

IRON LUNGS

Connor Blackburn

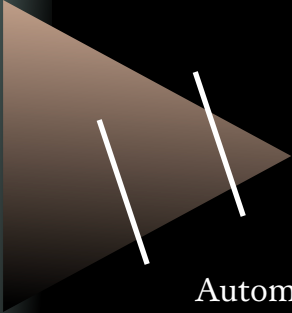
Scorched trees atop the scolded scalp of Mother Nature point to those with
red thumbs and green wallets
canaries in the coalmines and minors in cages
stockings filled with soot, complete wish lists of tycoons.



Inhale of the worker...

Exhale of the rich

Silence of the hammers, then the marching stops.
Tongues cut from struggles exacerbate the violence of laboured breath.



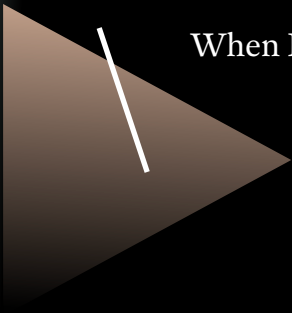
Inhale of the worker...

Exhale of the rich

Automation without autonomy and enforced private property
Chain our wrists to conformity, attempts to sink our comradery

Inhale of the worker...

Exhale of the rich



When Prometheus handed us fire, he lit the wick of doomsday.
Strike the match and hold your breath.

Inhale of the worker...