

The fallen
By: Mikiah Gerrity

En garde, I draw my sword
Taking a lunge upon my foe
They parry, but yet no score,
trying to land a deathly blow.

My moves are matched—but have no fear.
For I still have the upper hand.
I recover quick, but my foe makes it clear
That no touch of mine will ever land.

How mad I become at our bout becomes a draw
But as the fight comes to an end,
I realize my flaws.

My blade hits the reflection on the wall
And I tremble as my body begins to fall.
The fault resides in me,
As my flesh fights itself
I fight who I choose to be,
The fight will always be against myself.