

Sorcerer's Ball

(By Turn and Twist)

By Robin B Lipinski

Rank files of knights in shiny armor rusting drops of blood spattered, showing impending defeat.
Rank smells follow columns, peasants shuffling, picking up pieces of war, finding scraps of bread to eat.

Ranking high in stature, high above in the castle, the wizard smiled in glee.

King of citizenry, weeping, watching his army shuffle in despair, attacked by demons of the sky, of the earth, of the sea.

His daughter, the princess, where was she?

His son's, Thomas, Barthollomin, Sager, and Michael, did they die in vain?

Weaving his magic, showing wide his grin, the sorcerer conjured.

Kings broken promise, made years ago at her birth, promise of marriage to her.

Years swept by the broom of time, he was ready.

Torn contract.

Torn life.

Torn army.

Torn king.

Torn love between the princess and her lover, now floating dead in the sea.

Torn promises.

Torn flesh.

Torn world now for you to read.

Torn, tear, turmoil, falling tears.

Torn now, the world is falling, torn pieces spreading into you and me.

Smile now turned to narrow lipped glance, the sorcerer held his hands above her heaving chest.

Tendrils of her soul raised from her body, into his body, his head, his chest.

It is over now, this little party, his contract made good.

It is over for her body lying in dust upon the sorcerer's table in a dust covered world of death.

Wizard, sorcerer, mortal man, or spirit of the beast, it does not matter, as a contract is a contract between those who bind it.

Look closely now, before you sign it.

Look closely now, before you bleed.

The End.