

A Modern Kenning Poem

Who am I?

My head knocks against the stars.

My feet are on the hilltops.

My finger-tips are in the valleys and shores of
universal life.

Down in the sounding foam of primal things I
reach my hands and play with pebbles of
destiny.

I have been to hell and back many times.

I know all about heaven, for I have talked with God.

I dabble in the blood and guts of the terrible.

I know the passionate seizure of beauty
And the marvelous rebellion of man at all signs
reading "Keep Off."

My name is Truth and I am the most elusive captive
in the universe.

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by Carl Sandburg