

LONG GUNS

Sandburg, Carl, 1878-1967

Then came, Oscar, the time of the guns.
And there was no land for a man, no land for a country,
 Unless guns sprang up
 And spoke their language.
The how of running the world was all in guns.

The law of a God keeping sea and land apart,
The law of a child sucking milk,
The law of stars held together,
 They slept and worked in the heads of men
 Making twenty mile guns, sixty mile guns,
 Speaking their language
 Of no land for a man, no land for a country
 Unless . . . guns . . . unless . . . guns.

There was a child wanted the moon shot off the sky,
 asking a long gun to get the moon,
 to conquer the insults of the moon,
 to conquer something, anything,
 to put it over and win the day,
To show them the running of the world was all in guns.

There was a child wanted the moon shot off the sky.
They dreamed . . . in the time of the guns . . . of guns.