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



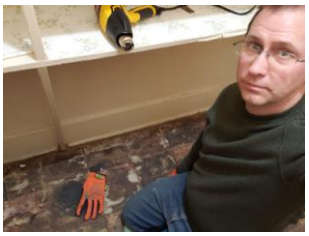
Good boots and respirator he was wearing
As the dust in the air it was tearing
At his eyes and his ears
Yet he show nary fears
Though he pondered it might be a red herring



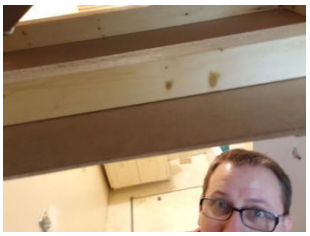
"What's this for, what's the reason to toil
To labour, to strain, and to moil?
To get sick from the dust
Wave my arms in disgust
For my health and well-being it could foil?



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 linish (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"

















