

# The Builder

By Glenn Currier

It is hot  
I am sweaty and already tired  
a lone mason out here in the sun  
my back bent over the edge of the foundation.  
Behind me the stack of bricks  
in my hand the trowel  
snatched up from my weathered toolbox.

My forehead drips joining the goo of mortar  
I lay the mortar bed row  
and grab the first brick  
to begin the southern wall,  
the wall that will face the squalls  
of this troubled season.

*Author's Note: Sometimes one must begin again the project of building sanity and good mental health.*

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