

My Favorite Weapons

Toby Canino

Some say words are weapons,

but if that's true, is my tongue a blade?

Sharpen my tone, and a cut on one's soul,

souls bleed tears, not blood.

Some say words are weapons,

but if that's true, is my pen a spear?

Inside the ink, waiting, a tingling poison,

ready to infect, though not all allergic,

some will itch, others sting, the rest will swell.

Cover your ears, they'll scream at your eyes,

for you can't shut them out.

Words are absorbed at full power,

like claws that press until they pierce.

No weapon is more precise, words

are slippery shape shifters, morphing into

the exact beast or tool needed for every occasion.

Yes, my words are weapons,

but what matters most with all weapons

are the fingerprints left on the hilt.

The spirit with which I wield a weapon

does not slice, stab or poison.

One word of warmth can lift a spirit

just as a fist can be made with two hands;
one dirty on the bottom one strong on top,
both working together to fight the gravity
of scars placed by words that linger in one's heart.