

## The Artisan

Seth Lakeman

Silent, the maker measured, and stood  
Smothered his smile and trimmed shapeless wood  
With firm, strong hands, assured and slow  
Drove each rusty nail with a careful kind blow

His truth to be humble, and fashion with tools  
Tables and benches, kind words from his youth  
Draw those even lines  
Share his peace of mind  
As the artisan shines

Dark burnished wood slid through his hands  
Split right down the centre, like a crack in the land  
Ash, beech and rosewood, tied in a frame  
All scorched into their faces, are numbers and names

Shades of a memory, saw, spit and dust  
For the warmth in the workhouse was pleasure enough  
Draw those even lines  
Share his peace of mind  
As the artisan shines

He worked through the winter  
Sweat, tears in the snow  
He chiselled fine thoughts, secrets no one would know  
His level of spirit was straight down the line  
One line of the horizon was set in her name

Circles of beauty, like scrolls in the wood  
Her skin smooth and steady, in the light where she stood  
Draw those even lines  
Share his peace of mind  
As the artisan shines

Soaked up and sealed, varnish it stained  
Painted and polished, with red-headed flames  
A breath from the window was a blanket of warmth  
To season a surface, furnish a new dawn

The craftsman of comfort, he cuts and he bleeds  
Cold days in the forest, in the moonlight he dreams  
Draw those even lines  
Share his peace of mind  
As the artisan shines