

# Chicago Poem By Carl Sandburg

Hog Butcher for the World,  
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,  
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;  
Stormy, husky, brawling,  
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your  
painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I have  
seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of  
women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.

And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at this  
my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud  
to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.

Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is a  
tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a savage  
pitted against the wilderness,

Bareheaded,

Shoveling,

Wrecking,

Planning,

Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young man

laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never lost a  
battle,

Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and under  
his ribs the heart of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-naked,  
sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,  
Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.