

Trained Killers

Dad bought it and taught us how

to hold, aim, move, and clean it.

My sister and I each got one eventually.

Our initials carved in cursive beneath the barrel.

It is elegant, regal

certainly not violent.

Safety is important;

Dad talks about it the most.

Never walk with the safety off.

Never load the barrel, until you are ready to shoot.

Never point it at something

or someone

that you do not intend to kill.

We practice for fun,

it's family bonding, just walking around

pulling triggers.

My sister does not like it as much as me.

Dad and I get close

when we shoot things.

I like making him proud.

But, I'll never be as good as Dad.

Dad is the best.

That's why he trained us.

Man, he can kill.