

KASEY KIRCHNER

# Sharp

My machete mind  
chop and chisel  
limestone limbs.  
My backbone of blades  
slice organs like sunlight  
My spear soles  
stab the earth until it cracks.

I'm not sharp.  
My lungs are jagged  
and my teeth have thorns,  
but I promise I'm not sharp.  
My hands are spiky and serrated, I know,  
I cut curtains with my fingertips, yes,  
But I swear I don't mean to draw blood.

These thorns are mine,  
these glittering metal weapons  
that make up me  
I don't know where they came from.  
Cursed, I guess.  
I must be careful,  
no more careless casualties  
no more perforated passersby  
no more slivered sanity.  
I must tell myself,  
wipe off the blood,  
sweep the pieces,  
and keep telling myself,  
I'm not sharp.  
I'm not sharp.