

SpeedPoets

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Whiskers

Shaving, whiskers growing with grey,
look carefully at face, do not nick.
When else do we stop, look at our face,
our hands, ourselves, for

eyes are windows of the soul.
Is the soul mottled like my whiskers?
When the kids were little
I scratched them with my whiskers,
black they were then.

soap and brush and lather,
lathered with sweat,
heave, heavy, heave-ho,
up goes the topsail.
the drunken sailor.

After all
why shave with a safety blade,
or a straightedge stropped on leather
when the electric is so easy?
But you don't need a mirror.

shaving, wood shavings from
planing Canadian pine
curl up in tight pine-scented rolls
drop to the floor
arm, shoulder, torso move
the plane over the wood.

Smooth, fluid movement
shaving whiskers,
old ways, up the topsail,
planing pine by hand,
shaven and showered.

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