

## GRACE BUTCHER

### *Karate*

I hone the edges  
of my hands and feet,  
shape the bludgeons  
of my elbows and knees.

These are the weapons I will use  
to move the darkness  
out of obscure corners,  
to place the sun in the sky  
whenever I need it there.

The quickness will come.  
"This way," I tell it,  
and "this way,"  
showing it all the roads  
into my body, and out.

The blur of my own motion  
begins to surprise me.  
"When a fly lights  
on the end of your nose,"  
the Master says,  
"you do not have to think  
how to remove it."

My strength rises  
like a thousand stars  
there suddenly after  
some kind of twilight.

The night is brighter  
than it ever was.  
The light is my own.