

JUST OUTSIDE OUR DOOR

by Dave Shinkle

One day they brought a dozer
To the hill outside our door.
Then the dozer had a baby,
And large men came by the score.

We saw the big dozer move some rocks
The size of modest cars.
The little one moved dirt around.
The men worked and flexed their scars.

And volunteers in boots and gloves
Worked hard along the way
Doing all the other things.
Their sweat stained the rocks each day.

So gradually our little hill
Was transformed before our eyes
And a river ran right through it
Thanks to half-naked worker guys.

Yes, we watched all the progress
As the Flatirons were built and more.
We tried to do some math and stuff,
But it was just outside our door.

**There was major construction going on.
There were trucks, rocks and dirt.
We were asked to stay inside, of course,
For fear of getting hurt.**

**But we thought we could be helpful.
We'd give up our science and more.
For the real world was exploding,
And it was just outside our door.**

**They did okay without us though.
They were up to every task.
We could have helped with the cement work,
But they didn't even ask.**

**And every day things progressed,
The end was getting near.
It was amazing how quickly things got done!
The outcome became quite clear.**

**What we now have out here is super!
It makes us all beam proud.
It adds to the glory of the Flatirons story
Which we always tell so loud.**

**So thanks to all the people
Who worked so hard to complete this job.
Thanks to the tons of volunteers -
The Flatirons Construction Mob.**

