

99 WRITING

The Miners

by Robert, 826CHI

TYPE
POETRY

They wait

The van pulls up

Nothing they ate

They get on, say “Hup!”

They get to the mine

The miners everywhere

The place is not fine

They have to cut their hair

The carts go down

No space

Nothing, no noun

In a case

When the days are done

They ride back

Nothing but dollar gone

Fondness for this, they lack