

## **Work That Runs True**

Turning wood into bowls  
is like turning words into a poem.  
Like hearing waves turn into foam  
as they collapse upon the shore.  
I always want to gather more  
life than an artist's heart can hold.  
To be a craftsman ever bold  
is to live with hand and eye  
ready to conquer every lie  
and build the truth of one mans life  
into everything he makes  
as he touches the world  
with all the best of what he knows.

## **On Wooden Tides**

There is a sound  
my tools make  
when guided by hand  
like waves on a beach  
carving wet sand  
or leaves as they tumble  
across the broad land.  
If I build as I planned  
My heart will be well  
I will sing as I stand  
at the bench  
where I work  
like a one man band  
conducting the instruments  
within his reach  
while his art exceeds his grasp  
until he meets the measured line.

My Work Now,  
Layoff Days

It's another day in my own shop  
and the saw blade sings  
as it parts the waves  
of walnut grain.

I know its ways  
and take great pains  
to see the forest's gifts  
rise-up on wings  
of gentle art.

It is a shame to take  
natural things  
from their birthing space  
without feeling it in your heart  
and thanking the earth  
for the material's grace.

A man's craft  
is written on his face.

His hands trace  
the things he sees  
in the meat of trees  
and knows the scent  
from each curl  
winding off the plane.

## Nothing Wasted

Not all that glitters is gold;  
Some green stuff is not mold.  
I have kept some things grown old  
before their time  
while wasting some great wine  
by not drinking it in its prime.

Now I see the value of a muse  
spent so freely in the past.  
Resolved to make it last  
I squeeze each drop  
from the cherished hours  
and spend them putting  
inspiration to good use.

## **Bank Of Tranquility**

Too much drama  
can splinter the soul.  
I rely on quiet  
to keep myself whole.  
If peace was like money  
I would buy all  
the quiet hours  
I could find  
and put them in  
the bank of tranquility.  
Not to save for a rainy day  
but to pay myself  
for doing a good job  
of staying calm  
in turbulent times  
when the winds of change  
are howling like a train  
and all I want is a slow stirring  
of fallen leaves