

Watching the Bobbins

Camel

Watching the bobbins,
go up and down.
Fine Irish linen
for a ladies gown.

One shirt a penny,
seven in a tag;
ten hours a day
and her heart begins to drag.

This never ending cycle goes on.
But she promised she would never stay...
for long.

Rocking the treadle,
ache in her soul.
She keeps the rhythm
and it takes a toll.

Threading the needle,
strains in her eyes.
Old withered fingers
steal her young girl's pride

She's saving every penny she earns,
because the passion for her freedom
still burns.