

THE WORK I DO

BOB WATTS

will never have the heft
of the unplanned red oak boards
my father nailed in place
for tandem loads of logs
to cross the narrow creek,
the empty trucks return,
and back and forth, repeat,
until the woods were gone,
the job moved somewhere else,
the makeshift bridge still there
through all the fallow years
it takes for underbrush
to grow to poplar, pine,
and oak trees large enough
to be worth cutting down.
The creek runs and remains,
and trees, late afternoons,
throw shadows past the bridge
but cannot get away.