

(The Swordsmith's Prayer)

I hope you're happy, Inari.

My brick-fingered father hammered blades broken by the blink of a bird's eye,

And scabbards to split the skin of stone.

No grain of rice or sand will stop me,

From drawing a dot that breath makes a line.

Some see you as thimble-jointed and delicate,

While others can't face a wall without men in it.

Shame has no shimmer left to eat or wear.

Inari- I regret my art (as of late,)

Old toenail trimmings and freckled teacups lie in wait.

My favorite mornings are the ones where

I can't tell a charred line weaving through the river's thorny froth,

From the whisker of a fox.