

PV Log: (circle one) **Poem** / **Movie** / **Picture** / **Lyric**Date 4/5/14Title "Grass"Author / Director / Carl Sandburg

Context (Where Found / Viewed / Read?)

Found on shmoop.com while searching for poems

Content / CD / Summary / Precis (Say? "Plot? Setting/Situation? Key lines/phrases scenes, etc?)

This poem is a first person poem from the perspective of grass. Yes, grass. This talking grass says to pile up the bodies at multiple famous war zones such as Waterloo and Gettysburg, and let it do it's job. It tells how in ten years, passengers on a train will ask what place this is, showing that they do not recognize it and they have forgotten it. In other word's, the grass' job is to cover up the dead bodies.

Content / CM / Meaning? / Theme(s)?

The theme of this poem is humans forgetting about the past and repeating history. It is about the stupidity of war, and asks the reader if humanity will ever learn. The poem references many war sites, showing that war occurs constantly and humans never learn from previous ones. The grass' job is to cover up the dead bodies over time, but this is really covering up the war site as a whole, causing mankind to forget it completely; therefore, it will be easy for mankind to do it again having not learned from something they've forgotten.

Form (Diction? Construction Terms? Symbolism?)

This poem is free verse, but it contains much meaning. The grass is symbolism for human ignorance and forgetting the past, just sweeping bad things under the rug and ignoring them. The bodies represent evil and wrongdoing, mistakes we have made in the past, soon to be forgotten as the grass covers them up.

Commentary (What do you want to say? Why like? Questions? Synthesis / Allusions-Connections / Relevance to personal experience, to literature, 20Q's? etc.)? "Poetic" Traits?

I absolutely love this poem. I clicked on the title "Grass" not expecting to get much of a poem, but boy did Sandburg prove me wrong. This poem has some of the most meaning I've ever seen in a poem, and it presents a very real problem that is present in the nature of humanity. It is the nature of humans to sort of sweep things we don't want to talk about under the rug, and these things are eventually forgotten, and when a similar problem comes around 10 years later, we've all forgotten about it and we dive right in again. It's a cycle of evil. The grass in this poem covers up the past and allows humans to make the same mistakes twice.

over (do not mix logs; e.g., no poem log in front, and movie log on back)

Grass

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work—

I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.

Shovel them under and let me work.

Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:

What place is this?

Where are we now?

I am the grass.

Let me work.