

Contraversy

Let's have a duel. Just you and I.

A hand that writes against a reflection that spies.

But in order to argue, we must first disagree.

So which is the topic on which we'll spill tea?

Forbidden Magic, I put, that's the matter at hand,

My position, you ask? It's not a bad brand.

Perhaps you're confused? Don't know what I mean?

That's fine for now, by the end, you'll be keen.

Let me start boldly and try to be clear.

First, let's lend credence to whispers I hear.

Bold rumors, I'm told, it's at least one in four!

Those with the power to hunt while they snore.

I saw you shift forward and glare with a snort.

Cross your arms. Roll your eyes. A very poor sport.

Still I watch in amusement, twinkle in eye,

As you trade your armchair for a horse, very high.

“It’s against mundane laws!” You gloat with a grin.

“You think yourself clever, but I’ll surely win.”

Do you think I’m unsettled? Back against wall?

No, my opponent, for I’ve heard it all.

A strokes all it takes, to pull up the list.

And look to the top, where greatness all sits.

Every name we read, the darkness has touched.

None above or below left forbidden magics unclutched.

These legends ascended beyond all our hope.

Perhaps you’ve considered? Or is your rebuttal just cope?

“A list is no measure!” You bite and decry.

“Of skill or of strength! This point I deny!”

Your words strike like fire. Are you offended?

Or, did you, perhaps, read a name not intended?

A friend? A lover? A role model of note?

Perhaps they’re not all as pure or devote.

For I find no difference, and trust me, I’ve looked.

Between experiences earned by sword, sack, or crook.

So I ask, "What's the harm? It's all in good fun."

This delightful retreat is hours hard won.

"That's exactly the point!" you shout from your tower.

"For all who hold true, there are none with such power."

"Forbidden magics can do what no mortal can bear."

"And it makes many fall into pits of despair."

I falter a moment. A heartbeat at pace.

Too quick did you notice the look on my face.

Did you catch in my eyes the shame that I fight?

Or hear in my words, the yearning for light?

You step down from your tower, and off your high horse.

You uncross your arms, and gentle discourse.

Finally, we sit, eye to eye with a sigh.

And when next you speak, I start to cry.

"Being the best is not all we aspire."

"But tis' an unfair match against those who don't tire."

"Use it or fail? Is that your desire?"

"That each of us throw ourselves onto that pyre?"

“A journey is not meant to end in a blink.”

“It’s a shifting of rivers and spilling of ink.”

“The shouting in triumph, the sharing of song.”

“Such connections can’t form when life’s slept along.”

I’m defeated, you’ve won, that could not be clearer.

So I wipe salt away as I turn from the mirror.

For I was too clever, and, perhaps, you were too.

We saw our legend's reflection, and again, into a duel we flew.

Reias, Master Rogue & Archer

Arrested by Ishikawa ((Auto Hunting)) (1)*

*Author’s Note:

I, Reias, have never been arrested. I took some ‘poetic liberties.’ Please forgive me.