

Carl Sandburg

THE FOG

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

1916

Carl August Sandburg (January 6, 1878 – July 22, 1967) was an American poet, writer, and editor who won three Pulitzer Prizes, two for his poetry and one for his biography of Abraham Lincoln.[2] During his lifetime, Sandburg was widely regarded as “a major figure in contemporary literature”, especially for volumes of his collected verse, including *Chicago Poems* (1916), *Cornhuskers* (1918), and *Smoke and Steel* (1920).[3] He enjoyed “unrivaled appeal as a poet in his day, perhaps because the breadth of his experiences connected him with so many strands of American life”,[4] and at his death in 1967, President Lyndon B. Johnson observed that “Carl Sandburg was more than the voice of America, more than the poet of its strength and genius. He was America.”

atdzej. *Anna Kalna*

Migla atnāk
mazām kaķpēdiņām

sēž klusi
lūko pāri ostai un pilsētai
no sava pietupiena
pirms doties tālāk

JAMES JOYCE

She weeps over Ragoon

Rain on Ragoon falls softly, softly falling,
Where my dark lover lies.
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
At grey moonrise.

Love, hear thou
How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,
Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,
Then as now.

Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and cold
As his sad heart has lain
Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould
And muttering rain.

Trieste, 1913

Rahūnas sēras

Lietus pār Rahūnu krīt lēni, lēni
krisdams,
Tur mans mīļotais duss.
Skumja viņa balss, viņš sauc mani
saukdams
Pilnmēness pelēks un kluss.

Mīļais, dzirdi,
Cik maigi un skumji
Mūžam neatbildēts tumsnējs lietus
san
Tonakt un šoreiz.

Tumsa mūsu dvēselēs, vai gulties jau
kapā,
Kur viņa skumjā sirds jau vīst
Pelēkā mēnesgaismā, trūdā,
kur lietus sēri, tik sēri līst.