

## THE TIMBER MAN

HE ROSE AT DAWN, HIS HANDS WORN TRUE,
A CRAFTSMAN THROUGH AND THROUGH.
THE SCENT OF EUCALYPTUS, THE STEEL'S BRIGHT GLEAM,
EACH CUT FULFILLED A LIFELONG DREAM.

HE MILLED THE PAST IN WOOD AND GRAIN,
SAW HISTORY IN EVERY PLANE.
WITH AXE IN HAND, HIS WORK STOOD TALL A MAN, HIS TIMBER, THAT WAS ALL.

AND WHEN HE'S GONE, THE SAWS WILL HUM,
THE TREES WILL WHISPER, "HE'S NOT DONE."
IN EVERY BEAM, IN EVERY BOARD,
HIS SPIRIT LIVES IN HISTORY STORED.