

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.