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The Ballad of a Mason

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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
Chalifoux: The Ballad of a Mason

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