

# 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