

## THE STONE MEN

They came

Not large of frame

Miles and miles

Their daily route

The men in flat caps

And hobnail boots

Every March

By Daffodil's bloom

Echoing taps

Through black powder plumes

Lofty heights

A can of tea

Bread and butter

To meet their needs

Splitting sun

Shoulders broad

Butt and boulder

Shaped on the sod

Elements shifting

Bare, exposed

Lamps ignite

To journey home

Talent, skill

Craft, technique

Twenty-two miles

Over fifteen Peaks

Man verses mountain

Made strong and tall

Granite fortress

The Great Mourne Wall

Eighteen years

A mighty feat

Wall of stone

Men of steel.

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