

Silver Knife

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*Title: Silver Knife
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*Rating: PG 13+
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Summery: Kakashi represents the Silver Knife of life, while Iruka is the handle. They fit, and they always are the one thing that can represent so much in life. Kakashi/Iruka Shonen ai

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1. One-Shot

I'm really glad that this poem that I made fit in so well with the story...:huggles it::

~+*+~ ~+*+~ ~+*+~ ~+*+~ ~+*+~

Silver Knife

~+*+~

A little silver knife,
how sweet you seem to me.

"Kakashi?"

"...hm?"

Oh little silver knife,
is there nothing you cannot see?

"Where are you?"

"...Right here baka...Cannot you see me sensei?"

A little silver knife,
stuck halfway in my back.

"Stop it Kakashi. Stop teasing me. Where are you?"

"I'm right here Iruka-san. Put out your hands,"

A little silver knife,
forcing me to see all black.

"Why did you turn off the lights? I still have work to do!"

"I want you to see something..."

Pretty silver knife,
cutting deep into my skin.

"See...? I can't see! You turned off the lights!"

"I don't want you to see with your eyes..."

Glistening silver knife,

doing just a bit of sin.

"Kakashi....how do I see without my-...Ka-Kakashi?"

"Shh..just feel...."

Sharpest silver knife,
killing me so very quick.

"Kakashi-kun....y-your face...it's..."

"It's scared. Ugly. I know."

Beautiful silver knife,
the pain and blood so slick.

"No..it's so sad..."

"..."

Evil silver knife,
you've killed my petty soul.

"Oh God Kakashi..why are you showing me this?"

"..."

Horrid silver knife,
I'm nothing now but coal.

"Kakashi?"

"...You hold my life, and trust in your hands forever, and non."