

Michael McGuire "The Black Knight"

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He didn't know he was looking for a victim, he
thought he was searching
for his fortune, he was a rider of this unconscious
power, and there was
no passion beyond his white knuckles, and from the
moment she
dreamed him, and she ran her hands across his armor,
she knew the
horse he rode was fate, and the measure of his saddle
was her dark faith.
His armor caught a desperate ray of sun thru the
shadows, though just a
reflection of the knife blade it looked like light, but
nothing could color
this vision of her feelings, and the sky be it overcast
with omens, and his
stare be it straight ahead with focus, he appeared as
god's warrior of
mercy, and if the world could ever conquer such a
man, may she be the
one to bare his body down.
He thought he was waiting but he was living, reality was
just a
masquerade of armor and innocence, he thought he
was finding answers
but they were questions, and the pale and shallow
night called him to
duty, her dowry was just ashes and need, and what he
had was not
enough to keep him from what he wanted, she never
knew underneath his
armor he was just human, she thought he was a hero
but he was a killer.

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