



Making Music

The scroll saw sings
as his hand guides it tenderly
over thin sheets of cherry
revealing hourglass curves,

like a shapely woman
lying on her side,
ready to respond
to a skillful touch.

The hum of the sander
drifts up to the kitchen
from his workbench
below.

A dulcimer begins to emerge
from the medley of
of woods and wires,
as he crafts a gift
from father to son.

He plays each tool
like a maestro,
carving, sanding,
stroking the wood,

centering the fret board
on the figured face
between the open mouths
of the sound holes.

Tenderly he threads the strings,
adjusts the tuning knobs,
plucks out the first tentative notes,
filling the air
like a newborn's first cry.

"I don't know where he gets it,"
he muses, pondering
his son's musicality,
"Everything he touches
turns to song."

—Gloria Heffernan