

THE WORLD ACCORDING to LEONARD

I watched them tear a building down,
A gang of men in a busy town.
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell,
They swung a beam and side wall fell.
I asked the foreman,

"Are these men skilled, the kind you'd hire if you had to build?"

The foreman laughed and said,
"No, indeed! Unskilled labor is all I need."
These men can wreck in a day or two,
What it would take a builder a year to do.

I asked myself as I went on my way,
"Which of these roles have I chosen to play?"

Am I a builder with loving care,
who measures life with a rule and square?

Am I a builder with a plan,
who does the very best I can?

Or am I a wrecker who walks the town,
content with the job of tearing down?"

