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Child of Steel

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Child of Steel

Abstract
[Excerpt] After several months of thinking about what is happening to the working class, particularly the steel industry and the whole system of labor, this poem came to me.

I drive by Homestead Mill every morning to get to my job and to get home I drive past the J&L Steel Mill. Occasionally, I drive through Braddock to the house and street where most of my life was spent.

These are some of the contributing factors which also helped to crystallize this poem.

Keywords
labor movement, worker rights, steel industry, union, poetry

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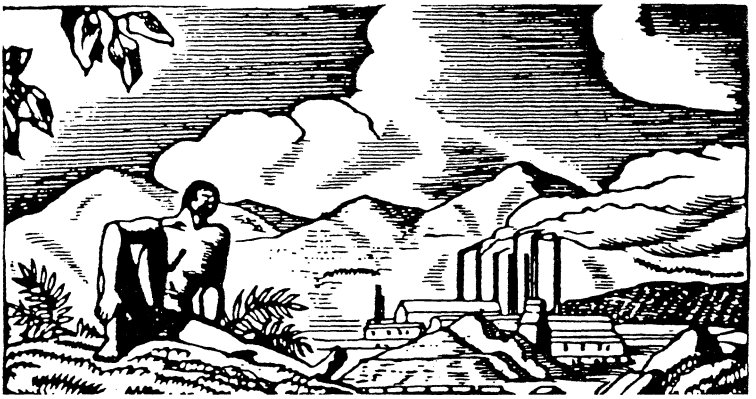

Child of Steel

From *The Mill Hunk Herald,* Spring 1983

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Children of Steel, laborers, inheritors, watch tower figures
Father, Brother, Sister, Mother
Low tides surround the child of steel
Polish, Italian, Hunky man, black, oh woe!

Too small are we, what to do
What to do, rotten world
Cheap clothes, cheap thrills
No food no more, no money
No smiles, no steel no more, no life
No god that sees us, no love.

Can't do nothin, no work
Can't do nothin, but make steel
Can't do nothin, nobody cares
Too small to fight, too big to cry.

The fires are out, the mills breathe clean
The child is sick, the steel sits cold
The child lay dying, the steel decays
No time for us, no need for us, no promise for us
It is done, they took our bodies, they stole our minds
They took our bodies, they stole our minds.

Anthony Massaro