

*And then a man came to my door
with a gun in his hand.
He said "Do you mind stepping outside
so we can settle this like men?"
Not knowing my crime. I confessed my sin.
I said "I'm sorry. Can you run that by me again?"*

*"You heard what I said! I think you understand!"
But I don't see exactly why in front of me, you stand.
"Its far too late to settle this like men.
So cherish these last moments
for everything's about to end."*

*One last thought as my life flashes through my head.
Is this my penalty for lying in a self-made bed?
"And who are you to say I'd be better off dead!
You have no idea who I am.
So step aside and give me some room to breathe.
If I offended you. It was something I didn't mean."*

*"I don't try to be evil in my ways.
I was sent to be the messenger with something to say.
To tell you a story. Not how it begins.
Just the main parts and how it ends.
So once again, close you eyes.
Its time for you to say goodbye!"*

*As the trigger is pulled. The bullet is released.
With a quick move. I dodged to every ones disbelief.
In retaliation I strike back.
Against the messenger who started the attack.*

*But the problem doesn't go away
and neither does the danger.
For the victim who is another's prey.
Will have to wait for the next messenger.*

MADRIGALS FROM THE BALLADIST



*a decade of feelings
the complete works from
1987 to 1997*

keith bryan