

MINERS

How hard is a miner's work,
labouring arduously
through the long, dark tunnel
in the earth's fertile belly;

pick-axe in hand,
a torch in his helmet,
dust in his lungs,
and his back bent.

Beneath the roof shattered
by the methane blast
there is rubble...In the darkness
open mouths gasping for air.

Sparks given off by hot coals
escape through the blackened chimney,
while old tales are told
of men trapped in the mine.

Under the shining stars
the miners are not dead;
so says the whistling wind
and the murmuring water's flow.

Coventry, Spring 2013