

Knife: A poem

I take the knife, sleek and smooth,

Shiny, like the silver moon,

Gripping the handle,

Gritting my teeth,

I bring the knife down,

Into the brown,

*Shuck,*

*Shing,*

The knife is now stained,

But that is needed, to ordain,

Red leaks out,

Into the open...

I do love a good tomato salad.