

**Guilt**

A death in the house cuts  
Minutely hews the fabric smooth  
Against the grain of continuance  
Then blows away and we are left  
Amid a pool of shavings ankle-deep  
In ache; still insistent dance  
Music frees those buried feet  
And though we would stand still still move  
Beyond woodworking beyond the well-worked wood  
And single file tramp within the ruts  
Towards jog trot gambols on the plain  
Forgetting more than love once thought it could—  
A sawyer whose handicraft is pain  
A saxophonist every bit as deft.

*David Curtis*