

Poetry Series

Will Allen Dromgoole
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Will Allen Dromgoole()

The Bridge Builder

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the 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;
The rapids held no fears for him.
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old man," cried a fellow pilgrim near,
"You're wasting your time in building here.
Your journey will end with the closing day;
You never again will pass this way.
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide;
Why build you this bridge at even-tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head.
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There follows after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This stream, which has been as naught to me,
To that fair youth may a pitfall be.
He too must cross in the twilight dim
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

Will Allen Dromgoole