

WITH OTHERS I'M DIGGING A DITCH

With others I'm digging a ditch.
I rest on my shovel.

I look around. Who
are these others?

They do not sort by
age, race, gender.

They go at the work
with great zeal.

Does any of us know
how long the ditch should be?

Do we get a break when
the sun lifts overhead?

Maybe a cup of water?
Wouldn't things go better

if we sang a song?
Does anyone know a song?