

Friday 10th November 2017

My poetry

The miners poem

Tick tock tick tock
up at five O'clock
Wash myself and
brush my teeth and
then for breakfast
bread and beef
Walk to work with
a dirty shirt start
work at seven whilst
looking up at heaven
he bring a bottle
of water and snack
all in his rucksack
so that's the end of
that!

Industry

Industry looks like:
A snapped rope,
a newspaper headline
9 miners dead.
Industry looks like
Dark, shadowy houses,
pipe smoke,
red sky at night, black by day