

*Joel Weishaus*

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## 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.