

# At A Window

By Carl Sandburg

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5      Give me hunger,  
        O you gods that sit and give  
        The world its orders.  
        Give me hunger, pain and want,  
        Shut me out with shame and failure  
        From your doors of gold and fame,  
        Give me your shabbiest, weariest hunger!

10     But leave me a little love,  
        A voice to speak to me in the day end,  
        A hand to touch me in the dark room  
        Breaking the long loneliness.  
15     In the dusk of day-shapes  
        Blurring the sunset,  
        One little wandering, western star  
        Thrust out from the changing shores of shadow.  
        Let me go to the window,  
20     Watch there the day-shapes of dusk  
        And wait and know the coming  
        Of a little love.