Drill Hand Man

by Ryan Blumenhein

Dirt goes flying,
As my hands spin.
The hole goes deeper,
For my construction friends.

As I drill and drill,
I never run out of fuel.
Because when my drills spin,
They just dig and dig.

I dig holes to help,
To rescue trapped miners.
I build tunnels,
Under oceans and rivers.

My uniform is brown,
The color of dirt,
Cuts down on the laundry,
When you live in the ground.

I try my best
To make the world better.
Digging every day,
Drilling everywhere!