

The Duelling Duo

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In the pitch of night
two knights shared a thought,
with a sword in each hand
as they slashed and fought
on the highest ramparts
of the crumbling fort.

The duo duelled
with their dual swords
hacking left then right,
their metal ringing,
each convinced they were right.

One would hit – one would miss
in the mine-dark night
with its coal-fist mist.
One blade rang on a helmet,
hand tight on a hilt-rung sword,
both proving their mettle
in this mourning morning.

Each trying to raze
the other to the ground,
ignoring the sun's rays,
they danced their iron,
refusing to pause,
ignoring the sweat
that rained from their pores,
each desperate to reign
with their armour-bash peel.

The same thought in each head
that neither could still.

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Both were right,
could not be wrong.
Apparent in their blades, raised.
Transparent in their eyes, glazed.

"I AM RIGHT."

The lie they thought
as they fought
in the fort.