

Paul K

The First builder

A distant, lost past
when mammoths walked the land, a man built a house.

First , a straw shack.
The man looked at his creation, when
It was eaten by a mammoth.

Second, a wooden cabin.
The man looked at his creation, when
A gust of wind blew the logs over.

Third, a mud hut.
The man looked at his creation, when
It melted in the rain.

Fourth, a stone shelter. The man carried the heavy rocks,
But could not build the walls.

Fifth, a house of clay tiles.
The tiles shattered on the smallest of impacts.

The man looked at the ruins in despair.
There was no material good enough.
Then, he had an idea.

From the base of the stone house, the floor.
The wood made pillars.
Mud became bricks.

Finally, a house.
A house with stone floors.
Wooden pillars.
Wall of bricks, forged from mud and straws.
A roof of clay tiles.
It stood firm in the wind,
Impacts and rain.
The first builder smiled, as the red sun set over the first house.