

# The work of wood

by [John Leax](#) in the [June 12, 2007](#) issue

The shavings curled from my plane the afternoon  
she stood a shadow in the door and spoke  
the single syllable. I thought, *So soon*,  
but deep in me a harmony awoke,  
a rhythm lost in the hammer song I made  
furnishing the world chair by chair, bed by bed.  
Her single word was *Go*. My debt was paid.  
Joseph's memory would be satisfied:  
My craft would find its end in speech—the Word  
voiced as once when spoken it divided light  
from dark and all Creation bloomed. I heard  
my father in her voice. Both sadness and delight  
indwelt the shop, as if the two were one  
as they may be when the work of wood is done.