

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.