*The Workmen*

Tired and hot,

 In all their protective gear,

 Big boots & orange vests,

Walking heavily, heads bowed,

 Thirsting after

 Relief—a hard day

Behind them.

Span/English slides off their tongues,

Too tired now

 Even to hold their water bottles to

Quench their own thirst.

Their feet pound heavily upon

 A hot concrete walk,

As they stride together in

 Their private merengue dance,

Nine to ten green canvas work pants,

 Yellow hard hats,

 Slung off buckles,

Rhythmically swinging in unison,

Light weight evidence of their hard day’s labor,

 A low rumble.

At home they slump into their armchairs & listen

 To news berating them,

But they are already too

 Sun scorched to allow

 Another torch to burn

Their sacred truth,

Dew of Israel.\*

\*(Hosea 14:4)

 ….I will love them freely,

 For my anger has turned from them.

I will be as the dew to Israel;

He shall blossom as the lily

He shall strike root as the poplar

His shoots shall spread out;

His beauty shall be like the olive,

And his fragrance like Lebanon…

They shall flourish as a garden;

They shall blossom as the vine,

Their fragrance shall be like the wine of Lebanon.