

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.