

*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.*