

Laser Precision

Oh, you clever thing
Your sleek lines and glorious curves beguile.
Your brilliant green eyes, bright like neon,
Light up the night.

I sit on my bed as you let me in.
That first dragon, scaly demon.
Fangs like knives,
Wings like a tattered cape.
It descends from the sky,
Unholy fire burning my vision to white.

I slash at its face, bronze turning to red.
It tries to take me into those steely jaws.
I will not go; I will not fall.
Glowing light and rushing sound fill my world.
The Dragon Soul is mine.
A victory you created.

I return to the real world,
Vibrant pixels fade to monochrome greys.
I am left alone holding black molded plastic.
Your green eyes go dark as you rest again.

This life, purely a means to enter your world.
My body longs for that rumble.
I don't care what it takes.
You are my one and only.

Your Blue X and your Yellow Y,
Your Red A and your Green B,
I need to feel them.

You are under my control.
Only I have the power to turn you on so.
I know your quirks, know who you are inside.
Black dress, silver accessories.
I love the hints of naughtiness below.
Just don't red-ring my love.
I can't replace you.