

Sharp Edged Smile

My hands reach out, grasping for the sharp edges of your smile.
I wonder when your smile turns so sharp, so loving, but not for me?
Was it when the other knight tried stabbing you in the back?
Or was it when I failed to block a blow meant for your partner?

Your smile wavers, and my heart stutters.
You had always been like the fresh breeze of spring,
Your smile was like a cool summer's day, warm and comforting.
But as time went on, it turned sharper like a twisted dagger.

My love for you only grew stronger.
The way you wielded your blade with precision.
I saw the love and care you used when polishing.
Your hands were steadier than the Earth I rested upon.

Glinting light reflected from your eyes, and coldness seeped.
But not to me. Never to me.
My love only grew stronger like a hurricane.
You were mine to protect and cherish.

Just as I was yours to wield and slash,
For I am your sword and you are my knight.
Who put this coldness in you?
I will take from them what they took from you, your warmth.