

Old Man John

Old Man John the Melter
wouldn't tap steel till it was right
and he let the superintendents rave
He didn't give a damn about tonnage
but he did give a damn about steel
so they put him on the street

And the steel got sorrier and sorrier
and rails got to breaking under trains
The railroads quit buying
and the mills shut down

Then the superintendents
asked Old Man John
to come and tell them what was wrong
with the steel

And he told them,

"Too many superintendents."

poetry by John Beecher