

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