

The Tree

I walk into the woodland in search of a tree,
With a vague idea of what to look for.
Not many knots or limbs in the quest,
But mostly straight and true for my needs.

There are many ideas to what it will serve,
Whether it be a chair, table, stand or other.
The bark must be thin and clear of texture,
To make the cutting less difficult to achieve.

The object has been for and now the task,
To remove it from its lofty stand in the forest.
It falls to the ground with a sound of anguish,
As it to moan for the task it will be used for.

The intention is becoming clearer of what to do,
To start with trimming and sawing to size.
Just the right length for the precise measurement,
To have the finished item be easier to make.

If the design is doomed for failure when compete,
There is always room for more logs for the fire.
No matter what will become of the wood prepared,
The most care will be taken to mold it.