**MAN MACHINE.**

My Mamma Washed Flat Ironed Sewed.

Them Rich Folks Fancy Clothes.

All Day.

Starvation Pauper Pay.

We Had No Shoes.

Bare Feet.

Bruised Calloused Toes.

Never Enough To Eat.

One Scraps Fed Hog For Meat.

We Wore Worn.

Feed Sack Dresses.

Shirts.

Red Clay Dirt.

Stained.

Trice Patched Overalls.

Mamma Scrubbed.

On A Rough Wash Board.

In An Old Beat Up Tub.

My Daddy Dug.

Peabody Deep Down Hard Vein Coal.

He Got No Sun.

Down Shaft Before Sunrise. To Dark.

We Never Failed To Kneel And Pray.

But Company Man Owned Our Souls.

From Dusk To Four Hours Before Dawn.

My Pap Plowed On.

Behind A Half Lame One Eyed Mule.

Shucked The Corn By Hand.

Never Had No Land.

Three Or Four Hours Sleep.

Fitful. Never Deep.

I Never Really Got A Chance To Finish School.

At Fourteen.

Cave In From

A Methane Blast.

Ten Men Passed.

Daddy Died.

I Had To Be A Man.

Momma Never Really Cried.

Just Said There Are Five Mouths Less Years Than You.

You Know Them Bible Beating Preachers Lie.

When They Say God Will Provide.

Now It Is Just You

And I.

Some How We Will Get By.

You Know What You Have To Do.

Now Is Not The Time For You To Fail.

Picked Up My Tin Lunch Pail.

Carbide Lamp.

Walked To The Mine.

Deep. Cold. Bad Air. Black.

No Head Room.

Still Lots Of Methane Gas.

Stooped. Breaks Your Back.

Bone Chilling Damp.

Never Sure When You Go Down.

You Are Coming Back.

Farming Shares.

Renting Land. Plow. Mules.

Like My Daddy Did.

Money Lenders Golden Rule.

Bank Always Gets First Piece For Principal. Vigorish.

On Money For The Seed.

Times Are Always. Hard. Tough. Cruel.

Rained Out.

Drought. Worms. Borers. Bugs. Blight. Crop Never Comes Out Right,

All I Do. Is Struggle.

Stumble.

For Them Five Hungry Mouths To Feed.

Now My Lungs Are Coughing.

Starting To Hack And Bleed.

Can't Really Breath.

T. B.

Or Black Lung Disease.

Got A Hold On Me.

Company. Says Sorry Son.

We Are Bankrupt.

Don't Look To Us.

We Used All The Pension Profits Up.

Just As We Pleased. Government.

Says We Know You Need Help Or Your Family.

Will Surely Die.

But You Just Don't Qualify.

You Don't Get No Health Care Food Stamps Or Relief.

Guess There Is Nothing Else To Do.

Look To The Next Youngest Two.

Boy Men To Step In.

Youth Sacrifice Again.

Twelve And Thirteen.

Feed Them To That Heartless. Ruthless.

No Mercy. No Soul.

Death Toll.

Capitalistic.

Man Killing Machine.

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*Midnight At The Fairview.*

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