CALIBAN IN THE COAL MINES

Untermeyer, Louis, 1885-1977

God, we don't like to complain,
   We know that the mines are no lark,
But — there's the pools from the rain,
   But — there's the cold and the dark.

God, you don't know what it is,
   You, in Your well-lighted sky,
Watching a meteor whizz —
   Warm, with the sun always by.

God, if You had but the moon
   Stuck in Your cap for a lamp,
Even You'd tire of it soon
   Down in the dark and the damp. . .

Nothing but blackness above,
   And nothing that moves but the cars—
God, in return for our love,
   Fling us a handful of stars!