

Roots

It's the sound of the clogs that I remember so well.
The soul destroying sound that leads a man into hell.
trudging back slowly in the early light of the dawn,
his face black with coal dust, weary and worn.

I've watched miners silhouetted against a moonlit bright sky.
As they silently gathered to march to the mines.
Their faces told stories of the hard times they had.
But they would laugh and tell you.
It's not all been so bad.

The tin bath that hung outside on the wall
Would be dragged to the fireside where the flames flickered tall.
Hot water, kettle boiled was on the gas ring nearby.
And a huge pit towel on hand his body to dry.

My grandfather earned seven shillings a week.
On a Friday my Grandma a clean pinny would seek.
And greeted the old man as from work he returned.
to hand over his wage that he had grafted so hard to earn.

All I can remember are grey drawn faces pitted black by the coal.
What makes men so desperate to go down in a hole.
To dig underground till they prematurely die.
I ask only this question In God's name WHY.