

Tilt "Tundra"

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This ground is too hard to break, it ruined a pick and
spade, frozen and =
solid as rock, my hands numb with the shock! I am
prepared for the dirty =
work, I've groveled for years in the bloody dirt, I have
all the tools =
that I need, and now I admit my defeat! What will it
take to cleave this =
earth? Break this ground, it's got to break! What will it
take to cleave =
this earth? I cannot wait 'til spring. My cargo is still half
alive, =
they twine 'round eachother and cry, they beg me to
finish the task, =
will I inter them at last? I glare at the place I'd make a
grave, I =
carry the shame it would contain, thinking cannot rend
a hole, too tired =
to stave off the cold.
Submitted by: Mel

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