderness will not let it go. There is a fish in me â€¦ I know I came from saltblue water-gates â€¦ I scurried with shoals of herring â€¦ I blew waterspouts with porpoises â€¦ before land was â€¦ before the water went down â€¦ before Noah â€¦ before the first chapter of Genesis. There is an eagle in me and a mockingbird â€¦ and the eagle flies among the Rocky Mountains of my dreams and fights among the Sierra crags of what I want â€¦ and the mockingbird warbles in the early forenoon before the dew is gone, warbles in the underbrush of my Chattanooga of hope, gushes over the blue Ozark foothills of my wishesâ€”And I got the eagle and the mockingbird from the wilderness. O, I got a zoo, I got a menagerie, inside my ribs, under my bony head, under my red-valve heartâ€”and I got something else: I say yes and no: I sing and kill and work: I am a pal of the world: I came from the wilderness. Smoke of a steel-mill roof or a battleship funnel, They all go up in a line with a smokestack, Or they twist â€¦ in the slow twist â€¦ of the wind. If the north wind comes they run to the south. If the west wind comes they run to the east. By this sign all smokes know each other. Smoke of the fields in spring and leaves in autumn, Smoke of the finished steel, chilled and blue, By the oath of work they swear: Some of the smokes God dropped on the job Cross on the sky and count our years And sing in the secrets of our numbers; Sing their dawns and sing their evenings, Sing an old log-fire song: You may put the damper up, You may put the damper down, The smoke goes up the chimney just the same. Smoke of a city sunset skyline, Smoke of a country dusk horizonâ€” They cross on the sky and count our years. Smoke of a brick-red dust Winds on a spiral Out of the stacks For a hidden and glimpsing moon. This, said the bar-iron shed to the blooming mill, This is the slang of coal and steel. The day-gang hands it to the night-gang, The night-gang hands it back. Stammer at the slang of thisâ€” Let us understand half of it. A bar of steelâ€”it is only Smoke at the heart of it, smoke and the blood of a man. A runner of fire ran in it, ran out, ran somewhere else, And leftâ€”smoke and the blood of a man And the finished steel, chilled and blue. So fire runs in, runs out, runs somewhere else again, And the bar of steel is a gun, a wheel, a nail, a shovel, A rudder under the sea, a steering-gear in the sky; And always dark in the heart and through it, Smoke and the blood of a man. Pittsburg, Youngstown, Garyâ€”they make their steel with men. In the blood of men and the ink of chimneys The smoke nights write their oaths: Smoke into steel and blood into steel; Homestead, Braddock, Birmingham, they make their steel with men. Smoke and blood is the mix of steel. The birdmen drone in the blue; it is steel a motor sings and zooms. Steel barb-wire around The Works. Steel guns in the holsters of the guards at the gates of The Works. Steel ore-boats bring the loads clawed from the earth by steel, lifted and lugged by arms of steel, sung on its way by the clanking clam-shells. The runners now, the handlers now, are steel; they dig and clutch and haul; they hoist their automatic knuckles from job to job; they are steel making steel. Fire and dust and air fight in the furnaces; the pour is timed, the billets wriggle; the clinkers are dumped: Liners on the sea, skyscrapers on the land; diving steel in the sea, climbing steel in the sky. Finders in the dark, you Steve with a dinner bucket, you Steve clumping in the dusk on the sidewalks with an evening paper for the woman and kids, you Steve with your head wondering where we all end upâ€” Finders in the dark, Steve: I hook my arm in cinder sleeves; we go down the street together; it is all the same to us; you Steve and the rest of us end on the same stars; we all wear a hat in hell together, in hell or heaven.

Carl Sandburg Quotes about Friendship Carl Sandburg Friendship Quotes. Please enjoy these Carl Sandburg quotes on Friendship from my collection of Friendship quotes.

The Sandburgs were very poor; Carl left school at the age of thirteen to work odd jobs, from laying bricks to dishwashing, to help support his family. At seventeen, he traveled west to Kansas as a hobo. He then served eight months in Puerto Rico during the Spanish-American war. The young man convinced Sandburg to enroll in Lombard after his return from the war. While Sandburg attended Lombard for four years, he never received a diploma he would later receive honorary degrees from Lombard, Knox College, and Northwestern University. After college, Sandburg moved to Milwaukee, where he worked as an advertising writer and a newspaper reporter. While there, he met and married Lillian Steichen whom he called Paula , sister of the photographer Edward Steichen. A Socialist sympathizer at that point in his life, Sandburg then worked for the Social-Democrat Party in Wisconsin and later acted as secretary to the first Socialist mayor of Milwaukee from to Harriet Monroe had just started Poetry: He established his reputation with Chicago Poems , and then Cornhuskers , for which he received the Pulitzer Prize in Soon after the publication of these volumes Sandburg wrote Smoke and Steel , his first prolonged attempt to find beauty in modern industrialism. With these three volumes, Sandburg became known for his free verse poems that portrayed industrial America. In the twenties, he started some of his most ambitious projects, including his study of Abraham Lincoln. From childhood, Sandburg loved and admired the legacy of President Lincoln. For thirty years he sought out and collected material, and gradually began the writing of the six-volume definitive biography of the former president. These later volumes contained pieces collected from brief tours across America which Sandburg took each year, playing his banjo or guitar, singing folk-songs, and reciting poems. The War Years , for which he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize. He received a second Pulitzer Prize for his Complete Poems in His final volumes of verse were Harvest Poems, and Honey and Salt Carl Sandburg died on July 22,

Chapter 6 : Carl Sandburg - Wikipedia

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

From the age of about fourteen until he was seventeen or eighteen, he worked as a porter at the Union Hotel barbershop in Galesburg. He then became a bricklayer and a farm laborer on the wheat plains of Kansas. He began his writing career as a journalist for the Chicago Daily News. Sandburg also collected and edited books of ballads and folklore. He spent most of his life in the Midwest before moving to North Carolina. Sandburg was never actually called to battle. He attended West Point for just two weeks, before failing a mathematics and grammar exam. Sandburg returned to Galesburg and entered Lombard College , but left without a degree in . He then moved to Milwaukee, Wisconsin , and joined the Social Democratic Party, the name by which the Socialist Party of America was known in the state. Sandburg served as a secretary to Emil Seidel , socialist mayor of Milwaukee from to . Sandburg with his wife, whom he called Paula, raised three daughters. Sandburg also wrote Abraham Lincoln: The family moved to Michigan in , and the Sandburg house at South York Street in Elmhurst was demolished and the site is now a parking lot. Here he produced a little over a third of his total published work, and lived with his wife, daughters, and two grandchildren. The ashes were interred under "Remembrance Rock", a granite boulder located behind his birthhouse. It is now a Chicago landmark. Sandburg is also remembered by generations of children for his Rootabaga Stories and Rootabaga Pigeons, a series of whimsical, sometimes melancholy stories he originally created for his own daughters. He felt that the European stories involving royalty and knights were inappropriate, and so populated his stories with skyscrapers, trains, corn fairies and the "Five Marvelous Pretzels". Pete Seeger, who calls it a "landmark", saw it "almost as soon as it came out. That was where we belonged. The spare design consists of a profile originally drawn by his friend William A. The bulk of the collection was purchased directly from Carl Sandburg and his family. Financed by the city, it is located between Clark and LaSalle St. In , Carl Sandburg Village was converted to condominium ownership. He resided at S. York Street in Elmhurst from to . The house was demolished and the site is a parking lot. Sandburg was in attendance, and stretched what was supposed to be a one-hour event into several hours, regaling students with songs and stories. Years later, he returned to the school with no identification and, appearing to be a hobo, was thrown out by the principal. When he later returned with I. Carl Sandburg attended the dedication of the school. In the name was changed to Sandburg Middle School servicing grades 6, 7, and 8. The school was built with a capacity for 1, students. Sandburg Middle school was one of the first schools in the state of Minnesota to offer accelerated learning programs for gifted students. The middle school closed in and now operates as the Sandburg Learning Center, specializing in adult education. Again, Sandburg came for the ceremonies and was clearly impressed with the faces of the young children, who gathered around him. Sandburg Halls is a student residence hall at the University of Wisconsinâ€”Milwaukee. The building consists of four high-rise towers with a total housing capacity of 2, students. The name was recommended by the Library Commission as an example of an American author representing the best of literature of the Midwest. Carl Sandburg had taught at the University of Michigan for a time. Unsourced material may be challenged and removed. January This article needs additional citations for verification. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. Thomas Hart Benton painted a portrait Carl Sandburg in , for which the poet had posed. Her copy of the six volumes became the centerpiece of her shrine to Lincoln.

Chapter 7 : Chicago Poems by Carl Sandburg

"Trying to write briefly about Carl Sandburg," said a friend of the poet, "is like trying to picture the Grand Canyon in one black and white snapshot." His range of interests was enumerated by his close friend, Harry Golden, who, in his study of the poet, called Sandburg "the one American writer who distinguished himself in five fields" poetry.

At the time Sandburg ought to have graduated from high school, he left his hometown and traveled by train to Kansas in search of a job, hiding in train cars to avoid the purchase of a train ticket. When he came back home, he volunteered to fight in the Spanish-American War and served for eight months. His service in the war qualified him for a tuition-free education at Lombard college in Galesburg, where he attended for four years, however he never received a diploma. There, he met Philip Green Wright, an instructor who inspired the young poet to continue writing and actually funded the publication of his 1st collections of poetry, *In Reckless Ecstasy* , *Incidentals* , and *The Plaint of a Rose* , which were originally printed as leaflets. Sandburg, his new wife and their three children moved to Chicago, Illinois, where he wrote editorials for the *Daily News*. His poetry was published in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* and several other literary magazines shortly after the move and convinced him to continue writing. Sandburg won the Pulitzer Prize in for his *Collected Poems*. His lifelong interest in Abraham Lincoln, which resulted in two multi-volume biographies, earned him immense respect and the Pulitzer Prize in History. Sandburg also published popular short story and poetry collections for children, and the *New American Songbag* , a book of American folklore for adults. Sandburg continued to travel the world and wrote poetry until his death in at his home in North Carolina. Poetry is an art practiced with the terribly plastic material of human language. Poetry is a sequence of dots and dashes, spelling depths, crypts, cross-lights, and moon wisps. Poetry is an echo asking a shadow dancer to be a partner. Poetry is the journal of a sea animal living on land, wanting to fly the air. Poetry is a series of explanations of life, fading off into horizons too swift for explanations. Poetry is a fossil rock-print of a fin and a wing, with an illegible oath between. Poetry is a sky dark with a wild-duck migration. Poetry is a search for syllables to shoot at the barriers of the unknown and the unknowable. Poetry is a type-font design for an alphabet of fun, hate, love, death. Poetry is a sliver of the moon lost in the belly of a golden frog. Poetry is a mock of a cry at finding a million dollars and a mock of a laugh at losing it. Poetry is the harnessing of the paradox of earth cradling life and then entombing it. Poetry is a packsack of invisible keepsakes. Poetry is a shuffling of boxes of illusions buckled with a strap of facts. Poetry is a phantom script telling how rainbows are made and why they go away. Poetry is the achievement of the synthesis of hyacinths and biscuits. Poetry is the capture of a picture, a song, or a flair, in a deliberate prism of words. Poems by Carl Sandburg.

Chapter 8 : 88 Inspiring Quotes By Carl Sandburg

By Carl Sandburg About this Poet "Trying to write briefly about Carl Sandburg," said a friend of the poet, "is like trying to picture the Grand Canyon in one black and white snapshot."

Chapter 9 : Carl Sandburg, Famous Poet - Family Friend Poems

In Dr. Kathryn Benzel developed Prayers for the People in order to regenerate Carl Sandburg's poetry, demonstrate the breadth of his writing, and recognize his iconic image as Poet of the People"and to bring it all to the public.