Kneeces

In Abraham Lincoln's city,
Where they remember his lawyer's shingle,
The place where they brought his
Wreath to battle flags,
Wrapped in the smoke of memories
From Tallahassee to the Yukon,
The place now where the shaft of his tomb
Points white against the blue prairie dome.

In Abraham Lincoln's city... I saw kneeces
On the window of Mister Fischman's second-hand store
On Second Street.

I went in and asked, "How much?"

"Thirty cents apiece," answered Mister Fischman.

As I taking a box of new ones off a shelf
He piled over the box in the showcase
And said incidentally, most casually
And incidentally:

"I sell a carload a month of these."
I stuffed my fingers into a sack of knucks,
Cost iron knucks moulded in a fancy pattern,
And there came to me a sack of them quite like these.
Walter Fischman is for Abe and the 'rubber to move' stuff,
And the street car strikes and the steeplechases,
And the slugs flies, quacken, detective, policemen.
Jagers, utility heads, newspapers, priests, lawyers.
They are all for Abe and the 'rubber to move' stuff.

I started for the door,
'Perhaps you want a bathtub fire,'
'Come Walter Fischman's once,
I opened the door... and the voice again.
'You are a funny customer,'

Wrapped in bottle flags,
Wrapped in the smoke of memories,
This is the place they bought him,
This is Abraham Lincoln's house town.

From 'Crinkshooker,'

Carl Sandburg
Carl Sandburg came to visit me last night. He had been at the church since eight and ten and we had lunch and Mrs. Burt and I had a visit. Last night he and I visited in the library room until after midnight and the last train had gone to Elmhurst. We spent the night and remained until nearly noon this morning. We wrote this form at my request.

March 17, 1923.

Flossie Burt