

**The Builder** – Allan Johnston – 2025-01-01

There once was a guy named Allan  
“The homelessness here is appallin’  
I must do my bit  
And I don’t give a hit  
If they think that I’m wasting my betalen”

He though he had answered his callin’  
Big contractor bags he was haulin’  
He fill them all up  
‘Til they were about to rupt’  
‘Cause plaster from walls was fallin’

He carted them down to the landing  
Hard work, it is true, ‘twas demanding  
Great bags full of white muck  
Brought down on a fridge truck  
And the dust in the air was expanding

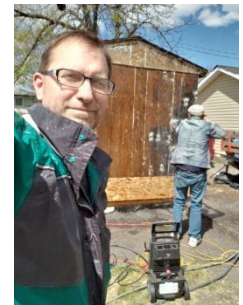
Good boots and respirator he was wearing  
As the dust in the air it was tearing  
At his eyes and his ears  
Yet he show nary fears  
Though he pondered it might be a red herring

"What's this for, what's the reason to toil  
To labour, to strain, and to moil?  
To get sick from the dust  
Wave my arms in disgust  
For my health and well-being it could foil?

I work on and build floors and hang drywall  
And I tape and I mud eight-foot-high wall  
And I sand and I paint  
Lord! the smell makes me faint  
All this work just might be my downfall

But the answer I found it is clear  
‘Tis the labour I value so dear  
To work on past the dusk  
Just like Elon Musk  
For the vision I have is so near

It begins with a building permit  
And expenses it's true they can surfeit  
And amongst all the clamour  
I lost my best hammer!  
But when finished it will all then be worth it



With this vision I work to the finish  
My resolve to work on won't diminish  
More siding I acquire  
Hang electrical wire  
And I tape, mud, and sand to a finish (look it up!)

I order new triple-pane windows  
How much did I pay, I won't disclose  
New appliances with sheen  
Like a laundry machine  
That will help my tenants wash their clothes

Now I see the results of my build  
With all that I've learned from my guild  
To let such a flat  
To a woman with a cat  
I believe my calling I've filled"

