

The Blade Tip Tapers

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The blade tip tapers — a spear
of honour, held in a grip
would shatter any mortal gear.
If these slow eyes hold sorrow,
if this control were to slip,
to betray a hidden hollow that
should not be shown, should
not be given reign —
then doubtless pain would follow.

But there is pain already, and
impaled upon this leaf-shaped
long broad-bladed spearhead sags
what might have been (what, briefly,
seemed to be), lends substance
to imagining.

I can't deny that sadness haunts
me now, squats buzzing on my
shoulder-blades — but something
softer lingers, tempering this sigh,
and turns an ebb into a neap tide.

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