

The Bridge Builder

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and grey,
To a chasm, vast and deep and wide,
Through which was flowing a sullen tide,
The old man crossed in the twilight dim-
That sullen stream had no fears for him:
But he turned when he reached the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man" said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting strength in building here!
Your Journey will end with the ending day;
You never again must pass this way!
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you the bridge at the eventide?"

The builder turned his old grey head
"Good friend, in the path, I have come" he said
"There followeth after me this day
Some youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been naught to me
To those fair haired youth may a pitfall be!
They too must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building the bridge for them!

Will Allen Dumgode