

## A NUGGET FROM A MINE.

A MINER laboured in a mine.  
(The poet dreamed) By coarse and fine  
He shovelled dust into a trolley.  
“But this” (the poet said) “is folly!  
Take up your pick, engage in shock  
At the foundation of the rock!”  
The miner swore. “You — fool!  
You clever — ! go to school  
And college and be — ! Strike you!  
There ain’t no sense in forty like you!  
If I don’t clear this muck, the pick  
Will foul and jam, slip, swerve, or stick.  
Clear off the chips, the blow goes true.  
Now, mister, off, my — to you!”  
The last oath faded in the air.  
The poet woke and was aware  
Of property and children. Claims  
His breech a vesta. Up the flames  
Leap; he stalks forth, free among men,  
With just a notebook and a pen.