

## NIGHT PRAYER FOR VARIOUS TRADES

Machinist in the pillow's grip,  
Be clumsy and be blind,  
And let the gears spin free, and turn  
No metal in your mind.

Long, long may the actress lie  
In slumber like a stone.  
The helpless words that rise from sleep  
Be no words but her own.

Miner, dropping down to sleep,  
This dark is not the mine,  
Now do not tunnel through the night  
In unpaid overtime.

You out-of-work, walk into sleep,  
Nor cool your heels outside.  
And as the other doors were shut,  
So may this door swing wide.

You girls whose bed your timeclock is,  
Love's laborers, lie still.  
Sleep has no hands and no demands,  
Does with you what you will.

And may the streetcleaner float down  
A spotless avenue.  
Who redayed wake at morning break  
They have enough to do.

Enough to do. Now let the day  
Its own accountings keep,  
But may their dreams be holidays,  
And lazy be their sleep.