

CAN WE FOLLOW?

What do we know of the dock strike?
Or the match girls' dilemma,
Or the sweat shops where people still slave,
So listen politely, clap ever so lightly
And listen to tales from the grave.

Somewhere there is laughter,
high in the rafters
Sound of a whistling wind,
The ghost of a sigh
From the platform on high,
Saying "Brothers we never gave in".

Our poems belong in history
Printed in blood, too true
Behind each working brethren,
A shadow is following you.

The ghost of a dream
Or the smear from a tear
Or a blot on a tattered page,
As long as voices can tell
They won't be forgotten by age.

SALLY FLOOD ©