

Borjomi Flick-Knife Draft 1 Opening

I had it in my mind to write something which might give an insight into the knife crime which was, and still is, rife in London, where both aggressors and potential victims arm themselves, when I chanced on a shop in Tbilisi which sold a vast range of flick knives, long illegal in Britain.

As I held one in my hand for the first time it was as if a new perspective on life was opening up thanks to the presence of something which was faithful, bionic and addictive at the same time, and spoke in Faustian promises...

I picked it up in a souvenir shop
And it sat in my palm, the perfect weight,
A shape reassuring and comforting too,
Inviting a bond organic with flesh,
A natural extension of human ideas
That made its point in a split-second swish
Before concealing its previous intent.
A stealthy notion then ambushed my mind,
Entered my brain from some hideout behind,
That here was the tool of ultimate power,
A skeleton key which could fit every door;
A passe-partout to a world laid bare.

There followed a surge which ran through my veins,
Funnelled my soul into demi-god form,
A sensation I'd never felt before—
The sense that I wouldn't need any more
To sort out my life and its problems.
When I open you up, I suddenly thought,
A new dawn lays bare before me,
With nothing to fear and nothing that can't
Be accomplished according to will.
No longer would I be anyone's fool:
The knife was whispering, *They are the fools.*