



2000

The Game

Esther Loh

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The Game

⌘ Ester Loh

The castle looms behind the tiny men
And dares opponents to come challenge Strength.
The horses set to charge, yet waiting. Then
A booming voice rings with great depth.
The little men, with such precision crept
like steady pieces forward, forward, Forward.
The horsed slyly yet boldly surged onward.

The horses galloped away, and I wonder why
My royalty stands surrounded, dreadfully close.
I endeavored to put up my guard, but I,
Attacked from within, took a deadly dose.
And focus switched made me deathly morose.
He taunted brashly, "Checkmate."
I have lost, but I shall challenge again,
At great cost.