

## Luthier

You hide the chopped bamboo stalks in the secret bottom  
of the tool cart, then carry them under your stained

shirt to the barracks. Lay them down in lines like bones  
across the wooden bunk you sleep on, to order, work

all night releasing your own dim imperatives. Dip  
a rag into the moon in the puddle at your feet.

Slake stems with caught rain to peel their fray, untwine the green  
from the pale flesh. A hollow in the curve is the space

where notes nest, tension in the strings what sings. Build in darkness  
the gift you draw, the bow in the middle of our room.