

I can almost hear
your heart in the darkness,
how fast it is beating,
how close you are to me.
I can almost hear
how intensely you are breathing,
out there in the darkness
listening for me.
I can almost sense
your skin on my fingers,
the tension and the fear,
anticipating me.
I can almost see you
somewhere in the darkness,
praying for advantage,
clinging to a chance.
Just another waveless,
it is my single purpose.
Relentless the pursuit,
I will find you where you hide.
Counting on your indecision,
deciding when to strike.
Calculating movement
the senses of the chase.
The game of chance begins,
the pieces moved in place,
your advantage growing slimmer,
your options growing thin.
The hunt is what defines us.
Imminent defeat.
The back of your shirt soaking,
clear all you can feel.
One of us the hunter,
one of use the pray.
One of us the victor,
the one to walk away.
One is left remaining,
one of us who stands.
One will lie defeated
beneath the other's hands.
When the dust has settled
only one of us will see
which of us was worthy,
which of us was weak.
And when this night is over
only one of us will say
which of us the victor
and which of us the pray.