

"Sawmill Blues"

(By Carpenter Ants Have Nothing On Me)

By Robin B Lipinski

BZZZZZ...

Ripping wood for profit did he.

Tree blood dripping.

Bark slipping.

Raindrops falling.

Sawmill howling.

Board after board fell from the carriage.

Bored from standing afoot, feeding the hungry steel.

Board after board added profit; a profit to make the man happy, Joe was his name.

"Joe, come in fer dinner, land sakes, give it a break," a lady brave enough to marry Joe, Mary was her name.

"I'll be there when I be there, I got board's ta make."

Rain fell harder.

Sawdust mixed with it beneath.

Time flew by faster, faster, faster.

Mary grew impatient, it was time to eat.

At just the right moment.

At just the right time.

Just as Joe finished, the wood had its pleasure.

Ka-Pow! Rang the steel as the blade broke in half.

Ceramic spike implanted to wood broke the blade in half.

Courtesy of an eco-terrorist, trying to save a tree as if they were saving a life.

Plunging deep in the heart of Joe did steel go, causing a reaction.

"Oh Mary, I'm done for, it's the end of my life."

The sawmill is quiet, rains settled down.

Tree blood mixed with rain turned red, as Joe fell down.

Tree is dead.

Joe is dead.

Mary weeps at the scene.

It all sounds very tragic, yet in the distance, a beaver looks pleased.

The End