**Miners Luck**

*June 30, 2013*

When you are picking shoveling mucking sluicing panning hard hot and fast.

Hammer flying and air hose sucking.

Still no color in the Box or Pan.

Not sure how long your Grub or Stake or Strength will last.

Fuel down low.

Soul at Half Mast.

Say Pard then is when the Boy becomes a Man.

Your Cat has slipped a track and mired.

Your donkey engines old and tired.

Steam Boiler burst won't hold a Fire.

Dragline cables rusted frayed.

Won't do no good to pray.

Partner jetted a month ago.

Left in the Night with a Dear John Note.

Over. Done. All She Wrote.

Nothing else to Say.

Nothing else was said.

She gave it up when the Dredge went dead.

Your DROT is trashed and dusted.

Busted valve blown head and thrown a rod.

So goes the Wrath of a Miners God.

Water in the Hole.

Trickle in the Stream.

Broken dam in the Settling Pond.

Stuff of Despair and Broken Dreams.

Trommel down and on the Blink.

Only a Mining Fool would soldier on.

Not sure how much worse things could be.

No Chew Bug Dope Head Net Bacon Salt Sugar Coffee Tea.

Nere a Bud to Smoke nor Drop to Drink.

Winter calls on a Northern Breeze.

Frosts ahead with an early Freeze.

Looks like its Time to cash it in.

Not much Hope with an Empty Poke.

Time to Drag Up. Hit the Road. Sail with the Wind.

But wait. Why not.

One more toss of the Di for I.

Double down on the Wheel for one more

Spin. Lough Yes.

I see. It's so. It's so.

The Sun on the Gravel.

The Golden

Speck what glows.

Today's a brand new Day.

I can taste feel see almost hold that Gold.

I'm almost on the Pay.

Now not the Time to turn out and quit.

I think I better keep on trying.

I'm almost on the Glory Hit.

I think I'd better stay.