

Game over

by mazaher
August, 2011

::

I've been haunted for a while by this vid by sohviet:
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XPAbNjI7fhY>
on Rihanna's *Russian Roulette*.

I kept shifting the lyrics in my mind, from *A Study in Pink* to *The Great Game*.
I can't vid to save my life.
This is the result.

::

::

::

Bodies. Perfectly functioning,
despite some wear and tear.
Heart beating,
breath going in and out,
the alchemy of digestion through the guts, distilling
life from food.

And death just a moment away.
Matter-of-fact.
That's how it is,
this how it's going to happen
and it doesn't quite matter after all,
now does it?

The price seems about right,
two of us against one.
Dying to kill him is fine.
Nothing either of us could do
any better than this, to
further our vocations.

You, Queen and country.
I, the amorality of intellect
disproving immorality.
One nod, and there we go.
No time for goodbyes.
You, I-- shoot.

::