

Winter 1992

## This Year's Wood

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## This Year's Wood

This year we cut up rotten fenceposts and old boards. We left the fallen branches on the ground, to be buried under winter's snow. It was so easy, no setting choker cables around logs and winching them up out of the wash to the bank where the saw was set up. One after another, we pulled the fenceposts off the pile and cut them. We filled the horsetrailer top to bottom and front to back. At the house, unloading, we realized we'd cut two years' wood and where would we stack it? It's in the garage, along the fence, outside the shop, beside the sheepwagon, in the garden. There is wood everywhere. Outside the smell of cedar slams into me. I sit down and take a breath—one breath after another, counting them and feeling the cedar filling my lungs. When I am dizzy I stand up and wobble from woodpile to woodpile, touching each stack, thinking how beautiful it is until I notice I am walking and forget the wood, so equally beautiful is putting one foot in front of the other.