

# Twelve knives for the new year

by [Jane Zwart](#) in the [April 3, 2007](#) issue

Last Sunday my grandma laughed at the memory  
of a clumsy silverware thief: one day she came home  
to a slamming screen door and a trail of knives  
that began in the living room  
and petered out in the yard.  
She said they were not precious.  
But my dad whispered.  
He remembered how she came in with them, all in one hand.  
In a delicate furious bouquet.