

HUNTER TO THE HUNTED

First I'll kill your sleep,
make you run and hide,
panting in moonlight, deep

inside your fear. Your trail
twisting and turning, I'll bide
my time. I will not fail.

When you eventually falter,
stop, and look
back over your shoulder,

you'll see this long, steel barrel,
and hear these tall boots
crunching your mind's stubble.