

## Lessons from a Buzzsaw

Jake McLaughlin

Grandpa, -  
worn away,  
your own  
knotted hands  
cut years with  
thick fingers,  
calloused:  
some sanded  
without  
faces.  
I looked  
to mine  
each with their  
smiles  
still attached,  
and I knew  
I was still—  
(am still)  
just only  
a boy.