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## Sons of Sisyphus

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## **SONS OF SISYPHUS**

Worst job I ever had  
but I needed the money  
so when I read the notice  
in the window I showed up  
the next morning in the dark  
and climbed the rattling back  
of an ancient stake bed truck  
with other men who needed money.  
We lugged the telephone poles  
up the hillside on our shoulders  
the way ants stagger to the tune  
of instinct and cooperation.  
When the hill got too steep  
we dragged the poles with chains  
and come alongs tied to trees,  
inched them to their destination.  
We stopped to rest and eat.  
The fingers of the man  
sitting next to me were tattooed  
LOVE and HATE in the blue  
and simple script of jailhouse art.  
When he saw me staring  
he shrugged and said that now  
he wished he hadn't done that.  
We dug the holes by hand  
hauling up the dirt in buckets,  
breaking rock with jackhammers.  
Eight to ten feet down and never  
shored them up, trusting luck  
to be with us for a change.

*by Charles D. Moskus*