**Era**

The air mills are closed and breaking

.

 Rob's wet cough

.

 His body's not ready

,

 it's killing him

,

before the'll grant relief

.

It took a long time before we asked

.

We waited till we got used to sleeping

.

.

Not that everybody just waits

.

Though

,

mostly

,

it's quiet

,

people are just tired and quiet

.

And you get your air or a bloo

.

Or you go and sit there with hundreds of others

,

daring to get yours

,

 there's lots now that've gone

.

in Side

,

they got mad

,

 they rioted

.

And here it's like that too

,

 you can feel it in the air

,

that something could go off

,

any minute

.

Sometimes you just see it in the eyes

.

The shop round the corner's got nothing in it but a couple of empty jars in the window

.

Mary went there with me and wrote her name out to say people don't help

.

Some do

.

They sent us boxes and bags of air

.

Thousands of barrels

.

That was three months ago

,

 in February

,

and most who met the ship had nothing but holey lungs

.

Though others said the money would have been better spent sending us in side

.

Some got together to support the fight

.

.

I don't much care

,

 to tell truth

.

I just want it to end

.

Today it was black

,

.

Today

,

 The in came out

.

their inmen – they've got it

.

These ones were from Blackburn

,

 they had one out on the ground

,

 right near the 'Change

.

*Who will rise up for me? Who will stand up for air in?*

There was still air to the old man

.

 I nodded goodbye and made my way to see my aunt

.

 You know

,

 she doesn't have much left

,

 just her able

,

But

,

 someone

,

 I think maybe her son

,

gone up to Kersal Moor

.

And he'd brought back her able

.

Bloooo

.

 All delicate and resting there

,

in a pint jar full

.

*Excerpt from Exhibit 37 ranch*

 *ages 91-93 of*nopolis

*shed by [Pedlar P](http://www.pedlarpress.com/%22%20%5Ct%20%22_blank) 213.*