

WOODCRAFT.

THE poet slept. His fingers twine
In his wife's hair. He dreams. Divine
His dream! Nay then, I'll tell you it.

He wandered in a forest dim.
A wood cutter encountered him
Where a felled oak required his wit.
This man with a light axe did lop
The little branches at the top.
Then said the poet: "Thus why tax
Your force? This double-handed axe
Were better laid to the tree-trunk."
"Friend, are you natural, or drunk?"
Replied the woodsman; "leaf and twig
Divert the impact of the big
Axe; chop them first, the trunk is fit
For a fair aim, a certain hit.
How do your work yourself?" He spoke
To empty space—the poet woke;
And catching up a caring-knife
He slit the weasand of his wife.