



Sunday March 18
The Artisan

Glenna Holloway

The Artisan

His hands were wise in the ways of wood,
understanding the grain, the strength
of maple, cherry, oak. He could handle
a gangling board and know its heart, foresee
the gain from a saw's hot bite. He shaped

and clamped according to inherent beauty
others couldn't see. When it was time
to release the pressure, no part
of his chosen trees returned to an old intent.

His hands are over eighty now, twin burls,
mahogany stained, dovetailed across his jeans,
their talents passed to nimbler heirs --
a dozen boys, now men, who once knew
the cold clang of the state's steel doors.

He aligned them with a spirit level, turned
them on a lathe of love, joined his planes
with each -- mortise and steadfast tenon,
following the plans of a Nazarene carpenter.

And, when people marvel at his work, treasured
in fine homes, when they praise
his students' triumphs, the old man smiles
and says the Master Craftsman showed them how.