

The Singing Wood

Betty Garrigus

The golden wood holds silence in a case of fragile beauty. The curving body joins the straight stretching fingerboard whose arching neck winds forward to a shell's scroll of gentle curl. Four strings, tracing the length of body and fingerboard, are held and guided to the tuning pegs by a slender bridge above the undulating wood. Their tensile force pulls across the polished wood with the sharp strength of pencil lines on paper.

The wood's luminous finish changes the rich color like cloud filtered sunlight on water. A ray turning now the dark wood to reflective silken shimmer.

How can the straight strength of trees become this soft shape of elliptical lines? Trees birthed by screeching saws to pale naked planks whose splinters pierce and hurt. Do they live within this form where each deflecting curve is pleasure?

Delighting in its form, my fingers trace the satin finish, surprised to find the fragileness a solid thing. The tree still there inside. Each level spot a resting place balancing the miracle of round flowing wood. The golden form holding an inner space in which is born the resonance of singing sound-silent now within the waiting wood.