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Workers

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Workers

This straight-back wooden chair,
carved from oak
by calloused hands of New Mexican leather,
ornate in its simplicity,
is an entity with a job to do,
un obrero común.
perfectly doing the work
for which it was created.
When the wall clock chimes the hour—
twelve little songs
carried by twelve solo voices into cielo azul,
I swallow the last sip of tea
from a cup molded from earth
by skilled hands, made of the same mud,
prepare for another day of work.
I carry my burdens,
sing my songs,
hold goodness within
not much different, it seems,
than a common wooden chair,
the bells of a working clock,
an ordinary vessel of clay.

-Larry Schug
Avon, MN