

The Father The Son

They lean muscle and sinew
into their work
minds free to wander
tongues hanging silent
in the roofs of their mouths.

Companions they find comfort
in close presence
each teacher to the other
wordlessly
 carefully
full of care for the moment.

They are masters of the mind
but yet lovers of hand's efforts
they dexterously play ideas
one on the other
 casually
cut wood to fit delineated form
sand and smooth
 shave and stain
two jacks of variable trades.

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