

## WOODWORKING

By K.M. Churchill

*Motherhood is bright torture.*

*I was not worthy of it...*

*- Akhmatova<sup>1</sup>*

Would that she were a woodworker;  
How gently she would blow  
The cherry dust away  
And lift aside the curls,  
Caught fallen from her shave.

How standing back she'd gaze,  
With learned craftsman's eye,  
Upon the graceful curves  
Of polished beech wood bellies,  
And sturdy tapered legs

Their simple striking shapes  
Still smelling faintly of sandalwood  
Of linseed oil and lavender.  
How deftly she would place  
The spirit level, and wait.

<sup>1</sup> Academy of American Poets. 1997. "Anna Akhmatova." 1997, Poets.org, February 10, 2009.  
<<http://www.poets.org/poet.php/prmPID/1>>