

Text: *Where Now Rusts the Iron?*

*Homes now stand where once the foundry coughed.
Countless tons of iron -
wheels and pans,
boilers and pipes,
latches and plates.
Heavy trains of hardware
shrieked from the pounding, throbbing, grimy world within.*

*Iron converted from life itself,
energy given form.
Precious moments, days, and years
poured into molds and sealed
amid the ashes and dust,
always ashes and dust,
suspended in life-stealing air.*

*The graves of the workers overlook this place,
their families spread afar.
Seasons come and go, yet frozen in memory
are the days of youth spent in toil, hope, and purpose.
Where now rusts the iron once cast by pounding hearts,
releasing the dreams, the souls,
invested in tough, cold metal?*

*The foundry still stands among the houses,
coughing on smoke-laden air.
Invisible as the iron once made,
its soul as mist remains. - Howard J. Buss*

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