

# Axes

*by* Bill Yarrow

You think about the first time you saw an axe.

You were in your father's workshop.

You think about the first time you held an axe.

An older man warned you not to cut off your own leg.

You think about the first time you sharpened an axe.

You held the sharpening stone in your fist.

Then you read Aristotle:

"Poetry is an axe."

Poetry is an axe?

Then you remembered:

The first time you saw a poem.

The first time you held a poem.

The first time you sharpened a poem.

The first time a poem sharpened you.

