Dan Cullen, Docker

John Seed



The Municipal Dwellings

DAN CULLEN, DOCKER

London 1903

a low-ceilinged hole seven feet by eight his home one of the Municipal Dwellings not far from Leman Street

bare floor walls covered with blood marks of squashed insects and cheap pictures of Garibaldi Engels

John Burns in his blue reefer suit and white straw hat and other labour leaders he knew his Shakespeare and read history sociology economics in the watches of the night

and spoke his mind freely chosen leader of the fruit porters fires of the spirit

and after the Great Dock Strike 1889 and every day for years marked and resolutely disciplined

drilled and starved and soul harrowed and broken hearted

feet swollen with dropsy he sat up on the side of the bed all day a thin blanket

on his legs an old coat around his shoulders penniless demanding his discharge

from Whitechapel Infirmary though they told him he'd die on the stairs

alone and finally gasping for breath baffled on a pauper's couch

in a charity ward out of the way the poor of the earth

hide themselves lonely together ungrateful remembered