

An art piece on display, each step refined.
The falls are faint; his grace is wrought by pain.
Form sheathed in gold, light glints off scales designed,
Each detail forged to slay and not be slain.

Appearance tied and truth contained: the show.
It plays, and as they gaze, their fear's allayed.
But eyes, just two, they see and smirk and know:
By Sword or Dress, regardless, it's arrayed.

Mute jewels and gentle silk, so draped upon,
And silence as her heels just kiss the ground.
Each word, she lilts like song, with truth withdrawn,
And past pink cheeks, by locks, her thoughts are crowned.

One kills, one charms, but same's the part they play:
A price to pay; an art piece on display.