Sobs En Route to a Penitentiary

A Teamster’s Farewell

Carl Sandburg (1878-1967)

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knobs.
The muscles of the

horses sliding under their heavy

-ches.

Good

by now to the traffic policeman and his whistle,

mp
smash of the iron hoof on the stones, smash, smash... all the

crazy wonderful slamming roar of the street-

God, there's noises, I'm going to be hungry

for. Good by...

*conclusion*

*time* circa 1' 50"