

*The prints of many new ships shall be on the sky.
The Four Horsemen shall ride again in a bitter dust,
The granaries of great nations shall be the food of fat rats,
And the shooting stars shall write new alphabets on the sky
 Before we come home,
 Before we understand.*

*Off in our western sky,
Off in a burning maroon,
Shall come in a wintrish haze,
Shall come in points and crystals—
A shovel of stars.*

*Let us wigwag the moon.
Let us make new propellers,
Go past old spent stars
And find blue moons on a new star path.*

*Let us make pioneer prayers.
Let working clothes be sacred.
Let us look on
And listen in
On God's great workshop
Of stars. . . .*

*Sea sunsets, give us keepsakes.
Prairies gloamings, pay us for prayers.
Mountain clouds on bronze skies—
 Give us great memories.
Let us have summer roses.
Let us have tawny harvest haze in pumpkin time.
Let us have springtime faces to toil for and play for.
Let us have the fun of booming winds on long waters.
Give us dreamy blue twilights—of winter evenings—to
 wrap us in a coat of dreaminess.
Moonlight, come down—shine down, moonlight—meet
 every bird cry and every song calling to a hard old
 earth, a sweet young earth.*

—CARL SANDBURG.