



SPLITTING FIR ROUNDS

Absent mindedly, after soaking maul in bucket of water, I set a fir round on a bigger one buried & packed half its length in the ground. This should be easy. These rounds have been piled in front yard for a year. They're dry & brittle. But forgetting to read knots I swing & bury sharply tapered blade deep in unyielding wood. Feeling stupid, I bounce maul out & swing again, hard, aiming for a telltale crack. Round explodes, one half slamming woodpile, other half sailing halfway to street. Jesus, I think, forgetting my indoor problems, I used to be good at this. Grateful neighbors aren't watching, I suck in breath, focus my thoughts & select another round.