

Tundra

Tilt

This ground is too hard to break, it ruined a pick and spade, frozen and =
solid as rock, my hands numb with the shock! I am prepared for the dirty =
work, I've groveled for years in the bloody dirt, I have all the tools =
that I need, and now I admit my defeat! What will it take to cleave this =
earth? Break this ground, it's got to break! What will it take to cleave =
this earth? I cannot wait 'til spring. My cargo is still half a live, =
they twine 'round eachother and cry, they beg me to finish the task, =
will I inter them at last? I glare at the place I'd make a grave, I =
carry the shame it would contain, thinking cannot rend a hole, too tired =
to stave off the cold.