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## The Ballad of a Mason

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# The Ballad of a Mason

Adam Chalifoux

I once knew a mason  
Who built houses of stone  
Always building for others  
Never his own

Though he loved his craft  
He never had a home  
Taking his skills in the night  
He'd restlessly roam

Patrons lent him shelter  
A place to rest his head  
Sometimes he'd have a room  
But never his own bed

The selfless mason  
Living to give  
Building for others  
His reason to live

Throughout the years  
He heard whispers of a faraway land  
That blossomed with beauty  
Where his own house could stand

So he packed up his hammer  
His bricks and his steel  
Helplessly hoping  
This land was for real

He voyaged through mountains  
Through valleys below  
Through treacherous waters  
Through lightning and snow

Until he came to a land  
So unique and pristine  
Unthinkable beauty  
He'd never seen

He began to build  
Excitement rewarding his determination  
Ambitious eyes  
Teaming with anticipation

The mason was a man  
Of great concentration  
With precision and care  
He built the foundation

Brick by brick  
He began to feel  
What he always wanted  
Never seemed so real

A steady floor under his feet  
A place he could go  
A place to be with him  
Through rain and through snow

Three months had gone by  
The home minutes from done  
The mason's skin burnt  
From the radiant sun

In came the clouds  
Relieving his pain  
Looking up he saw  
It started to rain

His hands were wet  
But his grip was tight  
The mason worked harder  
As day turned to night

A crack in the sky  
White light filled the air  
The mason kept working  
He was almost there

Wind grew violent  
He barely kept his feet  
The mason was resilient  
Refusing to be beat

The elements grew fierce  
He was blistered by rain  
The mason kept working  
Though writhing in pain

With a clash from the heavens  
Or maybe from hell  
The mason lost traction  
He helplessly fell

Unable to stand  
Blinded by rain  
The mason's helplessness  
Drove him insane

Determined to recover  
Refusing to fail  
Then stopped the rain  
And down came the hail

Up in the sky  
The elements raged  
Like a pack of wild dogs  
Let out of their cage

Hail battered the roof  
Wind rattled the walls  
The mason lay stunned  
Watching the masterpiece fall

The storm was vicious  
Fate had no relent  
He and the remnants lay mangled  
Twisted and bent

The mason lay in silence  
With defeat in his eyes  
He threw down his hammer  
Then cursed to the skies

Lies and damnation  
False land of despair  
Coughing and choking  
On the defeat in the air

Enduring the struggle  
Through mountains and streams  
To be standing in ruins  
Of his broken dreams

The road to the promised land  
Was a dead end  
So he aimlessly wandered  
'Til he could build again

## Stoned Cold Sinner

Elwood Charles

I am not clean  
Nor do I claim to be  
But let he who is without sin  
Cast the first stone at me  
These words cut deep  
Right down to my very soul  
After all it is me  
for whom the bell does toll  
I am exposed by the light of day  
But there is a side of me  
You will never know  
Demons I must face alone  
A desert I must walk through on my own  
It is for me to decide  
If I will be coming home