

After Dinner Thoughts

I've eaten you.
And though your valiant efforts
failed miserably
I must admire
your flailing and squirming
under
my scaly, taloned squeeze.
The crackle of snap
of a few vital bones
end our duel.

I would bid you
that fencer's cliché
"You fought well"
but I am obliged
to be more than human
and gloat
with these words,
"Your gestures,
your moves,
your backward steps
spoke
your fears of dying."

In reptilian repose
I laugh
at the knight
No More.
For in make-believe
I see you
soon after your victory
at dinner
with boastful words
of
you and dead prehistoric animals.

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