

Silhouette

I hold him at gunpoint,
The setting sun, flickering behind me,
Burns two shadows
Upon the wavering of the grass.

He holds me at gunpoint,
The setting sun, flickering behind me,
A tiny bullet of sweat smears down my forehead,
Drops off my nose, and pierces the plush red dirt.

He stood up at the wrong time,
My pistol like an extension from the back of his head,
A silent persuasion, a wordless whisper;
He lowers his arms of tension.

I lower my arms to my waist,
Where my own pistol slept,
For the life of me and the others I fight for,
I must awaken a sin to save us all.

I turn to look at the silhouette of us,
The grass swaying to and fro,
There, my enemy looked no different than I,
The same colour, the same figure, the same faceless shade.

I look not his way,
The direction of imminent death,
I turn towards our printed shadows,
They look the same: the form, the shape, and all.

The sun is sinking,

What does my heart tell me?

Though the grass beneath waves,

The silhouette glows solid.

And the shadows dissolved into the night,
The tableau ceased without a fight.