

Tool Shed

The smallest building
on his eighty-acre farm:

one window dead-center
over the well-oiled workbench

with wrenches, hammers and post-hole diggers
hung in disarray on rusty nails.

Grandpa's twenty-pound sledge
leaned into the far corner

next to his wood chair
where, when rain pinged the tin roof,

he would sit,
watch me clamp his saw in the vise,

then slowly stroke its teeth with a file
while he rolled a cigarette

waiting for the sun.

by Arlin Buyert