

# The Mountain Builder



In sunshine and shade  
Through forests of pine,  
Myles searched for places  
Where peace he could find.



Though steel was his trade  
In town down below,  
His heart yearned for trails  
Where wild waters flow.





Each weekend he'd pack  
His tent and his gear,  
To camp by the lake  
Where skies were so clear.



He studied the ways  
That nature designed,  
How trees caught the wind  
And streams were aligned.





One day as he hiked  
A thought crossed his mind,  
"I could build a bridge  
For others to find."





He sketched out his plan  
With care and with skill,  
To span the wide creek  
That crossed near the hill.



With tools from his pack  
And wood from the land,  
He measured each board  
With care in his hand.

The posts were set deep  
In earth hard and strong,  
While crossbeams above  
Would help it last long.



Day after day  
He worked with great care,  
To make something safe  
For all who passed there.





Some hikers came by  
To watch him at work,  
And soon offered help  
No task did they shirk.



Together they worked  
Through summer's warm days,  
Creating a path  
Where all could find ways.



The bridge slowly grew  
With each board they laid,  
Until it stood proud  
Across the cascade.





Now families cross  
With wonder and joy,  
While birds nest above  
Where none can destroy.

And Myles still comes  
To check on his dream,  
Where people now gather  
Above the cool stream.







Though simple it seems,  
This gift from his hands,  
Brings joy to all folks  
Who visit these lands.



The End