

## Closer, ever closer to where the wood really is

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- emotion - physicality - wood - woodwork — To be in touch — in contact —  
with the wood is a wonderful thing; the dust, shavings and sweat blackening my  
hands; reveling in intimacy with the tree, giving part of myself in exchange for  
what I am making. Running my hand over the wood, sweeping the shavings off  
the bench with my skin, it's this closeness and rawness that cries out to me as  
real; to get closer, ever closer, to what the wood actually is. Lying curled up,  
warm and safe, almost consuming the wood (or being consumed by it — it's  
hard to tell), at the heart of a tree; or cold, barely holding on high in the crown  
as the rain whips down, but yet there is care present where the smallest branches  
meet, and it uplifts. The emotion of the tree is, like the picture in a hologram,  
present in every part removed from the whole and is ever further released every  
time we work or use that wood. So personal, so universal; so real.