Volcanoes of Northwest Indiana

From spoon that fetches you food  
To needle that stitches your wound  
All came from my womb  
Bloodied, exhausted  
Mother of Volcanoes  
Yes, I am the Blast Furnace of Northwest Indiana.  
Oh! The sons and daughters of this land  
Can you spare some time  
Ignore Dante’s Inferno  
Watch Miracle on Cline.  
In the amphitheater of life  
Along the serene Michigan Lake  
Under the shadow of shifting sand dunes  
Belching hot lava of steel  
That flows, meanders through the uneven land  
Erecting houses, bridges, highways, rail tracks  
Giving shapes to cars, trains, ships, bicycles  
Running turbines, generating electricity  
Propelling windmills  
Pumping oil and gas.  
Yes, I do explode  
Yes, I do spew ash  
Yes, I do emit noxious fumes  
Shed enough tears repenting over mistakes  
Took many corrective actions to improve.  
I refuse to be boarded up  
I will not let grass obliterate my housing  
I have promises to keep  
To deliver nature’s bounty  
To improve lives of masses  
So long I can deliver goods  
And protect them with an invisible blanket  
Woven with steel threads,  
I shall survive!

— Hardarshan Singh Valia

In honor of Indiana’s Bicentennial, Valia wrote “Volcanoes of Northwest Indiana.” The poem describes how Indiana’s steel industry has contributed to the world.

About the author
Hardarshan Singh Valia is one of the world’s leading coal scientists. In fact, he is the only coal scientist in the world honored with the American Steel Industry’s three most prestigious awards. Valia has written several articles and books, including a book titled, “Indiana Coals and the Steel Industry,” which he presented to Sen. Dan Coats. Valia’s hobbies include writing short stories and poetry.