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Club Thermopylae

Ezra Chang
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Club Thermopylae

Ezra Chang

You move.
Each man moves
with perfect form,
within perfect formation.
Shields squared,
spears leveled,
eyes ablaze in glory.
Eternity is written -
no, etched -
upon their souls.
Your soul.
There could not be
a more perfect place
than here, now.

Each man fights;
Perfect gyrations
Of hips, of shoulders,
In the greater, grotesque gyration
Of a machine meting finality.
You close for the kiss.

I'm sorry;

And your fate is forfeit;

you're a really great guy,

unbeknownst to you,
just as to Leonidas' men,
it had already been decided

but I'm already seeing somebody.

by one unforeseen Ephialtes.