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Curing It

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Joel Weishaus

CURING IT

Not a sacred grove,
not Apollo, Diana, nothing
a Druid would want; just an
oak log sprawled in the mud.

Green oak is tan inside widthwise,
pinkish entrails, all turn gray;
in spring, with a sharp chainsaw,

cut to the length of your stove.

If you want to cure gout:
pare fingernails, clip some hairs
from patient's leg, bore a hole
in a healthy oak.

Stuff nails and hair inside,
plug with fresh cow dung—
no pain three months.

When cracks appear in new-bucked
wood set wedge, not in its heart,
it'll jump out, but near an edge
it'll carry right through, brain
bouncing as the sledge
hits home.

Solid heat
split, stacked,
cured in the sun.