

# Poetry Porch: Poetry

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## **Sword**

by Richard Fein

I pulled the sword out of its scabbard  
and found only a bit of the blade still  
sticking out from the hilt, my hand now  
vacantly flaunting a diminished foil,  
eerily light and lax in the air.  
Reduced to a jaggedy edge, it looked  
like a clumsy mezzaluna for mincing,  
this truncated blade a mockery of itself,  
misbegotten, turned into a light-weight curio  
so blatant in its ex-prowess it seemed  
to be revealing to me, its ex-wielder,  
something about my own uselessness,  
me myself the empty brandisher  
of a hopeless contrivance, oh clumsy  
waggler, hapless plyer of pretension,  
speculator of a runty and useless thing,  
my hand gripping it, it the device  
decreased, unplunged.