



Pause For Poetry:
Michael Hawkes /47

Description

The Working Week

A poem by **Michael Hawkes**

August 4, 2022

What a crime and wicked con
This business of the work week is.
How did stalwart farmers' sons
Ever get reduced to this?

A week of work, each day bespoke,
Obliged to struggle for mere crumbs,
Hours of labor 'neath a yoke
Then home to germ infested slums.

"Industry's the way ahead"
Was a mantra of the day
And driving rivets at the forge
Was not much worse than scything hay.

One didn't have to work in rain,
Most new jobs were deep indoors,
And cleaning drains or threshing grain
Came easy on dry wooden floors.

They didn't have to wait for pay
Until the day the crop was sold
And having cash on Saturdays
Made farm boys feel as good as gold.

And so they gave up old routines,



Their country ways were put aside,
Adapted quickly to machines
Their “currency” was glorified.

For sure we’ve all been conned by loot,
All corrupted by the prize...
Not just backs but souls to boot
Are offered up in sacrifice.

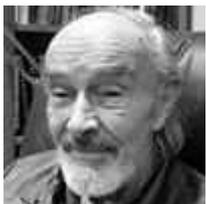
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Michael Hawkes is a survivor of all the world’s wars. He learned (and loved to rhyme) by torturing the hymns he had to sing at school. A retired West Coast fisherman living in Montreal since 2013, he is an unschooled Grandpa Moses writing an average of five poems every week.



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Date Created

August 2022