

MARTIN BENNETT

## Welder

For the sake of family or boss  
However many storeys beneath,  
He levitates amidst rooftops,  
There above aerials and drying sheets  
A tiny workaday Prometheus  
Risking more than any Stallone  
Or Schwarzenegger, yet killing no one—  
At a hundredth of the pay his arm  
Spraying sparks up into the darkening blue—  
An unfinished billboard's joists and struts  
As makeshift perch, vertex, frame:  
A lowly motorist, I wish him  
Safe horizons, a magnetic elbow,  
Firm footholds, benign and constant flame.