

## College Guild

P.O. Box 6448, Brunswick, ME 04011

# POETRY CLUB II

## Unit 2 of 7

Poems by Carl Sandburg

As in Unit 1, you will have four poems to read and discuss. These four are by Carl Sandburg, whose poem "Muckers" you read in the first Unit of Poetry Club I.

**1. Discuss each of the four poems included with this unit.**

**2. Write four original poems of your own.**

### THE JUNK MAN

I am glad God saw Death  
And gave Death a job taking care of all who are tired of  
living:

When all the wheels in a clock are worn and slow and the  
connections loose  
And the clock goes on ticking and telling the wrong time  
from hour to hour  
And the people around the house joke about what a bum  
clock it is,  
How glad the clock is when the big Junk Man drives his  
wagon  
Up to the house and puts his arms around the clock and  
says:

"You don't belong here,  
You gotta come  
Along with me,"

How glad the clock is then, when it feels the arms of the  
Junk Man close around it and carry it away.

### JOY

Let a joy keep you.  
Reach out your hands  
And take it when it runs by,  
As the Apache dancer  
Clutches his woman.  
I have seen them  
Live long and laugh loud,  
Sent on singing, singing,  
Smashed to the heart  
Under the ribs  
With a terrible love.  
Joy always,  
Joy everywhere -  
Let joy kill you!  
Keep away from the little deaths.

WARS

In the old wars drum of hoofs and the beat of shod feet  
In the new wars hum of motors and the tread of rubber  
tires.

In the wars to come silent wheels and whirl of rods not  
yet dreamed out in the heads of men.

In the old wars clutches of short words and jabs into  
faces with spears.

In the new wars long-range guns and smashed walls,  
guns running a spit of metal and men falling in tens  
and twenties.

In the wars to come new silent deaths, new silent hurlers  
not yet dreamed out in the heads of men.

In the old wars kings quarreling and thousands of men  
following.

In the new wars kings quarreling and thousands of men  
Following.

In the wars to come kings kicked under the dust and  
millions of men following great causes not yet  
dreamed out in the heads of men.

A TEAMSTER'S FAREWELL

*Sobs En Route to a Penitentiary*

Good-by now to the streets and the clash of wheels and  
Locking hubs,  
The sun coming on the brass buckles and harness knobs,  
The muscles of the horses sliding under their heavy  
Haunches,  
Good-by now to the traffic policeman and his whistle,  
The smash of the iron hoof on the stones,  
All the crazy wonderful slamming roar of the street –  
O God, there's noises I'm going to be hungry for.

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*Remember: First names only & please let us know if your address changes*

