

The Craftsman

By Marcus B. Christian

I ply with all the cunning of my art

This little thing, and with consummate care

I fashion it—so that when I depart,

Those who come after me shall find it fair

And beautiful. It must be free of flaws—

Pointing no laborings of weary hands;

And there must be no flouting of the laws

Of beauty—as the artist understands.

Through passion, yearnings infinite—yet dumb—

I lift you from the depths of my own mind

And gild you with my soul's white heat to plumb

The souls of future men. I leave behind

This thing that in return this solace gives:

"He who creates true beauty ever lives."

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