



The kid was walking on the way to the mine,
Lost, with no shoes, on this hot, painful line,
Bringing his torch and a jacket of wool,
And bringing, as usual, the rest of his soul.

The kid was not sad, but he was not laughing,
He was not desperate, but he was not playing.
He was doing his work, a kid work, of miner,
Never stopping, never smiling, attacked by the fever,
Always repeating the same movement,
The same movement, the sad same movement...

The kid was hearing the noise of the pickaxes,
Between those dark and humid rock faces,
Which punctuated an existence,
Where dream had turned into resistance.

The kid is not alone, there are millions of children
Working, from dawn to the evening. They never run
After a ball, they never study a book,
That's why today, we should give them a look,
More than a look, a life! And put back
The beauty on these faces, that the mines attack.
We should send them to school, make their innocence shine,
But meanwhile, they are still walking on the way to the mine.

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