

The Duelist

Air

In the time it takes a handkerchief to fall to the ground
One of our lives will be over
Brocade waistcoat catches glints of morning light
Silk damask swathed in bottle green memories

We've traveled from station to station
We now approach our final destination
The only way to awake you was to slap your face
So stand up straight and let me take on final taste of you

Before we walk the agreed number of paces
And turn to face our fate
The coup de grace delivered so delicately
You always had such exquisite taste

Morning sky stretched tight as a drum
Tension released in an instant
Brocade waistcoat flecked with blood in the golden light
You were dead before you even hit the ground

We've traveled from station to station
Now we've reached our final destination
Watch all trace of color draining from your face
Stoop to take my final taste, one final taste of you

And ice crystals always have 6 points
Though every one's unique
They melt on the tongue and no one's ever counted them all
But you've tried

You
You so cool and calculated
A real cold fish
So measure this
So measure this