

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.