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."

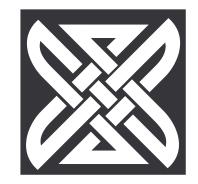
One last thought as my life flashes through my head. Is this my penalty for lying in a self-made bed? "And who are you to say I'd be better off dead! You have no idea who I am. So step aside and give me some room to breathe. If I offended you. It was something I didn't mean."

"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

