

Tree

By Robin Lipinski

It has been said there is nothing lovelier than a tree,
Yet I disagree.
To see a tree is fine, but to carve and cut one is divine.
Toppling and bucking,
Sawing and drying,
Until it is finally time.

In my woodshop, stocked full with lumber, I begin.
Crafting with care a chair, to sell to those who dare, a place to rest their derriere.
Yes, this work is a true love of mine.

Hours and hours go by, while the wood chips fly as my tools are applied.
Soon though, I am finished with a gleam in my eye and sweat trickling by.

With accomplishment, I sit, triumphant.
And with a cry, I yell, "Shit!"
As a splinter had fallen from the workbench to the seat,
Entering my left buttock with glee.

Once could say it was revenge from the tree,
But getting ready for my next project, grabbing my chainsaw and gear, when I saunter forth to
the forest, that is when we shall truly see.

The End