

WORKMEN

Colin Style

I hired workmen to build my grain house.
Each morning, as the sun comes up over the mountains in the east,
They come carrying wooden posts and trowels,
Talking pleasantly as the birds are leaving their nests
And the hares are trembling in the grasses,
Twitching the flowers as they pass.
The workmen start building;
They warmly chatter amongst themselves.
They work under the sky where God is,
In an abundant, fortunate time.
I pay them little and feed them with beer and millet
And am anxious why they laugh up their sleeves at me
And prize their poor work
Like a thirsty hunter dreams of water in a pot of worthless clay.