

The Bridge Builder

An old man going a lone highway,
Came at evening, cold and gray,
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 this chasm deep and wide,
Why build you the bridge at eventide?
The bridge builder lifted his old grey head
Good friend, in the path I have come, he said,
“There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way
This chasm that has been naught for me,
To that fair haired youth may a pitfall be,
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him.”

By Allen Dromgoole