

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!