

Fall 1984

On My Father's Gun Rack is a Japanese Sword

Eddie Silva

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Silva, Eddie (1984) "On My Father's Gun Rack is a Japanese Sword," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 23 , Article 10.
Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss23/10>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

On My Father's Gun Rack Is A Japanese Sword

From the colorless war.
The Life magazine war, a Japanese officer
frozen, evil Jap grin on his face,
sword high above his head. He is
going to behead the kneeling soldier.
Prisoners in the picture stand witness.
I look for my father's face.

I pull the sword from the sheath.
The blade lights the room. I lick
and taste the steel, slice
air and thrust.
It has been silent on the gun rack,
silent as my father. The Jap sword
sings ghost songs. My father says nothing

of the jungle rot still on his hands,
the Death March, the headless soldier
I never see. When I dream
I am hunting with my father
he does not give me his sword,
he gives his rifle.
His hands are scaley.
Through the scope,
his heart is huge.