

Four or five?

*There are four dots,
I know it is true,
Not three or five lots,
Coloured in a sharp blue.*

*Desric's men came today,
They pierced and prodded my mind,
Asking me to murder my wife, whom I'll never betray,
What are their kind?*

*I didn't sleep soundly last night,
As howling echoed through my head,
A vulgar and decrepit creature, my blight,
He wanted me dead.*

*I ran far and fast from it,
But the snarls and growls closed in,
Ivory daggers sunk into my flesh, and bit,
Its venom, feverous and full of sin.*

*But I survived and conquered it all,
My resolve runs true,
Those bright dots are insignificant and small,
Just five small dots, coloured sharp and blue.*

By Lex