A Day of a Miner

We leave the house,  
bucket in hand.  
With kisses for the women,  
and hugs for the lil man.

We get dressed,  
and some may tell a joke.  
While others grab their gear  
and maybe one last smoke.

We finally get to the unit  
and turn on our light.  
We are with our brothers  
for the night.

Cutting a new path in the earth,  
just to get that coal.  
Not every man can do this job,  
it has to be in your soul.

No fame, no glory.  
Just hard work and sweat.  
True friends for life,  
one glad we have met.

We hang curtain, run a scoop,  
pinner, even a miner.  
We all take pride in calling each other,  
friend, brother and Kentucky Coal Miner.

Unit 6 Dotiki IV  
April 30, 2010