

The Trapper Boy at Work, One Mile Underground

by Barry Basden

I'm glad you stopped by to see me. The coal carts come and go like the seasons, never stopping. I stay and guard this door, opening and shutting it to keep the evil air at bay. In case I am ever back in school, I do the multiplication tables in my head to pass the time. I still remember almost all the way to nine times nine.

Mostly, I miss the sun but soon it will be summer again and darkness will no longer follow me out of the mine at day's end. Then I can once more watch the sun set.

Today I pray that Sunday is bright. In church, with the other boys, I will sing His praises and later, at the edge of green pastures, I will stand in His golden light.

