

The Chase

Jeanne Newhall

Tori:

Out there are hunters

Anabelle:

Let's say predators

Tori:

I have weapons

That could destroy them

Anabelle:

You must out-create

It's the only way

I am the hunter

And the hunted

Joined together

Tori:

You create duality

Anabelle:

And neutrality

I must leave you

With the Fire muse

Show her the riddle

It is serious

If you lose

Out there

Tori:

I'll be the hare

Anabelle:

Then I'm the greyhound

Chasing after you

Tori:

Then I will change my frequency

To a fish that thinks

Anabelle:

Then you will find yourself

In the paws

Of the otter

Near her jaws

Tori:

Then I'll grow my wings

As a flying thing
Anabelle:
Flying thing, you be warned
I'm the falcon
Tori:
Watch me change
Into a grain of corn
Anabelle:
A grain of corn
Hear the alarm
In your head
I'm the hen
Black and red
And you're in my barn
They would have won
Use your head or you'll be dead

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