Untitled

To mine is to find resources to use.
To build homes and write poems and to even use glues.
If you are not aware of the importance of mining,
You might as well go back to caves just surviving.
But to make a cave you need to drill and blast,
so you might have to get out of our mineral rights fast.
We haul and we dump our ore and our waste,
To make sure your family has a very nice place.
We crush and we grind our rocks to pieces
And give work to students who can write their thesis.
We smelt and we melt those pieces to metal,
And bring the land back for cattle to settle.
It's takes lots of time, it's just like a kettle.
So never forget we miners are special.
Miner

I am the miner.
I put my hand upon the rock,
And overturn the mountain by her roots.
I am the miner who,
By neither wind nor depth nor heat,
Is stopped except to tie worn leather boots.
I am the miner, what,
Rules once set forth to limit gains
Are damned by machines and the powder store.
I am the miner when,
The world expands and nurslings beg,
For her sweet gifts of coal and iron ore
I am the miner where,
Once stood a child ignorant to,
The amassed riches beneath youthful feet.
I am the miner, why?
Owing to my love of boulders,
Stones, and rocks— Though I’ll take my whiskey neat.
Bitcoin Mining Scholarship

There once was a man from Nantucket. Who mined with a pick and bucket. He said with a frown as the hours wound down; when the crap gets too deep, I just muck it.

Daniel Jackling, Browning and Newhouse
Pariseau, Nelson and McCarter for starters

Now for the next generation ... dare I mention Tex and Aaron...
...The bitcoin mining robber barons?
It’s an original. The first of its kind...the scholarship from the bitcoin mine!

Mining is the foundation of any nation. And it has been for all generations.
So along side the copper, silver, lead moly and coal, Young and Kubacki’s scholarship is as good as gold

I am the mining monk and natural resources I will hunt
My life would mean so much to serve the world and mine just a little bit.
And I would die a happy man if I won the very first bitcoin mining scholarship.

I’ve worked cleanup. I’ve worked the mills. I’ve worked in the big hole up on the hill.
I’ve lived in the woods. I’ve lived in town. And I plan to spend the rest of my life underground.

So I say to thee – all who study the triple integral and its parameters
You are well trained and surely know this poem is not in iambic pentameter.
Once a Miner Always a Miner

The raw energy of the unknown
Courses through the rock I want to own
I am done when there is no more
And my hands are sore
Time to move on and get more ore
For what I do is no chore
I am never truly done
Because of the captivity made by diamonds of fun
What would you do
If that is all you knew
And if you quit
The streets will be full of shit
Untitled

Gave all I had to the job,
night or day
its all the same in the gob,

So I fill my pockets and knock on wood,
hope the roof holds and my lunch will be good,

years pass and seasons go,
but nothing changes down below,
my heart wanted love,
but it'd settle for coal
We dig for coal for power in our homes
For iron to build cities amongst the stone
For copper in our wires, pipes and phones
Gold and silver back the money that we own

Still others form the products we design
Our world marches on because we mine
Deep within the Misty Mountains, did my father’s father dwell
it’s jeweled labyrinths were to be my inheritance
and an inheritance we indeed received
but a story of mithril and coin, is not of one I can tell

The Arkenstone, treasure of our people, on the throne it was installed
How obvious it is now, that we should have been afraid
of it’s preternatural radiance, curious affect on disposition
over the throne it presided, and held our people enthralled

But what we thought of as our inheritance, we had not found— not till Balrog came
He undid our great works, and over our mountain did he lay claim.
Deep in the coal mine,
The gob speaks as it takes form.
Earth shakes in response.
17 syllables of highly effective haikus

First proactive think  
Be win-win, The end in mind  
Synergize the saw
that kid Young and Kubaci
they say
are bound and determined
to lead us astray
outpouring Young wisdom
and conservative thought
tyling geologist minds
in a knot!
so charge on young fellows
fight the good fight
and from your good bearded buddy
have a good f*****g night
Sent from my iPad
Dirty Ore

We drilled and blasted for
long countless nights

To reach those deeply desired
precious rocks.

The old crew had to put up
one hell of a fight.

Without fail our treasured goals were in lofty spots.

Every miner underground had to crawl and squirm.
The roof leaked down the ribs and flooded the floor
Deep in the earth we were tunneling like a worm.
We traveled fast and angrily for that dirty ore.

Everything processed on the surface seemed a waste
Until one special day that mother lode was found.
We busted our backs and worked with great haste.
All of our doubts and worries had seemed drowned.

When we brought her to the
surface most couldn’t tell
This special rock was not
waste she was our favorite
ore.

Most would think when
trying to purify her we’d just fail.
We saw her prized value and we all just wanted to score.

Once this precious ore was cleaned and flocculated
I proudly took her home to finally meet my friends.
I showed her off and was continually congratulated.
I had no idea she would be worth this much in the end.
There once was a man from Nantucket, who wanted some coal for his bucket
when coal he couldn't find, he founded a mine, forever there he will muck it

There once was a man from Nantope, who happened to slip in a stope
his ankle was mangled, the ore 'twas fabled, so he pouted and felt like a dope

There once was a man from Nantedge who founded a dredger and dredged
waste, water, and ore sure isn't a bore, to mining forever he pledged
There once was a mine engineer
who found a deposit premier
his dreams were smothered
as biologists discovered
a new species of green-spotted deer
The Hourly Miner

Every day he sweats and toils
Beneath the cold dead earth
Preparation, reparation
Is how he earns his worth
He knows all the tunnels
And sounds the rock can make
Like when its taking load
And when its gonna break
His shirt and boots are dirty
His mouth is often worse
But under all the crusted grime
A story a story to rehearse
He grew up without money
And learned to just make due
But now he has a truck
Its a Chevy, brand new
In school the girls liked him
A rebel without a cause
But now he’s bald and flabby
With lots of other flaws
He goes to work each day
And does what he is told
But if the task is difficult
Then he is much too old
He hopes he can retire
In just a few short years
And pass the days a huntin’
And sipping ice cold beers