

The Great Hunt - Cinquain

By Lexiconus Qor / #13880

Eyes meet,
Hunter to prey,
One of us will perish,
To become one with the great Force,
We draw.

A knife,
And bloodied claws,
My heart drums for the kill,
The sweet taste of blood to devour,
I strike.

It's done,
The beast is dead,
I claim my meat and fur,
It was the first of many kills,
It's good.