

Diamond Mining

Gareth Alun Roberts

We were black and cut ourselves on the diamond rock
and piled it all on our backs until they broke.

And when we broke the hills broke in sudden falls
of night and mica suns sparkling tears that were quartz

until the eyes of the chosen were filled with the hills of heaven,
and we dug and we dug and cut ourselves back;

for you, who cannot hear the thunder;
who cannot see the sun
from under your grim shafts.
You are the filigree in the granite.
You wander your deep-veined valleys
unseeing your own marvellous metamorphosis
to the diamond rock.

Now we hold you close in the dark light;
and ever after we dig the lost hills
that we may find again such anthracite.