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Blue Collar

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Blue Collar

Mahala Ruddle

We see you.

We see the nights where you come home

At 10:00, eyes like pissholes in the snow.

We see how you pick your way gingerly through the kitchen,

Another day, another pain, another sandwich.

I promise that one day, you'll get a grease job.

We see the way you make things look easy,

Like driving trucks without brakes,

And bringing something out of nothingness.

We see this all with the green eyes you gave me.

You're not the young man you used to be.

Your eyelids droop as you eat the

Supper that was warm hours ago.

The lines by your eyes betray your age if your weariness did not.

Long days, short nights.

They feed they lion to feed their family

And hundreds more without faces,

Without names,

Without thanks

Scattered by the wind.

Wake up child. It's time to face a new morning with

The promise of promises poised on its lips.

Repeat today so yesterday can be better for the

Tomorrow of your children.

The whole world might not value your callouses,
but they'd notice if they were gone.
Get some rest. You deserve some sweet dreams.