

"Out, Out - " –Robert Frost

The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard  
And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,  
Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.  
And from there those that lifted eyes could count  
Five mountain ranges one behind the other  
Under the sunset far into Vermont.  
And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,  
As it ran light, or had to bear a load.  
And nothing happened: day was all but done.  
Call it a day, I wish they might have said  
To please the boy by giving him the half hour  
That a boy counts so much when saved from work.  
His sister stood beside him in her apron  
To tell them "Supper." At the word, the saw,  
As if it meant to prove saws know what supper meant,  
Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap -  
He must have given the hand. However it was,  
Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!  
Half in appeal, but half as if to keep  
The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all -  
Since he was old enough to know, big boy  
Doing a man's work, though a child at heart -  
He saw all was spoiled. "Don't let him cut my hand off -  
The doctor, when he comes. Don't let him, sister!"  
So. The hand was gone already.  
The doctor put him in the dark of ether.  
He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.  
And then - the watcher at his pulse took a fright.  
No one believed. They listened to his heart.  
Little - less - nothing! - and that ended it.  
No more to build on there. And they, since they  
Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

*From Macbeth –William Shakespeare*

*Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.*