



...april 8, 1985...

i have a hammer
weighted hand to nail –
working elements
of home repair –
yet people have been bludgeoned
hammer still –

i have a knife
shining counter calm –
razor edged
to slice tomato skins –
yet people have been stabbed
for loaves of bread –

i have an axe –
broad and grey and sharp
to split tree trunks
into kindling wood –
yet axes have split skulls
in butchery –

i have a pen
extending thought to page
in blue-black echoes
of a hidden mind –
yet lives have been condemned
by pens like mine –

i have a thousand
household armaments
all passively awaiting
my intent –
creation and destruction –
we are the instruments.

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