

**44 John Sparger**

We are the men  
the Invisible men  
who never ask how  
why, where or when

we labor and sweat  
in the noontime sun  
on a hot summer day  
while you're out having fun

Grease  
on our hands  
in our hair  
on our clothes

Grime  
on our nails  
like a fungus  
that grows

We are the ones  
the Insignificant ones  
Slaves off the ship  
and immigrants' sons

we pick up your trash  
tune up your cars  
serve up the poison  
while you sit in our bars

framing a house  
digging a ditch  
laying a sewer line  
so your fat ass can shit

in style

Smile

cause we don't exist

we live on the side  
of the tracks you don't see  
toil in jobs  
you can't begin to believe

another human could do  
another human would do  
another human like you has to do to survive

Smile

Cause you aint gotta do what we do

Now do you