



Cornell University  
ILR School

## Labor Research Review

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Volume 1 | Number 3

*Fighting Rust: Labor-Community Struggles in  
Smokestack America*

Article 7

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1983

# Child of Steel

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# Child of Steel

## **Abstract**

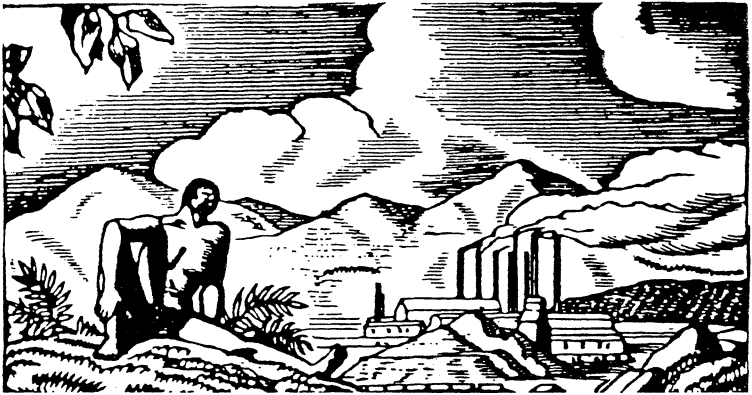
[Excerpt] After several months of thinking about what is happening to the working class, particularly the steel industry and the whole system of labor, this poem came to me.

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



## Child of Steel

From *The Mill Hunk Herald*, Spring 1983

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

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*