**THE UNDERPEOPLE SONG**

by Cordwainer Smith

I eat my rage.

I swallow my grief.

There's no relief

From pain or age.

Our time comes.

I work my life.

I breathe my breath.

I face my death

Without a wife.

Our time comes.

We undermen

Shove, crush and crash.

There'll be a clash

And thunder when

Our time comes.

[refers to the Underpeople in "Under Old Earth")