

The Catch

Volume 1

Article 9

2013

Gut Knife

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Recommended Citation

Crittenden, Chris (2013) "Gut Knife," *The Catch*: Vol. 1 , Article 9.

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Gut Knife

the blade awoke
to draw rubies from silver,
glanced through the carnage
at wide eyes.

thin of smile,
deep in concentration,
it conducted with a baton's grace,

pushed the tempo
of the skinning shed
as forearms chopped
like clipped cello bows.

it

orchestrated foreheads,
the wet of armpits,
and the squamous stench
of the catch.

bloody fingers
strummed gills that once coursed the ocean,
hungry as darts.

when the breath of women
hung dank in dim air
to resemble cones
laced with moon dust,

the timpani of buckets stilled,
and the master
fell wiped into its scabbard
and slept.