

## A Poem by Danny P. Barbare

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### Carl Sandburg's Pond

I am the glassy pond, the  
happy swan. I am the falling  
water, the mist. I am the  
spruce, the pine. I am the  
carpe, the pink lady's  
slipper, the purpose of the  
sun. I am the briar patch, the  
rooted pathway, I am the  
wooden footbridge over the  
creek. I am the ice, the snow,  
the heavy winter coat. I am  
the wind that blows through  
the trees. I am the foot track  
in the sheen, the clean white  
breath. I am the yellow  
forgotten maple leaf, I  
am the cheerful spring azalea.  
I am Carl Sandburg's pond.

**Danny P. Barbare** has been writing poetry on and off for 34 years. He likes writing in free verse. His poetry has been published locally and abroad. He enjoys visiting Carl Sandburg's old home and has written several poems about it.