

# Third Shift

*by* Mark Reep

When the shift bell tolls in the mines of night,  
the seekers after dreams forgotten  
rise from their work, bind their grimy rucksacks,  
shoulder such burdens as they have unearthed—  
Some great, doubtless precious;  
some hollow, likely empty;  
some only shards, but you never know—  
and begin the long climb to the scales.

