

My Father, Carving

He leans across the workshop light,
shaves the grain of sugarpine.
His razor skims off tiny flakes,
lightly biting shadow where it touches.

He huffs and soft dust dances,
then he feels the idea
of what the wood will be
inside him.

The idea of what the wood will be
drifts down his thoughts,
passes through the tip of his hand
and into the sweetpine shape.

all of it framed
in a slice of white light
oblique to the darkness
that swallows the walls.

My father's heart describes itself.
He slips beneath the covers,
beneath the ceiling, sleeps well
beneath the old ideas of stars.

Tom Chandler