

How We Got Here

by James B. Goode

We did not see
what was really here.
Led by a desperate man
looking for work in the coal mines
We came toward the ping of the pick axe
in the glistening coal.
We were dragged like lumps in a tow sack
To this place.
We did not see the slag heaps
Nor smell rotten egg sulfur
Nor know the tang of iron
Cankering the water,
Making it taste
Like we were eating a heating stove.
How could we have known
When we were being dazzled
By giant Chestnuts
With their piles of nuts
knee deep
spilling over the fat ridges?