

The Pioneering House

It's something of a symbol and it's something of a folly,

And if a builder looks at it you'd want to say you're sorry!

There's not a single right angle, which leaves the builder enervated,

You see it's only a little bit built, and a lot more renovated.

Yet it's an inspiration for the soul, stimulating, ever exciting,

When the chips are down it nurtures you until you come back fighting.

It's a place of pioneering, of hope and faith before the building

A community would follow and face setbacks unyielding.

Four and a half years in the making, so many halts and starts,

So many people worked on it, so many heads and hearts.

So many new technologies, some of which even work!

The constants, the unending view and where the black snakes lurk.

A house of generations, symbol of growing bonds between

Of hands dug in the earth, for soil to sieve and ram and screen.

A house of many versions, a house that asks what could

Displays the love between a family, arrayed in angles, light and wood.