

Jacob Rose

Andy Shauf

Jacob Rose
Stood in his kitchen
Cleaning a knife
Wondering what it would be like
To plunge that knife into anything

Jacob Rose
Looked at his sofa
Smiled a half-smile
Imagining how she would react
To a bunch of holes in the cushions

Jacob Rose
Walked out the back door
Knelt in the moonlight
And raised the knife over his head
He brought it down fast towards the soil

Jacob Rose
His hand was on fire
The knife hit a rock
And his palm slid down the blade
He looked around and he saw no one

Jacob Rose
Back in the kitchen
Blood in the sink
Wondering how he would explain
"Yeah I got hurt stabbing the backyard"