**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/" \t "_blank) 213.*