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## Occam's Razor

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## Occam's Razor

"So tell me, do you write at all?"

"Well, yeah, I've done a story or two, maybe a poem; nothing to really write home about."

drifting

fingers poised

hovering over the expectant keys

that can be played with such rhapsodic rhythm so as to salve the fractured  
soul,

or slice with a scalpel's edge,

I see the edge of the razor,

and wonder how best to apply it; keeping necessary while trimming trivial...

am I butcher or surgeon?

stonecutter or sculptor?

have I the delicacy, the steadiness of hand,

and...

who am I to dare?

"O Great Sculptor, how does one sculpt an elephant?"

"Simple. Cut from the block all that looks unlike an elephant."

confronted with Language,

intimidated by the immensity of WORD,

I wallow, struggling as the monkey trapped in quicksand

before the morass of all that is my self-constructed monster.

Swimmer versus immutable tide

I am Surgeon operating blind

and Knight liberating the realm from the beast's terror

I see my creation; the fruit of my labor

advance-

murder in its eye,

ugly and therefore evil,

but also terminally ill and pleading for cure

and the razor becomes a broad, double-edged sword;

a scalpel,

but-

the monster, the vile dragon

is

MINE!

*continued*

how can I cut, possibly maim or even kill,  
that which is an expression of myself?  
every word, every scale in its repulsive hide;  
every drop of the sucking mire,  
every organ in the patient in danger of death ( oh god it's my CHILD ),  
is  
suspect.

so I pray to whatever gods may listen,  
and cut.

*Rich Miller*  
RC '93

**Candidate for The Margaret Haley Carpenter Prize for Poetry**

