

A poem by Year 5 of Edlington Victoria Primary School

Life as a miner

I do this for my family
Life as a miner is rough
I try to get the job done
Even though it's tough.

**I can't tell day from night
In this dark and dusty hole
Although my back is aching
Every day I pick the coal**

Working on my hands and knees
Struggling in the un-breathable air
I feel as though I'm closed in
There is no room to spare

**I can't tell day from night
In this dark and dusty hole
Although my back is aching
Every day I pick the coal**

Each shift I risk my life
There is blood upon my clothes
I nearly didn't come back today
I wonder if my wife knows

**I can't tell day from night
In this dark and dusty hole
Although my back is aching
Every day I pick the coal**