

## Finch's Complaint

Stan Rogers

Tom Finch turned to the waitress and said, "Bring me another Al pine.

I'll have one more before I go to tell Marie the news.

Well boys, we're for it this time. The plant is closed for good

.

Regan broke his promise, and we're through.

We're working men with no work left to do.

I always thought I'd have a boat, just like my dad before me.

You don't get rich, but with the boats you always could make do

.

But the boats gave way to trawlers, and packing turned to meal.

Now that's all gone, and we're all for the dole.

And the thought of that puts irons in my soul."

Tom Finch stood up and said good-bye with handshakes all around.

Faces he'd grown up among, now with their eyes cast down.

Slow foot along familiar road to the hills above the harbour.

With a passing thought, "Now all this is through

And I wonder how Marie will take the news."

The house had been so much of her, though it had hardly been a year.

She's done his father's house so proud, and held it all so dear

.

But there was hot tea on the table when Tom came through the door.

And before he spoke, she smiled and said, "I know.

The plant is gone. Now how soon do we go?"

"We won't take a cent. They can stuff all their money. We've put a little by.

And thank God we've got no kids as yet, or I think I'd want to die.

We Finches have been in this part of the world for near 200 years,

But I guess it's seen the last of us. Come on Marie, we're going to Toronto."