

Double—Edged Muse

E. J. Graff

*Whenever I see her,
she calmly twists her knife.
So polished, it turns & glitters,
the point sharp & wet.
One side wet with ink.
One with blood.*

*Once the blood seemed innocuous;
but now I have looked at her eyes.
They shine & glitter cruelly,
cold as the knife.
One eye shines with ink
One with blood.*

*She smiles hard.
She prepares for our sport,
our purification,
in which I have trusted her so long.
She lifts the knife,
poises it carefully:
She throws it at my heart.*

*I am to sit.
It draws ink.
It always has.*

*But only one side is ink.
One side is blood.*